

EYE IN THE SKY

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YELLOW Shooting Script - Revised September 12, 2014



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Black. Then the faint glow of hot embers.

ON SCREEN: EASTLEIGH, NAIROBI, KENYA - 06h00

A scraping sound as the door of a small brick oven opens.

FATIMA MO'ALLIM, early 30's, slender, Somali, reaches in and places loaves of unbaked bread into the wood-fire oven.

A worn blue headscarf - a hijab - is wrapped around her head to cover her hair but still reveals her beautiful face.

FATIMA runs a small home bakery business within the walls of the family compound.

The bakery opens onto a sandy courtyard that surrounds a small rough brick home with a corrugated sheet metal roof and a separate, small roughly constructed bicycle workshop.

There are bicycles and bits of bicycles everywhere.

FATIMA'S husband, MUSA (30's) sits on a crate amidst the bicycles he repairs putting the finishing touches onto a home made "hula hoop" made of black PVC tubing.

His young daughter, ALIA, 10, watches with impatient excitement as he inserts a plastic connector into the tube to join the two ends in a hoop.

ALIA
Is it done, Papa?!

ALIA (CONT'D)
Weli ma dhameyn miyaa Aabe?!
(Weli mah dah-main meeyah Ah-be?!)

MUSA
Patience, Alia...

MUSA (CONT'D)
Dulgaado, Alia...
(Dul-gaar-doh, Alia...)

She fidgets with anticipation.

ALIA
Do you like the colors I used?

ALIA (CONT'D)
Maka heshay kalarka aan isticmaalayo?
(Maka heh-shay kalarka aan iss-tih-maa-la-yo?)

The tubing has been decorated with bright twists of electrical tape that form rings of colorful patterns.

MUSA
Very pretty...

MUSA (CONT'D)
Aad iyo Aad La'Jacleey...
(Aad iyo aad lah-gel-lay...)

Scattered around the yard are half a dozen discarded hoops of different sizes and colors.

ALIA
This is my best one ever!

ALIA (CONT'D)
Kani waa midka aan weligeyga
Jeelaandoono!
(Kani waa midka aan weli-gay-
ist-ti-male-donno!)

MUSA smiles, and hands her the hoop. ALIA takes it. She swings it over her body and around her waist - and SPINS it.

She swings her hips, making the hoop swirl around her body.

ALIA
Look, Mama!

ALIA (CONT'D)
Hooyo, Fiiiri!
(Hoy-yo Fee-ree!)

FATIMA looks out into the yard at her and smiles.

As ALIA continues to spin the hoop, the CAMERA RISES UP over her and continues to rise, higher and higher, until we are seeing:

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of the compound within the surrounding neighbourhood setting.

Their home is in a Somali Militia controlled neighbourhood of Nairobi. The sun has just risen, but people are already on the move.

Beyond the safety and privacy of the walled family compound, militia hang out on street corners and guard unofficial checkpoint barriers on neighbourhood entrances, making it a no-go area for the Kenyan police.

Within this no-go area they stop cars and search anyone they suspect of being a Kenyan security police collaborator.

Four YOUNG MEN drive past Alia's compound in a pickup truck with a machine gun bolted on to the back. They set the neighbourhood tone.

As we rise higher we reveal that the whole area is a rabbit-warren of streets, shops and market stalls.

We FADE IN our TITLE:

EYE IN THE SKY

Over this we become faintly aware of the low pulse of deep bass music...

CUT TO:

- 2 INT. BEDROOM - POWELL'S HOUSE - SURREY - NIGHT 2
- COLONEL KATHERINE POWELL lies awake in bed. Her husband SIMON sleeps beside her in an eye mask.
- ON SCREEN: SURREY, ENGLAND - 03h15*
- The thud of music is coming from another room: Quiet, but loud enough to be irritating once one becomes aware of it.
- POWELL has become aware of it and it is now irritating her.
- She gets up.
- 3 INT. LANDING - POWELL'S HOUSE - SURREY - NIGHT 3
- POWELL, in her pyjamas, exits her bedroom, crosses the landing and stops at the bedroom from where the monotonous bass is emanating.
- She stands for a moment, wondering whether to enter the room.
- She decides against it.
- 4 EXT. ALIA'S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - DAWN 4
- ALIA swings her hips as the hoop whizzes around her body.
- 5 INT. KITCHEN - POWELL'S HOUSE - SURREY - NIGHT 5
- POWELL, still in her pyjamas but now also in slippers and a dressing gown, enters the kitchen.
- A Labrador dog, *Jesse*, gets up out of a basket.
- POWELL pats the dog's head, goes to the kitchen tap and drinks some water. A routine.
- 6 EXT. GARDEN - POWELL'S HOUSE - SURREY - NIGHT 6
- POWELL, with *Jesse* following, exits the house. She walks across the garden to an office 'shed' and unlocks a bolted door. She goes inside.
- 7 EXT. ALIA'S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - DAWN 7
- ALIA, laughing, swings her hips. The hoop whizzes around her.

8

INT. POWELL'S GARDEN OFFICE - SURREY - NIGHT

8

POWELL withdraws a secure dongle from a pocket in her gown and plugs it into a USB port in a computer on a desk.

Jesse knows the routine: he has a basket in here too and he lies down in it.

The office is full of military books, files, mementoes and photographs: her entire military career is in this room - and we immediately understand that this is where she lives out her life. The house is just where she sleeps.

While her computer boots up, POWELL glances at a large pin board on a wall beside her desk:

It is covered in hand-written notes and SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPHS taken in various foreign locations of WANTED HVI's - *High Value Individuals*.

The faces are mostly Somali, but we also notice a young British Muslim student named RASHEED HAMUD, and a young American named MUHAMMAD ABDISALAAM. (Note: It does not matter whether we know their nationality at this point, but their dress is clearly western.)

One photograph in particular stands out from the rest:

A WHITE WOMAN wearing a deep blue head scarf (a hijab) which covers her hair. The name SUSAN HELEN DANFORD appears beneath the picture, as well as the name "AYESHA AL-HADY."

Another picture shows Danford without her hijab. She's an attractive woman in her early thirties.

In yet another she is with a man named ABDULLAH AL-HADY - who we will learn is her husband.

Still other pictures of her show her in various foreign locations. A few copies of different PASSPORTS show her image with different names: *ALLISON WEST, REBECCA SUTTON*.

Below the images of Danford and Al-Hady are dozens of other YOUNG FACES - some Western dressed, some local Somali fighters with weapons.

Some have been inked out in red.

POWELL stares at the image of Danford for a moment.

Then her computer BLEEPs and she turns to check her in-box.

An email message comes up with A PICTURE OF A YOUNG ARMY CORPORAL in a wheelchair wearing PROSTHETIC LEGS. We read:

Dear Colonel Powell

The new legs are good. I can walk to the shops, but I don't see the point in doing that, or in doing anything.

Captain Kirby has suggested...

She scrolls to the end:

... to be honest, I wish I had died.

Corporal Shane Allen.

Powell sits staring blankly at the picture of the crippled soldier. She is, for a moment, lost. Then she begins to type a reply.

Dear Corporal Allen

Do not lose hope. Once you recover, I promise to assist in reassigning you...

As she types, an INCOMING EMAIL ALERT pops up on her screen.

Subject: "More news on Ben."

Powell stops writing her reply to the first email.

She hesitates, then opens the new one.

We READ:

This was posted an hour ago.

http://www.al-news.org/watch_now/

Still can't believe we lost him.

Good luck this morning.

Talk later.

Frank

POWELL steels herself. Then reluctantly clicks on the link in the email.

A NEWS VIDEO CLIP opens.

It shows HAND HELD FOOTAGE of A YOUNG, DEAD, AFRICAN MAN in plain clothes lying in filth in an alley. He has been shot in the back of the head. Blood pools around his shoulders.

The VOICE of a REPORTER plays over the footage, which cuts to various images of Al-Shabaab Militants chanting with weapons raised, and graphics of the geographical area described.

REPORTER'S VOICE

Somali Al-Shabaab militants have posted this picture of an unnamed man they say they have executed in Nairobi. The group claims he was working for British military intelligence attempting to infiltrate their international recruitment networks. Al-Shabaab want to impose their strict version of Sharia law across the horn of Africa. They bitterly resent the role of Britain and the Kenyan military in propping up the UN backed Somali government in Mogadishu. The Ministry of Defense has declined to comment, but denounced the execution as "sickening."

Affected, but stoic, POWELL watches in icy silence.

9 EXT. LAS VEGAS - NEVADA - EVENING 9

FROM HIGH IN THE SKY we drift ominously over suburbs of tract homes that pattern the Nevada desert at last light.

ON SCREEN: LAS VEGAS, NEVADA, USA - 20h44

10 INT. BEDROOM - STEVE'S HOUSE - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT 10

Dark. A large digital alarm clock reads: 20h44

A sleeping body is dimly visible with covers over its head.

The clock clicks to 20h45 and the radio comes on: Indie rock.

STEVE WATTS, 25, reluctantly moves the covers aside and flips on a side lamp.

He lies staring at the ceiling for a moment, listening to his music, still half asleep, not wanting to get up just yet.

The room is sparsely decorated. On his bedroom wall is a single, large framed aviation art painting by Randy Green of "The Boys from Richmond" fighter jets against a striking sky.

On a small desk is a framed picture of Steve graduating from *University in Nevada*, a plaque from a *Reserve Officer Training Corps* showing him commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant, and an *Undergraduate RPA (Remotely Piloted Aircraft)* training certificate. Finally there is a photo of Steve himself posing in a flight suit next to a training aeroplane.

11 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - SURREY - DAWN 11

We drift over beautiful English countryside as dawn breaks.

ON SCREEN: SURREY, ENGLAND

12 EXT. COUNTRY LANE - SURREY - DAWN 12

POWELL, now in Wellington boots and a weatherproof jacket, walks with *Jesse*. There is a weariness about her. A profound sadness lurking just beneath her tough exterior.

She tosses a stick for her dog. There's an edge of aggression, of unexpressed anger in the throw.

Jesse chases it, happy.

13 INT. BEDROOM - STEVE'S HOUSE - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT 13

(NOTE: This scene was formerly scene 21.)

STEVE, slim and fit, listens to indie music as he runs a good pace on a treadmill.

14 INT. KITCHEN - POWELL'S HOUSE - SURREY - DAWN 14

POWELL walks in with *Jesse*.

LIZZIE - a pretty late-teen girl wearing T-shirt and knickers - looks inside the fridge. She reaches for a bottle of expensive bottled water. POWELL is not amused.

COLONEL POWELL

Hello?

LIZZIE

Oh, I'm sorry.

COLONEL POWELL

Who are you?

LIZZIE

Lizzie.

COLONEL POWELL
What are you looking for?

LIZZIE
Some water.

COLONEL POWELL
Try the tap.

LIZZIE
Oh, okay. Sorry.

POWELL watches LIZZIE close the fridge door, go over to the sink, look for a glass, find a mug and fill it up.

COLONEL POWELL
Are you with Robert or Andrew?

LIZZIE
Robert.

She walks toward the door - with her water.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
Thank you. Sorry.

She walks out.

15 INT. ALIA'S HOUSE - EASTLEIGH - NAIROBI - MORNING 15

ALIA has a well-used school mathematics book open in front of her and some spare paper.

MUSA, is helping her with an exercise. She concentrates hard. Looks to him for approval as she completes a problem.

MUSA
Good! See, not so difficult!

MUSA (CONT'D)
Wanaagsan! Bal eeg, ma si adag!

16 INT. KITCHEN - POWELL'S HOUSE - SURREY - DAWN 16

POWELL pours milk into a bowl of cereal at her kitchen table, claiming her space back.

ROBERT, 19, walks in, lazy and bleary-eyed. He looks dishevelled and weedy in his boxer shorts.

COLONEL POWELL
Who is she?

ROBERT
Um, her name's Lizzie.

COLONEL POWELL
I know her *name*.

ROBERT casually goes to the fridge and opens the door.

ROBERT
She goes to St. Ada's.

COLONEL POWELL
Does she. You should have asked me
if she could stay.

ROBERT
Dad said she could.

ROBERT takes a bottle of water out of the fridge.

COLONEL POWELL
She's already got water.

ROBERT
She doesn't like tap.

ROBERT walks out.

17 EXT. SINGAPORE - DAY 17

We drift over the magnificent high-rises of Singapore.

ON SCREEN: SINGAPORE - 13h00

18 INT. ARMS FAIR - SINGAPORE - AFTERNOON 18

A huge hall filled with a maze of stands showcasing MILITARY
HARDWARE: Missiles, machine guns, armored vehicles...

IBS (Integrated Battlefield Solutions) operate on Stand B59.

FOUR COMPANY MANNEQUINS demonstrate military clothing. One
wears undergarments, the second fatigues and the third is in
full operational military body armour.

JAMES WILLETT, British Foreign Secretary, pale and sweaty in
the heat, stands in front of the company name and slogan -
Soldier Safety First - as he speaks to a small audience
gathered around the stand.

JAMES

On behalf of the British government, I am proud to introduce *Integrated Battlefield Solutions*, a UK company leading the field in the production of life-saving, lightweight military clothing. Protecting our soldiers in the field of battle is at the core of my government's commitment to our armed forces. *Soldier safety first* is why we are in partnership.

IBS director, NIGEL ADLER, beside him, nods vigorously.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And so I am very pleased to introduce you to IBS managing director, Mister Nigel Adler.

A ripple of applause from the BRITISH REPS - but most of the people watching are invited FOREIGN BUYERS and they wait in silence for ADLER to speak.

Also watching are KATE BARNES (25), PR to the Foreign Secretary, and TOM BELLAMY (28), his aide.

ADLER

Thank you very much, Foreign Secretary. We feel extremely honoured that you have taken time out of your hectic schedule to open our stand this afternoon. Thank you.

JAMES smiles bravely - but he is struggling with what turns out to be food poisoning.

KATE

(a whisper to Tom)
He's going to throw up.

TOM

I told him not to eat the prawns.

ADLER

Today we are introducing three new ranges: the Adamant Assault Body Armour System, the Personal Camouflage System and our light, fast-wicking underclothing range...

JAMES is struggling to keep his insides under control.

19 EXT. POWELL HOME/COUNTRY LANE - SURREY - MORNING 19

A car drives away from a modest, secluded country home and heads off down a quiet tree-lined road.

20 INT. CAR - COUNTRY LANE - SURREY - MORNING 20

POWELL, tense, drives. Now wearing the military uniform of an Army Colonel, she is on her car-mounted cell phone.

COLONEL POWELL

Simon, I will not have the boys bringing friends back for the night without asking me.

(a beat)

I'm not having it.

(a beat)

If they want to do all that, they can do it away from home.

She's still so angry about it, she can't finish the call:

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

It's not right - and I'm not having it.

That hasn't calmed her down either.

21 INT. LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - STEVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 21

(NOTE: This scene was formerly scene 13.)

STEVE, showered and wrapped in a towel, enters an open-plan living room / kitchen area from a hallway.

He crosses to a kitchen counter where A HOME COOKED MEAL on a simple plate has been covered and set aside for him.

STEVE uncovers the food, looks at it for a moment, then places it into a micro-wave and presses a RE-HEAT button.

22 EXT. PERMANENT JOINT HEADQUARTERS - LONDON - MORNING 22

We establish a low, modern building backlit by a pale sun. SOLDIERS with ATTACK DOGS patrol a perimeter fence.

POWELL drives in and parks in an "OFFICERS ONLY" lot.

ON SCREEN:

"PERMANENT JOINT HEADQUARTERS, LONDON"

23 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING 23

POWELL comes out of a lift, walks along a windowless corridor to a steel door, punches in a code and walks through.

24 INT. ROOM - PJHQ - MORNING 24

POWELL enters a windowless bunker where several military personnel work on computers. They come to attention as POWELL enters the room.

Among them is SERGEANT MIKE GLEESON, 28, an OPS WATCHKEEPER and SERGEANT MUSHTAQ SADDIQ, 27, a targeteer.

They hold permanent positions here and so have a few personal mementoes beside their computers: baby photos, wives, children's drawings.

POWELL'S workspace is temporary - so there is nothing personal here.

There are whiteboards with flip-charts and large TV screens suspended from the ceiling.

On these screens are various high angled surveillance images and graphics. We do not focus on any details yet.

SERGEANT MUSHTAQ hands POWELL a report.

MUSHTAQ

Morning Ma'am. Version 3 on Operation Egret is ready. Ahmed's house data is included on Slide 3.

COLONEL POWELL

Thank you.

She looks at it.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

Only two Hellfires? Where are the GBU-12's?

MUSHTAQ

Ma'am, given the mission brief we thought we should decrease the gross weight and increase the loiter time...

COLONEL POWELL

So, I have just the two Hellfires?

MUSHTAQ

Yes, ma'am.

COLONEL POWELL

Sergeant, next time, you clear it with me before you change the loadout, understand?

MUSHTAQ

Yes, ma'am.

POWELL drops the report back on Mushtaq's desk.

25 EXT. AIRPORT - NAIROBI - MORNING

25

A commercial airliner touches down in early light.

ON SCREEN: NAIROBI, KENYA - 09h30

26 INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

26

MUHAMMAD ABDISALAAM (20), the clean-shaven American student whose image we saw on POWELL'S office wall, comes out of *Arrivals* with a trekker's rucksack.

He seems on edge but smiles when he sees a Man, DRIVER ONE, holding a card with '*Kenyan Student Exchange Services*' on it.

DRIVER ONE

How was the flight?

MUHAMMAD

(100% American accent)

Yeah, it was good. Thank you.

A CAMERA SHUTTER clicks and the IMAGE OF MUHAMMAD freezes as a still frame on screen.

A REVERSE ANGLE reveals an athletic looking Kenyan man, AGENT ATIENO, 35, casually shooting a long lens, covert surveillance image of Muhammad from across the airport lobby.

ATIENO lowers his camera and watches as MUHAMMAD is escorted towards the airport exit by the DRIVER. He speaks into a small radio mike:

AGENT ATIENO

Showman50, Bravo27: Sea Hawk has arrived...

A26 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING

A26

A text pops up on SERGEANT GLEESON'S screen:

"Showman50: Sea Hawk has left the airport."

SERGEANT GLEESON
Ma'am... Sea Hawk is in and
traveling.

POWELL looks up from signing paperwork at her desk that outlines Rules of Engagement etc. for the day's mission.

COLONEL POWELL
Is the Reaper following?

A WARRANT OFFICER at another desk responds:

WARRANT OFFICER
Yes, Ma'am. Patching us in.

He works his keyboard and a A VIDEO IMAGE appears on a large TV screen at one end of the bunker...

The image on screen is a HIGH ANGLED SHOT filmed by a REAPER DRONE flying unseen at 20,000 feet of an old SUV driving down a main road bustling with hawkers and Matatu taxis.

COLONEL POWELL
Headed for Parklands?

A YOUNG FEMALE CORPORAL at another station watches a screen that tracks the route of the SUV on a map of Nairobi.

YOUNG FEMALE CORPORAL
Looks that way, yes, Ma'am.

27 OMITTED

27

28 OMITTED

28

29 EXT. BEACH - HAWAII - SUNSET

29

AIRMAN 1st CLASS LUCY GALVEZ, tall, fit, Latino American, paddles a stand-up board toward towards a perfect beach.

Across the bay we see a LARGE NAVAL DOCKYARD with WARSHIPS starkly silhouetted against the setting sun.

ON SCREEN: HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE, HAWAII 20h45

As LUCY steps off her board and onto the beach, three young American AIRMEN jog past her.

AIRMAN

Hey, Lucy, you coming to Jimmy's tonight?

LUCY

No. I'm on duty.

AIRMAN

Too bad!

LUCY

Yeah.

LUCY lifts her board as the sun dips into the ocean.

30

INT. ROOM - ALIA'S HOUSE - MORNING

30

ALIA is struggling with an equation. MUSA sits with her.

ALIA

This is too difficult, Papa!

ALIA (CONT'D)

Xisaabta aad bay u adagtahay Aabe.
(Hisaab-ta adbay oo adak ta hay aah be.)

MUSA

Just do your best.

MUSA (CONT'D)

Si fiican oo wanaagsan u Samey. (Siffee un o wanaksan, oo Samay.)

FATIMA calls from outside.

FATIMA

Customer!

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Macaamiisha! (Ma-a-mee-shaa!)

Immediately ALIA shuts her textbook - and HIDES IT under the seat cushion of a chair.

Before he opens the door, MUSA looks back to make sure ALIA is not seen with the book. Then he exits and greets a male customer (OMAR) waiting in the yard with a damaged bicycle.

The door swings closed on ALIA, leaving her sitting alone.

31

EXT. SUBURB - PARKLANDS - NAIROBI - MORNING

31

A street of middle income houses within walled compounds.

The SUV with MUHAMMAD inside approaches one of the houses.

32 OMITTED 32

33 EXT. HOUSE - PARKLANDS - MORNING 33

Now, from an angle at wall height (that may seem like a security camera POV) we PAN with the SUV as it drives through the gates and pulls to a stop in front of a two storey house.

SECURITY STAFF rapidly close the gates as the SUV door is opened for MUHAMMAD.

OWNER

Welcome my friend, welcome!

MUHAMMAD exits the car and is warmly greeted by the OWNER.

CUT TO - What looks like a SMALL TROPICAL BIRD perched high on a wall of the compound.

We push in on the bird and see that it is in fact A MICRO-RPA - a drone designed to look like a small bird, with a small glass lens embedded in its chest.

This 'bird' is what has been filming the arrival of the SUV.

34 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING 34

On one of the screens is the image from the micro-RPA bird of the *Owner* escorting MUHAMMAD into his home.

COLONEL POWELL

(into a headset)

Hawaii5, North20, looks like we have Sea Hawk, but I'd like a positive ID.

IMAGE ANALYST

(on another screen)

Hawaii5, copy that. Running PID confirmation.

On yet ANOTHER SCREEN is a much more high angled image of the same action from a *Reaper* drone flying unseen at 20,000 feet.

POWELL switches channels:

COLONEL POWELL

Showman50, North20. Good morning Moses - how are you this morning?

35 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - MORNING 35
MAJOR MOSES OWITI, *Kenya National Intelligence Service (NIS)*,
has the image from the bird on his secure laptop.

MAJOR OWITI
Showman50, copy. Good morning
Colonel! Very good!

COLONEL POWELL
Confirm *Sea Hawk* is in the blue
zone but *Condor* is still in flight?

MAJOR OWITI
Sea Hawk is in the blue zone. We
expect *Condor* to land in an hour.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you. Are your troops in place
and ready to move in?

MAJOR OWITI
(looks out at his troops)
Yes. Briefed and ready.

OWITI'S POV:

36 EXT. COMPANY D BASE - MORNING 36
In a high-walled loading area are a number of military trucks
and FIFTY KENYAN SOLDIERS of Kenya's elite *D Company*, dressed
for action, each with their weapon and gear beside them.

Some smoke, some drink cans of soda, some quietly chat,
others just sit and wait. It's a strangely calm scene.

37 INT. KITCHEN - MOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 37
STEVE washes his dinner plate. He is now dressed in smart
casuals.
The front door opens and STEVE'S MOM, 45, wearing a waitress
uniform, enters. She's tired from a long shift.

STEVE
Hi, Mom. Work okay?

MOM
It was alright. Tips are better
than Kansas.

STEVE smiles.

MOM (CONT'D)

Did you like your dinner?

STEVE

Yeah, thanks, it was great.

He picks up his car key.

MOM

You're off early? Thought your shift was much later?

*

STEVE

I'm going to Sammy's birthday.

MOM

Oh... They let you drink before...?

STEVE

I'm not gonna drink. I'm just gonna stop by and say a quick happy birthday.

He kisses her cheek and heads for the door.

MOM

Stevie...

He turns back.

STEVE

Yeah?

A beat. She's obviously going through a tough time.

MOM

I won't stay forever, I promise.

STEVE

You stay as long as you want, Mom.

He smiles briefly. She does too, grateful.

38

EXT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - LONDON - MORNING

38

HIGH ANGLE view establishing the imposing building of the British Ministry of Defence from the air.

ON SCREEN: MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, LONDON 08h00

COLONEL POWELL (O.S)

General. Good morning.

STEVE

(to the bartender)

Just some water please - but throw
in an olive and make it look
alcoholic...

43 INT. HALL - ARMS FAIR - SINGAPORE - DAY

43

JAMES hurries down a trading aisle escorted by three
BODYGUARDS as KATE and TOM struggle to catch up.

TOM

The meeting with the Malaysian
Trade Minister is now at four-
thirty.

JAMES

You'll have to do it for me.

TOM

But the...

KATE

Perhaps if you take an "Eezi Tum?"

JAMES

I need to go back to the hotel!

He gets to his destination, the *mens*, and hurries inside.

TOM and KATE stand with their coffees.

TOM

Why appoint a Foreign Secretary who
always gets ill?

44 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - UPSTAIRS PRIVATE AREA - NIGHT

44

STEVE, with his "water only" Martini in hand, comes up some
stairs and enters a private party area.

He recognizes his birthday group, including SAMMY, 26. They
are all drunk. THREE DANCERS are entertaining the party.

SAMMY

Stevie!!! So good to see you! You
got a drink?

STEVE

I got one, Sammy.

STEVE raises his fake Martini with the olive.

SAMMY

Man, I didn't think you would come!

He bear hugs STEVE.

STEVE

Happy birthday, buddy.

SAMMY

My best friend, man. *My best* - you know that right?

STEVE stands smiling, trapped in SAMMY's drunken embrace.

STEVE

Right. I know.

SAMMY releases STEVE from the hug.

SAMMY

Come on, sit down.

STEVE

Sam, seriously, I can't stay long. I'm on duty from three...

*

SAMMY

(imitating him)

Steve, seriously, I'm on duty from six. Sit down.

*

He turns to one of the DANCERS.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Shelley! A lap-dance for my best friend!

STEVE

No, no...

SAMMY

Yes, yes... Over here, please! Over here...

A DANCER, "SHELLEY," approaches STEVE - and gently pushes him backwards. Steve falls into a chair.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

There ya go!!!

Despite the bravado there's an edge of darkness to Sammy. As if he has seen more in his 26 years than he'd ever let on.

STEVE blushes as SHELLEY lowers her long hair over his face.

45 INT. BAKERY - ALIA'S COMPOUND - MORNING 45

FATIMA looks in at the bread she's baking in her wood-burning oven and removes hot loaves with a paddle.

She sets the loaves on a table with others already baked.

FATIMA

Alia!

46 INT. HOUSE - ALIA'S COMPOUND - SAME TIME 46

ALIA looks up from a travel book she is reading.

ALIA

Yes, mama!

ALIA (CONT'D)

Haa, Hooyo! (Haa Hoy-yo!)

FATIMA (O.S)

The bread is ready!

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Rootiga waa diyaar!
(Rooti-ka wad diyaar!)

She closes her book and hides it under the cushion.

47 EXT. AIRPORT - NAIROBI - MORNING 47

A *commercial* flight touches down in midday heat.

ON SCREEN: NAIROBI AIRPORT, KENYA - 11h45

48 INT. AIRPORT - NAIROBI - MORNING 48

RASHEED HAMUD (20) is the clean-shaven British student we saw in POWELL'S office. He carries a rucksack.

He comes out of *Arrivals* looking anxious. He has instructions to act normally - not to look around him as if expecting something - but he's so focused on doing the right thing that he looks anything but normal.

He's relieved to see a driver (DRIVER TWO) holding up a placard with '*Kenyan Student Exchange Services*' on it.

He approaches DRIVER TWO and they shake hands.

RASHEED

(a south London accent)

Hello.

DRIVER TWO
How was the flight?

RASHEED
It was okay, thank you.

DRIVER TWO
Follow me.

RASHEED
Yes. Thank you.

Across the hall, AGENT ATIENO, unseen, watches Rasheed leaving with DRIVER TWO. Rasheed has his cell phone out and it looks like he is typing A TEXT MESSAGE.

ATIENO talks quietly into his radio.

AGENT ATIENO
Showman50, Bravo27: Condor has
landed... He's texting...

A48 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - MORNING

A48

MAJOR OWITI
Showman50, copy that. Proceed to
the Blue Zone.

OWITI leans forward and types a text message into his laptop.

(NOTE: A surveillance image of the suburban house in Parklands is visible in another window on his screen.)

B48 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING

B48

A message from OWITI (Showman50) pops up on GLEESON'S SCREEN.

SERGEANT GLEESON
Ma'am, Condor is texting.

COLONEL POWELL
Yes. And?

SERGEANT GLEESON
It reads... Uh... "Hi sis, arrived
safely. Give Mom a big hug for me."

COLONEL POWELL
(dry as hell)
How sweet...

49 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - NAIROBI - MORNING 49

ALIA, with a basket of her mother's loaves, walks to a table already set up on the sidewalk alongside a compound wall.

She puts down her basket of bread, takes out a cloth and begins to carefully lay it on the rickety table.

SHE HEARS RAISED VOICES - and looks up to see a POOR WOMAN being questioned by THREE MILITIA MEN about her attire, which does not cover her wrists.

MILITIA LEADER
You need to cover yourself properly!

MILITIA LEADER (CONT'D)
Waxaad u baahan tahay inaad si sax ah naftaada dabooli!

The MAN slaps at her exposed wrists with a short whip.

MILITIA MAN #2
Go home! Now!

MILITIA MAN #2 (CONT'D)
Tag guriga, hadda!

Humiliated the WOMAN walks away.

The MEN look back and see ALIA glancing at them. TWO OTHER MILITIA MEN guarding a nearby compound watch her too.

ALIA quickly lowers her gaze, afraid to be seen watching and concentrates on laying out her bread on the table-cloth.

50 EXT/INT. STEVE'S CAR - ROAD OUT OF VEGAS - NIGHT 50

It's a beautiful, starry night. Music on the radio.

STEVE drives a deserted road, headed into the desert.

51 INT. TOY SHOP - THE STRAND - LONDON - MORNING 51

BENSON stares nervously at rows of toy dolls. He looks for a SHOP ASSISTANT - but she's with another customer. He takes out his phone. Punches a number. Leaves a message:

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Darling it's your dad here. I'm looking at a whole shelf of these Annabell dolls. You didn't tell me there are different types. I've no idea what to buy her. Can you get back to me asap? Otherwise...

He picks up one of the dolls. Squints at the packaging.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT'D)

I'm holding a... um... An *Annabell Time To Sleep Doll* and it says here 'you will hear her babbling when it is beddy-byes'. Call me as soon as you can.

He puts away his phone. Stressed, he stares at the doll.

52 EXT. KENYAN MARKET AREA - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY 52

A STALL OWNER slops stew from a pot into take-away cartons.

JAMA FARAH, a Kenyan of Somali origin, in his hat, jeans, shirt, glances about while he waits for his food.

He eyes a PRETTY WOMAN in a tank-top and shorts crossing the street. (This neighbourhood is not governed by Sharia law.)

We may also notice a STREET VENDOR selling plastic BUCKETS amidst dozens of other vendors.

JAMA slaps hands with the STALL OWNER, pays him and heads off down the street with three cartons of stew.

53 EXT. QUIET SIDE STREET - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY 53

JAMA rounds a corner and approaches a battered commercial van marked "Ruaka Engineering Services" parked on a quiet street.

He pulls open the passenger side door.

54 INT. JAMA'S VAN - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY 54

JAMA enters the van with the food he has just bought. He hands a carton of stew to a DRIVER in the front seat and moves into the back of the van.

Seated in the darkened interior, DAMISI, an indigenous Kikuyu Kenyan woman, also in jeans and T-shirt, sits in front of a secure laptop.

DAMISI

We've got Condor in the Blue Zone.

JAMA

Who the fuck's Condor?

He looks over DAMISI's shoulder at the computer screen.

DAMISI

The second guy in from the airport.

ON HER SCREEN: ANOTHER CAR is entering the compound. The OWNER opens the car door and RASHEED gets out.

The image on DAMISI'S screen is from the micro-RPA *bird* we saw filming the arrival of MUHAMMAD earlier at the same house. DAMISI controls the filming using a mobile joystick device.

JAMA

I can't keep up with these names.

55 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING 55

POWELL, seeing what DAMISI and JAMA are seeing displayed on her screens, speaks into her headset:

COLONEL POWELL

Showman50, North20, can we get a view into the house?

56 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - MIDDAY 56

MAJOR OWITI speaks into his headset.

MAJOR OWITI

Yes, Ma'am. Peg90, Showman50, can you try and look into the house?

57 INT. JAMA'S VAN - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY 57

DAMISI and JAMA watch on the secure laptop.

DAMISI

Showman50, Peg90, moving now.

58 EXT. HOUSE - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY 58

We see, perched on the compound wall, the micro-RPA *bird*.

It takes off from its perch and flies around the house.

59 INT. JAMA'S VAN - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY 59

JAMA and DAMISI look at the image from the *bird* flying around the house on their screen.

They can't get a view inside. All the shutters are shut.

DAMISI

Showman50 do you want us to bring
in Ringo?

60 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - MIDDAY 60
MAJOR OWITI, continuing...

MAJOR OWITI

Negative, not worth the risk yet.
Wait for number 3 to arrive.

61 EXT. WHITEHALL - WESTMINSTER - LONDON - MORNING 61
An aerial view of London and the Cabinet Office building.
ON SCREEN: BRITISH CABINET OFFICES, WHITEHALL - 11h15

62 INT. RECEPTION - CABINET OFFICES - MORNING 62
BENSON, carrying the doll he bought peeking out of a too-
small plastic bag, speaks to a RECEPTIONIST.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

General Benson. Here for COBRA.

A young civil servant in a suit, JACK CLEARY, 30's approaches
from across the lobby, offering an outstretched hand.

JACK

General Benson... Jack Cleary. I'm
coordinating today.

63 INT. HALLWAY - CABINET OFFICES - MORNING 63
A hallway off which we can see numerous rooms. A calm
atmosphere as a few politicians chat.

JACK is asking people to go into the Briefing Room.

BENSON is on his cell phone.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Hold on a minute. Hold on a minute.

He takes the doll from its bag.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT'D)
Annabell Care for Me? What have I
got?

He sees that he has the *Time To Sleep* doll.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT'D)
Does it matter? I mean...

We watch him as he listens: it plainly does matter.
His AIDE-DE-CAMP appears by his side.

AIDE-DE-CAMP
General, they are asking for you.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
(sighing)
All right, darling, I'll try. Yes.
Bye-bye.

He shuts down his phone and looks at his AIDE-DE-CAMP
anxiously.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT'D)
I bought a *Time To Sleep* doll when
I should have bought a *Care For Me*.
Apparently there is an important
difference.

He hands his AIDE-DE-CAMP the doll in her bag.

AIDE-DE-CAMP
I'll see what I can do, sir.

BENSON walks into the room.

64 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - MORNING

64

COBR(A) - *Cabinet Office Briefing Room A* - is the Government
committee that meets in response to crises at home and
elsewhere in the world that have implications at home.

Eight VTC screens are at one end of the low-ceilinged room
and there are two more screens, one along each side.

One of the screens has images from *BBC News 24*. Another has
the live stream from the *Reaper RPA*, a third has images from
the *bird*.

There is a large conference table in the middle of the room,
around which are leather chairs - but this is an 'informal'
meeting to watch the attack on the house in Nairobi.

(Remind yourself of the image in the White House Situation Room as they watched the attack on Bin Laden's house.)

A small group of politicians are gathered in the room along with JACK CLEARY, the coordinating civil servant.

BENSON shakes hands with GEORGE MATHERSON, Attorney General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Good morning, Attorney General.

GEORGE
Morning, Frank.

ON SCREEN - *"GEORGE MATHERSON MP - UK Attorney General."*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Minister.

WOODALE
General.

ON SCREEN - *"BRIAN WOODALE MP - Minister of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs."*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Ma'am. Congratulations on your new appointment.

ANGELA
Thank you.

ON SCREEN - *"ANGELA NORTHMAN MP - Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State responsible for Africa."*

BENSON is at the head of the table. Already open in front of him is a secure laptop computer from which he will be able to hold a text messaging conversation with POWELL. Beside that there is also a secure telephone.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
I am going to talk you through the capture of Susan Danford aka Ayesha Al-Hady...

65

INT. CORRIDOR - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

65

LUCY GALVEZ, now in uniform and carrying a large takeout coffee, strides down a busy corridor of uniformed personnel.

ON SCREEN: *JOINT BASE PEARL HARBOR-HICKAM, HAWAII - 00h15*

66

INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - CONTINUOUS

66

LUCY enters a cramped room with her coffee.

An IMAGE ANALYST, bleary-eyed, sits in front of five screens. On one is the live feed from the *Reaper* above the *Parklands* house. On another is the live feed from the *bird*.

IMAGE ANALYST

Hi. Did you go to the party?

LUCY

I was busy. You might still make it. What have we got here?

IMAGE ANALYST

We're tracking some extremists in Nairobi. One of them is from my home town.

LUCY

You're kidding, really?

Her colleague brings up an image of MUHAMMAD ABDISALAAM on the screen as Lucy prepares to take over the shift.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Is that him?

IMAGE ANALYST

Yeah. Muhammad Abdisalaam. Somali. We've got a lot of them there.

LUCY

Well, let's hope he's not coming back.

67

EXT. CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - NEVADA DESERT - NIGHT

67

Steve's car crosses a desert runway, passing open hangars with fighter jets and *Reaper* drones visible within.

He pulls up outside a small collection of low buildings.

ON SCREEN: CREECH AIR FORCE BASE, NEVADA - 02h30

*

68

INT. CHANGING ROOM - CREECH - NIGHT

68

STEVE zips into his flight suit in front of a locker.

There are several RPA crews here, dressing for a new shift. Most are so young it looks like a military training school.

COLONEL WALSH (O.S)

Alright, listen up.

69

INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - CREECH - NIGHT

69

STEVE, MATT (24) and CARRIE (22) listen to LT. COLONEL ED WALSH, a senior operations supervisor at Creech.

COLONEL WALSH

I'm going to introduce you to Colonel Powell in London.

He presses a button on his desk console and COLONEL POWELL appears on a wall mounted Video Conference Screen.

COLONEL WALSH (CONT'D)

Good morning, Ma'am. Are we coming through clear?

COLONEL POWELL

Loud and clear, Colonel, thank you. It's good to see you again.

COLONEL WALSH

And you, Ma'am. I have your crew ready. Introduce yourselves please.

STEVE

Morning, Ma'am. Aircraft Commander Steve Watts. Pilot.

CARRIE

Airman First Class Carrie Gershon. Sensor Operator.

MATT

Senior Airman Matt Levery, Mission Intel Co-ordinator.

COLONEL POWELL

Thank you. Today you will be flying a joint operation over Nairobi, Kenya. Code name: Operation Egret.

As POWELL proceeds with the brief she clicks on relevant images that appear on a second screen in the room.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

(showing a map)

Horn of Africa. Somalia. Kenya. Nairobi.

(MORE)

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

We have intelligence of a meeting of key members of Al-Shabaab in the suburb of Parklands - in this house here.

Over a *Reaper* image of a house in the suburb of *Parklands*:

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

It belongs to a man named Shahid Ahmed, an Al-Shabaab facilitator.

She puts up the image of Ahmed with Al-Shabaab leaders:

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

Due to visit the house is this man, Abdullah Al-Hady, a Somali...

She puts up an image of Al-Hady.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

... and his wife Ayesha Al-Hady, formerly Susan Helen Danford.

She flips through images of Danford, some as a troubled teen in the UK, the rest, intelligence pics of her as a jihadist.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

British national. Troubled childhood. Converted at fifteen. Radicalized in a west London mosque where she met and married Al-Hady. Intelligence has them connected to the most recent suicide bombing in Kenya.

We see SHOCKING IMAGES of the carnage caused by a SUICIDE BOMBING in Kenya.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

We've been tracking them for six years. Last seen in Addis Ababa two months ago.

We see images of DANFORD and AL-HADY in Addis Ababa.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

They're numbers *four and five* on our East Africa Most Wanted List. We have information that they will be in Nairobi today, using *the Parklands house* as a transit point for two new recruits:

POWELL puts up an image of an American dressed boy: MUHAMMAD ABDISALAAM, taken in a mall somewhere in the USA.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)
Muhammad Abdisalaam, American - the
CIA have him connected to
extremists in Minnesota.

She puts up another image: RASHEED HAMUD at a protest in London with a charismatic ISLAMIC SPEAKER.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)
And Rasheed Hamud, British.

She puts up the image of the house again.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)
Once all suspects are in the house,
Kenyan special forces will launch a
cordon and search. This is an
operation to capture, not kill. You
are tasked to be their *eye in the
sky*.

70

EXT. CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

70

STEVE and CARRIE, relaxed, walk out into the night and head for what looks like one of a dozen beige shipping containers: These are the Ground Control Stations (GCS) for RPA crews.

CARRIE
So, Sir, how long have you been
stationed here?

STEVE
About six months now. You?

CARRIE
I just got here.

STEVE
Wow. Okay. How do you like Vegas?

CARRIE
It can get a little wild.

CARRIE and STEVE walk into the *Ground Control Station*.

71

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

71

STEVE and CARRIE enter the narrow, windowless world. The previous shift are at their stations.

STEVE

Hey, guys. Seen any giraffes?

FIRST CREWMAN

Matter of fact, yeah...

CARRIE

Oh wow.

SECOND CREWMAN

A whole bunch of them 'bout thirty miles east of the city.

FIRST CREWMAN

The LR crew saw a whole herd of elephant on take off.

CARRIE

No kidding?

STEVE

Makes a change from staring at goats.

The guys laugh. On one of the screens, we see the *Parklands* house and its neighbourhood. This image is fed from the MQ-9 Reaper UAV flying 20,000 feet above Nairobi.

FIRST CREWMAN

The aircraft is established in the orbit at Flight Level two zero zero, running covert. Aircraft and GCS are in the green with no write ups.

He gets up and STEVE settles into the seat.

SECOND CREWMAN

(to Carrie)

All cameras checked good. Here is the target... Ground forces are two streets away, in an old factory, over here.

He pulls back on the throttle that controls the camera zoom and the image snaps out to a wider area. He points out the *location of the fifty soldiers of D Company* concealed in their compound.

CARRIE

Okay, thanks.

CARRIE settles into her seat.

FIRST CREWMAN

Weapons all spun up good. Ten hours
time on station remaining. You
still have two Hellfire missiles.
Secure radio checked good.

STEVE and CARRIE, now seated, look so young to be in control.

STEVE

(into radio)

You guys strapped in?

72 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

72

MATT and COLONEL WALSH wear headphones and watch the same
images.

COLONEL WALSH

We're here.

MATT

Comms good.

73 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - EARLY AFTERNOON

73

ALIA is still selling her bread. She only has a few loaves
left. A woman in a hijab approaches.

WOMAN

How much?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Meeqa waaye? (Meh-ko why ye?)

ALIA

Fifty shillings.

ALIA (CONT'D)

Konton shilling.
(Konton shill-ling.)

WOMAN

Forty?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Afartan? (Affar-tan?)

ALIA

Forty-five?

ALIA (CONT'D)

Afartan iyo shan?
(Affar-ton eeyo-shun?)

The deal is done.

74 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

74

STEVE and CARRIE sit at the controls. On the screen in
front of them, they watch A MAN COME OUT OF THE HOUSE.

CARRIE

We have movement.

STEVE

Zoom in.

CARRIE zooms in as A SECOND MAN comes out of the house - but they are limited to an 'above head' shot and identification is not clear.

75 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING

75

We see in detail the big bank of screens. On one is the *Reaper* live feed. On another is the *bird* live feed.

POWELL watches the live image from the *bird* of the two men exiting the house. It's a wide shot, but the two look like RASHEED and MUHAMMAD.

COLONEL POWELL

(into headset)

Hawaii5, North20, confirm PID.

76 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - HAWAII - NIGHT

76

LUCY

Roger North20. I'd like to be closer.

Lucy, speaking into a headset, is now settled in front of her screens. Her colleague waves good-night from the door.

COLONEL POWELL

Peg90, go closer for PID.

77 INT. JAMA'S VAN - PARKLANDS - AFTERNOON

77

JAMA watches DAMISI zoom the *bird* closer in. On their screen:

The two young men look tense. They are clearly *Rasheed* and MUHAMMAD. They turn as the *Owner* of the house comes out.

78 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MIDDAY

78

POWELL watches her screens like a predator: *Rasheed* and MUHAMMAD are talking to THE OWNER. He seems very grateful to them for something - and to be wishing them well.

LUCY (O.S.)

North20, Hawaii5 confirms positive ID's on Muhammad Abdisalaam and Rasheed Hamud.

COLONEL POWELL

Roger that.

She hasn't taken her eyes off her suspects. Then she sees:

A DRIVER open the rear doors of the SUV.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

Damn it, they're leaving. Where are Danford and Al-Hady?

SERGEANT GLEESON

Ma'am, our intelligence only has them arriving in another half hour.

COLONEL POWELL

(not happy)

Well then our intelligence is bad!

79 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - MIDDAY 79

BENSON looks at the screen, alarmed.

The others, eating sandwiches and drinking tea and coffee, see his reaction, uncertain what to think.

80 EXT. COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 80

MAJOR OWITI watches the live feed. He calls to his men:

MAJOR OWITI

Load up!

His men respond, hurrying to their trucks. Tension is high. OWITI talks to POWELL on his mike:

MAJOR OWITI (CONT'D)

North20, Showman50, I have my men ready. Do we go in?

81 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MIDDAY 81

POWELL hesitates, but only for a brief moment.

COLONEL POWELL

No, hold your men. I want Danford and I'm hoping they will lead us to her.

She's taking a calculated risk here and she feels it.

82 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 82
MAJOR OWITI watches the same live feed.

MAJOR OWITI
Roger that.

A tense CAPTAIN waits for the order to deploy his troops.

MAJOR OWITI (CONT'D)
Tell them to hold.

Disappointed, the CAPTAIN reluctantly nods.

MAJOR OWITI (CONT'D)
(changing channels)
Bravo27, Showman50, follow if they
leave.

83 INT. AGENT ATIENO'S CAR - STREET - AFTERNOON 83
ATIENO, who we met at the airport taking covert photographs
of Muhammad and Rasheed, hears the message on his earpiece.

AGENT ATIENO
Bravo27, ready to follow.

He starts up his engine.

84 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 84
STEVE and CARRIE watch the live *Reaper* as the OWNER of the
house hugs RASHEED with a long, affectionate embrace.

CARRIE
Looks like they know they're not
meeting again.

STEVE
We don't read into things.

CARRIE
Haven't we gotta think?

RASHEED and MUHAMMAD get into the SUV with the DRIVER ONE.

STEVE
(over radio)
Movers, say intentions.

85 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - HAWAII - NIGHT 85

LUCY in front of the screens:

LUCY
Stay on PAX.

STEVE (O.S)
Copy.

SUDDENLY: A WOMAN in a long flowing dress, her head wrapped in a hijab, exits the house and gets quickly into the SUV.

We see this from the high shot of the Reaper. The bird is too slow to catch her.

86 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON 86

POWELL is watching the image.

COLONEL POWELL
Who is that? Is that Danford?!
I need a PID!

87 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 87

MAJOR OWITI is frustrated as he speaks into his headset.

MAJOR OWITI
Peg90 you missed her! Look in the vehicle.

88 INT. JAMA'S VAN - PARKLANDS - AFTERNOON 88

DAMISI and JAMA watch the image from the *bird* that shows the side of the SUV - windows dark; just a shadowed outline of the woman in the back.

DAMISI
Sorry, sir. Windows are tinted.

89 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON 89

COLONEL POWELL
Damn it, is that her, or does Ahmed have a wife?!

SERGEANT GLEESON
I'm sorry, we don't know, Ma'am.

COLONEL POWELL

Not good enough people! It has to
be her. Why didn't we know she was
already in the house?!

There's an embarrassed silence. The image from the *bird* shows
the SUV move as the gates to the compound are opened.

90 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 90

STEVE and CARRIE watch the *Reaper* feed as the *SUV* drives out
into the street.

91 INT. AGENT ATIENO'S CAR - PARKLANDS STREET - AFTERNOON 91

AGENT ATIENO sees the SUV turn into another street and pulls
into traffic to follow it.

AGENT ATIENO

Showman50, Bravo27, they're heading
east on route five... to Eastleigh.

From his expression we sense that is not good news.

MAJOR OWITI

Damn it... Copy that.

92 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON 92

POWELL watches the *Reaper* live feed of the *SUV* driving
towards the *Eastleigh Market Area*.

COLONEL POWELL

Hawaii5, I want a PID on that woman
as soon as we get a visual.

93 OMITTED 93

94 OMITTED 94

95 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 95

LUCY, tense, in front of the screens.

LUCY

Yes, Ma'am.

96 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 96

STEVE pilots the *Reaper* to follow the *SUV* as it turns right.

STEVE

Zoom out.

CARRIE pulls back the image.

STEVE and CARRIE watch the *Reaper* image of AGENT ATIENO following the *SUV*.

97 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON 97

POWELL is alarmed as she watches the *Reaper* feed of the vehicles turning again.

INTERCUT with OWITI checking a route on his secure laptop.

MAJOR OWITI

North20, Showman50, it looks like they're heading toward Eastleigh.

COLONEL POWELL

That's a no go area.

MAJOR OWITI

Yes, Ma'am...

COLONEL POWELL

How do we launch a ground assault if she's going in there?

MAJOR OWITI

We can't... It would trigger a massacre.

COLONEL POWELL

(to herself)

Shit...

(to Owiti)

Alright, just stay with her.

She watches the *SUV* slow down, turn into a *side road* and then stop at AN AL-SHABAAB MILITIA CHECKPOINT.

98 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - EARLY AFTERNOON 98

BENSON and the others watch the screen nervously.

99 INT. AGENT ATIENO'S CAR - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 99

AGENT ATIENO slows and stops at an intersection. A left turn will take him right into the militia controlled neighborhood. He can see the heavily guarded CHECKPOINT guarded by ARMED MILITIA a short distance away.

AGENT ATIENO
(tense)
Showman50, Bravo27... do you want
me to try and go in?

MAJOR OWITI (O.S.)
No. Return to base.

AGENT ATIENO, relieved, drives on.

100 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 100

STEVE
Zoom in.

CARRIE does. She and STEVE watch as a MILITIA LEADER - surrounded by a small posse - walks up to the SUV.

The posse try to get a look at *the people* in the SUV.

CARRIE and STEVE watch a respectful exchange between *the militia leader* and *the Woman in the back passenger seat*. But all they can see from their high angle is her covered arm as it extends out of the window.

The arm waves as the *SUV* pulls away and drives into the militia controlled neighbourhood.

STEVE and CARRIE follow the SUV as it turns into *another street*.

The *Militia* seen driving around earlier with a machine gun bolted to the back of their pickup have parked on a corner.

Another fifty yards up the road, *two armed guards* with AK47s open the gates to a compound, and the SUV pulls in.

There is another SUV already in the compound.

The gates are immediately closed.

101 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON 101

POWELL, watching the *Reaper* image.

COLONEL POWELL
Showman50, do we know this house?

102 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 102
MAJOR OWITI has the same *Reaper* image.

MAJOR OWITI
(into his headset)
It belongs to Amadu Mukhtar. He's a Somali trader but there is no other intel on him.

103 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON 103
POWELL watches the live feed as RASHEED, MUHAMMAD, the WOMAN covered in the hijab and DRIVER ONE get out of the vehicle.

RASHEED, MUHAMMAD and the WOMAN walk into the house. The DRIVER stays outside.

COLONEL POWELL
Hawaii5, North20, did you see anything there?

104 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 104
LUCY analyses images frame grabbed from the *Reaper* video feed as the WOMAN walked into the house. Her eyes scan them rapidly. She zooms in. But the woman has kept her covered head down and LUCY can't see anything helpful.

LUCY
No, Ma'am.

105 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON 105
POWELL reacts, frustrated.

COLONEL POWELL
Showman50, we need an eye inside that house.

106 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 106
MAJOR OWITI watches the *Reaper* image.

MAJOR OWITI
Ma'am, that could risk the
operation.

We cut between the two:

COLONEL POWELL
I *have to know* if Danford is inside
and who is with her.

MAJOR OWITI
It will mean putting a man on the
street. He will have to be close to
fly the beetle and he could easily
raise suspicion.

COLONEL POWELL
Even if you use a Somali?

MAJOR OWITI
Al-Shabaab controls that
neighbourhood. Every stranger is
suspicious. Even a Somali.

POWELL paces for a moment.

COLONEL POWELL
Major, we both believe we have
Danford in that house, do we not?

MAJOR OWITI
Yes, Ma'am...

COLONEL POWELL
And I cannot authorize a strike
without a Positive ID...

MAJOR OWITI
I understand that...

COLONEL POWELL
Then I believe we need to accept
the risk and send someone in. Can
you do it?

A beat.

MAJOR OWITI
Yes, Ma'am.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you. I appreciate what you
are doing.

107 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 107
OWITI draws a breath and talks quietly into his headset.

MAJOR OWITI
(to JAMA)
Peg90, Showman50, I need you to
engage Ringo at the target house.

108 INT. JAMA'S VAN - PARKLANDS - AFTERNOON 108
JAMA, seated with DAMISI, looks shocked for a moment.

JAMA
Showman50, Peg90, you want me to
enter the militia controlled area?

MAJOR OWITI
Yes... We need a positive ID.

A beat.

JAMA looks nervously at DAMISI. Then summons his courage.

JAMA
Showman50, Peg90... leaving now.

DAMISI looks at him, alarmed.

DAMISI
What if you are recognised?

JAMA just looks at her. The question lingers.

DAMISI (CONT'D)
You better have a good story for
where you've been this last year.

109 EXT. AMADU'S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 109
ALIA walks past Amadu's compound and turns into the
passageway leading to her own house.

110 EXT. ALIA'S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 110
MUSA is talking to OMAR:

OMAR
Since the boys have taken over, nobody is stealing any more.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Tan ilaa iyo wiilashii wax Xadaayey in badan uu san wiil danbe wax Xadeyn.
(Tan illa-yo weel-la-shee wah haadaayay, in badan oo san will dambe wah hadeen.)

MUSA can't risk saying anything other than agreeing with him.

MUSA
Yes, it's a good thing.

MUSA (CONT'D)
Haa waa fikrad aadiyo aad u fiican.
(Haa wafikrad aa-diyo aad oo fee aan.)

ALIA walks into the compound. OMAR looks up and sees her.

OMAR
Now you can leave your door open and no one will steal your bikes.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Hadda Al-baab kaaga oo furan waad dhaafi kartaa ma jiro qof baaskiil kaaga xadayo.
(Haad-dah Al Baab kaaga afuran waad dhaafi kaarta majjeero kof baaskeel kaagah haa da yo.)

MUSA
Yes.

MUSA (CONT'D)
Haye. (Haa ye.)

ALIA drops her empty basket in the bakery.

OMAR reaches into his pocket and pays MUSA.

ALIA exits the bakery and picks up her hula hoop. As OMAR is exiting the gate with his repaired bicycle, she starts swinging it on her hips.

OMAR glances back disapprovingly at ALIA, forcing MUSA to immediately admonish her.

MUSA
Alia! What are you doing?

MUSA (CONT'D)
Al-liya, Maxaad Sameyneysaa?
(Al-liya mahad samen-ney-sa?)

ALIA immediately stops.

ALIA
Sorry, papa.

ALIA (CONT'D)
Igi Raali noqo Aabe.
(Igraali nokko Aah-be.)

MUSA
What were you thinking of?

MUSA (CONT'D)
Maxaad ka Fikreysaa?
(Mahad ka fik-ray-saa?)

ALIA
I don't know papa.

ALIA (CONT'D)
Ma Agaano Aabe.
(Ma Akaano Aah be.)

She stands still, awaiting more punishment.

MUSA
Never again!

MUSA (CONT'D)
Mardan be yaan arkin adigo
fikraaya!
(Mardum bear yaan arkeen
adeego fik raa ya!)

ALIA
Yes papa.

ALIA (CONT'D)
Haye Aabe. (Haa yay Aah be.)

OMAR smiles insincerely and wheels away his bicycle.

As the gate swings closed behind him, MUSA turns to ALIA.

MUSA
You *must* learn to be more
careful.

MUSA (CONT'D)
Waa inaad si fiican wax u
barataa iskuna badnaataa.
(Wa innad siffee un wah u
barataa iskoo nah budnaa
tah.)

ALIA
Yes.

ALIA (CONT'D)
Haye. (Haa yay.)

MUSA
I don't know whether he
supports the militia or if he
is just pretending to because
he thinks I do - *but we take
no chances*. We trust no one.
And you *never ever* do that in
front of a man.

MUSA (CONT'D)
Aniga Ma agaano mana
taageerayo maleeshiyada iyo
Haddey si Qalden ila hadlaan
ama ila dhaqmaan laakin
waxaan qaadanaya fursad. Mana
Aminayo qof walbo, adiganah
weligaaga. Mardanbe, haku
ciyaarin nin hortiisa ama
dadka ii imaanaya hortooda.
(Aneega ma akaano mannah taa-
ge-rey-yo militia-dah iyoh
hadday si qaldan illah
hadlaan ama illah dhak-maan
laakin wah-haan qadah-nayah
foor sud. Ma amee-ney-yo qoof
walbo, adee-gana welli gaa
gaa maar-dum-bay haako-i-ya-
rin neen hortisa amaah
daddkaa i imaan-ney-ya hor-
toodah.)

ALIA
No, papa.

ALIA (CONT'D)
Maya Aabe. (May ya Aah-be.)

MUSA
Never again, okay?

MUSA (CONT'D)
Marnaba ha isku deyin haye
dheh?
(Mar-nabbah-haa-is-koo day in
haa yay dheh?)

ALIA
Yes, papa - but I can do it
in front of you?

ALIA (CONT'D)
Haye Aabe, laakin adiga
hortooda waan ku ciyaari
karaa soo maahan?
(Haa yay Aah bay, laakin
adeegah hortoodah waan ku
iyaaree karaa so mahaan?)

A beat. MUSA puts his arms around her and hugs her close.

MUSA
Yes, of course.

MUSA (CONT'D)
Haa, waad ku ciyaari kortaa
horteyda.
(Haa, wad koo ee yaa ree
kartaa hortoodah.)

ALIA picks up her hoop again and starts to swing her hips.

The hula hoop soon whizzes around her body. MUSA smiles. Now ALIA has the rhythm going - faster and more expressive - her whole body and soul determined to be free.

Her defiance is exhilarating.

111

EXT. KENYAN MARKET AREA - PARKLANDS - AFTERNOON

111

JAMA'S VAN pulls up beside a STREET VENDOR selling stacks of coloured plastic buckets.

JAMA
How much?

JAMA (CONT'D)
Meego waaye? (Merko why yay?)

STREET VENDOR
One eighty each.

STREET VENDOR (CONT'D)
Halka xabo waa sided
shilling.
(Halka haabo wa deed shill-
ling.)

JAMA
One thousand five hundred.
For all of them.

JAMA (CONT'D)
Kun iyo shan bogol
dhamaantooda.
(Koon ee-yo-shan bokoll dam-
maan-toodah.)

STREET VENDOR
(eyes popping)
Yes sir!

STREET VENDOR (CONT'D)
Haye Mudane!
(Haai yay Moo dan-nay!)

112 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 112

The *Reaper* image hovers over Amadu's house.

We now see that Alia's compound borders this house - and in the corner of the image, we make out ALIA twirling her hoop. MUSA watches her as he repairs a bicycle.

STEVE
Look at that little girl.

A long beat as he and CARRIE look. CARRIE tightens on ALIA a bit, without losing the house next door.

CARRIE
Isn't she great.

STEVE
Yeah, she's beautiful.

CARRIE
Makes me smile.

113 EXT. ALIA'S COMPOUND - AFTERNOON 113

ALIA twirls and twirls her hula hoop with a passion.

114 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 114

LUCY watches as ALIA twirls her hoop. She smiles.

115 OMITTED 115

116 OMITTED 116

117 EXT. ALIA'S COMPOUND - AFTERNOON 117

ALIA twirls and twirls.

118 OMITTED 118

119 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON 119

POWELL watches the image from the *Reaper* too. Then talks into her mike.

COLONEL POWELL

Showman50, how long before you have
your man in the area?

120 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 120

The soldiers are still on stand-by as MAJOR OWITI talks.

MAJOR OWITI

He's on his way, Ma'am. I can also
get agents into positions outside
the militia controlled area to
cover as many exits as possible in
case they leave.

COLONEL POWELL

Good. Do that. Thank you.

POWELL is also, for a few moments, distracted by ALIA.

A120 EXT. ALIA'S COMPOUND - AFTERNOON A120

FATIMA looks out from inside her house.

FATIMA

Tea's ready. Come!

ALIA drops her hoop and heads into her house with her father.

121 EXT. EASTLEIGH - MILITIA CHECKPOINT - AFTERNOON 121

JAMA walks across the street towards the MILITIA MEN at the
entrance to the *militia controlled area of Eastleigh*.

He looks convincing as a poor trader selling buckets - but
one MILITIA MAN has an idea to check him out.

MILITIA MAN

Hey, show me.

MILITIA MAN (CONT'D)

Waryaa iTusi.
(War ya e too see.)

JAMA walks over to him. The MILITIA MAN checks that the
buckets aren't concealing anything.

MILITIA MAN

What are you hiding?

MILITIA MAN (CONT'D)

Maxaa qarineysaa Adiga?
(Maha qar nay sah aa-dika?)

JAMA

Hiding? Nothing sir.

JAMA (CONT'D) Maya

waxbo ma Qarinaayo? (Maa
ya wah bo maqara-nay- yo?)

The man RAISES HIS WEAPON and points it at Jama.

Jama, tenses and backs up slightly.

MILITIA MAN
Give me one.

MILITIA MAN (CONT'D)
Isii hal xabo.
(Ee see hal habo.)

Jama frowns, confused.

JAMA
What? A bucket?

JAMA (CONT'D)
Waa maxay? Baaldi?

MILITIA MAN
You have anything else?

MILITIA MAN (CONT'D)
Ma leedahay wax kale?

Jama swallows briefly. Does the man want a bribe? Afraid the man may search him he speaks very politely.

JAMA
Please sir, if I give you one, all my profit will be lost. *Please sir.*

JAMA (CONT'D)
Waa ku baryaa mudane. Hadaan hal xabo ku siiyo. Faa'iido ma helayo. Waa ku baryaa ii dhaaf.
(Waa koo bar-yah moo-dan-ne. Had-dhaan hal-habo koo seeyoh. Faa-ee-doh meh hee-la-yoh. Waa koo bar-ee-ah ee-daff.)

A tense beat. Then the MILITIA MAN smiles as if Jama has passed some test.

MILITIA MAN
I'm joking, fool. Go! Go!

MILITIA MAN (CONT'D)
Waxaan kaftan, doqon. Bax! Bax!

Jama draws a relieved breath, smiles politely and moves quickly through the checkpoint.

122

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

122

JAMA walks towards Amadu's compound. He stops at a distance. With a narrow view of the house, he is far enough away to avoid the suspicion of the armed guards.

He puts down his buckets and sits on one of them.

Then he surreptitiously takes a small box out of his pocket and opens it.

In the box is a live 'AFRICAN FLOWER' BEETLE.

JAMA places it gently on one of his overturned buckets.

123 EXT. AMADU'S COMPOUND - AFTERNOON 123

The *beetle* flies into Amadu's compound.

It searches the outside of the house and eventually finds an opening in a back door. It hovers, looking in.

124 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON 124

MAJOR OWITI (O.S.)
We are in. Transmitting now.

POWELL watches a second screen flicker as an image from the *Beetle* sputters to life:

Through a crack in the back door we see:

125 INT. KITCHEN - AMADU'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 125

AMADU has his back to us. He is carefully placing seven dates onto a small intricately patterned plate.

He places the plate onto a silver tray, which already has two small ornate glasses of "zam zam" (holy water) on it.

He doesn't see the *beetle* hovering just outside the door.

126 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 126

JAMA controls the *beetle*. Watching the image on his cell-phone, he notices a BOY, KHALID, 12, staring at him.

KHALID
Is that a game?

KHALID (CONT'D)
Game miyaad ciyaareysaa?
(Game mee-yad ay-yaar-ay-sah?)

JAMA
Yes.

JAMA (CONT'D)
Haa. (Hah.)

KHALID
Which one?

KHALID (CONT'D)
Noocee waaye?
(No-ay why-yeh?)

JAMA
Nothing for a boy.

JAMA (CONT'D)
Ma' ahan midki ciyaalka.
(Ma-ahaan mid-key ee-yal-kah.)

KHALID
A shooting game?

JAMA
Do you want a job?

KHALID
Yes sir!

JAMA
Stay here and sell my
buckets. I will give you half
my money.

KHALID
One half?

JAMA
One half.

KHALID
Yes sir!

JAMA
Ask one fifty for each bucket
- but you can take one
twenty.

KHALID
Yes sir! Yes sir!

JAMA
And don't talk to me, I am
busy.

KHALID
Yes sir!

KHALID (CONT'D)
Makula ciyaaraa?
(Ma-koo-la ee-ya-rah?)

JAMA (CONT'D)
Fiiri shago ma Rabtaa.
(Fee-ree shak-koh ma rub-
tah.)

KHALID (CONT'D)
Haa Mudane! (Haa Moo-dan-ay!)

JAMA (CONT'D)
Inta Joog iiGad Alaabteyda
waxaan ku sinayaa haaf
lacagtayda.
(Inter joog ee-gut alab-tay-
dah wa- haan koo sinayah half
la-ak-tay-dah.)

KHALID (CONT'D)
Hal haafaa? (Hal haa-fa?)

JAMA (CONT'D)
Haa, hal haaf. (Haa, hal
half.)

KHALID (CONT'D)
Haye, mudane!
(Haa-yeah Moo-da-nee!)

JAMA (CONT'D)
Gad konton shilling baakat
kii laakin ma gadi kartid
lawaatan shilling bakaat kee.
(Gad konton shilling baa-kat
kee laa-kin hag gadin car-tad
la-waa-tan shilling baa-kat
kee.)

KHALID (CONT'D)
Haye Mudane! Haye mudane!
(Haa mood-dan! Haa mood-dan!)

JAMA (CONT'D)
Tankale ha ila hadlin aniga
waxaan ahay mashgool.
(Tan-ka-lay haa illah had-
leen ar-neekah wah-haan ahay
mush-gool.)

KHALID (CONT'D)
Haye mudane!
(Haa-yay moo-dan-ay!)

127 INT. KITCHEN - AMADU'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 127

AMADU picks up the tray and exits the kitchen.

128 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 128

POWELL watches her screen as *Amadu* leaves the kitchen.

COLONEL POWELL

Follow him.

POWELL watches the image as the *beetle* enters the kitchen and rises quickly into the wooden rafters.

The house has no ceilings, and from up in the darkened rafters the beetle follows AMADU out of the kitchen and into:

129 INT. LIVING ROOM - AMADU'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 129

The beetle in the rafters watches AMADU as he enters the living room with the tray of dates and glasses of zam zam.

There is a carpet and a small raised dias in the centre of the room. On the wall is a large framed *sura* (verse) from the Quran in ornate calligraphy.

RASHEED and MUHAMMAD are sitting crossed legged on velvet cushions. There is no other furniture. Both look anxious.

AMADU sets the tray on the dias before RASHEED and MUHAMMAD with great reverence.

The woman, who may be Danford, is sitting opposite them with her back to the camera.

AMADU sits on a cushion himself.

The woman gestures to the dates and water, prompting the young recruits to help themselves.

The young men reach for the dates, taking one each and eating with small bites.

130 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 130

POWELL stares at the live feed from the *beetle*.

COLONEL POWELL

Get *Ringo* around the other side to identify the woman.

The *beetle* moves position.

The live feed shows the *unidentified woman* looking up, having seen or heard something.

Her look is almost directly into camera.

A terrifying moment for POWELL...

131 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 131

... And a terrifying moment for JAMA as he sees the same image on his cellphone: A white woman's face.

KHALID selling the buckets catches JAMA looking concerned.

KHALID
You okay? You lose the game?

KHALID (CONT'D)
Caadi ma tahaye muu kaa
badiyey game ka?
(Aah-dee ma ta-hay moo cub-
bud-ee-ay game ka?)

JAMA
No, still in it. Leave me
alone.

JAMA (CONT'D)
Maya, weli waaye iska key
dhaaf.
(Maa-yah well-ee why-yay iska
kay daff.)

132 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 132

The WOMAN looks down, no longer interested.

POWELL sighs with relief.

COLONEL POWELL
*That's Danford. Hawaii5, confirm
PID please!*

133 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 133

LUCY matches library images of Danford with a frame grab from the *beetle*. She works quickly to identify her.

LUCY
PID, Susan Helen Danford.

134 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 134

POWELL looks at the image from the *beetle* on her screen.

COLONEL POWELL
Hawaii5, thank you!

She types a secure text at her desktop to BENSON:

POWELL: *We have her!*

135

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

135

BENSON and the others look at the image from the beetle.

Benson has a secure laptop in front of him via which he receives text updates from PJHQ. He responds to POWELL'S text:

BENSON replies: *Well done.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
We have Danford.

WOODALE feels the tension. As the senior politician in the room responsible for Africa, he will now be on the spot to approve a new course of action - or to refer a decision to a higher authority.

WOODALE
But we cannot enter the militia controlled area.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
No...

WOODALE
Then what is the plan, General?

BENSON draws back his shoulders.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Well, using the Reaper, we have the ability to strike a target with considerable accuracy...

There's shock on the faces in the room.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT'D)
If you agree, Minister... we could eliminate her.

Before WOODALE can answer:

ANGELA
Absolutely not!

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Ma'am, she is a member of Al-Shabaab and number four on our East African most wanted list...

ANGELA
I don't care about your "list" General. I came here to witness a capture, not a targeted assassination!

BENSON eyes her coldly. WOODALE looks to GEORGE, the Attorney General, for advice, putting him on the spot.

WOODALE
George?

GEORGE
Frank, I'm sorry, but I agree with Angela. The idea was to capture Danford, not kill her. That is the mission approved by the P.M. And as Attorney General, that is what I came here to witness. We want her brought back to this country to stand trial.

A beat.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Right... I will put that to Colonel Powell.

He types into his secure text message service on his laptop.

136 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

136

POWELL sees the INCOMING TEXT on her desktop from Benson:

BENSON: *Be aware COBRA is not inclined to eliminate her.*

POWELL: *Understood.*

BENSON: *Need a capture option.*

POWELL: *Not possible - until they leave.*

BENSON: *Understood.*

137 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 137

STEVE and CARRIE watch the only image they have, from their own *Reaper*.

CARRIE
What's happening?

STEVE
Don't know. Matt, what's going on? *

138 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 138

WALSH and MATT have the *beetle* image on their screens. *

MATT
We have a beetle inside the house
and we're seeing some people in
there we don't like.

They see an UNKNOWN MAN enter the room. RASHEED and MUHAMMAD
rise to greet him. *

MATT (CONT'D)
Hey, another raghead... *

COLONEL WALSH
What did you say? *

MATT
I said... there's another
"extremist" sir. *

COLONEL WALSH
Watch your language, Airman. *

MATT
Yes, sir. *

STEVE (O.S.)
Who is he? *

MATT
Don't know yet. Stay cool. *

139 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 139

POWELL sees the UNKNOWN MAN. He greets the young RASHEED and
MUHAMMAD with a quiet respect and gestures for them to sit.
He turns to smile gently at DANFORD and then sits beside her.

COLONEL POWELL
That's him. That's her husband.
Hawaii5, confirm.

140 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 140

LUCY grabs a still frame of JAMA'S image of AL-HADY.

She matches it to another image of him taken somewhere in Africa and runs it through a face recognition programme.

Then types into her chat: "*Confirm PID - Abdullah Al-Hady.*"

141 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 141

SERGEANT GLEESON

Ma'am, Hawaii5 confirms Positive ID
on Abdullah Al-Hady.

POWELL smiles.

COLONEL POWELL

Excellent.

(into her mike)

Showman50, we have them both.

A141 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON A141

OWITI stares at the beetle's image of AL-HADY on his lap top.

MAJOR OWITI

Yes, Ma'am. This is wonderful.

COLONEL POWELL

I need Peg90 to take me into the
other rooms. Let's see who else
might be coming for tea.

MAJOR OWITI

Yes, Ma'am!

142 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 142

JAMA, tense, controls the beetle. KHALID sells a bucket.

KHALID

One hundred and forty!

KHALID (CONT'D)

Bogol iyo afortun shillin!
(Bogol eeyoh af-for-ton
shilling!)

JAMA

That's a good sale. I must use you more often!

JAMA (CONT'D)

Waa gadis wanaagsan waa inaz adiga kugu gadaa kuli!
(Waa gadis waa-nag-sun waa inaan ah-dee-ga koo-ga-dah kool-ee!)

KHALID

Yes sir. If I sell one more can I play your game?

KHALID (CONT'D)

Haye mudane. Haddaan mid kale soo gadaa ma ciyaaraya game ka?
(Haa-yeah moo-da-nay. Haddaan meed ka-lay so gad-o ma yaa-ra-ya game kah?)

JAMA, concentrating, sees a text message come up on his screen: "Explore the house."

KHALID

If it's a shooting game...

KHALID (CONT'D)

Game kii leys tooganaayey miyaa.
(Game kee leys too-ga-na-yay mee-yah.)

JAMA

It's not. Sell the buckets.

JAMA (CONT'D)

Ma'ahan gad Baakadaha.
(Ma-ahan gad kaa daa haa.)

Disappointed, KHALID turns away.

JAMA focuses on his "game."

143 INT. AMADU'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

143

The *beetle* leaves the living room and flies down a corridor.

144 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

144

POWELL closely observes the image from the *beetle* as it looks into a bedroom.

The room has basic furniture. There is no one here.

145 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

145

POWELL watches as the *beetle* exits this room, goes back into the corridor and enters a second bedroom.

AN OLDER SOMALI MAN is bent over the bed.

He is unpacking something from a suitcase and laying it out carefully on the bedspread. As he steps back, we see:

Two garments neatly laid out on the bed.

POWELL watches as the beetle zooms in closer on the garments.

They are suicide vests. Packed with explosives.

COLONEL POWELL

Shit...

She raises a hand to her mouth.

146 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 146

COLONEL WALSH leans in, tense.

MATT

Fuck man! Fuck!

147 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 147

STEVE and CARRIE watch the *Reaper* image, concerned.

STEVE

Matt, what's going on?

MATT

We're seeing suicide vests and a whole bunch of fucking explosives, right inside that house.

STEVE

Fuck.

COLONEL WALSH

Stay calm, Airman. Don't wind up the pilot.

MATT

Yes, sir.

148 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 148

BENSON and the politicians with him watch the image from the *beetle* in shock.

BENSON

(dry)

Well, this changes things...

Angela looks pale.

149 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

149

POWELL calls to Sergeant GLEESON.

COLONEL POWELL
I want legal in here now!

SERGEANT GLEESON
Yes, Ma'am.

He types a message rapidly into a chat room.

POWELL watches as the beetle image shows the older Somali Man cross the room to adjust A CAMERA ON A TRIPOD. It faces A BLACK Al-Shabaab BANNER hanging on a wall.

MUSHTAQ
They're gonna make a suicide video.

COLONEL POWELL
Sick bastard.

SERGEANT GLEESON
Who is that, Ma'am?

COLONEL POWELL
Looks like Osman Abade. He supplied the explosives in the Lamu bombing. We tried to capture him in Mombasa last August and lost two men in the process.

A149 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

A149

Lucy scrolls quickly through a file on OSMAN ABADE.

ON HER SCREEN we see ABADE'S face as photographed by a surveillance camera IN THE LOBBY OF A HOTEL. Beside this footage we see images of the hotel AFTER A BOMBING ATTACK.

Lucy matches the hotel surveillance image with the image from the BEETLE and then types into the mission chatroom:
"Confirm PID - Osman Abade."

B149 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

B149

POWELL stares at ABADE as he tests the video camera.

A secure phone rings on her desk. She answers it.

150 INT. HALLWAY - CABINET OFFICES - AFTERNOON 150

BENSON is on his cell phone, trying to keep his voice down.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
What's the plan, Katherine?

151 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 151

POWELL, on the secure phone, hesitates, then speaks firmly.

COLONEL POWELL
We need to put a Hellfire through
that roof - right now.

We cut between the two:

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
I told you, they came to witness a
capture, not a kill. Give me a
capture option.

COLONEL POWELL
I no longer have a capture option.
Any action on the ground will lead
to an armed confrontation we will
not be able to contain.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
They're watching. Even with the
vests, we will need their approval
for a strike.

COLONEL POWELL
Tell them we have Danford in our
sights. That alone should be enough
to justify using the hellfire. The
vests are a bonus.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Danford is a British citizen. They
want her alive.

COLONEL POWELL
*They cannot have her alive. Six
years I've tracked her, Frank. We
need to expand our rules of
engagement right now if we want to
protect the civilian population. A
hellfire through that roof is our
most effective option.*

A beat. BENSON paces.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

We have to know that we are legally
in the clear.

POWELL hides her frustration.

COLONEL POWELL

Of course. I'm getting into that
now.

152 INT. HALLWAY - CABINET OFFICES - AFTERNOON 152

BENSON turns and walks back into *Cobra*.

153 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 153

For a moment POWELL feels alone with her perilous decision.

HAROLD

Colonel?

POWELL is jumped out of her private moment. She turns and
sees MAJOR HAROLD WEBB, military lawyer, aged about 40.

COLONEL POWELL

Major, you've been following?

HAROLD

Yes, Ma'am.

COLONEL POWELL

The plan is to put a *Hellfire*
through the roof of this house. I
need legal clearance and I need it
now.

HAROLD

A missile from the *Reaper*?

COLONEL POWELL

Yes.

HAROLD

So this is no longer a capture
situation?

COLONEL POWELL

No. We have two suicide vests with
explosives inside that house. Can
you clear me a higher CDE?

HAROLD looks anxious and needs a moment to think.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

This is a *time sensitive target*. Do I have authority to strike?

HAROLD

The Rules of Engagement you are operating under only allow for a low CDE.

COLONEL POWELL

Yes, and *my weapons* only invoke a low CDE. It's the explosives inside the house that bring it to a *potentially* high CDE.

HAROLD

And since you know the explosives are there, it is incumbent upon you to take account of them. I can see a potential legal objection.

COLONEL POWELL

Jesus, we have two suicide bombers and three very High Value Individuals inside that house!

HAROLD

And you want them off your list, I understand that. But the Rules of Engagement you are operating under envisaged a capture not a kill scenario... I think it would be wise to refer up.

COLONEL POWELL

Are you *telling* me that, or just debating with me?

HAROLD

To refer up? Yes. I am telling you that. For your own protection. Just to be on the safe side.

POWELL is angry. She picks up the secure telephone.

154

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

154

ABADE has finished checking his video gear. He exits the room. The *beetle* camera follows him as he heads down the corridor to the living room.

BENSON answers a secure phone on his desk.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Benson.

155 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

155

POWELL on her secure telephone.

COLONEL POWELL

Sir, legal has advised me to refer up to the Attorney General. I need a quick answer.

She watches the image from the beetle as the young RASHEED and MUHAMMAD rise to greet ABADE with great respect.

156 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

156

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

(on phone)

Okay, I will put that to him.

(he turns to George)

George, those explosives mean there is an imminent threat of serious harm to the civilian population. Can we strike?

George draws a breath.

GEORGE

Well given the new circumstances... I would say yes. Brian?

WOODALE hesitates. As the senior politician, it's his call.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

There is a political as well as a legal call to be made here.

WOODALE

(an edge of irritation)

Yes, I'm aware of that George...

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

(to Woodale)

We need a decision now, Minister.

WOODALE

Legally we don't have a problem?

GEORGE

No. We don't.

Angela looks far less sure.

WOODALE
Politically...

A beat. WOODALE feels the weight of the decision to be made.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Do we have permission to proceed?

WOODALE
Well... it seems George is implying
that, yes.

George is about to object, but Benson seizes the moment to respond immediately.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Thank you.

ANGELA
Hold on a minute, this is a change
of mission from a capture to a
'shoot to kill' - isn't it?

GEORGE
Yes... It is.

ANGELA
Are we all right with that?

A beat.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I am sure we are *not*. There are two
British nationals - and an American
- as targets.

157 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

157

POWELL watches the image from the *beetle*.

COLONEL POWELL
(to Mushtaq)
Generate new damage rings for this
compound with an assessment of the
payload in those jackets.

MUSHTAQ
Yes, Ma'am!

COLONEL POWELL
Let's have it now.

158 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

158

Continuing...

GEORGE

Angela, we have a Memorandum of Understanding between our two governments that covers us in a situation where a citizen chooses to align themselves with a terrorist organization.

ANGELA

What of the Kenyan government?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

This mission has the full support of both Kenya and the United States...

ANGELA

For a drone strike?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Yes! A missile fired from an RPA is part of an agreed contingency plan in circumstances like this.

WOODALE

Well, it does seem we have all bases covered.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Do I have permission to proceed?

ANGELA

No! Such a "plan" should *not* have been signed off by the PM without the authority of Parliament.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Operational issues are not generally discussed at Cabinet and certainly not in Parliament.

ANGELA

(snapping back)

I know the protocol. I'm talking about what *should* be happening.

A158 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

A158

A secure phone RINGS on Colonel Walsh's desk. He answers.

159 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

159

POWELL is on her phone.

COLONEL POWELL

Colonel, may I speak to your pilot directly?

Walsh hesitates for just a moment.

COLONEL WALSH

Yes, Ma'am...

160 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

160

COLONEL WALSH (O.S.)

(on speaker)

Steve, Colonel Powell wants to talk to you directly. Pick up.

A light indicates for STEVE to answer. He tenses. Then presses the button. He's on speaker. Carrie hears it all.

STEVE

(answering)

Ma'am?

We cut between them:

COLONEL POWELL

Lieutenant, you are now our best option to take these HVI's out. Prepare to launch a single AGM-114 Hellfire on the target house.

STEVE

Yes, Ma'am.

COLONEL POWELL

This is a friendly city. Collateral damage must be kept to a minimum.

STEVE

Yes, Ma'am.

161 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

161

Continuing...

GEORGE

Angela, in my view all the legal criteria for an attack have been met, namely: This is a military *necessity*, there is no *reasonable* alternative, and the force to be used is *in proportion* to the threat. That should answer your question.

ANGELA

It does not, George! Has there ever been a British led drone attack on a city in a friendly country that is not at war?

WOODALE now looks uneasy again.

WOODALE

General?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

(reluctantly)

I do not believe so. No.

ANGELA

Then how can we sanction it?

162 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

162

STEVE, checking his screens, is on an open line to POWELL.

STEVE

(anxious)

Ma'am?

COLONEL POWELL

Yes?

STEVE

I have an ROE question. Is my Government aware that we are targeting a person with a US passport?

163 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

163

COLONEL POWELL

Yes, it is Lieutenant.

STEVE

I didn't see anything in the SPINS
about that.

(SPINS are special instructions for a particular mission.)

COLONEL POWELL

Lieutenant, we have new rules of
engagement. You are covered.

STEVE

Yes, Ma'am.

COLONEL POWELL

Expect strike details shortly. This
is going to happen fast so be ready
to shoot.

STEVE

Yes, Ma'am.

164

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

164

CARRIE and STEVE have tensed up.

He puts down the phone.

CARRIE

Have you ever shot a Hellfire?

STEVE

No.

CARRIE

Or anything?

STEVE

No.

(a beat)

I've only ever been the eye.

(a beat)

You?

CARRIE

Me too.

They fall into silence as they both look at what is on the
screen: their target.

165 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 165

A message comes in on the mission chatroom: *Sky45, North20, prepare to launch missile.*

COLONEL WALSH
(on headset)
Looks like it's your lucky day
today, guys. Stay cool.

A165 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT A165

STEVE and CARRIE glance at one another briefly.

166 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 166

The discussion continues:

GEORGE
Angela, I agree we are at risk of
being perceived by the press as
embarking on a 'shoot to kill'
policy. But since all the *legal
criteria* are sound - I believe we
must allow this military action to
continue.

ANGELA
Legally we may be safe, but
politically, we are walking into a
minefield. Especially with an
American citizen involved.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Do I have permission, Minister?

They again all turn to WOODALE. He sweats:

WOODALE
Well, given the situation - that it
is a change of mission - that it is
now a missile attack on a British
subject - in fact two British
subjects, *and* an American, *and* in a
friendly country - I think it is
right and proper for me to refer up
to the Foreign Secretary.

BENSON can't believe WOODALE is passing the buck.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

(annoyed)

With respect, Minister, you have heard the arguments and he hasn't.

GEORGE

And the rules of engagement mean that the Prime Minister has already approved it - and therefore the Foreign Secretary's input should not be relevant...

WOODALE

(interrupting, annoyed)

No, the point is, I have not been a party to previous discussions with the PM on such matters and *the Foreign Secretary will have been!* So... I do have a duty to refer the matter to him.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

What am I telling Colonel Powell?

WOODALE

Tell her to wait.

A beat. BENSON types a text into his laptop.

167

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

167

POWELL, sees the text pop up on her screen:

BENSON'S TEXT: *They're referring up...*

COLONEL POWELL

Christ Almighty...

She turns to MUSHTAQ, at work on his computer.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

Do we have that CDE?

MUSHTAQ

Yes, Ma'am.

MUSHTAQ uses his computer to put up an image of Amadu's house and compound on another of the large screens. Concentric 'collateral damage' circles are superimposed on the image.

He uses a laser pointer on his diagram of the layout of the house and compound:

MUSHTAQ (CONT'D)

If the men stay in this room - and *this* here is the target area - we would expect a one hundred per cent mortality rate in the room, an eighty-five to ninety-five per cent mortality rate within this area and anything outside the building - this area here in the street - a sixty-five to seventy-five per cent rate. That is just the Hellfire. If we factor in the explosives in the vests... We are looking at even more extensive damage - way out to this area here - but I can't accurately estimate that payload.

COLONEL POWELL

But we would be containing that payload in the vests *within those walls, right?* Far less collateral damage than them going off in a crowded shopping mall.

MUSHTAQ

Yes... Of course.

COLONEL POWELL

Thank you. Obvious to anyone not trying to avoid making a decision.

MUSHTAQ watches POWELL walk back to her station - not entirely comfortable with her fixation on using the missile.

168

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

168

CARRIE and STEVE are charged with adrenalin as they begin the process of preparing to launch. STEVE reads from a 5 x 7 inch well thumbed binder - his Dash 34 (-34) checklist:

STEVE

Running the 'dash thirty-four' checklist. Carrie, call when ready.

CARRIE

Ready.

STEVE

Slant range, 22,000 feet, high impact angle. Standby for targeting brief.

169 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 169

POWELL looks at the live feed: *Danford* has stood up.

COLONEL POWELL

Showman50, North20, when we attack,
you will need to extract your man
on the ground in a hurry. Prepare
him to leave the area.

170 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 170

MAJOR OWITI

Understood.

He begins to type a text on his laptop.

171 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 171

KHALID is selling a bucket to a passerby.

JAMA sees a text from Owiti on his screen: *'May need to
extract soon. Be ready to leave.'*

JAMA

(to the boy)
Okay, I'm going soon! You
should leave now.

JAMA (CONT'D)

Haye, mardhow waan baxayaa,
waa iska bixi kartaa hadda!
(Haa-yay mar-dough wan-baa-
hah-yah, wa iska beh-hay kar-
tah ha-dah!)

KHALID

Just five more buckets, sir!
Please sir!

KHALID (CONT'D)

Shan xabo baakat keliya
qadayaa waaku baryaa! Mudane
waku baryaa!
(Shun haa-bo baa-kat ke-lee-
yah gah-dah-yah waa-koo barr-
yah! Moo-dan-ay waa-koo barr-
yah!)

JAMA

Give me three, keep the other
two.

JAMA (CONT'D)

Seddex xabo isii haay lawada
kale.
(Sah-deh haa-bo ee-see hi lah-
wah- dah kah-lay.)

KHALID

Keep two?

KHALID (CONT'D)

Labo keliya?
(Lah-bo key-lee-yah?)

JAMA

And go.

JAMA (CONT'D)

Soco. (So-oh.)

JACK

I'm sorry, sir, I'm trying to reach him...

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Minister, the consequences of delay may be fatal to scores of civilians. These men could leave that house at *any moment*.

WOODALE

I understand that, General! But it is proper procedure that I seek his approval.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

If these men leave now, in separate vehicles - there are *two* vehicles outside - we have the ability to follow only *one*. We have *only one* eye in the sky.

ANGELA

Surely you have agents on the ground who could intercept...

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Intercept a suicide bomber on a city street?! We are trying to ***minimise*** collateral damage...

176 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

176

STEVE and CARRIE, both extremely tense and focused.

STEVE

Checklist is complete. Safety checklist complied with. Desired Point of Impact is captured.

STEVE watches the live feed from the *Reaper*.

177 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

177

MATT and COLONEL WALSH.

COLONEL WALSH

ROE is pending. We are standing by for clearance.

MATT

Come on, we need to go. They won't
be in that house forever.

COLONEL WALSH

Hey, keep it together, alright?

Matt's really on edge.

COLONEL WALSH (CONT'D)

Alright?!

MATT

Yes, sir...

178 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 178

STEVE's phone rings. He picks it up.

179 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 179

POWELL on the phone.

COLONEL POWELL

Lieutenant, we are clarifying our
strike approval. Sit tight and be
ready to shoot.

180 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 180

STEVE and CARRIE, tense.

STEVE

(on phone)

Yes Ma'am.

He puts down the phone. Looks at CARRIE.

STEVE (CONT'D)

It's going up the kill chain.

181 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - HOTEL - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 181

KATE sees JAMES' cellphone vibrating on a sideboard.

KATE

Hello? ... He's not available at
the moment... Yes, I understand
but he's... I can't interrupt him
right at this minute... He's on
the toilet... Okay, I'll see what
I can do.

She knocks on the toilet door.

KATE (CONT'D)

It's Brian on your phone.

JAMES

Brian who?

KATE

Woodale.

JAMES

What does he want? I can't speak to him now.

KATE

He's at Cobra and it's urgent.

A moment - then JAMES grabs the phone from behind the door.

182 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 182

On a screen we see MUHAMMAD, RASHEED, DANFORD and AL-HADY getting up.

POWELL watches, tense:

183 INT. AMADU'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 183

ABADE leads MUHAMMAD and RASHEED, chaperoned by DANFORD and AL-HADY, down the corridor and into the bedroom.

The young men are nervous. DANFORD and her husband are used to this. Taking one each gently by the arm, they talk quietly to keep the young men calm, steady and focused.

184 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 184

POWELL watches the live feed from the *beetle* in the bedroom:

ABADE lifts an unarmed suicide vest over MUHAMMAD'S head. He and AL-HADY begin to carefully fill a dozen pockets in the vest with cylinders of EXPLOSIVES.

DANFORD watches, like a caring mother.

POWELL texts BENSON: *They're arming up. I need an answer. Now!*

185 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 185

BENSON, watching the feed from the *beetle*, sees the text.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

We need a decision *Minister*. *Right now.*

WOODALE is about to speak but Jack bursts back into the room.

JACK

I have the Foreign Secretary...

He hurries to his seat and patches the call through onto the central speaker phone on the table.

186

INT. BEDROOM SUITE - HOTEL - SINGAPORE - NIGHT

186

JAMES is on the toilet, clutching the phone, unaware of what everyone else is seeing on the screen.

JAMES

Gentlemen, I cannot authorize a missile attack on an American citizen without the approval of the US Secretary of State.

Cut between the two:

JACK

Sir, the Secretary of State is in China.

JAMES

Then track him down.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Foreign Secretary, General Benson here. With respect, this has already been cleared at American *Presidential* level. We have a situation that could result in massive loss of life in the next ten minutes.

JAMES

Then use those ten minutes - and get the Secretary's approval. That is my decision, General.

JAMES throws his phone back at KATE.

BENSON looks at JACK.

JACK

I'll get onto the Embassy in Beijing.

JACK hurries from the room.

Back in Singapore:

JAMES

(to Kate)

Get me linked in on my laptop.

KATE nods. JAMES slams the toilet door closed as his stomach cramps again.

187 INT. HALL - SCHOOL - BEIJING - NIGHT

187

Rows of table tennis tables fill a large hall. Dozens of Chinese adolescents in red training shirts are crowded around a central table where KEN STANITZKE, the US Secretary of State, is playing a friendly match with a CHINESE JUNIOR OLYMPIAN PLAYER.

Despite the fact that he looks totally out of place the students applaud his efforts to return the ball. As STANITZKE lunges to return a shot, an aide - ESTHER ALVAREZ - hurries toward him with a phone.

ESTHER

Mr. Secretary...

STANITZKE swipes at the ball. A good return! Students cheer. He's pleased with himself.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

Mr. Secretary, I have Jordan Ricardo on the line.

She whispers in his ear.

STANITZKE

Who?

ESTHER

Jordan Ricardo... From our Embassy here in Beijing. It's urgent.

ESTHER hands him the phone.

188 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

188

STEVE and CARRIE watch the live feed from the *Reaper*.

STEVE, his *finger on the trigger*, is more and more anxious.

189 INT. HALL - SCHOOL - BEIJING - NIGHT

189

KEN STANITZKE talks on the phone, trying to conceal his anger from his hosts.

STANITZKE

Why the hell are you wasting my time referring this to me? ... No, his citizenship does not protect him. By joining Al-Shabaab he has declared himself an enemy of the United States... What?... Well, the suicide vests are a bonus! Listen to me! Tell the British that if they really do have two, four and five on the East Africa list in their sights they have our full support to strike... Yes, all three are on the President's kill list. Tell them to take them out now!

He snaps off the phone and turns back to his Chinese hosts with a smile.

190

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

190

JACK comes back into the room. He glances at the screen and sees MUHAMMAD, *in his suicide vest*, stepping aside to watch as ABADE takes the second vest and begins preparing RASHEED.

JACK

The Secretary of State has given his permission.

WOODALE

Thank you.
(a beat, to Benson)
You may proceed.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Thank you, Minister.

ANGELA has run out of arguments for objecting: ON SCREEN, she can see that ABADE has almost done wiring MUHAMMAD'S vest.

BENSON types a secure text to POWELL: "*You have clearance.*"

191

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

191

POWELL sees BENSON'S text pop up on her screen:

COLONEL POWELL

(to herself)
Thank you...

She reaches for her secure phone to STEVE as she watches RASHEED standing to begin having his suicide vest fitted.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

Lieutenant, you have clearance to prosecute the target.

192 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 192

STEVE draws a breath. He's tense but ready.

STEVE

Yes Ma'am.

He clicks off the speaker phone and turns to CARRIE.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Prepare to launch a hellfire.

CARRIE is tense too, but through months of training she has run simulations like this many times and knows what to do.

193 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - HOTEL - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 193

JAMES exits the bathroom, pale and drained. TOM has fired up a secure laptop via a mini satellite dish. He and KATE are watching the live feed from the *Reaper* and the *beetle*.

JAMES

What's happening?

KATE

(tense)

The Secretary gave his permission.

JAMES stiffens.

TOM

(getting up for James)

They have a *Reaper* at twenty thousand feet and a micro RPA inside the house.

JAMES watches the *Reaper* image and the *Beetle* feed as MUHAMMAD steps aside in his fully armed vest, and AL-HADY encourages RASHEED to step up and be fitted with his.

RASHEED is nervous. DANFORD watches in silence.

194 INT. ALIA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 194

ALIA is curled up on the couch reading a children's picture book about London. She lovingly looks at the photographs.

FATIMA
(calling from outside)
Alia! The bread is ready!

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Aa-liya rootiga waa diyaar!
(Aa-liya rooti-gah waa dee-
yaar!)

ALIA is not happy about it, but covers it.

ALIA
Yes, mama!

ALIA (CONT'D)
Haye, hooyo!
(Hah-yay, hoo-yo!)

She slips her book under a couch cushion.

195 INT. BAKERY - ALIA'S COMPOUND - AFTERNOON 195

FATIMA hands ALIA a new basket of bread.

FATIMA
Not so many. Off you go.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Ma'ahan wax badan. Soco quad.
(Ma-ah-hahn wah badan. So
akat.)

She kisses ALIA on the forehead.

196 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 196

STEVE and CARRIE go through the final preparations in the
'countdown to weapons'.

On their *Reaper* feed we see the *Guards* outside the compound.
And in the neighboring house, ALIA heads out of her gate.

197 EXT. PASSAGEWAY - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 197

ALIA, with her basket of bread exits her compound and walks
off down the passageway toward the street.

198 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 198

POWELL watches the *Beetle* and the *Reaper* live feeds:

RASHEED seems afraid. He moves past DANFORD and enters a
small bathroom. DANFORD follows and hovers at the door.

Powell watches as RASHEED paces nervously in the bathroom.
DANFORD seems to be talking to him through the door.

POWELL
Trouble in paradise...

SERGEANT GLEESON
He's having second thoughts.

COLONEL POWELL
Bit late for that.

199 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 199
MAJOR OWITI watches the *Beetle* and the *Reaper* live feeds.

200 INT. JAMA'S VAN - PARKLANDS - AFTERNOON 200
DAMISI watches the live feed from the *Beetle*.

201 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 201
ALIA walks past the target house with her basket.

202 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 202
STEVE and CARRIE continue their preparations.

STEVE
Weapon is armed, all green, good
laser. DPI is in the centre of the
roof.

CARRIE
Copy. Cross hairs on it now.

The image pulls back to check that no one is within
collateral damage range.

STEVE has his finger on the trigger.

STEVE
Standby. Confirm pax status.

CARRIE
Good luck...

STEVE
Three - two -

ALIA appears on the edge of the screen.

A beat.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Is that a kid?

STEVE holds from pressing the trigger.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Zoom in.

CARRIE zooms in on the image.

CARRIE

It's that little girl with the hoop.

STEVE is intensely anxious as he watches ALIA.

STEVE

I'll give her time to walk through.

203 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 203

POWELL stares hard at the *Reaper* image.

COLONEL POWELL

You are cleared to engage,
Lieutenant.

204 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 204

LUCY watches ALIA on the live feed.

205 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 205

STEVE still hesitates, his finger on the button.

COLONEL POWELL (O.S.)

I repeat: you are cleared to
engage.

STEVE is desperately tense. CARRIE, frightened, looks at him.

CARRIE

We can wait, can't we?

206 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 206

For a few seconds POWELL stares at ALIA on the screen, lost in the thought of her and her fate.

207 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 207

STEVE and CARRIE watch as ALIA stops at her corner spot table beside Amadu's compound.

STEVE
(to Alia, a whisper)
What the hell are you doing?

208 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 208

ALIA puts her basket on the ground. She unfolds her tablecloth and places it on the table, sweeping her hand neatly across it. She puts her bread basket on the table.

A208 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON A208

BENSON and the others watch ALIA setting out her bread in shocked silence.

ANGELA raises a hand to her mouth in disbelief, then looks to BENSON for a reaction or response, but he remains staring at the image of Alia on screen, at a loss for a moment.

209 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 209

POWELL recovers from the place she has been in her head.

COLONEL POWELL
We have this one opportunity, let's not lose it.

STEVE
Ma'am, she's selling bread.

CARRIE
Oh, Jesus...

COLONEL POWELL
These men are about to disperse.
Engage now.

A beat. STEVE is desperate to delay - but he also doesn't want to let down the team and the mission.

STEVE
(bravely)
Ma'am, I understand we have clearance.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

I will fire if I see the HVIs moving or when this girl is out of the frag radius - but I want to give her a chance to get out of the way.

COLONEL POWELL

Lieutenant, you have clearance. There is a lot more at stake than you see here in this image.

STEVE

(firm but nervous)

Ma'am, I need you to run the Collateral Damage Estimate again, with the girl out front.

COLONEL POWELL

The situation has not changed Lieutenant. You are cleared to engage.

CARRIE, keen not to disobey orders, anxiously looks at STEVE.

CARRIE

What do we do?

COLONEL POWELL

I repeat, you are cleared to engage!

STEVE is *terrified* by the presence of ALIA.

STEVE

Colonel Powell, Ma'am, I am the pilot in command responsible for releasing the weapon. I have the right to ask for the CDE to be run again. I will not release my weapon until that happens.

A long, tense beat. POWELL is seething. But these are the rules regarding a pilot's rights and she has no option but to respect the request:

COLONEL POWELL

Re-run CDE.

STEVE

Do I understand we are now on 'weapons hold'?

COLONEL POWELL
Weapons hold.

Despite her irritation, POWELL shows a moment of relief.

STEVE eases his finger off the trigger.

210 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 210

MATT
Fuck!

COLONEL WALSH
(in *his* state of anxiety)
Steve, what the fuck are you doing?
You just threw the rulebook at a
Colonel?

211 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 211

STEVE is trying to keep it together. To keep it professional.

STEVE
Sir, I am safing up the weapon
until you read me a new clearance
with a new CDE.

STEVE and CARRIE watch ALIA laying out her bread.

CARRIE
(almost a whisper)
Well done.

He nods his thanks. Both know he's in big trouble now.

212 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 212

POWELL watches the same *Reaper* image: ALIA looking small and vulnerable as she lays out the bread. On her other screen, RASHEED is still in the bathroom.

COLONEL POWELL
Sergeant, re-run CDE!

MUSHTAQ
Yes, Ma'am!

COLONEL POWELL
Showman50, North20, get your man
with the beetle to buy this girl's
bread and get her out of there.

213 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 213
MAJOR OWITI on his headset:

MAJOR OWITI
North20, Showman50, copy that.

A213 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON A213
A text from BENSON appears on SERGEANT GLEESON'S screen.
BENSON: "What's going on?"

SERGEANT GLEESON
Colonel, General Benson is asking
for an update.

POWELL looks at her own screen. Sees the text:

COLONEL POWELL
Tell him we're on weapons hold.

SERGEANT GLEESON
Yes, Ma'am.

214 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 214
A text appears on JAMA's mobile screen:

Text: Can you buy her bread?
JAMA replies: *Very risky for me.*

Text: Buy it. She will leave. Then get out.
JAMA replies: *What about beetle?*

Text: Leave it there.

JAMA, tense... then he texts: *Going now.*

215 INT. BEDROOM - AMADU'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 215
The *beetle* settles on a high roof beam, with a wide angle
view of the bathroom, corridor and main bedroom.

216 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 216
POWELL watches the image from the *Beetle and the Reaper*.

MAJOR OWITI (O.S.)
He's going in.

COLONEL POWELL

Thank you, Major.

POWELL watches the *Reaper* screen as JAMA approaches ALIA.

217

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

217

JAMA walks along the street with his few remaining buckets towards ALIA. He is anxious but tries not to show it.

The ARMED GUARDS are suspicious of everyone and everything and so the way they are eyeing up JAMA is not unusual.

JAMA approaches ALIA.

JAMA
How much?

JAMA (CONT'D)
Meeko waaye?
(Meek-oh why-yay?)

ALIA
Fifty.

ALIA (CONT'D)
Konton. (Konton.)

JAMA
Give me all of them.

JAMA (CONT'D)
Isii ayaga dhamaantooda.
(Iss-see ay-yay-gah dum-maan-too-dah.)

ALIA
All of them?

ALIA (CONT'D)
Kuliggoodaa?
(Koo-lee-goo-dah?)

JAMA
Yes. All.

JAMA (CONT'D)
Haa. Dhamaan keen.
(Hah. Dum-maan ken.)

As JAMA gets out the money, another armed guard - ABDI - comes out of the compound.

JAMA gives the money to ALIA and scoops up the bread.

ABDI
Hey?

*

JAMA flinches, but doesn't look up.

*

ABDI (CONT'D)
Hey! I know you.

ABDI (CONT'D)
Waryaa waan ku garanayaa!

*

Jama backs up slightly.

*

*

JAMA
Yes, I used to live here.

JAMA (CONT'D)
Haa, Waan ku noolaan jiray
inta. *

ABDI (CONT'D)
What are you doing here now?

ABDI (CONT'D)
Halkaan Maxaad Ka
Sameyneysaa? *

JAMA
I am a trader now. Selling
buckets.

JAMA (CONT'D)
Waxaan Ahay hadda ganacsade
iib geeya baakadaha. *

ALIA, slightly nervous, starts to put away her tablecloth. *

ABDI (CONT'D)
Where have you been?

ABDI (CONT'D)
Xaggeed Ku Maqneed? *

JAMA
I have come back my friend!

JAMA (CONT'D)
Waxaan usoo laabtay
saaxibadeyda. *

ABDI (CONT'D)
I asked where you have been!

ABDI (CONT'D)
Waxaan ku weediyay xagee baad
ku maqneed! *

JAMA
I went back to Somalia. My
mother was ill...

JAMA (CONT'D)
Waxaan dib ugu laabtay
somalija hooyadeyda ayaa
xanuun-saneed... *

*

ABDI (CONT'D)
 No, no, I remember, you tried
 to dance with my sister...
 You took her into the city. I
 remember... You have no
 honor!

ABDI (CONT'D)
 Maya, maya , waan xusuusta,
 waxaad isku deyi jirtay inaad
 la ciyaarto walaasheyda
 waxaad u kaxeen jirtay
 magaalada waan xasuustaa ma
 lihid wax wanaag ah oo aad
 isku dayday!

JAMA
 I don't dance anymore...

JAMA (CONT'D)
 Hadda Ma Ciyaari Wax Badan
 ...

ABDI (CONT'D)
 We chased you out!
 (to his friends)
 Hey, this guy likes the
 Kenyans!

ABDI (CONT'D)
 Waan ku daba socday !
 (to his friends)
 Waryaada qofkaan wuu ka helaa
 kenyaanka !

Alia listens, confused and a little tense.

ABDI (CONT'D)
 (to the others)
 Search him.

ABDI (CONT'D)
 (Gah-mah-hah kor oo tag.)
 Qabta ninka. (Cub tah ninka.)

Jama starts to back up.

ABDI (CONT'D)
 Do it now!

ABDI (CONT'D)
 Hadda sameeey !

ABDI's weapon is raised.

Two militia GUARDS approach to search him.

JAMA THROWS the bread and buckets at them and RUNS.

He dashes for an alley between houses.

ABDI and the two other GUARDS give chase.

ALIA pulls back, frightened for a moment.

218 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

218

CARRIE and STEVE watch JAMA as he runs away.

STEVE

Fuck!

Instinctively CARRIE pans the Reaper's Camera with JAMA.

219 EXT. EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

219

JAMA runs. ABDI, in pursuit, fires a round after him.

A BULLET barely misses JAMA as he clears a wall.

He lands in a yard where A BARKING DOG lunges at him - but it comes up short on a chain that tethers him.

220 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 220

POWELL watches with despair as JAMA runs for his life.

221 EXT. EASTLEIGH BACK STREET - AFTERNOON 221

JAMA scrambles over a fence and dashes through A COMPOUND.

An OWNER yells at JAMA as he scrambles over a car and disappears round a corner.

OWNER OWNER
Hey! What the hell are you doing?! Hey! Maxaa ka cadaabta u samaynaysaan?!

ABDI drops into the yard and points his gun at the OWNER.

ABDI ABDI (CONT'D)
Where did he go?!!! Xagee buu qaaday?!!!

Frightened, the OWNER waves vaguely in the direction JAMA took.

A221 EXT. EASTLEIGH STREET NEAR MOSQUE - AFTERNOON A221

Head down, JAMA walks quickly across a street near a Mosque, trying to look like he belongs in the area.

He ducks into an alley behind the Mosque.

He runs down the alley, rounds A CORNER, vaults another wall, and -

LANDS BADLY on a pile of building rubble:

His leg buckles as his ankle twists horribly.

In real pain he sees nowhere to hide.

He pushes through clothes lines, hobbles to another fence and drags himself over into -

AN ABANDONED LOT -

Across the lot, he sees a place he can hide beneath A PILE OF RUSTED METAL SHEETING - and he crawls under it.

He lies still, breathing heavily, eyes wide.

Not far away, out in the alley, he can still hear ABDI shouting and asking people where he went.

222 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 222

POWELL, watching the *Reaper* feed, sees ABDI and two other MILITIA MEN arguing on a street not far from where JAMA has hidden. But for now Jama is safe.

COLONEL POWELL
Get me back to the house.

223 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 223

CARRIE seems momentarily frozen at her controls, frightened, as she and STEVE watch the armed militia shout and point in different directions close to where JAMA is hiding.

224 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 224

MATT
Carrie, forget him. Get back to the target.

225 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 225

STEVE
Carrie...

CARRIE snaps out of her reverie. She leaves the injured JAMA and brings the image back to the outside of Amadu's house:

ALIA is picking up the loaves JAMA dropped in the street.
She dusts them off and takes them back to her stall.

CARRIE
Jesus, she's going to sell them again...

CARRIE looks at STEVE. He's pale.

226 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 226

ALIA cleans the dust off the bread with the tablecloth and starts laying the loaves back out on the table.

227 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 227

BENSON and the others grimly watch the *Reaper* feed of ALIA.

On the *Beetle* screen, RASHEED exits the bathroom. ABADE ushers him back into the bedroom. *

228 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 228

POWELL watches the *Beetle feed* as RASHEED returns to the bedroom and sits back on the bed. *

On the *Reaper feed*, Alia is again trying to sell her bread.

MUSHTAQ

(small voice)

Who else can we get to buy the bread?

COLONEL POWELL

Forget the bread, Sergeant. We will be lucky if our man hasn't blown the whole operation.

(to Harold)

Harold, where are we legally?

HAROLD

With the girl?

COLONEL POWELL

Yes! Are we clear?

HAROLD

Again, I would refer up...

COLONEL POWELL

No, I am asking you! We cannot hold up this operation any longer.

HAROLD

We need to take all reasonable steps to minimize collateral damage. If we're buying her bread...

COLONEL POWELL

We're not! It's over. Dozens of *civilian lives* are at risk. *Children's* lives are at risk.

(MORE)

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

This girl is just one. Are we clear to engage? Yes or no! Make a decision!

HAROLD

With respect, Ma'am, I don't make these decisions. I advise you on the law. And the law is not here to get in your way. It is here to protect you and your target...

COLONEL POWELL

Don't lecture me, Harold!

HAROLD

Ma'am, the legal questions of necessity and proportionality are almost certainly met. But for the protection of you, and of that child, I would refer up to the Attorney General. That's my advice.

COLONEL POWELL

Bloody hell...

On her *Reaper* Screen: Alia sells her bread. Unknown to her, ABDI appears in the yard and begins an animated discussion with a GUARD. After a while, the GUARD enters the house. *

On the *Beetle* feed she sees RASHEED arms clasped across his chest, while ABADE moves MUHAMMAD into a kneeling position in front of the video camera. *

229

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

229

BENSON and the others are also watching the *Reaper feed* of ALIA and the *Beetle* feed of Muhammad making his recording. *

WOODALE

Jesus, they're making a video...

BENSON'S SECURE PHONE RINGS. *

He answers. Listens briefly. Lowers the phone.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

(to George)

Mission Command has a question on the legality of continuing the operation whilst this girl remains at the scene... Connect us, Jack.

JACK activates a screen and POWELL appears on it.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Colonel.

COLONEL POWELL

Sir, our lawyer says the girl's presence has not necessarily altered the legitimacy of our operation, but he needs that confirmed.

POWELL is still keeping an eye on all her screens.

GEORGE

Do we have an assessment of what might happen to her?

COLONEL POWELL

The targeteer assesses a 65 to 75 percent chance of fatal injury should we proceed. But he has also assessed a projected loss of life of between thirty and eighty men, women *and children* if the vests are detonated in an urban area. It's a guess of course. But we should assume they intend to target a crowded location.

No one knows quite what to say. On the Beetle screen, ABADE'S recording of Muhammad's suicide video continues. *
*

230 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 230

STEVE and CARRIE wait anxiously.

CARRIE

What's happening?

MATT (O.S.)

We're going up the kill chain again.

231 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 231

ALIA waits for customers behind her table.

232 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 232

STEVE and CARRIE watch Alia. *

233 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 233

POWELL watches the *Beetle* feed: MUHAMMAD still making his video but is suddenly interrupted by DANFORD saying something to ABADE and gesturing for him to come outside. ABADE, not happy, seems to tell AL-HADY to continue the recording. *

On the *Reaper* screen, Alia is still trying to sell her bread, while in the yard of the compound behind her, ABADE appears and begins an animated debate with ABDI. *

234 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 234

STEVE and CARRIE watch as A WOMAN walks up to ALIA.

CARRIE
Come on, just buy the bread.

They watch as the WOMAN puts one loaf into her bag. There are now seven loaves on Alia's table. *

235 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 235

POWELL watches the *Reaper* feed as ALIA and the WOMAN talk. *

The Woman walks away from ALIA. *

On the *Beetle* feed, Muhammad finishes his suicide recording and stands looking lost, waiting for ABADE to return. *

236 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 236

ALIA is on one screen. On the *Beetle* feed RASHEED and MUHAMMAD wait for ABADE... *

GEORGE
A sixty-five to seventy-five per cent fatality assessment - it could be argued - requires us to do whatever we can to enable her to be removed from the scene.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
We have done what we can for her in the time available to us.

GEORGE
There is no law covering a situation quite like this.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It is one thing to release a missile doing everything in one's power to minimise collateral damage: In other words to release a missile whilst the street is clear, but in the hope that it will remain so... It is quite another thing to release a missile *knowing* that this girl will, at worst, be fatally injured and, at best, severely injured. So, I disagree with the assessment of your lawyer at Northwood.

ANGELA

Agreed...

GEORGE

I would be *uneasy* if we did not at least consider the option of delaying and giving her *every chance* to walk away.

237 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 237

STEVE stares at ALIA. She is haunting him.

238 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 238

ALIA'S presence is haunting this room too, disturbing everyone, whatever their point of view.

WOODALE continues to sweat through his indecision.

COLONEL POWELL is on a screen.

COLONEL POWELL

Sir, if we wait and they leave, we will no longer have control of the situation. Nairobi is a busy, crowded city. We must strike now.

The room is silent for a moment. BENSON fills the silence.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

It is generally understood that it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice the one in order to save the many.

ANGELA

If the one is not oneself.

COLONEL POWELL

Secretary, this is an ethical argument we cannot get into at this moment.

ANGELA

Colonel, perhaps you should address that comment to the little girl selling her bread! The ethical argument is precisely what we must "get into."

BENSON

Ma'am, I hope the fact that she is a sweet "*little girl*" is not clouding your judgement. Dozens of other "*little girls*" lives are at stake if these men leave.

Before Angela can respond, JACK'S laptop beeps.

JACK

(to the room)

I'm sorry, a Ms. Jillian Goldman from the White House is asking to be patched through.

BENSON

Who?!

JACK

Jillian Goldman...

GEORGE

She's the senior legal adviser on the US National Security Council.

JACK

She's been briefed by the Secretary of State.

WOODALE

(without enthusiasm)

Put her on.

GOLDMAN's face comes up on the VTC screen. Her image is on the screen next to the image of ALIA and her bread stall.

GOLDMAN

Good afternoon and thank you for allowing me to comment.

WOODALE

Thank you for joining us.

GOLDMAN

Our point of view here at the White House is that we should attack this target *immediately*. As the military members of your committee know, we have a points system that takes into account collateral damage to deduce what is, and what is not, a legal strike. And let me tell you, *categorically*, that the existence of this new circumstance does not push us beyond a legitimate military action. We are way off what we would consider a dispute in this matter.

GEORGE

Ms. Goldman, we have a somewhat different approach to the question of collateral damage...

GOLDMAN

(interrupting)

Sir, you must act NOW. You have two men about to embark on a suicide mission; you have number *two, four* and five on the President's East Africa kill list *in your sights* - and you are putting the whole operation at risk because of *one* collateral damage issue?! I realize this mission is your call, but there will be some mighty angry people here in the White House, and at the Pentagon, *and out there in the world*, if you allow these people to leave and blow a shopping mall to kingdom come.

JACK

I'm sorry, we have the Foreign Secretary wanting to join.

WOODALE

Right... We appreciate your thoughts, Ms. Goldman. Thank you.

GOLDMAN

Thank you.

GOLDMAN is cut from the screen.

239 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 239
ALIA stands beside her bread stall waiting. *

240 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 240
STEVE and CARRIE anxiously watch ALIA on the live feed.
In the AMADU'S yard they see the TWO GUARDS who chased JAMA *
with ABDI return. The GUARDS shrug and appear to be telling *
ABDI and ABADE that they cannot find JAMA. *

241 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 241
LUCY also watches ALIA on the live feed.

242 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 242
JAMES, drained of all colour and in his pyjamas and dressing
gown, sits watching his laptop. TOM and KATE are behind him.

243 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 243
JAMES comes up on the screen vacated by Goldman.

JAMES

Good afternoon, everybody. Excuse
my appearance, it's night here
and I have a bout of food
poisoning...

WOODALE

(brushing it aside)
We're very sorry to drag you off
your sick bed...

JAMES

That's quite all right.

WOODALE

... but thank you for joining us.

JAMES

George, do I understand this
correctly: that there is a legal
argument for waiting and giving
this girl an opportunity to sell
her bread?

GEORGE

Yes there is, but, conversely, it does not mean that there is *not* also a legal argument for releasing the weapon now.

JAMES

Forgive me, I'm not sure that helps me.

GEORGE

(awkward)

James, given the developing situation... there is a very persuasive argument that the decision to act now *could* be construed as legitimate.

JAMES

Is that "Yes"?

GEORGE hesitates. Tense, BENSON steps in:

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Foreign Secretary, there is a military necessity for acting now. In our view they will be making a move from the house *at any moment*.

JAMES

Gentlemen, what action is being *legally* recommended to me?!

GEORGE sweats. WOODALE steps in:

WOODALE

James, the legal argument is that we *could* wait but that we *need not* wait. The military argument is that we *should not* wait.

GEORGE

Exactly.

244

INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT

244

JAMES sweats on a decision, watching the live feed of ALIA in front of him on his computer.

245 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 245

Everyone watches the screen image of JAMES as he stares down at his own computer. Beside the image of JAMES is the *Reaper* image of ALIA and her loaves of bread.

In the compound yard, ABADE turns back into the house. *

246 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 246

JAMES stares at the *Reaper* image of ALIA, frozen by his inability to act as her executioner.

247 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 247

BENSON and the others watch JAMES.

WOODALE looks at ALIA. His face is drained of color. He draws a breath. He has finally made a most difficult decision.

On the Beetle screen, ABADE, frustrated, re-enters the bedroom. He moves RASHEED into a kneeling position on the floor and pulls the suicide vest over his head. *
*
*

WOODALE

(to James, with real
empathy)

James... My recommendation is that we do not delay in proceeding with this mission.

JAMES still hesitates.

COLONEL POWELL

Sir, if we do not act now we risk losing the lives of up to eighty people. Many will be children.

ANGELA

With respect, you can only *assume* those deaths - but what is *certain* is that, if we do act now, this one girl will suffer.

JAMES

And would you save her and risk killing eighty others?

ANGELA

Yes. I would save her and take that risk. That is what I would do.

JAMES

Angela, is it you or me who will be invited on to the *Today* programme to explain why we knew of the attack on a mall that killed eighty people but chose to do nothing to stop it?

ANGELA

(quietly, respectfully)
You, James... But frankly... politically... I'd rather point to Al-Shabaab as murderers of eighty people shopping than have to defend a drone attack by our forces that kills an innocent child.

A beat. Everyone is wrestling with the dilemma. GEORGE shifts awkwardly, perhaps persuaded by Angela's new argument.

GEORGE

James, Angela makes a compelling point. If Al-Shabaab kill eighty people, we win the propaganda war. If we kill one girl, *they* do.

JAMES

So we don't do it?

A beat. Unlike WOODALE and Angela, GEORGE, ever the lawyer, just won't commit to a decision.

JACK

She's got another customer.

They all look at the screen and see that A WOMAN is buying two of the loaves. There are now five left.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

I suggest you keep your eye on the *other* screen.

The *beetle* sees that RASHEED'S vest is slowly and carefully being wired with explosives by ABADE. *

*
*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT'D)

With respect, Foreign Secretary, are the lives of eighty people, including innocent children, really worth the price of winning the propaganda war?

JAMES, caught in a terrible dilemma, stares at the screen, watching as ABADE and AL-HADY wire RASHEED. The painstaking process will take time, but it is chilling to watch.

*
*
*

248 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 248

ALIA sits by her bread stall, waiting. A mangy dog comes up to the stall and sniffs the bread.

ALIA talks to the dog - and the dog eventually wanders off.

249 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 249

JAMES is haunted by ALIA - and doesn't know what to do.

JAMES

General, if we go ahead... might
footage of our attack be leaked?

250 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 250

They stare at *James* on the screen.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Sir, the footage from the Reaper
is completely secure.

JAMES

But we've seen it happen before.
There are many people involved in
this operation. It will surely be
recorded on many computers.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Foreign Secretary, I assure you...

JAMES

(interrupting)

General, I would feel uncomfortable
if we did not at least wait a
little longer.

BENSON bites his tongue.

JAMES (CONT'D)

If we go ahead... and footage is
leaked... and this girl is...
killed as a result... Then... I
think the country would be most
disturbed.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Foreign Secretary, it is our task to make the right *military* decision. We cannot engage in an argument about possible future postings on You Tube.

JAMES

With respect, General, revolutions are fuelled by postings on You Tube.

251 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 251

JAMES stares at ALIA, tormented by her image.

252 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 252

The room watches and waits, becoming increasingly impatient with James' indecision. He can't make himself 'condemn' the girl - and so he looks up to the camera and says:

JAMES

I think the consequences are such that we need clearance from the PM.

Just about everybody in the room wilts at another decision-maker passing the buck.

WOODALE

Foreign Secretary, you have the authority to make a decision without returning to the PM.

BENSON looks hard at WOODALE: 'And so do you.'

JAMES

No, I am telling you that you need to take it to him.

JACK

Sir, the PM is making a speech in Strasbourg this afternoon and may not be easily interrupted.

JAMES

I will leave you to sort that one out, Jack.

JACK

Yes, sir... I'll track him down.

JAMES cuts his camera and disappears from the screen.

Jack leaves the room in a hurry.

253 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 253

JAMES, is now off camera at COBRA, but he can still see and hear everyone in the conference room on his laptop screen.

He is horrified at the situation, and at his own lack of ability to decide, as he stares at ALIA in another window on his laptop.

254 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 254

COLONEL POWELL
For God's sake.

Her phone rings.

STEVE (O.S.)
Ma'am, what is happening?

COLONEL POWELL
You are on stand by, Lieutenant.

255 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT (08.15) 255

STEVE and CARRIE watch ALIA.

STEVE
(to Carrie)
It's still in the chain.

256 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 256

MATT and COLONEL WALSH. *

MATT
What the fuck are these guys doing
in the chain anyway? *

COLONEL WALSH
Hey, keep it together, alright? *

MATT is really on edge. *

COLONEL WALSH (CONT'D)
Alright?! *

MATT
(reluctantly)
Yes, sir... *

257 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 257
The WOMAN buys three loaves from ALIA and walks away.

258 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT STEVE looks at 258
ALIA and her table.

STEVE
Two loaves left.

CARRIE
We've gotta wait now.

STEVE
Yeah.

259 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 259
POWELL watches the feed from the *beetle* - ABADE is progressing well with the wiring of RASHEED's vest -
And then: THE SCREEN FLICKERS - AND DIES.

COLONEL POWELL
What's happened to the feed?!

SERGEANT GLEESON
Checking, Ma'am.

260 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 260
MAJOR OWITI has the same dead screen.

MAJOR OWITI
North20, Showman50... The battery has died.

COLONEL POWELL
What?

MAJOR OWITI
I'm sorry, Ma'am. It's a very small battery...

261 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 261
COLONEL POWELL
Christ...
She has lost control of the situation.

She stares hopelessly at the dead screen. And then at the *Reaper* image of the exterior of the house:

Nothing is happening outside.

Her phone rings.

262 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 262

Irritation is replacing tension in the room.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
What happened?!

COLONEL POWELL
Battery...

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
For God's sake, now we have no idea
when they might leave the house.

POWELL talks discreetly, away from the room.

COLONEL POWELL
I might have a solution. If my
targeteer can calculate us coming
in under fifty per cent for the
collateral damage on the girl
then do you think we will get
approval at your end?

A beat. BENSON can only speak with others listening.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Yes. I do. Thank you.

263 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 263

POWELL puts down the phone. She looks at ALIA on the screen.

She feels a sickening personal relationship with her now -
because she is in a position to manipulate her fate.

A beat, then she walks over to MUSHTAQ who is at his station.

She bends down to have a quiet word with him.

COLONEL POWELL
We are looking to present the
collateral damage in the street,
in this area here, as *forty-five*
to fifty per cent fatality.

MUSHTAQ tenses up.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

Is that possible?

MUSHTAQ

I've calculated a sixty-five to seventy-five...

COLONEL POWELL

If we can put the payload here or here, if we can still guarantee target fatality but reduce the collateral...

A tense pause.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

Perhaps we can target the missile here... or here...

MUSHTAQ

Yes, Ma'am.

COLONEL POWELL

Do whatever you can to save this girl's life.

MUSHTAQ

... Yes, Ma'am.

264 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 264

STEVE and CARRIE anxiously watch the image from the Reaper.

265 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 265

The meeting continues.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

If we have to announce to the people of Nairobi that we *knew everything* but *we did nothing*...

GEORGE

We do not *have* to announce that we knew anything, General. Let's wait to hear from the PM.

BENSON is shocked at George cutting him short.

JACK comes in.

JACK

The PM asks that we do what we can
to minimise casualties.

ANGELA

(under her breath)
Bloody coward...

WOODALE

Is that all he said?

JACK

Yes.

WOODALE

How would you interpret that,
George?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Minister, we cannot have military
decisions dictated by government
committees! Nor can we put on hold
a military operation at every stage
for legal clarification. You tell
us when to go to war, we conduct
the war and you deal with the
aftermath.

WOODALE

(ice cold)
If only it were that simple.

266

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

266

POWELL stands over MUSHTAQ as MUSHTAQ shows her his new
calculation with concentric circles over the target area.

MUSHTAQ

Adjusting the target to here...
there is a forty-five to sixty-
five percent possibility of
fatality.

COLONEL POWELL

Sixty-five?

MUSHTAQ

Yes.

COLONEL POWELL

I need that calculation to be
below fifty per cent.

A long pause.

MUSHTAQ

Well I...

COLONEL POWELL

Perhaps there is an adjustment in the assessment on the impact here?

MUSHTAQ

That calculation is already at the lowest limit of what I believe is possible.

COLONEL POWELL

Or if you target the missile here?

MUSHTAQ

I would still have to make that a sixty-five per cent possibility on the upper limit.

COLONEL POWELL

I need you to make this work, Sergeant.

A beat. MUSHTAQ looks cornered.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

Do you understand?

MUSHTAQ

Yes Ma'am.

MUSHTAQ is sweating at what he is being asked to do.

COLONEL POWELL

We are locked into this kill chain and a decision has to be made. There are many lives at stake.

MUSHTAQ

Ma'am... I think... I think that if the target is here then... then I could, I think, predict a forty-five per cent possibility of fatality. That might be possible.

COLONEL POWELL

Forty-five per cent?

MUSHTAQ

Possibly. Yes.

COLONEL POWELL

I will put that to Cobra.

MUSHTAQ

Ma'am, it's...

COLONEL POWELL

It is my understanding that, in these circumstances, your calculation *can only* be speculation. That puts you beyond any culpability.

MUSHTAQ

Thank you, Ma'am.

COLONEL POWELL

Thank you, Sergeant.

POWELL goes back to her desk. Looks at ALIA on the screen. She knows that she will be her executioner.

267

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

267

POWELL appears on the screen.

COLONEL POWELL

Sir, I have a revised assessment from the targeteer.

A diagram appears on one of the other screens.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

If you look at the diagram... By targeting the missile here, there is an estimated *forty-five* per cent chance of collateral fatality in this area here, where the girl is positioned.

Suddenly everyone can see the *get-out*.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

We have now done everything in our power to give this girl a chance to survive.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Thank you Colonel.

(to Woodale)

Minister, do we have authority to prosecute the target?

Everyone now looks to him.

WOODALE
Forty five percent?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Yes. Minister, you recommended
earlier that we do not delay in
proceeding with this mission. With
a lower CDE there is surely now no
need to consult the PM. Or the
Foreign Secretary. May we proceed?

WOODALE is skewered.

WOODALE
... Yes.

BENSON picks up the secure phone.

268 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 268

JAMES, watching WOODALE and the group on his screen, covers his mouth with his hand. Though he now appears to be off the hook legally, he is horrified by what is about to unfold.

269 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 269

POWELL on the secure telephone.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (O.S.)
You may proceed.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you, sir.

She puts the phone down.

270 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 270

CARRIE and STEVE watch ALIA.

CARRIE
(a whisper, a prayer)
If we can hold a few more moments
and allow the grace of God -
perhaps the grace of God - to
intervene.

STEVE
(tense)
Talking like my mom.

CARRIE
I know. Mine too.

271 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 271

POWELL picks up the telephone to Mission Control.

COLONEL POWELL
Lieutenant, we have re-run the CDE.
You are authorised to prosecute the
target. Engage now. Am I clear?

272 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 272

STEVE watches ALIA with her two loaves of bread.

STEVE
(a long beat)
Yes, Colonel.
(to Carrie)
Cleared to engage.

An unbearable beat before he restarts the process to engage.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Running the 'dash thirty four'
checklist. Carrie, call when ready.

Carrie can't believe the order, but now she must obey.

273 EXT. ABANDONED LOT - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 273

JAMA emerges from his hiding spot. He takes off his jacket
and hides it in rubble so he is less recognizable.

His twisted ankle is causing him great pain. He hobbles to a
broken metal sheeting fence and looks through a gap into:

274 EXT. ALLEY - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 274

A boy, ALI, 10, is playing with a ball. Trying to look
casual, JAMA steps bravely into the alley and calls to Ali.

JAMA
Hey, boy, what's your name?

JAMA (CONT'D)
Waryaa yarii soo magacaa?
(War-yah yaa-ree soo mah-gah-ah?)

ALI
Ali, sir.

ALI (CONT'D)
Cali, Mudane. (Ali, moo-dan-ay.)

JAMA
Ali, I want you to buy me some bread. The girl selling it is on the corner of 147th and Parker, near the market. It is special bread - so only buy it from her. *You must buy all of it.*

JAMA (CONT'D)
Cali, waxaan rabaa inaad iisoo gado rooti. Waxaad iiha soo gadaa gabadha gees kaas ku gadha wadada 147 and Parker. Waa rooti fiican iyada keliya iiga soo gad. Waa inaad kasoo gadaa kuli. (Ali, wah-haan rub-baa i-naad ee-so gah-dah roo-tee. Wah-haad eega so gah-dah gah-bah-dah gees kaas koo gah-doh wah-dah-dah 147 and Parker. Wah roo-tee fee-un ee-yah-dah keh-lee-yah eager so gut. Wah i-naad kah-so gah-dah koo-lee.)

He gives ALI some money.

JAMA
This is plenty of money. Bring it to me here. If you come back in *five minutes*, I will give you another two hundred shillings.

JAMA (CONT'D)
Tani waa lacag badan. Iigu keen inta iyo ku so lawaato. Shan dagaigoo gudaheed waxaan ku siinayaa. Labo bogol shillin. (Tah-nee wah lah-ak bah-dan. Ee-goo ken in-tah ee-yo hah-daad koo so lah-wah-too. Shan dah-kee-goh good-dah-hed wah-haan koo see-nay-yah. Lab-tah bok-kol shilling.)

ALI
Yes sir!

ALI (CONT'D)
Haye, mudane!
(Hi-yay moo-dah-nay!)

JAMA
Go like the wind!

JAMA (CONT'D)
Waxaad usoo oradaa sidaa queeleystaha oo kale!
(Wah-haad oo-so orad-dah see-dah qool-lay-stah-hah o-ka-lay!)

ALI runs off with the money JAMA has given him.

ALI
Yes sir!

ALI (CONT'D)
Haye, mudane!
(Hah-yay moo-dan-ay!)

JAMA keenly watches him run around the corner.

275 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 275
MAJOR OWITI's phone rings. He answers.
Cut between:

JAMA
(on his cell phone)
I have sent a boy to buy the bread.
He will be there in two minutes.

276 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 276
STEVE, now sweating profusely, continues to prepare the firing of the missile. He is being professional - but he cannot stop his emotion coming through.
Every so often he breaks off to glance at - but only for a second - the image of ALIA on the screen. He keeps his focus but is collapsing inside.

277 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 277
POWELL is looking at the live *Reaper* feed.
MAJOR OWITI (O.S.)
We have sent in a boy to buy the bread.
COLONEL POWELL
We've been up and down the chain enough, Moses. We're not taking any more delays.

278 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 278
ALI runs down the road, weaving in and out of traffic.

279 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 279
Everyone watches the live *Reaper* feed on the screen.

Nothing is happening - just ALIA at her table and the occasional passerby.

280 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 280

CLOSE ON ALIA - by her table, whispering, trying to recall what she has learnt from her book earlier in the day.

281 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 281

STEVE and CARRIE continue their preparations to fire. The pressure of ALIA not selling her last loaves is unbearable.

282 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 282

POWELL, tense.

283 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 283

ALI now turns off the street and runs down a passageway.

284 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 284

A PASSERBY comes over to ALIA and talks to her.

We watch him as he walks on.

ALIA looks up and down the street.

285 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 285

CARRIE pulls back the image to see if there is traffic - cyclists, pedestrians, motorists - approaching.

Two pedestrians walk towards the compound.

STEVE keeps his eye on ALIA.

286 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 286

ALIA watches the TWO PEDESTRIANS approaching. She is hoping they will buy her last two loaves.

287 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 287

Further down the street, ALI emerges from an alley and runs towards Amadu's compound.

288 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 288

POWELL watches the screen.

COLONEL POWELL
When they pass the house, we go.

289 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 289

STEVE watches tensely as the pedestrians approach the stall - and walk past it.

ALIA now stands alone on the street. There's a long pause.

STEVE knows he has to release the missile - but he can't do it. Perhaps he is also waiting for that miracle, an angel, the grace of God, anything...

But he is getting no help.

He knows he is alone.

A beat.

STEVE
Three... Two... One.

He presses the button.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Rifle! Rifle! Rifle! Weapon away.
Time of flight, fifty seconds.

For fifty long seconds:

290 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 290

STEVE waits, watching ALIA and the house and the compound.

ALI comes into view, running down the street.

CARRIE
There's a boy!

STEVE is too stunned to comment, as he glances at ALI and then fixes back on ALIA.

291 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 291
POWELL, MUSHTAQ and HAROLD watch the screen.

COLONEL POWELL
He's buying the bread...

She looks at her stopwatch.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)
Forty seconds.

292 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 292
STEVE and CARRIE watch ALI arrive at the bread stall.

STEVE
He's buying that bread! Come on!

ALI buys the last two loaves, gives ALIA the money, runs off.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Put the money away! Put the fucking
money away!

A beat.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Fuck! Put the money away! Come on!
Put the money away!

293 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 293
ALIA takes her time to count her money.

294 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 294
POWELL, MUSHTAQ and HAROLD watch in tense silence.

295 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 295
JAMES, ashen, KATE and TOM watch on James' laptop.

296 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 296
LUCY, leaning forward, anxiously watches ALIA on the screen.

297 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 297
Everyone watches the screen.

298 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 298
ALIA folds her money. Then carefully puts it in her pocket.

299 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 299
STEVE and CARRIE wait as they watch ALIA. She is now carefully folding her tablecloth.

CARRIE
Come on! Come on! *Come on!*

STEVE
Fifteen seconds.
(with quiet dread)
Come on...

300 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 300
ALIA's in no hurry as she neatly continues to fold her cloth.

301 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 301
POWELL again looks at her stop watch.

COLONEL POWELL
Nine seconds.

302 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 302
STEVE and CARRIE watch ALIA as she finishes her folding.
STEVE watches her pick up the basket.

Soundless, the missile goes through the roof of the house.

All we can see on the *Reaper* live feed is a dust cloud, obscuring everything around the compound.

ON THE GROUND -

ALI looks back in horror as secondary explosions from the two suicide vests rip the house apart.

IN ALIA'S COMPOUND -

FATIMA and MUSA react as the house next door detonates.

303 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 303

POWELL watches, waiting for the dust to settle and the picture to become clear.

304 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 304

JAMES looks like he will throw up.

305 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 305

STEVE stares at the smoke and dust where ALIA was standing.

306 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 306

Alia's table has been blown thirty yards away.

She has been blown over by the force of the blast.

She is bleeding and has internal injuries.

She doesn't know what has happened or what is going on. She has entered another world: she knows nothing but an instinct to try and move away.

She gets up to move but her body - her legs - won't propel her, they just won't go with her.

She keeps trying to crawl forward - but no part of her body is actually able to achieve it so she rocks forwards and backwards, going nowhere.

307 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 307

The dust cloud clears. STEVE can see ALIA. He can see that she is moving. He stares, horrified.

308 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 308

POWELL grimly watches the same image.

COLONEL POWELL
Sky45, North20. Zoom in for BDA
when able. We need to know that we
have hit our targets.

- 309 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 309
STEVE and CARRIE look at the image from their live feed.
CARRIE
Going in.
The camera pushes in on the ruins of the house and ALIA goes out of frame.
- 310 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 310
LUCY is already analysing the *Reaper* imaging of the strike.
- 311 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 311
POWELL and MUSHTAQ see what looks like a *woman* in another part of the house, crawling away.
COLONEL POWELL
Is that a body?
MUSHTAQ
It's moving...
COLONEL POWELL
Sky45, close in.
- 312 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 312
ALIA still tries to move herself away - but the strength is draining from her.
- 313 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 313
STEVE and CARRIE look at the image from their live feed as it closes in on the remains of AL-HADY, ABADE and AMADU.
RASHEED and MUHAMMAD, who were wearing the vests, have been blown to bits and are not identifiable.
It tightens in on DANFORD, who is in another part of the building crawling away, unable to walk.
- 314 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 314
LUCY works fast, watching the live image of DANFORD from the *Reaper* and matching it to a pattern-of-life image of her.

LUCY

Suspect crawling away identified
with high probability as Susan
Helen Danford.

315 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 315

POWELL, HAROLD and MUSHTAQ watch the image from the *Reaper*.

316 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 316

ALIA has stopped trying to crawl to safety. She is running
out of strength.

A316 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON A316

POWELL, HAROLD, MUSHTAQ, their eyes still fixed on the image.

COLONEL POWELL

Re-engage target.

HAROLD flashes her a look...

HAROLD

Colonel...

COLONEL POWELL

(ignoring him)

We're going again.

317 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 317

STEVE briefly looks at ALIA on the screen.

COLONEL POWELL (O.S.)

Target the moving body.

STEVE and CARRIE take a deep breath. They have fallen into
their own hell.

STEVE

Re-engaging target.

318 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 318

ALIA is alone. Fading away.

- 319 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 319
JAMA hobbles round a corner and looks down the street to where the explosion took place. He can see the dying ALIA. He stares in horror as people push past him to see what has happened in their neighbourhood - curious, afraid, shocked...
- 320 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 320
STEVE and CARRIE go through the same routine as they prepare to fire again.
- 321 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 321
LUCY takes a moment off analysing the pictures to try and recover from having to watch ALIA fighting for her life.
- 322 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 322
POWELL, grim, as she looks at the image of ALIA.
- 323 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 323
ALIA alone.
- 324 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 324
Everyone watches ALIA, a small helpless figure on the screen. She moves slightly.
No one is capable of taking their eyes off the screen.
- 325 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 325
STEVE pulls the trigger and releases the second missile.
STEVE
Rifle! Weapon away. Fifty seconds.
- 326 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 326
ALIA alone. Several long seconds.
Then we hear an anguished cry.

MUSA

ALIA!!!!

ALIA strains to turn and sees:

Her mother and father running towards her.

327 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 327

STEVE and CARRIE are shocked as they see MUSA and FATIMA coming into view.

328 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 328

POWELL watches the scene play out on the screen.

329 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 329

ALIA lies in the street.

MUSA and FATIMA run towards her.

Boom!

The second missile explodes in the compound.

330 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 330

The same dust cloud obscures the view of the compound - and again STEVE and CARRIE have to wait to see anything.

As the dust clears, they see *Musa* and *Fatima* lying flat on the ground in the street.

Musa struggles up, covered in blood. *Fatima* rises too. Her one arm hangs limply, bloodily by her side.

STEVE watches ALIA: she is not moving.

331 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 331

POWELL watches. MUSHTAQ and HAROLD watch. No-one in the room moves.

332 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 332

ALIA lies on the ground. Now we see that she is still alive.

She looks up - and sees MUSA and FATIMA stumbling toward her.

MUSA comes to ALIA. He picks her up. No one else is coming near the scene.

MUSA and FATIMA stagger away from the bombed house with ALIA.

It's a terrible image as they stagger down the street.

Someone reverses a pickup truck towards them. It's the one we saw earlier with the YOUNG MILITIA MEN and the machine gun bolted onto the back.

The MILITIA MEN jump down to help MUSA and FATIMA put ALIA into the back.

They rapidly dismount the machine gun and toss it to another man on the street to make room in the back.

The DRIVER gets back into his cabin and drives off.

333 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 333

POWELL watches as the *pickup truck* drives out of the image.

334 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 334

STEVE and CARRIE watch the screen in horror.

335 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT 335

JAMES, doubled over with stomach ache, and in shock - with KATE and TOM watching from behind him - stares at the *Reaper* image on his laptop.

336 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON 336

JAMA watches helplessly as the pickup truck roars past him.

He looks around him. No-one is paying attention to him now. Everyone is focused on the site of the missile attack.

Devastated, he stares blankly back at the destroyed house as shocked neighbours begin to gather in the street.

337 EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - EASTLEIGH STREET - AFTERNOON 337
We are with MUSA and FATIMA cradling ALIA as they are driven fast down the road. They race towards the checkpoint. Shocked Militia move aside as the vehicle speeds through.

338 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 338
They are all still staring at the screen.

339 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 339
POWELL looks at the live feed. She's grimly realistic that she has done what had to be done. She picks up the phone.

COLONEL POWELL
Lieutenant, are you okay?

We cut between them:

STEVE answers on the phone.

He is not okay. And neither is CARRIE.

STEVE
Yes Ma'am.

COLONEL POWELL
You have done your job well.

STEVE
Thank you, Ma'am.

COLONEL POWELL
We have eliminated three high value targets.

A beat. STEVE is silent.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)
And we have saved a lot of lives.

STEVE
Yes, Ma'am.

STEVE is desolate.

CARRIE is pale and in shock.

POWELL hesitates a moment longer. Then hangs up the phone.

She notices MUSHTAQ sitting in silence, just looking at her.

COLONEL POWELL

I'm sorry, Sergeant, I couldn't see any other option.

MUSHTAQ

Yes, Ma'am. I understand that.

But MUSHTAQ doesn't understand it. POWELL'S military intelligence career has been reduced to lying about percentages in order to complete her mission.

MUSHTAQ stares at her, numb.

COLONEL POWELL

You will file your report as a 45 percent CDE.

Silence from MUSHTAQ.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)

Sergeant?

A beat.

MUSHTAQ

45 percent. Yes, Colonel.

POWELL can't hold MUSHTAQ'S look.

340 EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - NAIROBI CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON 340

MUSA cradles ALIA in his arms in the back of the pickup as it speeds its way - horn blaring - through the streets...

341 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 341

COLONEL WALSH is looking at the Reaper image. It's just sitting still.

COLONEL WALSH

Steve you need to get us close in on the remains of Danford.

342 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 342

STEVE and CARRIE glance at each other.

In stunned silence, CARRIE starts to zoom in as STEVE pilots the *Reaper* slowly back over the destroyed house and they hone in on the scattered parts of a dead body in the rubble.

- 343 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 343
LUCY, unsettled, but still professional, matches the image of the dead body parts, of the clothing, to the image of Susan Danford taken when she was alive earlier.
- 344 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 344
CARRIE and STEVE both stare silently, numbly at the screen.
They see the chatroom message: *"Based on the footage I am seeing, body confirmed as Susan Helen Danford."*
- 345 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON 345
POWELL picks up the secure telephone.
COLONEL POWELL
(quietly, sombre)
Mission accomplished.
- 346 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON 346
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Good job. Well done, Katherine.
COLONEL POWELL
Thank you, Frank.
- 347 EXT. SKY ABOVE NAIROBI - LATE AFTERNOON 347
For the first time we see the *MQ-9 Reaper UAV*. It is 20,000 feet up in the sky.
We see Nairobi far, far below.
The *Reaper* turns around and heads back home.
- 348 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - LATE AFTERNOON 348
The meeting is over. GEORGE and BRIAN leave quietly, briefly, awkwardly, shaking Benson's hand.
As the room empties, ANGELA looks across the table as BENSON begins packing his things.

ANGELA

In my opinion, that was disgraceful. And all done from the safety of your chair.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

I have attended the immediate aftermath of five suicide bombings. On the ground. With the bodies. What you witnessed today, with your coffee and biscuits, is terrible. What these men would have done would have been even more terrible. That is how it is.

(almost killing her with the line)

Never tell a soldier that he does not know the cost of war.

He takes his briefcase and walks out.

349 INT. CORRIDOR - COBRA - WHITEHALL - LATE AFTERNOON 349

As BENSON exits the room, his AIDE-DE-CAMP hands him the *Annabell Time To Care* doll. He is momentarily confused, then manages a half smile.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Thank you, Captain.

He takes the doll and walks away down the quiet hallway.

350 INT. CORRIDORS / OPERATING THEATRE - HOSPITAL - DUSK 350

MUSA, carrying ALIA, and FATIMA - in bloody clothes and with bloodied faces - alarm everyone as they burst through doors into a busy hospital corridor.

Moving down the corridor, they shout for attendance.

A NURSE rushes forward.

Seeing the extent of Alia's injuries, she rushes them into a rudimentary operating theater.

MUSA lays ALIA onto an operating table.

A DOCTOR approaches quickly and takes a look at her.

But it doesn't take him long to realize that ALIA is dead.

He looks at FATIMA and MUSA.

An agonising silence. And it slowly dawns on them that they have lost her.

CLOSE ON ALIA - lying there, very still.

And then MUSA lets out the grieving roar of an animal that echoes into the next scene -

A350 EXT. CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - DAWN A350

CAMERA PANS across a vast, empty desert, and finds the isolated airforce base shimmering in early morning heat.

351 EXT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - MORNING 351

A METAL DOOR is shoved open hard. STEVE and CARRIE step out into the blazing sun and blinding light of the Nevada desert.

They stop as they see COLONEL WALSH standing alone in the harsh light a short distance away, silently waiting for them.

STEVE holds a canned drink. His hand shakes. Adrenalin has kept him going. Now he is drained. A mental wreck.

CARRIE looks confused. Can't process what has just happened.

WALSH eyes them both, then tries awkwardly to offer comfort:

COLONEL WALSH
You did well. Both of you.

They stand in silence for a moment.

STEVE
Will you let me know what happened to the girl?

COLONEL WALSH
I will find out.

STEVE
I need to know that.

COLONEL WALSH
I know you do.

STEVE
Text me or something.

COLONEL WALSH
I'll do that.

STEVE

Thank you.

Silence again. Then -

COLONEL WALSH

We should get you home... I need
you back here in twelve hours.

STEVE and CARRIE stare at COLONEL WALSH blankly. Lost.

352 EXT. ALIA'S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - DAWN (FLASHBACK) 352

ALIA, laughing, swinging her hips, her hula hoop whizzing
around her.

353 INT. CAR - A ROAD - ENGLAND - NIGHT 353

CLOSE ON POWELL, as if she is seeing the image of ALIA,
driving in silence for a while, lost in thought.

Then she snaps out of her reverie and taps the screen on her
car's inboard computer. She selects 'check messages'.

COMPUTER VOICE

You have one unheard message...

Her *husband's* voice comes on.

SIMON (V.O.)

Katherine, I want you to know that
I don't appreciate your angry calls
first thing in the morning. Neither
do the boys want to be humiliated
in front of their girlfriends.
Robert is under a lot of stress
with his exams so you back off.

This is just about the last thing she wants to hear. As she
drives on, she is as tense as she was in the morning.

We pre-lap the rising SOUND of an angry crowd...

354 EXT. AMADU'S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - DUSK 354

A large crowd has gathered in the street outside the bombed
house. Placards denouncing America and Britain are waved.
Weapons brandished.

Some of them set fire to a *United Nations* flag - and angrily
wave the burning emblem.

Camera rises up, slowly leaving the crowd below.

As we rise higher, clouds slowly move in, until the view below disappears completely and we -

FADE TO BLACK

END