

THE USUAL SUSPECTS 2

BEAR TRAP

*The greatest trick the Devil ever pulled...*

Screenplay

by

BLINK

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FADE IN:

"When wise and kindly men die, they do not dream of rescue"

EXT. GULF OF ADEN - DAY

**T-MINUS 976.54.02** (*Hours, Minutes, Seconds - counting down*)

A container ship churns through a calm sea.

Three modern fifteen meter open launches, bristling with deck mounted cannons and machine guns, and black men dressed in singlets, assault rifles, and ammunition belts.

They power through the water towards the container ship about one thousand meters away.

Pirates!

These guys are well equipped. Their boats are new and fast, they have high-tech weapons, and some are talking on satellite phones.

Others stand, braced, observing in-board navigation and GPS screens, as the vessels crash through the water.

A tarpaulin covers something on the deck of the trailing launch.

Onboard the lead launch, the men are intense, but calm.

GPS screen -- Two blinking icons are rapidly converging.

Five hundred meters away from the container ship. Men scramble into position on the decks in a well rehearsed drill.

Three hundred meters. The lead launch opens fire on the ship with a deck mounted cannon. The other launches follow suit.

Shells strike the upper deck of the container ship, smash holes in the bridge area and crew quarters.

Klaxons sound aboard the ship. A few crew members scuttle for cover on the deck, as shells continue to spray the vessel.

EXT. MONACO - PORT OF MONACO - MARINA - DAY

The sixty meter luxury super yacht, the "ISIS", lies moored, inconspicuous amidst other opulent vessels all around it.

The yacht bristles with excessive satellite and communication technology.

INT. THE "ISIS" - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - LIT

A large windowless room. A wall containing thirty or so built-in LED television monitors, faces an executive like semi-circular desk. All the monitors are alive with data, some scrolling, some tracking satellite images.

An UNSEEN WOMAN's hand moves out from behind the back of a high backed executive leather chair and moves a trackball. Her hand gives away her age, perhaps early fifties.

On one of the screens, a satellite image begins to zoom in.

A ship on an ocean. The container ship. Its deck materializes closer. Small images of men, holding guns, herding other men on the deck.

ZOOM -- A man smashes his gun butt into the face of another.

UNSEEN WOMAN

(lips)

The Eagles have landed!

EXT. LONDON HEATHROW AIRPORT - NIGHT

A British Airways 747 on approach towards brightly lit runways and blinking navigation lights. The early dawn casts eerie shadows on a still dark sky.

Puffs of smoke as the main undercarriage tires touch down on the glistening wet runway.

INT. HEATHROW TERMINAL 3 - IMMIGRATION HALL - NIGHT

An OLD MAN in a wheelchair, face concealed by heavy clothing and a large white hat, is pushed forward near the front of a long line of passengers edging towards the immigration desks.

His buzz-cut PUSHER looks out of place as a good samaritan caregiver, and the scowl on his face shows that he knows it.

A hand extends out from the wheelchair, an expensive gold watch on the wrist, holding a passport, outwards, towards the face of the waiting, indifferent, female IMMIGRATION OFFICER.

The Immigration Officer takes the passport, opens it, and briefly studies the details inside.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Good morning Mr Walker. Welcome to the United Kingdom. May I ask the purpose of your visit?

OLD MAN (O.C.)

I'm here to set the world on fire.

## IMMIGRATION OFFICER

(laughing)

And what's the real reason for your visit to the UK sir?

## INT. SMALL ANTEROOM - LIT

A SECURITY GUARD sits at a desk in a white, windowless room attentively observing a laptop computer screen. He has an earplug in his ear.

The security guard reaches for a cellphone on the desk, and begins to press its buttons animatedly.

## SECURITY GUARD

I've got em!... Mr Walker! In a wheelchair. Just coming through now. Its got to be him.

The security guard ends the call, hurriedly shuts the laptop down, and bundles it into a carry bag.

He opens the door and exits rapidly.

## EXT. TERMINAL 3 HEATHROW - PICKUP DROP-OFF FORE-COURT - NIGHT

It rains gently.

A black Chrysler 300C, with blacked out privacy glass, pulls into the four lane area. It comes gently to a halt amidst the dozen or so other vehicles all parked haphazardly in various states of off-load.

A BURLY, suited man exits the drivers door and makes his way to the near side of the vehicle.

He looks towards the terminal, and opens the passenger door.

The old man, now wheelchair-less and walking, but still heavily camouflaged in layers of light colored clothing, a scarf, and a white hat pulled down hiding his features, emerges out from the throng of people waiting for taxis and manoeuvring sky trolleys, closely followed by his now suitcase carrying pusher.

The old man enters the 300C, and the burly man closes the door after him, with a slight nod of acknowledgement.

The burly man lifts the trunk of the vehicle. The pusher swings two suitcases into the cavernous interior.

The nearside passenger window begins to lower. A hand moves upwards in the gloomy interior. Something gold glints briefly in the darkness, -- the gold watch on the wrist, which suddenly jerks a gold Zippo lighter open, and a small flame momentarily flickers. The end of a cigarette begins to glow.

The 300C moves off gently, picks its way past several parked vehicles, and disappears into the wet, gloomy night.

EXT. SOUTHERN ENGLAND - THE NEW FOREST - DAY

***T-Minus 708.02.35***

A dark blue Aston Martin Vantage moves at speed on a narrow two lane road through a lightly wooded, slightly misty forest.

Its twin exhausts emit a glorious throaty burble as the driver rides the gearbox hard on the deserted winding road.

EXT. THE NEW FOREST - DAY

A large RAF helicopter moves rapidly over a misty forest one hundred and fifty meters below.

EXT. THE NEW FOREST - DAY

The Aston Martin slows, rapidly, its taillights blink furiously. The engine growls as the gearbox tames its power.

It turns hard left, into a dirt parking area adjacent to a clearing-like, recreational area.

The car skids to a halt amidst muddy puddles. Steam rises from the cars bonnet and grill in the crisp morning air.

The passenger door opens and a uniformed Police Officer exits.

The driver's door opens and a tall, well dressed man exits.

He looks at his watch anxiously. Both men scan the sky towards the far end of the slightly misty clearing.

The RAF helicopter breaks over the trees.

The helicopter immediately banks hard upwards, trying to decelerate quickly. Its massive rotors thump at the air.

It pirouettes in an aerial ballet, as it shakes off its momentum, circling the recreational area.

The helicopter begins to gently descend into the centre of the recreational area.

The well dressed man throws the cars keys to the police officer, and runs towards the descending helicopter.

The helicopters side door opens. A helmeted, black visored crewman kneels in the doorway, and beckons the running man.

Buffeted by the heavy downdraft, the running man reaches the helicopter as it hovers a meter off the ground.

The crewman grasps him firmly and swings him up into the helicopter, and immediately the helicopter begins to ascend.

The helicopter again pirouettes, as if finding its bearings, then rapidly disappears over the trees on it's original flight path.

INT. RAF HELICOPTER

The well dressed man, NICK HASKER (35), sits in the noisy helicopter compartment looking across at another well dressed man.

PHIL GARRETT (40), the tough, legendary deputy head of London's Counter Terrorism Command, SO15.

Ruthless, headstrong, and defiantly unconventional, Garrett is the ultimate hunter-killer cop with attitude.

Both men have to speak loudly, above the noise of the choppers motors.

GARRETT

They obviously paid you too much in the DPG.

HASKER

Old money I'm afraid.

GARRETT

I've always said the DPG was just a bunch of toffs.

HASKER

We just fit in better. It's common sense really.

GARRETT

I haven't seen that in the car park.

HASKER

I s'pose it's all about fitting in really. Anyway... the girlfriend likes to drive it.

GARRETT

Nuff said!

HASKER

I get to drive it on weekends...  
(grins)  
... and holidays.

A slight smile passes across Garretts face.

GARRETT  
You said you wanted more  
excitement.

HASKER  
That was an interview!

GARRETT  
The truth is our favorite commando  
girl gets seasick, otherwise...

HASKER  
Ah! I knew it!... And I hope that's  
intel, not recon.

Garret just shakes his head, bemused, giving Hasker a loser  
stare.

Garrett holds out a manila folder, towards Hasker.

GARRETT  
I'll buy you a nice lunch  
afterwards...

Hasker takes the folder and opens it as Garrett continues.

GARRETT  
A couple of weeks ago a Yank bird  
spotted a Dutch container ship  
being attacked by pirates off  
Somalia. Nothing new...

Hasker continues to look at the contents of the folder.

GARRETT  
... Yesterday the Yanks tell us  
they've spotted her heading towards  
the channel... and they've asked us  
to intercept her.

HASKER  
(studying)  
Us? If she's Dutch she'll be going  
to Rotterdam. Since when did SO15  
handle this?

GARRETT  
Since they got Bin Laden.

HASKER  
I knew they were nervous.

GARRETT  
The chatters through the roof at  
the moment. The Yank's reckon  
there's Al Qaeda on board --

HASKER

--Guaranteed to get Whitehall's knickers wet--

GARRETT

--And she wasn't going to Rotterdam, she was going to Tilbury... so hence a little trip to Plymouth... and a rendezvous in the channel with one of our Frigates.

HASKER

Chopper?

GARRETT

Not so lucky. Customs launch.

HASKER

It better be a nice lunch.

GARRETT

Ah! Probably dinner. This may take a while.

HASKER

(looking sick)  
Got any seasick tablets?

EXT. FRANKFURT, GERMANY - SUBURBAN STREET #ONE - DAY

**T-MINUS 157.16.19**

No traffic.

Affluent houses, large grounds, big gates, expensive cars in driveways.

Police cars block an adjoining street. Armed police patrol.

Past the police roadblock, in the distance, several large dark vans, parked at all angles in the roadway and on verges.

EXT. FRANKFURT - SUBURBAN STREET #TWO - LARGE HOUSE - DAY

Stakeout!

Dozens of heavily armored BGS Counter Terrorism officers outside a high perimeter fence.

Nuclear Containment Team, in full anti-contamination suits, stands ready to go.

The BGS Commander gives a hand signal.



Two BGS officers are assisted over the seven foot perimeter fence.

The driveway into the property. Two iron gates begin to open.

Dozens of BGS officers swarm inside.

EXT. FRANKFURT AIRPORT - AIRSIDE TARMAC - DAY

A Lufthansa 767 jet.

An aircraft refuelling tanker fuels the plane. Baggage tractors and groundcrew move about.

A large aluminium cargo container is raised on an elevator platform, and slides into the jets hold.

INT. FRANKFURT - LARGE HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

A double garage. An expensive sports car.

Several members of the Nuclear Containment Team cautiously examine a high-tech titanium canister, one meter long, half a meter in both width and depth.

One NCT member holds electronic monitoring equipment.

Two members of the Nuclear Containment Team examine four metal briefcases. One is lying open, empty. They open another. It contains a large battery. A new battery.

The canister opens. A member of the NCT indicates to the BGS Commander.

The BGS Commander moves closer. He peers into the open container.

EMPTY.

EXT. GULFSTREAM JET (AIRBORNE) - DAY

A Gulfstream jet flies through a clear sky.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET - PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

Three people sit in luxurious seats facing a table.

Phil Garrett faces Nick Hasker and DANIELLE SNYDER, --Dan for short. Brains, beauty, and a body that Tarzan would swing for. Hasker, near the window, headset with mic, intently keys on a laptop computer.

HASKER

It's gone!

GARRETT  
It was there?

HASKER  
They've got the container. Empty!

GARRETT  
Jesus!

HASKER  
There's no one there.

GARRETT  
Do they have a name?

Hasker rubs his chin. He scans the screen intently.

HASKER  
Yeah...

Garrett wants more.

HASKER  
... He's on his way to see us.

GARRETT  
What?

HASKER  
He's on a plane. Right now. Into  
Heathrow! Landing...  
(looks at watch)  
... Sixty minutes.

GARRETT  
Jesus fucking Christ!

HASKER  
It gets worse.

GARRETT  
Worse!

HASKER  
He's Syrian.

GARRETT  
(sarcastically)  
Anything else?

HASKER  
He's the fucking pilot.

EXT. LONDON - GREENWICH - A102 MOTORWAY - DAY

**T-MINUS 291.41.51**

Large white articulated truck travels north, in moderate traffic, towards the Blackwall Tunnel.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER (AIRBORNE) - DAY

Helicopter pilot tracks the white truck, about two hundred meters below. Policeman passenger to the left, scans with binoculars.

Panoramic view of the CANARY WHARF CANADA TOWER and O2 DOME.

INT. LARGE WHITE TRUCK (TRAVELLING) - DAY

LOUD MUSIC. The truck is LEFT HAND DRIVE. Two men in the cab. Truck driver JASPER RYAN and driver's mate WES PEARSON.

The two men are both in their thirties, scrawny, well worn feral DIRT COWBOYS. They look tired, sweaty, nervous. Tension is etched on their faces.

Pearson, both feet on dash, taps a hand on his knee listlessly.

EXT. GREENWICH - DERELICT INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS - DAY

The black Chrysler 300C parked, lonely, amidst several derelict industrial buildings.

INT. DERELICT INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR - DAY

The PUSHER lies prone atop a wheeled elevator platform, level with some dirty, cracked and broken windows. He holds a large sniper rifle, and quietly, gently, adjusts the scope.

EXT. A102 MOTORWAY - DAY

A few hundred meters from the tunnel entrance, a large BRITISH TELECOM VAN gently pulls in front of the truck.

A RED ROYAL MAIL TRUCK pulls out from about fifty meters behind the truck. It accelerates steadily. It passes the truck and the van.

AMBER lights begin to FLASH on the overhead gantries.

"OVER HEIGHT" warnings FLASH on the gantry boards.

The TRAFFIC LIGHTS above the tunnel entrance turn RED.

INT. LARGE WHITE TRUCK - DAY

Ryan, bleary concentration. Hands on the wheel. Traffic in front begins to slow.

Feet on the dash. A hand taps out the beat on a knee. Pearson casually looks out the window. The trucks engine lets out a loud rattling snore, as the truck slows.

"OVER HEIGHT" FLASHES on a gantry board. Pearson's eyes widen.

Feet jerk off the dash. Pearson reacts, his thick IRISH accent strangled with panic.

PEARSON

We're over-height! We're fuckin' over-height!

Ryan's face. His eyes, instantly attentive, adjust upwards.

RYAN

It's not us!... We're not over-height.

EXT. BLACKWALL TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Vehicles are stopping at the tunnel entrance.

INT. LARGE WHITE TRUCK - DAY

Pearson looks out the window. A large DARK VAN manoeuvres alongside the right hand passenger side of the truck.

The vans window lowers. A vested policeman, discretely holding a SUB MACHINE GUN, gestures for the truck to pull over.

PEARSON

Jesus!

Ryan glances to the right, wide eyed.

Ryan sees the policeman as the van slightly overshoots the truck.

Blood and brain matter suddenly explodes from the left hand passenger window of the dark van and is deposited across the windscreen of the truck.

Ryan's arms and body stiffen violently. His foot SLAMS the brake pedal.

EXT. LARGE WHITE TRUCK - DAY

The truck's tires SKID, SQUEAL, and SMOKE.

The out of control dark van careers violently left, and the truck smashes into it broadside.

The truck slews, and its trailer begins to jackknife on the roadway.

Vehicles behind the truck, skid, and collide, the truck drivers panic mirrored as they try to avoid the melee.

A car moves fast, to the right behind the truck. It brakes hard. Another British Telecom van brakes hard to avoid it. Tires SMOKE. It CRASHES into the back of the car.

Ahead, the Royal Mail Truck skids to a halt.

The white truck is stopped. The right hand passenger door opens. Wes Pearson hits the roadway. He darts forward, around the mess in front of the truck, and makes for the hard shoulder. Feet hit the ground to his left.

Jasper Ryan, eyes everywhere, contemplates escape routes. He follows Pearson.

The dark van's rear doors are kicked open and heavily armed police stagger from the badly damaged vehicle.

Further ahead, more heavily armed police swarm from the British Telecom van.

Ryan and Pearson steal between cars, towards the tunnel.

Police pour from the rear of the other, damaged, British Telecom van.

Suddenly, rapid GUNFIRE. Heavy, punching STACCATO.

The Royal Mail Truck is stopped about a hundred meters in front of the truck. It straddles the lanes. Its back doors are splayed open and a heavy caliber machine gun SPITS FIRE.

Bullets slam into police vests. Police slump to the roadway. Others, caught like stunned rabbits, futilely try to take cover.

Cars move in all directions as they try to avoid fire from the Mail Truck.

Jasper Ryan and Wes Pearson run for their lives towards the Mail Truck.

A dark FORD pulls onto the hard shoulder, from about one hundred meters behind the white truck. It accelerates up the hard shoulder, sideswipes past several cars, past the truck, until its path is totally blocked by other cars.

The Ford skids to a halt. Garrett exits from the left side. Hasker follows from the driver's door. They have distinctive Glock pistols in their hands. They run after the fugitives.

The two fugitives run, frightened, panicked. Their eyes desperate, but focused on their salvation.

The Mail Truck begins to take return fire. It begins to prowl, back and forth. It smashes into other vehicles, as it makes room to escape.

Garrett and Hasker leap onto hoods and surf windscreens.

Garrett shoots several rounds at the Mail Truck, which is oblivious to his gunfire as its heavy caliber gun continues to spit fire at the large vans and police in the middle of the motorway lanes.

A man comes into view in the back of the Mail Truck, from behind some makeshift, vertical sheet, steel plate armor. He holds a ROCKET LAUNCHER on his shoulder. He staggers, maintains his balance, and takes aim over the top of the machine gunner, invisible behind the one-meter muzzle flash.

Smoke obliterates his features as a rocket launches.

A British Telecom van leaves the ground in a fiery ballet.

The Mail Truck moves forward. It lurches as it bulldozers vehicles out of its path.

The machine gun is relentless. Other faces are now visible from the recesses between the armor plating. European, they scream and beckon.

The men are now at the back of the moving Mail Truck. They grasp at extended hands.

Wes Pearson. His face displays bullet time. His hand slips from the hands that struggle to grab him. His lifeless body slumps heavily to the roadway.

Jasper Ryan. His body jolts. Hands hold. He scrambles, into the Mail Truck, contorted in pain.

The Mail Truck's rear doors swing wildly as it swerves violently to avoid stopped vehicles. It shunts and sideswipes several cars out of the way.

Garrett and Hasker stop. They look after the Mail Truck. Both men pant from their exertions.

The Mail Truck accelerates. It disappears, down into the depths of the tunnel.

Garrett pulls his phone from his jacket and begins to punch the keypad.

He turns and surveys the scene behind, a grim but defiant look on his face.

Muted screams, moans, cries. Bodies hang out of cars, and sprawl on the roadway. Some cars are on fire, but as Garrett begins to speak into the phone, unheard, he seems in a world of his own.

EXT. A102 MOTORWAY - DAY

A brown NISSAN SUV is stopped amidst the traffic one hundred meters behind the white truck.

A short, stocky man exits from the drivers door --MARIK, (40's) -- a barrel of a man with short arms and large hands, this Russian Mafia hit-man is someone that would scare grizzly bears.

His partner in crime, DIMA, exits from the passenger door. Dima (30's) --this underfed hyena looks like he has missed a lot of meals, and washes, and looks like he is ready to kill for a feed. With a permanent snarl across his face, Dima, too, is a man few would mess with.

Dima carries a small DARK LEATHER BRIEFCASE.

The two men calmly make their way to the hard-shoulder. Many other shocked drivers do the same alongside them.

They climb over the Armco barrier and make their way to relative safety.

As they reach a grassy knoll, the two men turn and survey the carnage.

There is a deathly calm immediately around the white articulated truck.

DIMA  
(Russian accent)  
What do you think? Now?

MARIK  
(Russian accent)  
They seem to have done our job for us.

DIMA  
Now?

MARIK  
We're right on the money!

Dima gives a grim knowing, ugly smile. He crouches to his knees and opens the briefcase.

He begins to prime a small RADIO TELEPHONE device encased in foam material within the briefcase.

After a few seconds, he pauses, and looks up at his companion.

Marik nods, squats, resting one of his gorilla-like hands on the grass to balance himself, and looks towards the distant truck.

DIMA

We'll see how they keep this quiet!

Dima presses a BUTTON.

Suddenly the sky turns white as a HUGE EXPLOSION rips the entire roof and sides off the large truck, and a GIGANTIC FIREBALL blasts skywards.

Bodies fly through the air.

The Russians, over a hundred meters away, are on their haunches, but the blast knocks them off their feet.

They rise and brush themselves down. They smile grimly at each other. They look at the plumes of SMOKE and DEBRIS that billows in all directions.

Suddenly, they hear an unexpected sound. They look skyward, incredulously.

The helicopter, a few hundred meters away, flays wildly in a desperate attempt to shake itself apart.

It crashes down onto the roof of the O2 Dome, and another FIREBALL rises into the SMOKE filled sky.

The Russians look at each other, still wide eyed and incredulous. Smirking, they slap their hands together in a congratulatory hand-slap.

Dima retrieves the briefcase, and they move off, away from the scene, inconspicuous amongst the shocked people all around them.

Bewildered people begin to gather at vantage points overlooking the carriageways.

EXT. A102 MOTORWAY - DAY

Closer to the blast, Garrett and Hasker are still on the ground, dazed. They slowly pick themselves up. They look towards the truck.

Garrett slowly turns his gaze to the O2 Dome. The helicopter is some sort of stricken insect, ensnared in the Domes superstructure. The Domes roof melts and burns, great plumes of black smoke drift out across the Thames.

Garrett and Hasker walk in silence, almost in slow motion, back towards the truck.



Thousands of cans of baked beans are strewn everywhere. They grimly pass by several bodies.

They reach the truck. The back of the trailer unit has almost completely disappeared.

The front of the trailer is less damaged. The densely packed cartons are askew. Some are damaged. Some burn.

Protruding, blackened, but still intact, are TWO TITANIUM CANISTERS, each about a meter long and about half a meter in both width and depth, still strapped tightly to a relatively undamaged section of the trailer unit's decking.

Hasker looks at Garrett, a look of shocked disbelief.

Garrett, stares at the truck, his eyes transfixed. The phone in his right hand. Garrett's punching the keypad blind. It moves up to his ear.

GARRETT

Get me the Ministry of Defense.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The Home Office.

INT. HOME OFFICE - HOME SECRETARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The CLOCK on the wall reads just after 10 P.M.

Garrett sits with PATRICK SAND, MI5, Assistant to the Director, in the Home Secretary's office.

Sand is mid forties, a public school guided missile. Good looking, intelligent, focused, intense, perhaps too linear, needing more grit on his polished exterior.

The HOME SECRETARY enters, briskly, angrily. He carries several newspapers. Mid fifties, he's political spin on a stick.

He throws the pile of newspapers on to his desk, in an overly exaggerated, self important, wave of disgust.

He turns towards the waiting men.

HOME SECRETARY

(angry)

Patrick Sand and Phil Garrett!  
James Bond and Francis Fucking  
Coppola... or is it Scorsese?

(MORE)

HOME SECRETARY (cont'd)

Please tell me you were just making a movie today, and someone forgot to tell me, and the rest of fucking London, that you were going to turn Greenwich into the world's biggest fucking movie set.

Sand attempts to stand. He is cut short as the Home Secretary sits him back down, with a curt wave of his arm. Garrett holds a half finished chocolate bar. He breaks a piece off and inserts it into his mouth. He offers the rest of the bar to Sand.

GARRETT

Bay! It was Michael Bay... Bad Boys Two.

Sand waves the chocolate away. The Home Secretary is oblivious.

HOME SECRETARY

Please pinch me so I'll wake up from this fucking bad dream.

GARRETT

(angry)

A lot of my men aren't going to wake up, no matter how fucking hard you pinch them!

The Home Secretary blinks hard. His eyes glare. He breaks eye contact. He turns back towards his desk. His face shows his embarrassment, only for milliseconds.

He picks up the newspapers, some in each hand. He turns back towards the two seated men, and throws a bundle, arrogantly, into each mans lap.

HOME SECRETARY

Tomorrow's papers' gentlemen. They'll burn your hands. Nineteen people dead, including a member of the Real IRA.

The Home Secretary glares at the men, one to the other. His anger, exasperation, and volume, rises.

HOME SECRETARY

The fucking Real IRA! A fucking helicopter sticking out of the Dome! Three nukes! Two found three miles from the center of London. Al-Qaeda crawling all over us. And the press taking no notice of my D-notices. Look at those fucking headlines!

The Home Secretary walks around his desk and lowers himself into his chair. His tone changes, more deliberate, sombre.

HOME SECRETARY

I have nine hours gentlemen. Nine fucking hours before the public wakes up to those headlines. Nine hours before I have to make some sort of believable explanation-- have you seen those fucking hyenas out there?

(beat)

The Prime Minister is flying back. He will be here tomorrow morning. And by god, I really will be taking it up the arse then. Thank god they don't know...

The Home Secretary raises his hands in exasperation.

HOME SECRETARY

... But, what the fuck!

He looks at both men in turn, as if to see which one will respond first, then moves back slightly in his chair. He maintains his gaze.

HOME SECRETARY

Three weeks! A boat full of Al-Qaeda... with a tactical nuclear weapon. And now! Two more fucking nuclear weapons. God knows how many more out there! Nineteen dead today... and the fucking Real IRA... we knew it was flaring up again, but this?.. What the fuck is going on?

SAND

We've known Al-Qaeda has been trying, the threats been there. Except now it's real.

HOME SECRETARY

It's fucking real all right!

GARRETT

Up till now the bastards haven't been able to get hold of 'em, that's the only difference.

HOME SECRETARY

And now they have got hold of them.

SAND

Someone's taken their finger out of the dike.

GARRETT

(angry)

Someone's chopped the fucking thing off. Suddenly everyone's surprised. Everyone's been quite happily taking their blue pill every morning. We've known these things have been out there for over fifteen years! And the money!... Floating around, waiting for the opportunity to get hold of one.

HOME SECRETARY

It's like fucking nine eleven...

The Home Secretary gestures with his arm.

HOME SECRETARY

... I mean, now I know, now I fucking know! Seven seven was one thing...

GARRETT

Reality!... Here have another red pill...

Garrett throws a packet of RED TIC TACS onto the Home Secretary's desk.

GARRETT

... Have one every day.

SAND

Look. It's before, not after.

HOME SECRETARY

But that's as good as it gets. To think I criticized Bush. What was I thinking. I can hardly sit still.

GARRETT

No one's going to be sitting still for a while.

HOME SECRETARY

I want to sort out the connection. The Real IRA. It's supposed to be over, dead and fucking buried. What the fuck is going on?

GARRETT

Despite the pretty picture you politicians have been trying to spin, you know very well the IMC's report two years ago said the Real IRA remained active and dangerous. And those of us, actually on the ground, know it.

(MORE)

GARRETT (cont'd)

Playing down the events of the last year hasn't changed the reality. There's still a lot of bad blood out there. It's only been a lack of money.

HOME SECRETARY

Not any more it seems.

SAND

We've identified one of the men in the truck as Wes Pearson, a bit player in the Real IRA. That's all! We can't jump to too many conclusions.

HOME SECRETARY

The press have. How the fuck do they know about the IRA connection? The D-Notice was for the nukes, not the fucking IRA. Not that it would have made any difference.

SAND

We were tipped off, so I suppose they were too.

HOME SECRETARY

What went fucking wrong today? Why couldn't we keep a lid on this?

GARRETT

We had good intelligence, just like the boat. But we didn't make a connection...

HOME SECRETARY

And the tip off came from the Yanks?

GARRETT

Yeah. FBI... just like the boat. Solid as we ever get from them.

HOME SECRETARY

You obviously weren't expecting two more nukes. But Phil, you were on that fucking boat. You of all people should have been ready for this. This was your fucking call.

GARRETT

We were ready for anything. But a fifty mil cannon and fifty pounds of C4 is going to ruin anybody's day. We had the chopper, two dozen men,...

(MORE)

GARRETT (cont'd)

The heaviest firepower we could get away with in broad daylight--

HOME SECRETARY

--It's ruined everyone's fucking year. But the tunnel?

GARRETT

It didn't go west like we were expecting. The tunnel was the best place...

The minister nods in agreement. He looks through paperwork on his desk.

HOME SECRETARY

How many did you lose? I have the total--

GARRETT

--Eleven! Nine men on the ground, two in the helicopter. Six wounded, two of those aren't going to make it. Seven civilians dead, another twenty injured, at least six critical. Couldn't get much worse.

HOME SECRETARY

If only we could've kept a fucking lid on it, like the boat.

GARRETT

We hit them as fast and as hard as we could. We just didn't notice the Mail Truck. We missed it... And nineteen people died.

HOME SECRETARY

You missed it!

GARRETT

We were looking. It came on at Dartford. That's why we didn't spot it. I had five men dead within ten seconds. Vests were useless.

HOME SECRETARY

Bastards!

GARRETT

(pointedly)  
They're out there.

HOME SECRETARY

(ignoring Garrett)  
And the C4... it was a radio signal?

GARRETT

Yeah. Close.

HOME SECRETARY

From the truck? The Mail truck?

GARRETT

We don't know. Had to be fairly close. Had to be visual, their timing was too good. The chopper was exactly overhead.

HOME SECRETARY

Was this some sort of self destruct, in case they were caught?

GARRETT

Why would they bother? They're pretty much bombproof. Why just destroy some cargo? Doesn't make sense.

HOME SECRETARY

What about the others? Are they all the same, in bombproof containers?

GARRETT

We've no idea. The Russians used these containers, and they seem to be in very good condition, so it's unlikely anyone would take them out, unless it made them easier to smuggle.

HOME SECRETARY

Jesus! And we've got twenty four more to worry about.

The Home Secretary shakes his head slowly, glumly.

SAND

It's unlikely they're all together. The Russians didn't store them together, and apparently most of them went missing over several years--

GARRETT

--And they've done everything they could to keep it as quiet as possible.

SAND

But it does now seem likely that the rumor that there were six in Germany was true.

HOME SECRETARY

Nobody has taken this seriously have they? All this time, the fucking Russians are missing twenty seven of these things, each one big enough to take the fucking heart out of a city. And you lot, the fucking Macintosh brigade, treat it like a fucking joke.

SAND

If we were to take every urban myth seriously--

HOME SECRETARY

(angry)

--Myth! We'll all be fucking urban myths unless we find these things. These things are real... they're out there. The Russians have managed to keep a lid on it all this time, and now suddenly, it's our problem.

SAND

We still haven't much to go on. The only thing we are reasonably certain of is that there is a Russian connection, probably the mafia.

The Home Secretary looks towards Garrett.

HOME SECRETARY

What's your guess?

GARRETT

That's pretty broad. Which faction, or several acting together, I don't know. And why now? Why are these things starting to surface after twenty years or more? There's got to be some key.

SAND

Its the batteries. They have a limited life span... they can only be recharged up for a certain number of years. They're obviously trying to move these things while they still have a value.

HOME SECRETARY

Batteries that can be recharged for twenty five years?



SAND

They're very special batteries. They cost about fifty to a hundred grand each, if you could get them. The Russians only made a very limited supply. They're hard-coded to each device, and there's supposedly no algorithm, so theoretically once the battery dies the device is rendered permanently useless. But no one seems to really know how long they could remain operational.

GARRETT

You can't change the batteries?

SAND

That's what the Russians tell us. There's no way to crack the code because it was random. Randomly generated at manufacture and locked in. It's like each device has its own random DNA sequence. And because they were top secret, there aren't exactly any Haines manuals floating about on these things. It even takes an expert just to prime them. These things are seriously complicated.

GARRETT

How many experts are out there?

SAND

Enough to make it pretty scary. And the problem is, we don't know whether the Russians kept records of these hard wired codes. The Russian's say they didn't... just for this eventuality, but do we trust the Russians?

HOME SECRETARY

Like hell we do!

SAND

Exactly!

HOME SECRETARY

But they won't want these things coming out of the woodwork now. And they're the best placed to know who could be controlling them. We'll have to bite the bullet.

SAND

Quietly, we already have. No luck. Very cooperative, but no real facts. Nothing we didn't already know. And how much is real, or fiction?... Now they're embarrassed! Putin has been denying these things even exist for years. He would have cleaned this up if he could have. There could be some old factions storing these things somewhere, someone wanting to make some money.

HOME SECRETARY

How much are these things worth?

GARRETT

Who's to say! Forty million, fifty million. Someone's moving these things, quickly, cheaply, maybe sending a message.

HOME SECRETARY

To us?

GARRETT

Maybe, maybe the world. This could be more of a threat.

HOME SECRETARY

You think this is just to frighten us?

GARRETT

It could be just money. But two terrorist factions, at the same time? Someone's doing some homework...

SAND

This is more than just a threat. We have to assume we're the target.

HOME SECRETARY

Maybe they were going to sell them on?

SAND

Why bring them into Britain then? And it was too close to London. Why bring them to London?

HOME SECRETARY

We have to remember that we have three, in our hands. That must be seen as success, our intelligence is working.

GARRETT

We got these on a plate. That's what worries me.

HOME SECRETARY

Nineteen people dead, isn't on a fucking plate!

Garrett just stares at the Home Secretary, as if he can't be bothered to reply. He leans over and picks up the Tic Tacs, flicks the top, and drops a few into his palm. He puts one into his mouth. The Home Secretary stares back, in defiance.

HOME SECRETARY

So whats happening with the ones in custody? Where are they?

GARRETT

They're not in Paddington. Once they're in Paddington, Geneva. Hatton's got them up north, and he's had every police force in the country kicking arse... Nothing!

SAND

So far, all we've got out of them is that they were paid ten million dollars to take over the ship and deliver the nuke to another cell in Tilbury.

HOME SECRETARY

Al-Qaeda, the IRA, the Russians, nukes. What a fucking nightmare!

GARRETT

Nightmare on Downing Street!

Garrett ROTATES his phone, on the arm of his chair.

INT. HOME OFFICE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Garrett and Sand exit from Home Secretary's office and proceed down the corridor.

SAND

Holding back a bit?

GARRETT

A lot! He's a drama queen, that's why he's a mushroom. What he doesn't know he can't talk about.

SAND

What I don't know, that's what I want to talk about.

Garrett stops and turns to face Sand. He looks up and down the corridor. A side room. He motions for Sand to follow him into the side room.

INT. HOME OFFICE - SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Garrett and Sand talk in a small anteroom.

GARRETT

He was right about a movie. We were just fucking extras today. Someone else was directing the show.

SAND

What are you telling me?

GARRETT

Pearson, and six of my men were taken out by a sniper.

SAND

Not the truck?

GARRETT

A sniper!... From the east. Took out the van. Four of my men were shot in the back.

SAND

Who has written this fucking script?

GARRETT

Believe me, this is De Palma.

SAND

De Palma?

GARRETT

We spoke to our Russian contacts too. They say that these things won't work. The batteries were only designed to last up to ten years. They reckon all the ones we've found will be dead.

SAND

Jesus Christ! Why--

GARRETT

--Because, one, just like the Minister, I don't trust the Russians. They've been lying about these things for years.

(MORE)

GARRETT (cont'd)

And two, ..if it gets out, the terrorists may be able to figure out how to replace the batteries, and the codes. At the moment it doesn't look like they know these things may be useless.

SAND

You reckon it may be possible to change the batteries?

GARRETT

Our guys aren't sure yet. If anyone can do it, it'll be the Russians. They were the ones that hard wired the codes into these things. It's hard to believe that they didn't keep any records.

SAND

But if they are dead, whoever is selling these things is pulling some sort of con?

GARRETT

I don't know what's going on, but until I do, I'm taking no chances. We treat these things as live, all the way. I won't believe these things are dead until I see them melted down.

SAND

How many people know about this?

GARRETT

Two or three in the MOD, and a couple of our Russian contacts.

SAND

Where do we go from here?

GARRETT

We got authorization to use Lowe this afternoon.

SAND

Our man in Afghanistan. When did he get back?

GARRETT

First call I made. He's on a C-17 right now. His whole team will be up and running by sunrise. No faces, no uniforms, no leash.

SAND

Just as long as your dogs sniff something out.

GARRETT

I doubt even the quartermasters would have had a whiff of this, but hopefully, something will give.

SAND

How far up are you going?

GARRETT

There'll be a few dead racehorses by tomorrow afternoon.

SAND

The money had to come from somewhere. Do you think they'll have any more?

GARRETT

Who's to say. It's the money that's talking, and someone's selling.

SAND

And London's the target?

GARRETT

We're all fucking Americans!

MONTAGE: NORTHERN ENGLAND - DAY

A door is kicked down. Heavily armed, masked men, all in dark overalls, wear helmets with night vision glasses. They enter into the gloom.

Sounds of men being woken, thrown to the floor, orders barked, yells, stifled cries of pain.

Doors kicked down. Shots, yells, men... European, Muslim, Asian, all dragged from their beds. Men reaching for shotguns, handguns, under their beds, all overpowered, or shot with ruthless precision, by heavily armed, faceless men.

A car is run off a lonely road, goes through a fence, into a ditch.

Armed men surround the car, men are dragged out, injured, bewildered. Automatic weapons are aimed at their heads while they lie prone on the ground.

The men are swiftly bound and gagged, and bundled into a large dark van, which speeds away into the mist.

INT. ABATTOIR - DAY

Four dozen or so men, naked, all skin colors, hang upside down by their bound ankles, suspended from meat hooks on a rail. Their hands bound behind their backs.

They drip with water. A high pressure fire hose lies turgid, and leaks, in the middle of a large stained concrete floor.

Blood mixes with the water that drips from their bodies.

Blood and water runs down their faces, which are beaten and swollen.

Upside down, their eyes look frightened, bewildered. Some struggle, demonstrate their anger.

Several masked men stand near them with batons and electric cattle prods in their hands. Around the walls are several more masked men. They hold sub machine guns.

One of the tied men is suddenly grabbed by a captor, and pushed down an overhead race, just like a doomed steer.

In the background, a naked man is being "water-boarded". Two heavy set masked men hold him down, a stocking over his face, while a third administers another fire hose.

An extraordinarily tall, thick set man with an ice hockey mask concealing his features, stands menacingly, observing the proceedings.

INT. SAND'S BMW (TRAVELLING) - DAY

**T-MINUS 266.03.42**

Sand drives, Garrett in the passenger seat. The car travels through outer London.

SAND

As you know, we have our people in the City. Some of it we pass on, some of it we don't.

GARRETT

And?

SAND

Have you ever wondered just how we get some of it?

GARRETT

The same way we do I suppose. Hard work, lying through your teeth when you have to.

SAND

In the last few years we've been doing a bit more.

GARRETT

Go on.

SAND

I want you to meet someone. Cameron Ward. He's our man in the City.

GARRETT

Ward! ARC?

SAND

I was worried you'd say that. We've been trying to keep his profile as low as possible. He was the City golden boy... his company's got operations all over the world... but since he's been our man, we've kept a tight lid on him.

GARRETT

Jesus! I obviously don't know the lengths you go to.

SAND

This ones pretty special. He's been our best kept secret for over four years. We run him from his home. We've blown the City apart, not a whiff. The guy's a genius.

GARRETT

You guys do love your secrets. I didn't know you trawled the City that deep.

SAND

We're always on the lookout. But since nine-eleven we've been scared we were missing something. We watch the City like hawks.

GARRETT

Money talks!

SAND

Exactly! But you have to find the money first. We had his fucking relatives living here, and we didn't even know, let alone know what they were doing with their fucking millions.

GARRETT

The ten percent that we know about.



SAND

We had to do something. They're all here, all moving money, people, intelligence--

GARRETT

--What's your point?

SAND

We were looking for an edge. We get the technology, I thought we should take a look at some of the people who knew how to use it.

GARRETT

I knew he was the most sought after consultant in the City.

SAND

He was brought up in the States... father was a lecturer. When he was a teenager his parents were killed in some kind of accident. He went to Princeton. Electrical engineering, computers, pretty much first class. Worked for Rockwell. He came back here, got a job with Goldmans, then along came the Millennium. He ended up in charge of their whole contingency operation.

GARRETT

Vapor-gate!

SAND

He knew it, but no one else did, and the rest's history. He was this big troubleshooter at Goldmans. He saw his potential, and when the bubble burst, he got out and formed ARC. Specialist networking consultant. Troubleshooter to the most powerful square mile in the world.

GARRETT

So what's so special about this puppy?

SAND

Special's an understatement. We took him up to Cheltenham. Threw a few ideas around. The guy just blew us. Big-time! It's been a roller-coaster, and we're the ones that have had to hold on.

GARRETT

Go on.

SAND

We showed him some prototypes we'd been working on. Back burner stuff that we'd pulled out of cobwebs after nine eleven. They were either illegal, or not going anywhere fast, but I thought some of them might fly.

(beat)

Concepts, design, just lit him up like torch-paper. The guy's incredible. Show him something, and suddenly--

Sand looks at Garrett

SAND

--It works!

EXT. CAMERON WARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Sand's BMW pulls into a long driveway. It leads up to a large expensive house.

Sand and Garrett exit the car and proceed to the house.

A five meter diameter satellite dish to one side of the house. Close by, a large ten meter mast. It bristles with aerials.

INT. CAMERON WARD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sand and Garrett sit in a luxurious living room.

CAMERON WARD enters the room with a tray of drinks. He is in his mid thirties, extremely good looking. A tall dark haired panther, calm, but squirt the accelerator, and glimpse nitro in his eyes. He hands Sand and Garret their coffees, and sits opposite them.

SAND

We've come about the mess in Greenwich yesterday.

WARD

Unbelievable! Everybody's freaking out about it. The Real IRA, with nukes. Is it true?

GARRETT

Parts of it are true.

SAND

We're not sure about the IRA. We're trying to play it down. But the nukes... that's true.

GARRETT

The Russians lost track of twenty seven of these suitcase nukes, as they were nicknamed, after the cold war ended--

SAND

--That's how many they've admitted to.

GARRETT

State of the art. They still are. The Americans concentrated on fuel-air, like the Daisy Cutter they use in Afghanistan. But the Soviets, they developed these during the Cold War, almost as a deliberate threat of terrorism. It takes just a few experts thirty minutes to prime them, and...

Garrett emphasizes with his hands.

WARD

How powerful are they?

GARRETT

Tactical nuclear weapons. Half a kiloton. They'll take out a city block or so. Very little fallout.

WARD

And we don't know where the others are?

SAND

No. Nothing concrete. Until now. They seem to be coming in from the cold.

GARRETT

It's worse than even the papers are saying.

WARD

Worse!

SAND

We have intelligence that there are more of them out there - up for sale.

(MORE)

SAND (cont'd)

And a couple of weeks ago we intercepted a couple of dozen Al-Qaeda on their way here for some sort of mission, with another one.

WARD

Scary stuff. How many people actually know about this?

SAND

Only a handful of people know the full scale of this at the moment, and they're not sleeping very well.

WARD

So you think Al-Qaeda may have more of these things too?

SAND

Maybe. We just don't know. We think the ones we've got are the German ones. Six were rumored to be in Germany. The point is, someone's selling them.

GARRETT

These things are about the size of a tea chest, including their outer container, which is bombproof. It only takes two to three men to lift one.

WARD

They come out of their container?

GARRETT

Yes, so they're actually even smaller. That's why they were called suitcase nukes--

SAND

--Now, no one dares use that term.

GARRETT

Portable bundles of joy from the Soviet Union.

WARD

So there's still possibly another twenty four of these things out there... unaccounted for?

GARRETT

If we can trust what the Russians have told us about them, there may be.

WARD

That's big shit!

GARRETT

Yeah. The Russian Mafia is our best bet. How many they control, and if some are still in some renegade military hands we just don't know.

WARD

Chechens?

GARRETT

Just as likely. And these things still seem in good condition. We should have seen this coming. Fifty million dollars apiece, someone's going to look after them.

WARD

Is that what they're worth?

GARRETT

It's a figure we're throwing around. But it comes down to supply. The money doesn't seem to be a problem.

SAND

That's where you come in. We need to find the money, and the people moving it. There's got to be some fingerprints on the money. We just want you to know what you're looking for, give you some places to look, a few names, companies. If they're not in the loop we'll have to make some arrangements, get your team in there. If you can't do it through the front door, we'll do it through the back. There aren't any cuffs at the moment, we can do what we like.

WARD

As if that's ever stopped us. How soon?

SAND

I want to get started now.

INT. CAMERON WARD'S HOUSE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The three men are in an opulent windowless hallway.

Ward places his thumb on a high-tech thumbprint reader, punches a code number into a keypad, and opens a heavy oak door.

INT. CAMERON WARD'S HOUSE - T.I.M. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Sand, Garrett and Ward enter a large windowless room.

In front of them is a high tech desk. It spans the entire width of the far wall.

On the right is a bank of six LED screens, built into the wall.

In the middle there are several high tech computers. There are three more LED computer screens spaced between the computers. All the computer screens in the room run the same screen-saver, a blue steel butterfly, with the word "ARC" below in a darker shade of steel blue.

On the left is some high tech chrome racks, with routers, and aluminium disk drive caddies. Dozens of lights blink.

Garrett surveys the scene before him.

SAND

Only a handful of people have ever been in this room. I have to get the Director's permission. Cameron runs this place pretty much on his own. We get the data direct.

GARRETT

So what is this?

SAND

This is TIM!

GARRETT

Tim?

SAND

The Invisible Man... As I said, we had a few ideas. But it wasn't till Cameron came on board that we got things off the ground. Cameron has been to us what Steve Jobs was to Apple.

Ward laughs.

SAND

Basically, we needed more information. We were being left behind. We needed more, a lot more.

GARRETT  
Information?

SAND  
Dirtier information. Real time, up  
their arse sort of stuff. Forensic,  
relying on third party stuff, is  
now way too slow.

Garrett purses his lips. His face wants answers.

SAND  
Companies are routinely scanning  
these days. We needed to  
infiltrate, monitor the City... to  
a degree we've never done before.

GARRETT  
So where does this come in?

SAND  
We're losing them. In cyberspace.  
They're transferring billions right  
under our noses. London, Frankfurt,  
New York, they're playing us. And  
believe me, we're losing. No one's  
prepared to admit it, but we're  
losing, and there's no endgame.  
Obama knows it, but he answers to  
the world. We don't.

GARRETT  
We know Pandora's Box is out there,  
that's nothing new.

SAND  
Pandora's jumped out of the box!  
And we can fuck her any way we like  
till she's back in.

GARRETT  
So this is for fucking Pandora?

Sand moves over to the computers.

SAND  
This is for fucking the City. We  
are so far up their arse it's not  
funny.

Sand hands Garrett a computer motherboard.

Garrett takes the component, and turns it in his hands.

He raises his gaze towards Sand, then down again to the  
motherboard.

SAND

What do you notice?

Garrett turns the motherboard in his hands.

GARRETT

Nothing!

SAND

You're not going to. Where's it made?

Garrett examines the markings on the motherboard.

GARRETT

China!

SAND

Made in China but designed in the USA... at least most of it. There are over two hundred and fifty million transistors in the CPU alone, let alone the rest of the board.

Sand points his finger at a small logo on the motherboard. A SMALL BLUE BUTTERFLY.

SAND

That means the boards design was modified... by us, preproduction. Unnoticeable. But enough!

GARRETT

What's so special about this one?

SAND

This is the Holy Grail! It looks like a motherboard, it is a motherboard. Except, this one enables us to see, the City, in all its grubby entirety. Totally, invisibly... we can go in, dig around, read data, copy data, change data, alter databases--

WARD

--You name it. We can even encrypt and insert markers or data, as it streams, all while the system is live and fully operational.

SAND

And nobody can see us, or pick up a trail after we've gone.

(MORE)



SAND (cont'd)

It's like a train, laying its own track, and picking the track up again as it passes over the top, only at about a million miles a second.

GARRETT

Hacking?

WARD

Hacking doesn't even come close. Every hacker in the universe would just get down on their knees and cry if they knew about this. This--

SAND

(pointing)  
--This turns Cameron into the Incredible Hulk of cyberspace--

WARD

(laughing)  
--More like X-Ray vision! Superman! No, seriously. This is like having someone on the inside. An invisible man, sitting at an invisible terminal. Everyone totally oblivious. It wouldn't hold any challenge for a hacker. They're like graffiti artists, they have a tag, they like to splash your system. Virtual exhibitionists.

GARRETT

So where's your challenge?

WARD

(grin)  
I just want to fuck Pandora.

Garrett fingers the motherboard.

GARRETT

You guys built this?

SAND

We designed it! They're made legitimately in China with our parts and to our specification. We've got security measures in place, but they're oblivious.

GARRETT

And how many of these are out there?

SAND

We've made about eighty thousand so far. There are fifty thousand... fifty thousand of these things already out there. And we've only just got started. We only need a few in any one company, so they just get slipped in to a production order when one of ARC's companies gets a contract, or we just change them out during maintenance.

GARRETT

Jesus! In London?

SAND

London, Tokyo, Beijing, New York, Moscow. As many as we can. Straight through the front door. Legit as hell. We ease them in when we have to.

GARRETT

How long?

SAND

First prototypes 2007. Most of them are in London, but we've started moving them into other financial centers, included a few high-tech innovations to make them an item of choice, and...

(laughing)

... The price is always right!

GARRETT

You're crossing the line!

SAND

By a long shot! But it would take NASA two years of computer time to figure out that these are anything other than generic. And even then, they'd have nothing without the software. We're in a parallel universe!

GARRETT

Software?

SAND

Cameron wrote the software to access these things.

WARD

They take the firewall down from the inside, leave a microscopic chink in the armor, and the worms--

GARRETT

--Worms?

WARD

Think of the human immune system. It works like a T cell receptor. Sticking a finger through a tiny electronic hole, randomly generated, a billion times an hour, fishing for a matching receptor. When it finds our worm, it pulls us in through the hole, and we use grid technology to pump any juice we need.

SAND

It would take NASA ten years to crack one of our worms.

WARD

And this is the only place in the world that generates them.

GARRETT

How many people know about this?

SAND

There are only about six people in the world who know what these do, and even fewer who know where they are.

EXT. NORTHERN ENGLAND - FARMHOUSE - DAY

**T-MINUS 224.33.18**

Two large dark vans pull up at the end of a long, gravel, badly pot-holed driveway.

A farm cottage, about three hundred meters away, is shrouded in early morning gloom.

Heavily armed men exit the vans and make their way down the driveway. They fan out into the neighbouring fields as they go.

They use hand signals to communicate.

They approach the cottage cautiously and silently.

Three climb the two steps to the front porch, while others approach from different angles, their semi-automatic weapons poised.

A man on the porch kicks open the door. The three men enter the gloom beyond. The others freeze, their weapons trained on the windows and door.

There is a muffled explosion as a stun grenade goes off, and the clatter of shots.

Then staccato, punching gunfire.

Immediately, some of the assault team fall. Others look in surprise towards a nearby barn.

A heavy caliber machine gun fires, disguised and protected by some large, cylindrical hay bales that have been placed strategically.

There are shouts and heavy gunfire from the cottage. One of the assault team staggers out, badly wounded, and collapses as he tries to negotiate the steps.

From the east, a helicopter approaches. It moves fast, and swoops, head up as it decelerates, perhaps a hundred meters above the barn. It turns, and circles the barn.

The machine gun fires at the assault team, and takes return fire.

The helicopter swoops low over the barn once again. It ejects some small objects towards the barn and hay bales below.

The helicopter accelerates away. Explosions rip through the barn. The machine gun falls silent. Hay bales burn. The Red Royal Mail Truck sits in the splintered and burning barn.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

A big fire-fight blazes downstairs.

Truck driver Jasper Ryan, huddles in a corner of the hallway. He sweats profusely, and his grimy shirt is badly bloodstained. He is extremely frightened.

A mans back. He stands in the middle of a large, empty bedroom, facing the windows, towards the rear of the farm property.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - BEDROOM - DAY

The SHOOTER is calm despite the ferocious fire-fight below. He is in his thirties, muscular, dressed only in a sweaty singlet and baggy trousers. He holds an RPG22 rocket launcher across his chest.

He calmly watches the helicopter, through the windows, as it passes within fifty meters of the house.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The helicopter approaches the farmhouse, low and fast.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - BEDROOM - DAY

The shooter waits motionless for a few seconds.

He swiftly steps forward towards the window frame. He aims the rocket launcher. Steady, his muscular arms lock the movement of the helicopter. His shoulders rotate as he tracks it.

He fires.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The helicopter explodes in a huge FIREBALL, and plunges to the ground.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - BEDROOM - DAY

The shooter moves back from the window. The rocket launcher smokes as he holds it in his right hand. With his left hand he removes a pistol from his waistband. He turns. He calmly moves into the hallway.

A shot.

Jasper Ryan falls motionless across the doorway.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Fifty meters from the farmhouse. A row of tall poplar trees.

High up in one of the trees, a surveillance camera. It faces the farmhouse.

The assault team members lie prone in the long grass in front of the farmhouse, still locked in a fierce gun battle with unsubs inside.

The farmhouse explodes in a massive fireball.

Burning debris showers the assault team.

EXT. ROADWAY OUTSIDE FARMHOUSE - DAY

The dark vans parked at the end of the driveway.

One hundred meters away, the black Chrysler 300C quietly glides out of a gravel driveway on the opposite side of the road. It turns left, and disappears into the gloom.

INT. CAMERON WARD'S HOUSE - T.I.M. OPERATIONS - DAY

**T-MINUS 168.12.27**

Ward, Sand, and Garrett sit in the T.I.M operations room, coffees in hand, facing each other. The screens are alive with data.

SAND

As you know, in the last couple of weeks London's markets have taken a severe hit. Billions wiped off the Stock Exchange... all the markets, all areas, and it's still falling across the board.

GARRETT

Meltdown!

WARD

I've been watching it. Our offices are run off their feet.

SAND

For some months now, the New York Stock Exchange has been trialing some new, very special software. More sophisticated than any other exchange in the world... to detect insider trading. And its been going wild. Thousands of flags, thousands of trades...

GARRETT

In all the markets?

SAND

They've been analyzing everything they can get their hands on. They're scared about the press. They don't want the scale of it to get out. The software watches the markets, and any suspect trades trigger the flags. They were expecting dozens. They've found thousands.

WARD

Thousands of insider trades?

SAND

Suspect trades!... Now many of them, the ones they've had time to check, have turned out to be untraceable. Phantom investors, phantom trading accounts.

(MORE)

SAND (cont'd)

Big, unexplainable hedges, where the profits have immediately been moved on through an untraceable web of complex transactions... Now when we've checked some of these against London and Frankfurt, the same patterns are emerging... Similar accounts, similar untraceable investment networks. None of these investments can be traced back much more than two years, and they have been making profits at an unbelievable rate, even before the markets began to crash. The more we check, the more discrepancies we're finding. And it appears just the tip of an iceberg... a very disturbing iceberg.

GARRETT

How many accounts are we talking about?

SAND

By our estimates... just London, Frankfurt, and New York, at least forty thousand. But we haven't even looked at Tokyo, Hong Kong, you name it. I'm sure we're going to find similar patterns. There are some anonymous factions out there holding massive positions. And, every day, new positions are being taken... thousands of them. Massive hedging... gold, precious metals, oil, foreign currencies...

WARD

What's the significance?

SAND

I don't know. But whatever it is, it's big. And it looks like these nukes falling into the hands of terrorists has been anticipated.

GARRETT

It smells like the Russians.

WARD

The Mafia?

GARRETT

Not only are they selling the nukes, they're betting on the outcome.

WARD

So that if a nuke goes off in London... some people are going to make a lot of money?

SAND

They're already making money. They're going to make a lot more money... Billions, and billions.

WARD

And you want me to match our data to New York's?

SAND

Yes. We're going to start targeting specific investment houses, links to the Stock Exchange, Equity Markets... looking for common denominators.

GARRETT

Do we have any specific targets yet?

SAND

We're already onstream with most of them, but we need to kick it up a few levels. Go deeper into their infrastructure. We're already past their firewalls... we need to get into their pants.

WARD

And do we know the sort of thing we're looking for?

SAND

The New York Stock Exchange is sending over one of their top specialists to help us analyze the data. We can go anywhere we like. The tricky part now, is seeing what we're looking for. If we can trace this money back to the Russians... we may find the nukes.

WARD

How many Russians?

SAND

They're crawling all over us. We just need to find an entry point. Tap into their bloodstream. Once we're in... they won't know what's hit them.



INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - GARRETT'S OFFICE - DAY

**T-MINUS 157.46.33**

Garrett is at his desk, coffee in hand. He watches the data on his computer screen.

The door opens and Hasker enters wide eyed. He grasps a piece of paper.

HASKER

We've got another one. Frankfurt!  
The lines are going crazy!

GARRETT

Can the Yanks give us a bird?

HASKER

Two, and we've got a French one.

GARRETT

Northholt?

HASKER

Done! They'll be on the tarmac  
waiting.

GARRETT

Details?

HASKER

Al-Qaeda!

GARRETT

Unreal!

HASKER

We've gotta go with it.

GARRETT

Germans?

HASKER

All we know so far is that they  
know where it is. No confirmations.

GARRETT

We go! Me, you... and Dan. Meet me  
downstairs. Three minutes.

EXT. M25 MOTORWAY - CHAUFFEURED BENTLEY (TRAVELLING) - DAY

A Bentley, at speed on the M25 motorway.

INT. CHAUFFEURED BENTLEY

The back of the chauffeur's head.

In the back seat, JON KRALL, middle aged, Armani draped, business rottweiler; well dressed, but with the face of a retired, well worn journeyman boxer. Piercing eyes, razor-wire personality, and exuding the aura of a man never satisfied.

Krall looks out the window, a subdued interlude.

He reaches into his jacket and removes a cellphone. He punches a few keys, and raises it to his ear. He waits for a response.

KRALL

Chaos says it's only a matter of days before they realize.

(listens)

He was right. It's too late now to stop the software. No one could find who's behind it. We just have to push ahead with the plan.

(listens)

He's going to pull the wings off the butterfly, slow them down a bit...

(listens... small laugh)

Well his timing's been perfect... everything's going fine... it's just--

(listens)

Yeah... I... I don't trust Soze'. Our FSB contacts muscled us in, but, maybe he planned it that way. He needed us... once they got that new software... He would never have been able to pull this off without us. Where else would he get them from.

(listens)

Hah!... He has a reputation... but he doesn't have any friends... none that are alive anyway. But he won't pull the plug yet... it's his game, and he's all in.

(listens)

We're close to him in New York, and the Fox is tracking his shadow...

(listens)

We need to be patient for a bit longer. But we need to be ready... and we need to be careful.

(listens)

We have to ride the bull... until we can become the Matador!

Krall laughs and finishes his call. He goes back to staring out the window.

EXT. WEST LONDON - NORTHOLT AIRFORCE BASE - DAY

A dark blue van pulls up on the tarmac, blue emergency lights strobe behind it's grill.

Garrett, Hasker, and Danielle, exit the vehicle and run towards a waiting Gulfstream jet. They enter the jet.

The jet roars down the runway, and takes off into clear sky.

It disappears into the horizon.

INT. FRANKFURT - LARGE HOUSE - DAY

German BGS team scours house. They take the interior of house apart. Clothes, drawers, papers strewn about.

Some papers are handed to the Commander. He studies them for some moments with a grim look on his face.

He reaches down for his cellphone and raises it to his ear.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET (AIRBORNE) - DAY

Garrett faces Hasker and Danielle at the table.

Hasker works, intent, on the laptop.

A coiled telephone cable stretches from the fuselage panel. It goes behind Hasker, to the handset, which is pressed to Danielle's right ear.

DANIELLE

They've found a cargo supervisor...  
dead! At Frankfurt airport.  
Murdered!

GARRETT

Same plane?

DANIELLE

Lufthansa! And they've got a  
baggage container. It should've  
been on the plane.

GARRETT

Jesus!... It's been switched?

DANIELLE

They think so. The handlers say it  
left with all containers loaded.

GARRETT

Get on to the Germans again. Get them to confirm that they found brand new batteries in that garage, and that one was missing.

HASKER

Are we continuing?

GARRETT

No. Ask the pilot to put us in a holding pattern. We just became an AWAC... Dan, you can fly back this afternoon. We'll still need to talk to the Germans face to face, and have a look at what they've found.

DANIELLE

Do we contact Heathrow?

GARRETT

No! The plane's not going to Heathrow. Talk to QRA. We want three fully armed Typhoons over the North Sea within fifteen-- no... ten! Ten minutes. Nick! Get onto British Airways. Find out how much fuel's likely to be on board. How much time we've got to play with.

DANIELLE

Why not Lufthansa?

GARRETT

No. We don't want to alarm them anymore than this situation has already, and we don't want them talking to the pilot.

(turns to Hasker)

Talk to airport security. See if they have any ideas about getting to the pilot. They can talk to Lufthansa, find out who's on board.

DANIELLE

NATS?

GARRETT

We'll talk to NATS when we've got those Typhoons off that 767's wing-tips. We don't want the pilot knowing he's being diverted till we're riding shotgun.

HASKER

Where are we going to divert to?

GARRETT

Just keep the plane over the North  
Sea for now.

DANIELLE

What do I tell QRA?

GARRETT

Nothing. Just tell them to get  
those jets in the air. It's  
imperative they have them  
patrolling within ten minutes, we  
haven't got much of a window.

DANIELLE

Can we do that?

GARRETT

The only thing we can't do, at the  
moment... is shoot that plane  
down...  
(Grimly)  
... Get me the Prime Minister.

EXT. EAST ANGLIA - RAF BASE - DAY

Three RAF Typhoons roar down the runway and swoop out towards  
the nearby North Sea.

They rapidly disappear into the clear horizon.

INT. LUFTHANSA 767 (AIRBORNE) - GALLEY - DAY

A flight attendant, JANA, stands in the galley. She holds an  
intercom telephone handset. She's concerned.

Another flight attendant, SIMON, enters the galley.

JANA

(German accent)  
It's an emergency call. For you.  
They want me to get the passenger  
in twelve A... He's a policemen.

She hands the handset to Simon, a very worried look on her  
face. Simon, too, seems perplexed.

INT. TYPHOON JET (AIRBORNE) - DAY

The sky ahead is crisp and clear.

Two other Typhoons are off to the right, close formation.

Instruments. Oxygen rasps in the pilot's facemask.

The jetstream of a large jet materializes on the horizon.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET (AIRBORNE) - PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

Hasker furiously keys on the computer.

HASKER

The jets have picked up the 767.  
It's time to talk to NATS.

GARRETT

Tell them to hold the plane over  
the North Sea.

HASKER

The pilot's going to be expecting  
some sort of explanation.

GARRETT

He's not gonna' get one. But we  
have to keep him cool. We may be  
able to neutralize him, but we  
don't know who else is on board.

DANIELLE

What about the copilot?

GARRETT

Same risk! But we are gonna try. We  
have to ditch that plane in the sea  
to give those people any chance.

DANIELLE

Just like that?

GARRETT

Just like that! He knew I wasn't  
asking! They did it in the Hudson  
River, it's calm today, we're gonna  
try and do it in the North Sea.

DANIELLE

He... You!... made that decision in  
seconds. Why can't we use Norway?

GARRETT

What the hell do we tell them?  
We've got a nuke, on a plane. The  
pilot's a fucking terrorist, and,  
oh! Bye the way, we want to land it  
in your country?

DANIELLE

We're that sure?

GARRETT

We're not sure about anything! When it comes down to a rock and a hard place... you cut off your arm. The quicker you can make that decision, the more you get paid. The Prime Minister just earned his entire pension in six seconds.

HASKER

Look Dan, this guy's committing suicide. The Germans have confirmed it. We just don't have any choice.

DANIELLE

Is there nowhere else?

GARRETT

Too far. Too long. We've got to make decisions fast, not give that pilot any time to think. The more time we give him, the more chance we'll have to go to plan "B"

DANIELLE

Plan "B"?

GARRETT

Fishing on the east coast isn't going to be the same for a while.

Danielle's eyes widen in realization.

DANIELLE

That's a fucking big call.

GARRETT

A lot of people are still alive because I've made some fucking big calls. Nine-eleven is a fucking big date. Our job... is not to have a bigger one.

EXT. NORTH SEA - DAY

The Shell Leman Gas Platforms - Alpha, Bravo, Charlie.

MONTAGE: SHELL LEMAN PLATFORMS

- Klaxons sounding, men running, donning hard hats, high vis jackets, life jackets, survival suits - full emergency drill has been declared.

- Control rooms - emergency klaxons sounding, lights flashing, technicians shutting down gas production.

- Flashing and strobing lights, men taking up evacuation positions, ready to board large TEMPSC units.
- Only two men board each TEMPSC, three on each platform.
- Nine TEMPSC units in total, slide down steep chutes, and free-fall fifteen meters, crashing into the sea.

INT. LUFTHANSA 767 (AIRBORNE) - COCKPIT - DAY

Three people stand in the cockpit behind the pilots.

The flight attendants Simon and Jana, and a tall man.

All three look extremely worried.

THE PILOT. In his late forties, Middle Eastern. His wrists are bound to the armrests of his flight chair with black plastic ties. His headset is in his lap. The pilot is extremely agitated. He's exasperated, in shock. The tall man holds the back of the pilots chair.

THE COPILOT. Mid thirties. European. His forehead is wet with sweat. He is a man under extreme stress. His hands open and shut with nervousness as he grips the controls.

The Pilot leans forward, and pushes against his restraints. The tall man places his hands on the pilot's shoulders, and firmly pushes him back into his seat.

PILOT

Why aren't you contacting Frankfurt? This is a mistake. Find out what the fuck is going on for gods sake!

COPILOT

Those jets out there, they're jamming our communication. They say they will shoot us down if we don't cooperate.

PILOT

But why have you handcuffed me? This is a mistake. A huge mistake.

COPILOT

They say we have a nuclear device on board. They said I was to follow their instructions to the letter and not question anything.

PILOT

Are they saying I'm a terrorist? I don't know anything about this. I don't know what's going on.

(MORE)



PILOT (cont'd)

This is ridiculous! For gods sake  
man, I'm not a fucking terrorist!

COPILOT

What do you expect me to do? Not  
follow their instructions? They're  
making the decisions, not me. It's  
out of your hands and mine.

PILOT

How long have you flown with me?  
You know me! Whatever this is, it  
needs both of us flying this plane.

COPILOT

You know procedures. They're  
calling the shots. They've got the  
guns. They're not asking us to fly  
into a fucking building. Guns,  
...we follow instructions.

The copilot's face. Extreme stress. He grits his teeth.

EXT. NORTH SEA - FISHING TRAWLER - DAY

A large fishing trawler.

Several fishermen are on deck. A large winch hauls a net into  
the boat. The fishermen remove the catch.

The fishermen laugh and joke.

Two Typhoons suddenly sweep low across the sky.

The fishermen look skyward. The planes are at about two  
thousand feet above sea level.

A jetliner, closely followed by another Typhoon.

The fishermen watch the jets pass over.

The fishermen's faces, their mouths frozen open, their eyes  
reflect bright light.

BOOM!

INT. GULFSTREAM JET (AIRBORNE) - PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

HASKER

(phone to ear)

It's gone off! The fucking nuke!  
It's gone off!

GARRETT

Jesus! How far?

Hasker looks over Danielle's shoulder, at the laptop.

HASKER  
About sixty miles off the coast...  
Lowestoft.

GARRETT  
The jets?

DANIELLE  
Two minutes ago. That's when we  
lost it....  
(looks down at the screen)  
Two thousand feet!

HASKER  
(on phone)  
They've still got two signatures...  
but no transponder.

GARRETT  
How far from the rigs?

DANIELLE  
Twelve... fifteen miles.

HASKER  
They would've had the lifeboats in  
the water. Jesus fucking Christ!

INT. ST. JAMES'S PARK - HOME OFFICE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Sand stands in a large room, at the head of a large oval table.

Around the table sits the Home Secretary and several GOVERNMENT MINISTERS.

Garret sits near the back, one of the furthest away from Sand.

There are refreshments on the table.

SAND  
Gentleman, to give you some background. Over the past several weeks we have identified heavy chatter coming into London. Al-Qaeda chatter. The heaviest chatter from them in years. Since the demise of Bin Laden it seems certain factions in the Middle East believe Al-Qaeda has served its purpose, and is no longer a viable brand.

(MORE)

SAND (cont'd)

But, as has become obvious in the last few weeks, its tentacles are still very much operational. We had thought its capacity to initiate and sustain campaigns against Western interests had been seriously eroded and compromised... its leadership undermined by its inability, since shortly after nine eleven, to present itself as anything but a drained and splintered force, withering in the remote mountains of Afganistan, and the cess pits of Pakistan.

(Takes sip of water)

But today gentleman, we were introduced... to a new revitalized Al-Qaeda. A new face to this terrorist organization... a nuclear face!

MINISTER ONE

What about the IRA?... And the ship... the connection to the ship?

SAND

We've been playing that down as much as possible. The public don't know about the Dutch container ship as yet, and we're hoping to keep it that way. As to the IRA... that's just pure speculation by the press.

MINISTER TWO

So the truck, the boat, and the plane, are all Al-Qaeda?

SAND

All three nuclear devices we have are identical. The Germans got to it too late, but the casing they found matches the three we have.

MINISTER TWO

And they're Russian?

SAND

They're Russian made. To a specification they used between 1982 and 1988. They only had perfunctory identification. It would appear, a deliberate ploy on their part. The identification has been removed on the units we have.

(MORE)

SAND (cont'd)

Cargo documents found with the two we intercepted on the truck have similarities, indicating that both were in the hands of the same, unidentified party within the last six months. The Russians are denying all responsibility of course... There is no other direct connection established yet, but it's only a matter of time until we establish a definitive link to a common origin.

MINISTER THREE

How do the Germans fit into this? Have they all originated in Germany?

SAND

There may be a German connection, but this has yet to be established. The Germans received a tip off, and cooperated with our security services and Interpol to intercept the device--

MINISTER ONE

--What actually did they get tipped off about?

SAND

The Germans got a high level coded message, by e-mail... to their security services. It gave them the location, and indicated it was a nuclear device. It was untraceable.

MINISTER THREE

They were too bloody late!

SAND

The Germans are taking this as seriously as we are. We've had Interpol up their arse since we picked up the first nuke.

MINISTER THREE

So there is a bloody German connection!

SAND

Only so far as we have some old intelligence that Russian Mafia factions operating in Germany are reputed to have been moving these things in the early nineties. This connection isn't conclusive.

(MORE)

SAND (cont'd)

We've got some operatives working with their people, and all our European bases are on full operational standby.

MINISTER TWO

What more do we know about the pilot?

SAND

Syrian... Lived in Germany seventeen years. German citizen, not married... no relatives to speak of, at least in Germany. No record... quiet, respectable--

MINISTER TWO

--A sleeper?

SAND

Quite possibly. We're still trying to track his connections and financial records.

MINISTER ONE

And he was committing suicide?

SAND

They haven't found much in Frankfurt so far... but they did find evidence that the pilot was making his last flight. The drives from his computer were missing, and most of his personal papers had been destroyed, burned in a drum in the garage.

MINISTER TWO

What about the nuke. How did the pilot detonate it?

SAND

We don't know. It may have been on a timer, or maybe some type of pressure switch. What we do know, is that it detonated at two thousand feet, five minutes before the plane was officially due to land at Heathrow. On its original flight path... this would have placed it directly over the centre of London.

The people round the table all look at each others faces. Grim contemplation.

Garrett rotates his phone on the arm of his chair.

EXT. LONDON - THAMES RIVER - MILLENNIUM BRIDGE - DAY

**T-MINUS 83.32.58**

Garrett waits on the south side of the Millennium Bridge.

Sand approaches. Both men proceed onto the walkway.

SAND

TIM is churning so much data we can't keep up. But we've identified a cell... here in London, rolling money like you wouldn't believe. Hundreds of millions. Spread over about two thousand accounts. Here... New York, Frankfurt, Belgium, Switzerland.

GARRETT

What are they doing here?

SAND

Legit! Wholesaling mobile phones. Big time. They specialize in high end smart-phones. They've sold over two hundred thousand handsets in London alone. But not big enough for the money they're rolling.

GARRETT

So what are we doing?

SAND

We're just sniffing them at the moment.

GARRETT

How deep do they go?

SAND

We're trying. But it may be fairly autonomous, or getting their instructions on different streams. We're following the money, but we haven't cracked the line of communication yet.

GARRETT

I need a timeframe. We need to move.

SAND

Bank accounts are easy. Personal computers are a little bit more difficult.

GARRETT

Can we get in there?

SAND

At least one of these bastards seems to stay put most of the time. Hundreds of millions in the bank, and these guys are sitting around playing X Box.

GARRETT

We need something concrete... a definite link back to their handlers.

SAND

It's just time.

GARRETT

We haven't got time... We've got tactical nuclear weapons.

SAND

Look, the Director's looking at ramping up our operation. TIM has put us in a position that we wouldn've dreamed of a couple of years ago. It's new... We're on a learning curve. Ward's run with it. It's his baby, and he can perform miracles with it. But we need to bring in more people, expand,... At least on the analysis side of things.

GARRETT

Can you do it quickly?

SAND

This American. He knows what he's doing and what he's looking for. He doesn't know where we get the data from... He can't believe his eyes. But he's showing us the possibilities, and where we should be looking. I'm going to bring a couple more of his colleagues over. Short term. But it raises all sorts of security problems.

GARRETT

The Prime Minister himself has taken Platinum control as of yesterday. Everything is fast track protocol, you'll get whatever you need... fast. Believe me, they're scared.

The two men have reached the far side of the walkway.

They pause. Garrett turns to Sand. The two men exchange eye contact momentarily, and then separate.

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - HARRODS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

**T-MINUS 58.00.21**

Hundreds of people go about their business in Brompton Road, Knightsbridge.

A large window display in Harrods department store.

In the background, not looking out of place, is a large black metal case, one meter long, half a meter wide, and half a meter deep.

EXT. CAMERON WARDS STREET - DAY

**T-MINUS 37.17.13**

A black Jaguar turns into the street.

The way is blocked by police cordon tape and a police car. A lone policeman stands on duty.

About two hundred meters further up the street several emergency vehicles.

The Jag stops. A window lowers. Garrett. He shows his Warrant Card to the policeman.

The policeman raises the cordon tape and the car glides underneath.

EXT. CAMERON WARDS HOUSE - DAY

The car stops at the kerb. The road is wet.

Garrett exits the car.

Several fire trucks and police vehicles are parked at all angles in the street. The firemen are recovering their equipment. The drama is over.

Garrett looks across to a van which, through it's open back door, looks like a mini laboratory.

White paper overall clad "Scene of Crime" officers move in the driveway, and several plain clothes detectives mill about, as if awaiting a cue for their services.

Several uniformed police officers observe the proceedings.

Garrett moves up the driveway.



The house is badly damaged by fire, but the front is relatively intact.

Garrett enters the house.

INT. CAMERON WARDS HOUSE - DAY

Garrett can immediately see the rear of the house has been completely gutted by fire.

He proceeds through the progressively worse charred remains of the house, the rear completely open to the sky. He finds the blackened concrete steps leading down to the rear lower level.

He proceeds along the hallway. Only the blackened concrete left-hand side resembles a passageway. He can see Sand and some SOCO personnel, on the right, through the now completely open wall.

Garrett carefully steps over the remains of the interior wall. Sand, turns, now acknowledging his presence.

Garrett surveys the virtually empty space. Everything has been reduced to floor level. There is nothing left of the computers, screens, or desk. Everything has burned completely, or melted to an unrecognizable mass on the floor.

Sand stands looking at Garrett, a disturbed and shocked man, just managing to keep his professional composure.

Garrett stands looking at Sand, waiting for some sort of response.

SAND

If you want facts, there's only one. We've found powdered aluminium in the dehumidifier ducts... this place burned at three thousand degrees.

GARRETT

And Ward?

Sand waves his arm at the floor.

SAND

We're still looking for him. We think we've found some human remains, but the DNA's gonna be difficult, even if we find some. His parents aren't around.

GARRETT

The Met?

SAND

I've spoken to them. They'll do the routine stuff, we'll do the rest. They know it's sensitive.

GARRETT

I think you and I should have a meeting. This afternoon.

SAND

I'll have a better picture later today. Our guys are working through a few possibilities.

GARRETT

There aren't too many ways to look at it. Your invisible man hasn't been so invisible. The Russians haven't liked you watching them.

SAND

This operation... it's top secret... The highest level... I don't--

GARRETT

--There's been a breakdown somewhere. They've picked up a scent and they've got to Ward. Your operations been compromised somehow--

SAND

--Compromised! My operations been fucked. This was the only place in the world...

Sand waves his hand in despair. He composes himself.

GARRETT

You were getting too close... And they have shut you down.

SAND

I've got guys over at ARC. I don't think we'll find much here.

GARRETT

Fill me in this afternoon. I'll phone you at two thirty.

Sand nods, his face reflects the hopelessness he feels.

EXT. CAMERON WARDS HOUSE - DAY

Garrett walks down the driveway. Once again, he seems in a world of his own, as he passes the various emergency personnel that move in the driveway.

He moves past the now solitary fire truck, to his car. In his right hand he rotates his mobile phone, over and over.

INT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - HASKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Garrett comes through the open door. Hasker looks up from his desk.

GARRETT

Find out all you can about Cameron Ward, head of ARC. I want to know who he's connected to. Then get on to the FBI. He used to live in the States. Find out all you can.

HASKER

Cameron Ward. Reason?

GARRETT

I think he was murdered today, and I want to know why, and how they got to him.

EXT. ST. JAMES'S PARK - HOME OFFICE - DAY

**T-MINUS 13.31.06**

The Home Office.

INT. HOME OFFICE - HOME SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY

The clock on the wall reads eight thirty.

Garrett and Sand stand in the Minister's office. Sitting directly in front of the Ministers desk is DAME JEAN LAKER, early sixties, old-school, hawkish, the cheerless Director of MI5.

HOME SECRETARY

Dame Laker, we have a full COBRA meeting in half an hour. It's going to be a very difficult meeting. The Prime Minister asked me to meet you here so we can decide the direction we want to steer that meeting.

DAME LAKER

Have we got any sort of timeframe yet?

HOME SECRETARY

No. Al-Qaeda has claimed responsibility in e-mails to the media. It's all over CNN.

(MORE)

HOME SECRETARY (cont'd)

These emails appear to be authentic, but we have no idea where these devices are, or when they could be detonated. It's new tactics. They seem to want to create panic to force our hand.

DAME LAKER

They have forced our hand.

HOME SECRETARY

We need to formulate an evacuation strategy we can sell to Cobra.

DAME LAKER

We didn't evacuate during the Blitz, why should we do it now? There's no need to generate panic.

HOME SECRETARY

That's what we're trying to avoid. If we locate the devices, or have reason to believe detonation is imminent, we will evacuate, but it will be a last resort. We can evacuate any square mile area in under an hour. It's going to take three hours to completely evacuate the West End, four to six if we extend that to the rest of inner London. The problem is when. All we can do at the moment is make sure we're ready to roll at a moment's notice.

DAME LAKER

How far along are we?

HOME SECRETARY

The Met is at Critical Response, all leave cancelled, and the Army is already rolling. We have forty tanks already stationed in central London warehouses. We've flown in additional fighter squadrons to Northolt, Manston, and Biggin Hill, and we have Starstreak missile batteries situated at Alexandra Palace, Windsor, Box Hill, and Thurrock. We've got HMS Bulwark patrolling the Thames, and HMS Ocean stationed at Greenwich, with Lynx helicopters and snipers on standby. The Hospitals are all on emergency stand-by, and all public transport is operating emergency timetables.

(MORE)

HOME SECRETARY (cont'd)

The Media is standing by, and all Civil Contingencies agencies are mobilized. All Cobra members have been summoned, and the Prime Minister himself will be in the chair.

DAME LAKER

And Cobra A?

HOME SECRETARY

Gone Platinum. Gold A is in the loop... some of them.

The Home Secretary hands Dame Laker a red folder. She takes it and begins to flick through the pages.

HOME SECRETARY

When it comes to evacuation policy, there is no standard procedure... we have the plans in place ready to go, and we are obliged to issue warnings when there is a credible threat. But the call to bring the evacuation plans into operation, and how far to extend them, is subjective. In half an hour Cobra has to validate these plans. Like you have mentioned, the key, is not to create any more panic. What we have to decide... is how much we tell them.

DAME LAKER

The public?

HOME SECRETARY

Cobra! Despite the seriousness of this situation, we can't keep the fact that we're paying the entire UK's gold reserves as a ransom to terrorists a secret from Cobra any longer. Evacuation and panic is a road we don't want to go down if we can help it.

DAME LAKER

I agree, we're in a no-win situation if we start evacuating. But make sure they are well aware of the consequences of disclosure - breaking the Official Secrets Act is the least of our worries. When does the German gold arrive?

HOME SECRETARY

Today, all two and a half thousand tonnes of it.

(MORE)

HOME SECRETARY (cont'd)  
 Five extra ferries are working continuously. It's being loaded as we speak. The quicker we can get that ship on its way, the quicker we can dissipate the panic--

DAME LAKER  
 --God help us if we lose that gold!

HOME SECRETARY  
 We've covertly placed tracking devices on board, and the ship will be shadowed by at least one Trident submarine at all times. As soon as we've found all the devices, British Commandos will storm the ship... we're not going to lose the gold, but this buys us time.

DAME LAKER  
 And we're releasing all the Al Qaeda that we found on board?

HOME SECRETARY  
 That's the deal. Same ship, same crew. Even the Dutch are cooperating.

DAME LAKER  
 No guarantees!

HOME SECRETARY  
 No guarantees! But hopefully, no nuclear nightmare. It's a risk we've got to take.

The Home Secretary glances at Sand and Garrett.

Garrett and Sand look at each other.

EXT. PLYMOUTH DOCKS - DAY

Dozens of unmarked articulated trucks quietly queue to be unloaded as an army of multi-wheeled loaders unload large shrouded metal pallets and load them into an array of shipping containers. Dozens of heavily armed commandos, some with dogs, patrol the surrounding dock area.

Large container doors slam shut and are locked securely with titanium seals, and a loading crane immediately swings the container upwards, and then into the hold of a large container ship.

EXT. LONDON - HYDE PARK CORNER - DAY

A military helicopter lands on the roadway.

A blue BMW X6 SUV waits.

All the entrances to Hyde Park Corner are barricaded, and heavily armed soldiers and police patrol.

Garrett exits the helicopter, and runs to the SUV. He gets into it. It moves off, towards Knightsbridge.

Two large tanks face out, on either side of the slightly elevated entrance into Knightsbridge Green, like huge monoliths, and a dozen heavily armed soldiers patrol the roadblock.

The SUV moves wide, to the right, barely slows, and swings hard left between the two tanks. Soldiers wave it through.

INT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - HASKER'S SUV (TRAVELLING) - DAY

The SUV moves through deserted Knightsbridge Green at speed.

Hasker drives, Garrett is in the passenger seat.

HASKER

I told you you're an important  
bastard.

GARRETT

It seems related to how quickly you  
can make decisions to kill people.  
Have they finished?

HASKER

Just finishing.

GARRETT

Well they've had a few weeks to  
practice.

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL - DAY

Another tank patrols outside the Mandarin Oriental Hotel.

The SUV passes at speed.

Ahead, police and military vehicles crowd the street outside Harrods.

A large mobile crane is parked in the road, and a huge military transporter beside it.

Further down the high street, another lone tank patrols.

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - HARRODS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The SUV slows. It swerves over to the right hand side of the road, and stops hard, about thirty meters away from the large vehicles outside Harrods.

Garrett and Hasker exit.

Sand stands some distance away, amidst some armed soldiers, opposite Harrods.

Garrett and Hasker approach Sand and the soldiers.

One of Harrods front windows has been removed. Eight large suction devices are still attached to the enormous glass pane that leans against the building.

The Bomb Squad work on the bomb in the window space. They are dressed in regular military fatigues.

Garrett, Hasker, Sand, and the soldiers, stand across the road outside a large delicatessen. They grimly watch proceedings on the opposite side of the road.

SAND

Right in the fucking window. How?

HASKER

Pearson was a delivery driver, here in London. False name, but we traced his flat.

SAND

And this?

HASKER

We found some weird photos. Window displays, offices, public buildings. We've had people out looking for a week.

GARRETT

They have contractors do this at night. This one changed yesterday.

SAND

Any clues?

GARRETT

No trace!

HASKER

Do they leak?

SAND

Not enough to worry about.



GARRETT

Not at the moment anyway.

SAND

It's one way of finding them... if we had the time. But all the concrete buildings around here... wasting our time!

GARRETT

These ones seem to be finding us.

Two members of the bomb squad carefully lift each end of the titanium canister.

Garrett moves out into the road for a closer look.

The two soldiers carefully carry the bomb out into the street, and up a small ramp into a large, military container.

They lock the bomb down into the container inside.

They close and secure the doors. Chains are attached. The large mobile crane lifts the container onto the huge military transporter.

Hasker walks back towards his SUV. In the background there is a loud snort as the huge transporter bursts into life.

As Hasker enters the SUV, Garrett, in the background, talks to the bomb squad.

INT. SAND'S BMW - DAY

Sand and Garrett sit inside Sand's stationary BMW, in Knightsbridge.

SAND

So, could they tell?

GARRETT

It had a new battery in it--

SAND

--We've paid their ransom demand, what the fuck are they doing?

GARRETT

They haven't got it yet. They're putting the thumbscrews on. As the Home Secretary said, there's no guarantees. These are terrorists remember... Nuclear fucking terrorists. And I'm beginning to think that there's a lot more to this than meets the eye.

SAND

What are you saying?

GARRETT

There are terrorists involved, but I don't think they're pulling the strings. Look at nine eleven, seven seven... their suicide drones couldn't wait to fuck their seventy five virgins. Terrorists hit first, then brag about it later. Asking for a ransom of gold just doesn't fit.

SAND

Why not? The Germans paid up as soon as their plane blew up. We've already figured out this is more about money than killing people.

GARRETT

Surely they know theres no way in hell they are going to get away with three thousand tonnes of gold, on a ship which we can track with satellites and nuclear submarines? There's some sort of strange plan being played out here, and the terrorists seem to be being screwed over just like us.

SAND

So who?

GARRETT

Theres a bigger agenda here. Your guess is as good as mine, but something just doesn't add up. It just doesn't fit Al Qaeda.

SAND

London's a target, it has been since day one.

GARRETT

The world's all too ready to believe London's a target. And the pound's isolated, we're the only country in Europe to use it. We rock the boat, but we don't sink it. Hitting Wall Street might have had a more global effect. Too risky for them. The boat, the tunnel, the plane... Harrods. It's all a calculated escalation... ramping up the pressure.

SAND

To push the markets?

GARRETT

Controlled panic. Take the markets to the brink. But not to shut them down... not yet. Every percentage point is making them hundreds of millions. Every financial institution in London has contingency plans for terrorist attack. We're the most prepared city in the world. That plane wasn't going to Heathrow. They knew we'd divert it. They tipped the Germans off. They knew how we'd react.

SAND

They're anticipating what we'll do?

GARRETT

It's all coming together. This is all just some massive screenplay ... there's some director out there, and he's playing all of us.

SAND

That would take some balls. Even the Russians would tread gently with Al Qaeda.

GARRETT

They wanted those headlines splashed across the papers. Why was that truck blown up? Why the sniper? Why the tip-offs? They knew they could ramp it up. But they knew we would have to keep the ransom demand secret. They've been blowing up a big balloon...

SAND

Just for effect?

GARRETT

I don't know. They've pushed things pretty much to the limit already. The only thing they could do now is make a bigger mess, a real mess. And the best way to cover their tracks, slow everything down, would be to make a mess in the City.

SAND

The IRA have done it before.

GARRETT

You can already multiply the economic damage by ten.

SAND

If a nuke goes off it will be a hundred.

GARRETT

Exactly!

SAND

If we're right about this whole crap shoot.

GARRETT

The markets are in free fall. And while they're in free fall, commodities like gold go through the roof. My guess is they want those markets in free fall as long as possible. This isn't about physical damage, it's about damaging our economy, possibly the world economy. They want us to believe we're going to find all the nukes, but the world to believe we won't. Their plan's working, but their greed might just give us a chance.

SAND

So whats our next move?

GARRETT

The Russian cell... how close are we to breaking their communication?

SAND

Since our operation--

GARRETT

--We can't wait any longer. Bring 'em in... It's D-Day.

EXT. WEST LONDON - ACTON SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Sand's BMW swings into a suburban street in Acton, lined both sides with terraced housing.

Up ahead, several police vehicles including black armed response SUV's, parked at all angles in the street.

The BMW passes a removal truck, several doors down from the cordon ahead. Removal men carry boxes down a narrow pathway, towards a terraced house.

EXT. WEST LONDON - ACTON - RUSSIAN CELL'S HOUSE - DAY

Sand and Garret move up a short pathway towards a terraced house. Several armed anti-terrorist police manhandle three tall, well dressed, but scruffy nonetheless, handcuffed men down two concrete steps, and brush past Sand and Garrett on the pathway to the house. The men glare. The number on the door says "74".

INT. RUSSIAN CELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sand and Garrett enter the living room.

There is a computer desk on the far wall, and to the right, a large wide screen TV and expensive audio visual equipment.

Garrett smiles as he sees a Playstation console, some games, and a couple of controllers lying on the floor.

The room is expensively furnished, but empty food containers, full ashtrays, magazines, papers, and beer bottles litter the floor and large coffee table in the centre of the room.

Sand moves over to the computer desk, and sits in a large leather office chair. There is a laptop, open, with a Spiderman screensaver, and beside it, a mini-tower computer. There is a large LCD screen, and it too has a Spiderman screensaver playing.

Sand begins to tap at the laptop keyboard.

Garrett surveys the room. He notes the wallets and several identical cellphone's amidst the chaotic coffee table debris.

Garret moves towards the kitchen, framed beyond an open archway.

INT. KITCHEN

Garret surveys the messy kitchen, which mirrors the living room with empty takeaway and pizza containers, and empty alcohol bottles.

Garret's attention is drawn to the refrigerator. There are some magnets attached to the fridge door. Photos, business cards, utility bills. One magnet holds a bright yellow lottery ticket.

Suddenly there is a loud text message beep from a cellphone. The sound comes from the other room. Garrett follows the beep.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Garrett re-enters the living room. Sand still furiously taps away at the laptop computer. Sand gestures towards the coffee table behind him, without lifting his eyes from the screen.

SAND

It's somewhere over there.

Garrett moves over to the coffee table. He moves some debris and locates a mobile phone.

He flicks his finger over the touchscreen. He scans the screen. He picks up another phone and does the same.

GARRETT

These phones are all password protected.

Still playing with the cellphone Garrett settles into the luxurious sofa. He gives up with the phone and puts it into his jacket pocket. He takes out a packet of red Tic Tacs, and tips some into his mouth.

His gaze wanders around his surroundings. He leans forward and picks up a thick wallet from the coffee table, nestled amongst the strewn debris.

Garrett opens the wallet and begins to examine the contents, He empties the wallet onto a clear space of the coffee table.

He flicks through the large number of notes and receipts in the wallet. Some yellow lottery tickets appear amidst the notes of money. He picks them out and examines them.

GARRETT

How much did these guys have in the bank?

SAND

Three or four hundred mil give or take.

GARRETT

So why are these guys buying lottery tickets?

Garrett reaches over and picks up another wallet. Same scenario, --wads of cash, receipts, and lottery tickets.

Garrett pockets the wallets, cash, and receipts, then rises, and moves towards the kitchen with some of the lottery tickets in his hand.

INT. KITCHEN

Garrett removes the lottery ticket from the fridge and begins to compare it with the other tickets in his hand.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sand is still furiously typing on the laptop.

SAND

Nothing! They're using a cloud.  
This thing is full of porn.  
Everything else is on the cloud.

Garrett comes back into the living room. He waves the lottery tickets in his hand.

GARRETT

These tickets. They're all bought  
from the same outlet, and these two  
are the same, bought on the same  
day.

SAND

So?

GARRETT

The same numbers... Why would you  
buy two tickets, all the numbers  
the same?

Sand shakes his head and continues, oblivious to anything but the task in front of him.

Garrett stuffs the lottery tickets into his coat pocket.

Garrett sits back down into the luxurious sofa, and once again his eyes survey the room as he waits patiently for Sand.

He goes through the other items on the coffee table.

He pushes some takeaway containers away and picks up some empty envelopes. He scrutinizes the address labels and stamps on them.

Garrett examines an envelope. A German stamp.

He looks across the room towards Sand. The small litter bin next to the desk is stuffed full and overflows. There are some torn envelopes protruding.

A noise. Garrett stares towards the hallway for some seconds, then suddenly a look of realization crosses his face, and he gets up rapidly.

He looks out the window. Armed police outside. The Postman, large carry-bag over his shoulder, negotiates his way past several armed police on the footpath outside.

Garrett goes into the hallway.

He returns with several envelopes.

Garrett begins to tear open the envelopes one by one. He scrutinizes the contents of each. He discards them one by one onto the floor. He opens another envelope.

Several new SIM cards. Several bright yellow lottery tickets.

Garrett looks down at the lottery tickets in his hands for several seconds.

GARRETT

They're all the same! These tickets  
are all the same!

Sand stops work on the laptop. Garrett moves towards the desk. He thrusts the lottery tickets towards Sand.

Sand takes the tickets. He studies them for several seconds.

SAND

It's their communication... it's  
got to be their communication...  
Weekly codes... Brand new codes  
every week.

GARRETT

Every person in Britain has lottery  
tickets in their wallets. Very  
clever.

SAND

Or so they thought! Maybe they  
don't realize some S015 officers go  
to university. Brain on Brad!

Garrett, misses the point.

SAND

(smirking)  
Well you do get your face on  
television sometimes. I can  
understand them making that  
mistake.

GARRETT

(death stare)  
So we've got their codes?

SAND

Yeah, but unless we can find out  
how to use them.



INT. RUSSIAN CELL'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

A police officer searcher looks up at the ceiling in the second story hallway.

A collapsed loft ladder, its rope handle dangles half a meter or so above the policeman's head.

The policeman reaches for the rope and pulls the ladder down.

He climbs the ladder, removing a police issue torch from his belt.

INT. RUSSIAN CELL'S HOUSE - LOFT - UNLIT

The policeman's head emerges from below into the unlit dim loft area. His torch blinks on, and he adjusts his eyes to the gloom as his torch pans.

The torch catches the roof lining, then dips to pick up a newly laid floor, then focuses on the far end wall. The triangular shaped brick wall has been semi-demolished, and a large circular hole gapes in it's middle, leading through to the adjoining house's loft area.

The police officer clammers up into the low ceiling space.

He negotiates a relatively clearway towards the hole in the wall. He kneels, and shines his torch through the hole into the space beyond.

His torch beam picks up a newly laid floor area in the neighbouring loft area, and then, the far end-wall. It too has a large gapping hole in it.

The police officer negotiates his way through the gapping hole and disappears into the neighbouring loft space.

INT. RUSSIAN CELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sand still furiously taps at the laptop's keyboard. Garrett lounges in a chair, tapping an empty Tic Tac box on his leg.

SAND

Nothing... Fucking nothing!

GARRETT

A to Z nothing?

SAND

Both computers, every fucking file.  
Nothing suspicious. Nothing but  
porn.

GARRETT  
Shredders?

SAND  
Two, both NIS... set to run twice a day. Wiping their document files... These guys are careful.

GARRETT  
Web history?... Maybe a site they're decrypting from?

Sand moves the mouse. Windows open on the screen.

SAND  
Some!... But these guys are being very careful.

GARRETT  
Anything?

SAND  
Maybe!... But that'll take too long. Miracles still take a couple of days.

GARRETT  
There's got to be something on those fucking computers. Where would you hide things on a computer?

SAND  
You'd have to hide it as something else. Not obvious. You can encrypt stuff into a picture, hide a text file inside a photo. But there's no software on here to do that.

Garrett rises from the chair and approaches the desk.

GARRETT  
What software's on there?

SAND  
(looking at the laptop screen)  
Nothing special... Office... Nero... a Torrent client... some games...

GARRETT  
What's a Torrent client?

SAND  
It's for downloading files. A person can share a file with you, but they never have to post it to a server. They just use a tracker--

GARRETT

--You've lost me!

SAND

It's how the pirates beat the system. The files are never stored anywhere. And bits of the file can be uploaded from anywhere in the world.

GARRETT

So what have they downloaded?

SAND

Who knows!... Whatever data they download gets wiped twice a day, apart from porn, which they seem to save to a different location.

GARRETT

What about the history? Does it show where they've been downloading from?

Sand taps away at the keyboard.

SAND

There's a shortcut in their browser....  
(click)  
The Pirate Bay!... a Torrent tracker called The Pirate Bay.

GARRETT

So how do you identify a torrent?

SAND

Words, letters, number,... Anything you like.

GARRETT

What about these lottery numbers?

Sand picks up some lottery tickets from the desk. He looks at a couple.

SAND

Possibly, these are weekly... more likely to be the phones. They probably change their SIM cards weekly. Give me a phone and one of those new SIM cards.

Garrett retrieves a phone and SIM card from his jacket.

Sand takes the phone and quickly dismantles it. He replaces the SIM card. He reassembles the phone. He begins to navigate the touchscreen.

SAND

One of those new lottery tickets.

Garrett hands a ticket to Sand. Sand continues to navigate.

SAND

Yep! Codes for the phones.

Sand continues to trawl the phone. The phone BEEPS, receiving a text message.

SAND

Just numbers. No contacts. They just use these phones to receive code numbers...

(beat)

...Maybe!

Garrett doesn't understand.

Sand moves the mouse, clicking as he goes.

The laptop screen - "THE PIRATE BAY"

Numbers typed into a search box.

A new web page opens.

SAND

Bingo!

Laptop screen. "CLICK HERE TO DOWNLOAD TORRENT"

SAND

It's the perfect drop-box for messages. Once you delete the torrent, the message disappears, leaving no trace.

Sand types a few more strokes.

New task window opens on laptop screen. Download bar completing rapidly.

GARRETT

What do we do with it?

EXT. WEST LONDON - ACTON SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The removal truck's engine roars to life, and it moves out from the kerb. It moves forward, towards the many police vehicles blocking the street a few doors up.

It stops, and begins to reverse back towards the T section corner, about thirty meters behind it, which is now cordoned by armed police and police vehicles.

It backs back, past the street corner, and then begins to turn gingerly towards the police cordon tape.

A helpful police officer moves forward and breaks the tape, then waves the truck through the cordon.

The truck moves gently past the police officers in low gear.

An arm extends through the drivers window, and waves thanks to the police officers manning the cordon.

The trucks engine gulps as the driver begins to traverse up through it's gears. The truck disappears down the adjoining street.

INT. TERRACED HOUSE NEIGHBOURING RUSSIAN CELL'S HOUSE - DAY

The police officer searcher stands in an entrance to a large living room. The curtains are drawn, and the room is very gloomy.

The policeman's torch rises from his side, and he begins to shine it's beam into the room.

There are several tea-chest like boxes in the middle of the room.

The torch pans.

A bank of LCD computer screens, twenty or so. Black screens with an "ORANGE BULL" screensaver on each, and lots of rack mounted blinking lights.

The policeman's torch beam moves back to the several boxes in the middle of the room.

The torch beam picks up some STENCILLING on one of the boxes.

"POWDERED ALUMINIUM"

The policeman's face shows puzzlement.

INT. RUSSIAN CELL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sand moves the mouse.

SAND

Two files... Text and a key generator.

Sand moves the mouse cursor over the text file.

(CLICK)

SAND

Password!

Sand moves the mouse again.

A small window on the screen with two TEXT ENTRY boxes.

Sand looks down at the new lottery ticket.

Sand taps at the keyboard for several seconds. He glances back and forth as he transcribes numbers from the ticket.

A finger HITS the large enter key.

A new number appears in the lower box on the screen.

SAND  
Careful, but lazy!

Sand hits a few more keys.

Laptop screen.

A PAGE opens up on the screen.

"PLEASE FEED OUR CAT - BYE!"

EXT. WEST LONDON - ACTON SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Three doors down from the police cordon around the footpath leading to the Russian cell house - No: "68"

BOOM!

FLAMES LICK out from every window of the house, up to ten meters high. The roof is engulfed in FIERCE FIRE, and already the adjoining terraced house's roof is well alight, and all its windows are billowing thick black smoke.

A few meters further up the road, police manning the cordon on the footpath look on stunned.

A shocked Garrett and Sand appear in the now open doorway, smoke and dust billows down the stairwell behind them.

EXT. PARK ROYAL INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - ACTON - DAY

SAND's BMW. Tires SCREECH as it stops hard, against the kerb. Several other police vehicles in the street, emergency lights STROBE.

Sand, Garrett, and several armed police run towards a large MODERN WAREHOUSE on a large industrial estate, adjacent to several other warehouses.

Garrett waves one of the police officers off towards another large adjoining warehouse.

Garrett and Sand stand amidst several of the police officers. They look up at large white INDUSTRIAL DOORS. Several SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS look down.

Suddenly, a large LOADER drives out of an adjoining warehouse, driven by the police officer. It snorts black fumes from its exhaust, and bucks as the officer tests its power.

Garrett signals the approaching vehicle. It plows straight through the large loading bay doors of the warehouse.

Sand, Garrett, and the police officers make their way into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - PARK ROYAL INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY

Sand and Garrett stand in the centre of the warehouse. They survey the walls around them, whilst several police officers look on.

The warehouse is full of THOUSANDS OF BOXED CELLPHONES, all stacked neatly on pallets one or two deep around the walls.

Garrett picks up a box from one of the pallets and examines it.

Suddenly, muffled, a cellphone begins to ring.

Garrett looks back towards the noise, an entry door, to one side of the smashed loading bay doors.

A police officer moves towards the ringing phone.

Garrett looks up to the back wall. A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA looks down at them.

GARRETT

We were supposed to be watching them.

The police officer retrieves a COURIER PACKAGE from amidst the mail in a small bin under the mail slot in the door.

Sand steps forward and takes it from the policeman's hand.

The phone has stopped ringing. Sand rips open the courier pack. A brand new BOXED PHONE. Sand opens the box and removes the phone. He flicks his index finger over the touchscreen.

Sand looks at the display. "MISSED CALL" "CALLER UNKNOWN"

Sand stabs at the screen.

SAND

There's two contacts on here!...  
"Call Me" and "The Bear"!

The phone's screen. Sand's finger taps. "CALL ME" highlights.

Sand glances at Garrett. Garrett shrugs, his eyebrows say "OK"

Sand's finger hits "CALL".

Several seconds later, every phone in the warehouse begins to ring from within its box. Several surprised police officers begin retrieving ringing phones from their clothing.

Sand takes a ringing phone from one of the police officers.

Sand waves a finger over the screen.

A VIDEO opens on the phone's screen.

Several armed, MASKED MEN stand; another sits astride, a titanium BOMB CANISTER with recognizable YELLOW NUCLEAR STICKERS on its side. They are all dressed in TYPICAL TERRORIST GARB, their identities shrouded.

The man astride the bomb holds up a NEWSPAPER - "THE SUN".

They are situated in an underground TUBE STATION, the unmistakable LONDON UNDERGROUND logo behind them says "ALDWYCH".

"10 P.M. TONIGHT " SCROLLS along the bottom of the screen.

Sand hits the LOUDSPEAKER button.

BROKEN ENGLISH begins to emit from the phone.

Sand looks grim.

SAND

It's some sort of martyrdom message.

GARRETT

How many phones did you say they had sold in London.

SAND

Aldwych! It's disused... it's only used as a movie set.

GARRETT

Looks like they finished their movie.

SAND

London Underground is on high alert. There's no way. This has to be fake.



GARRETT

Are you going to convince the six million people in London... or do you want me to do it?

Sand looks sick, very sick.

EXT. LONDON - CANARY WHARF - DAY

The immense CANARY WHARF business area, and the vast "CITICORP" logo on the massive CANADA TOWER.

INT. CANARY WHARF - CANADA TOWER - CITICORP - DAY

High up, a PANORAMIC SKYSCAPE through the windows in the background.

An open DOOR, leads into a LUXURIOUS OFFICE.

The SIGN on the door.

"EUROPEAN TRADING DIRECTOR" and underneath "JON KRALL"

INT. CITICORP - JON KRALL'S OFFICE - DAY

A large office, as luxurious as they come, elegantly furnished with tasteful "objet d'art".

Krall sits at a desk. He scans FINANCIAL PRINTOUTS.

A cellphone rings.

Krall reaches into his jacket, searching for the phone.

He brings out the phone and looks down at the display.

Cellphone screen: "CHAOS"

He stabs at the screen and puts the phone to his ear.

KRALL

Where the fuck--

A MOUTH speaks into a cellphone.

GARRETT

--This is Phil Garrett,  
Metropolitan Police.

INT. JON KRALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Krall holds the phone to his ear, incredulous, silent. Emotions flow across his face.

He furiously pulls the phone away from his ear. He holds it in front of him. He looks at it, astonished.

SHOCK, DISBELIEF, ANGER.

He slams the phone to his desk.

Krall's head moves as he looks around at the walls of his office. His hand covers his mouth. His eyes move and blink. He is a RATTLED man.

Krall looks at the computer screen in front of him. He moves the mouse. CLICK, CLICK.

Computer screen. A BLACK screen with an ORANGE BULL logo.

Krall punches some keys.

Computer screen. "ACCESS DENIED"

He slams his fist down on the desk. He fights to calm himself.

He picks up his cellphone again and checks the display. DEEP BREATH. His finger swats at the screen.

He puts the phone to his ear. Calm restored.

KRALL

We've been locked out. Chaos has betrayed us. We've waited too long... We've lost the initiative.

(listens)

It's Soze! I knew we couldn't trust Soze. Soze is a shark that likes to feed with the orcas... But sharks don't swim with orcas... sharks swim alone.

(listens)

We always knew Chaos would run... now he's out of the shadows. He'll try to make the safety of New York... Soze'!... Soze's trying to take control.

(listens)

The Fox is waiting, he's got the contacts... Warn the Wolf.

(listens)

Soze' has underestimated us...

(listens)

No... it's too late! Tell the Fox we are not going to follow him... we're going to eliminate him... Send Soze' a message.... New York's breathing down Soze's neck, they can handle Soze'. Let me know when it is arranged.

He switches the phone off, and places it in his jacket.

He retrieves a second cellphone from his desk, and removes the back cover and battery. He removes the SIM card, crushes it, and re-assembles the phone.

He retrieves his briefcase from beside his desk, and places it down onto his desk. His face, betrays his mind works overtime. He furiously fumbles with the clasps, and opens the case.

He retrieves some papers from his desk. He looks around the room, almost in confusion.

He closes the screen of the laptop on his desk, and places it in his briefcase.

He powers down his computer. He pauses for a few seconds while it goes through it's shutdown sequence, his hands splayed on the desk. He mutters to himself.

The computer finishes its shutdown. He pulls hurriedly at the caddy on the front. It releases, and he puts it in his briefcase.

The HARD DRIVE the caddy contains.

He looks at his watch, and quickly, nervously, his eyes dart around the room.

He removes some keys from his desk.

He closes his briefcase, and retrieves his coat from the coatstand. He pauses, breathes deeply and corrects his posture. He relaxes, and walks out the door.

INT. CANADA TOWER - UNDERGROUND CARPARK - DAY

LIFT DOORS open, and Krall walks out into a brightly lit UNDERGROUND CARPARK.

He reaches the Bentley. He is fumbling with his keys. The BLIP as his car unlocks.

Suddenly several sub-machine gun armed and vested police surround his car, guns pointed at him.

Sand, and Garrett walk towards him.

GARRETT

The Bear, I presume!

Krall stiffens, his jaw set, his eyes burn with anger. He glares at the policemen that surround him.

Suddenly his arm, holding the briefcase, swings up hard.

The briefcase goes flying. It slams hard into the concrete wall in front of the Bentley, and crashes to the ground.

INT. MI5 - SAND'S OFFICE - DAY

SAND

Damaged!... Not too bad, but it's going to take a little time. They have to take them apart, bit like analyzing a flight recorder.

GARRETT

How long?

SAND

Too long! And then they'll probably be encrypted with the latest two fifty six bit technology.

GARRETT

How long will that take.

SAND

Forever. We'll get a chopper off to Cheltenham as soon as we can clone the platters, but they won't have much more luck than us in the short term. It's not like the old days.

GARRETT

Nukes that could go off anytime, and we let him slam his briefcase into a concrete wall.

SAND

My CV's up to date.

GARRETT

You won't need your CV. Come with me.

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - HARRODS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Sands BMW comes into view from the direction of Knightsbridge Green. It drifts sideways, past the Mandarin Oriental Hotel, at the limit of its performance. The street is DESERTED. It accelerates at high speed into Brompton Road.

A TANK is parked outside Harrods. Armed soldiers stand guard.

The BMW SLEWS, SPINS, a HAND-BRAKE TURN. Its wheels scuff the kerb, and it comes to a halt, on the opposite side of the road to Harrods. It faces the direction from where it has come.

INT. SAND'S BMW - DAY

Sand sits in the passenger seat. Very carsick.

Garrett is in the drivers seat. He glances towards Sand, in a mocking, half smile. He looks past Sand, at the shops outside the window.

SAND

(nauseous)

What are we doing here?

GARRETT

I remembered something.

Garrett immediately exits.

Sand remains in the car.

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - DAY

Garrett stands on the pavement. He looks through the window of a large delicatessen. Like all the shops in the deserted street it is closed.

Sand's window lowers.

SAND

(sick, meekly, incredulous)

We have a canteen at MI5.

Garrett cups his hands to the glass. He tries to see into the dark interior of the shop.

After a few moments he returns to the BMW.

INT. SAND'S BMW - DAY

Garrett slides into the drivers seat.

A hand puts the SELECTOR into second gear.

Accelerator peddle hits the floor.

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - DAY

The BMW spins wildly, hard right, into the centre of the street. It accelerates hard,... then brakes. The car spins in a large doughnut, almost out of control, then violently corrects left.

The BMW straightens, and heads straight at the delicatessen.

The cars mounts the kerb, leaves the ground, and smashes through the delicatessen's window.

It reverses violently. Tires spin and smoke. It lurches backwards, its nose slides to the right.

The BMW ends up in the roadway, parallel to the kerb, parked much the same as it was moments earlier.

Sand, incredulous, braced against the dash, wills the airbag not to explode in his face.

Garrett exits the vehicle.

Some soldiers look on in bemusement.

Garrett climbs through the broken front of the delicatessen.

He disappears into the back of the shop.

Sand is still braced for the airbag.

Garrett reappears. He staggers under the weight of an enormous MEAT SLICER. He treads gingerly through debris.

He manages to manoeuvre the keys, still in his hand. He points the TRANSMITTER at the boot of the car. The boot opens.

Garrett unceremoniously dumps the heavy meat slicer into the boot.

INT. SAND'S BMW - DAY

Garrett slides back into the drivers seat. Sand has his head in his hands. He may be sick.

SAND

(sick whisper)

What the fuck did you remember?

GARRETT

I've always wanted to be a plastic surgeon.

Out of breath but still pumped, Garrett looks down at the CD changer. He switches on the SOUND SYSTEM. He selects some music, and turns the volume up. LOUD!

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE - DAY

Wheels spin. The BMW accelerates hard, back towards Knightsbridge Green.

EXT. LONDON - THE CITY - CHEAPSIDE - NIGHT

Outside an OFFICE BUILDING. Reality SIGNS on the outside. "VACANT OFFICE SPACE FOR RENTAL". "INNER CITY LOCATION".

INT. CHEAPSIDE - VACANT OFFICE - NIGHT

Through the window, the BACKGROUND VIEW is several stories high.

The large office floor is VACANT, with just some old, left behind obsolete office equipment, and several open-plan partitions.

Sand, Garrett, and Hasker, stand side by side. They all look down, towards the floor a couple of meters in front of them, TRANSFIXED. Behind them there are some armed police officers, and some armed soldiers.

GARRETT

It's amazing what some plastic surgery can do.

SAND

Definitely can enhance your career prospects.

Hasker looks towards the two other men, bewildered.

On the floor in front of the men, there is a large BLACK TITANIUM CANISTER, identical to the one found at Harrods.

Sand signals to the soldiers, and several unarmed soldiers move forward from the rear of the group. The soldiers kneel and begin to examine the case. One of the soldiers signals to Garrett. He points to a power-point, and a WIRE running across the floor to a large, six foot high, double door CABINET.

The soldiers begin to examine the cabinet. They gingerly open it. It is completely full --hundreds of pounds of C4. There is some sort of TIMING MECHANISM. An LCD DISPLAY, counts down.

"00.51.48"

A soldier moves forward, studies the wiring, then confidently cuts a wire attached to the C4.

The LCD clock STOPS.

Two soldiers begin to carefully unfasten the clasps on the cannister.

They lift the lid.

EMPTY!

EXT. LONDON - GUY'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Guys Hospital.

INT. GUY'S HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - LIT

Sand and Garrett walk briskly down a corridor.

Two armed police stand outside a door. Garrett and Sand walk straight past the police officers, and open the door.

INT. GUYS HOSPITAL - KRALL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A MAN lying on a bed.

It is Krall, although he is almost unrecognizable. His face is heavily BANDAGED. He appears to have lost the end of his nose. One of his arms is heavily bandaged, and the other is HANDCUFFED to the bed.

Garrett and Sand move towards the bed.

GARRETT

(spitting)  
It wasn't there!

KRALL

(slow, drugged, smartass)  
It was never there... We were  
keeping it for a special occasion.

Garrett, angry. He grabs Krall's shoulder's and shakes him hard.

GARRETT

Where the fuck is it?

KRALL

It was stolen this morning... by  
Chaos.

GARRETT

Who the fuck is Chaos?

KRALL

He's a traitor!

GARRETT

Who is he?

KRALL

I don't know who he is... He's a  
ghost.

GARRETT

What do you mean, a ghost?

KRALL

He works for Keyser Soze'.



GARRETT  
(losing his cool, shaking Krall)  
Who the fuck is Keyser Soze'?

KRALL  
(laughing)  
Keyser Soze' is a financial  
consultant...

GARRETT  
And where can we find this Keyser  
Soze'?

KRALL  
You can't find Keyser Soze'! If you  
owe the Devil... Keyser Soze' finds  
you!

GARRETT  
What do you mean?

KRALL  
Keyser Soze' is an army of shadows.

GARRETT  
So how do we find this Chaos?

KRALL  
You wait till he runs into the  
light, then you can see his  
shadow... We've been waiting for  
months... Today he ran.

GARRETT  
Where's he running?

KRALL  
Into a blowtorch!

Garrett UNLOCKS the handcuffs.

GARRETT  
Get him dressed. He's coming with  
us.

Garrett goes briskly into the adjoining bathroom.

INT. KRALL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Garrett runs the hot tap in the basin at full noise.

He looks into the mirror above the basin for long seconds.

He takes a used HYPODERMIC SYRINGE from his coat pocket and a  
small PHIAL from his opposite coat pocket. He rinses the  
syringe under the tap. Garrett inserts the needle into the  
phial and half fills the syringe. He expels the air.

He looks hard at the needle, as he places the phial back into his coat pocket.

He brings his other hand up to the syringe, and gently rubs the needle across the veins on the back of his hand, contemplating. He pushes the plunger slightly, and liquid runs down the back of his hand.

Garrett turns away from the basin and re-enters the main room.

INT. KRALL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Krall is sitting up, his legs dangle. He has a shirt half on. Sand is attempting to get his bandaged arm into the shirt sleeve.

Garrett approaches. He immediately plunges the syringe into Krall's thigh and depresses the plunger fully. Krall doesn't seem to notice.

Sand gets Krall to stand. He holds Krall's trousers, as Krall lifts a foot into them. Suddenly Krall staggers forward. His body crashes into a bedside trolley, and he collapses face-down on the floor. His body immediately begins to convulse violently.

A policeman opens the door.

Sand and Garrett stand and look at one another, perplexed.

INT. GUY'S HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sand and Garrett walk briskly down a corridor.

SAND

How much did you give him?

GARRETT

Ten mils... twice. Enough to make him talk, not kill him.

SAND

They haven't given him much. We were all over them.

GARRETT

Someone's got to him... On our watch. Unless he managed to take something himself.

Garrett stops, and reaches into his coat.

He brings out the syringe and phial. He throws them, to the surprised Sand, in disgust.

GARRETT  
Sodium Pentothal! It has another  
use.

Sand stands looking down at the items in his hands.

Garrett is walking off down the corridor. Sand's mouth open.

GARRETT (O.C.)  
It protects you from radiation  
poisoning.

EXT. LONDON - WHITEHALL - NIGHT

**T-MINUS 00.01.53**

A black Jaguar moves slowly down Whitehall from Trafalgar Square.

It is deserted. The road is wet and shiny. It shimmers with reflected street lights.

The car passes DOWNING STREET, two TANKS parked outside the gates.

It continues down WHITEHALL. The HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT and BIG BEN, well lit, in the distance.

The car approaches PARLIAMENT SQUARE.

There are MORE TANKS. Two are parked like great gatekeepers. One, parked in the middle of the road. It faces up towards WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. The other tank faces WHITEHALL, and the approaching car.

Other tanks. Some parked. Some lumber and snort, as they move impatiently about the square, like frustrated lions.

The car slows.

Big Ben's CLOCK-FACE. Seconds to ten o'clock.

MONTAGE: LONDON - NIGHT

With every CHIME of Big Ben.

-- TRAFALGAR SQUARE, deserted. NELSON'S COLUMN, and the MAJESTIC statue of LORD NELSON.

-- BUCKINGHAM PALACE, lit in all its GLORY.

-- LEICESTER SQUARE, deserted, its THEATRES and BILLBOARDS, all still lit, BECKON.

-- ST PAULS CATHEDRAL.

-- THE BANK OF ENGLAND

-- PICCADILLY CIRCUS

-- TOWER BRIDGE

-- The statue of CHURCHILL

The black jag is parked by the two tanks at the entrance into Parliament Square. Garrett stands beside the car. Armed soldiers stand by the two tanks.

NINTH CHIME.

Garrett looks up at Big Ben, his hands at his sides, his feet apart.

Big Ben's CLOCK-FACE.

Big Ben strikes its TENTH CHIME.

Garrett still looks up at the clock.

He lowers his gaze, his stance FROZEN. He lowers his head. He stares at the ground.

In his right hand, his phone. It ROTATES.

Garrett, still frozen, stares at the ground.

Garrett, and the tanks, fade into the distance.

EXT. MI5 - NIGHT

MI5 building

INT. MI5 - SAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Garrett lounges in a chair. His clothes are dishevelled. Unshaven, he's a man who hasn't had any sleep. Empty coffee cups on the coffee table in front of him.

The CLOCK on the wall says 6 A.M.

An LED television on the wall is MUTED. "SKY NEWS".

"LONDON TUBE BOMB A HOAX" - SCROLLS along the bottom of the screen in big letters, beneath the news reader.

Garrett holds his head in his hands, rubbing his stubble, weary, contemplating. He's looking down at the coffee table. He's looking at a cellphone on the table.

A flashing mail icon on its large screen.

Garrett reaches for the phone, slowly, realization dawning.

He runs his finger across its touchscreen. His eyes blink away his lethargy.

Sand enters. He too, is worse for wear.

Garrett's still busy with the phone.

GARRETT

(reading)

It's a text message... for Krall,  
four a.m. I just noticed it.

Sand stands looking at Garrett, too tired to respond, waiting for more.

GARRETT

It says Chaos is on a flight...  
this morning... Heathrow, New  
York... There's a name... and a  
seat number... leaving...

(beat)

... Twenty minutes...

Sand's still rooted to the spot, but his eyes are responding to Garrett.

GARRETT

... We'll hold the plane... at the  
last possible moment, nothing  
unusual.

SAND

We won't make it.

Garrett reaches into his jacket, removing his phone. He stabs at its keypad.

GARRETT

Nick will!

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - AIRBRIDGE - NIGHT

Two police officers on a BOARDING AIRBRIDGE. They walk with sub-machine guns slung across their chests.

The police officers approach the BOARDING HATCH of a jetliner.

Two FLIGHT ATTENDANTS wait at the doorway. They look concerned at the appearance of the police officers.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - AIRSIDE TARMAC - NIGHT

A BRITISH AIRWAYS 747 is parked at a terminal, airbridges attached. It is still fairly dark.

LOADING VEHICLES are busy beneath the plane's fuselage.

A REFUELLING TANKER approaches the jet. It parks close to the fuselage, behind the wing.

The TANKER DRIVER alights, and glances across to the other side of the plane.

Another refuelling tanker, its HOSE attached to the underside of the wing.

The driver begins to walk, towards the airside terminal buildings.

A TRACTOR UNIT, towing aluminium air containers, passes close by, on its way to another plane.

The tanker driver continues to walk towards some large open doors, and disappears inside.

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS 747 - NIGHT

The two police officers proceed down the narrow isle of the plane, their machine guns slung from their necks. They check seat numbers as they go.

Each policeman has a PISTOL in his hand, held low, to the rear, concealed.

Passengers stuff belongings into overhead lockers, and several passengers mill about in the isle.

EYES turn towards the two police officers. Some passengers, in isle seats, turn in their seats, their heads crane out into the isle. The two police officers move down towards the rear of the plane.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - AIRSIDE TARMAC - NIGHT

A large HELICOPTER, its navigation lights blinking, HOVERS thirty meters above the tarmac, only meters from the rear of the 747.

It descends. Water lying on the tarmac is whipped into the air by its down force, creating clouds of spray. It settles onto a clear area of tarmac, about thirty meters away from the 747.

Hasker and Danielle exit the helicopter. They hold on to their clothing, and duck low as its downforce buffets them.

They run towards the 747.

Some motorized BOARDING STAIRS approach the plane.

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS 747 - NIGHT

The two police officers have stopped dead in the aisle. They double check the seat numbers.

They raise their pistols. Their pistols are pointed towards a seat by the window. The top of a WHITE HAT.

An arm. A GOLD WATCH on the wrist. A hand holds a PASSPORT. One of the police officers takes the passport.

EXT. BRITISH AIRWAYS 747 - NIGHT

The stairs are at the rear of the plane, and an airport worker is at the top of the stairs, in a fluorescent waistcoat.

The door opens, and Hasker and Danielle climb the stairs at a run.

They enter the plane.

The plane EXPLODES in a MASSIVE FIREBALL.

INT. LARGE HELICOPTER # TWO (AIRBORNE) - NIGHT

Garrett and Sand are in a large HELICOPTER. They stand in the doorway to the cockpit.

Instrument panels glow, mainly orange, in the dark COCKPIT between the PILOTS, hidden in shadows. It is dark outside.

A large fire in the distance, silhouetting Heathrow's Terminal 3, creates a glowing aura against the dark, early dawn sky.

INT. MI5 - SAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Garrett sits in a chair, tired, despondent, a cup of coffee in his hand, deep in thought.

Sand enters the office through the open door.

SAND

He had his seatbelt on... We got some DNA.

GARRETT

Match?

SAND

Not here... I've faxed it to the FBI. Maybe they can give us something.

GARRETT

What about the cargo?

SAND

Nothing!... No clues.

GARRETT

We lose another plane load of people... I lose two more good people... And we still know fuck all.

SAND

How long had you three been working together?

GARRETT

Danielle... two years... Nick, four months... Ten years for all the difference it makes.

Sand looks lost for words.

The door is open, and a BUSINESS-LIKE WOMAN, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, comes in and hands Sand an ENVELOPE.

Sand opens the envelope, and removes two clear DVD CASES. There is a NOTE.

Sand looks at note.

SAND

(reading)

Thanks to you the lab got the data off the hard drives...

GARRETT

Well, let's see what we've got then.

Sand picks up the two DVD cases.

He sits down at his computer. He presses the DVD tray. It opens. He loads a disk.

EXT. WEYBRIDGE SURREY - ST. GEORGES HILL - DAY

An entrance way to a large PRIVATE ESTATE. There is a large BARRIER, and a SECURITY BOOTH.

The SIGN says: "ST. GEORGE'S HILL"



EXT. ST. GEORGE'S HILL - WEYBRIDGE, SURREY - DAY

A LARGE MANSION, up a long driveway, with massive iron gates, and a high wall protecting the perimeter. There are extensive grounds.

The SIGN says "WILLOWBROOK"

INT. WILLOWBROOK - KITCHEN - DAY

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, dressed in a robe, sits on a high chrome stool, in a large expensive kitchen.

He is eating. Toast and pots of jam on a high breakfast bar in front of him. He reads a newspaper.

A FACE, a JAW, CHEWING. The FINANCIAL PAGES.

A GUN BARREL slowly moving past an EAR. The face FREEZES and stops chewing.

A gun is PRESSED against the side of the face, behind the eye.

FOUR VESTED POLICEMEN, each with a sub machine gun, all pointed towards the man.

INT. GARRETT'S BLACK JAGUAR (TRAVELLING) - DAY

Garrett drives through central London. The traffic is relatively normal.

Sand is in the passenger seat. He has the two DVD cases in his hand.

SAND

The scale of this is mind boggling.  
This will crush them.

GARRETT

Krall was a big fish, but we still haven't got all the fucking nukes. Where are they? All the Russians we've arrested seem connected to the money, but not the nukes.

SAND

(waving the DVD cases)  
Krall controlled here, Ireland, and half of Europe. We're picking up their top men. We'll find the nukes. And then we'll get our gold back. Have some faith.

GARRETT

We've got an economic crisis, our city's been brought to it's knees, and terrorists and criminals are crawling all over us, and you're excited about a few thousand fucking bank accounts.

SAND

One hundred and eighty thousand bank accounts. All over the fucking world... Seventy thousand trading accounts... Over seven hundred names... Even fucking Africa... Tens of billions. You're a hard man to please.

GARRETT

How the fuck do they manage all those accounts?

SAND

Computers! Churned... thirty, forty... fifty times, maybe more. All over the world. Eventually, it ends up in just a few thousand accounts. Switzerland... Jersey... Cayman Islands... Clean as.

GARRETT

Who are we going to get to look at those accounts?

INT. THE CITY - MORGAN STANLEY BANK - RECEPTION LOBBY - DAY

Garrett and Sand wait. They look out of a large PANORAMIC window, high in a City tower block. There are some luxurious couches.

Behind them is a LOBBY AREA with a large, high reception desk.

There is a large LOGO behind which says "MORGAN STANLEY"

SAND

How many more Russians have you killed?

DEATH STARE from Garrett.

GARRETT

We've grilled them. We've turned them inside out. They don't know where they are. They were betrayed by whoever this "Chaos" was.

SAND

And they fried him. So where does that leave us?

GARRETT

What about this Keyser Soze'. I'd like to know what the fuck that was about?

SAND

We got a fax back from the FBI a couple of hours ago. I checked it out with my contacts by phone. The FBI say that since the big mafia trials, since the fall of the flamboyant John Gotti, the remains of the mafia has gone deep underground. The remaining godfathers are now very low profile, secretive figures. This Keyser Soze' is supposed to be some sort of godfather of godfathers. The Feds reckon they have a file six feet high on Keyser Soze', dating back over twenty years, but get this... they couldn't give me one photograph of this guy... they've got no fingerprints, no DNA ... Nothing!

GARRETT

And I suppose he wears a skull and crossbones ring, rides a white horse, and has a dog called Devil. Can't they do better than that?

SAND

No... Apparently, this Chaos guy is the closest they've ever got to him.

GARRETT

And this CHAOS?

SAND

Apparently a small time conman, a cripple, going by the name of "Verbal Kint". He said he was working for Keyser Soze' when the Feds interrogated him back in ninety five. They had a witness, they had a photofit, but everything else turned out to be this amazing story this cripple told some gullible Fed and D.A. to make bail.

GARRETT

Just a story?

SAND

Just a story he made up as he went along, from bits and pieces on this FED's own intelligence board. The investigating Fed has never lived it down. They've got a coffee cup this guy used, in a cabinet in this guy's office. Apparently, the story he told, it's legendary...

GARRETT

...That's Feds for ya!

SAND

...He was originally charged with twenty seven counts of murder... that's why they had the DNA... they found this guy driving away with ninety one million dollars, but, can you believe it, the guy walked on a misdemeanor.

GARRETT

Total dickheads!

SAND

They never found the drugs... the Feds said he was protected from on high... He must have had a fucking good lawyer.

GARRETT

Every good drug dealer has a fucking good lawyer. But theres no way that the mastermind in this whole operation was just a small-time conman from New York... A cripple! They're pulling our chain.

SAND

That's what the DNA's telling us.

GARRETT

Are you telling me that one man, a cripple, has brought down the Russian Mafia, and our whole fucking economy?

SAND

I don't know. The Feds say they spent the next two years cleaning up the mess. They put two big drug cartels out of business, but this guy just disappeared.

(MORE)

SAND (cont'd)

Who he really was, who he was connected to, or why, we may never know... The Yanks are as much in the dark about this guy as we are.

GARRETT

And now we're cleaning up another big mess. The Russian Mafia, Al-Qaeda, the IRA... all the usual suspects... We've been played. But what are we missing here? Some fucking cripple?

SAND

Looks like he was the brains behind this. He was using their muscle. His life would have been in danger once they didn't need him anymore. Remember that guy that designed that super-gun for Iraq?

GARRETT

(nods)

Looks like he remembered it.

SAND

He was one step ahead of them... until yesterday. He was setting them up so he could run, so they couldn't come after him. He nearly made it.

GARRETT

It's a brave man that takes on the Russian Mafia... and Al Qaeda.

SAND

If you're clever enough you can take on the world. Looks like this guy was very clever... and with the Russians...

Sand shakes his head.

... don't worry, we've cut the head off a very large snake.

GARRETT

Yeah, but how long is it gonna take to grow back.

SAND

It'll be a long time. We've cut down some pretty tall trees.

GARRETT

I think there's another snake  
lurking out there. A very big  
snake.

SAND

Well if there is, it's either dead,  
or it's slithered back into the  
undergrowth.

GARRETT

There's still over twenty tactical  
nuclear weapons out there  
somewhere, out there in the  
undergrowth. And someone out there  
knows how to put new batteries in  
them--

SAND

--Are you trying to give me  
nightmares?

GARRETT

Have you had nightmares for the  
last fifteen, twenty years?

Sand looks at Garrett, a strange realization on his face.

SAND

God I need a holiday!

INT. MORGAN STANLEY BANK - TRADING MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Garrett and Sand are seated in a large luxurious office  
facing the TRADING MANAGER. Although relatively young, he  
too, looks like he hasn't had much sleep, and is at serious  
risk of having a coronary.

Sand has the two DVD cases in his hand.

TRADING MANAGER

Not a good time gentlemen... not a  
good time. I've got a major  
computer problem at the moment...  
Only half of my staff have turned  
up for work this morning... so  
unless I can help you save the  
world with just a couple of quick  
questions...

SAND

Your computers are down too?

TRADING MANAGER

My computers are down, my bank is  
down, my whole fucking life is  
down!

(MORE)

TRADING MANAGER (cont'd)

Over one hundred billion flooded out of London yesterday gentlemen, and the phones are going crazy because no one can seem to find most of it. The whole City's been hit by some sort of super virus... and I'm talking the mother of all super viruses... a fucking super nova.

SAND

The whole City?

TRADING MANAGER

The whole fucking City... and half of New York.

GARRETT

What's it doing?

TRADING MANAGER

Most of our computers won't boot... none of our backups work... Our servers are fucked, and, apparently, anything we transferred in the last twenty four hours hasn't turned up where it should have. I'm having a bad day gentlemen... a very bad day.

SAND

What's wrong with your backups?

TRADING MANAGER

Somehow... the virus is encrypted inside the data. The data itself is triggering the virus. Yet the data looks clean. Everything looked normal till late last night. Something seemed to take over the servers. They went crazy.

SAND

Your anti-virus isn't working?

TRADING MANAGER

No, it's a new virus, no ones ever seen anything like it... ever! We've tried everything... right down to the CMOS. Even streaming backups onto brand new drives isn't working... It's writing the virus straight to the boot sector... Looks like someone's been planting encrypted markers into our data for months... How we'll ever sort this mess out I don't know...  
(holds hands up in desperation)  
(MORE)

TRADING MANAGER (cont'd)

... God knows how they did it...  
This has been written by an  
absolute genius... Someone off the  
fucking planet!... Ten o'clock last  
night, the Prince of Darkness  
himself unleashed the CHAOS VIRUS  
in servers all over London and New  
York.

Garrett and Sand turn their heads SLOWLY towards each other.

Sand has a stunned, shocked expression on his face.

Garrett's face, and the rest of the landscape is now BLURRED,  
moving in SLOW MOTION. VOICES STROBE in his head.

WARD (V.O.)

"Every hacker in the universe would  
just get down on their knees and  
cry..."

".. We can even encrypt, and insert  
markers or data, as it streams..."

SAND (V.O.)

"... Cameron is the Incredible Hulk  
of cyberspace"

"We can go in,... dig around, read  
data, copy data, change data...  
alter databases..."

"We're in a parallel universe!"

WARD (V.O.)

"... An invisible man..."

"... Everyone totally oblivious..."

"They're like graffiti artists..."

"... They have a tag..."

"... They like to splash your  
system..."

"...They're virtual  
exhibitionists..."

"I just want to fuck Pandora!"



**3 DAYS LATER**

EXT. LONDON - THE LONDON EYE - NIGHT

It's RAINING. The LONDON EYE.

Garrett, HIGH in one of the CAPSULES.

INT. LONDON EYE - NIGHT

Garrett stands ALONE.

He faces the window. He looks out towards the North Bank of the Thames. He has a PLASTIC FOLIO in his hand.

Rain hits the window.

The capsule nears the highest point of it's slow journey. The lights of London are BLURRED as water runs in RIVULETS over the glass.

Garrett contemplates the scene, deep in thought.

He opens the folio. He takes out a BLACK FOLDER. He flips over to the second page.

"The preliminary report of the DERA forensic explosives laboratory at Fort Halstead, under direction from RAF Station Nuclear Accident Response (NAR), is that Lufthansa Flight 821 was destroyed by conventional C4 DMDNB (2-3 dimethyl, 2-3 dinitrobutane) type explosives.... No evidence of any nuclear detonation..."

Garrett studies the document for some moments.

He pulls a couple of pieces of PAPER from the folio and lays them on the folder.

A FAX. The logo: "FBI"

Garrett studies the fax.

HASKER (V.O.)

I got some information back from the FBI... Cameron Ward's parents were murdered back in ninety three, and he was the main suspect... it never went to trial... the Feds say he had a pretty sharp woman lawyer, that later turned up dead. Some mobster named Dean Keaton posted his bail... But the funny thing was, they later found out that Ward's DNA records, and the lawyer's, had been erased...

(MORE)

HASKER (V.O.) (cont'd)  
They exhumed the lawyer, and found  
that she'd been killed, long before  
Ward was even arrested...

SAND (V.O.)  
They've matched the DNA profile we  
faxed them.

GARRETT (V.O.)  
Yeah?

SAND (V.O.)  
They matched it to a cripple out of  
New York... Petty conman, found on  
the San Pedro docks in LA the night  
a big deal went down in ninety  
five... Twenty seven people dead...

GARRETT (V.O.)  
Drugs?

SAND (V.O.)  
It was some sort of big set up.  
They found him trying to drive away  
with ninety one million dollars...  
He fabricated some story to make  
bail... and disappeared. No trace  
of him since...

GARRETT (V.O.)  
And now he turns up, the play-maker  
for the Russian mafia?... Playing  
us, playing the Russians, playing  
the terrorists... The ringmaster in  
the biggest sting the world has  
ever seen...

SAND (V.O.)  
Well, he's played us, but he hasn't  
beaten us... The Russians got  
him... and we got the Russians.

TRADING MANAGER (V.O.)  
Over one hundred billion flooded  
out of London yesterday... anything  
we transferred in the last twenty  
four hours hasn't turned up where  
it should have...

SAND (V.O.)  
Looks like they're heading to Cuba.  
Just before they enter territorial  
water our Commandos' will strike.

GARRETT (V.O.)  
Have you ever wondered, just what  
else the Russians have lost?

Garrett studies the faxes.

Garrett reaches into the folio and removes a DVD case. He looks at it for a few moments, then begins to tap the case on the papers on the folio while he stares out into the rain.

Garrett begins to put everything back into the folio. Something in the folio catches his eye. He pulls it out, and places the other items back into the folio. He looks down at what is in his hand.

It is a badly burned GOLD ZIPPO LIGHTER.

Garrett stares hard at the lighter for some seconds. He turns the lighter and examines one side. The soot has been wiped away.

An inscription: "BOSTON" "Thank you - Keyser Soze"

Garrett smiles briefly. A despairing, forlorn gesture. He begins to stare out into the rain once again.

His hands lower.

In his left hand, the folio. His right hand is by his side.

His right hand. It ROTATES the GOLD ZIPPO LIGHTER, over and over.

EXT. LONDON - LONDON EYE - NIGHT

The Eye is well LIT from below, the ULTRA VIOLET lights illuminate it's VAST WHITE structure against the sky.

Garrett, EERILY illuminated by the lights, looks out from the glass, through the rain. The rain runs in rivulets down the glass.

Garrett FADES into the blurry skyscape.

EXT. CUBA - HIGH NORTHERN CLIFF-TOP - DAY

A large, old 1950's style military truck, parked high on a cliff overlooking the ATLANTIC OCEAN.

The sea facing side of the truck's cargo deck is open, and an extended decking platform has been unfolded, running the length of the truck.

INT. OLD MILITARY TRUCK

Inside, an improvised missile battery. New, professionally built, with six in-line missile pods, each with a missile loaded, and facing the ocean at forty-five degrees.

Tags hang from arming pins on each missile.

Tag - "EXOCET MM40 BLOCK III"

Two Cuban soldiers are working on one of the missiles, programming it's guidance system with high tech computer equipment.

Another soldier walks down the extended platform. The soldier is removing the arming pins from each missile as he goes.

Another soldier sits at a high tech, built in, control desk, near the front of the trucks deck.

He looks at various radar and 3D GPS monitors.

EXT. MONACO - MARINA - LUXURY YACHT "ISIS" - DAY

Luxury yacht "ISIS" moored amongst many other luxury ocean going vessels, all framed by a BEAUTIFUL PINK SUNSET.

INT. "ISIS" - LUXURIOUS LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

A luxurious living room. Expensively furnished, with a slight Mediterranean touch.

The top of a head. A BLONDE MAN lying on a luxurious leather lounge. It faces full length, open windows. The ocean, and sunset beyond. The sun streams into the apartment.

A BOOK, held above the man's face, shading the sun. There are some magazines and papers strewn on the floor beside the lounge.

Music plays SOFTLY.

There is a light knock on the door, and an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN enters. YOLANDA, the yacht's live in executive PA. French, sexy and sassy, she has a body to die for, and a vivacious personality to match. She carries a large tray of FOOD, with an ice bucket and champagne. She is in her late twenties, suntanned, and she radiates sex, health and beauty. Her uniform and presentation is impeccable.

YOLANDA

(french accent)

Dallas! You rat! You sneak on board  
and then you dial up for food,  
without a word to me.

DALLAS (O.C.)

Yolanda! I was hoping--

YOLANDA

--You were hoping I was on duty...  
I know!

DALLAS (O.C.)  
You are my favorite girl.

YOLANDA  
(feigning disgust)  
Fhuh!

Yolanda places the tray of food on a glass DINING TABLE. The tray of food bumps, ever so slightly, a laptop computer, open on the table. The screen springs to life. A BLACK screen with an ORANGE BULL logo. A newspaper lies on the table. Yolanda studies the headlines.

Headlines: "GOLD PRICE TRIPLES" Dutch container ship explodes and sinks in Atlantic Ocean. Unconfirmed reports that secret cargo of 3000 tonnes of gold has been lost in over 8000 meters of water in The Puerto Rico Trench"

The laptop screen catches Yolanda's attention.

She turns, and looks across to the far wall.

On a feature wall, a large OVERSIZE PAINTING of a BULLFIGHT. A MASTERPIECE! A MATADOR with a RED CAPE, and a charging BLACK BULL.

YOLANDA  
I thought she was taking this to  
New York?

DALLAS rises up from the lounge, visible. He is mid thirties, shirtless, with windswept blonde SURFER BOY good looks, piercing blue eyes, and a well defined six pack.

DALLAS  
So did I. She must have got Jean  
Charles to hang it this morning.

YOLANDA  
It took her so long. I thought she  
was never going to finish it.

DALLAS  
She's a busy lady.

YOLANDA  
So what do you think?

Dallas looks, taking in both the painting and Yolanda.

DALLAS  
I love it! In fact, I'm going to  
steal it. For my apartment in  
Miami.

YOLANDA

You think it will go with your  
Ferrari? Pull more pussy? I know  
how your mind works.

DALLAS

After I've pulled you Yolanda, I'll  
never--

YOLANDA

--You'll never! ...

DALLAS

I'll die trying!

YOLANDA

(nodding)  
You'll die!

Yolanda's smiling, enjoying herself. She likes this guy's  
sense of humor, and most of all, she likes FLIRTING with him.

She walks towards the painting, studying it.

YOLANDA

(studying)  
Pat told me you'd lead me astray.

DALLAS

Pat's jealous! He wants to pull you  
too! He'll be here next week.

Yolanda shifts her gaze to a large FRAMED PHOTO hung beside  
the painting.

The photograph. A younger PATRICK SAND, DALLAS, and CAMERON  
WARD. DALLAS and CAMERON WARD are decked in GRADUATION ROBES  
and all three are smiling gloriously, arm in arm, under a  
hanging BANNER "PRINCETON UNIVERSITY 1997". On the bottom of  
the frame there is a small GOLD, ENGRAVED PLAQUE.

"DALLAS HARLAN KEATON - PRINCETON 1997"

Yolanda brushes her index finger across the glass covered  
faces.

YOLANDA

Nah! Pat's too old for me. He  
couldn't keep up with me last time  
he was here...

(beat)  
It's a shame Cameron's gay...  
Nup!... I'm gonna stick to my  
Mario.

Dallas feigns a broken heart, and he falls back down onto the  
lounger, dying.

Yolanda laughs, and switches her gaze back to the large painting.

YOLANDA

One thing I can never understand -  
why doesn't your mother put her own  
name on her paintings?

DALLAS (O.C.)

It's just her thing... she doesn't  
like the limelight, publicity...  
She likes her privacy.

Yolanda is still looking at the painting. Her INDEX FINGER reaches out and TRACES the signature in the bottom corner.

YOLANDA

So why does she sign them "Key-sa  
Sooze"?

DALLAS (O.C.)

The story goes that when she was a  
kid, she used to chase her little  
brother around, telling him that if  
he was bad, Keyser Soze' was going  
to get him. It's just her sense of  
humor.

YOLANDA

Your uncle... Pat... she used to  
chase Pat?

DALLAS (O.C.)

Yeah... Really! She's just a big  
bully!

YOLANDA

No! Your mother is very  
beautiful... and very clever.

DALLAS

Yep! She's clever alright. Pat  
reckons she's the cleverest person  
he knows... and he should know.

YOLANDA

Your mother is an amazing woman....

Yolanda moves to the table and pulls the champagne from the ICE BUCKET and begins to open the bottle.

YOLANDA

So what are we going to drink to?

DALLAS

I don't know... Lets have a  
toast!... To someone special.

Yolanda pours the champagne. She replaces the bottle on the table.

She picks up the two glasses, and moves towards the lounge.

She hands one to Dallas, and kneels beside the lounge, looking at the reclining Dallas.

Dallas holds his glass out towards Yolanda, looking into her eyes. In the background a painting - A man in a dark hat and a dark suit. (Chez Tortoni)

DALLAS  
To Keyser Soze!

They touch glasses. CLINK.

YOLANDA  
To Keyser Soze!

Yolanda's smile would march armies.

Moving out into a BEAUTIFUL SUNSET.

FADE OUT.