

A Sunny Day to Die.

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FADE IN FROM WHITE

EXT. LONDON - DAY

A scorching hot day in East London.

The bluest of holiday blue skies. KIDS leap into a crystal blue pool. The ELDERLY fan themselves on balconies. The YOUNG tan themselves in London Fields.

Everyone's outside, enjoying the sun. Except...

INT. DANK SPORTS PUB - DAY

...TOM BIRD, 32, who sits in a dark, deserted sports pub watching the news on TV. So ginger-blond and pale (*translucent!*), that it clashes with his colourful Hawaiian shirt -- acting the tourist in his own city.

A gruff BARTENDER brings him a coke with a plastic straw.

TOM

Do you have any metal straws?
These are bad for the
environment.

BARTENDER

So is not washing our glasses,
but didn't hear you complaining
about that.

Tom spits his Coke back into the glass.

BARTENDER

What you doing inside anyway?
It's the hottest day of the year.

VIEW ON the beer garden outside is crowded with hipsters.

TOM

I'm not big on the sun.

BARTENDER

Have you two ever actually met?

NEWS PRESENTER (V.O)

The O-A-F, Oceans Action Front,
has claimed responsibility for
Tuesday's attacks, which caused
millions of pounds of dam--

The bartender changes the channel to the football.

TOM

Excuse me, I was watching that.

BARTENDER

Sorry Gingerhead Man, this is a sports pub. You want news, the homeless guys outside usually use *The Sun* for toilet paper.

Tom goes to say something, when out of the corner of his eye he sees...

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING, EAST LONDON - CONT.

...A TOWN CAR

It pulls up outside a dilapidated multi-story house across the road. Peeling paint, boarded up windows.

STEPAN, 40, Russian, scowl lines like the Mariana trench, gets out, surveys the squalid house then goes inside.

INT. PUB - CONT.

Tom pushes his Coke away, heads for the house.

EXT. STREET - CONT.

Outside, Tom catches a BUSINESSMAN dropping rubbish.

Tom tuts loudly at him. He bends to pick it, shows off a flash of a gun in his waistband, but before he picks it up...

...A GUNSHOT from within the house.

Tom leaves the rubbish and rushes into the house.

EXT. GHETTO HOUSE - CONT.

We wait outside as Tom ventures in.

SFX: There's sounds of a major fight inside the house.

Outside, a couple of TEENAGERS walk by. One bends down to pick up the rubbish.

A window shatters on the second floor and Stepan flies out the window and lands on the TEENAGER picking up the rubbish.

Tom pokes his head out, his gun in one hand.

Shit.

EXT. MI5 OFFICES - DAY

The iconic offices of MI5, big and brutalist, sit alongside the Thames.

CASSIE (O.S)
Why didn't you just shoot him?

INT. HEAD OF MI5'S OFFICE - DAY

The head of MI5, CASSIE WHITLEY (54) paces her office, reading a thin file. She's a hard woman, whose earned every ounce of respect.

TOM
Well, I didn't want to kill him.

CASSIE
So instead you just through him
out the window, killing him *and* a
student.

She closes the folder, Tom leans over to open it.

TOM
...Arts student.

CASSIE
Oh good, the Minister will be so
pleased we thinned their ranks.

TOM
Silver lining is all I'm saying.

Cassie waves him away.

CASSIE
What am I supposed to do with
you?

TOM
Well, to be fair, you said if I
got Stepan, I'd get a promotion.

CASSIE
We tend to promote people with
better decision making abilities.

TOM
Harsh. A new case, then? Let me
sink my teeth into a big juicy
file.

CASSIE
The Mi5 psychiatrist has
suggested you take some time off.

TOM

A holiday? Pfft. She's a quack.

CASSIE

(Reading the report)

"Tom shows a strong desire to shoot people though, like his career, even if he had the capability, I fear he's firing blanks."

TOM

Wow. Okay. Since when did our psychiatrist become so poetic?

CASSIE

Since the arts students can't get jobs anywhere else.

Cassie closes the file, and throws it on the desk.

CASSIE (CONT.)

Look, most people would want to take a little time after a failure of this magnitude.

TOM

I wouldn't call it a failure, m'am.

CASSIE

Tom, do you know why I'm standing up?

Tom indicates he does not.

CASSIE

I've developed a hernia that pokes out like a Whack-a-mole whenever I sit down. My husband and I decided to try to revive our stale marriage through anal sex. All the kids are doing it, we figured we'd give it a go. We tried it three times, and none of those attempts even came close to how big a fucking failure this mission was.

Tom fidgets -- didn't need to hear that.

CASSIE (CONT.)

Look, I'm not incapable of smidgens of sympathy. And I say this with the utmost tact, but you're becoming a bit useless.

TOM

One theory.

CASSIE

The world doesn't need anymore
white pale and stale agents. You
stand out like a sore thumb, you
speak no additional languages.
Which could all be forgiven, if
you could pull a fucking trigger.
Luckily, I can.

TOM

You're firing me?

CASSIE

That would be ironic, huh? But,
no, unions demand I can't fire
you. Instead, you're on leave.
Pending a holiday. A review. A
few more assessments. Another
review. By then you should be
nearing retirement age.

Tom braces himself. Cassie searches her desk.

She throws a pamphlet at him. Tom looks at it as if it might
explode.

TOM

The Caribbean? Please, no -- do
you know what the carbon
footprint of a flight to the
Caribbean is?

CASSIE

Oh, I wouldn't worry, there's a
teenager using a lot less oxygen
that should even things out.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Tom unlocks his front door, wanders through. Nice enough
place, barely furnished - nothing personal or unique. He
could move out in a day.

Tom throws his keys on the table. Hears noises coming from
the bedroom. You know what's coming.

TOM

(Calling out)
Sally? You in?

SFX: Muffled voices. Hasty shuffling.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tom walks into the bedroom and SALLY (28), a red-haired girl, with lots of freckles, is sitting up naked in bed, exhausted, but pretending she's just woken up.

There's somebody else under the covers.

Tom drops his bag.

TOM

Perfect.

SALLY

Tom, what are you doing home?

TOM

I killed a couple a teenager so they gave me a half day.

Sally looks at him -- what do you say to that?

SALLY

Um, are you okay?

TOM

Been better. But, please, don't let me interrupt. I'm going to have a shower. Then I've got to pack.

SALLY

Pack? Do you have another mission?

TOM

Holiday. Work mandated.

SALLY

Why are they making you take a holiday?

TOM

Apparently I'm fired but they can't fire me yet. So I get to go on holiday instead.

SALLY

Ah, yeah. The union.

He steps towards the ensuite bathroom.

BATHROOM

Sally stops him at the door, forgetting that's she's naked.

SALLY

Tom, Tom! Let's talk about this.
It's not what it looks like.

TOM

Sally, I've had a really shitty day. And the way I see it, you're still going to have been cheating on me when I get back, so I might try and divide up my problems into digestible chunks.

SFX: There's a beeping noise coming from Tom's wrist.

Sally notices.

SALLY

Did you get a new watch?

TOM

They gave it to me to measure my stress levels. Apparently I'm "highly strung". As if the constant threat of destruction wouldn't make anyone highly strung.

Tom goes into the bathroom and shuts the door, locks it.

ESTABLISHING SHOT -- CARIBBEAN - DAY

A plane lands on the beautiful Caribbean island of St. Blanca. Blue water, white sand, cocktail bars. Luxury beachfront hotels where beautiful people get a chance to show off their deeply tanned bodies.

Once again, everyone's having a wonderful time in the sun, except...

HARD CUT:

EXT. AIRPORT - ST. BLANCA - DAY

...Tom emerges from the airport, suitcase underarm, jet-lagged and miserable. He wipes sweat from his brow and gets into a cab.

EXT. HOTEL ATLANTIS - DAY

The cab pulls up to a luxury hotel. The driver takes his luggage from the trunk.

Tom makes to go in. Another cab pulls up, and a woman - JOAN (48) - gets out. Dishevelled and over-dressed for the conditions, she's a woman who seems unaccustomed to being on holiday. She looks around, unsure of herself.

Tom sees her struggling with her luggage.

TOM
Let me help you.

JOAN
Such a gentleman!

He takes her bag up the steps and into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ATLANTIS RECEPTION - DAY

They both enter the opulent lobby. The Hotel Atlantis is the sort of hotel you see in high-end travel magazines - all glitz. The staff dress in surgically clean, beaming white uniforms.

JOAN
Thank you. You're very kind, sir.

TOM
You're welcome.

JOAN
I'm just going to rest here for
awhile. You go on ahead.

She collapses in a comfortable lobby chair, as if exhausted.

Tom walks to reception, where a young Caribbean girl named ANGIE awaits him wearing a smile accustomed to welcoming guests.

ANGIE
Good morning, sir. Welcome to the
Hotel Atlantis. Are you checking
in?

TOM
Unfortunately.

He hands over his passport and reservation papers.

ANGIE
While I sort this, please enjoy a
complimentary rum punch cocktail.

A WAITRESS appears from nowhere with a tray of drinks. Tom takes one.

Tom sniffs, then sips it.

The waitress walks away and Tom turns and spits the drink back into the glass.

He looks at this watch, which is flashing -- "STRESS LEVELS HIGH". Angie comes back.

ANGIE
Nice watch. That one of those
smart majiggies?

TOM
Oh. Yeah. It supposedly measures
my stress levels.

Angie notices its rapid flashing.

ANGIE
Hate to see how it reacts when
you're not on holiday.

Tom sees a rack of newspapers -- the eco-terrorist attack is still a front page story.

ANGIE
Terrible about all these attacks.

Then Tom sees a man - we'll soon learn this is SEBASTIAN PINK (44) - march into the hotel, flanked by several BODYGUARDS.

Pink is tall, flamboyant and wearing a pink linen suit. he takes big strides, and becomes overly familiar with the staff, who take his exuberance begrudgingly.

Angie notices Tom staring.

ANGIE
That's Sebastian Pink. He's one
of our VIPs.

TOM
What does being a VIP get you?

ANGIE
Fluffier towels. And contempt
from the staff mostly. I'd avoid.

TOM
That'll be easy -- I plan to
avoid everyone.

Angie hands him his room key. Tom hands her back the cocktail.

TOM (CONT.)
I hate this.

EXT. HOTEL ATLANTIS PRIVATE BEACH - DAY

The Hotel Atlantis grounds are a tropical heaven, lifted straight from a "Wish you were here" postcard.

Comfortable sun loungers, a crystal blue infinity pool overlooking a private white sand beach; waiters responding to guests every whim.

Tom ambles onto the private Atlantis beach. He wears too-tight swim shorts, jelly-green Crocs, and he carries a Mills & Boon romance novel.

Tom's physically fit, but he's got a prominent suit-tan.

He walks to a deck chair and lays down. Looks around, as if for instructions.

TOM

Now what.

A WAITER comes over.

WAITER

Can I get you a drink, sir?

TOM

Um, yeah. I guess. What were those drinks they give you when you arrive?

WAITER

A rum punch.

TOM

Yeah, anything but that.

The waiter smiles and leaves.

TOM

(Calling after him)

And a metal straw, please.

Tom sees a woman glancing at him: EVA HYDE (28). She's got a California tan, with high cheek bones, and a bored expression.

She lays on a sun lounger two down from Tom. Behind her, Tom notices a suited BODYGUARD.

Tom tries to distract himself with his book, but feels Eva's eyes on him.

EVA

(Soft French accent)

Sorry, I didn't mean to eavesdrop. I just noticed you ordered a metal straw.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

And just wanted to say I admire
your desire to save the
environment.

TOM

Every little bit helps.

EVA

I do hope you've got sunscreen
on.

TOM

Sorry?

EVA

Sunscreen. You're ghostly. I can
see you're physically fit, but
nobody is strong than the sun.

TOM

I'm from England. We're not
familiar with that particular
ball of gas.

She giggles, then stands up and moves to the seat right next
to Tom.

EVA

Do you know tanning is a defence
response to the sun's harmful
rays? Ultraviolet radiation
attacks the body, and your body
reacts to the stress by producing
melanin. Hence, tanning.

Eva moves closer, taking Tom's arm.

EVA (CONT.)

Look, here -

She runs her finger from his palm to his elbow.

EVA (CONT.)

These veins are pumping blood at
an extraordinary rate. Even
looking through your uniquely
transparent skin you'd have no
idea that your body is stressing
out trying to defend against the
sun's harmful UV rays! See?
Everything appears calm on the
surface, yet...

TOM

Guess you never really know
what's going on beneath the
surface.

EVA

Like a duck! Kicking away! Did you know rhinos get sunburn? Wild, huh? Anyway, I'm Eva.

She holds out her hand.

TOM

Ric-- Sorry, Jim Bo -- Tom. Sorry. It's Tom.

EVA

Do you usually find it hard to remember your name?

TOM

I go by many nicknames.

EVA

They're quite boring nicknames.

TOM

I have boring friends.

EVA

You're here alone.

It's not a question.

TOM

That obvious?

EVA

A recent break-up.

TOM

Two from two. What gave it away?

EVA

Well, you said you weren't a sun person. Workaholic is my guess. Stuck in an office, maybe? No time for holidays. No time for passion. That's probably why she left you. So, now you're taking a holiday. She could have died, but I took a stab at break-up. You look broken. How'd I do?

TOM

Perceptive.

EVA

And you're lying there thinking, "Once she sees me in these sexy swim shorts and jelly Crocs she'll take me back"

She looks him up and down.

EVA (CONT.)

But, I'll let you in on a little secret - she won't. She's moved on. Even I know it. Even if you post pictures online so she can see you in all your Chernobyl glow glory won't bring her back. Woman aren't boomerangs.

She lies prone on her chest, and unclasps her bikini, showing off a faint tan line.

EVA (CONT.)

Do you mind putting some sunscreen on my back?

Tom gets up and begins rubbing it into her back. His leg near her face.

EVA (CONT.)

Besides, you probably only want her back because she dumped you.

TOM

Who says she broke up with me?

EVA

That awful romance novel you've brought. "Is love real? Oh woe is me." In between all your self-loathing, I'd keep an eye on that mole on your shin.

Tom examines the mole.

EVA (CONT.)

If it's never seen the sun before it might go malignant on principle.

TOM

For your information, she cheated on me. And I don't want her back.

Eva rolls over, covers her breasts with her hands.

EVA

May as well do my front too if you like. No point us both getting greasy hands.

Tom does so, trying to avoid looking at her chest, causing him to haphazardly rub the sunscreen on while looking away.

EVA (CONT.)

Would you take her back just so you could be the one that dumps her?

TOM
No. That's insane.

Eva looks unconvinced with his answer.

EVA
When a man's pride is bruised
they never admit it. So strange.
I've seen boys get their choo-
choo trains taken away from them
and they bawl their eyes out.
Then when they get them back they
throw them away.

TOM
Women aren't "choo-choo trains".

EVA
And yet men often treat them like
they come along every two
minutes.

From behind, the BODYGUARD leans down and whispers into Eva's ear.

EVA (CONT.)
Oh really? For heaven's sake. I
just put my sunscreen on!

The bodyguard whispers something else.

EVA (CONT.)
Your breath is hot. That's
uncomfortable.

Eva gets up in a huff.

EVA (CONT.)
Fine, but I'm playing beach
volleyball later.
(Then to Tom)
I've got to go. Keep the
sunscreen. You're starting to
seer. Nice to meet you, Tim.

TOM
Tom.

EVA
Of course. How silly of me.

She leaves.

The waiter brings over the drink for Tom, who sips it.

TOM
(To waiter)
What is this?
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
Because this is the best...at
being the worst cocktail I've
ever tasted.

INT. ATLANTIS HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Tom walks into the hotel, he's already red.

Angie the receptionist sees him, winces, then comes over
holding a bottle of after-sun.

ANGIE
Jeez, you're cooked. How long
were you out there?

TOM
About twelve minutes.

She hands him the bottle.

ANGIE
Take this. Might help with the
pain. Alternatively, the mini-bar
is free.

TOM
Thanks. Hey, do you know anything
about that woman who I was
sitting with? Tall, tan...

ANGIE
Oh, Eva?

TOM
Yeah, that's her.

ANGIE
Not much. Only she's an
environmentalist. Very active.
Always urging us to stop washing
our towels so often.

TOM
That's a bit gross.

ANGIE
She's building an Eco-hotel on
the other side of the island.
She's keen to preserve the oceans
and the wildlife on St. Blanca's.

TOM
No shit?

ANGIE
None. None of it, sir. We're
quite fond of her in these parts.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

It's a lavish hotel room. Tom walks in and catches himself in a mirror. Angie was right - he's lobster-red.

He turns on the rotating fan -- leaves the air-con off -- puts on the after-sun and pours himself a drink from the mini-bar.

He looks at his watch "STRESS LEVELS HIGH". Tom is annoyed.

He turns on the TV. The hotel greeting video plays.

VIDEO NARRATOR

...features three tennis courts.
If hitting aces isn't your thing,
why not hit the beach volleyball
court? There are daily
tournaments catering for all
skill levels...

Tom's mobile rings. He looks at the caller ID - "WORK".

Excitedly he answers it.

There's a series of beeps indicating a secure connection being made.

TOM

Please tell me there's been a
terrorist attack.

CASSIE (O.S)

I'm afraid not. Terrorist alert
has actually just been
downgraded.

TOM

Goddamit.

CASSIE (O.S)

Weird. Literally happened the day
you left. Maybe they were scared
there were more competent agents
on the case now. How's the
vacation?

TOM

This is what hell would be like
with parasols and decent
infrastructure.

INT. CASSIE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Cassie is dressed in yoga gear, lying flat on her back in her office, doing light exercise. She's got a Bluetooth receiver in her ear.

CASSIE

I expect you to be brown as a biscuit by the time you get back. We like our desk monkeys to look like we let them out of their cages occasionally. How are your stress levels?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION AS REQUIRED

Tom's watch flashes furiously.

TOM

Very low.

CASSIE

Funny, cos our intel indicates you're more stressed than ever.

Tom looks in the mirror again and focuses on the mole Eva mentioned.

TOM

Faulty equipment would be my guess. Off hand, do you know the symptoms of skin cancer?

CASSIE

Vomiting. Swelling. Headaches. Fever. Takes a while to develop though. I strongly doubt a single session in the sun is going to kill you that quickly. It takes dedication. Something you lack.

TOM

I'll keep that in mind. Was there a reason for your call?

CASSIE

I wanted to make sure you actually went. We've got a sweep in the office.

Tom wanders to the balcony with some binoculars. The view is spectacular, overlooking the ocean.

He spies an OIL RIG in the distance that sits like a pimple on the horizon.

TOM

If the next twenty-seven days are anything like the first, I'm coming home in a body bag.

CASSIE

At least give it twenty-four hours before forcing the hotel staff to remove your dangling corpse. A lot of the beams in those new hotels can't support a human male.

TOM

Thanks for the tip. I've got to go. I'm playing beach volleyball.

Cassie stops her training and sits up.

CASSIE

Really? With real humans?

TOM

As far as I know.

CASSIE

I didn't think B-V was in your repertoire.

TOM

B-V?

CASSIE

Beach volleyball. You know Sally plays? A friend introduced her. She's actually quite good.

TOM

My ex, Sally? Well she certainly knew how to hit me in the balls.

CASSIE

Do you even know how to play B-V?

TOM

I had to learn how to play when we infiltrated that prep school full of pedophiles.

CASSIE

Ah, yes. You failed that mission too, didn't you?

EXT. BEACH VOLLEYBALL COURT - DAY

Beautiful afternoon in the Caribbean. The beach volleyball court is crowded.

Dozens of FIT PEOPLE (20s-30s), tanned, muscular, teeth like white picket fences.

Tom wears the same Hawaiian shirt from the Stepan job.

A buoyant teen named RAY (18), dressed in a hotel polo shirt, is signing people up. Tom approaches him.

RAY
Hey there! Down for a little B-V?

TOM
B-V?

Tom takes the clipboard and writes his name down.

RAY
Beach volleyball.

TOM
Beach volleyball, yeah.

RAY
You ever play before, Tom?

TOM
I teach it actually.

Ray isn't convinced, but keeps his grin plastered anyway.

Tom spots Eva standing by herself, stretching.

Ray throws Tom a ball, he's distracted and it WHACKS him in the face.

RAY
Might put you in with the
beginners...

Ray directs attention to a group of OLD PEOPLE on the sidelines, who look incredibly happy to just be alive; one reads a novelisation of TOP GUN.

Tom points to the people already on the court.

TOM
Can I play with them instead?

RAY
Aw, I dunno - those guys take it
pretty seriously.

TOM
Relax -- it's B-V, not D-Day.

Before Ray can object, Tom strips off his Hawaiian shirt and runs onto the court.

A ridiculously fit, twenty-something guy named LUCAS is doing heavy breathing exercises. Running on the spot. Lucas mistakes Tom's disgust for admiration.

LUCAS

Like what you see, moonshadow?

Tom's face -- what?

LUCAS (CONT.)

The gun show. Saw you checking out the merch. Doesn't happen easily, I'll tell you that for free. Takes *commitment*. You look like you've got a work-out routine yourself.

TOM

I've done the odd press-up.

LUCAS

I can help you turn that 9 into a 12.

TOM

What ranking system are you using?

LUCAS

I'm a PT. I work in DC. At an F45 gym. You ever played B-V before?

TOM

Question, stud - what are you going to do with all that extra time you save by abbreviating everything?

LUCAS

I played Nationals, you know?

TOM

How would I possibly know that?

Another boisterous ATHLETE walks by and they chest pump. It sounds a like an oily thunderclap.

LUCAS

(To Tom)

That's Baxter. His wife died last month. Colon cancer. Long batter. But he's here anyway. *That's* commitment. Now, if you can't handle this intensity, I suggest you go play with Johnny and Janie Livelong over there - you play with me, you play to win!

Lucas motions over to the old people - one has fallen asleep standing up.

TOM
I'll keep that in mind, champ.

He makes his way over to Eva.

TOM
Hi, Eva?

Eva looks happy to see him. Tries to remember his name.

EVA
Oh, hi - Tristan?

TOM
Tom.

EVA
So close.

TOM
You weren't.

EVA
You play...?

She mimes hitting a ball.

EVA (Cont.)
B-V?

TOM
Absolutely. With the hits and the
spikes...and...the rest...

EVA
You any good?

TOM
I played Nationals.

EVA
That's a start, I guess.

Everyone gets into position. Tom stands the wrong way, not
entirely sure where he should go.

LUCAS
Hey, donkey dick! Get into
position!

Tom goes where Lucas points.

EVA
Nationals, eh?

TOM
We start on different sides in
England. It's like driving.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS the game kicks off and is immediately ferocious; every point life or death.

-- SMACK! Balls are spiked.

-- WHACK! Players dive into the sand.

-- THUMP! Onlookers cheer.

-- Tom, terrible and not really trying, sticks out like a sore thumb. He dives to spike a ball and ends up with a face full of sand.

LUCAS
Seriously? Fuck! Man! This is
ain't your church yard B-V
tournament! GET WITH THE PROGRAM!

The youth next to him, smirks and holds his hand out for a high-five. Lucas shakes his head.

LUCAS (CONT.)
Can't risk the triggers, my man.

Lucas dazzles his fingers.

Eva helps Tom up.

EVA
Not a great shot, are you.

TOM
Not the first time I've heard
that recently. Think it's these
new shorts. They're made of a
very constricting fibre.

EVA
Is that polyester? You need to
use natural fibres. Listen, maybe
sit the next couple of plays out.

TOM
I'm fine, I was just warming up.

EVA
I know you want to impress
everyone. But your ex...she's not
here. You've nothing to prove.

TOM
I'm not losing.

The game recommences. This time Tom begins to take it seriously. He SMACKS the ball hard over the net.

THOMP! WHACK! WALLOP! It's all going Tom's way now!

Lucas is impressed.

Eva is very impressed.

The game starts to turn in his favour. The mood is starting to turn.

Then...

He's not looking where he's going and runs elbow first into a YOUNG WOMAN. Her nose gives a dull CRACK.

The game stops and everyone rushes to the woman's side.

TOM

Oh god, I'm so sorry.

Everyone gives him a scathing look.

LUCAS

What the hell is wrong with you?

The young woman's face is covered in blood, her nose disjointed.

TOM

Ah, that'll probably just click back in.

LUCAS

Too intense, bro! Who'd love her now?

Everyone agrees. Eva looks awkwardly at Tom.

Ray walks over.

RAY

Look friend, we're all for hardcore here at Hotel Atlantis, but it's still supposed to be just a fun game.

TOM

It was accident!

LUCAS

Pftt, my protein getting spiked with fentanyl was an accident.

EVA

Tim, I know you're angry at women right now but don't take it out on everyone!

INT. RESTAURANT OF THE SANDS - NIGHT

The elegant restaurant is serene, right on the beach, lit by candles and tiki torches. It's mostly full of couples.

Tom, dressed smartly in what could be considered "Beach Chic", enters the restaurant. The MAITRE'D approaches. A tall, neat man with an accent.

TOM
Table for dinner, please.

MAITRE'D
Just...one?

Tom nods; the maitre'd can't hide his pity.

MAITRE'D (CONT.)
We'll make it work. Follow me.

The maitre'd leads Tom through the romantic restaurant.

Tom is annoyed to see that most of the staff are dressed in a similar shirt to the one he's wearing.

The maitre'd leads him through the restaurant to a small table out the back. A WAITER, is eating his staff meal on it.

MAITRE'D (CONT.)
Jerry, I need that table, *s'il*
vous plait.

Jerry opens his mouth to object, but sees Tom. He understands, and leaves.

MAITRE'D (CONT.)
Here you are, sir.

Tom sits down.

MAITRE'D (CONT.)
The specials this evening are excellent, but I'm afraid they're for two. So...would you like me to bother telling you what they are? It might, how you say, sadden you.

Tom quickly takes in the menu.

TOM
That is how you say it, yes. But could I please get a quiche and a beer?

The maitre'd looks satisfied. He takes the menu and walks away.

EVA (O.S)
Tony? Is that you?

Tom looks up and sees Eva, quickly tries to hide behind the menu. Eva appears, dressed elegantly. Still flanked by a bodyguard.

EVA
It is you, Tony!

TOM
Oh, hi. It's Tom, actually.

EVA
Never mind that, what are you
doing all the way over here?

Several staff members come out right next to Tom. Eva notices the similarities in shirts.

EVA (CONT.)
Are you working here?

TOM
No, this is just where they sat
me.

Eva looks around.

EVA
Oh, I see...on account of you
being alone...don't want to upset
the other happy couples. Well,
why don't you join us?

Tom eyes the bodyguard.

EVA (CONT.)
I insist. Come, we'll get them to
bring your single serve meal to
our table.

She grabs Tom's arm and threads it through her own.

EVA (CONT.)
By the way, Penny is going to be
fine.

Then, seeing the look of confusion on Tom's face.

EVA (CONT.)
The volleyball girl? Her nose has
been reset. There's a fair bit of
swelling and she's called her
lawyers regarding a battery
charge, but that won't hold up in
court. So all's well that end's
well.

TOM
It was an accident.

EVA
Well, you ran into her like a missile. Anyone would think you were targeting the poor girl, you brute, you!

She stops and turns to Tom, her face full of concern.

EVA (CONT.)
Wait, did she remind you of your ex?

She doesn't wait for an answer.

EVA (CONT.)
Well, whatever your motives. I for one liked your spirit.

They come to a table - the best in the place - set for two. Eva calls the maitre'd over.

EVA
Excuse me, could we get an extra place added, please?

The maitre'd looks at Tom suspiciously.

MAITRE'D
Of course, m'am.

He bows and exits. Eva gestures for Tom to sit. She slides into her chair. Then shoos the bodyguard away.

TOM
Your friend won't be joining us?

EVA
Him? No. Abhorrent blunt instruments. I don't know where he eats. Or even if he does. He might run on batteries.

She laughs hysterically at her own joke, acts as if Tom is as well.

EVA (CONT.)
Ah, we have a laugh, don't we?

TOM
Why do you have bodyguards, anyway?

EVA
Sebastian insists.

She places her napkin on her lap.

TOM
Sebastian? Sebastian Pink?

EVA
Yes, do you know him?

TOM
Just heard his name around the traps.

EVA
Oh, he's my boyfriend. Didn't you know?

TOM
No, no, I had no idea.

EVA
Why would you, I suppose. Not like our paths have crossed before.

TOM
Someone told me you work with the environment?

EVA
Why, that's right! I do. I run a conservation society that aims to protect the oceans and all its creatures. Seb does a lot of environmental property development. We're here working on a project together actually.

TOM
I'm a bit of an environmentalist myself.

EVA
(Sarcastic)
Ah yes, I saw you using the metal straw. Let me guess, you keep the air-conditioning off in your hotel room? Recycle your soup for one cans?

TOM
Are they not good things?

EVA
The earth is dying, Tim. It won't be saved with halogen light bulbs. We need real change.

TOM
So what kind of "real change" project are you working on?

EVA

Sebastian and I are building an Eco-hotel on this very island. It will become the most environmentally conscious island in the entire Caribbean.

TOM

I noticed there was an oil rig off the coast. How does that work into your plan?

EVA

Ah, yes. We're constantly fighting your government on *that*.

TOM

My government?

EVA

Yes. They own the rights. Bought them up from the locals for a penny on the pound, I suppose. Monsters.

TOM

Must be tough, battling big oil.

EVA

Seb says he's got a plan. He says sometimes to keep the world clean you've got to get your hands dirty.

TOM

Don't I know it.

EVA

And what is it that you do?

TOM

I'm in imports and exports.

EVA

Oh? Anything exciting?

TOM

Not really. Canned goods mostly.

EVA

Soups for one?

She laughs again.

TOM

Nothing but organic beans and tomatoes.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
 (Then)
 No air freight either. All eco-
 friendly ships.

Eva spots someone over Tom's shoulder.

EVA
 Ah, Sebastian!

Tom turns and sees Sebastian Pink striding towards them. Eva
 stands and greets him with a kiss.

PINK
 (Italian accent)
 Hello, darling.

He eyes Tom, extends his hand.

PINK (CONT.)
 Hello. Sebastian Pink.

EVA
 Oh, Sebastian, this is the one I
 was telling you about.

Pink brightens.

PINK
 Ah, Tim! The one with the
 translucent skin.

They shake hands.

TOM
 Tom.

Pink looks at his arms.

PINK
 You are really ghostly. Or
 ghostly? I don't know. Maybe
 both?

TOM
 Which one sounds less rude in an
 Italian accent?

PINK
 I heard about your attacks on the
 volleyball court too. Most
 harrowing times. You apparently
 have quite the shot.

TOM
 Wish you'd tell my boss that.

INT. RESTAURANT OF THE SANDS - LATER

The food's been served and eaten. Pink is finishing up a story even he finds dull.

PINK

And in the end, I guess it was some sort of rare incurable disease. Not too sure. I never really asked.

TOM

And you never had any other kids?

PINK

No, that was it. You know, I just don't have time. Work, work, work. Always. Even this "holiday" is work.

TOM

Eva says you're in Eco-development?

PINK

That is correct. I travel the world *for* the world.

He looks at Eva -- "That's right, honey?"

PINK (CONT.)

The Eco-hotel we're building -- it will be the best in the Caribbean.

Eva takes Pink's hands in hers and stares adoringly at him.

TOM

How will it compare to this one?

EVA

Sadly, the Eco-footprint on this hotel is quite large.

PINK

We wouldn't stay here if we weren't spying on the competition.

EVE

There's a surprisingly large amount of spying in real estate.

PINK

Only fools don't learn from the best. Why put in leg work to create something from scratch when others have pioneered?

(MORE)

PINK (CONT'D)

Laziness is underrated. Stand on the shoulders of giants then go further, we say. We can improve things, yes, but we are not yet so naive to think we can invent from nothing.

EVA

Good artists borrow; great artists steal.

TOM

And the best plagiarists destroy all the evidence of the original creator.

Tom and Eva laugh together, Pink doesn't.

A bodyguard comes over and whispers in Pink's ear. He nods and throws his napkin on the table.

TOM

I've noticed they're big on the whispering.

PINK

I must go.

EVA

Do I need to come with you?

PINK

No, no, Eva, you stay, you stay. Have fun.

He kisses Eva on the forehead.

PINK (CONT.)

Mr. Tom, it has been...typical?

He leaves, taking the bodyguards with him.

INT. RESTAURANT OF THE SANDS - EVEN LATER

The restaurant is mostly empty now, save Eva and Tom who are enjoying another bottle of wine.

TOM

So, how long you guys been together?

EVA

Two years. We met at a benefit for sea kelp. It's been a roller coaster ever since.

TOM

As Frost always used to say, "All great romances start with kelp."

EVA

Pink may not be perfect, but he's perfect for what I need.

Eva looks at her watch.

EVA (cont.)

Say, do you like turtles?

TOM

Why? Do they serve them here?

Eva stands, picks up the bottle of wine with her and gestures for Tom to follow her.

EXT. DUNE/BEACH - NIGHT

Eva leads the way up the beach. Tom trails behind.

TOM

Where are we going?

They round a corner and come to a dune overlooking an empty beach, faintly illuminated by the lights of the hotel and the half-moon.

Eva sits down at the peak, taking a sip of wine. Tom arrives next to her. Eva hands him the wine.

EVA

Even on an island as secluded and exclusive as this, I find it difficult to find space. You're never more than two feet from anyone.

TOM

I'm from London - you're never more than two feet from a rat.

EVA

Do you not enjoy the company of people?

TOM

Not really, no. Individually, some people are great. Collectively they're vile, self-serving, all motivated by greed, all with a hunger for...

EVA

Banoffee pie?

TOM

I was going to say power.

EVA

That too. But I make a banoffee pie to die for.

TOM

I guess I'm distrusting. I prefer people to prove their worth first.

EVA

How sour. There are some people trying to do good in the world.

TOM

For every good there are thousands more out to take advantage.

EVA

What do you mean?

TOM

In my line of work --

EVA

The import, exporting?

TOM

Um, yeah. We try to export our good to the world. But there's always more...competitors... aiming to disrupt, destroy, or cause disorder. Every time the world plugs a hole, two corporations will be lobbying to bust it open.

EVA

I never realised the import export business was so ruthless. But, we mustn't be disheartened. That's what they want. All we can do is try to save what we can.

Tom shrugs.

TOM

Beginning to wonder if there's any point at all.

EVA

Don't be like that. Every day, you get up and chip, chip, chip away.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

At ourselves first, then make the
it better for another person,
then two people. Then multiple
people. Then one island, one
species and so on...

On the horizon, tiny flashing lights remind Tom of something.

TOM

That why you're trying to stop
the oil rigs?

EVA

Oil and the environment don't
really mix.

ANGLE ON Small baby turtles clambering out of the sand right
near them. They climb over and down the dune, heading towards
the water.

Eva smiles and grabs Tom by the arm.

EVA (CONT.)

This is why we're here.

Tom stares at the turtles.

EVA (CONT.)

The turtles hatch here every
night during this time of year.
Only one in a thousand will
survive to adulthood.

Eva stands up and begins to take her dress off, until she's
left in only a bra and panties.

Tom, confused, starts ripping off his own clothes. When Eva
turns around, she looks shocked at Tom who is down to his
briefs and socks.

EVA

Why are you undressing?

TOM

I just thought...

EVA

(Laughing)

Baby turtles can become
disoriented by bright lights, so
hopefully they're not distracted
by your skin.

She picks up two tree branches, giving one to Tom. Then she
rushes towards the turtles, fending off the birds and the
crabs who've come to feast.

Tom chases after her, still wearing his socks and underpants.

The two start swinging wildly, protecting the turtles.

-- Swatting away a bird.

-- Throwing a crab into the distance.

-- Bashing a crab.

When they're done, Eva collapses, laughing. Tom rushes over to her, basking in her euphoria.

He lies down, putting his head back. We hear a CRUNCH.

EVA

What was that?

Tom doesn't move, but lies rigidly.

TOM

Oh, just my knees. Probably from the volleyball today. Which I had fun with by the way. Before the nose breaking.

Eva giggles. She leans over him, looking down on him. They lock eyes. It's almost a "moment".

Eva breaks eye-contact first, awkward.

EVA

The turtles hatch on the other side of the island too. When they have the full moon to guide them.

They stare at the ocean together, and Tom looks, for the first time on his trip, like he understands what all the fuss is about.

Eva goes to get her dress.

EVA

Coming?

TOM

In a sec. Just want to drink it in.

When Eva is far enough away, Tom lifts his head and sees that he's crushed a baby turtle with his head, there's goo in his hair and on his hands.

INT. CASSIE'S OFFICE IN MI5 - NIGHT

Cassie and Sally are having an after-hours drink in Cassie's office.

Sally is standing by a whiteboard filled with black and white photos of shady characters, oil rigs and other documents.

CASSIE

Okay, what else do we know?

Cassie is looking at a file.

SALLY

They seem highly organised.
Highly connected. They seem to
know when the oil rigs will be
unmanned and how to cause the
most damage.

CASSIE

That the kind of intel they could
find out easily?

SALLY

No. Blueprints, timetables,
rosters -- the oil companies keep
tight grips on them. Every rig is
subtly different. And three
attacks across three different
British companies and three
different types of rigs...no,
they've definitely had help.

CASSIE

Do we have any leads? Any links?

Sally pins a headshot onto the board.

SALLY

This guy. Sebastian Pink.

Cassie looks at the photo. Sally pins a few more of him up.

SALLY (CONT.)

Prominent real estate developer.
Recently started focusing on
environmental projects. He's also
got connections to environmental
business groups and Eco-warriors,
as well as arms dealers.

Cassie looks at the surveillance photos of Sebastian Pink.

CASSIE

A real mixed bag, scumbag then?
Do you know where he is now?

SALLY

Aw, m'am -- I think you know
where he is.

A cocked-eyebrow from Cassie.

SALLY (CONT.)

He's currently on St.
(MORE)

SALLY (CONT.) (CONT'D)
Blanca with his girlfriend, Eva
Hyde. There's a new oil rig about
to start drilling. And, shock.
It's exactly where Tom was sent
on holiday.

CASSIE
(Deadpan)
Wow. What a coincidence.

INT. HOTEL ATLANTIS RECEPTION - LATER

Tom and Eva walk into reception. They reach the elevators.

EVA
Thanks for helping me. We gave a
few of those turtles a fighting
chance.

Eva wheels on Tom.

EVA (CONT.)
You know, the world might often
be harsh, but the apex predators
must sometimes help the weak,
instead of just eating them.

TOM
I have literally no idea what
that means.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tom turns on the ceiling fan and takes off his shirt, when he
notices an ASSASSIN in the reflection of the TV.

The assassin, approaches from behind, gripping a length of
LEATHER ROPE. Tom instinctively puts his hands up to his neck
as the man chokes him.

The assassin tightens his grip, his face in Tom's hair.

ASSASSIN
Your head fucking stinks!

TOM
(Straining)
...It's...*Turtle* by Calvin
Klein...

-- Tom pushes the rope further away from his neck. The
assassin's grip slips and the wire whips him in the leg. He
screams.

-- Gasping for air, Tom finds a glass and throws it at the
assassin, it misses, shatters against the wall.

-- The assassin tackles him onto the bed, slaps his sunburn. Tom screams in agony!

-- Tom kicks him backwards off the bed.

-- The assassin stumbles, stunned, recovers, then reengages with an attempted haymaker. His swing misses wildly.

The fight is a slow and tired tussle - two fighters in the twelfth.

-- The assassin grabs him in a tired hug. Tom kidney punches him.

-- With a strain, Tom lifts him up to the whirring ceiling fan. The fan smashes into his head, clogging the fan to a stop. Blood spurts everywhere. He drops him.

Tom collapses. The fight over. He lays on the bed and begins to laugh.

TOM

Now that's more like it.

He looks at his watch - STRESS LEVELS LOW.

The assassin recovers in the background, but he knows he's lost. Clutching his head, he makes his escape out the room.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom pursues and tackles him from behind. The assassin kicks out, jumps up, goes to run again.

Tom is quicker, and wrestles him down. Pushes him up against the railing.

TOM

Why are you trying to kill me?

-- He drives Tom back against the wall, and tries to force his elbow into his wind pipe. Tom puts his hand up and the assassin smashes his watch.

TOM (CONT.)

How are they going to know how stress free I am now?!

-- Tom bashes him aggressively then manages to get him from behind into a chokehold.

-- Something is digging into him. He reaches down and takes out a metal straw from the assassin's back pocket. He jams it into the side of his neck as hard as he can. Continues to stab, stab, stab!

-- The assassin wheezes blood through the straw before becoming dead weight.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom drags the body into his room and props him up in the closet. Dusts himself off.

TOM
(To himself)
Another productive night, then.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

The room phone rings.

Tom wakes with a start, the dead assassin has fallen out of the closet and is staring straight at him, the straw still in his neck.

Tom puts the phone on speaker while he tries to pop the assassin back in the closet.

CASSIE (O.S)
Tom. Everything okay, your watch is no longer recording your stress levels?

TOM
Yeah, it broke. There was an incident.

CASSIE (O.S)
What do you mean? Was it the beach volleyball?

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY - SAME TIME

Cassie walks down the airport, rolling her bags with one hand, phone in the other.

TOM (O.S)
No, I was attacked last night.

CASSIE
By whom?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION AS REQUIRED

Tom searches the assassin for clues. He finds a sample tube of eco-shampoo.

TOM
An assassin was waiting for me in my hotel room.

CASSIE
Who was he?

TOM
Dead end. Literally.

CASSIE
You killed him?

TOM
I did, yes.

CASSIE
Well, look at you! Breaks the drought, doesn't it. Did you shoot him?

TOM
No. Hand-to-hand.

CASSIE
Oh well, next time.

TOM
How did he even know where I was?
Has there been talk of leaks of agent locations?

CASSIE
Even if there were, I doubt you'd be first on their hit list. No, I'm afraid there's been a development on St. Blanca.

Cassie cradles the phone between shoulder and ear as she hands the check-in desk lady her passport.

CASSIE (CONT.)
Have you run into a man named Sebastian Pink by any chance?

Tom throws a sheet over the dead man -- will that do? No.

TOM
Actually, I had dinner with him last night.

CASSIE
How did that happen?

TOM
Long story. Who is he?

CASSIE
I'll explain when I get there.

TOM
Wait, does that mean...

Tom's anticipation is palpable.

CASSIE
It means, I lied to you. And
embarrassingly now I need to
reinstate you.

Tom fist pumps.

TOM
Well, if it's for the good of the
country...

END PHONE CALL

Cassie hangs up and its revealed she's with Sally and GEORGE (23), a rookie agent with shaggy hair, absorbed in his phone.

SALLY
You didn't tell him I was coming?

CASSIE
He sounded like he was enjoying
himself. I didn't want to spoil
it.

SALLY
Tom has never enjoyed a holiday
in his life.

CASSIE
Well, he's just killed a man.

SALLY
They offer that as an activity?

CASSIE
Isn't it strange how people do
things on holiday that can never
do at work?

INT. UNFINISHED ECO-HOTEL - DAY

Open wooden beams and incomplete fixtures decorate the
incomplete eco-hotel room.

A BEATEN CARIBBEAN MAN named CANE (30s) hangs shackled by a
beam. The man has cuts all over his face and an apple in his
mouth.

Two BODYGUARDS stand beside him. Sebastian Pink appears,
takes the apple out of Cane's mouth.

CANE
Lovely hotel you've got here, Mr.
Pink. Great wind flow --

He puts the apple back in his mouth.

Pink pushes him gently and Cane swings back and forth.

PINK
(Chuckling)
It's like a ride.

Pink paces, thinking how to proceed.

PINK (CONT.)
My problem, as you can
understand, is that at this stage
I can't take any chances.

Cane nods.

PINK (CONT.)
If Mi5 find out who is supplying
the O-A-F...well, disaster.

Cane mumbles something.

Pink takes the apple out of his mouth.

CANE
I didn't. I didn't say anything.
To anyone. I swear.

PINK
Oscar tells me you drive around
the island in a brand new sports
car -

CANE
It's a fake. It just looks fancy.

PINK
It *does* look fancy.

CANE
Thanks, it was very expensive.

PINK
How did you pay for such a car?

CANE
From other bribes! I swear.
People bribe you for everything
these days.

PINK
Such a greedy piggy.

Pink takes a bite of the apple, winces, then throws it away.

PINK (CONT.)
Who bribed you?

CANE

The U.S. Government bribed me to turn the other way to a small amount of genocide. The UK Government wanted some resort discounts. Big Oil wanted dirt on some governors. And there's a couple other businessmen I blackmail with some elicited photos of them having sex with prostitutes.

PINK

Basically, you'll take money from anyone who'll throw it at you?

Cane nods.

PINK (CONT.)

So what if somebody throws money at you to tell them about our plans?

Cane realises the flaw in his logic. He changes the direction of his head.

CANE

If I could shake my head more vigorously I would. Because that would never happen. I am a man of principle.

Pink smiles and Cane smiles with him.

PINK

I just don't believe you.

CANE

That is annoying.

Pink walks over to a metal suitcase. Opens it, takes out a device that looks like a pair of scissors.

PINK

In ancient times, heretics were pu-

CANE

Gonna stop you there. I kinda have a feeling I know where this is going.

Pink looks at him - "Where?"

CANE (CONT.)

Well, you're either gonna cut off my tongue or me dick, yeah?

(MORE)

CANE (CONT.) (CONT'D)
So now you know I know - who's
the story for? These two fucking
idiots?

Pink looks at his two bodyguards, who are unmoved.

CANE (CONT.)
Let me tell you, when these two
came for me I hid under the bed
for twenty minutes. It's a *studio*
flat.

Pink glares at the bodyguards. Then to Cane:

PINK
But I had a whole thing. About
how I was going to feed your body
to animals...circle of life...

CANE
Honestly, I don't care. If you
want some sort of satisfaction
out of seeing me squirm, ain't
gonna happen. I've told you
everything. So, can we get on
with it? All the blood's drained
to my head so my dick probably
looks like a kidney bean - you
might have to make do with my
tongue.

He sticks it out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom opens his room, goes into the bathroom and undresses.

He walks back into the room, naked.

CASSIE (O.S)
You're burnt.

Tom spins and instinctively throws a mug at the intruder.
It's Cassie and she doesn't move as the mug brushes past her,
smashing into the wall.

TOM
Christ, I could have killed you.

CASSIE
Not with your aim.

TOM
I'm not used to the weight. What
are you doing in my room?

Cassie looks at his naked body.

CASSIE
Right now feeling deep pity. Put
some clothes on.

Tom puts on some pants. Sniffs the air.

CASSIE (CONT.)
I saw the fruits of your holiday
exploits in the closet. I've had
him disposed of, by the way.
You're welcome. Find anything
out?

TOM
No. He was carrying a metal straw
in his pocket. Better for the
environment - not in his case -
and some eco-shampoo. Which might
link him to Pink.

CASSIE
And his Eco-hotel?

Cassie reaches into her suitcase and hands Tom a folder. A
big, juicy file. Tom has to restrain himself.

TOM
Wow. Finally. This is it.

CASSIE
Concentrate, Tom. Now, we believe
that Pink is supporting the OAF,
using the construction of his
resort as a cover for smuggling
weapons. St. Blanca has appeared
a lot in transcriptions recently.

TOM
Why does Mi5 care what happens on
a Caribbean island?

CASSIE
We don't. But the UK Government
has vested interests in the newly
built oil rig off the coast.

Tom nods.

CASSIE (CONT.)
And we think it's going to be
OAFs next target.

Cassie hands him a photo of the oil rig.

CASSIE (CONT.)
What kind of vibe did you get
from Pink?

TOM

Pseudo-sexual. He wasn't my cup of tea. Bit of a prick.

CASSIE

Funny how most terrorists share that trait.

TOM

I have become closer with his girlfriend though.

CASSIE

His girlfriend? Eva Hyde?

TOM

I met her on the beach. We bonded over B-V.

CASSIE

Oh, how'd that go?

TOM

I broke a girl's nose.

CASSIE

Can we use her?

TOM

She's got a broken nose, not sure how that will be useful.

CASSIE

Eva.

TOM

Oh. I'm not sure, yet. She seems genuinely enamoured with him. I don't know if she knows about his extra-curricular activities though. She's an eco-warrior though, I know that much.

CASSIE

Think she's involved?

TOM

Doubt it. She's be a space cadet if interstellar travel wasn't so bad for the environment.

CASSIE

We need to find out more. Get closer to Sebastian Pink. Use Eva if you need to. We got you a ticket to a fundraising event on his yacht tonight. We think he does a lot of business on there.

Tom examines the file -- a kid at Christmas.

CASSIE (CONT.)
See what you can dig up.
Invoices, diaries, accomplices,
video admission of guilt. All
would be helpful.

TOM
This never really was a holiday,
was it m'am?

CASSIE
Hardly. We'd heard chatter,
nothing more. We honestly didn't
think anything would eventuate
from it. But the Home Office
insisted I send someone. I didn't
want to waste any of my good
agents. So I sent you instead.

TOM
Aw, you *do* think I have value as
a field agent.

He goes to hug her. She bars him.

CASSIE
In the same way that turkeys are
useful at Christmas, I suppose.

TOM
Hey, but if Pink sent the
assassin, he must know I'm a spy.

CASSIE
More likely he's trying to kill
you for hitting on his
girlfriend. I mean, who's going
believe a spy has sunburn?

ESTABLISHING SHOT - OCEAN - TWILIGHT

Stunningly calm water, the beautiful solar-powered yacht
gleams pearl white on the Caribbean sea.

EXT. PINK'S YACHT - "PINK'S BIT" - TWILIGHT

Boarding the yacht, we catch glimpses of its classy opulence.

A FEW STAFF ample around with trays of drinks and food. A
COUPLE are being given a tour by a GUIDE.

GUIDE
...The yacht is made from a
combination of recycled plastic.
The hull is comprised of over one
million PET bottles...

Tom stands at the bow, looking warily down at the ocean. He touches an earpiece.

TOM

I'm on the boat. It's made from recycled plastic, apparently.

CASSIE (O.S)

Conflict with a conscience. See if you can get below deck. Apparently he has an office onboard.

Tom goes to leave, but Eva intercepts him, wearing a stunning light peach sarong.

EVA

I bet you're one of those people that's scared of the ocean?

Tom rolls his eyes, but decides to play along.

TOM

Of course. It's terrifying. Who knows what's lurking just below. Sharks, squid, undead pirates.

EVA

Ah, but isn't that the best part? An entire eco-system thriving just beneath the surface.

TOM

It's not unreasonable to be scared of the ocean - everything is better at swimming than you, you're constantly battling to breathe. You go down too far, your lungs pop. Stay close to the surface, sharks mistake you for a seal. Can't win.

They're getting playful now.

EVA

You're scared of sharks too?

TOM

What do you mean, "Too" it falls under being scared of the ocean.

EVA

And yet, here you are. On the ocean.

TOM

I'm on a boat. Away from the all those teeth.

EVA

In my experience humans deserve a bite now and then. Might just be me and my kinks.

(Notices his sunburn)

You're learning to love the sun I see?

TOM

I'd rather wear a condom full of fire ants.

EVA

One of your kinks?

TOM

I can't wait to go back to work.

EVA

I always thought work was a means to fund leisure.

TOM

"Enjoy your job and you never work a day in your life." That's what they say.

EVA

That's what workaholics say. What happens when work disappears? You have nothing in your life.

TOM

There'll always be a market for what I do.

EVA

Importing? Or exporting?

TOM

Both. England has beans going both ways.

Eva feels sorry for him.

TOM (CONT.)

By the way, is your boyfriend around?

EVA

(Feigning hurt)

Ouch - and here I was thinking you were here for me.

TOM

Kill two birds with one stone.

EVA

Oh. I do love a man who values his time. But killing birds, Tom? Not very environmentally friendly of you.

TOM

(Joking)

Should have seen what I did to those turtles when you weren't looking.

INT. YACHT DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

The yacht is moored near the docks, the party over, most of the guests have left. The remnants enjoying a drink inside.

Tom, Eva and Pink are having drinks, each with the same metal straws Tom stabbed his assassin with.

EVA

Obviously it was very disappointing of course. Nobody wants an oil rig on the horizon. Your government does anything for profit, don't they? If they could bottle rainbows and sell them, they would.

TOM

We try to do a lot of good. It's not always easy. We've never been an eco-friendly country; we were one of the first to make our money plastic.

PINK

It dots the horizon like a pimple! Ruins the Eco-resort views!

TOM

How do you source materials for an Eco-hotel all the way out here?

PINK

It's not so difficult. They have a shipyard. And companies are proud to be part of such an environmentally positive project.

EVA

Hotels are usually very wasteful. Hundreds of towels and sheets are unnecessarily washed daily. Food thrown out; chemicals everywhere.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)
Then you've got those little
bottles of shampoos.

Everyone agrees, strongly.

PINK
I go to a lot of hotels. I use a
lot of shampoo. Is it necessary?
You tell me.

As if on cue, he runs his hands through his hair.

Eva goes to a drawer and takes out a tiny glass bottle, gives
it to Tom.

EVA
We use recycled glass.

View on the bottle: "THE BEST SHAMPOO YOU'LL EVER STEAL".

PINK
Our resort has been sourcing oils
and scents from around the globe.
That is hazelnut from Oregon.

EVA
All organic. And environmentally
sourced. Fair-trade certified.
All workers guaranteed a fair
wage.

PINK
Eva here has helped me realise
the importance of only buying
from reputable suppliers.

Tom smells the tube.

TOM
It smells familiar. Hey, do you
mind if I use your bathroom?

EVA
Wait till you get home -- you
need to let it sit in your hair
for awhile.

Tom laughs along with her.

BOWELS OF THE YACHT - CONT.

Tom walks down the stairs in stealth mode.

He opens each door in turn, checking each before moving on.
He reaches an ornate door and opens it.

PINK'S OFFICE - CONT.

The office is akin to stately home library. There's a balcony accessible via a sliding door.

TOM
(Into the earpiece)
I'm in his office.

CASSIE (O.S)
Sounds like you were trying to
get in his girlfriend.

TOM
Give it a rest.

CASSIE (O.S)
See if you can find any shipping
notifications. Delivery slips,
anything like that.

Tom heads straight for the desk and begins his search.

A drawer is locked, he deftly picks it. Inside, a few condoms, some Men's fetish and fishing magazines, and a load of tiny plastic bottles of shampoo and shower gels from varying hotels.

BODYGUARD (O.S)
Hey you! What are you doing?

Tom looks up - the BODYGUARD (30s) is massive, face like a losing heavyweight boxer.

TOM
I was looking for the toilet.

BODYGUARD
Looks more like you're looking
through Mr. Pink's desk.

He walks in cracking his knuckles. Tom walks confidently towards him.

TOM
This boat is just so huge, you
know? All these bookcases and
desks --

The bodyguard lunges, Tom sidesteps him, wraps his arms around his neck and puts him in a sleeper hold.

Tom remains calm as the bodyguard struggles before losing consciousness.

While he's on the floor, Tom sits on his chest, squeezes his nose and holds his hand over his mouth. A PIECE OF PAPER catches his eye atop the table.

He reads the note - a Shipment notification - while continuing to kill the man.

The bodyguard gives a final death rattle.

Tom takes his hand off the guy's mouth, wipes it on the dead man's shirt. He takes out his phone and takes a photo of the shipping note.

He opens the sliding doors and with difficulty drags the bodyguard to the side and throws him overboard.

A KNOCK on the door.

EVA

Tom? Are you in there?

Tom answers holding a book.

EVA

(Sotto)

What are you doing in here?

TOM

I was looking for the toilets,
and came across this library. I'm
ashamed to admit that I got lost
in this book.

Eva looks at the book -- *Caribbean Small Business Tax Code*
Vol 1.

TOM (CONT.)

A lot of people think Vol. 2 is
better, but I'm a purist.

EVA

Are you trying to get yourself
killed? You're lucky one of the
guards didn't see you.

TOM

What's the big deal?

EVA

Pink is not all smiles and soft
hues.

She grabs the book. Pulls Tom out.

EVA (CONT.)

Come out of there. Before he sees
you.

Pink comes down the stairs.

PINK

What have we here? A tryst?

All three laugh awkwardly.

TOM

I was just chatting to Eva about this time I went fishing off the coast of San Sebastian.

PINK

Puh. The Spanish. Iberian pigs.

He walks back up the stairs. Eva turns on him.

EVA

I don't know what you're really doing, but don't.

TOM

I'm sure I can take care of myself. Can you take care of *yourself*.

EVA

Don't patronise me with that white knight bullshit.

TOM

I told you, I was just reading this book.

Eva looks over his shoulder at the disturbed desk.

EVA

Do spies even do taxes?

TOM

As unfair as that seems.

Eva pushes the book into his chest, unimpressed.

INT. HARBOUR - NIGHT

In the harbour, Tom is dropped off by a small speedboat.

TOM

(Into ear piece)
I got something m'am.

CASSIE (O.S)

Good, let's rendezvous tomorrow morning to discuss.

Tom notices the dead bodyguard he killed washed up on the beach.

He wanders over and pushes it back out to sea with a stick, before heading back up the road.

Tom heads up a nearby bridge and sees Joan -- the woman he helped with the luggage -- standing on the edge of a bridge that is twenty stories above some rocks.

TOM

Um, hi. You're staying at my hotel? How are you?

JOAN

I'm doing okay.

TOM

Are you sure? Because it looks like you're about to jump off a bridge.

JOAN

Just enjoying the view.

Tom edges closer to her. Looks over the side of the bridge -- it's a long, long way down.

TOM

Why don't you come down from there?

JOAN

What's the point?

TOM

I wouldn't want you to slip.

JOAN

Maybe that's for the best.

TOM

It's a long, long, long way down. I'm not sure you'd survive.

JOAN

Duh.

Tom throws his legs over and sits on the bridge edge.

TOM

You know, I'm feeling a bit lonely on this island. How'd you like to have a drink with me?

JOAN

With you?

TOM

Yeah, a woman prepared to jump onto rocks must have a story or two.

Joan just stares straight down.

TOM (CONT.)
The hotel does a magnificent eggs
florentine.

Tom inches closer to her. And then stands up, wraps his arms around her.

TOM (CONT.)
Come on, let's get out of the
wind.

Joan nods. Tom hails a passing cab.

INT. THE CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In the cab, Joan is almost embarrassed, but wants to explain.

JOAN
I'm...I'm sor--

Tom waves her down.

TOM
You don't need to apologise.

JOAN
I lost my husband and son
recently and...

She can't finish her sentence.

TOM
I'm sorry to hear that.

She starts to sob. Tom, awkwardly, tries to comfort her.

INT. BAR - LATER

A mostly empty hotel bar. Joan has stopped sobbing. Tom sits opposite. Both are nursing drinks.

JOAN
You know, I spent my whole life
working. We never went on
holidays. I was too busy. My son,
he always wanted to come to the
Caribbean.

TOM
What happened?

JOAN
A plane crash. Bird strike.
(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)

We were all supposed to take a charter flight to St. Kitts. At the last minute, I got a call from work. An important meeting. Only I could deal with it they said. I told them I'd catch a later flight...

TOM

Sometimes work can be a harsh mistress.

Joan looks at him like he's completely missed the point.

JOAN

The meeting was about colour swatches. The client had cold feet about a certain type of blue for their logo. I wasn't with my family because of disputes over colours.

TOM

If you'd gone on that plane, you'd have just died too.

JOAN

Would I? I had a fight with my husband. It delayed the plane ten minutes. If it had left on time...it might have missed those birds.

TOM

I'm really sorry about that, Joan. But it wasn't your fault.

JOAN

It's not a question of blame. My company asked if could move my husband's funeral because it coincided with a pitch.

Joan drinks.

JOAN

I took a long hard look in the mirror after that.

TOM

I'm sure your husband and your son would be proud of you now.

JOAN

The worst part is I'm starting to forget what my son sounds like. I forget his voice.

(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)
I forget the last thing he said
to me was. My husband used to say
he wondered if I only had a kid
for tax purposes.

Tom looks at her..."Maybe?"

JOAN (CONT.)
Don't let it be your life, Tom.

They drink and there's a pained silence.

TOM
What colour was it by the way?

JOAN
Cerulean blue. I'll curse that
colour till the day I die.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY/EXT. CASSIE'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Tom knocks on Cassie's door.

Cassie opens it a crack.

CASSIE
Tom.

TOM
Breakfast, m'am?

CASSIE
I've already eaten.

TOM
You must have been up early.

CASSIE
Early morning B-V. I'll meet you
in the restaurant. Forty minutes.

Tom leaves.

Cassie closes the door. Walks back into her room, derobes.
George sits up in her bed, naked.

CASSIE
Right. We've got time for one
more round.

George looks exhausted.

GEORGE
M'am, I'm just not sure there's
any jam left in the jar.

CASSIE
Fuck me, why are agents so weak?
My day we got in quickies between
faxes.

GEORGE
What's a fax?

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Hotel dining room. Packed with people. Tom is finishing his breakfast -- croissants, coffee. Cassie walks over and sits down, pours herself a coffee from the cafetiere.

CASSIE
What have you got?

TOM
A few croissants. And an omelette
coming.

CASSIE
The mission, Tom. I swear to God.

TOM
Oh, sorry, there's a shipment.
Coming in tonight.

Tom tosses his phone to Cassie. She studies it, unimpressed.

CASSIE
So? He's building a resort, I'm
sure he gets lots of shipments.

Tom frustrated he hasn't hit the mark. He points to the top of the photo.

TOM
So? It could be weapons.

CASSIE
Could also be eco-friendly pillow
covers or something.

TOM
The company is listed as *Sal's UK
Frozen Fish Exports*. That's an
awful lot of frozen farmed fish
for an eco-resort.

CASSIE
And you think it's, what, guns?
Maybe they're just stockpiling.

Cassie hands the phone back to him.

TOM

The OAF attacks British oil rigs
and the file said he's get
British connections. This might
be a connection.

CASSIE

Even if these are weapons - which
is a big if - it isn't even a
silver bullet. We need more.
Nobody cares about weapon
shipments. This isn't a Segal
movie. We need to know who is
feeding him the intel.

Cassie takes a bite of Tom's croissant.

CASSIE (CONT.)

Check out the shipment. Maybe his
OAF buyers will be there to
collect the goods.

She takes a sip of her coffee.

CASSIE (CONT.)

Also, take George with you.

TOM

George? The intern? He's here.

CASSIE

The service is shifting, Tom.
He's the future of espionage.

TOM

He's our social media manager.

CASSIE

He's an agent, Tom. And a better
one than you are, I might add.

TOM

Everyone knows he's your work
chew toy.

Something dawns on him.

TOM (CONT.)

That's why you came. To take your
Ken doll out of his box and play
with him?

Cassie stiffens.

CASSIE

Don't forget who you're talking
to, Tom. Now go get ready.
George's got your pistol.

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Not that you'll find any use for
it. Any other equipment you'll
have to source yourself.

TOM
I'm not sure *Jim's Souvenir Shop*
sells exploding pens.

ESTABLISHING SHOT -- DOCKYARDS

A buoy dings in the distance. Water slaps against the docks.
Workers load and unload cargo from large container ships.

EXT. WATER BY DOCKLANDS - NIGHT

Tom sits in a dinghy, dressed in a black turtleneck with a *Hotel Atlantis* insignia stitched into the breast. He scans the shipyard with his binoculars.

George sits next to him.

GEORGE
See anything?

Through the binoculars, Tom scans the ship insignias.

TOM
What's the ship number?

George brings up the consignment note on his phone.

GEORGE
R-T-4-1-1-4

Tom finds the right ship.

TOM
There. That's the one. Right,
let's go.

GEORGE
Get in. Get the weapons. Shoot
the bad guy. Back in time to fuck
the boss.

George puts on a balaclava. Tom looks at him, confused and disgusted in equal measure.

TOM
What's that? Take that off. We're
not robbing a county bank in
Texas.

GEORGE
It's so they can't identify us.

TOM
Who's 'they'? They're
dockworkers; not curtain
twitchers.

GEORGE
What if they catch us, smart guy?

TOM
Then a balaclava isn't going to
help, is it? Jesus Christ, it's
like trying to explain physics to
a goat.

Tom pulls it off him and throws it in the ocean. Together
they row the boat towards the docks.

EXT. THE SHIPYARD - NIGHT

A DOCKWORKER (50ish) is checking his clipboard. Tom appears
behind him. A quick sleeper hold, he's out and Tom drags him
out of sight.

Tom squats behind some boxes, waits until two WORKERS go by.
George arrives, looks at the sleeping worker.

GEORGE
Is he alright?

TOM
He'll be fine.

GEORGE
I've never seen a dead body
before.

TOM
He's not dead. He's sleeping.

GEORGE
They might dock him a day's pay
if they find him sleeping on the
job. Their wages can't be high as
it is.

George takes out some money and throws it on the man. Tom
crouch-runs to the gangplank leading up to the ship.

EXT. CARGO SHIP - CONTINUOUS

They climb up the side of the ship. Tom begins trying to find
the right containers. There are dozens of them. He checks
each against the note.

Close, close...Bingo! He finds the one with the correct markings. Opens it, it's full of wooden crates.

George stands aside, absorbed in his phone.

Tom finds a crowbar, picks it up. Pries open one of the boxes. It's full of cans of tuna.

He pulls them out. Underneath, caches of automatic weapons.

George wanders in to have a look.

WORKER (O.S)
(Shouting)
Hey! Why is this door open? Come
on, guys!

Tom pulls George behind the boxes. The worker slams the container door.

Locks it.

WORKER (O.S)
Unload it!

INT. CARGO CONTAINER - CONT.

The phone light illuminates George's stunned face, but little else.

GEORGE
What just happened?

TOM
You just got us locked inside a
shipping container.

GEORGE
Bro...seriously...how is this my
fault?

TOM
You were supposed to be keeping
watch!

GEORGE
I was putting up a photo on
Instagram!

George shows him a photo, a selfie of him and Tom in the boat. The caption reads "00Heaven!". Tom glares at him.

A massively pregnant pause.

GEORGE	TOM
I thought the Nashville	Don't.
filter.	

The container starts to rock and move. Outside, hydraulics can be heard lifting the containing into the air.

TOM

Fuck.

GEORGE

That doesn't sound great.

He dives back into his phone.

TOM

Get off your phone for two seconds!

GEORGE

I'm Googling how to escape one of these things!

TOM

We're thirty stories in the air, brainiac. We've got to wait it out. Hopefully they won't open it straight away and we can find a way to escape.

George sits against the wall.

GEORGE

So, Tom, guess we've got a bit of time to kill.

Tom hears the sounds of a mobile game being loaded on George's phone.

GEORGE (CONT.)

You know, I hate holidays too. I had to go on one with my family once. Luckily my mum found out my dad was having an affair, so we came back early.

TOM

That does sound lucky.

Tom slides down the opposite side of the wall. George keeps trying to make friends.

GEORGE (CONT.)

Cassie's told me a lot about you. Heard you had a bit of a breakdown recently. Something about not being able to shoot anyone?

Tom grips his nose with his thumb and forefinger.

TOM

I can't believe this is happening. I can shoot people.

GEORGE

Have you?

TOM

No. Not yet. But doesn't mean I can't. I prefer non-violent means.

George laughs.

GEORGE

Oh, man! You're a kill-shot virgin?! Farking hell, even I've shot someone!

TOM

I've killed people. Just not with guns. I killed a teenager the other day. Wait, who have you killed? I didn't even know you'd been on a mission.

GEORGE

Some corrupt Moroccan soccer player last year.

TOM

You just told me you'd never seen a dead body before!

GEORGE

Shot him through a wall. Didn't you see the email? Got kill of the month.

TOM

Unbelievable.

GEORGE

I won a Tesla. Can you believe it? What kind of spy drives around in an electric car?

TOM

They barely make a noise. Guess they'd make for easier stakeouts.

GEORGE

Here's eight reasons electric cars are the worst. One, no sex appeal. Two --

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

George is still talking when the container opens.

GEORGE
And finally, there's no power.

GUARDS surround them with guns.

TOM
Oh, thank God.

Sebastian Pink and Ivan Pidlaz push through the guards.

PINK
Tom. Good to see you again!

Pink motions to the guards who swarm on them.

INT. INCOMPLETE ECO-RESORT - LATER

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

A tap drips in an incomplete hotel room.

Tom is hanging by his wrists from a beam. He's stripped naked, save for his underpants. Most of his body is beet-red. His face suggests that he's already been given a going over by the guards.

The door opens, a smug Pink and a disinterested Ivan walk in. Ivan's eating a Caribbean powdered donut. Tom motions towards the dripping tap.

TOM
Eva's going to be furious you're
wasting water like that.

Ivan says something in Russian, Pink laughs.

PINK
He says you burnt like crème
brûlée.

TOM
Tell tubby he can go completely
fuck himself. Oh, it's the
Russian from the boat. I didn't
recognise him without a fat
sausage in his mouth.

PINK
He is a friend of a friend.

TOM

You bring all your friend to
watch torture? What a tour guide
you are.

PINK

Do you know why you are here?

TOM

Well, I don't want to blame it
all on Brexit. But it certainly
didn't help.

PINK

I need to know what you know,
Tom. And who else knows. And if
what you know and what they know
matters, or whether your
knowledge is useless. And I know
you won't tell me willingly.

On a small table, there's a bunch of little knives. Pink
examines them like an enthusiastic hobbyist.

TOM

So, I take it we're not going
fishing next week?

PINK

Have you ever heard of the death
by a thousand cuts?

TOM

That a foreign film? Prefer to
support the home-grown indies.

PINK

Even at this time, you joke? How
curious. The torture is called
Lingchi It dates back centuries.
It inflicts an agonising death
over a very long period of time.

TOM

Is this speech "cut one"?

Pink smiles, biting the inside of his cheek. He composes
himself and picks up one of the knives.

He nicks Tom across the chest. Blood trips out. Tom winces.

PINK

What do you know about the
operation?

TOM

Seriously? One cut and you think
I'm going to talk?

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
Going to take you until at least,
cut four hundred and something.
Gotta long way to go.

PINK
(To Ivan)
Why is nobody ever intimidated by
me? Why does this never work?

Ivan takes the knife from Pink.

TOM
You're taking it in turns? Jesus
Christ, we're not playing *Mario*
Kart.

Ivan takes the knife and swipes Tom. He gives the knife back
to Pink. Pink swipes again.

TOM (CONT.)
I preferred the Russian. Softer
hands.

Pink flails at him now, like an artist hurling paint at a
canvas, inflicting cuts three, four and five in quick
succession.

Tom lets out a scream then a laugh.

PINK
Something funny?

TOM
I did tell my boss holidays were
torture.

Pink cuts him again. And again.

PINK
What do you know about OAF!?

TOM
Nothing. But I know that you've
chosen the most drawn out torture
technique known to man.

PINK
Who have you told about the plan?

TOM
Tell you what -- Why don't you
tell me the plan then I'll tell
you what I know.

The door swings open, George is standing there, silenced
pistol raised, suddenly looking serious. He shoots Ivan in
the face, the donut powder combining with blood as his head
explodes.

George turns the gun to Pink.

GEORGE
Drop it.

Pink hesitates, then does as he's told.

GEORGE (CONT.)
Untie him.

Pink again hesitates, this time George pistol whips him. Pink hastens to untie Tom.

Tom rubs his wrists, then knocks Pink out.

TOM
Cut three really hurt, you asshole.

GEORGE
Who was this joker?

TOM
Some Russian. No idea.

GEORGE
What was he doing here?

TOM
Far as I can tell, he was getting his terrorists Make-A-Wish fulfilled.

Tom puts Pink in a fireman's carry.

GEORGE
No. Leave him.

TOM
Why?

GEORGE
He's not to be harmed. Orders.

TOM
From who?

George's suddenly stern. A bodyguard bursts in, George effortlessly shoots him in the face. Then bends down and places a bug in Pink's lapel.

GEORGE
Tie them and let's go.

TOM
What do you mea--?

GEORGE
I'M NOT FUCKING AROUND, TOM!

Tom is shocked at this change in character.

EXT./INT ECO-HOTEL/ELECTRIC CAR - SUNRISE

The sun is rising outside, a beautiful orange ball.

They make their way through the Eco-hotel. We see a few of its eco-features - recycling bins, energy efficient lights, lots of untreated wood, a sign that says, "Everything's cooler when it's eco!"

TOM

Can I have a gun?

GEORGE

I mean, I *can* but are you really going to use it?

George hands him a gun, Tom snatches it.

There's a henchman yawning by the lobby door. George goes up behind him and swiftly snaps his neck. They burst outside, hit with a sudden flood of sunlight.

George ushers Tom to follow him and together they head past other unfinished construction buildings towards a wire fence. There's already a hole cut.

As they tunnel through the hole, they hear noises back in the hotel, indicating their escape has been noticed.

On the perimeter of the Eco-hotel, road facing, there's a car parked out of the way -- an electric car.

George and Tom beeline straight to the car and climb in the back.

In the driver's seat is Sally, who hits the accelerator -- the car speeds off with barely a sound.

ELECTRIC CAR

Tom does up his seatbelt and notices Sally for the first time.

TOM

Sally? What the fuck?

SALLY

Not now, Tom. Let's get out of here first.

TOM

Here I was thinking I just escaped the torture.

GEORGE
Technically, I saved you.

The electric car zips along the road.

TOM
You wanna tell me why we just let
Pink go?

GEORGE
He's low-priority. He's a gopher.

TOM
I know! That's why I was trying
to find out who he was
trafficking too!

GEORGE
Seemed like he was asking most of
the questions.

SALLY
He's not important, Tom! Let it
go.

TOM
What the he-haw-fuck are you even
doing here? Ruining my London
life not enough, you've come and
ruin my holiday too?

SALLY
Ah, you hate holidays anyway.

TOM
I was just starting to relax
before you showed up. Does
everyone think I'm just a child
that can't look after myself?

She hands him back a t-shirt and a gun.

SALLY
Here, I brought you a clean T-
shirt. I know you hate green but
it's all they had in your size.

Tom snatches at it and puts it on. It's got a surfing turtle
on it. George stares out the back of the windscreen.

TOM
I'll be having words with Cassie.

SALLY
Actually, it was me that insisted
on coming. Unlike you I like the
sun.

TOM
(To George)
Oh, and you. What's going on with you?! An hour ago you were taking selfies, now you're Jason Bourne-Again.

GEORGE
I was undercover.

Tom tries to process this.

TOM
Undercover as an inept agent?

GEORGE
We needed Pink to think you were in charge, so they wouldn't look at me twice.

Tom is taken aback by this.

TOM
I am in charge!

Sally looks in the rear view mirror. A high-end black MERCEDES appears, though this one hasn't just rolled off the line...

SALLY
We've got a car approaching at our six o'clock!

TOM
Dynamite.

INTERCUT ACTION SEQUENCE AS REQUIRED

EXT. ST. BLANCA MARKET STREETS - CONTINUOUS

They've hit a built-up market area. Sally swerves with cool-calmness around the stall owners setting up their wares.

The Mercedes takes no such precautions, rattling into a market stall, sending spices and fruit everywhere.

ELECTRIC CAR

Sally has her foot to the floor now, though the electric car doesn't rev, it slowly accelerates.

GEORGE
Why'd you rent an electric car?!

SALLY
It was all that had left!

The electric car struggles for power.

BLACK MERCEDES

The Mercedes accelerates, sounds like a *real* car.

ELECTRIC CAR

George drops the window.

GEORGE
Start shooting.

Tom winds down the window and pokes his head out. There's a PING and Tom ducks his head back in.

TOM
They had a similar idea.

George pays him no attention and shoots at the Mercedes.

ST. BLANCA MARKET STREETS/BOARDWALK

-- The electric car takes a hard turn down a path.

-- They come out on a beach front boardwalk, the concrete path dusted in sand, it's full of cabanas, and surf lesson tents.

-- The Mercedes follows, though with less precision; it takes out a few more market stalls.

-- The Mercedes gains on them.

ELECTRIC CAR

The electric car struggles to accelerate.

GEORGE
Jesus Christ, should I get out
and push this glorified Hot
Wheel?

TOM
This car have any spikes? Machine
guns? Anything?

SALLY
It's a rental, Tom - we did get
this jazzy air freshener though.

Sally taps the *Mickey Mouse* air freshener.

Tom winds the window down again and manages to get a couple of shots off, miss and bounce off some coconut trees.

GEORGE
Jesus, you are a bad shot.

BOARDWALK

The Mercedes swerves, but there's no noticeable damage. The bullets seem to bounce off.

-- The Mercedes makes up ground, almost at the electric car's tail.

-- A bodyguard hangs out the window of the Mercedes firing a machine gun at them.

--The back of the electric car shatters.

-- Tom looks up ahead and sees a row of surfboards held together by rope. He shoots at the barrage at the binding rope. He misses, but luckily hits a branch that falls and cuts the rope, sending the boards falling onto the Mercedes windscreen, causing it to swerve.

-- The shooter ends up dangling out the window.

-- George shoots him.

ELECTRIC CAR

Tom braces on the back seat and reloads.

-- The Mercedes presses on, almost alongside them now.

-- Tom tries to look inside, but the windows are blacked out.

-- He shoots at the windows, but the bullets bounce off.

-- Sally brakes suddenly, tail whipping a coconut tree.

BOARDWALK

-- A bunch of rattled coconuts fall onto the Mercedes, obscuring the electric car momentarily from view.

-- The electric car uses this distraction to make a SHARP TURN.

-- The Mercedes is yards ahead before it swerves back around.

ELECTRIC CAR

-- Sally J-turns around and heads IN the opposite direction, taking a path that leads up onto a back-road.

-- Instead of the "RAAARRR" we're used to hearing from screeching cars, the electric car takes it softly and quietly....

ST. BLANCA STREETS

The Mercedes is on them NOW.

-- Another guard pops out of the window and starts shooting.

-- The electric car takes damage. The bullets pulverise the back of the seats, the headrest, and then the stereo, which explode in a shower of sparks.

SALLY

We're in danger of being in trouble here!

Tom sees a can of spray paint in the footrest, used to mark out hazards. Hands it to George.

TOM

Throw this out when I tell you, okay? Sally, hard turn right!

George winds the window down.

Sally makes a hard brake right.

TOM (CONT.)

Now!

George throws it out and Tom tries to shoot it, but misses. George shoots it at it too and *hits*.

It explodes.

ST. BLANCA STREETS

-- Fluro yellow paint sprays across the Mercedes windscreen.

-- Sally rights the car, the Mercedes, committed, tries to follow. It tries to readjust but instead spins and flips into a tree.

-- The electric car goes the other way. The Mercedes flaming in the rear view.

TOM

Good team effort hitting that spray can. That counts as my killshot cos it was my idea.

GEORGE

Not a chance, champ.

EXT. HOTEL ATLANTIS - DAY

The electric car glides up noiselessly to the lobby.

The car is barely holding together -- shattered windscreens, bullet holes, broken windscreen.

Tom gets out, the door coming off in his hand. Sally remains in the driver's seat. George moves to the front seat.

SALLY

We've got to return this car. Try to get my deposit back.

GEORGE

Go rendezvous with Cassie. She'll let you know what's going on.

Sally and George drive off. Tom hands the remains of the door to the valet.

For the first time, Tom notices an ambulance, lights flashing, and staff rushing about.

Tom sees the hotel manager, ANDRE .

TOM

What's going on?

ANDRE

Suicide. Happens a lot.

TOM

Jeez, food's not that bad.

STAFF (O.S)

Andre! A second?

Andre says a hasty apology before dashing off.

INT. HOTEL ATLANTIS RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Tom walks through reception to his elevator.

A WORKER approaches him.

WORKER

Tom?

TOM

Potentially...

WORKER

You've got eight messages.

She hands him a small wad of papers.

Tom looks at them, one after another, hangs his head.

INT. HOTEL ATLANTIS - THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Tom exits the elevator on the third floor. His worst fears are confirmed.

A PARAMEDIC, HOTEL STAFF and A POLICE OFFICER are all lingering around one of the rooms.

When Tom approaches, the police officer turns to him, notices his shoddy appearance, approaches him.

POLICE OFFICER
Can I help you, sir?

TOM
The woman that lived here...

POLICE OFFICER
Did you know her?

TOM
No. Well, sort of.

Police officer studies his appearance again.

POLICE OFFICER
Well, sir, I'm afraid I have some bad news.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom walks into his room, looking mentally and physically exhausted. He collapses onto the bed. He looks at his watch, before remembers it's broken.

He takes out the messages and reads them -- they're all cries for help from Joan. All in the same ilk: "I don't know what to do" "I'm struggling?" "I saw a cerulean blue dress," and finally "Goodbye, Tom."

The room phone rings. He drags himself to it.

CASSIE (O.S)
Tom, we need to talk.

EXT. HOTEL POOL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The hotel pool. Beautiful crystal clear. The swim-up bar is open. The sun is shining.

Tom, red as a lobster, cuts visible from Pink's torture, lays atop an inflatable donut pool toy. Cassie sits upright in an inflatable pool chair, dressed in a swimsuit, a file resting on her stomach.

CASSIE
Did you hear what I said, Tom?

Tom stares up at the sky. Cassie splashes him with water.

CASSIE (CONT.)

Hey! I know you're annoyed about Pink.

TOM

Actually, I'm not. Couldn't give a shit about him right now.

He tries to prop himself up on the donut, but it's slippery and awkward.

TOM (CONT.)

You were right, you know.

CASSIE

I usually am...what about?

TOM

This. Whatever it is we're doing. It's...not the world.

CASSIE

And you think there's something more to life?

TOM

There's gotta be.

CASSIE

I'll let you in on a little secret...

She pulls his plastic donut closer.

CASSIE (CONT.)

There isn't. Grow up.

She pushes the donut away.

TOM

We're supposed to be stopping the bad guys. And we just let one go.

CASSIE

To catch the bigger fish.

TOM

Maybe I should just move here and look after the turtles.

CASSIE

Stop feeling sorry for yourself. I'm not in the mood to give you the greater good speech again.

Tom paddles his donut over to the swim up bar and grabs his cocktail. Paddles back over to Cassie.

TOM

Also, why did you invite my ex-girlfriend here?

Cassie rolls her eyes.

CASSIE

Ah, so it's an ego thing. Well if it makes you feel better, I didn't want her here. It was her suggestion. I told her you'd have an issue but she was all blah-blah "This is my case" blah-blah.

She purposefully rolls off the inflatable into the pool's water and inelegantly swims to the side of the pool, climbs out and grabs a towel.

TOM

Can't it be a work performance thing? I'm good at my job. I don't need moddy-coddling.

CASSIE

You've been doing this long enough to know you're not good at your job. Besides, the world isn't black and white.

She picks up a big juicy file from a sun lounger and Tom, magnetised to it, drifts closer to the edge of the pool.

CASSIE (CONT.)

In this case it's a disgustingly bright shade of pink. And even though it burns our retinas, we stare into its abyss. Whatever it takes. *Whomever* it takes. Ego bruising is not a consideration.

She hands Tom the file. It's just as big and juicy, but now Tom holds it like a bomb. There's a picture of an oil rig.

TOM

The oil rig off the coast?

CASSIE

We think it's the next target. Maybe as soon as next week.

TOM

Next week? And you now think Pink's working with OAF?

CASSIE

Almost certainly.

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

George - because he's actually useful - took pictures of the weapons found in the container. They matched the ones from the previous eco-terror attacks. If we brought him in now, there's a chance whoever is buying them wouldn't have got them.

TOM

So, you let him go in the hopes that he'll lead you to the rest of the OAF?

CASSIE

Precisely. He's our best lead. And we're prepared to risk him selling a few weapons to find his buyers.

Sally walks down, in her bathing suit.

TOM

(Sarcastic)

Oh. Yay. The cavalry.

CASSIE

It's her operation. She'll be taking lead from now on. I'm on the next plane out of here.

SALLY

Sorry, Tom. I just do as I'm told.

TOM

So, who told you to cheat on me?

SALLY

Took orders from my heart on that one.

Sally does a perfectly executed swan dive into the pool as Tom gives the biggest eye roll possible.

Sally glides to the side of the pool and surfaces.

CASSIE

Alright, let's not turn this into a romantic comedy. You're welcome to stay and assist if you like, Tom. But Sally's in charge.

TOM

Are you kiddin--

CASSIE

(Angering)

This is what you wanted. To work.
You want that promotion, fucking
work for it! If they're going to
attack the rig, we need to stop
it! And for godssake put some
sunscreen on.

INT. LOBBY/HOTEL ELEVATOR - MINUTES LATER

Tom storms towards the lobby elevator, a towel wrapped around his head. He presses the call button. Eva appears next to him.

EVA

Oh, hello, stranger!

Tom is distracted.

TOM

Hi.

EVA

Been swimming? What's the water
like?

TOM

Ice cold.

EVA

You haven't seen Seb have you? He
never came home last night.

TOM

You know how these flamboyant
playboy terrorist types are.

Eva isn't really listening.

EVA

He's not answering his phone,
it's all very strange.

The elevator pings, doors open, the two step in. Tom presses his floor number. Eva presses hers.

TOM

Oh well. *C'est la vie.*

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Eva stand in silence. Eva notices Tom acting aloof. She goes to speak, but the elevator stops at another floor.

A CLEANER gets in. They travel up in silence. The cleaner gets off at the next floor.

Up again.

Eva pulls the emergency stop. The elevator jars to a stop.
Eva rounds on Tom.

EVA
Okay, what's going on?

TOM
Nothing.

EVA
Oh my God, I'd say you were
acting like a teenage girl, but
they're nowhere near as stroppy.

TOM
I'm not twelve.

EVA
Well, maybe in a few years.

TOM
How much do you know about your
boyfri -
(Stops himself)
You know what, never mind. I have
to go pack. I'm leaving.

He goes to press the start button but Eva grabs his arm.

EVA
Leaving? To go where?

TOM
Back to London. Back to my new
desk job.

EVA
I thought you were staying a
couple of weeks.

TOM
Things change.

EVA
I was just starting to enjoy your
company.

TOM
Well, when Pink turns up, I'm
sure you'll forget about me
pretty quickly.

He gives a self-satisfied smile.

EVA
What does that smug face mean?

Tom presses the button to restart the elevator; Eva stops it.

They stare at each other. Tom presses it to start.

The elevator jolts back into action.

The doors open.

Tom hastily storms out, leaving Eva standing there.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom begins shoving clothes into his bag.

A knock on the door. Tom grabs for his gun. Then walks to the door, peeks through the hole.

Sighs, puts the gun in the back of his pants and opens the door.

Eva.

She pushes her way in. Spins and stands crossed arm, staring at him.

TOM

Won't you come in.

EVA

What's going on? And if you say
Nothing in that country-manor-
born cunt English strop again I'm
going to knee you in the
testicles.

TOM

It's complicated.

EVA

Do you know where he is?

TOM

Sebastian? I've an idea, yeah.

EVA

Where?

TOM

I can't tell you.

EVA

Who are you? Really?

TOM

I can't tell you that, either.

EVA

You're a spy. I knew it. Ever
since I saw you in Seb's office.

TOM
No! I'm not a spy.

EVA
Exactly what a spy would say.

TOM
So if I said, Yes, you'd think I
wasn't a spy?

EVA
I'd have it down to more macho
posturing.

TOM
I'm not a spy.

Tom turns and stares at her. They lock eyes again. He leans in and kisses her.

For a second it looks like she's going to kiss him back, but then she pushes him away.

EVA
Stop! What are you doing? You
think because you're a spy you
can kiss me? Jesus Christ!

TOM
Sorry. I thought that was a
moment.

EVA
You treat me like shit and then
expect it to end in a kiss?
You're just like the rest of
them: All talk; pathetic action.

She gets up and leaves, slamming the door.

Tom collapses onto his bed.

A few seconds later, there's another knock on the door. Tom quickens to answer it.

TOM
So, we were having a mome--
Sally?

Sally stands there, holding vodka and two glasses.

SALLY
Peace offering.

TOM
Um, it's eleven am.

Sally pushes herself in.

SALLY
Yeah, well you smell like rum and
I haven't slept in awhile. Come
on.

She cracks open the bottle and pours two glasses.

TOM
Cassie sent you to check up on
me?

SALLY
Nope, here as your friend.

TOM
You cheated on me, Sally.

Hands a glass to Tom, sits on the bed next to him.

SALLY
I weighed up the options. It was
made sense. Can we just move on
already?

TOM
It was less than a week ago.

SALLY
(Thinking)
Really? Damn. Feels a lot
longer...

TOM
Why did you do it? I need to
know.

Sally collapses on the bed, fed up.

SALLY
Gah - do you *actually* care?

Tom looks at her -- slightly confused.

SALLY (CONT.)
Come on, Tom. Your heart was
never in it. When you walked into
that bedroom you barely batted an
eye. Do you even know what they
looked like?

TOM
Would it have mattered?

Sally smiles.

SALLY

You're a supposedly trained killer and you went and took a shower!

TOM

Well, sorry if I didn't want to have that conversation with teenage brain matter on me. It didn't mean I didn't love you.

SALLY

You loved that I was another connection to work. A piece of stationary you could take home.

TOM

You hurt me deeply.

SALLY

You're hurt because it was another mission you failed. Another mission where you didn't have to fire a shot. You know this is the first time you've even spoken to me about it?

Tom takes a long drink.

Sally touches his arm.

SALLY (CONT.)

Look Tom, we both knew what it was. Your work is your life. The situation suited you. Let's not pretend you thought it was a serious relationship.

TOM

Why didn't you say anything?

SALLY

I tried. So many times. I suggested holidays, get-aways, hell, even a movie!...You never wanted to do any of that because work came first. I need *passion*. We fucked twice in the last four months. One of which was for that mission infiltrating the Vatican.

Tom sits on the bed, thinking. Sally puts her arm around him.

SALLY (CONT.)

I adore you Tom. I really do. But you'll never be happy unless you work out how to separate business and pleasure.

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT.) (CONT'D)
So, let's just do what all good
spies do and leave the baggage at
the door.

She kisses him; Tom doesn't pull away.

INT. HOTEL ATLANTIS RECEPTION - EVENING

Tom wheels his bag to reception, hands his card to the
receptionist.

TOM
Checking out.

George appears at the reception desk next to him. Doesn't
look at Tom but pretends to look at some tourist brochures.

GEORGE
Sally wants to see you.

TOM
Again? Jesus, how much ammo does
she think I have!

GEORGE
It's about Cassie.

He takes a brochure as a pretence then leaves.

TOM
(To Receptionist)
Actually, you know what, I might
stay and see out the storm.

INT. SALLY'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Sally answers the door. Tom walks in.

SALLY
We've got problems.

TOM
You're not late are you?

SALLY
You really don't know much about
women, do you?

Sally marches over to the bed where some blueprints are laid
out.

SALLY (CONT.)
Intel suggests the oil rig's
about to be hit.

TOM
What intel?

SALLY
We picked up some info from the
bug George put on Pink. He's
ending his yacht mooring
tomorrow.

TOM
Great, call it in. Pack up, we
can go all escape this hellhole.

SALLY
I did call it. They said they
can't get anyone here in time.

TOM
Shit.

SALLY
That's not all. This shit sundae
has a cherry - Cassie's on a
plane back to London. We can't
get in touch with her.

TOM
Okay, then. Looks like we'll have
to stop Pink ourselves.

SALLY
Calm down, Rambo. Spies don't
just go rogue and run counter-
espionage missions. This isn't
MGM.

TOM
First, Rambo was a solider.
Second, not sure we have much
choice.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - ST. BLANCA & OIL RIG

A tropical storm rages on St. Blanca.

Red lights flash atop the giant derricks of the oil rig. It's
driven into the ocean by four massive yellow pylons. Cranes
jut out from the imposing structure.

EXT. SMALL BOAT - NIGHT

Against the battering waves, a tiny speedboat bobs like a bar
of soap in a washing machine.

Tom, George and Sally approach the rig, getting ready to disembark.

Tom's wearing his turtle t-shirt, the others wearing all black.

George readies the gear.

SALLY

Okay, without sounding too precious about all this, we're this oil rig's last hope. Infiltrate. Disarm. Evacuate.

TOM

Would it really be such a bad thing if we just let this environmental abomination explode?

SALLY

Of course it would be.

TOM

...Why?

They think for a few seconds but neither can come up with anything.

SALLY

Well, those reasons aside, we still have to save it.

EXT. OIL RIG - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

BASE OF THE OIL RIG

Tom, Sally and George disembark at the base. Tom motions them to follow him up the ladder.

MAIN OUTER DECK

Tom provides cover as George and Sally climb up the ladder and onto deck. The storm makes visibility a bitch.

Tom squints into the rain, then motions for them to follow him. George signs - "Where is everyone??"

Sally shrugs. They spot a GUARD then dart behind a wall.

When he's within distance, Tom grabs the guard and swings him around, crunching his head into the side of a wall.

Tom spots a light on an upper deck. They move as one, Tom opens a door inset in the main structure.

INT. DECK LEVEL 1

The inside is cramped, with walls lined with thick metal pipes. Steam clouds visibility.

It's quieter in here though, shelter from the storm. They take the opportunity to dry their faces.

TOM

Wetter than an otter's pocket out there.

Sally wrings out her hair.

GEORGE

I can't see a fucking thing.

TOM

Let's move within here if we can.

Sally takes out the blueprints on her phone.

SALLY

If they're going to destroy the rig without causing a spill they'll have to seal off the pipe cells individually, then blow the upper rigs.

TOM

How do you know that?

SALLY

It's how they blew the other rigs.

TOM

Okay, so lets head towards the control room.

The three advance down the hall, George takes the lead, but Tom stops him -- mouths that he's in charge, then he takes the lead, his gun raised. Sally groans - "Oh puh-leeeee."

They encounter two more GUARDS and George takes them down with two quick shots. They head up some stairs to the next level.

INT. DECK LEVEL 2

When Tom opens the doors, they cautiously side-step through.

Gunshots ping off the pipes!

They quickly retreat behind a corner.

Sally peeks around the corner and there's another ping.

SALLY

Three guards. Two o'clock. M4
rifles. Body armour.

GEORGE

Don't worry I know their one
weakness.

George takes out a flashbang, throws it round the corner. All
three shield their eyes as it detonates.

George bursts around the corner and shoots the guards in the
head.

GEORGE (CONT.)

Bullets. Works every time.

Up more stairs.

INT. DECK - DINING HALL/KITCHEN

They enter a dining hall. Full of metal chairs and tables.
There's a kitchen at the far end of the room.

Dead end. They turn to leave.

EVA (O.S)

Not going to join me for dessert,
Tom?

Eva comes out from the kitchen carrying a mixing bowl and a
whisk.

EVA

I told you my banoffee pie is to
die for.

TOM

Eva? What are you doing here?

GEORGE

You guys know each other?

TOM

This is Pink's girlfriend.

EVA

Well, when it suits me.

GEORGE

(To Tom)

What do you want us to do?

Eva motions to them.

EVA
Please, come in.

TOM
You two go on. Take the control
room. I'll find out what's going
on here.

Eva throws her whisk in the air in mock triumph!

EVA
Yes! Go on! Hoo-rah! Gung-ho!

George backs out of the room. Sally hesitates, then follows.
Tom strides in, doesn't lower his gun.

TOM
You're part of OAF?

EVA
Oh, come on Tom, you're a smart
boy; figure it out.

The penny drops.

TOM
You are OAF.

EVA
Ten points to Mi5. I like to keep
the operation lean, of course.
Lower carbon footprint; less
business cards to print. I use
security contractors, traitors,
and freelancers on occasion, but
they're not connected to the day-
to-day.

TOM
You're a self-employed terrorist?
How innovative.

Eva looks disgusted at this assessment.

EVA
A terrorist is someone trying to
ruin the world. I'm trying to
save it!

She offers him the bowl full of mushy bananas.

EVA (CONT.)
Could you mash these up for me?

Tom hesitates.

EVA (CONT.)

Tom, to wheel out a tired cliché,
but if I wanted to kill you, I've
had ample opportunities up until
now.

TOM

You sent the assassin?

EVA

No, that wasn't my idea. But my
god, am I glad he failed!

Tom takes the mixing bowl, begins mashing the bananas.

TOM

Why are you doing this, Eva?

Eva touches the turtle motif on his shirt with her whisk.

EVA

Turtles, Tom. It's always been
about the turtles. The oil
drilling destroys their sense of
direction. They're drawn to the
lights, then they just float
around these pylons until they're
eaten by sharks.

TOM

Eva, look, you know much I love
the turtles. But this isn't
right.

Eva looks at him quizzically.

EVA

Why is it not right?

TOM

Don't treat me like an idiot. I
hate oil rigs as much as the next
guy, but you can't go around
blowing them up. It's insane.

EVA

What's insane is letting big oil
continue to rape our oceans for a
resource we can easily do
without. Can you open this jar
please?

Eva hands Tom a jar and he opens it.

EVA (CONT.)

You see, nobody really likes big
oil.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT.) (CONT'D)
Politicians help them for wads of cash, but the average person sees the writing on the wall.

TOM
They'll just build another one. They won't stop because you blow a few up.

EVA
Maybe. Maybe not. With controversy already surrounding these Caribbean oil rigs, they might decide it's just not worth it. The only way to stop them, is to make it too expensive for them to continue. Can you pass me the cream? It's in the fridge.

Tom opens the fridge and finds the cream.

TOM
My turn for the cliché - you won't get away with this.

EVA
Of course I will. Big oil has cash, but I have information. That's even more valuable these days.

TOM
What if you cause an oil spill? What about the turtles then?

EVA
This is not my first rodeo. But, if it happens, you know what they say...

Eva takes a few eggs and cracks them into the bowl.

TOM
We're not talking about omelettes. We're talking about real people.

You just starts to whisk the eggs.

EVA
Admittedly, you had me worried when Pink caught you at the shipyard. But then I realised, it was perfect! You'd be focused on Pink! He's the perfect fall-guy. And sadly, I think he might be retiring soon...

TOM

As an alternative, I'll just tell them the truth and your little fantasy will be put in the fiction section.

She loses herself in the store cupboard.

EVA

No, you won't. Do you see any muscovado sugar around here?

TOM

Yes I will. You're not as alluring as you think you are.

She turns and gives him a cheeky smile -- Yes I am. Turns back and finds a box of brown sugar.

EVA (CONT.)

Brown sugar will have to do. What kind of oil rig doesn't have proper baking supplies?

She pours the sugar in the bowl.

EVA (CONT.)

I'll tell you why you won't say anything - crush up some those biscuits into a bowl -

Tom does as he's told.

EVA (CONT.)

Because you're going to accept my proposition.

INT. DECK 4 - STAIRS

Sally and George reach the stairs leading to the control room.

When George reaches the top he gets a revolver butt to the face. He fumbles backwards and topples onto Sally, together they fall down the stairs.

Pink appears at the top. He fires a few shots but Sally rolls herself and George behind a pipe.

PINK

Come out, come out.

George blind fires up the stairs. All miss. Pink fires back.

GEORGE

Give it up, Pink. It's over.

PINK
Does that line ever work? Does
anybody ever just "Give it up?"

GEORGE
Set a precedent!

SALLY
Be the change you want to see in
the world!

PINK
I'm afraid, I don't have time for
the games. I've got a helicopter
to catch.

VIEW ON a timer - counting down from TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.

Sally looks at George, indicates she'll distract Pink.

-- Sally runs past the stairs and predictably Pink fires at
her. He catches her in the calf and she yells in pain and
slides into a pipe.

-- George jumps out and fires - it jams. Fuck! He throws the
gun up at him, then retreats.

-- Pink laughs then shoots at George, but he's out of
bullets. He throws the pistol down at him, then jumps down
the stairs.

-- Crashing down on George. George rights himself and punches
Pink. The scrap is dirty, like schoolyard children.

-- Pink grabs George's head, slams it against the pipes.

PINK
You think because I'm rich I have
no blood on my hands? You fucking
young fuck!

Pink smashes George...
>TRANSITION

INT. DECK 3 - GALLEY

...Tom smashes the biscuits in the bowl.

EVA
Just imagine the fun we could
have! Making a real difference.

TOM
I already *do* make a difference.

EVA

I'm not talking about protecting Russian spies or rigging elections. No, no, no - terrorists don't use guns anymore. They use resources. The oil companies, the loggers, the miners - they're the real antagonists. And we don't have long left to save the world. To save the turtles!

She puts a creamy handprint on the Tom's turtle t-shirt.

TOM

I won't betray my country for a few reptiles. No matter how adorable they are.

Eva uses a can opener on a tin of caramel and begins to line the cookie base Tom has laid out.

EVA

A country is made up of citizens that trust their governments. Instead, the government is self serving. People deserve clean air. Oceans that aren't scrapped clean for resources.

(Re: The pie)

We're supposed to let this chill, but alas, time is against us.

TOM

I get it. Government bad; Eva good.

He hands Tom a bowl of double cream and a whisk.

EVA (CONT.)

We need distinct peaks. Put some muscle into it.

TOM

It's not up to me to decide who is and isn't a terrorist.

EVA

Ah, you're wrong. You have been battered and used by Mi5. They've brainwashed you into thinking this job is everything. And you believe it. They expect unwavering loyalty, but then take so much more.

TOM

I like my job.

EVA

Maybe you don't believe that as much as you used to? The turtles have swayed you. I can see it. You want to save the world. I am offering you that chance.

Eva is examining her pie from all angles. It looks finished.

EVA (CONT.)

Choice is easy. Save the turtles. Or protect a corrupt Government.

Tom is conflicted.

TOM

I'm sorry, Eva. I can't say truthfully that I think what you're doing is wrong. But it's not my choice to make.

Eva is really disappointed. She walks closer to him, puts her finger in the cream and puts it in his mouth. She's close enough to kiss him now.

EVA

Shame. It could have been electric between us. All sex and turtles.

Unseen by Tom, she picks up a kitchen knife, then stabs him in the stomach. He goes down.

Eva dips her finger in the pie again and licks it -- delicious.

INT. DECK 5 - STAIRS

The fight goes on.

-- George kicks out, landing a knee into Pink's balls. Pink winces and backs away briefly.

-- George regains enough strength to punch Pink in the face. Pink punches back. George is running on empty.

-- Pink grabs him by the face and starts pushing his eyes in. Sally hobbles over and manages to get behind Pink.

-- George sees Sally crouching. He pushes Pink and he stumbles backwards, falling over Sally. He falls awkwardly and his neck snaps against a steam pipe, sending a plume of steam spurting.

George collapses, panting.

GEORGE
(Joking)
Blow off some steam, buddy.

SALLY
Unprofessional, George.

INT. DECK - CONTROL ROOM

George goes gun first into the control room. Sally limps after him. There's nobody in there. But there's a laptop plugged in. George walks over to it.

SALLY
How long do we have?

George turns the laptop -- TWENTY MINUTES.

He begins typing away, searching for a way to stop it.

GEORGE
I'm not sure I can stop it.

A gun clicks.

REVEAL: Sally holding a gun to George's head.

SALLY
You can't.

George holds up his hands.

GEORGE
Sally? What the hell are you doing?

SALLY
I believe the phrase is "Setting you up?"

She throws George a pair of zip ties.

SALLY
Tie your hands together.

George puts the zip ties on his wrist.

GEORGE
Yo. Um, you know this would be considered light treason, right?

SALLY
The burning passion of love, baby.

GEORGE
Tom's bent too?
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Should have known. Faaark. I'm
really bad at this spy stuff.

She scoffs.

SALLY
That workaholic? Please. I've
seen more passion in a goldfish
bowl.

GEORGE
So, you just killed your
boyfriend? God, you're an ice
cold bitch.

SALLY
Strike two, pretty boy. Also, I
bet if I was a man who killed his
"girlfriend the terrorist" you
wouldn't say that. Now less talk.
Stand over there.

GEORGE
Why are you doing this?

Sally walks goes over to a metal door, opens it. The dead
body of Cassie rolls out of the storage room, a bullet hole
in her head.

GEORGE
Sweet Jesus! You killed Cassie!

SALLY
Every employee's dream.

GEORGE
Clearly you've been brainwashed
or smoking the wacky tobacc-y or
something, but this isn't you!

SALLY
Why can't it be? Everybody else
is having sex and going on
holidays and having a wonderful
time. Meanwhile, Little Sally
gets stuck doing paperwork. Now
it's *my* time!

GEORGE
How do you plan on getting away
from here? You'll never get back
to the boat in time.

SALLY
Don't you worry about that.
There's a helicopter waiting for
me.

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)

Sadly, you'll be going down with the ship. They'll find your body alongside Cassie and piece my narrative together.

Behind Sally, George sees the door open. Tom pushes in, gun raised with one hand, the other clutching his stab wound.

TOM

Put the gun down, Sally.

Sally whips around.

SALLY

Tom! Thank God you're here, my love. We...found the....

She trails off, knows he's not buying it.

TOM

I should have seen it sooner. You were never cheating on me with another guy were you?

SALLY

Eva's the most amazing woman I've ever met.

Sally quickly raises her gun.

TOM

She's gone, Sally. She left you here.

SALLY

She wouldn't do that to me.

TOM

She did. She used you. Put down the gun.

GEORGE

Am I missing something here?

SALLY

Shut up, you miss everything.

Sally weighs up her options. Decides not to lower her gun.

SALLY

Mmm, you've never shot anyone, and I don't think you're going to start with me. Besides, you need me to disarm the bomb. Or that's another failed mission. Another slide down the corporate ladder.

Tom sweats, weighing up his decisions.

Sally knows she's got him. She's smug, she laughs.

SALLY (CONT.)

Only you could go on a holiday
and still end up failing a
mission. Most workaholics are
good at their jobs.

She decides to try a different tact, aims the gun at George.

SALLY (CONT.)

Drop it. Or I'll shoot him. And
unlike you, I have killed a few
people in my time.

She motions to Cassie's body.

TOM

Go ahead. You'd be doing me a
favour. He'd just end up stealing
my promotion.

Sally shoots George in the leg. He screams.

GEORGE

Bro? What the fuck!?

TOM

I...I, um, sorry, man - I didn't
think she'd actually shoot you.

SALLY

Oh look, we're matching! But,
hey, look at us -- three wounded
soldiers fighting someone else's
war.

TOM

Fuck me, what's your book club
been reading this month? What the
hell happened to you?

SALLY

You know what happened? I
realised there was something more
important than work. That's why I
did it! These big corporations
think they can rape our-

Tom shoots Sally in the head. There's a look of surprise
before she drops dead.

GEORGE

Woo! Yeah! Nailed her!

Tom collapses from his knife wound. He stumbles over to
George. The countdown timer clicks down.

GEORGE (CONT.)
I can't disarm it. Come on, we
gotta get outta here.

EXT. HELIPAD - CONT.

The storm has worsened outside. Tom's in the helicopter with George. Tom's got a pistol pointed at the HELICOPTER PILOT. They've got the laptop - 90 SECONDS.

Taking off, Tom groggily looks down and sees a speed boat zooming away.

They're a safe distance away when the oil rig explodes behind them.

HARD CUT:

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL - ST. BLANCA - EVENING

VIEW ON A newspaper headline about the rig explosion. George flings it down.

GEORGE
So, that was a complete waste of
time.

They're in a sterile hospital room. Tom sits up in one bed, George in another.

TOM
I mean, we found out my ex-
girlfriend was a psycho.

GEORGE
Would have been nice if you could
have figured that out without me
getting shot.

A NURSE comes in and starts checking their charts.

TOM
Eva got away.

GEORGE
Are you upset about that as a spy
or as a love-struck teenager?

TOM
Who even knows anymore.

GEORGE
Maybe she'll show up on Tinder
one day. Mi5 said they've been
searching for her yacht, but
haven't found it, yet.

TOM

She was in my house, George.
Under *my* covers. I was metres
from her while she was fucking my
girlfriend! If only I'd seen
her...

GEORGE

You could have had the best
threesome of your life!

TOM

That's one theory.

GEORGE

Hey, what's that?

George points to a small, carefully wrapped box next to Tom.
Tom unwraps it. It's the banoffee pie. A note attached on
turtle stationery:

"HOPE YOU FEEL BETTER SOON. SORRY ABOUT STABBING YOU. WE'LL
ALWAYS HAVE THE TURTLES. EVE XX

Tom smiles, which causes him pain. The nurse changes his IV
bag. Then TOM remembers something.

TOM

Wait...what time is it?

The nurse looks at her watch.

NURSE

About ten-thirty.

Tom starts pulling the tubes.

GEORGE

Woah. Dude. What are you doing?

TOM

I know where she'll be. It's a
full moon.

Tom is out of bed and out the door.

GEORGE

What are you, a fucking werewolf?

EXT. ST. BLANCA COVE - EVENING

The cove is hidden and gorgeous, illuminated by a beautiful
full moon. A crescent of sand upwards to a dune, Where Eva's
incomplete eco-hotel is silhouetted.

Tom sits atop the hill. The familiar luxury yacht is anchored just offshore.

TOM
Jesus Christ, guys, it's
literally the other side of the
island. What did they do, walk to
the pier and whistle?

Tom watches the yacht and sees a little boat head towards the beach.

She disembarks, and finds a big stick. Watching the turtles make their migration down the beach.

As they do so, the birds and crabs begin to attack. As before, Eva chases them off!

Tom watches, then limps towards Eva.

Eva, completely entranced with protecting the turtle, doesn't notice Tom until he's only a metre or so away.

When she does see Tom, pointing his gun at her, she looks annoyed.

EVA
Wasn't the pie enough of a
penance?

TOM
Put down the stick, Eva.

EVA
Can you give me five minutes?

TOM
Now!...
(Then)
Please.

Eva throws the stick aside. A bird swoops down and takes a baby turtle.

EVA
That blood is on your hands.

TOM
Why did you let me live?

EVA
What makes you think I did?

TOM
I doubt you get to criminal
mastermind level without knowing
how to stab someone properly.

EVA

We all have bad days. Maybe I missed?

TOM

I'm sure you missed me. But not with the knife.

Eva gives a knowing smile.

EVA

And now look, you've got a gun on me. Maybe I shouldn't have been so sentimental.

TOM

It's over.

Eva nods.

EVA

You know, I don't get the chance to like people very often. It's one of the drawbacks of being an eco-terrorist.

TOM

Didn't seem to be a problem with Sally.

EVA

Ah, yes. Well, to tell you the truth. She was a bit intense. At first I thought it was all just a bit of fun, you know? Espionage and sex. But then she started to get serious. She actually wanted to run away with me? Can you imagine?! No, we'd have never worked out. I was planning on breaking it off. So, guess I have you to thank for saving me from *that* awkward conversation.

TOM

I'm touched. Let's go. If you're lucky maybe they'll put you in a prison with solar panels.

She laughs.

EVA

Oh, no - people like me don't go to prison. Far too embarrassing for them.

A turtle wanders past Tom and a crabs goes for it. Tom shoots the crab.

EVA (CONT.)

See you've gotten over your fear of shooting.

She edges closer.

EVA (CONT.)

What if I were to give you, say, five million pounds? Imagine how many holidays you could not take with that. You'd never have to stop working again.

TOM

I'm not for sale.

EVA

OoOoO - you're the last sheriff in a world of cowboys!

Eva steps forward towards him, but Tom steps back.

TOM

Fool me once...

Eva smiles.

EVA

Not even one kiss? I know you so want to.

TOM

Last time I got stabbed. I've only had one kiss in my life worth that.

EVA

Can I at least try to save the rest of the turtles?

Tom shoots another crab.

TOM

I just saved two of them for you. Be thankful for that.

As Tom leads her away, two baby turtles make for the ocean.

INT. HEAD OF MI5'S OFFICE - DAY - WEEKS LATER

Tom stands tall in Cassie's old office. He's out of his holiday gear and in a suit, though it's more casual. His face peels from the healing sunburn.

The door opens and in walks George. Who walks behind the desk and sits down.

GEORGE

Tom! My man! How are you? You know you got kill of the month? New Tesla coming your way. How's it feel to have busted your kill cherry?

TOM

Not as satisfying as I hoped.

GEORGE

Sunburn is healing nicely I see.

TOM

Lots of aloe. Congratulations on the promotion.

GEORGE

Thanks. FYI - Getting shot is one of the great career moves. Now, what can I do for you? Ready to get back to work? I've got some arctic reconnaissance work. Minus 50. You'll love it.

Tom hands him an envelope.

TOM

No, I've actually come to hand in my resignation.

GEORGE

No you're not. Come on, you just started shooting people! You've never been more lethal!

TOM

I can't do this anymore, George. I need a break.

GEORGE

Fine. Take a break. Let the sunburn heal fully. I can get you tickets to a Russian labour camp if you like?

TOM

How could I not notice my girlfriend had gone rogue? The signs were all there.

GEORGE

Well, sometimes the only way to flush out the predators is to burn down the forest.

TOM

I'm done burning forests.

George thinks on this for a few seconds. Takes the resignation letter.

GEORGE

Okay. I accept. But, hey, look, how about one final job? It's an easy one.

TOM

What is it?

GEORGE

I need you to escort Eva to the harbour. Escort her out of English waters.

Tom loosens -- same old government bullshit.

TOM

You're letting her go?

GEORGE

Well, if anyone ever found out that one of our spies went rogue and shot her boss and was responsible for multiple terrorist attacks, boy would we have egg on our face. No, the Prime Minister feels we're better off having her out and about then telling her story.

TOM

How does he figure that?

GEORGE

I dunno, it's all politics. Turns out eco-terrorism is good for the economy. As long as the oil companies keep building rigs and she keeps blowing them up...

TOM

That's perverse.

GEORGE

That's show business, baby.

TOM

She's a terrorist.

He cracks open a plastic bottle of water and chugs it.

GEORGE

A self-employed eco-terrorist, Tom. The UK loves self-starters.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We don't condone what she's doing, but it's nice to have somebody who cares about the planet. God knows we don't.

He finishes the bottle. Then throws the bottle at the bin. It misses.

TOM

So, we're helping her expand?

GEORGE

For Queen and country, my boy!

TOM

Fine. But then I'm gone.

GEORGE

Why don't you take another holiday before making your final decision?

Tom looks at him sideways.

GEORGE (CONT.)

A loooong holiday. How about a cruise?

Tom raises an eyebrow.

GEORGE (CONT.)

Know anyone with a yacht?

EXT. LONDON HARBOUR - DAY

Pink's yacht is moored in the Thames. Eva, dressed chicly, walks up the gangplank. Several POLICE are monitoring her departure.

TOM (O.S)

Eva!

Eva looks up and sees Tom standing already on-board.

TOM

You were right.

EVA

Oh, it's not your fault, you know. Politics is a crooked game.

TOM

They've tasked me with keeping an eye on you.

EVA

Have they just?

They're moving closer to each other now.

TOM
Guess we're stuck with each other
a little longer.

EVA
Can we at least stop occasionally
to save some more turtles?

They're kissing distance. Neither moves in.

TOM
I'll think about it.

EVA
You know, the last time you were
this close, I stabbed you.

TOM
Hopefully it goes better this
time.

Then they kiss, passionately.

EVA
How's it feel kissing your ex's
ex?

TOM
Not nearly as weird as the fact
that it makes me crave banoffee
pie.

EVA
I might have some in the galley.
Come on. The sun's about to come
out anyway, and I'm wagering you
don't have sunscreen on.

They head towards the galley.

EVA (CONT.)
This isn't going to be a pleasure
cruise, you know?

TOM
It better fucking not be.

END

FADE TO BLACK