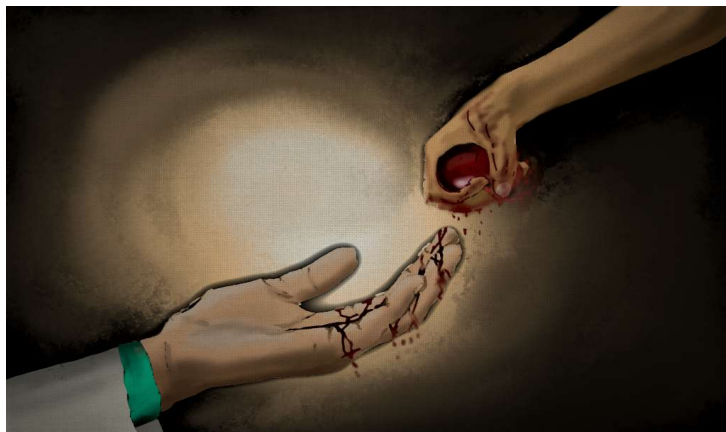


Dark Organs

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Third draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. HARLEY STREET, LONDON (ESTABLISHING) - MORNING

A row of prosperous, four story town houses. The neighborhood of intellectuals. Clean pavements and brown bricks.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BENNETT'S HOME - MORNING

SUPER IMPOSE: SPRING, 2011

Still Harley Street. A rowing machine can be heard, rhythmically sliding. A panting breath that sounds much like a big dog's.

Windows let in light into the studio room. It's kept clean.

We hear it stop a second, focus on DR. ANDREW BENNETT (55), tired looking but fit on the rowing machine. There's a strain in his life that we'll never know.

NEW ANGLE - PHOTO WALL

The images look sun burnt, like all vintage photographs would over decades.

Slowly Panning on each individual one;

- A 70's photo of a happy young man. graduating university with complete joy.

- A framed certificate of a surgical degree; Title : Oxford University.

- 80's wedding. We tell by the grain of the photo, the style of the three layer cake. A beautiful bride around the age of 23, with a kind glint in her eye. She looks over at someone. The same young man, who's her groom.

- 90's photographs of the same man working in hospitals with colleagues. Even through his smile, up there in the frame, we can tell he isn't as happy as he once was.

- Finally, at the end. A late 90's photo. This tired surgeon at the end of his career. At his own retirement party, with red cheeks. There's helium balloons floating near, two colleagues, a nurse and what looks like another doctor. The once young man, Dr. Andrew Bennett looks still. Straight into the lens.

A bell of an old timey landline phone rings.

Bennett leans across from the rowing machine, picking up the phone that sits on a table.

ANDREW  
(On the phone)  
Hello?

The voice that comes down the line is muffled, but positive and excited. We hear cars run in the background.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(Through phone)  
What are you doing, now?

ANDREW  
Who is this?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(Filtered)  
I'm in town. . Put the kettle on.

ANDREW  
Faisal, I'm busy. Don't come.

The phone hangs up.

It's clear Andrew isn't the type that likes surprises. Slamming down his end of the phone. Getting up.

FRONT DOOR

A ring of the door bell. The front door is high in it's frame. Three sets of locks align it. Nobody comes to the door. Ringing again. And again.

Andrew steps over, now in a robe with a cigarette. Looking through the door viewer.

He steps back, opening the door with a slightly disappointed sigh.

The door swings open, standing just outside in the hall is a smallish middle eastern man. In pricey suit from a well fitting tailor. Gold rings on one of his fingers. A welcoming laugh comes from this man as he goes in from a hug. This is FAISAL ABDALLAH - (60's), an Iranian business man, who swings from hot to cold all the time.

FAISAL  
There he is. My number one surgeon!

Andrew reluctantly takes the hug. One pat on the back for Faisal.

ANDREW  
Take a seat.

FAISAL  
(Pleased)  
How have you been?

ANDREW  
(Gestures)  
Fine. Take a seat.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BENNETT'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew and Faisal sit together on high end couches. A square, large coffee table separates them. A slurp, Andrew sipping from the coffee mug.

FAISAL  
I need to be quick. I've got a flight in a few hours. Need to show you something.  
(Looks around)  
Where's the remote?

ANDREW  
Under the magazine.

Faisal scrambles for it. The magazine falls to the floor, the pages unfold. One spot of mess in Andrew's O.C.D lair, and he's pissed.

He bites his lip, uncomfortably bending to retrieve it. Dropping it back down on the table. Faisal stays focused on the T.V. Not paying any attention to Andrew, who's fed up.

NEW ANGLE - FLATSCREEN ON THE WALL.

We see the T.V. Guide cursor sliding down screen.

SKY News is selected. Images on the screen of crying children in a far away land. Muslim women covering their upset faces in front of Broken homes and riots in the middle east. The mixture of death toned images and sounds of explosions moans and groans and tears of war is an unpleasant cocktail for us. Complete hell.

The coverage quietens, the conversation continues.

ANDREW (cont'd)

What is this?

FAISAL

They're calling it the Arabic spring, this chapter is what I call 'The fall of Syria'. It's a beautiful investment don't you think?

Andrew bides his time. Bringing down the cup from his lips.

ANDREW

(sarcastic)

Mhhhh...A gold rush. But I wont be being any part of it.

Faisal looks offended. Like trying to persuade again, his voice grows intensely. He speaks like a voice over actor from a car advert.

FAISAL

You know why I picked you the first time round? When the rest of the world's military's, militias, all come out to play - these big games they put so much at risk. Losing half while gaining half. But not you and not me. They place their chips at the poker table - while we go to the depository - grab what's left in their hanged up coats. Minimal risk with all the reward. You're a professional.

ANDREW

(Sarcastic)

Wow. That was something. Beautiful Faisal. So basically, I should be proud to be a cockroach?

FAISAL

You're a brilliant surgeon. I'm a excellent businessman. Come get that money.

ANDREW

It wasn't enough last time.

FAISAL

(Insulted)

Last time was more than enough. Don't insult me. This is different from Iraq. Bring some more surgeons. Take a cut of their pay.

(A beat)

Hundreds of thousands of pounds. In the palm of your hand. There must be someone you can bring?

Andrew rests his chin on top of his inter-folded fingers. Thinking. He looks back to Faisal.

Faisal starts sounding more sensible to him now.

FAISAL (cont'd)

I love that sound you almost make. On the tip of you're tongue. A yes?

Faisal stands, reaching in to his blazer pocket and pulling out two plane tickets. Dropping them on the coffee table.

ANDREW

You already booked the flights?

FAISAL

(Checking watch)

Friday. I need to go, security always takes ages at Heathrow. And by the way, there's nothing wrong with cockroaches. They always make it out alive in the end.

Faisal makes his way to the front door, looking back.

FAISAL (O.S.)

Don't let me down. I'll be expecting you in Damascus.

The door slams shut.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, BENNETT'S HOME - DAY

The room is dim and dirty. Small and slender but neat. We see Andrew coming into shot slamming down a copy of 2011 'yellow pages' phone book on the kitchen counter.

ANDREW'S P.O.V: SLOWLY SCANNING EACH CONTACT LINE WITH THE SURNAME : 'MCCARTHY'.

His fingers stop at a name. 'William McCarthy'. Andrew - Reaching across to the wall opposite to grab the hanging telephone from the wall. Dialing the number, waiting through the BLEEPs desperately and patiently.

Andrew awaits, phone to ear, the line hanging. Then... An Irish woman picks up. We only hear her voice crackling on this phone. The accent sounding southern.

ANDREW

Hi, I was looking for a William McCarthy. I suppose I got the wrong number. He's an old medical student of mine.

She again speaks, it's filtered and unidentifiable.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Oh, this is his residence?

-- Her voice, faintly comes through friendly.

ANDREW (cont'd)

This morning? That would be great!  
Yes It's OK I have the address. Yes.  
Shall we say ten?...

We see Andrew smiling. Looking on top of the world. She stops talking, obviously in agreement.

ANDREW (cont'd)

That's great, I'll see you, then.  
Bye.

He looks delighted.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN HOUSE AVENUE, LONDON - DAY

The street that resembles an old, Victorian factory area is grand but abandoned. More residential now. In the corner, an early 1800's church, with it's parking lot empty like a ghost town. The four story slender houses. The roofs are nearly touch the pink spring sky. The air is thin and cold and dark colored pigeons settle in drain pipes.

We see it from above the heights. One of the only cars parked there, Andrew's luxurious car.

## TOWN HOUSE AVENUE

We see the beautiful architecture. Small gates that include fire escapes and exterior steps going down to the basement. Steps going up to the first floor. Some of the houses include small front gardens.

Climbing out his car, looking up to the house that seems to be the address. A house with high steps.

NEW ANGLE: ANDREW ASCENDING THE STEPS.

His knuckles on the door. Then using the knocker.

The door opens up to a skinny, small looking lady, MRS. MCCARTHY (50's), kind, crazy looking but generous in her ways and very, very stereo-typically Irish. She stands in front of a dark entrance way.

ANDREW

Hey, you must be William's mother?

MRS. MCCARTHY

Yes. Come in, it'll be lovely for him to see you again.

Mrs. McCarthy brings Andrew in. The door closes.

INT. ENTRANCE WAY, MCCARTHY RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Andrew steps in, looking around, taken back.

A ceramic lamp in the corner. It's cream shade brightens the dark hallway. Catholic crosses and biblical icons of Mary and Jesus are everywhere. Holy water near the entrance wall. Artwork hangs, oil paintings of animals in farms. One sticks out to Andrew - a mosaic of Moby Dick, the whale reaching up to the surface of boat. He gets caught, looking into it.

MRS. MCCARTHY

You like artwork?

ANDREW

Oh, no. It's beautiful though. Who's the artist?

MRS. MCCARTHY

Me. And I'm not an artist.

ANDREW

Well, it's impressive.



Andrew looks away from her and back to it, slightly intrigued.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
How much would you sell it for?

MRS. MCCARTHY  
I'd never sell it. Look at it. Its message: You can't escape the grasp of God.

ANDREW  
(Getting bored)  
Powerful.

MRS. MCCARTHY  
Anyway.. I'm sorry I work long hours and I'm going to be late for work again, can I leave you to see William?

ANDREW  
(Points to the stairs)  
Yeah, not a problem. Is it straight up? --

MRS. MCCARTHY  
-- Top floor, on the right. Kick the door when you head out, it's getting damper and damper. If he's sleeping, chuck a glass of water on him.

Andrew, quietly laughs, and politely smiling as McCarthy heads out. He begins walking up the stairs slowly, until he hears a loud kick at the door. His eyebrows raise, continuing to climb the stairs.

INT. THIRD FLOOR, MCCARTHY RESIDENCE - DAY

We follow Andrew behind. Reaching the last step onto the landing where, behind the closed, one door on the right - early 2010's indie music seeps through the air. Coming from some stereo from one of the rooms.

He approaches, knocking once. Nobody answers. Andrew takes a breath, stepping in and entering into a shit hole of a room.

INT. WILLIAM'S BEDROOM, MCCARTHY RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

The first thing Andrew smells is heaps of weed. Smoke hovers in layers.

A playboy poster hangs next to a pink Floyd poster. There's empty beer cans crunched in the bin. It's as if whoever the interior designer was, was clearly trying to give off a sort of give - up - on - life vibe.

WILLIAM (O.C.)  
 (Pissed)  
 Get the fuck out my room!

Andrews glance is carried around the corner.

There he is, the once great student of his. WILLIAM MCCARTHY (25), a drop out kid with all attitude and a chronic - ongoing teenage behavior syndrome, deeply ingrained into his personality.

Laying in bed with a bong of weed, a packet of cigarettes lay on the bed table with a warm beer. William shocked at his old teacher, in his bedroom years after falling out of university. Andrews amused by William's shocked face.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
 How did you... Who let you in?

ANDREW  
 (Strolling)  
 So this is what became of my great student, William McCarthy...  
 Brilliant! (Laughs)

WILLIAM  
 Ha!

William, crossly staring into Andrew's eyes. Then, jumping out of bed, with no T - shirt on. William grabbing the half empty beer, walking to the curtains, opening them and taking a swig.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 (Stretching)  
 Great student? I don't remember you saying that once. In fact, it was the opposite.

William looks to Andrew, waiting for him to say something. But gets nothing.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 Well, aren't you here to say something.

ANDREW

(Laughs once more)

I'm sorry it's just... I have a job for you. And I'm sure your mom will be happy for you to get out the house.

They look at one another. William despises Andrew's pretentiousness.

WILLIAM

(Cocky, morning smile)

Naaa. You're alright.

ANDREW

You haven't even heard what it is?

William shrugs, grinning with a smile that cuts into Andrew's thick skin. Aggression grows.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Why, you got something better to do?

WILLIAM

(Snappy)

Hey, fuck you! There's more out there than just the medical field. I have a new life. A new job now. That I love.

ANDREW

Oh yeah, what?

WILLIAM

I got a job at Morrisons now --

Andrew, rolling his eyes, judgmentally. This pisses off William even more. This upsets William.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

And I'm happy there! You fucking dickhead you --

ANDREW

(Calming manor)

-- Alright. Alright. Relax.

William makes his way across the room, pulling out an incense stick and placing it in some hippie-like holder. He takes a deep breath.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry, it's just you can't fucking act so pretentious like that.

Trying to light it proves difficult. Andrew comes over, lighting it, then stepping away.

ANDREW  
I said I'm sorry.

A pause in their speech. All is forgiven. William swigs his beer.

WILLIAM  
Mmmhhh. What's the job anyway?

ANDREW  
Charity work. Syria. Transplants.

WILLIAM  
(Getting agitated)  
You'd need a license which you know lost --

ANDREW  
-- You wouldn't.

WILLIAM  
... What?

Andrew paces a step towards William.

ANDREW  
I said. You wouldn't need your license.

William looking clueless. Pulling a face like his mind has just clicked. Taking a Second for that eureka moment.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
(Off his look)  
No.

It finally clicks in William's brain.

WILLIAM  
Organ trafficking? No license. I'm right aren't I?

There's only a persuasive look from Andrew, glaring back at him. William isn't nudged by any persuasion.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
What the fuck?

Andrew's patience runs thin with this good Samaritan act from this dopey old student.

ANDREW

Ahh! Don't pretend you have morals, you're still the little shit - same as you were before.

WILLIAM

No, no, no I was never like that! I can't fucking believe you!

Andrew's already bitten his lip three times in growing anger.

ANDREW

(inflamed)

OK. Maybe you weren't like that but don't act like you were always some goody two shoes fucking fit in! That's not like you and you know it. With your average Joe job at the supermarket, bulls --

WILLIAM

-- Hey. Hey! That's enough!

Andrew, although over 30 years older stands quietly like a told off child. William takes another deep breath.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

And by the way I am a 'fit in'.

ANDREW

That's bullshit, and you know it.

William just shakes his head. William looks hard done by. Slighted by the words.

ANDREW (cont'd)

You know that's bullshit. You, a fit in?

WILLIAM

Just stop.

(pause)

C'mon. I'll walk you to the door.

William putting on his dressing gown, walking past his ex - mentor. We can tell it's humiliating to Andrew.

INT./EXT. HALLWAY, MCCARTHY RESIDENCE/ FRONT GARDEN -  
MOMENTS LATER

Following down the stairs - Andrew. He's assisted by William, still in his robe and shorts. Andrew reaches for the door, looking back for half a second and opening. The light pours into the dull Victorian town house, almost blinding.

All in one shot - We TRACK WITH them down the front garden steps. Andrew trails on. Now we spin only to see William - his older, morbid mindset. Lighting a cigarette. Time almost stands still for Will, with admiration.

WILLIAM

(Shouts)

Hey. Is that your car?

NEW ANGLE: ANDREW, BY HIS LAMBORGHINI

He's already at the bottom of the steps and across the street. Andrew takes one look at his Lamborghini, Looking up with a squint to William. A light bulb has gone off in Andrew's head.

ANDREW

You like it?

William slowly nods. He's one robe away and a pair of shorts from making love to it - he is, at least with his eyes. Andrew's got him on a hook.

ANDREW (cont'd)

You come work for me and you'll be able to afford one of these a week. Or two. Let's say one of these, fortnightly.

William stays silently hooked, holding the warm beer lightly. Tilting it from one side of his grip to the other.

WILLIAM

For how long?

Andrew looks down at his feet. He's smiling because he's winning. Glinting with a smile in the sunlight.

ANDREW

Two months. That would be all.

WILLIAM

I'll think about it.

Now. Andrew, one hand opening the car door, looking up those steps.

ANDREW  
(Genuine)  
Don't waste your potential. You  
really were a great student.

William stays quiet. Not used to kindness from his Catholic upbringing. He laughs to himself on the garden step.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
(Laughs too)  
What? what is it?

WILLIAM  
(Stops laughing,  
still smiling)  
Hey, you completely, like -- You  
changed. Got sinister. What happened?

Andrew doesn't take time to think before looking at William, then his house - well, his mother's house.

ANDREW  
I grew up. I moved out.

Leaving on that note, Andrew climbing in his expensive Lamborghini and closes the door.

Now out the shot, we stay with William, as he climbs down the steps, watching the car with eyes filled with lust.

NEW ANGLE: THE AVENUE FROM ABOVE, SEEN AS BEFORE.

The road is in the same straight line with the same emptiness as before. Andrew's car roars down in impressive speeds.

Now - back to William. He's all the way at the front gate now, we only watch him - watching the car go. His head in perfect profile to the left, watching it go. He swigs his beer and quickly we;

CUT TO BLACK:

The song - 'Vilde - Warm milk' Blurs loudly over the sequence. It goes perfectly with the theme of becoming darker. Sinister and taking advantage of disasters as the clips begin.

TITLES IN WHITE, BLACK BACKGROUND:

**Dark Organ's**

*There's shots of news coverage flashing in and out. It's almost epileptic. Obama's speech on Assad, sympathetic but helpless. Destructiveness of airstrikes. Protesters in agony. The Syrian flag blowing in the wind. Rebel groups, leading to different scenes of terrorist groups raising out of the rubble, taking control. Now images of refugee families speaking Arabic. Discussing money. Holding their heads down in shame. We see a refugee father talk to a man in scrubs. He walks off. The next thing we see is the father coming back to his Syrian family with stitches - dodgy looking and cheap. He's handed money and we cut to; The same family in a boat, surrounded by other families. It's cramped, each passenger wearing bright orange life jackets clear Mediterranean skies. The tranquil sea. The images of Syrian war fade out in a flashing motion as the music continues.*

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ANDREW'S CAR - MOTORWAY (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

The beat of the song goes with the flashes of the white lines on the highway. Fast pace. We see as if we're driving with Andrew, looking out the window. Overtaking cars, watching them fall away in the slow lane.

The music cuts to a filtered version as William looks out the window with headphones in. He looks tired and bored, elbow against the door.

William's eyes, almost closing to sleep. But then - gets a thud on his arm. William's eyes look over from the passenger seat to Andrew, holding the wheel with one arm. Andrew looks back over, glad the punch woke William up.

WILLIAM

What?

Andrew holds the wheel tightly. His muscles are tense.



ANDREW

I need to go over a few things with you.

WILLIAM

OK.

Andrew bites his upper lip, watching the road.

ANDREW

So you're stable now, right? After, what happened. Healthy?

WILLIAM

Yeah, I'm fucking stable. Why ask that? You said it yourself. It was bullshit I was fired.

ANDREW

You won't need a license anymore. But keep your head screwed on.

Only looking out the window. That's all William does. Daydreaming.

ANDREW (cont'd)

All I was trying to say was you were emotional.

WILLIAM

Yeah. Emotional. That's not a reason to get fired is it? Tell me what I did that was crazy? I did nothing crazy.

ANDREW

I said you wont need a license.

WILLIAM

(Pissed)

That's not the point!

ANDREW

You've never been in this business before. You have no idea how dangerous this is. The consequences are real.

William registers this, trying to hide the feeling of importance.

ANDREW (cont'd)

(Severe tone)

You can't have an attitude out there. They will not hesitate to terminate your contract. End you. You do something, say something wrong, they'll end you.

WILLIAM

I'll teach myself. I don't need you giving me a pep talk. Thanks though.

Now turning to him for a reaction, William watches Andrew closely.

William rewinds, trying to cool everything off.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

I get it, it's serious. They don't joke around! Relax. Look at you.

CLOSE UP: ANDREW'S WORRIED FACE.

ANDREW

I'm only telling you. They'll give you just one shot. Don't mess it up.

After William's reality check, looking back towards Andrew. It's an unsettling feeling.

William turns to the window again, looking out as distraction. He breathes slowly. His ego deflating by the exhales.

Transitioning to the next scene, through the rumble of the car, the reflection of William's daunting face. The surround sound of a busy airport fills the air.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED EMIRATES PLANE, HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Panning through the Arabian, seated passengers. We fly through the rows of seats. Catching up with William and Andrew. Both, sticking out like a saw thumb. The only two Caucasian passengers - clearly not on their way to meet family in the middle east.

NEW ANGLE: WILLIAM SEATED NEAR THE WINDOW, INNOCENT LOOKING.

Seated in the isle, in a pact airplane, Andrew's frustration grows deeper. To top it off, being cramped with William doesn't help - as he keeps fidgeting down with his rugged and ripped up carry on bag and his slender giraffe legs getting in the way. For Andrew, the frustration now grows to deep anger, that breathing exercises couldn't help for shit.

ANDREW

What's the matter with you?

WILLIAM

I'm nervous.  
(Points down)  
And I have no leg room.

It's like dealing with a child. Andrew snatches the bag, with common sense.

ANDREW

(Getting to feet)  
Give it here.

WILLIAM

(Protective)  
Be careful with it!

Reaching up for the overhead storage seems extra difficult for Andrew, as William's rag - bag resembles something the homeless would carry round on the streets.

Suddenly; William's bag rips open, bits fall out under Andrew, including a Catholic cross and what looks like a hand written letter from William's mom. William, scrambling across. Packing all the possessions, red faced and embarrassed.

This goes over Andrew, as he reads the letter - not meant for himself. William tries to snatch it from him hopelessly. who maneuvers and continues reading. William gives up, putting his bag away in the overhead.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

You're a prick.

Andrew takes no notice, sitting down himself, finishing reading the letter with no respect.

ANDREW

(Reading aloud)

"May God always walk with you, love  
mom. X.X.X." (Laughing - scoff)  
That's funny.

WILLIAM

(Red faced)

So I guess, now you think I'm some  
faggot or something.

Andrew turns his head to the young William, with eyes full  
of intensity.

ANDREW

I'm not laughing at you. I find it  
amusing that your mother thinks God  
walks in Syria... Or the idea that  
he's there at all.

WILLIAM

(Pause)

Well, I hope he's on this flight.  
Wake me up when we're there.

With a roll of his eyes, William places in his earphones,  
tired of the symbolic talk. It's too early in the day for  
this depression to settle in. He tucks into a comfortable  
position.

The in-flight information starts to play. Everyone turns  
their attention to the front of the isles. Smiling air  
hostesses come out, with the cheesy safety demonstration. It  
goes by quickly step by step, as Andrew just looks around at  
everything with a fed up boredom presented on his face.

AIR HOSTESS

(On microphone)

OK. That's our safety demonstration  
over. We hope you enjoy your flight  
with Emirates, we'll be here if you  
need anything.

INT. UNITED EMIRATES FLIGHT - AFTER

The wheels and force of the plane pull everyone back. The  
plane slides across the run way. The engines spin with an  
electronic sound, vibrating the aluminum walls. Lifting off,  
we hear children cheer. We see Andrew, not bothered and  
unexcited.

NEW ANGLE: WILLIAM CLOSING HIS EYES. MASKING A FEELING.

Andrew watches him, feeling alienated. Then, looking closer - is William praying?

ANDREW'S POV: FOCUSED ON WILLIAM'S BOUND HANDS.

Andrew subconsciously frowns at the idea of William praying. We see the strangeness of William's behavior soon be accepted. We see it in Andrew's face - sympathy, but the feeling makes him uncomfortable. Andrew's face - almost sick of himself.

EXT. UNITED EMIRATES PLANE, IN THE SKY (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

The plane, straight after, roaring through the sky. Swiftly cutting through the blue thin air on a perfect day.

CUT TO:

INT. ARRIVALS, DAMASCUS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Native passengers in the hundreds flock, compressed in one shot. All the women wear burkas and headscarf. The men; Loose Islamic clothes. This is a truly holy country to the Muslim natives. Not only a holy country but a hell of a hot one too.

Now we see - a sweaty, exhausted William follow closely his teacher in the swamps of masses of people.

Now; Andrew, who's also sweaty, exhausted but this all leads up to frustration. His face twitches, half on the edge.

NEW ANGLE: SYRIAN PASSENGERS;

All stressed, but taking it much better than our two westerners.

We see a continuous shot, filmed as-if from hip height. Slowly flying through the arrival area. Passing by everyone. Taking maneuvers in uncivilized junctions of the masses. It's loud. Chaotic.

We keep flying, until - we catch up with Andrew and the apprentice, William. We raise from hip level to their standing height.

Andrew, sticking his head above the crowd. On the lookout.

ANDREW  
 (Relieved)  
 THERE HE IS!

WILLIAM  
 Where? --

-- William hardly finishes his sentence, before Andrew's gone - Running wildly through the airport.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 Wait up.

William, chasing after Andrew. In and out of focus, in front and behind other passengers.

ANDREW  
 (Shouting)  
 Faisal! Faisal!

INT. LOUNGES, DAMASCUS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Less stress in this area. Grey and blue leather seats look sticky in the heat. A few sit around.

A cardboard sign on the floor, next to some suited legs, reads; "Andrew Bennett".

We track up from the legs. Faisal Abdallah. He wears a Hugo boss's blazer, with a gold watch on his wrist. The type to be seen in London's high end - fashion shops. The watch, pulled up to his eyes - They're late. Faisal is the en-caption of the saying; Time is money.

ANDREW (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 (Getting closer)  
 Faisal! Faisal!

Faisal turns his head to the crowd. Andrew, climbing out of the tropics of human population, Revealed. Andrew - now stepping closer, arms out going in for a hug.

We quickly cut to William, slowing in his running pace. And back again.

FAISAL  
 (arms out)  
 There he is! The man of my fortune!

ANDREW  
 Thought you forgot we were coming for a moment.

FAISAL  
Never! Where's your...

Just like that, William walking out of the crowd. His bag, slipping from his sweaty T-shirt. Panting heavier than Andrew.

WILLIAM  
(To Andrew)  
You should wait for me - prick.

Faisal lets out a roar of a laugh. Turning to Andrew. Turning to William, whose annoyed and sweaty.

Faisal talks to Andrew but keeps his eyes on William, like he's some car to buy from a stranger on Autotrader.

FAISAL  
This is your young apprentice.  
William McCarthy.  
(Astonished)  
Wow.  
(Pauses)  
He really is young isn't he? How old are you, son?

WILLIAM  
Twenty - six.

FAISAL  
My God. He looks twelve.

William stands in the middle of laughter. Too exhausted to share in with the fun. It's clear, in terms of character, Faisal's is the rich, funny uncle.

The laughter stops, Faisal turning back to William, with his hand stretched out.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
(Respectfully)  
I'm only joking. You should be proud of yourself. At such a young age. I'm Mr. Abdalla. (Turns to Andrew) I've been this fat son of a bitches boss for years --

ANDREW  
-- Colleague.

FAISAL  
(To William)  
But you can call me Faisal.

Andrew, standing back with a smile. Faisal leaves his hand hanging to William.

[Pause]

William leans in.

WILLIAM  
(Shaking hands)  
Thank-you for hiring me, Faisal.

Shaking hands. Suddenly, we see Faisal's grip take a squeezing. It's strong, and intense. Frightening but unintentionally. William tries not to show his uncomfortable thoughts.

FAISAL  
No. Thank you William. It's a honor to have you with us. We're going to make each other a lot of money.

The handshake coming to an end. William, speechless - just nods. There's a pause, Faisal looking deep into William's soul. Interfering the peace somehow.

ANDREW  
Where's the car?

FAISAL  
This way, follow me.

TRACKING WITH: WILLIAM

As Andrew and Faisal lead the way, walking side by side. Laughing and catching up - we stick with William, walking behind alone. William looking at Faisal, apprehensive. Almost evil behind Faisal's smile and laughter. All blurred sounds in William's ears.

Sound comes back.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
Did you bring the drugs?

ANDREW  
Yeah, of course.

FAISAL  
Excellent!  
(Turns back to William)  
You two are my golden eggs! I'm going to put a smile on that face, William!  
(Laughs)



Andrew laughs too loud. William, faking it. We still follow William.

The traditional Syrian - government flag hangs down from the ceiling. The red, dark blood colored one. Assad's dictator portrait hangs alongside it, proudly.

We keep Following William, Following Andrew, following Faisal. Out the airport.

EXT. CAR PARK, DAMASCUS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Airfields. Sunshine. And in the backdrop of this hazy setting is mountainous urban flats and apartment complex buildings. Grey, and public housing stands miles away in the inner city.

William's steps slow down. Looking over to an intense scene;

Shouts and screams come from hundreds of rioters and demonstrators. Pinning to the fencing, forcing their bodies against it.

From outside the airport fencing it's alive with passionate outcries. They're chanting near a disused area of the airport - and old runway.

The rioting starts to get fiercer and more wild. Airport security comes over, trying to control the situation. Speaking on radios, discussing the situation.

William can't look away. Faisal keeps walking like it's just another day. Andrew's desperate to get in the car.

NEW ANGLE: BACK AT THE RIOTS

Airport security pull out their guns. Ready for shit to go down.

One rioter - a 35 year old man wears red, black and white face paint. War paint on his screaming face. He's serious and scary looking. This is no joke to him, or any of the demonstrators, who elevate the scuffle, shaking the fence.

WAR PAINT RIOTER (TRANSLATED)  
(Arabic, chanting)  
Down with Assad!... Down with Assad!

As the rioters by the fence all grow as one voice, Faisal opens up the SUV with a click of the remote keys. Andrew gets in, wiping his back sweat on the seat from his disgusting, wet shirt.

Faisal climbs in the driver seat, adjusting the wheel.

RIOTERS (O.S) (TRANSLATED)  
(Arabic, aggravated)  
DOWN WITH ASSAD! DOWN WITH ASSAD!

We see William, looking over. He observing the energy of the crowd. Watching them as we do. It becomes a community of power. Magical.

ANDREW  
William, get the fuck in! I don't  
want to die in an airport, thank you.  
Especially not this one.

William does as what's asked. Not a word back to Andrew.

INT. SUV, QUICK STAY CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The leather seats make it impossible to breath in this radical heat. The air conditioning comes on with the spin of the key.

ANDREW  
Leave it on full blast. My ass is so  
sweaty.

William tries to stay in the moment but it's impossible. The rioters push and pull outside.

EXT. CAR PARK, DAMASCUS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The gate nearly falls down. It's on the point break of chaos. The chant grows to 20, 30, 50 men and women. Cheering at the top of their lungs for Assad to die. They raise the Syrian rebel flag.

The new, dark green flag, where the blood red used to be. It waves in the hands of the protesters. The wind flapping it violently. This only pushes the security to use force.

The airport security guards begin shooting in the air - making the protesters duck in cover.

AIRPORT SECURITY (TRANSLATED)  
(Firing in the air)  
GET DOWN! GET DOWN! HANDS AND KNEES!

INT. SUV, QUICK STAY CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

WILLIAM  
(Shocked)  
SHIT!

ANDREW  
How did this happen so quick? It was  
fine ten minutes ago.

FAISAL  
Imagine your son just got killed in a  
airstrike ten minutes ago...

Then;

Out of the blue. A roaring, soaring fighter - jet sound.  
Belting full speed from the skies above. Supersonic. Faisal  
twists his head. Staying motionless, watching it go towards  
the apartment blocks in the background.

CLOSE UP: FAISAL'S FACE. SENSING SOMETHING.

ANDREW  
Faisal? What is it? Faisal? --

FAISAL  
-- It does get to me too. I know it's  
sick.

BOOM! A shock-wave explosion so powerful it rocks our ears.  
All three of them duck in a abrasive, fetal position.  
Covering for safety. Lately preparing for the shock. The  
vibration rattles their fleshy eardrums.

It's too late though. Hysteria passes. William raises his  
head to inspect what just happened. We see William's face  
has grown pale and terrified.

NEW ANGLE: DESTRUCTION OUTSIDE SUV WINDOWS.

Far away, in the distance - on top of the hills. smoke rises  
from the flats and apartment complexes. The public housing  
destroyed, bellowing black, dark fumes.

CAR PARK

What was the riot, is now a scene of confusion. The airport  
security stand with the rioters. Al in disappointment at  
their country. The women begin to cry. The riot ceases to  
exist.

SUV

Faisal's smile is callous and uncaring. Sunglasses reflecting the unforgiving sun.

FAISAL

Welcome to the wild west, boys.

Andrew breaths steadily, trying to proclaim his sanity. William stays as still as he can, stuck in his thoughts.

WILLIAM

It's a little different from London.

Starting the ignition for the second time, the car pulls off. Kicking dirt into the air.

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

No windows. Too dry for mold. Concrete walls all around. Classy! One flickering ceiling neon, white light and the other two, work with a dull glow.

It looks more like a factory than a hospital.

Faisal leads into the room, William and Andrew. They pass a metal door, which holds a transparent, bulletproof glass. A dining table with bench seats. The metal door - automatically closing, until: a bodybuilder, tall guy, walks in. He takes a seat at the table.

Before the door closes again, Andrew stops it.

ANDREW

Faisal, could I have a quick word?

FAISAL

Yes. Of course.

Faisal, holding the door.

FAISAL (cont'd)

William, would you like to take a seat with my business partner - Florin? I'll just be a moment. Thank you.

Andrew and Faisal exit. The door slams with an automatic lock.

Florin- (30's), A Romanian man who looks wise but silent. Looks like he's had a lot of rough experience in whatever this business is. In fact he looks like a guy that could drown thousands puppies and get a good night sleep.

William walks to the bench. His bag is slipping off his shoulder again but he lets it fall. Complete trepidation runs through William.

WILLIAM  
(Acting confident)  
Florin, sup?

No words coming back from Florin. No response. Just an intimidating nod. Complete and utter awkwardness.

NEW ANGLE: WILLIAM, TURNING TO THE METAL DOOR WINDOW;

Outside, Andrew silently explaining something to Faisal, who in turn, unaware, looks at William. Like William is some commodity.

Back to William and Florin.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
Bet it's hard to score some weed  
round here?

Uninterested and rolling his eyes, Florin looks away. That's strike 2 for William. No point in round 3, not with players that don't want to play.

Looking back out the window we see Andrew's discussion come to what looks like an agreement with Faisal.

The door opens up, Faisal walking in first. Andrew, his employee, after.

Door slams, locks.

FAISAL  
How was your conversation with  
William, Florin?  
(To William)  
Don't mess with this guy, William.  
He's my stone cold killer!

ANDREW  
(Gestures to William)  
And Florin, don't mess with this guy,  
he'll leave you hollow as a tree  
after one of his ops.

Florin nods. William fake laughs.

FAISAL  
Don't take his silence harshly. He's Romanian. Loyal. Strong and one of the guys you want on your side. God knows I wouldn't want to be up against him. And cheap to pay.

ANDREW  
Why don't you just suck his dick?

FAISAL  
I'm just saying, I like cheap.

ANDREW  
You don't need to remind us.

The papers in Faisal's hands get shuffled on the table. With a chuckle, placing them down.

FAISAL  
Right boys. Legal contracts, take a seat.

Faisal scoots along one of the bench seats.

WILLIAM  
Is that a joke?

FAISAL  
(Seriously)  
I like to have a laugh William. But this is no joke. Please take a seat.

William, frowning with confusion to Andrew.

[Pause]

Andrew takes his seat, looking over to William.

ANDREW  
Just do it. Get it over with.

William slowly joins. A legal document for illegal activities? OK. Faisal sits across, sliding pens across the metal table.

When Andrew and William hunch over to write - Faisal sits upright, watching. We see he has his house in order.

INT. HALLWAY, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - LATER

Moving with Faisal, walking fast paced across the halls, as do Andrew and William. Dark concrete smells of dust and decay. Light bulbs flicker. There's even rat feces and traps on the floor.

FAISAL

I know it's not a five star rated place. I do try to make this as comfortable as I can for guests though.

From far down the hall, a door smashes open, with screams coming closer, a man's voice screaming out in French. Accompanying the screaming man is Florin.

William stops with a flinch.

WILLIAM

(Whispers to Andrew)  
What the fuck?

FRENCH MAN (TRANSLATED)

(approaching)  
Get the fuck off me you pig shit  
Romanian! Where's my fucking money?

We still don't comprehend a word he says in french. Coming round the corner, this man is revealed. He's being dragged by Florin.

Dirt covers his white surgeons clothing. He carries nothing. There's blood, covering his dusty face. Disturbed, but Florin keeps dragging him anyway.

William keeps looking back to Andrew, mentally leaning on him for words to come out of his mouth. But words don't come. The three of them all just watch the assault by Florin, dragging him out of the place.

Florin and the French guy start to pass by where they stand.

FRENCH MAN (TRANSLATED) (cont'd)

(To Faisal)  
Where is my money you dirty...  
Fucking, Iranian?

Faisal laughs. His teeth, off yellow. Breathing in slightly, then speaking in french also, just so it's more difficult for us!

FAISAL (TRANSLATED)  
Enjoy the burial. Bitch.

The impulse of the French man kicks in. He spits, it goes over Faisal's cotton shirt. Then a pause.

To William, it looks like Faisal's about to lynch.

But instead, he just turns to Florin. Now, talking in Romanian.

FAISAL (TRANSLATED) (cont'd)  
(In Romanian)  
Put the dog down.

The nod of Florin. He begins dragging this French man again.

Starting to stroll down the hall like nothing happened. Faisal is stone cold.

ANDREW  
(whispering, to  
Faisal)  
What did I fucking tell you? William has no idea what this is like. You're going to spook him off.

FAISAL  
Don't insult me, Andrew.

Looking back to the empty hall where the French man was just dragged down. William checks himself. Feeling OK and continuing.

Faisal shouts down the hall to William

FAISAL (cont'd)  
Don't worry about him, William.

WILLIAM  
(Shaken up)  
What did you say to him?

Andrew looks at Faisal, like he's just fucked it all up.

Back to Faisal, with a soothing voice to William.

FAISAL  
When he walked past you, did you smell it?

WILLIAM  
What do you mean?



ANDREW  
What did you smell, William?

WILLIAM  
Whiskey --

FAISAL  
(Hand around William)  
-- WHISKEY! That man, Was a fuck up.  
He drank everyday. He missed  
appointments. That's called dead  
weight. So I replaced him. That's  
all. It's a business. Now, walk with  
me.

Taking in a deep breath and standing still, William goes for it.

WILLIAM  
How do we know you won't replace us?

ANDREW  
(Half sarcastically)  
Good question.

Faisal, scoffing. Turning back once more. Dead pan.

FAISAL  
That man was a drunk and a thief.  
Honesty goes a long way in this  
business, as Andrew will tell you. I  
think you're an honest man, William.  
Am I wrong? Because if I'm wrong,  
tell me now and I'll replace you.

[Pause]

ANDREW  
He's honest.

FAISAL  
(A beat)  
Great, so let's continue.

William swallows a gulp of fear.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - AFTER

A door creaks open. The sound of a switch. lights flicker again. William and Andrew take in the dismal sight;

A rustic old bunk bed. Old sheets from the 80's. Four gorgeous concrete, dry walls. An empty rack with slots for briefcases, covering the wall at the feet of the bed. Four briefcases remain in it. Some remaining items from the old surgeon lay inside.

ANDREW  
(Moving inwards)  
Looking cosy. Bagsy bottom bunk.

Faisal pats William's back.

FAISAL  
Better luck next time.

Taking in what a shit hole this place looks like. It's like a tramp's secret hideout. William holds the opposite of Andrew's happy attitude, who sits on the bottom bunk, softly bouncing on the mattress, with a smile.

Faisal steps in, walks up to the rack.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
(Grabbing suitcases)  
I better take these.  
OK. I know Andrew already knows, but this is your cash rack, after each surgery, you'll be handed a briefcase with Sterling cash.

We look back to the cash rack.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
That's the only way we do transactions here. Insert the briefcase in your side of the rack if you'd so wish. Just more organized for you that way. Get settled in. William, I'll get you some clean sheets, I think the drunk spilt his whiskey.

The sheets look wet.

WILLIAM  
That or he pissed himself. Thank you.

William graciously nods, but we can tell he's worried. Faisal turns to head out.

ANDREW  
(Content)  
Thanks Faisal.

WILLIAM  
Oh, and Faisal?

The door is almost shut, but Faisal re- enters. Sweat begins to slowly leave William's pores.

FAISAL  
Yes.. William?

WILLIAM  
He was a just an alcoholic wasn't he?

Andrew, rolling his eyes to himself.

The tension rises. The distrust. It's irritating to Faisal, but hiding it well;

FAISAL  
You need to loosen up. I'll get you a beer each too. How's Budweiser sound?

ANDREW  
Sounds about time.

Faisal smiles at William. It's not natural. A plastic smile.

FAISAL  
Get settled.

The door closes. Faisal gone.

ANDREW  
You need to get it together.

WILLIAM  
I don't trust him.

We see Andrew, watching William, thinking. William thinking too much - makes Andrew nervous. William, biting on lip.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MORNING

Even in a underground room, we feel the morning glory. Tranquil sounds of Blurry, Morning Islamic prayer are heard from the streets outside through the thick walls. They come from street megaphones, and blow horns, beautiful religious singing.

We move on William, waking up. Rustling and twitching in the sheets until his head pops out of the sheets, intrigued by the music.

Minutes later - William in underwear, stretching as he raises in a yawn.

WILLIAM

Morning.

No response from Andrew. William jumps, one step on the bunk bed ladder, peering into Andrew's bed.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

Morning --

No Andrew. Instead, placed out over Andrew's bed is a half open bag, layered with prescription drugs, almost pouring out the top of this large zipper bag.

William hangs off the ladder, stepping off and looking away in curiosity.

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

The morning prayers from the street outside can still be heard.

William steps in with jogging bottoms, a T - shirt and some flip flops. As he makes his way to the metal, bulletproof door, observing it - open by an inch.

William places his hand on the handle, heartbeat racing as if he were on some restorative drugs. Opening up the door, the path sets out to some unsafely looking, fire escape stairs.

INT./EXT. FIRE ESCAPE STAIRS/ STONE ALLEYWAY, HOSPITAL - DAY

The chanting of the Islamic prayers gets closer as William climbs the raggedy old steps. Each step is thin, dust covering the cement. There's hardly any light for William to safely climb these steps, until...

Coming to the top of the steps, a fire escape. William shoving it open, doors swinging as there's an outburst of light.

The prayer songs become so clear, as we enter this beautifully designed stone alleyway.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET, SYRIA - CONTINUOUS

William's head pops around the corner. Guiding William towards what looks like a quiet village high street, outside the alleyway. Voices of children playing and singing.

Sunshine pours onto William's pale English face.

Shockingly, Faisal and Andrew's voice sticks out of the crowd, from directly outside the alley on the street. Scaring William.

William reacts, pressing his back up to the cold, cooling stone wall. Thus being covertly hidden.

A few seconds pass by... William peers around the wall.

WILLIAM'S POV: ANDREW AND FAISAL, FLOCKING UP A CROWD OF COSTUMERS, PATIENTS - SELLING PRESCRIPTIONS TO THEM.

The crowd of costumers begins to fade out. Getting less busy. Out of this, a poor, young, Syrian mother and a ten year old son approach Faisal and Andrew's drug stand.

The son of this mother, is weak, almost in agony with each movement he tries to make.

Andrew goes to a bag behind him, reaching in and pulling out a pill bottle. Some anti - inflammatory prescription pills. 'Naproxen' is on the label. William lip reads the label.

Intruding into the conversation, Faisal leans into discussion with this young mother.

FAISAL (SUBTITLE)

(In Arabic)

30,000 YPD.

She checks her purse. Not enough. It's clear this is distressing for her as she begins to beg.

Faisal uses his hands in a disgusting motion, shaking them as if the mother and son were a pigeon, or some over vermin that should be pushed away.

William looks distressed himself.

SYRIAN MOTHER

(Crying. To Andrew)

Please!

Andrew - shakes his head- No. The mother wrapping her son round her arms. The son looking up at his upset mother, with sympathy. walking off together. Back to William;

WILLIAM  
 (To himself)  
 You fucking bastards.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

From the top bunk, William jumps into view, one foot on the step ladder. Emptying Andrew's bag with one hand. Pill bottles tumble everywhere onto the sheets - everywhere. One in particular catches William's eye.

INSERT: PILL BOTTLE LABEL : 'NAPROXEN'

William's grip on it is immense.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET, SYRIA - DAY

Looking left and right. There is no sight of Andrew and Faisal at all. William steps out.

WILLIAM'S POV: SYRIAN MOTHER AND SON, ACROSS THE MARKET.

William passes market goers. Herbal, street sellers with sweet essences from across Asia. Farmers with goats, livestock. Chickens cheap in small cages. One man is selling fresh fish. William gets closer and closer to this Syrian mother, her back turned.

She senses something, spinning around to William, flinching in fear. The only Caucasian in this market - creeping up on her and her son.

WILLIAM  
 Hey! I'm just here to help.  
 (Rattles pill bottle)  
 See?

The mother looks away from the pills, dropping her eyes to William's eye level. After a second, she steps forward with her son.

William slowly lowering his arms, handing over the prescription. As they get passed over, she has a tear in her eye. Unable to fall. She goes for her purse.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

(Stopping her)

No! No. It's OK. Leave it. And if you need anything. Call me. You got a pen?

She looks to William, thinking he's crazy. Looking down into her bag pulls out a Biro. Standing there - looking at this over helpful stranger.

SYRIAN MOTHER

(A beat)

Why?

William looks to the gentle mother. Then, looks to her sick son.

WILLIAM

One in the morning and night.  
Because. I am not a bad person.

SYRIAN MOTHER

Thank you.

She says no more, nods in agreement. Still looking to William, rightfully feeling edgy around him. After a moment - William turns, walking off.

But child footsteps run towards him. Arms wrap around the waist of William, hugging him.

William turns, seeing this young boy, full of love and compassion, thankfully hugging him tightly.

SYRIAN BOY

Allah Yehfazak.

WILLIAM

(Smiling)

What?

SYRIAN MOTHER

(Nervous smile)

God bless you. It means God bless you.

William pats the kid on the back, as the little boy goes back to his mother. William strolling back. Turning back once more;

WILLIAM

(Shouting)

Don't say anything!

We zoom out from William's retreat back to the hospital. Zooming out to the top of a building, looking down on him.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

William's actions are watched closely from above. Faisal stands alone, a hand in his jean pocket and another, loosely clinging to a cigarette. Tropical plants stand in the backdrop of this roof. Big brother sees all. Faisal takes one last puff. His leather boots stumping out the butt.

CUT TO:

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MORNING

Seated quietly at the table, hardly eating any of the full English laid out before him - William paled white with the guilt he feels for Andrew, now pushing through the doors, entering like brutishly. Andrew joins William at the table, with his breakfast awaiting his arrival.

ANDREW

Lovely! Where you get the coffee?

William finishes a small bite.

WILLIAM

The table. Behind you.

Andrew climbs out his seat, to grab a mug.

Hearing him pour his coffee trickle, while we see William's face: Andrew slumps back down with the maximum amount of noise as possible. Grabbing knife and fork.

Florin turns around in annoyance, sitting at another table and reading a magazine.

ANDREW

I'm so ready for this.

CLOSE UP: ANDREW CUTTING, SLICING, GULPING BREAKFAST.

He's a gannet, the speed of the knife and folk is impressive.

PANNING UP: ANDREW'S HAND GRASPS THE COFFEE.

Sipping it, coffee now around his mouth.



ANDREW (cont'd)  
Not eating?... Nervous?

WILLIAM  
Well it's not the most relaxing,  
comfortable atmosphere round here, is  
it?

Andrew looks around the dull room, then back to William.

ANDREW  
(Sarcastic)  
I only came to eat here because of  
the aesthetics.

William laughs, spitting out coffee from his sip, spilling  
it all onto the table. Andrew reacts quickly, semi-standing  
and annoying Florin even more.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Urghh get a wipe!

Florin turns a second time, this time with a really pissed  
off face.

William's head ducks down to avoid his glance - grabbing the  
paper napkin and cleaning up. Andrew turns to Florin 'What  
did I do?'.

WILLIAM  
(Whispers)  
He's so...

ANDREW  
He's fine. Hey, Florin --

William looks away as he turns round from the magazine,  
plain faced. William is giving Andrew all the looks for  
'don't fucking involve him', but Andrew's determined.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
(A beat)  
Why don't you come sit with us.  
There's a spare seat?

[pause]

Andrew awaits for an answer. Now William, looking to Florin  
for it. Florin rolls his eyes turns away from them both,  
continuing to read.

WILLIAM  
 (Sarcastic, whispers)  
 You were right. He's fine.

The adjusting kitchen door opens with Faisal, wearing a pink apron, using his back to hold the door open. With an early morning energy filled with a positive attitude.

FAISAL  
 Morning boys.

ANDREW  
 Morning Faisal.

WILLIAM  
 (Less enthusiastic)  
 Morning.

Florin turns to his boss for a second, nods. Going back to the magazine.

FAISAL  
 What do you both think of breakfast?

Andrew's plate, completely empty. William's, still half full.

ANDREW  
 Delicious like always, thank you.

WILLIAM  
 Sorry, I've been feeling really sick,  
 I couldn't finish.

FAISAL  
 (Empathetic)  
 No. No, that's fine William. New places bring nerves, I know. Can I get you anything, paracetamol?

WILLIAM  
 No it's fine. It'll pass.

FAISAL  
 Well if you need anything, let me know.

WILLIAM  
 Thanks.

Faisal nods, followed by a pause in his pose.

FAISAL  
 (To Andrew)  
 What you think of that bacon, eh?

Andrew leans back satisfied. Trying not to explode his full stomach.

ANDREW  
 Honestly, it's never tasted better.

FAISAL  
 (chef kiss on fingers)  
 Perfect, right? Trader Joe's. You know the difficulty in trying to bring that into the country?

ANDREW  
 And in wartime as well.. Must have been like walking through hell.

From leaning on the coffee stand, Faisal raises his mug, with a proud smile.

FAISAL  
 But still worth it.

ANDREW  
 (Toasts mug)  
 Fuck yeah.

Faisal laughs with a clap of his hands to snap him out of it.

FAISAL  
 Right, you both ready to get set up?

ANDREW  
 As long as William here doesn't feel too nervous.

WILLIAM  
 I'm fine, I told you.

FAISAL  
 He's going to do a great job.  
 (To William)  
 I have faith in you William.

Faisal makes his way to their table. Pats William on the shoulder, then going to collect the finished with plates with one hand and with a tee-towel wrapped around his other.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 I suppose it's time for you to get set up. I'll clean up here and in half an hour, I'll bring the first patient in.

Faisal stands to the side, giving the pair room to slide out their seats. Andrew and William step towards the door.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 Oh. Andrew, I needed to talk to you about that thing.

ANDREW  
 That thing?  
 (A beat)  
 OH! YES! That thing. Ummm.  
 William, why don't you go ahead and get up to speed with everything and I'll catch up in five?

William senses something; Leaving them to it, despite the dark sense.

WILLIAM  
 Sure...

William turns from the door, feeling some airborne force. Energetic field burn into the back of his head.

Once turned - Faisal - looking back at him. Their eyes exchange a look. Faisal's cheasy, plastic smile.

FAISAL  
 Thank you William.

The door closes. Locks.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 Follow me through please.

Andrew follows Faisal and his un - profession apron towards the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open to the kitchen. It has the look of a greasy spoon behind the counter type. Pots and pans with grease lay on the tops and pile on the floor. Cobwebs, building in a few areas.

Faisal's adamant to have the conversation. Andrew - less emphatic about it. His arms down, loosely. Then turning to crossed arms. Faisal sets down the plates with cooking oven mitts.

FAISAL

So, following our conversation yesterday.

He unties his apron, setting it down.

ANDREW

You mean about William?

FAISAL

I have something for you.

ANDREW

What is it?

Faisal snaps into motion, back to his eagerness. Kneeling down to a drawer, he pulls out a bag.

Andrew sighs with boredom as Faisal pulls out the contents. We only see Faisal's hands, unshaken.

FAISAL (O.S)

This.

In his hands, a GLOCK PISTOL. Black metal shines in the light. The handle, facing Andrew's direction. Waiting to get passed on.

Andrew staring, almost laughing under pressure, takes a step back.

ANDREW

No, we won't be needing that.

FAISAL

(Exhaling smile)

Take it Andrew.

(persuasive attempt)

William's a good kid. And you're right. You probably won't be needing it but I can't afford to take chances. His history, I mean... A mental breakdown? You didn't even tell me about that? That's a loose end. (A beat) I don't do loose ends.

Andrew looks ashamed of himself.

He takes the gun, sells his soul to the organ devil. Tucking it in his back pocket.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
It's insurance, that's all.

ANDREW  
(Sighs)  
Is that all?

FAISAL  
Yes. That's all. Now, go get set up.  
We don't have so long.

Andrew, trying to shrug the whole conversation off. Making it to the door, pulling it open and then;

FAISAL (cont'd)  
Oh, and Andrew?

Andrew turns, fed up of this minor, emotional dilemma.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
(Teasing)  
When did you get so innocent?

Andrew heads out, the door only swings but if it didn't he's slam it. Faisal - laughing to himself. Then - goes to wash up.

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

Close to our sight is William. Facing our direction getting prepared into clean scrubs. White and blue colored.

Luminescent lights from an official hospital glows onto a green, sheet covered bed. Awaiting a vulnerable patient. A heart monitor. Trays set out, ready to go. Wires dangling into the dark corners of the room. It's all blurry from the light.

Unknown to William, in the background - Andrew sneaks in. The light on him is unfocused, yet we see the blur of the gun being pulled out. Kneeling to the floor quickly, besides a chest of drawers.

ANDREW'S POV: PLACING THE GUN IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER, COVERING IT IN RUBBER GLOVES.

Back to William, as before. Turning to Andrew, as our vision of Andrew becomes more refined from the background.

WILLIAM  
What did he want to talk to you  
about?

Andrew smoothly steps up.

ANDREW  
Just some loose ends he wanted to  
cover.

William nods, now in a calmer state of mind. He observes  
William, in his old scrubs.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
(Pointing)  
Still fits!?

WILLIAM  
I'm just as surprised, as you are. It  
feels so weird being in them again...  
But nice.  
(Nostalgic)  
Like a sense of belonging, you know?

Andrew steps towards the hand wash station in paces.

ANDREW  
You feel natural in it?

WILLIAM  
Yeah. I do.

Andrew, still like a statue, staring over. Now beginning to  
wash away.

ANDREW  
We'll see about that.

Finishing washing, now making his way to a larger set of  
scrubs, hanging up. Snatching at then, neatly placing it on.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
(Demanding)  
What is the most appropriate approach  
to a closed head injury?

WILLIAM  
(Answering, exam)  
Seriously?... Nasagastic feeds.

William squints to hear he has it wrong. But 'incorrect'  
doesn't come.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 (Cocky)  
 I've still got it baby!

ANDREW  
 Well done. Once intubation is done,  
 the most accurate way to determine a  
 endotracheal tube is which method?

Andrew's sleeves hang under the wrists of his crossed hands.  
 Toughening up his students memory. Awaiting like a pushy  
 father.

WILLIAM  
 ... Tube mis--

ANDREW  
 -- Wrong.

WILLIAM  
 (Snaps fingers)  
 End tidal co2?

ANDREW  
 Good. What's the name of the tool  
 your holding?

We see William, looking into the pinch of his grasp. Holding  
 some scissor - like tools. He studies them, longingly,  
 overthinking.

WILLIAM  
 Forceps. What do you mean?

Andrew placing on rubber gloves. They fit tightly.

ANDREW  
 (Controlled tone)  
 I mean, what type?

Faisal comes in, silently watching. Unseen.

WILLIAM  
 Adsons forceps.

Andrew pausing, about to speak.

NEW ANGLE: FAISAL IN THE DOORWAY.

FAISAL  
 Are we ready to go?



A slight shock to them both. William and Andrew turn to him. Standing centre of the door, keeping it open. Andrew looks to William, secretly proud but obviously confident.

ANDREW

Yeah. I think so.

Nobody else sees it but William's smile is greater than it's ever been. Self assured in his abilities. Faisal - with a greedy, amusing smile.

FAISAL

Excellent.  
(Optimistic. Out the door)

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Faisal trails in again with a worried looking, mid 30's Syrian man. He speaks no English. Andrew looks to the man like just another unit.

FAISAL (SUBTITLE)

(Arabic)

These are the doctors. Let me take your jacket for you.

The Syrian strips off his cargo jacket. No T-shirt underneath, but a wound on his skin. Nodding to Faisal as he hands it over, but the smile fades turning to William and Andrew. Faisal then stands there, the jacket in his loose grip almost touching the ground.

FAISAL

(To Andrew)

I'll leave him with you.

Andrew nods. Faisal paces out the door, steadily. William quickly makes his way to the Syrian, who's shaking. Andrew stares down the patient.

WILLIAM

(Friendly, to patient)

Hi, nice to meet you.

Despite William's chilled out approach, it doesn't help.

SYRIAN'S POV: ANDREW PREPARING FRIGHTENING TOOLS.

Now, William turns over his shoulder, turning back to the Syrian, semi-comforting.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
Don't worry, you're safe here.

The Syrian gets a grip of the reality, focusing on William; Offering a hand shake.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
I'm William, this is Andrew. What's your name?

SYRIAN PATIENT  
Name? Karam.

WILLIAM  
We're going to take good care of you, Karam.

SYRIAN PATIENT  
Safe... Safe.

William turns back around to Andrew, who looks back to him with a pair of scissors.

Turning back to the Syrian, we see he appreciates William's humanizing attitude.

William grabs at a hook, passing the Syrian patient scrubs.

WILLIAM  
Do you want to put these on for me?

There's a pause as the Syrian doesn't understand. William acts like a mime, rubbing his sleeves and legs, pretending to get dressed.

SYRIAN PATIENT  
Oh yes!

-- Undressed, right in front of William. William grabbing at him before he continues. The Syrian looks completely apologetic.

WILLIAM  
-- NO. No, no!  
(Points to curtain)  
Over there. Do you see?

The patient looks over, looking to William with a degree of self consciousness.

SYRIAN PATIENT  
Oh yes.

He steps behind the curtain. In a moment alone, William looks over to Andrew.

ANDREW  
You're acting like an amateur.

WILLIAM  
It's called being human.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGERY ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL (LATER) - DAY

The patient's body, Nervously panting on the steel table, sheet-ed with blue wipe tissues.

A hand on a gas mask, softly grasping. We move out from this. William aligning the mask over the patients mouth. The patient tries to sooth his panting, his eyes wide. Just before putting it on;

WILLIAM  
Everything's going to be OK.

With a relaxed smile from William, the patient nods in agreement. The mask is placed over the dry lips, and the Syrian dozes off.

We move on Andrew, he holds paperwork, which looks more like a financial statement, rather than a medical synopses. There's prices in a excel sheet, running all the way down, all to the other page.

ANDREW  
Kidney.

WILLIAM  
What?

Andrew grows even more fed up. Sighs.

ANDREW  
(Pulls down mask)  
It's a kidney. Start listening closely. You don't want to fuck this up.

WILLIAM  
Sorry.

Andrew almost hesitates to carry on lashing out, but bites the bullet.

ANDREW

And stop humanizing them. You'll just  
make it harder for yourself in the  
future.

William reluctantly nods.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, HOSPITAL BASEMENT - DAY (SHOT SERIES)

A) The heart beat monitor bleeps repeatedly. With the lights shine over the patients abdomen and chest, everything in the background makes a sci-fi like glow of purple and green.

B) Andrew, looking to William, placing on his gloves.

C) Holding a knife, watching it gleam in the light. Testing if it's sharp enough, before piercing it into the soft tissue of the patients skin. William stands back, watching in the background.

D) We focus on William's anxiety take a more strong hold position on his control. We hear William's heart and pulse raise within his body. It gets louder. Louder than the patients.

E) Andrew looks to William, who is now looking sickly. But William nods, pushing through with mental strength. Andrew goes back to work.

F) Red, dark and gruesome. We finally see it, the kidney. William passes Andrew a more refined tool, with the intent of cutting precisely. Andrew cuts away at the tissue, all around the surrounding perimeter. The kidney becomes loose.

G) With William's heartbeat still the only thing we hear, he watches dauntingly at the organ, still managing to pump blood even without the supply.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

William's thumping heart. With the Tissue cut, Andrew looks over to William. It's time to become a man again. A drip of sweat runs down the young surgeon's forehead.

William wipes, stepping forward. The kidney, flooded the veins of it. Dripping out.

Tension builds as William uses one hand to hold the kidney with given appliances. The other, cupped under the organ.

His heartbeat grows deeper, faster. The tone just got darker. We hear the sound of a dark violin grow more unstable. rumble with the motion and then;

Cuts. The kidney gets lays onto the pristine clean surgical tray. It shines in the light as William's hands leave it to rest. There's no heartbeat from Will. There's no violin still playing. Just the heartbeat monitor.

William jumps from a pat on the back from Andrew. Looking proud at his once lost apprentice.

ANDREW

Well done. Welcome back.

WILLIAM

(Relieved)

...Thanks

Andrew makes his way over to the kidney on the kidney dish. Raising it in one hand like a waiter with a plate. The purple and green light in the background glows from the monitors.

ANDREW

Now, put him back together.

William's eyes widen at the thought as Andrew begins to preserve the kidney in the background.

A deep inhale. Exhale, then William continues to finish the job.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

William walks into the room. Stripping off the rubber gloves and flinging them into the small metal bin.

Andrew, on the other side of the room keeps to himself. Seated on the bed, with a briefcase of cash sitting on his spread lap. Counting the stacks of cash with concentration. He whispers to himself, calculating.

ANDREW

One - thousand, seven - hundred.

William now standing right in front of where Andrew sits. Demanding attention.

WILLIAM  
How much of that is for me?

Andrew's eyes peer up to where William confidently stands in his way.

ANDREW  
Don't insult my intelligence.

WILLIAM  
Seriously, how much of that is mine?

ANDREW  
Non of it -

With that, Andrew snaps the box down, disclosing the cash. He keeps looking up to William, not intimidated or bothered in the slightest.

Then, walking up to the rack and slotting the briefcase in smoothly. Sliding back to William, who wears a face that expresses he's been assaulted.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
You'll have to go see Faisal about yours.

William dulls down a shrug. Heading out the door, plainly. Andrew's smirk to himself is prolonged.

INT. OUTSIDE FAISAL'S OFFICE/ FAISAL'S OFFICE - DAY

William's face is almost pressed against the wooden door. He knocks twice. The wooden paneling of the frame is strong looking. Oak.

FAISAL (O.S.)  
Come in.

William takes a breath. Hand on door knob, straight inside -

A dark room. A 1930's art-deco lamp sitting on top of a shelf. It lights up a map the world, depicted that, at least sixty years ago. It's ancient and stained.

Faisal's at his desk with a wide open smile.

FAISAL  
 (Over-joyed)  
 William, William! Come in. Take a  
 seat.

William drags a seat with a sense of dread. Placing it down  
 and fearfully facing Faisal at the other side of the desk.

[Pause]

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 Would you like a cup of coffee?

WILLIAM  
 No. Thank you.

FAISAL  
 Sure, it's Colombian?

William reacts, shyly. His child like ways brings a smirk to  
 Faisal.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 I heard you did a great job. I'm very  
 proud of you William. I hope you're  
 proud of yourself?

WILLIAM  
 Well... I mean.. It was an,  
 acceptable job --

FAISAL  
 -- NO. Andrew said you did a perfect  
 job. Have some self - esteem.  
 (Leans back)  
 Always did me some good.  
 (Cheesy smile)

The smile wears off quickly on William.

Faisal laughs at his own awkwardness. In the silence, he  
 then taps his silver pen on the table three, dense times.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 (Interrogatively)  
 Tell me William, I love the British.  
 You are such pursuers of science.  
 Your people were pioneers of modern,  
 innovative medicine. But there's not  
 much patriotism in your country.  
 (A beat)  
 Are you proud to be British, William?

WILLIAM  
I don't know... No, not really.

Faisal's stare goes beyond William, through him, to the map behind him. Faisal gestures to it, William looking to the illustration.

FAISAL  
(Mythical)  
Two hundred years ago, the British empire owned and controlled more than half the world... Isn't that amazing?

William starts to internally compute, that Faisal is in fact an insane man. William looks uncomfortable and Faisal registers.

WILLIAM  
I don't mean to be rude --

FAISAL  
-- You want your money. It's on the table. Behind you.

Just below the map, on a drawer is another black briefcase, showing off with its bronze handle. William steps up, holding it. Un-clipping the security pin, peering inside to admire the contents.

WILLIAM'S POV: THE BRIEFCASE, OPENING UP TO COUNTLESS £50 NOTES.

We see William - breathless. Slowly backing up to sit down.

WILLIAM  
How much is it?

FAISAL  
Ten - Thousand, Great British pounds.

William looks shocked. Glancing over to Faisal.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
I sell to very desperate people, Mr. McCarthy.

WILLIAM  
(A beat)  
How much does Andrew get?

FAISAL  
A little more than you do. It comes with his experience .  
(MORE)



FAISAL (cont'd)  
 You'll get there one day - you're a natural. I can feel it.

Again, William nods, sheepishly.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 (Small laugh)  
 Is that all?

WILLIAM  
 Ummm... How much do the patients get?

From the look on Faisal's face - that comment was the one that broke the camel's back.

FAISAL  
 You ever read about history, William?

William peers at Faisal, quizzically.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 How about Winston Churchill? You know, he once said, and I quote - "I am fond of pigs. Dogs look up to us. Cats look down at us. Pigs treat us as equals".

WILLIAM  
 I --

FAISAL  
 (Sinister)  
 -- It's romantic but. You eat pigs. Andrew eats pigs. The whole fucking world eats pigs.  
 (Smiles)  
 Hell, I eat pigs and I'm fucking Muslim.  
 (Exhales laugh)  
 And listen to me William - those patients out there are nothing but dirty swine. They're of your concern. The world doesn't give a shit about pigs, William.

WILLIAM  
 I'm vegetarian.

There's a force in Faisal's glare to William, it's so close to snapping. He then snaps his fingers, roaring with laughter to William's unintentional joke. Faisal himself going back to joker mode.

William stays stiff. Uncomfortable.

FAISAL  
That's fucking brilliant! I like  
that.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

William steps into the room, briefcase in hand. Along with the biggest grin upon his face. Feeling like a million dollars.

ANDREW  
(Chuckle)  
No more bus fares for you, mamma's  
boy.

The insult doesn't effect in the slightest. The smile only growing wider. William steps to the money rack, slotting in his briefcase. Smooth! We stay with William as he goes to sit back down at his bed - ecstatic!

Faisal leans in, from the doorway. Both him and Andrew watch William, like two parents watching their kid's expression as they open Christmas presents.

FAISAL  
Look at that smile!

William's smile is from pride, from the excitement to come!

ANDREW (O.C.)  
Golden boy.

FAISAL (O.C.)  
Yeah. Baby - face golden boy.

The two middle aged men crack up at the sight. William still unfazed. "Tame Impale - Elephant" begins to play in the background.

WILLIAM (V.O.)  
So walk me through it one more time.

INT. CINEMA, STANDS (MONTAGE) - NIGHT

We're looking up at the silver screen. It shines brightly. The projection begins to show.

INSERT IN: PROJECTION OF OLD TIME'Y FILM COUNTDOWN

Counter goes from 3. Spinning in a anticlockwise circular motion back onto itself.

ANDREW (V.O.)

Not again! Why?

Timer at 2..

FAISAL (V.O.)

It's not as complicated as it sounds.

Counter at 1.. Begin movie.

There's footage of poor people in Indonesia, Thailand, the Philippines. Clashes. Tsunamis. Wars. The agony goes on.

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

First you find the donors. Then you find the cash flow. Famine, natural disasters. War --

WILLIAM (V.O.)

-- Iraq, Syria.

Images now displayed on the silver screen. ISIS, the government, rebels.

FAISAL (V.O.)

That's right. Then to extract the money - surgeons are needed.

The images on the silver screen cut to British, German, U.S.A and French flags, blowing in the wind, in the fabrics of cotton.

ANDREW (V.O.)

(Interrupts)

You mean the best surgeons.

FAISAL (V.O.)

The best you can find. But....

(Gives in) Yeah.

Chances are the best you will find, do come from those countries. Next, you fly them out. To where they are needed.

INT. GENERIC WESTERN AIRPORT (MONTAGE) - DAY

POV: A HAND HOLDING A FLIGHT TICKET UP.

Looking left and right, running to the boarding line.

EXT. BOEING PLANE (CONTINUOUS) IN THE CLOUDS (MONTAGE) - DAY

We're flying even higher than the Boeing passenger plane. Looking down at it's spread wings. Passing pink clouds. The jet noise roars past.

INT. COMMUNITY ROOM, NURSING HOME (MONTAGE) - DAY

A group of old pensioners in the care home are singing we'll meet again. One old stubborn man stands out the crowd. Not giving in to the sing songs. We zoom closer and closer to this old mans face. Until the tensions gaining.

ANDREW (V.O.)

- Next you have the desperate patients.

OLD GRUMPY MAN

(In our face)

Where's my kidney?

STOP. The image stays still like a VHS pause setting. Bobbling up and down.

FAISAL (V.O.)

Freeze. Not yet, before that. First you have to persuade the doctors to get you on their books.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

And giving them a paycheck actually works?

EXT. LAVISH GOLF COURSE, MIAMI (MONTAGE) - DAY

It's a beautiful day in a Florida golf course.

FAISAL (V.O.)

You'd be surprised what a game of golf and a Christmas bonus would help pay, son.

A fat, middle aged Florida doctor lines up the golf ball. He goes to swing, then:

FAISAL (O.C.)

Wait!

The Florida doctor stops. Looks over to Faisal, who shakes a rigged golf ball to his ear. Then placing it down in front of the doctor, ready to use.

FAISAL

(Explains)

It's... uh.. Lucky.

The doctor lines it up again, swings... Hole in one! Half naked women jump around this obese doctor, cheering for his win. He smiles, gratefully, over to Faisal.

FAISAL (V.O.)

You'd be surprised at what rewards you can pull out for yourself, with just stroking a simple man's ego.

CLOSE UP: FAISAL AND THE FLORIDA DOCTOR SHAKE HANDS ON THE GREEN. CHAMPAGNE POPS.

INT. COMMUNITY ROOM, NURSING HOME (MONTAGE) - DAY

OLD GRUMPY MAN

Where's my kidney?

FAISAL (V.O.)

Then comes the nursing homes, hospitals and all the patients.

We zoom out to see a carer, she sits at a desk, counting a hand full of cash. Still unimpressed with a pony tail and a overdo of makeup.

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

And a few other expenses that come along the way.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL (MONTAGE) - DAY

William and Andrew put organs in cooler boxes, taping them and writing on the lids.

ANDREW (V.O.)

Then comes packaging with stealth.

Andrew pulls out a cardboard toy box, displaying a child's car toy.

WILLIAM

Really?

They begin placing it in a cooler box, which, in turn goes into the car toy box.

ANDREW

Let's just hope they don't accidentally send it to 'toys r' us'.

William laughs, followed by the afterthought.

INT./EXT. INSIDE/ A TRUCK, UK INDUSTRIAL ESTATE (MONTAGE) - DAY

FAISAL (V.O.)

And that's when we finish off with logistics.

Grey clouds outside the windshield. Driver turns to the wing mirror - the workmen, loading his truck stand around, laughing and joking.

Driver climbs out, marching around the side of the truck with a lack of patience.

DRIVER

(Lights cigarette)

What's taking so long?

The main loader, looks over to the driver. Clueless.

Loader and driver turn their necks to see; Loader 2 and 3 taking selfies with the organs.

DRIVER (cont'd)

It's not Halloween. What the hell are they doing?

The loader casually gestures.

LOADER

We're done here.

NEW ANGLE: INSIDE THE TRAILER - ONLY A FEW PALLETS OF  
ORGANS.

PAN BACK TO: DRIVER AND LOADER AT THE END OF THE TRAILER,  
PEERING IN.

DRIVER

(A beat)

Oh... Less than I thought.

LOADER

You haven't done this before have  
you? You got the money?

The driver takes a deep breath - the confidence of this  
loader guy!

EXT. A TRUCK, UK INDUSTRIAL ESTATE (MONTAGE) - MOMENTS LATER

The driver opens the briefcase, full of cash. Loader 2 and 3  
still posing with organs, kidneys and lungs in plastic  
coverings.

DRIVER

We done here?

LOADER

(Satisfied)

We're good.

Loader turns to loader 2 and 3. In Romanian, telling them to  
stop playing with the bloody organs. It's comedic. But this  
new squeamish driver, doesn't think so.

LOADER (cont'd)

We're good, yes?

DRIVER

(Sweating)

Ummm... yeah -- plus three?

LOADER

Plus thirty seven.

Driver nods with nerves. Leaving, quiverish.

The three loaders watch the driver go - once out of sight,  
laughing at the soft driver.

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL (MONTAGE) - DAY

William and Andrew work tirelessly. In fast forward.  
Painfully earning away.

FAISAL (V.O.)

That's pretty much it. So what do you  
say? You want to make a living?

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL (MONTAGE) - DAY

Still in fast forward. William and Andrew keep placing  
stacks and stacks of briefcases up on the rack. It feels so  
progressive.

ANDREW

Fuck yeah.

WILLIAM

I'm in.

CUT TO:

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The lights are dimmed low. X - BOX 360 on in the background,  
with Andrew and William playing against one another.

They sit on bean bags with Faisal seated on one himself in  
the middle the hypnotized gamers.

Beer bottles are empty, on the floor in three separate  
piles. Faisal's empty beer bottles are recognizably more  
than, three times as much as the other two.

The boredom begins to be too much for Faisal as he fidgets -  
looking back and forth to their pale, unambitious faces.

FAISAL

(Drunkenly)

Westerners. Wasting their lives with  
this shit.

ANDREW

Uh - ohhh. Someones had too many.

William - trying not to laugh. Faisal catches a glance of  
William's grin, holding back nasty drunken insults.



FAISAL  
 (Swings round bottle)  
 Everything was going just fine. On  
 the right course of direction.

WILLIAM  
 (Pauses game)  
 What are you talking about?

FAISAL  
 Nineteen - seventy - nine. Iran.

Andrew blows his lips like a bored horse, but William  
 listens in closely to the tale.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 (Slurring)  
 Everything was in it's right place.  
 But your MI6, CIA. Fucked it all up.  
 You and your pushy little countries.  
 Couldn't help yourselves, could you?  
 Greedy fingers on every dime.  
 Selfish, greedy bastards.

William spins his head to Andrew - waiting for some  
 response.

ANDREW  
 (Edge of laughter)  
 Yeah, that's interesting... And  
 pretty strong coming from the guy  
 that bought us Bud light - you cheap,  
 greedy bastard.

Faisal laughs, uncontrollably. William joins in until he  
 sees Faisal. Intimidatingly stares through the laugh.

FAISAL  
 (Happy - drunk)  
 Nineteen - seventy - nine. Haha.

The laughter creepily settles.

WILLIAM  
 (And then)  
 Hey, Faisal. We wouldn't have to play  
 games --

FAISAL  
 -- Willy, Willy, William. What would  
 you suppose we do then?

WILLIAM  
 ... Just find it strange, we can't  
 watch T.V?

Faisal laughs to himself, becoming a strange deep laugh,  
 from the bottom of his stomach. William, creeps out,  
 flickers a glance to Andrew - not getting involved.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 I mean, why not?

Faisal's laughter ends.

FAISAL  
 Why not? Why not?

Faisal jumps to his feet, outraged like a crazed animal,  
 ready to attack. Going in to lash William, who pushes down  
 onto the bean bag, burying himself for defense.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 BECAUSE YOU SIGNED A CONTRACT. THAT'S  
 WHY!

ANDREW  
 (Jumping in)  
 Hey.

Andrew detains Faisal before Faisal can even lay a finger on  
 William.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 (Carrying Faisal)  
 Right, you've had too much to drink.

FAISAL  
 (Dozing off)  
 Nineteen - seventy - nine.

Andrew starts carrying Faisal's limp body across the floor.  
 Faisal's feet sliding, dragged on the ground.

They head for the elevator, leaving William - freaked out  
 and sunk in a bean bag. In complete discomfort from Faisal's  
 outrageousness.

ANDREW  
 (To William)  
 I'm getting him to bed. Turn the T.V  
 off when you're done. Early start  
 tomorrow.

William, pressured - nods quickly, almost shitting himself.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MORNING

The second surgery.

A man lays on the hospital bed, getting his lung removed. Knocked out from anesthetic gas. The heart beat monitor beeps away. Other than that, complete silence.

William talks, extracting the lung.

WILLIAM

So... Faisal all sobered up, now?

Andrew says nothing, preparing the medical containers.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

Quite a performance, don't you think?

ANDREW

He can be a nasty drunk. There's nothing else to say

WILLIAM

I'm not bothered by his little fit, if your implying I'm being too sensitive.

ANDREW

Then, what?

WILLIAM

It's just --

ANDREW

-- Just what?

WILLIAM

Well... Don't you find it weird he won't let us watch T.V?

ANDREW

No.

WILLIAM

Of course you don't.

Andrew smacks down a metal tool on the table, making William flinch.

ANDREW

-- LOOK. I'm here to do one thing, make money. I don't give a shit if he says don't play X-BOX, or don't drink, or don't even wank. I'm just appreciative that I'm making money. Good money, and it's about time you are too.

WILLIAM

-- Al'right... Calm down.

We can see in William's eyes, some respect is lost for Andrew - the once rebel, looking more like a sheep.

ANDREW

Do you mind hurrying up? You're dripping blood everywhere.

William snaps into action, moving the lung to the container whilst feeling foolish.

INT. HALLWAY, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

TRACK WITH: WILLIAM MAKING HIS WAY, TOWARDS FAISAL'S OFFICE.

Just before he knocks on the door;

Andrew peers out the door. Exiting with two briefcases, closing the door silently behind himself.

ANDREW

He told me to give this to you.

WILLIAM

What, I can't get it myself?

(Nothing)

He's still pissed at me? I didn't even do anything.

ANDREW

No. He's sorry. But he's a proud man. It's embarrassing for him. Imagine if you were a nasty drunk. Put yourself in the others shoes sometime. Have some sympathy!

WILLIAM

(Sarcastic)

Yeah. OK. Sure. It's definitely me that needs more sympathetic attributes. At least I have a bench mark to how far I'll bend my morals.

ANDREW

(Paranoid)

What does that mean?

WILLIAM

No - Nothing, just give me that.

Andrew hands the briefcase over. We stay with him as William turns his back. Watching William suspiciously.

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

William's on the X - box again, playing Halo with enthusiasm. Pushing the buttons like a rabbit on speed, covering the controller with Doritos covered hands. The potato chips and beer are to the side of him. His lazy ass stuck to the bean bag.

Florin comes in, not a word in his mouth, showing attitude.

WILLIAM

Hey, what's up man?

(Nothing)

You know, you could say hi back.

Florin walks to the T.V, blatantly covering the view from William.

WILLIAM (O.C.)

Hey, could you get out the way, please?

(Nothing)

Hello, Florin?

In one swift tug, Florin pulls the cable out the T.V, unplugging the games console.

WILLIAM (O.C.) (cont'd)

Are you nuts, what's the matter with you?

[PAUSE]

Florin scoffs, turning around with an evil grin.

NEW ANGLE: CLOSE TO FLORIN

Pulls up his sleeve, Florin Takes out an aerial cable.  
Installing it - We focus on the background behind him:

William in his bean bag.

WILLIAM

Right. No problem.

William struggles up to his feet and is out the door.

Florin laughs to himself 'too easy'.

INT. FAISAL'S OFFICE, HOSPITAL BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Faisal's filling out documents, still sitting with the dim  
light, bouncing off his desk. Two knocks at the door.

FAISAL

Enter, only if you've done that job  
for me, Florin --

- William pokes his head through the door.

FAISAL (cont'd)

- Oh, William. Look I just want to  
apologize sincerely for --

WILLIAM

(Taking a seat)

-- No. Don't apologize. There's no  
need, I got out of hand, I'm the one  
that should apologize. You're the boss  
and I'm the employee.

Faisal's almost blushing at the respect.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

The best boss I've ever had, and I  
respect you Faisal. And I'm thankful  
for the opportunities you've given  
me.

FAISAL

(Bashful)

Oh, well - what can I say?

WILLIAM  
 Absolutely nothing. But I'm going to  
 tell you something now and I'm only  
 telling you because it's apt to  
 respect your boss.

[PAUSE]

Faisal getting anxious, paranoid.

FAISAL  
 (On edge)  
 What's that William?

WILLIAM  
 (Leans in)  
 I think Florin just fucked up.

We go back to Faisal, painfully awaiting more.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLS, OUTSIDE OF LUNCHROOM - NIGHT

Andrew walking down the hall towards William.

William smirks and laughs, looking through the door window  
 to what's going on inside the lunchroom; A commotion.

WILLIAM  
 (Laughing)  
 Haha. Sucker.

ANDREW  
 What are you doing?

WILLIAM  
 Florin pissed me off so I ratted on  
 him out, watching T.V.

William gives space for Andrew to look through too.

WILLIAM AND ANDREW'S POV: THROUGH THE GLASS;

Faisal outraged at Florin. Shouting and telling him off like  
 an emotionally unstable mom. Florin keeps his head down. His  
 aerial cable ripped up by Faisal.

Florin looks directly through the glass window to William  
 smiling at him. Florin bites his lip, displaying hatred,  
 like he could rip into William's grin in a second.

We go back to William, putting up his middle finger to Florin.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
(Whispering)  
Fuck you, mother fucker.

ANDREW  
You're nuts.

Andrew pisses himself laughing, and then heads off.

William's laughter runs out like a car without gas.

INT. HALLS, OUTSIDE OF LUNCHROOM/ INSIDE LUNCHROOM - NIGHT

Later in the day, William walks down the halls. Slips into the lunchroom.

Making his way to the trash can. Looking inside; The broken aerial cable.

William picks it up, observes to see if it can still be fixed. Nope - Faisal's destroyed it.

William drops it back to the bottom of the trash and huffs to himself. Disappointment.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

In the bed. William's eyes are wide open in the pitch black. He hears Andrew snoring. Time for action.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

William's hand opens the briefcase filling his pockets with cash. The sound clashes. Looking to Andrew, cautiously. But he's out like a baby.

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

CLOSE UP: WILLIAM'S HAND ON THE CODE

His fingers type in to the digital lock of the keypad: 1979..Unlocking it.



EXT. VILLAGE STREET, SYRIA - NIGHT

Now, strolling through the streets. It's grubby and on the edge of hostile. William walks powerfully down the high street. Sirens in the background and artillery fire. But this doesn't affect the few Syrian pedestrians - only William, who's slightly jumpy at the crackling sounds, pulling over his hood, staying anonymous.

We follow him into an electronic store - the sign lit up in Arabic neon.

INT. ELECTRONIC STORE - CONTINUOUS

A man stands behind the counter. Protected cables hang in packages behind him on a wall.

WILLIAM  
As - Salem alaykum.

STORE OWNER  
(Distrusting)  
As - salamu alaykum.

WILLIAM  
Umm... Do you have an aerial cable?

STORE OWNER  
Uh - little - No English.

WILLIAM  
T.V. - Satellite, cable?

STORE OWNER  
Ah! T.V? Yes.

The owner spins, turning back around with the desired cable.

WILLIAM  
(Excited)  
YES!

STORE OWNER (TRANSLATED)  
(In Arabic)  
1000 Syrian Pounds.

William places down a British five pound note. Store owner looks insulted, shaking his head.

STORE OWNER  
No. Syrian only.

WILLIAM  
 This is worth much more.  
 (Nothing)  
 Fine..

A second attempt. William now ruffling through his pocket. Places £150 GBP on the counter. Starts Google searching on his phone.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 (Typing)  
 That's....  
 (Shows phone screen)  
 Many Syrian!

We see as the shop keeper does. A currency converter - 95,000 Syrian Pounds.

STORE OWNER  
 OK!

William nods, taking the aerial cable with him out the entrance. We stay with the store owner. As soon as the bell on the door goes.

STORE OWNER (cont'd)  
 (To Himself)  
 Sucker!

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

After getting back in, William figuratively tip toes into the room - looking around secretively.

CLOSE UP: WILLIAM OPENING THE AERIAL CABLE PACKAGING.

Unfolding the wire. Climbing behind the T.V, on the wall. His slender fingers just able to reach the back and insert the cable.

William slouches back into his beanbag more formally - posture upright. The T.V remote in his hands.

As soon as the T.V turns on, the volume is a roaring racket of sounds. William panics, quick on the remote to mute it - Dead silence.

Pausing. Luckily enough, William hasn't woke anyone. An inhale of relief and William sets the volume quietly, flicking to the news channels.

INSERT: TV SCREEN

Images of the Syrian war, a man with a rocket launcher shouts. Followed by images of a certain terrorist group - ISIS. William has never seen this group before.

WILLIAM  
(To himself)  
What the fuck?

William goes to settings, making the T.V go to English subtitles. An Arabian female anchor explains the Syrian refugees crisis.

FEMALE ANCHOR (SUBTITLE)  
(On T.V)  
There are many Syrian refugees that have been convinced to sell their organs to escape the perils of ISIS to the safety Europe. Some groups of surgeons even extorting patients by threats.

William's mind sinks into his conscience. News footage of migrants crossing over to Italy, a full boat of people, sinking. Drowned bodies in orange life jackets, floating.

William begins to sweat in the anxiety, hyperventilating.

There's an image of a drowned child, dead. Washed assure the Mediterranean beach - alone, rotting.

William dry heaves, flicking the channel - a news report of the illegal organ trade again - the anchors speech persecuting these surgeons with furious revenge.

WILLIAM  
Fuck off.

Now, on a new channel. Footage of a Syrian home, hit with an airstrike. Children crying, buried under the rubble. A boy gets pulled out to 'safety' - placed in an ambulance - and on the boys face, a bloodied emotionless reflection of the state.

William in a single exhale turns the T.V off. Doing so with terror in his mind. Distraught pain, tortures the inside of his mind.

We pull away from him as he can't get a grip. Leaving him to sit alone with his thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

William floats in the hot sun of the sea, facing upwards until a loud boat horn explodes.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An explosive detonation rumbles the walls down. Dust begins to thicken in clouds, all up in the air.

William pulls himself upright, trying to shake off the weird dream. Finding his footing in the unknown destruction.

ANDREW  
Earthquake! Jesus!

The dust, now settling.

WILLIAM  
That wasn't an earthquake.

Faisal smacks their bedroom door open, sweating as he runs in.

FAISAL  
Are you both OK?

ANDREW  
Never better. Tell me that was an earthquake.

FAISAL  
I don't think so.

WILLIAM  
(To himself)  
Airstrike.

Just as he states it, William's phone rings. Faisal and Andrew watch his panicked expression.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
(On phone)  
Hello?... Yes... Calm down.

The screams of the worried and disturbed mother come through. The same one William helped earlier. William pulls the phone down for a second.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 (To Faisal)  
 I'm bringing in a patient. What's the  
 address?

Andrew looks deadpan to Faisal - nothing.

ANDREW  
 What do you mean, a patient?

WILLIAM  
 (Desperate)  
 What's the address!?

Faisal snatches the phone from William. Begins speaking in Arabic to the mother. Sign language to William to go up the stairs with Andrew.

William looks at Faisal, feeling no trust in him. But if he doesn't trust Faisal, there's no chance of saving this patient.... William nods, to Faisal.

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

At the key pad, Andrew keeps his back to William, hiding the code secretly. William rolls his eyes, dismissively. With a tune, the door unlocks and they run up the steps.

INT./EXT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY, FAISAL'S HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Clean beams of white light hang above from the ceiling. William stands next to the glass doors, looking out to the pitch black and rain, dribbling down on the pane. Thunder can be heard. William, symbolically is like a loyal dog awaiting his owner.

ANDREW  
 So. You've been making friends?

WILLIAM  
 Her son needed help. I'm a doctor.

ANDREW  
 Well this lady, and her son, are not yours to help. And being a doctor may not help this situation. Now's the time to start praying. Not on a fucking airplane.

WILLIAM  
 Why would you say that?

ANDREW  
Because it's the real world.

From outside the glass door, a trembling voice appears.

SYRIAN MOTHER  
(Disturbing)  
Help! Please, help.

Horror overcomes both Andrew and William - they fly out the door with a stretcher, into the stormy weather.

The worried mother tries her hardest to get her son up the steps in her feeble arms. The son's limp body, not looking reactive. William lays down the stretcher on muddy ground.

ANDREW  
(To mother)  
Place him down slowly.

Andrew on the boys arms and William on the boys feet. Tucking them in, neatly. Although both calm, the mother in a flurry of tears. William reassuringly places his hand on the mother's shoulder.

WILLIAM  
He's going to make it. OK?

SYRIAN MOTHER  
(Wipes tears)  
OK.

WILLIAM  
(Preparing)  
Three... Two ....

Andrew heaves to the boy's feat, unison with William at the hands. Carrying the kid on the stretcher as quickly and cautiously as possible.

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

The stretcher gets ruggedly pulled in. The mother weeping, hovering over her son. William shouts to Florin who's in the way.

WILLIAM  
GET OUT THE WAY!

Andrew and William slide the boy onto the operating table. William, with his stethoscope, checks the heart - Nothing. He looks around with fright.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
Defibrillation machine?

FAISAL  
(Points, calmly)  
Bottom cupboard.

William rushes over like it's his own life on the line.  
Getting emotional, placing the defibrillator on the boy.

SYRIAN MOTHER (TRANSLATED)  
(In Arabic)  
Please save my son! Please Allah.

WILLIAM  
Three - two --

- SHOCK. The boy reacts nervously, but still autonomously.  
He's still out cold.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
(Tries again)  
Three - two --

The shock is intense. But still no affect on the boy.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
Come on!

ANDREW  
(To William)  
Move. I'll do it.

Faisal comes up. His arms, wrapped around the emotional mess  
of William's shaking body, pulling him away.

FAISAL  
Let's get you out of here.

William's face is pre - crying. Scrumpled up and wrinkled -  
emotionally broken. Faisal guiding him out of the room in  
his arm.

SHOCK! The son's body bounces. Nothing. The mother cries in  
agony. SHOCK! Andrew breathing so heavily, placing his ear  
on the boys chest, checking the boy's vitals.

ANDREW  
He's dead.

SYRIAN MOTHER  
(Sobbing)  
NOOO. WHY?... WHY?

Faisal looks to Florin, nods his head.

Towering over her, Florin's body comes from behind the crying mother at the operating table, pulling her away from her dead son with sympathy. Taking her out the room.

SYRIAN MOTHER (cont'd)  
(Horrifically screams)  
WHY? WHY?..... I CAN'T ... NO.

The door closes on her distraught, inconsolable screams.

Now in the room with Faisal and Andrew alone.

Andrew's fist is pressed against the steel operating bed. Still breathing heavily, carrying the weight of the world. His head down, not specifically looking at the dead boy.

Faisal now stands with his hands in his pockets facing Andrew's way.

Andrew finally looking up to him, astonished by the moment.

FAISAL  
You know what to do. Take everything, his mother wouldn't notice. I want that corpse hollow, with every space of achievable profit for us. Every bit of tissue. I'm done with this fucking drama. Do you understand?

Andrew nods, allowing Faisal's demands to be done.

We see Andrew's pale British fingers, pull over a white plastic sheet on this once lively little boy. Not full of life anymore. Covering his cold, dead face.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

William sits with his head held in his sweaty palms. Andrew's right beside him, on the bed, patting William's back, sitting upright.

A clock ticks, overbearingly and Faisal, looking unsympathetic in the doorway, leaning on the frame.

FAISAL  
We need to transform our business plan. It's getting too risky. Time is not on our side, more bombs are closing in on this area and we need to practically liquify our assets.



WILLIAM

Good, so we can go home.

FAISAL

Not yet. In a week. Two max.

ANDREW

Sounds like a plan. We'll max out the patients, go day and night for a week - sell out and get back to normal life.

FAISAL

Yes. But not just adult patients. I want to take every opportunity. I want you to start operating on kids.

Andrew nods in agreeance.

WILLIAM

No. I've crossed too many lines. Children? That's the last straw. I won't do it.

The look of contempt Faisal gives William is powerful, his eye twitching.

ANDREW

(To Faisal)

He's just tired. He'll do it.

WILLIAM

I won't.

FAISAL

William. You know that you were so much safer two months ago than you are this second. Not because of the airstrikes are getting closer and more constant. No....

William looks up with cautious fear. Faisal's tone getting dire.

FAISAL (cont'd)

..When I first hired you, you were obedient. Don't get me wrong if you've grown some balls all of sudden, good for you. I'm proud of you. But don't forget who your fucking boss is, For your own safety.

ANDREW  
He'll do it.

WILLIAM  
Fuck you. I won't do it.

ANDREW  
(Orders William)  
YOU'LL DO AS HE FUCKING SAYS. YOU  
WANT TO END UP DEAD?

William's lip begins to wrinkle, upset with the magnitude of pressure - but it's cut short.

FAISAL  
(Calmly)  
No, that's OK Andrew. If William  
doesn't want to get paid for the  
upcoming operations, let it be.  
That's all.  
(Steps to the door)  
I need to start getting prepared for  
this. Promise me this week won't be a  
fucking melodrama?

There's a look of understanding between Faisal and Andrew,  
before Faisal exits to room.

WILLIAM  
You're really going to do this?  
Operate on kids?

ANDREW  
Yes. (Stands)  
Because I don't want to end up dead.

As Andrew steps away, we stay with William, overthinking.

EXT. SYRIAN STREETS, ROOFTOPS (ESTABLISHING SHOT) - MORNING

We see on top of the ancient circular roofs of the mosque  
the night lift up the bright sunrise. It's breathtaking.  
Godliness. Religiously beautiful.

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

A little Syrian boy, sleeps under the lull of gas, fed into  
his snoring mouth. He looks like he's peacefully dreaming.

INT. HALLS, OUTSIDE OF SURGICAL ROOM - DAY

Andrew gets changed into his surgical uniform. Each movement is like a procedure done to the utmost perfection.

William watches in disbelief at Andrew's ignorance to what he's doing. William's stare goes back and forth from being focused. Waves of anger come and fade.

ANDREW  
You need to cool down.  
(Nothing)

William's attitude stays monotonously the same. A frown upon his head.

Andrew starts to make his way out the door. Traveling to the operating room. William, tags along, staying close and annoying.

TRACK WITH: ANDREW, FAST PACE WALKING.

Out the door. Into the long narrow halls. We're still behind William, trying to catch up with Andrew.

NEW ANGLE: IN FRONT OF ANDREW AS HE WALKS. OUR VIEW IS CLOSE. STUFFY.

William's feet stay just far enough from stepping on Andrew's feet. Stress starts to create an uneasy atmosphere.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
I thought you're not co-operating?

WILLIAM  
(Passive aggressive)  
Oh. I'm not. I'm just coming to make sure you don't fuck it up.

Approaching the operating room. Andrew pushes the swinging door open with agitation.

William after. Doing anything he can possibly do to begin a fight now.

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The Syrian boy, still sleeps with a head full of dreams. Induced on medical gas.

As Andrew sets up for the operation, William stands, hands crossed. Looking to the floor, ashamed of what he's about to witness.

WILLIAM  
 (Under his breath)  
 Not that you give a shit.

Andrew's running out of patience. Why is William being so adamant?

ANDREW  
 What?

WILLIAM  
 (Raised voice)  
 NOT THAT YOU GIVE A SHIT IF HE DIES.  
 As long as his organs are intact.  
 Right, doctor Bennett?

Andrew turns to the little boy, still asleep, uninterrupted by William's outburst. Andrew punches the air, as silenced, with as much visible frustration as possible.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 (Still loud)  
 I don't give a fuck. This is wrong --

Andrew looks up to God, as if to ask, what's wrong with this idiot? And then;

ANDREW  
 (Furiously whispers)  
 Listen, you ungrateful little shit;  
 How can you stand there, thinking you  
 have so much power? Pretending you  
 got balls. Do you want to go tell  
 Faisal, I shouldn't do this? How  
 about Florin? I bring you all the way  
 out here, --

WILLIAM  
 -- You think threatening me will  
 work?

ANDREW  
 If your sane, and you want to get out  
 of this safely, then yeah. You're  
 joking yourself if you think you have  
 any power over me. You're just an  
 apprentice. You're a dreamer,  
 William.

(MORE)

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 Living in a depiction of the world.  
 (Raising voice emotionally)  
 You don't know the world. You haven't  
 seen shit! The only reason your  
 making proper money, and back in a  
 useful career is because of me!

WILLIAM  
 (Convincing himself)  
 That's not. That's not --

ANDREW  
 (Powerful)  
 -- Oh that is, so fucking true.  
 Without me you'd be in some store, or  
 some other dead end job. Stacking the  
 shelves, for people like me.

WILLIAM  
 Because you're better than me?

ANDREW  
 No, not-. Because I'm more  
 experienced.

William body language is un-confidently, withdrawn. He looks  
 down to the ground, thinking deeply.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 (Comforting tone)  
 I know that you're sensitive. But  
 that's the difference between me and  
 you. You let your emotions hold you  
 back. To move forward in this career  
 line, you need to cut off all the  
 sensitivities. Separate yourself from  
 the work. It comes with experience.

WILLIAM  
 It doesn't hold me back. It's an  
 advantage. It stops me from becoming  
 you.

ANDREW  
 (Tired sigh)  
 You don't know what your talking  
 about. You lack the professionalism.  
 Just look at how emotional you are  
 right now!

We see William, crossed hands and pacing. It looks like he's  
 having a ten billion brain synapses at once.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 If your going to stay here, sit down  
 and shut the fuck up.

William does this, as slow as possible. He doesn't look at the little boy, but his heart is strongly positioned: wanting to protect this child.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 Let me do my fucking job.

NEW ANGLE: WILLIAM, SEATED. UNSTABLE LOOKING.

It's like he's somewhere else. Trying to focus out of this moment.

Andrew looks over. See's this. Starts to get anxious. And it's a valid thought, with William's history. A few seconds pass. Andrew looks worried for William. He frowns. Wanting everything to go back to normal.

... Decides to chance it, moving on with the operation.

William starts to shout, which is concerning. But it's muffled.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KITCHEN, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Faisal hears the arguing beginning to rise in the surgical room. He walks out, ready to take control of the situation, into the lunch room.

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

About to walk past the room, oblivious, Faisal turns back, seeing hanging from the back of the T.V: An aerial cable.

He tugs it out, staring down at it in his hands.

Florin comes into focus, arms crossed. Faisal looks to him, but Florin stands defiant, shaking his head. It's not his cable.

Florin awaits an apology, but Faisal just pushes past him.

FAISAL  
 (Stressed)  
 Get the fuck out the way.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

Electrical equipment buzzes. We hear the heart monitor minutely. Andrew's stance is ready.

The scalpel. It hovers. Inches away from the Syrian boys skin, lit blindingly by the LED Lights.

WILLIAM

(Unstable)

I can't believe you're going to do this.

ANDREW

-- William.

WILLIAM

It's just - I really can't believe --

ANDREW

(Demanding)

-- William!

William, completely numbed to good morals starts rocking back and forth in his chair. Trying to achieve a sense of comfort.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry.

Before Andrew goes for the second attempt at a cut, he peers over to William. Feeling sorry for him, but keeping his mouth closed - shut.

Now, the second attempt. The scalpel gets to the boys abdomen, everything settled in place. But William makes a disturbing shriek.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

(Gags)

I think I'm going to be sick.

ANDREW

(Insensitive)

Then go to the bathroom!

William gets a hold of his pre - vomiting gagging. Taking in a large breath, cooling his sweating by repetitive breaths.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 What is wrong with you? I need  
 concentration. Are you crazy, this is  
 a serious operation? Get a grip.

William raising to his feet. The confidence is back, with an  
 edge. It's a threatening stance.

WILLIAM  
 (Stronger)  
 Am I crazy? Am I crazy?  
 (Insanely points to himself)  
 What's wrong with, me?

Andrew can tell something is off. Twisted in William's  
 behavior. His bipolar disorder is coming through. On the  
 brink of a breakdown.

Andrew climbs across the surgical bed. Making his way to  
 William. Trying to control a situation that's increasing at  
 an alarming rate.

ANDREW  
 It's alright. Take a deep breath.

WILLIAM  
 (Pacing, wildly)  
 -- NO. No. No. No. I'm not the bad  
 one. You can't ask me what's wrong  
 with me. You're taking out a six year  
 old's kidney.  
 (Getting manic)  
 I'm sane! Not you!

ANDREW  
 (Trying to talk sense)  
 William.

WILLIAM  
 (Pacing, madly)  
 This isn't me. This isn't me.

William's speech becomes too loud. The volume disturbing the  
 little boys sleep. And Andrew observes this.

ANDREW  
 (Whispers)  
 -- WILLIAM!

It's too late for reason. William's gone over the edge.  
 Talking to himself. Pacing faster and faster.



WILLIAM

(Overemotional)

This isn't me. I'm not a monster. Not me. Not. No.

(A beat)

I am a monster. I should be dead.

(Tearing up) I'm nothing.

It's like a light bulb has gone off in William's mind. Why is he even in Syria? What the hell is going on? He begins hyperventilating. Unable to catch up with his wild lungs.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

FUCK! FUCK! WHY AM I HERE?

William begins sobbing inconsolably. Smashing up the glass medical wear with self hated deep down in his soul.

ANDREW

(Grabs him)

It's OK, William.

WILLIAM

GET THE FUCK OFF ME!

(Pushes kidney trays) --

They clash to the ground. Circling on the cold cement floor. Organs from the cold storage box get knocked out by William's destructiveness. They skid across the floor - useless now.

The little boy's eyes flutter again, about to wake up. Andrew makes his way to the gas valve giving the child more, of a sleep induced knock out. Andrew goes for the two - way radio.

ANDREW

(Radios to Faisal)

Get down here now. Quickly!

There's nothing Andrew can do. William's sweat pours out of every pore. The upset is havoc. Wailing around in distressing pain.

William's episode has gone too far. All out stress, that fills the room with a stress load of pressure. He pulls at his own hair, straining it and managing to tare it from follicles. Breathing heavily through corrupted lungs.

Faisal comes storming through - watching William's freak out. Followed by Shredder barging in.

FAISAL  
What happened?

ANDREW  
(Stressed)  
He's lost his mind.  
(To himself)  
FUCK!

FAISAL  
Right. Florin, detain him.

William, about to break more gets detained by Florin.  
Disabling him by force.

WILLIAM  
(distressing)  
GET OFF ME. GET OFF --

As William continues, Faisal looks down at the organs on the floor. Ruined, next to spread out ice. Then turning to Andrew, whose in no place to give orders, with watered, glassy eyes.

ANDREW  
(Distraught)  
Fuck! My God.

William cries run out of energy. Panting to himself, held upright by Florin. Faisal finally takes control, the only one unemotional enough.

FAISAL  
(Ordering Andrew)  
Finish that operation.  
(To Florin)  
Bring him through. To the bedroom!  
(To himself)  
Fuck. Fucking Christ.

Faisal and Florin go out the room. It's silent now, William's sobbing fading down the hall. The sound of electronic buzzing can be heard again.

Andrew takes a moment - thinking to himself as the young boy sleeps, innocent below him. We hear the gas seeping. The heart monitor beeps steady.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

William's head is held into his lap, taking low, slow breaths as a form of comforting himself.

Faisal's arm wrapped semi - tightly around him - both seated on the bottom bunk.

Cigarette smoke from Florin fills the air, strangling it.  
Until:

Andrew steps in, the smoke drifting away.

ANDREW  
(Pandering to William)  
Guess who wanted to see you?

The little boy Andrew operated on steps in, with a large persuaded smile, cut deep into his face. Easily influenced by Andrew's fake love of kids.

Now William's grudge of Andrew is on the tip of his tongue. Giving Andrew the death stare is all he can do. That stare just goes over Andrew's head.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
He was really brave.

WILLIAM  
He looks like a brave one.

FAISAL  
(A grin)  
A soldier. (Repeats in Arabic)

The boy laughs. This tortures William.

ANDREW  
(To boy)  
Hey. (Reaches in pocket) I've got something for you!

Andrew presents a lollipop. Like a dodgy dentist.

BOY (SUBTITLE)  
(In Arabic)  
Thank you.

William's in his own mental torture cage. Look at this poor kid, being used by monsters - much like himself.

ANDREW  
(To boy)  
Hey. How about you give one to my friend over there?

William sits uneasy. The boy and Andrew turning his direction back.

FAISAL  
Yes. Good idea!

WILLIAM  
No. thank you.

ANDREW  
(Gives boy lollipop)  
Go on. Go.

The boy steps from Andrew to William. Holding the lollipop up with generosity.

A wave of emotion hits William. But he hides it so well, taking the gift from the kid.

WILLIAM  
(hoarse)  
Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

From above. Looking down on ripples of deep blue. The edges of the waves with such sharpness. We get pulled down further. Closer towards the sea - until;

A orange life jacket floats into view...

WILLIAM (O.S.)  
Hey! Hey!

NEW ANGLE: WILLIAM FLOATING IN THE SEA.

But he's wearing a black hoodie in the middle of the ocean. He bobbles up and down. Waiting for a response from this orange blob in the distance. Nothing. Getting closer - it's a dingy. An orange life jacket lifeless on top.

Before William reaches it there's a calling.

SMALL CHILD (O.S.)  
Help! Help me!

William swivels around to where the sound came from - another raft! He kicks his feet towards it.

As he paddles closer, the small Arabic child begins to panic and fall to his stomach. Now out of view from William, covered by the ring of the dingy.

William finally reaches the raft, pulling himself to look inside.

WILLIAM'S POV:

The small child, on their back. Their stomach cut open, holding up their own bloody, still beating heart as an offering.

William screams, launching himself off the raft, back into the sea.

WILLIAM  
(Petrified)  
NO. NO. NOO!

But dozens of rafts, each with their own child. Orange life jackets surround William, attacking from every angle. It's too much --

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

William's eyes flicker. Awakening from the nightmare. Panic stricken.

WILLIAM  
-- NOOO! What?...

Looking around. William peers down to Andrew. Still fast asleep in his bunk.

It's time to leave.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

William sneaks from the doorway to his draw one last time. Grabbing socks - packing them in his bag. There's enough room for ten thousand in cash. William goes for it.

Opening up the briefcase and shaking out the cash contents. Fat packing his bag. The handle rattles. William looks at Andrew, anticipating him to wake...

Andrew just mumbles, rolling over with spit on his face. William then pulls out his Catholic cross out, writes a note and tucks it under Andrew's pillow.

Looking back from the doorway once more.

INT. ELEVATOR, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP: WILLIAM'S FINGER PRESSING A LIT UP DOWN ARROW.

The elevator shaft starts to rumble.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

WILLIAM  
I'm going home.

ANDREW  
Don't be stupid.  
(Steps forward) --

The aggression in William is dangerous as a wild dog.

WILLIAM  
-- Don't you dare try and stop me.

Andrews paused. Reaching around to grab the gun out his back pocket.

Aiming it at William. The elevator door opens. Andrew preparing himself, to shoot.

William just steps backwards, slowly into the elevator. Feeling his way in.

ANDREW  
Please. Step out of the elevator,  
William.

William stays standing still. Tearful, smiling in disbelief. Stubborn.

WILLIAM  
You wouldn't dare.

Andrew on the trigger. Hesitating. The opportunity of firing upon William shrinks as the doors of the elevator start to screech. closing.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
You wouldn't.

The elevator doors close, saving William. Going up.

ANDREW  
FUCK!

Andrew sprints for the two way radio.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

William swallows, thinking he's in the clear.

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Andrew in a sweat. Holding down on the radio.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY, FAISAL'S HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Faisal sits behind the desk on a swivel chair, ready to sleep. The radio blaring through a speaker.

ANDREW (V.O.)

(Filtered)

FAISAL. WAKE UP!

(He does)

William's gone to escape. You need to stop him.

Faisal's eyes switch on. Peering to the elevator, the up arrow displayed above it.

FAISAL

(To Florin, and radio)

Finish him.

Florin stops leaning on the wall. Making his way to the elevator door with a stylish blazer suit. Pulls a knife out from his back pocket.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - SAME

Andrew, all ears on radio.

FAISAL (O.S.)

(Filtered)

- Finish him.

Andrew legs it for the door, running as quick as if it were his own life at stake. Smashing through a fire door. Begins to ascend the stairs.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY, FAISAL'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Faisal sits ready. Shredder, anticipating with leg work. Ready to strike and cut William to death.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

ANDREW  
Stop! Faisal!

Andrew reaches the top. Pushing the fire-door open. Walking into -

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY, FAISAL'S HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

ANDREW  
Stop. Don't kill him!

The elevator doors open with a ding, we see William's face drop. The sight of Florin standing there with a knife making him go into survival mode. William pushes his back to the corner, thinking it's a life sustaining tactic. Sitting on the floor - like a panicked spider.

William goes pale, straight into shock.

ANDREW (O.S) (CONT'D)  
Don't!

Florin awaits an order from Faisal - who just turns back from Andrew, shaking his head. Canceling the assassination. Florin leans back into the elevator, pressing the down button.

We see the doors closing on a shaken up William. Sending him back down with more trauma to carry.

ANDREW  
(Furiously at Faisal)  
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT? HE'S ONE OF  
MINE!

FAISAL  
Calm down.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

William can't move, his head resting on the aluminum and steel. The argument rattles through the walls.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Calm down?

FAISAL (O.S.)  
It was just a misunderstanding. We'll  
send him home.



ANDREW (O.S.)  
 You don't fucking touch him. He's my  
 guy.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MORNING

William is watched while packing his bag. Faisal hangs back, completely cool. Andrew pacing steadily, like a dog in a new environment. Shredder's eyes watch William's new attitude, very closely.

We follow William's movements gathering his belongings. Pushing mangled up clothes in his duffel bag, raising it to be placed onto his shoulder. Confidently walking to the three.

FAISAL  
 Forgetting something? -

WILLIAM  
 I don't need it.

- Faisal chuckles, taking the briefcases for William.

FAISAL  
 (Brotherly pats  
 William)  
 There we go. Let's get you home.  
 (Pointing to bag)  
 Get that exchanged as soon as  
 possible.

Everything packed and ready to go, William leading his own way out.

ANDREW  
 (Stopping William)  
 Hey. Have a safe journey home. OK?

The audacity. William intensely leans into Andrew's soulless personality, trying to find some common sense in the shell of him.

No. Nothing.

WILLIAM

(Leaning in)

I hope your flight out of here gets shot down.

Unbelievably shoved to the side, Andrew watches William stride. We stay with Andrew. Only hearing William walk off in the background.

Then; Faisal glances over to Andrew, with another hidden smile.

ANDREW

(To Faisal)

Hey. Get him back safely.

FAISAL

He's in good hands, Dr. Bennett. You should know that... Andrew.

Faisal traces William's footsteps the same way, back to the elevator. Faisal, being the last person to exit the door. The metal door slamming shut. Locking automatically.

Andrew keeps a suspicious face. Looking through the metal door window; Faisal's possessed expression looks back at him - through bulletproof glass.

FAISAL (cont'd)

(To Andrew, through glass)

Save that game for me.

Andrew turns to the x-box game on T.V. Looking away into nothingness as William, Faisal and Florin. Just like that. Gone.

INT. SUV VEHICLE, DAMASCUS STREETS - AFTERNOON

Florin sits mutely in the front driver seat. Seeing from the front of the vehicle; William sitting in the back, middle seat like a child. It's silence for a moment but disturbed by Faisal's entrance into the front passenger.

Faisal messes around casually, rocking the interior of the car. Fidgeting. In the background, the seat belt alarm keeps DINGING. Faisal clips his seat belt finally. But the DINGING continues on the alarm.

FAISAL

(Bothered)

Wha - what is that?

Florin points to the back - William. Faisal gets it's the seat belt alarm.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 (Laughs)  
 Ohh, haha.

WILLIAM'S POV: FAISAL SPINNING BACK TOWARDS.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 Safety first, eh?

We cut to William. Encapsulated by Faisal's affirmed case to alienate him even more.

Clipping the belt. Faisal's pleasant gleaming smile radiates to the back.

Florin starts the ignition. Pulling off, with the sound of dust and concrete braking on the tyres beneath.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV VEHICLE, RURAL ROAD (CONTINUOUS) - LATER

Bumps in the dirt road, rolling along at 15mph now. It's an uneasy ride for most. The blue sky filters perfectly with the orange terrain, making it look fresh outside the car windows. The same view from the front, looking back shows William, in cold sweat.

Nothing can be pinpointed for danger, but there's something in the air, building.

The car approaches a village. Proceeding to the edge of it, Faisal's arm raising.

FAISAL  
 (To Florin)  
 Just over here should be fine.

The car pulls over, near the curb. William's hair, rising up. The car is unnoticeable to the village goers. Far enough that nobody can see.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 (Abruptly)  
 William. I just need to stop here for some business. Shredder is going to take you back to the airport --

William's ears twitch, his spine rots in his seat.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 -- Take care, Will.

The car shut with Faisal on the outside. William's terror intrudes too deeply within himself - LASHING out for the car door handle. Florin remains still - calm. William's hand bounces off the touch. It's frozen, it's solid it's... The child lock.

William slumps in his seat with eyes watering full. In a way, it's cathartic. It's over. Defeat.

WILLIAM  
 We're not going to the airport are  
 we?

From the front of the car, with his signature style;

FLORIN  
 (A beat)  
 No.

Back to William, nodding in agreement with Shredder's notoriously wise words.

The texture of snot, and tears gets rolled in a muck. The sight of William whining silently helpless.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

The Xbox game is too loud. Andrew mutes it. The game Halo game - awaiting in the purgatory of a player.

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT - DUSK

The SUV Trunk door is slammed down by Florin's bruised arm. Sleeves rolled up. This goes on to reveal the barren landscape; Lonely, quiet. Soulless. The terrain goes on and on and on, into the pink sunset, like a vapourwave scene. Far in the east.

William stands at the side of the road, above a ditch. Back towards us and faceless. Observing everything there is to take in this vase landscape.

FORCE moves William, twisting him in shock. A shovel pushed into his back from Florin, now observing with him. William looks to Shredder. Then to the shovel in his hands, waiting patiently. Not this kid. William's grip is almost enough to break the wooden handle of it.

Florin points to the red, sunburnt ground below.

WILLIAM  
 (Fiercely)  
 You heartless cunt!  
 (Chuckling shovel)

It bounces. The metal rebounding to make a crisp echo. Only to make Florin move things along, cocking his gun.

Florin holds it ready. A stone cold Romanian gangsta.

WILLIAM'S POV: THE UNFORGIVING GROUND. CRACKED. HEATED.

William looks to Florin's patient stare, with his sunglasses hiding each decision in Florin's twisted little head.

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 (Begging)  
 Wait. Just give me a minute. Please!

William goes quickly to his pocket, pulling out his phone with earphones dangling by them very carefully. Gesturing over to Florin. Trying to negotiate:

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 I hope you learn some humanity right now.  
 (Then, softly)  
 Give me one minute.

It seems Florin has granted William's last, begging wish. This doesn't stop William from looking over - paranoid with every right to be.

The earphones are placed in William's ear. The dial...

WILLIAM (cont'd)  
 (Begging)  
 Just one minute! Please!

Florin nods. The dial goes through to William's mother.

MRS. MCCARTHY (V.O)  
 (Filtered)  
 Hello?

WILLIAM  
 Mo -- Mom!

MRS. MCCARTHY (V.O)  
 William, is that you?

WILLIAM  
 (Half-cry)  
 Yeah!

There's a pause in call - time. Then;

MRS. MCCARTHY (O.S.)  
 Hello. William. How's the doctoring  
 going?

WILLIAM  
 It's fine. I --

MRS. MCCARTHY (O.S.)  
 -- What's going on with the telephone  
 line? I don't mean to be rude  
 William, but I'm late for church.

WILLIAM  
 (Laughs)  
 That's fine --

William, rewinding the second. The Irish response from his faraway mother makes William laugh, quickly followed by heartbreak. Hiding it all too well.

MRS. MCCARTHY (V.O)  
 (Phone cutting out)  
 -- We'll talk after. --

WILLIAM  
 -- WAIT!

MRS. MCCARTHY (V.O)  
 -- What?

WILLIAM  
 (Silent cry)  
 I'm just sorry. And Pray for me, mom?

In the wait of a response, William's already bitten down on his sleeve to stop the pain. His eyes red with taunting sadness.

MRS. MCCARTHY (V.O)  
 (Filtered)  
 I always do. I love you.

WILLIAM  
 I love you.

MRS. MCCARTHY (V.O)

(Rushed)

-- I really must go sweetheart. Speak to you soon.

The line cuts dead.

William leaves his earphones in.

NEW ANGLE: WILLIAM'S PHONE

He scrolls through the lists of songs on his Ipod. Clam's casino - I'm God, is the pick! It's all we hear, listening with William.

William looks out into the openness. The air in the red, velvet dusk. Pure tranquility. But it's the beginning of the end.

BANG! Gunshot. William's lifeless body rolls down the ditch.

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

Andrew staring off into space. All alone, looking to the floor below him. A half empty beer, held in his loose hand. It looks warm.

Faisal sensationally walks in with confidence. Still with his boots and jeans on, holding the X-Box controller.

FAISAL

We not continuing the game then?

ANDREW

(Swigs beer)

Too tired.

FAISAL

Awww, what's the matter, shall I tuck you in?

Faisal takes the ball busting further, trying to outwardly hug Andrew, who looks like a sad dog. But Andrew can't take the mental prison, his head is trapped in.

ANDREW

(Fierce pushes Faisal)

NO - Get off!

Faisal backs off. It's clear Andrew's gotten sensitive to the situation.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 Hey, why do you think William left  
 behind his X-Box?

There's a pause. Andrew, critically trying to read Faisal's mind.

FAISAL  
 I don't know. He's pretty forgetful.  
 (Childishly)  
 I've got an organ trade empire and a  
 X-Box now. I'm not complaining.

Andrew gives up at any attempt of abstracting more information. Nodding to Faisal yet, trapped inside his own paranoid mind.

ANDREW  
 You got him home safely?

FAISAL  
 Yes.

Andrew's sight is stuck on Faisal. Almost looking through him.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 (Frustrated)  
 YES! What, you don't believe me?

Andrew's mind takes him away. Everything slows down as he thinks of what could have happened to William.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 Andrew? --

ANDREW  
 -- Yeah, I believe you.  
 I'm sorry it's just so... Stressful.  
 How the hell am I supposed to do this  
 alone?

Andrew slumps into his bottom bunk.

FAISAL  
 (Leans against bunk  
 bed)  
 Easy.

ANDREW  
 Easy?



FAISAL  
 (Lights cigarette)  
 Easy! You just carry on doing, what  
 you've been doing all these years.  
 Keep on being Dr. Andrew Bennett! The  
 best surgeon in the United Kingdom.

Faisal peers over, hoping the compliment will persuade  
 Andrew's ego. Maybe a smile at least? Andrew makes not one  
 facial movement. Cold, still.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
 (Inhales)  
 And honestly, I think William was  
 dead weight. Pulling us down.

ANDREW  
 How?

FAISAL  
 (Shrugs)  
 Too innocent. Too weak.

ANDREW  
 And what does that mean, Faisal?

Faisal turns back to Andrew. His joker side gone, and a  
 primal, warrior persona takes it's place. It pulsates.

FAISAL  
 Why do you think this time you got  
 such a massive, fucking cut? The  
 patients aren't going to Europe.

Andrew looks away. It's all been a lie.

We stay with Andrew, a new emotion rolls his way. This is  
 the first time he's felt this passion in years; His moral  
 compass.

ANDREW  
 (Breathlessly)  
 Wha -- What?

Faisal kneels down. Face to face level with Andrew.

FAISAL  
 Those patients we work on. We're not  
 taking them to Europe. We just  
 relocate them somewhere else in  
 Syria - abandon them. It cuts costs.  
 (Persuasively)  
 More money in your pocket Andrew.

ANDREW  
Are you sick in the head?

Faisal smiles, raising to his feet with chuckles, his yellow canines shining through.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
That's profane! Their running from  
ISIS. Children, Faisal? Children?! --

FAISAL  
-- And my point was; William wouldn't  
be able to handle that, would he  
Andrew?

Andrew looks up to his old friend, his long term business partner, now appearing like some villain.

The pressure builds. Faisal's gun is showing in his belt. It's not meant to come across as a intimidation method - Faisal blind to the fact it's showing. But Andrew still plays it cool.

ANDREW  
(Looks down)  
Yes. He wouldn't be able to handle  
it. You're right, he's weak. I - I'm  
just tired, Faisal.

FAISAL  
You don't have to tell me. Get some  
sleep. We'll have some bacon for  
breakfast, make some proper money  
tomorrow, OK?

We see clearly, Andrew's absentee expressions in the moment, prove he's been pushed to his emotional boundaries.

ANDREW  
(Drained)  
OK.

Faisal walks to the exit of the bedroom.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Faisal?  
(Faisal turns)  
Do you ever feel like we're  
exploiting these people too much?

Faisal hangs in the doorway, casually posed.

FAISAL

Oh, we definitely are. Just like some men exploited others before us. In the Iraq war, Gulf war. Don't feel bad - it's just the way it is. Get some sleep.

Andrew's now broken emotionally, it goes invisible under Faisal's radar,

ANDREW

OK.

Faisal slides out the room. Andrew's response is to tuck into the fetal position, on William's bed. Partially traumatized.

He picks up the cushion, placing his head underneath it but something sharp hits Andrew's hand. It feels wooden.

As Andrew pulls out the object, it's a catholic cross with a note - It reads:

INSERT IN NOTE: "DON'T SUFFER IN THE COMFORT. THRIVE IN THE AGONY OF FREEDOM."

Andrew takes it all in, like it was a message from the universe. It's cathartic and mythical. Pulling the cross, close to his heart.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SURGEONS BUNKER ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Andrew awakes at twilight, jumping out his bed, taunted by nightmares of entrapment. Paranoia hits in hard.

B) Andrew steps up to the lunchroom code locked door. Praying in his head as he types in the same digits as usual - 1.9.7.9 - ACCESS DENIED.

Andrew pulls away. Realizing: Faisal doesn't trust him.

C) In the surgical room, Andrew scatters like a rat to the bottom cupboard drawer, clawing at it manically. Chucking things out, searching with every optical nerve... Nothing there. No gun! It's clear Andrew has been used and is awaiting his own execution. He exhales, moves forward.

D) Andrew slumps back in the bed, grabs a pen and paper and begins to write, which we see in bold handwriting; "S.O.S" - A rescue letter. Andrew writes as clear as possible, each movement of his wrist done surgically.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MORNING

Andrew in his scrubs. Sitting on an scabby office chair. The ticking on the wall is powerfully intimidating. A look to the clock besides him: 9 O'clock on the dot.

Faisal comes in, leading a kid brother and sister by each of his hands. They're young, innocent looking.

The kids, along with Faisal smile over to Andrew, while Andrew only cautiously measures up Faisal with revengeful eyes - unannounced to Faisal.

FAISAL

So kids.. This is DR. Bennett; Your qualified surgeon.

(To Andrew)

And DR. Bennett, these are your brave patients today.

Andrew's mouth hinders to smile, but does so anyway for the comfort of the kids. Getting up, approaching the youth with his raised, welcoming arm.

ANDREW

(Shaking kids hands)

Nice to meet you. Hi. Nice to meet you.

After, the kids stepping back, giddily excited.

FAISAL

(Seriously, to Andrew)

Lets make it quick. Next appointment at 10.

ANDREW

(Joking to kids)

I know I'm a perfectionist surgeon, but we can't rush a perfect operation. Can we?

FAISAL  
 I'm paying you to rush perfection.  
 (a smile to kids)  
 DR. Bennett is under a tight  
 schedule.

ANDREW  
 (Rhetoric)  
 Don't we like to get reminded?

FAISAL  
 One hour, you know what your doing?

ANDREW  
 (Bitter)  
 I know exactly what I'm doing.

Faisal's patience is tested, but Andrew pulls his 'happy go lucky' smile.

Faisal backs off with a nod, and exits out the door.

The door slams behind him. Andrew, then slumping down in his chair - relaxed and smiley.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 (To kids)  
 You two ever seen spy kids?

KID BROTHER  
 (Nudges sister)  
 Spy kids!

ANDREW  
 Yes! Spies. Well there's not going to  
 be any surgeries today.  
 (Takes out S.O.S note)  
 Instead, I need you both to be my  
 007's. Are you both up for the secret  
 mission?

The brother and sister, staring each other down with blushes, accepting with daring demeanor. A giggle, a nod from each. It's a game to them both, and their happy to play.

We go back to Andrew, a man with a plan sits back in his seat. Stretching with a cunning smile back to them.

This is it. All or nothing.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY, FAISAL'S HOSPITAL (LATER) - DAY

The elevator door opens. The two siblings stumbling out of it. The brother with the note, checking to make sure the note is hidden enough, but still manages to stick out his pocket enough for a peeking eye.

Florin stands near the front desk as Faisal makes his way over. His body twice as tall as the kids.

FAISAL (SUBTITLE)  
 (To siblings, in  
 Arabic)  
 Your mother and father will be so  
 proud of you both. Being the key to  
 your new lives in Europe.  
 (Cheesy grin)

Faisal senses something odd is playing in his mind, subconsciously. Smelling it through heightened sense of paranoia.

FAISAL (CONT'D)  
 What's the matter with you both?

The brother and sister turn to each other, frightened.

FAISAL'S P.O.V: THE NOTE STICKING OUT THE BOYS POCKET.

FAISAL (SUBTITLE)  
 (In Arabic)  
 What is that?

The kids begin to sweat. Getting ready on the edge of their toes to sprint. Faisal creeps in closer.

FAISAL  
 Give that to me.

BROTHER (O.S) (SUBTITLE)  
 (In Arabic)  
 RUN!

The kids leg it to the lobby door -

FAISAL  
 (To Florin)  
 SHOOT THEM!

Faisal watches in a mindset of bereft as Florin stands still, with at least a cent of morals in his soul, unable to follow the order.

Faisal pulls out his own gun. Aims --

NEW ANGLE: SLOW MOTION ON THE SIBLINGS RUNNING.

They make it to the door. The brother just behind, passes the note to his sister. But is gunned down. CRACK. BANG.

The sister screaming, merely makes it out the door with the S.O.S letter.

Faisal, like a fast, emotionless robot runs to the corpse of this poor child. Checking his pockets.

FAISAL (cont'd)  
(Dictatorial)  
SHE HAD THE NOTE. YOU FUCKING SLOW  
BASTARD!

Florin is shaken up. Taking the abuse.

The sound of electrical power can be heard getting shut off. The lights in the lobby all gone out.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LUNCHROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

Near a fuse board, Andrew pauses in the dark - listening in to what's above.

CUT TO:

INT. FAISAL'S HOSPITAL, GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Faisal's smile is deranged.

FAISAL  
Oh. Little Andrew wants to play. OK.  
We've has enough use of him anyway.  
(To Florin)  
Go put a bullet in his skull.

Florin enters the elevator - which is one of the only electronics still able to function.

INT. OUTSIDE ELEVATOR, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - MORNING

The elevator door opens to the hell waiting below. For the first time ever, we see Florin scared. He looks around, holding the elevator door open. Only the T.V screen and computers lights brighten up the abyss of darkness.

NEW ANGLE: ANDREW WAITING TO POUNCE. HOLDING BROKEN GLASS IN HIS TIGHT GRIP.

Shredder's breathing calms.

But Andrew bursts into the elevator and before Florin can shoot, Andrew's already slicing at his flesh. Cutting deep into Florin's throat.

Florin tries to breath but it's an increasing struggle.

ANDREW  
(Whispering)  
Shhh - Stop. Shhhh.

Florin drops to the elevator floor, in a bloody mess. With blood on Andrew's face - he picks up Florin's pistol. Panting like a mad man.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY, FAISAL'S HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Faisal's patience now broken. Holding the two way radio - calling in to Florin below.

INT. ELEVATOR, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The radio goes off on Florin. Andrew stands directly above it.

FAISAL (V.O.)  
(Filtered)  
Florin. Florin?

Andrew keeps his mouth shut. Stepping out the elevator and sending it back up.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY, FAISAL'S HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The digits on the elevator display rise. Faisal stands awaiting to see the contents of what's become.

The doors opening to reveal Florin's corpse. Blood spread all over the walls. Mutilation at it's finest.



Faisal takes no bullshit, stepping in, pressing the button. The doors close on his cold face.

INT. OUTSIDE ELEVATOR, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - DAY

The elevator doors scrape open, with rusty metal. Faisal steps over Florin's dead body, like his service meant nothing at all.

FAISAL

(Gun ready)

Andrew, it's OK that you killed him.  
We don't need Florin. Just me and  
you, like the old days.

(Nothing)

Andrew's hidden somewhere.

BANG! A gun shot from the surgical room.

INT. SURGICAL ROOM, BASEMENT HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Hidden behind wheeled sidhills and medical drawers. Almost praying for survival and in his full primal mode. He looks over to the exit.

A door curtain swings open, Faisal pushing it, sprinting in, ready to fire.

FAISAL

You're not going to get out of this  
alive, Andrew. You already know that.  
Just give up already.

DING. The elevator! Faisal runs to the exit - Faisal sprinting to hunt Andrew. Determined to kill.

INT. ELEVATOR, HOSPITAL BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

We're in with Andrew. His back pressed firmly against the wall, looking into the dark room, trying to spot movement. The doors begin to shut, slowly -

Faisal pops into view, firing once - the bullet skims Andrew. Ricochets off the walls near Andrew's head.

Andrew holds the doors open, fires back to return the fire - but Faisal's already taken cover behind a cement wall.

The elevator doors begin to close again but just before, Faisal turns into view once more, aiming... - CRAAACK!

ANDREW  
(Agony)  
AHHH! AHHH. FUCK!

The doors now closed, but Andrew looks down to the bullet wound: The metal bullet wedged deeply in his upper leg, loosing blood quickly. Andrew pulls his posture upright, fighting on for his life.

INT./EXT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY/ STREETS OUTSIDE - DAY

Slow screeching metal. The cheap elevator doors open. Andrew limps out like a run over animal. Tracking with him as he passes the corner, holding his own abrasion as tightly as possible. The power is still completely cut. All lights blown.

Dr. Andrew Bennett follows the sunlight, guiding him to the Syrian street outside the stone walls.

NEW ANGLE: ANDREW'S FACE, WATCHING THE STREET;

It's complete normality - at least for Syrian standards. Panning round from Andrew, we see - The common civilians, coping with the oblivion of war. Enduring another day, happy to make it this far. From a street market stand, groups of men talk. Children playing soccer - they stare over at Andrew. This stand out, Caucasian. An alien to their land.

The little girl, Andrew sent out to help, sits across the street on a wooden crate - alone, looking back at him. Andrew stares back, confused at what's going on and what will happen next.

Now - A sharp inhale, from Andrew - enduring heaps of pain, he keeps hobbling onward. Grunting as he moves.

Making it up to a house he stops from exhaustion, bleeding out and in need for medical care. The house behind - gives Andrew shade. It's a broken, bombed house, with stone laying at the foundations. Over in the distance, looking over, a crowd of civilians. Mostly men, if there's women, they are told to stay behind. Now, dozens of men. They come closer, moving on to Andrew, speaking Arabic. Andrew turns, hobbling over to them for help. Struggling weakly.

The Arabic crowd get closer, quicker, louder.

Andrew is depleted in his effort.

ANDREW

Help! Help!

They squabble in discussion, arguing something with the subject of it being Andrew.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Help. Please help.

He goes ignored, the group still arguing with one another, some hold onto Andrew's clothes. It's getting more forceful. They shout at him when he interrupts the argument.

It's the beginning of a brawl, Andrew has no idea what's in store. He gets pulled down by the force of the crowd.

CIVILIAN LEADER (SUBTITLE)

(Ordering crowd, in

Arabic)

Hey! Get off.

(Pushing crowd away)

Get off him!

SMASHING into the crowd is a young 30 something year old man. He dresses smartly. The crowd move back a considerable amount. There's obvious respect for this man in the crowd.

This leader reaches to Andrew, kneeling down, shaking him for a response, almost like he cares.

CIVILIAN LEADER

(In perfect English)

Hey! Wake up!

ANDREW

(Dazed)

I'm uh...

CIVILIAN LEADER

(Slaps Andrew's face)

HEY! Hello!

ANDREW

(Waking)

English?

CIVILIAN LEADER

(Demanding, brutally)

English, yes. Are you the surgeon.

The doctor?

He finally nods to this civilians question, on the brink of survival.

CIVILIAN LEADER (cont'd)  
You are?

ANDREW  
(Growing desperate)  
Yes. Yes! They had me captive. You  
have to help --

CIVILIAN LEADER (SUBTITLE)  
(Turns to the crowd)  
He's the one. Send him to hell.

The crowd roars with pleasure. It ruptures our ears. Immediately, Andrew's being dragged across the dirt by his clothes. Dust is on his face. Punched, and hit as he goes. The attack causes further lacerations, blood covering him. He heaves in oxygen, holding on to what's left. His shirt, ripping from him as they let go. Abruptly; The motion of being dragged stops.

ANDREW  
(Heaving up dust)  
Hel-- Help ... Please.

For a moment, it's peace.

Andrew sits still, alone, crossed legged. He looks up to the sun, begging to God in his head. But God doesn't walk in Syria. Not for the evil souls.

Broken metal poles, with partial concrete sticking to them hit the back of Andrew's head, bludgeoning him. The mob go wild. Their roar, stronger than a lion.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
(Being hit, out of  
breath)  
Get the fuck off me. Get off, you  
fucking pigs.

The CIVILIAN LEADER order's them to stop. Andrew panting with a false sense of hope. Andrew's dying face in the hot dust, warmed by the middle eastern sun. He raises a little, now overlooked by the the human shadows of the angered crowd. The shadows back off. Andrew left to his own thoughts.

NEW ANGLE:

Andrew Bennett - looking on top of the blown out house. A flag, blowing in the the wind. Syria. His eye's glued to it. The top of it, above all, now green. A complete new flag from the airport, Bashar Al - Assad's .

This is a new Syria, of strength. Standing together. It's Andrew's justice, coming to a serving.

ANDREW'S POV: ANDREW'S VISION, DRIFTING DOWN FROM THE HOUSE.

There; He see's again - the young girl. A yard away, observing Andrew's last moments. Andrew reaches out to him, and the boy just looks at his greedy hands.

We cut back to third person. Andrew's hands falling to the dirt.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
You fucking insignificant little  
fucks. You bastards. Fall-behinds.  
Pigs. FUCKING HELP ME!

'THUD' - A rock smacks Andrew's face, the girl - stepping away. Another and another, the rocks keep breaking against his Andrew. Ruining him, cutting him. Killing him slowly.

Andrew, now screaming out. Begging for hope. There's no safety in the perils of this chaotic moment, cutting down his life. The boy keeps watching Andrew dying.

Andrew's voice cut to silence. Everything goes silent. Andrew's eyes, fading out.

*The same Syrian flag, blowing in the thin air. It flows with hope for the Holocaustic detonated houses below, which once held families so close together. The sun beats down, it's flares bulge in our eyes.*

FADE TO BLACK

*Sounds of a missile hit concrete. Everyone in terror.*

*We fade in once more to see the artistic mosaic of the Moby Dick whale. The art speaks to us. There's no escaping God's grasp. Our destiny is set in stone.*

*Once more. Fading into black.*

*The end.*