

SLAVE CHILDREN

EXT. DESERT (YEMEN) - DAY

Sand and rocks plus blazing sun. Four camouflaged figures crouch in the scanty shade of a rock.

SUPER: "Yemen - 2018, 100 Miles North of Aden"

BAXTER, 40's, 6 feet tall, well built, athletic, with hard but pleasant features, charismatic, determined.

He hands a water bottle to SAM, 40's, similar build.

They both drink.

BAXTER

I reckon we're the last of the professionals. Lucky to get this gig. Too many on the Hostage Rescue scene.

SAM

Remember when Felix was grabbed by that ISIS snatch squad. Our first rescue.

Baxter stares into space.

BAXTER

Yeah, but we were still in the army. When I got you guys together, I knew we were the tops for hostage rescue... Keep alert.

His hands tighten on his Colt M4.

ANGUS 40's, quiet, an Australian, strongly built, JOCK 40's, a hard, little Scot, with a Scottish accent, and JOHNNIE 20's, equally hard, all three athletic, looking alert.

SAM

Should be a piece of cake. A picnic after years in the S.A.S. Thanks for including me. Chauffeuring the idle rich was so exciting.

He grins.

BAXTER

They don't get rich being idle. After this job, we've another in the pipeline and won't be short of a penny.

Sam grins at the prospect.

BAXTER

What are your boys doing now?

SAM

School holidays. Probably teasing their mum. Simon's gutsy. Dan worships you. Wants to be in the S.A.S. too. I love 'em to bits.

Sam stretches, cramp his only concern.

BAXTER

Lucky to have them. I'm too mobile to have hangers on. I envy you. Lovely boys. And Jenny their lovely mum.

Baxter looks towards distant tents through binoculars.

BAXTER

These can be slinky bastards. Got your condor vest?

SAM

Too bloody hot.

BAXTER

I told you to wear it. Put it on.

SAM

I'll be right. They won't get a chance. They killed those hostages last week. Revenge, here we come. Beheaded 'em just because the payment was delayed.

BAXTER

It may not be this group, but we can't be too careful.

Each mercenary face is tense and alert.

Baxter shows them a map.

BAXTER

The drone placed them in these tents. Could be one of three. Up to a dozen guards. Silent mode. Don't want to stir up the locals.

Johnnie adjusts his knife.

EXT. TERRORISTS' TENTS - NIGHT

Baxter leads his men, using the leopard crawl, towards the tents. He stops about thirty yards out. He listens.

We hear a MURMUR of voices. It's too faint to tell who's speaking.

Baxter synchronizes their watches.

He observes their target again.

BAXTER

In on 10:00. No prisoners ...I'm not taking any chances... I can't see any look-outs.

Baxter points Sam and Angus to the nearest tent. Jock and Johnnie to the furthest. He points to himself regarding the last tent.

They all crawl towards the tents, pausing outside.

Baxter checks his watch. BEAT. They enter silently. There's a THRASHING OF BODIES... GRUNTS.

A FIGURE appears from outside Sam's target tent. It disappears inside.

INT. SAM'S TARGET TENT - NIGHT

Two bodies in Arab gear lie on the floor.

Angus gasps as the figure enters and stabs Sam in the throat. He bucks with pain, trying to pull it out.

Angus knifes the figure dead.

Baxter enters, and tries to stem the flow, his face grim.

Sam chokes in his own blood and dies. Baxter checks his pulse.

Baxter's momentarily unhinged. He hammers the ground.

Baxter shakes his head in turmoil, agonized.

Two HOSTAGES watch, aghast.

CHOP - CHOP - CHOP. A helicopter lands.

ANGUS

Your way home, mates.

Angus switches on his torch, and exits the tent with the hostages.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

SUB TEXT: "THE U.K. - WEEKS LATER"

Baxter, grim, leaves flowers by a newly dug grave. He stares at it, sorrowful.

JENNY MACLEAN, (30's) is fair, slim, pretty, athletic. They refuse to look at each other.

EXT. HOLLAND STREET - EVENING

High fenced/walled gardens. Prosperous. Deserted.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - EVENING

SIMON, (12) slim and gorgeous, and DAN (13), engaging, athletic with long wavy hair.

They throw a frisbee to each other, happy, innocent.

Simon throws it in at an upper floor window.

BOYS' BEDROOM - EVENING

The door's shut. Simon and Dan watch their PC screen.

AN E-MAIL: HEADED "SPRINGBOARD ACTORS": Hi Simon and Dan. Thanks for the photos. Just fine. The auditions are next month. Don't tell your mum yet, in case it doesn't happen. We are searching for Finance for the film. Will confirm when all is set. Just fill in the form with your details: Acting experience if any, health, address, interests, ambition... Hope to see you at the auditions. Good Luck.

EXT. HOLLAND STREET - EVENING

WAZIM, (40's) disguised as a street sweeper with long unkempt hair and beard in overalls pushes his trolley along the street.

He peers unseen over the five barred gate at the boys as they play. He takes a long look. He smiles and walks on.

INT./EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - EVENING

It is comfortably furnished.

JENNY
Got your flashlights, boys?

Outside Simon flicks his on.

Jenny smiles.

EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - EVENING

A two-man tent sits in the large well-kept garden. The only street entrance is through the PADLOCKED FIVE BARRED GATE.

Simon dashes back to his mum. He gives her a quick kiss as she steps out through the French windows.

SIMON
Love you, Mum.

She hugs him.

JENNY
Don't you wake me.

SIMON
What if I need the loo?

JENNY
Water the roses.

DAN
I love you, Mummy.

He laughs. Simon attacks Dan. Dan does a mock karate stance.

Simon dives for his legs.

Dan catches him upside down and holds him, laughing.

Simon struggles but is helpless.

Dan bundles him into the tent, both laughing.

INT. DAN AND SIMON'S TENT - LATER - NIGHT

A battery lamp lights the inside of the tent. The boys are in their sleeping bags.

SIMON
Do you reckon that acting agency on line was for real?

DAN
Who knows? Half the kids at school would've replied. Good pay. We'll probably never hear again.

Simon lies back, looking serious.

DAN
It's like when Dad took us camping.

He sounds choked.

SIMON
I thought the S.A.S. were bullet
proof.

DAN
No one's bullet proof.

Simon sniffs.

DAN
Simon, it wasn't Baxter's fault.

SIMON
That's not what Mum thinks.

Simon rolls away. Dan gazes into space. It's quiet outside. Simon CRIES himself to sleep. Dan touches Simon's shoulder. No response.

DAN
(murmurs)
Baxter rocks.

Dan looks at Simon sorrowfully. He turns off the lamp.

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenny opens a window. She looks out at the darkened tent, listens and draws the curtains.

She picks up a photo from the bedside table. She sits, staring at her once whole family, sad. The photo shows her late husband, Sam, in camouflage uniform, with his arms around her and Dan.

Jenny, also in uniform, has her arm around Simon in athletics gear. Dan is posed in karate gear in another. Another shows Jenny holding onto a motorized hang glider on the ground.

A shadow from the street lamp slides towards their gate. It shows across the curtain.

She has her back to the curtain.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Simon stirs, sits up and listens. There is no sound. He worms his way out of his sleeping bag and unzips the tent flap.

Simon looks outside and wriggles out of the tent.

EXT. LAWN - NIGHT

A street light illuminates part of the garden.

Simon walks to the rose bed. He looks around. There's the SOUND of falling water. He GIGGLES.

EXT. TENT - NIGHT

Simon returns to the tent.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Simon's head and shoulders appear as his eyes become accustomed to the gloom.

Two shadows close on him. He GASPS. A hand reaches inside covering his mouth. They silently extract Simon.

EXT. LAWN - NIGHT

BLUNT (30's) tall and broad holds Simon as he struggles face down on the grass.

Wazim the street sweeper tapes his mouth, feet and hands. They leave Simon wriggling and approach the tent.

Dan SNORES.

Wazim eases into the tent. Dan mumbles. The tent shakes.

Wazim exits gripping Dan so he's given up struggling. Wazim holds Dan face down, and Blunt ties him adding a gag.

Blunt easily lifts Dan onto his shoulder. Simon squirms as Wazim grabs him. He SQUEAKS through his gag.

SIMON

Ow!

Simon stops struggling as Wazim lifts him. They leave the garden passing the boys over the gate.

INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jenny opens the curtains and the French windows.

She sniffs the rose scent, smiling. She listens for sounds from the tent, frowns and steps outside.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Jenny's concerned.

JENNY
Dan --- Simon?

No reply.

Jenny taps on the tent, then sees the door tabs untied.

INT. TENT - DAY

She snaps upright looking around the garden.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Jenny looks lost.

JENNY
Simon, Dan, what're you playing at?

She looks behind bushes. A hint of panic.

JENNY
Boys, this isn't funny.

Jenny runs round the back of the house.

JENNY (O.S.)
Simon, Dan!

She appears again, runs to the garden gate and looks down the empty street. She runs into the house in panic.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jenny snatches a phone, hyperventilating, agonized.

INT. BAXTER'S FLAT - DAY

Army packs, nearly full, lie around. Jock checks, then eases walkie talkies into each pack.

Baxter stands, ready to address his team. Angus, a Wings badge on his lapel, carefully slots detonators into their respective containers. Johnnie cleans a Heckler & Koch MP5A3 machine gun.

BAXTER
Show me your field dressings.

They each show their medical dressings and stow them away.

BAXTER

A useful exercise yesterday. A bit remote from the desert, but we've moved as a unit and watched each others' backs.

He pauses.

BAXTER

We'll never repeat losing those kids in Yemen. And Sam, Sam.

Baxter winces at the memory.

JOHNNIE

Who'll replace Sam?

Angus frowns. He shakes his head at Johnnie.

Baxter ignores Johnnie, apart from a hostile glance.

Baxter's cell phone RINGS He picks it from his belt and listens.

His expression darkens. He grits his teeth and clenches a fist.

BAXTER

(into phone)

What!... I can't help. Off to free hostages abroad... No? ... They'll die if we don't. Try the cops... Earn their... Already? Oh shit!

Baxter looks at the expectant faces. He's in a mental quandary as to which way to go.

BAXTER

(into phone)

I'll be there.

He ends the call. They watch Baxter with dismay.

BAXTER

Bad news I'm afraid. The op's off. ISIS hostages'll have to wait. I've just...

Jock swings round, his eyes wide.

JOCK

What the hell! After all the planning... The hostages in Syria? Their lives depend on us.

Baxter rounds on him, his face hard and uncompromising, bristling, thumping the table.

BAXTER
Hear me, Jock. It's Jenny, Sam's wife. Her boys've been kidnapped.

His face hardens to the task.

BAXTER
You guys make your own decisions. I'll get the boys back on my own, whatever. Then the hostages. What I pay you for.

Baxter looks round his men, gauging their reactions.

Angus snarls:

ANGUS
For shit sake, Jock! Sam's family comes first!

JOHNNIE
The kids'll turn up... Why were they taken?

BAXTER
Don't know yet, Johnnie. If it's a ransom, there's some chance of getting them back in one piece.

JOHNNIE
Get them back in twenty four hours or they're gone for good. Out of the country, if you read the papers.

Baxter, uncertain, gazes into space for a beat.

JOHNNIE
Find 'em by tomorrow or else forget 'em. Leave 'em to the cops, and get back to more hostages. After that, it's a waste of time.

Angus gives him a filthy look.

ANGUS
You Johnnie are a waste of space.

Johnnie returns his look.

Baxter slips his pistol into his pack and whacks it shut. Then slings it onto his back, turning to Johnnie.

BAXTER

The hostages are American informers. If things get tight, they'll pay a hefty ransom. It'll give us a breathing space...

BAXTER

Angus, if I can't fix Jenny's kids in a couple of days, get onto Brad's mob, and ask them to take over the hostage situation.

ANGUS

Willco.

BAXTER

Make sure they're fully briefed.

Angus gives a thumbs up.

JOCK

Jenny, she'll have told the cops?

BAXTER

It's best I handle it. You know the shit they made about those weapons they found. M.I.5 told me to keep a low profile.

JOCK

The cops'll have the leads... online ... Don't rush off, lad.

BAXTER

Did the cops do anything in the Yorkshire cases over the last five years? Five years to come to the surface!... Frightened of causing racial tensions.

Baxter looks at each in turn.

BAXTER

We'll do it. I'm not risking some cowboys fucking it up.

Jock looks at Baxter, then at the others, shrugging like "Here we go again."

Johnnie nods at Jock. Jock removes an Arab head-dress from a pack.

ANGUS

Bugger Syria. Where do we start?

BAXTER

I'll try to trace them. You stay here Angus and carry on, just in case I can wrap it up quick. Those that want to come.

Baxter eyes Johnnie and Jock coldly, and exits.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Johnnie stands by a seat, peering amongst trees, expecting someone. He is agitated. There's a bulge inside his jacket.

A stooped old WOMAN, pushing a shopping trolley, is the only person near him. He ignores her and keeps watching.

The old woman stops beside him. He waves her on, irritated. She straightens up and takes his elbow, her hand removing his pistol, so fast.

WOMAN

Hello Johnnie. Come to pay your debts?

Johnnie steps back, shocked.

WOMAN

I've back-up, so don't be silly. Hand over the £20,000 you owe us if you want your boy to get back from school. We could sell him for more.

Johnnie raises his fist, but notices a LITTER CLEANER pointing his "grabber" at Johnnie. It has a hollow end.

Johnnie lowers his fist.

WOMAN

That's sense. Got it?

JOHNNIE

I can't raise it. Our plan fell through. Give me a couple of weeks. I'll have it by then... You hurt my kid and you're dead.

WOMAN

No money by then and you won't see your boy again. We'll be watching you all the time.

"She" shuffles away. The litter cleaner continues picking.
Johnnie's killer look follows her away.

INT. JENNY'S LOUNGE - DAY

Jenny sits by the phone willing it to ring, her face grim.
She looks at her watch.

The door bell RINGS. She starts, leaps up and exits.

BAXTER
Hi, Jenny.

JENNY
Baxter! Thank God.

A picture on the wall shows Simon in athletics shorts and T-shirt. He looks adorable.

Baxter enters, dropping his pack on the floor. Jenny follows.
She hugs Baxter, enthusiastic.

Jenny pours Baxter a drink.

JENNY
My God. What're we going to do?
Who's taken them? Why?

She bangs the table, up tight.

Baxter envelops her in his arms.

Jenny holds back tears.

JENNY
It's like the Yorkshire kids and
the police sweeping it into the
gutter. Will I ever see them again?

Baxter looks deadpan.

BAXTER
They'll take good care of them I'm
sure. They're worth too much. Any
clues? Have you checked their e-
mails and search history?

JENNY
Of course. The kids've wiped them.

He looks towards the PC.

JENNY

Nothing. I only knew they were gone when I woke this morning. I'm such a light sleeper too. The cops have checked the garden.

Baxter's face tightens.

JENNY

The cops were so laid back about it. They said most kids return home in forty eight hours, hungry.

BAXTER

(exasperated)

There's enough in the Press about disappearing kids. One every three minutes in the UK alone.

Jenny looks despairing. Then angry.

JENNY

This isn't Mosul or Sana'a. It's meant to be a nice, safe backwater in the U.K.

BAXTER

We'll get them back whatever it takes.

He exits the French windows.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Baxter looks inside the tent at top speed. He pulls out two sleeping bags and snatches them inside out. He checks the gate and around the lawn.

Jenny enters the garden, tense.

Baxter shakes his head.

JENNY

What do you reckon they took them for? I'm not so wealthy.

BAXTER

Check your neighbours. They might've heard something. Then keep close to the phone - a ransom call.

JENNY

I'll sleep by it. Can't I do something else?

BAXTER

I'll let you know. You can join me in my London flat. I might get a lead up there.

JENNY

I'll kill the bastards who've got them.

She fights back tears. Baxter seeks to calm her...
Reassuring.

BAXTER

They'll still be alive. They're no value dead. Not nice looking kids like them...

BAXTER

I just need one lead. The media say kids are disappearing all over. Not a word to them. It could endanger the boys.

Jenny looks at him in doubt.

BAXTER

Have some faith Jenny. This is what we do. That's why I started my group. Missing people, hostages.

JENNY

The cops would have more contacts?

BAXTER

Trust me Jenny. The police will not do the job. They might try but haven't the resources. Our best option is if I go after them.

JENNY

So why don't they police it better?

BAXTER

I'll be in touch when I've had a word with my mate in the Met.

Baxter exits.

INT. FADWELL'S FLAT - DAY

Expensively furnished. Over the fireplace is a framed newspaper photo of FADWELL, shaking hands with a high ranking policeman. Both have posed smiles.

They stand near other smartly dressed men and women. In the background is a van with "VOTE FOR ALI SHAH, YOUR FUTURE MAYOR."

FADWELL, (40) is six feet tall, slim, powerful, and well dressed. He has a slight Middle Eastern accent. He enters, chuckling with enjoyable anticipation.

GEORGETTE, (35), masculine, tall, slim. Waiting with her are Simon and Dan bound and gagged.

The boys regard him with apprehension.

Fadwell smiles at the boys with appreciation.

FADWELL.

Good work Georgette. I want them at the Hall soonest. Blunt can groom them. See to it.

GEORGETTE

(east European accent)

Yes Sir.

FADWELL

Leave when it's getting dark. I'll help you.

He points to Dan who scowls.

FADWELL

Make sure this one gives no trouble.

Fadwell grips Dan by his hair. Dan shakes with terror. Fadwell enjoys his terror.

INT. FADWELL'S FLAT - OFFICE - NIGHT

Fadwell sits at his large desk, busy on his desk phone.

He strokes a bronze statuette of a boy runner. He looks pleased with himself.

FADWELL

(into phone)

Yes we can deliver if the price is right.

SHEIKH HASSAN

(through phone)

As agreed. No police interest?
I'm not risking the British police.

FADWELL

(laughing)

It's okay; the boss is on our
payroll.

INT. JENNY'S LOUNGE - INTERCUTTING PHONE - DAY

Jenny sits on the couch, the phone pressed to her cheek.

A pistol lies on her lap. An ammo box beside it.

JENNY

(into phone)

I'm crazy with worry Baxter.
You've found nothing?

She presses the phone Hands Free button.

She slots bullets into the pistol magazine.

BAXTER

(through phone)

Leave it to me. I'll try my
police pal.

Jenny tries to control herself, her voice trembling.

JENNY

(into phone)

Twenty four hours lost already.

She is frantic and angry, tearing a newspaper into little
pieces, without realizing what she's doing..

BAXTER

(through phone)

All's not lost. I'll...

She shouts at the phone:

JENNY

(into phone)

You've lost the plot. I'm calling
the police again.

BAXTER

(through phone)

Shit! They'll just slow things up.
I've tried them before. A fuck-up!

(MORE)

BAXTER (CONT'D)

I'll sort it with Fred. We can go where they can't. I'll kill to get the boys back.

JENNY

(into phone)

If you find something, don't go charging in like you did in Yemen. End up with dead kids!

Jenny taps on a table and shuts off the phone.

She opens a drawer, and pulls out Sam's old beret with regimental badge. She kisses the beret. She picks up the pistol and aims it. Then hides it.

EXT. JENNY'S STREET - DAY

Jenny tries a house. She looks up and down the street, looking for signs of life.

She makes for the door and rings. There is no answer. She knocks. Still no answer. She walks round the back, but is stopped by a locked garden gate.

EXT. NEXT HOUSE - DAY

Jenny knocks on that door. No reply. She stumps off to another house.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Baxter, tired and unshaven, sits across a table from FRED SMITH, (40s) a uniformed sergeant. They both look stressed.

It's a rundown joint. They are the only customers.

BAXTER

Can't they put more cops on the case?

FRED

The fuckin' cuts! What cops? We're on another planet as it is. The best I can do is give you a list of known perverts in your area, but not a hint to anyone.

BAXTER

Thanks mate. I owe you.

FRED

I'll lose my job if it gets out. No links to me.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

Don't raise your hopes. If it's the big movers, they won't be living near you. Driving big cars. Fancy mistresses ... unless they're into boys...

Baxter's face hardens, as he fingers his pistol.

FRED

You've only to look on line, and see the huge numbers of kids trafficked and abused daily, in the USA and UK, let alone Afghanistan's dancing boys.

Baxter's impatient. He thumps the table.

FRED

Once out of the country, there's little hope of ever seeing them alive again. That's if people in high places in the UK don't get them first.

Baxter strides for the door.

EXT. SMITH STREET - DAY

Jenny leaves a house, dragging her feet.

There's a sign: "NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH" on a lamppost.

She uses her cellphone.

JENNY

(into phone)

Baxter, I'll have to leave it to you. I've walked till I'm shattered. No luck. No one's seen anything.

BAXTER (V.O)

Okay, I'm trying the police again. Take care.

Jenny, white faced and tired, tries the last house. She rings. No answer.

There's MUSIC from inside. She hammers on the door. She's about to hammer again, when it opens.

A frail old woman, Mrs STACKPOLE, 80 PLUS, peers at her.

MRS STACKPOLE
 (voice like razor blades,)
 Go away. I don't need new windows.

JENNY
 Sorry to bother you.

The door starts to close. Jenny's desperate.

JENNY
 I'm Jenny from the next street. I
 know you, Mrs Stackpole. You used
 to keep the corner shop before...

Mrs Stackpole opens the door wider, more relaxed.

JENNY
 My boys've been kidnapped.

She's close to tears.

JENNY
 I only wanted to ask if you've seen
 anyone new around here lately?

MRS STACKPOLE
 You poor dear. I'd ask you in, but
 it's a mess. My carer's left. Said
 she wasn't being paid enough. What
 was it? Oh yeah.

Jenny looks like it's a waste of time.

MRS STACKPOLE
 There was someone. I thought it
 funny.

Jenny surges forward, excited.

JENNY
 How so?

MRS STACKPOLE
 Well you see, he was dressed like a
 street sweeper, and had a little
 cart but no name on it. Not our
 usual guy.

Jenny turns to go.

MRS STACKPOLE
 He left the cart and bingo! He got
 into a great big car, a Rolls...
 (MORE)

MRS STACKPOLE (CONT'D)

I mean a sweeper in a Rolls! And he wasn't even driving.

Jenny swivels to face Mrs Stackpole, excited.

JENNY

Would you know him again?

MRS STACKPOLE

Oh yeah. And I've got the number of the car, somewhere, with all the others.

Jenny is beside herself with excitement, shaking her hands.

MRS STACKPOLE

Never did nothing with it. No cause. Now where did I put it? Give me a few.

She disappears inside.

Jenny whirls around on the lawn, trying to stay calm.

The door opens and Mrs Stackpole emerges with a grubby notebook.

She thrusts it into Jenny's hands.

Jenny snatches a look at the writing. In capitals are the number plate info. She tears out the page. She hugs Mrs Stackpole.

JENNY

I love you. It might just...

Her words are lost as she runs up the road.

EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jenny pulls out her phone, dropping it as she stops outside her house. She retrieves it and hammers the numbers.

JENNY

(into phone)

Baxter, Baxter, I've got a lead. Yes, give me five. I'll ring you from the house. Batteries fading.

INT. BAXTER'S FLAT - LONDON - DAY

Baxter's on his cell phone, looking like he's won the lotto.

BAXTER

(into phone)

The car number? Brilliant, Jenny!
Fred can trace the address for
us... No, we can't go charging in.
We need to observe and verify.
Could be nothing to do with us.

He holds the phone away from him, as Jenny blasts forth.

BAXTER

(into phone)

Steady girl. We play it wrong, they
dispose of bodies. No evidence.
Leave it to me. Keep by the phone
in case they want a ransom.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - LONDON - DAY

An expensive area. South Kensington?

BAXTER observes activity from his car.

Fadwell appears at the flats' door with Georgette. They
converse too far away to be heard. Georgette nods and leaves
the building as a windowless van draws up. She gets in.
There's a faint KNOCKING that could have come from the van.

Fadwell disappears inside the flats and closes the door.
Georgette's van races off. Baxter drives just two car lengths
behind.

INT./EXT. BAXTER'S CAR - (MOVING) - DAY

Baxter tense, drives as fast as the traffic will let him, but
already there are vehicles between him and the van.

A bus pulls out in front of Baxter maddened. He hammers the
steering wheel. It's impossible to overtake. Traffic lights.

The van accelerates away on the far side of the lights.

Baxter jumps out of the car to look around the bus. He jumps
back in just missed by a car.

BAXTER

Shit!

Baxter passes the bus. There's no sign of the van. He turns
right at the NEXT BLOCK, shaking his head in anger.

INT. WAZIM'S FLAT - LONDON - NIGHT

Georgette and Wazim untie two rolls of carpet and reveal Dan and Simon. Wazim cuts their bonds and beckons them to stand.

WAZIM

No point shouting for help. The windows are bricked up. No neighbors living in this rat-hole.

DAN

Why take us?

WAZIM

(laughs)
You'll find out. Sit.

GEORGETTE

Treat them right Wazim. I've another package to deliver.

She stares coldly at him. Wazim stares back, with an insolent smile. Georgette exits.

WAZIM

I'll be back in five. Better feed you.

Wazim pulls out his knife, and enjoys the effect on the boys as they cower. He toys with it, then pockets it. Exits.

Dan and Simon sit at opposite ends of a battered settee.

SIMON

Why? We're no use to anyone.

Dan looks away but doesn't reply.

SIMON

How's Mum going to find us here?

DAN

She'll ask Baxter to help.

SIMON

Huh!

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

Simon huddles closer to Dan scared. They lie on a couch in front of the TV.

Simon stares into space trembling.

Dan gets up scared when Wazim enters, and switches it off. The boys look so scared at being left alone with Wazim.

Dan nudges Simon. He looks at Wazim, then shuts his eyes as if to say: "Don't look at him." Simon takes it on board with a nod.

Wazim looks at both like a vulture savouring its prey.

WAZIM

Mmmm.

He gives each a packet of sandwiches, and draws his knife. They recoil in terror.

Wazim uses his knife to slit open the packets, and laughs as they relax. He shaves his own face a little, smiling evilly at the boys. They avoid his eyes.

WAZIM

See you later angels.

Dan looks ready to take on Wazim but backs away as he waves his knife. He exits.

EXT. NUGGET STREET - EVENING

The street lights come on. There are no people about in this poor residential area.

A door opens and ROLAND FRANCIS (12), shuts it behind him. Roland is fair, slim but fragile.

His collar length hair flops around showing a cheerful, attractive smile. He wears jeans, a T-shirt and trainers.

He holds a carrier bag and throws a coin up in the air, and catches it as he bounces along the narrow sidewalk.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A fish and chip shop has its lights on but the sign on the door reads: "Open at 7:00."

Roland slows as a Rolls Royce with tinted windows purrs up beside him.

Roland peers at it and the rear window opens.

Wazim sits alone in the back.

WAZIM

Hi sonny. Could you tell me the way to the town centre, please?

Roland points back the way they've come.
Wazim opens the door, gets out and stands beyond him.

The driver Carl opens the other door behind Roland, boxing him in between the doors and the wall.

Roland realizes something is wrong. He starts to cry out.

Wazim clamps his hand over Roland's mouth and yanks him into the car, while Carl folds him from behind.

Wazim hoods him, ceasing his struggles, and binds him.
The door closes and locks.

The car PURRS away leaving no witness to the event.

EXT. STANLEY STREET - NIGHT

The Rolls stops by a narrow alley. The men get out.

Carl picks up a roll of carpet from the rear seat of the car. He balances it on his shoulder. He walks down the alley to disappear through a doorway.

Wazim locks the car and follows, checking no one has observed them. The area is deserted.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

Carl, wearing a cheap suit, enters POVERTY.

Simon huddles closer to Dan, scared.

Dan lies on the couch looking at the TV. He gets up scared when Wazim enters, and switches it off.

Carl unrolls the carpet on the floor and out rolls Roland, in his nightmare.

ROLAND
(relieved)
Oh. Hi!

CARL
There you are; got another mate
for you.

Carl turns to go. He leaves the boys with Wazim, who looks speculatively at Roland.

Carl looks at Wazim, then at Roland and shakes his head.

Wazim gives him a filthy look.

Carl exits.

All the boys look so scared at being left alone with Wazim.

Dan nudges Simon. He looks at Wazim, then shuts his eyes, as if to say: "Don't look at him."

Wazim waits till the FOOTSTEPS fade. He looks at the boys.

WAZIM

Mmmm.

Wazim reveals his knife. He shaves his face a little, smiling evilly at the boys.

They avoid his eyes.

He steps towards Roland. Roland shuts his eyes, fearing the worst but only his ankle bonds are cut.

Wazim pulls the tape off his mouth. Roland winces at the pain. Wazim pushes him onto the settee.

WAZIM

Don't try calling for help. It's
sound proof and empty on both
sides. You are mine now.

He fingers his knife looking as if he would enjoy using it.

Roland shudders and shrinks away.

Dan looks ready to take on Wazim but backs down as he waves his knife.

WAZIM

My bonus. You won't be seeing him
again.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wazim disappears into the dark, Roland over his shoulder, motionless.

EXT. NASH TYPE CRESCENT - EVENING

Georgette pulls up her van, outside an expensive building. She exits the van, and rings the door bell.

A large MAN, (50), dressed in smart police high ranking uniform opens the door, recognizes Georgette, as if expecting her, glances up and down the deserted street, and disappears inside.

Another MAN, (30), in plain clothes, appears and helps Georgette carry a roll of carpet inside. She reappears and the door is closed behind her.

She gets into her van, grim faced, and drives away.

INT. CAR - FLATS - DAY

Baxter watches the flats from his car down the street. Jenny beside him, can't stop fidgeting. Baxter yawns.

BAXTER

Fred sent me his address and his recorded picture from his driving licence. A treasure, my Fred.

Jenny sways from side to side, impatient. She fondles her pistol in her lap.

Baxter gestures to her to hide it. She does.

BAXTER

Just because you were top in your unit, you can't go loosing off in the streets.

Jenny gives him a hard look, as if she'd like to.

BAXTER

S.A.S. training on Brecon Beacons. You all covered in mud, and Sam hosing you down. I bet he enjoyed that.

Baxter grins. He looks at her, like savouring every inch.

Jenny relaxes, smiling.

JENNY

You should have tried harder. What made you choose the S.A.S.?

Baxter looks uncomfortable.

BAXTER

I was in a school for the forces children. Boarding. In the countryside. We had cold showers every morning, a run down the long drive and back and a swim.

JENNY

And?

BAXTER

Any breaking of the rules, we were beaten... By the house master with a cane or his gym shoe. I was beaten for something I didn't do.

JENNY

Unfair.

BAXTER

Yeah, and I swore when I grew up, I'd toughen up and return to beat Hell out of him. I never did. He was kicked out of the school and vanished.

JENNY

Just as well.

BAXTER

Hm.

The flats' door opens. A face briefly looks out and the door closes.

They both look serious.

BAXTER

Does the guy never go out?

Jenny shakes her head/shrugs as if they're going nowhere.

BAXTER

Fadwell's the only clue we've got. He could be Mr Big. Been on police radar for a while, but the evidence was lost.

JENNY

Can't you just take him out?

BAXTER

We've got to track him to the kids. If Dan and Simon are in his clutches, I must know where.

JENNY

If?

BAXTER

If he's passed them on at least he should be a good lead. Don't give up hope. We'll get them back whatever it takes.

Baxter looks like granite, then melts.

Baxter, with a smile, reveals an ankle knife with serrated edge, five inches long with a flat handle, fitting close to his skin concealed by his thick sock.

EXT. STREET - LONDON - DAY

An expensive car pulls up outside the flats. Fadwell exits the flats and gets in. Georgette drives them away.

INT. CAR - DAY

Baxter hands Jenny a cell phone from the glove box. He displays its twin from his pocket.

BAXTER

If they're back, ring me fast.
I don't want him seeing me. I guess
his flat'll be in the penthouse if
he runs a Rolls.

INT. LIFT - DAY

The lift stops at the top floor. Baxter exits.

INT. FLATS - DAY

Baxter exits the lift and strides to the only door. He tries the voice box. There's no answer.

Baxter tries the door but it's locked. He takes some skeleton keys from his pocket and tries them in the lock. Increasingly frustrated he shakes the keys.

Success. Baxter enters.

INT. FADWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Baxter glances around. He checks doors to three rooms unseen. There's a large photo of an idyllic island as a centre piece. Smaller photos of young boys in swimming costumes.

Baxter tries out his keys in a desk and opens a drawer, switching on a laptop inside the drawer. The password is beyond him.

He removes a notebook and flips through its contents, taking care to leave everything as he finds it.

Baxter looks through an iPod. He films various addresses with his cell phone. It RINGS. He switches it off.

Baxter homes in on text messages fast.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FADWELL'S FLAT - DAY

Fadwell arrives. He gets out and makes for the door of the flats.

Fadwell spots Baxter's car with Jenny watching him. He steps towards it. He halts, spins and rushes towards the flats.

INT. BAXTER'S CAR - DAY

Jenny rings again and again, frantic.

JENNY
Baxter wake up!

Jenny's face twitches with failure.

INT. FADWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Baxter puts the notebook and iPod away neatly. He closes the drawer and strides to the door.

INT. FLATS LIFT - DAY

Fadwell watches the floor indicators with impatience. The lift nears the top.

INT. FADWELL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Baxter tries to open the fire door. It refuses to budge. He hand chops the bar.

INT. LANDING - DAY

Fadwell leaves the lift and strides towards his flat door. He opens the door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

After a struggle the fire door opens. Baxter CLICKS it shut behind him.

INT. STAIRS/LIFT - DAY

Baxter stands and listens. He hears Fadwell's door CLOSE.

Baxter pads down the stairs to the next LANDING. He enters the lift.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FADWELL'S FLAT - DAY

Baxter strides to the car and jumps in.

INT. BAXTER'S CAR - DAY

Jenny clasps his shoulders.

JENNY
Thank God. What kept you? I thought
he must've ...

BAXTER
This guy, Fadwell's running an
empire. He's ...

Baxter nearly says too much. His face goes deadpan.

JENNY
So? Has he taken my boys?

He shrugs like at a complete loss.

JENNY
What about the lead I gave you?
It has to be him. A Rolls, too.

Jenny seethes with impatience.

BAXTER
I need Angus's PC skills to crack
passwords. There's one place I must
check out. Brands Hall. It sounds
too remote but...

JENNY
Surely I can help? You don't expect
me to sit and do nothing? Try the
police again.

BAXTER
I tried Fred. They are all taken up
with these football coach sex
cases. Over five hundred of them
so far... They erupted into public
view in early 2018.

Baxter looks savage.

BAXTER
We'll have to do our own thing. The
cops would only go through the
motions, putting a couple of desk
guys on our case for a day or two.

Jenny waves her hands in frustration.

BAXTER

Jenny we must find more clues. We don't even know where he's taken them. They might be abroad already.

JENNY

Let's bloody well move it then.

Baxter grins at her, nods and guns the car.

INT. WAZIM'S FLAT - NIGHT

Dan and Simon are on their own. Both wear clean white P.E. shorts and T-shirts. Their hair is trimmed to collar length. They sit on the settee.

SIMON

Baxter won't bother with us. He's always busy with his army games.

DAN

You bet he will. I guess he's hot on our trail right now.

SIMON

What trail? How could he find us? We're gone.

Simon, open mouthed, looks "gone".

Dan nods and shrugs. He fists the air, showing he's not giving up.

Wazim enters with a camera. He produces a comb. Saying nothing, he advances on the boys and combs their hair.

DAN

What's this for?"

Wazim doesn't answer as he yanks a knot out of Dan's hair.

DAN

Ow!

Wazim takes Simon by the shoulders, and places him back to the wall. He shapes Simon's face into a smile.

WAZIM

Ah ha.

He takes two photos.

WAZIM

Now a side view. Chin up. Good.
... Now you Dan.

Dan looks rebellious. He shakes his head. Simon shudders.

SIMON

Why?

Wazim smiles and takes a step forward. Dan backs away and hurries to follow Simon's example. Wazim photos Dan.

WAZIM

If you don't do as your master
tells you, he might send you back
to me, one piece .. at .. a time.

SILENCE, as both boys take it in, shaken.

SIMON

Wh... where are we going?

WAZIM

Far away from this decadent
country. Where no one can
reach you.

SIMON

Our dad's mate'll be after you.
You wait!

WAZIM

A kind old man is he? How's he
going to trace you, this mate
of yours?

The boys digest this. Dan struggles to keep a straight face at Baxter being a "kind, old man".

WAZIM

So you will learn obedience.

Dan shakes his head.

Wazim smiles, and nods his. For a BEAT he looks friendly.

INT. BAXTER'S FLAT - DAY

Baxter studies a list of names and addresses. Jenny watches over his shoulder. Baxter edges a shade closer to her.

Angus views his smartphone at the table.

JENNY
Was it worth the risk?

ANGUS
He runs a wide network of safe houses, and clients in this country, politicians, and the fees they'll pay. Ten of thousands. Much more. Jeez.

Jenny takes a close look at the PC.

BAXTER
That's why it's all hushed up.

JENNY
That much. What for?

ANGUS
Perverts.

Baxter flashes him an angry glance.

Jenny shows her horror.

Angus looks embarrassed.

JENNY
So what now? I don't see much action.

Baxter winces, stung. Angus stiffens as he traces past e-mails.

BAXTER
Jenny, could you rustle up a sandwich? I'm starving.

Jenny nods and exits. Baxter whispers:

BAXTER
Take care what you reveal.

Angus looks excited. He points to an:

E-MAIL ON THE SCREEN

"FROM: SHEIKH HASSAN
Goods you found, love their pictures. Beautiful. \$0.25 Million for one; will assess the older on arrival. Keep trawling."

BAXTER barely controls his excitement and fury, whispering:

BAXTER
They have to be.

ANGUS
Raid Fadwell's flat when he's there
and squeeze out of him their
transit times and places?

Baxter grits his teeth. Just under control.

BAXTER
I'm not sure we'd succeed in time.
See this one in Devon? Brands Hall.
They could hold dozens of stolen
kids there.

He points to a photo of a large old mansion. Its picture shows three stories and crenellations. He zooms to show barred windows.

Jenny enters with a tray of coffee and sandwiches, senses the tense atmosphere, almost spills the coffee as she darts a look at Brands Hall.

JENNY
Is there anything wrong?

Both men shake their heads.

JENNY
I'll go to the ends of the earth to
find my boys. How long before they
disappear to wherever?

BAXTER
We have a little time. They'll hold
them till they've found a buyer so
we must move it, like now.

JENNY
Brands Hall? I heard.

ANGUS
Bring Jock and Johnnie in, Mate?

BAXTER
No. The kids might get hurt if
there's resistance, and he may have
some heavies... Johnnie?

Baxter pauses for thought.

BAXTER
 Johnnie's changed. Up tight. Can we trust him?

Angus shrugs. Jenny looks concerned.

BAXTER
 I guess we have to. I'll do a recce, and when we've checked for any kids, then the lads come in.

Angus clasps his hand.

Baxter smiles in appreciation.

EXT. BRANDS HALL - DAY

An ancient mansion overlooks a lake, surrounded by a beautiful deer park. It's a perfect day - peaceful.

INT. BRANDS HALL - DAY

In the entrance hall of a stately home, sparsely furnished. The doors have new heavy bolts and locks.

Blunt looks agitated and servile. He talks to Fadwell, on his cell phone.

BLUNT
 (into phone)
 Yes, Mr Fadwell. I guess he'll be very pleased with him. I'm breaking him in by degrees.

FADWELL
 (through phone)
 Don't hurt him. No bruises.

BLUNT
 (into phone)
 No Sir. I've checked all over. He's a perfect specimen and his older brother's almost obedient.

FADWELL
 (through phone)
 I'll make that one a quick sale, for the Afghans. He'll suit them. They'll whip him into shape. A dancing boy, unless the African bids higher... I'll have a closer look at the younger one.

BLUNT
 (into phone)
 Yes Sir.

Blunt shuts and locks the door.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Blunt has Simon and Dan side by side, wearing only shorts. He inspects their teeth.

Fadwell enters. He looks at the boys with pleasure. He walks up to Simon.

Fadwell inspects all features, and then spins him round and inspects his rear. He rotates him. Dan watches, angry.

FADWELL
 Beautiful. Innocence itself.
 Your name, boy?

Fadwell places his hand on Simon's head. Fadwell's the snake, Simon the mouse. Simon opens and shuts his mouth. Nothing comes out.

FADWELL
 It's okay. I won't eat you. Your name, boy?

SIMON
 Simon, Sir.

Fadwell gives Dan a more superficial inspection.

FADWELL
 The Africans'll pay top prices for these beauties. Simon... Hm.

Fadwell takes another look at Simon. He lifts Simon's chin with a finger and gazes into his eyes.

Simon backs away. Blunt holds his shoulders.

Fadwell enjoys his fear. He nods his approval.

FADWELL
 These two could do for the Sheikh. They'll sell very well. Double what he offered --
 No, Dan might suit the African. He'll pay in diamonds.

Dan's like a pit-bull. Snarling.

DAN

Get off! You can't split us.
We're brothers.

Blunt hauls him back, struggling.

FADWELL

A young tiger! I like it. I can do
whatever I like, Danny. Anything.

Fadwell strokes Dan's head. Dan tries to pull away. Blunt holds him tight.

FADWELL

Ever since we met on the Net, I saw
the dollars rolling in. Top
quality. If only parents knew what
their darlings get up to.

Fadwell stares. Simon shrinks back against the wall.

Dan continues struggling but Blunt holds him easily.

FADWELL

The moment I found you online,
you were mine. Address, pictures.
My friend, the Chief Super. would
be jealous as Hell.

INT. BAXTER'S FLAT - DAY

Baxter and Jenny look at a map on Net.

BAXTER

Brands Hall now. We'll check it
out. If it really is a holding
place for children?
(pauses, uncertain)...
I'll confirm with Jock, if he's on
side, and Johnnie.

JENNY

Do take care. Fadwell could be
dangerous. Without you...

She shrugs in despair. Baxter brushes it off. She tightens up and sits at the PC. She works the keys, flat out. Baxter looks at her, questioning?

JENNY

Checking the Net for similar
disappearances. This won't be a
"one off". We need to look for a
pattern.

BAXTER

There are only going to be a few carers or thugs down there. We can fix them. No worries Jenny.

He gives her a consoling hug.

INT. BRANDS HALL - DAY

Blunt, holding a whip, stands in the middle of a large room with Simon at its edge.

Simon's eyes are wet with recent tears.

BLUNT

What I tell you, do it pronto.

Blunt flicks the whip close to Simon's bare legs. Simon nods meekly.

BLUNT

Run.

Simon runs round the room.

BLUNT

Faster.

He just misses Simon's legs.

Simon sprints round and round the room, the whip trailing close behind. Like a circus horse.

BLUNT

Stop.

Simon obeys, panting and shivering.

BLUNT

Lie down on your front.

Simon obeys.

Blunt pretends to whip him but just misses each time.

BLUNT

Stand.

Simon does so, terrified.

BLUNT

That'll do for today. You're shaping well. To your room. A pity, your brother's not so smart.

Simon exits fast, turning his angry face away from Blunt.

Blunt grins, pleased with himself.

INT. BRANDS HALL - SIMON & DAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Simon lies on his bed, hiding under the duvet.

Dan looks ready to take on Blunt as he enters.

BLUNT
Your turn Dan. Simon's
learnt well.

Dan adopts a karate stance.

Blunt laughs.

Dan kicks at his neck. Blunt dodges and knocks him to the floor. Dan lies, winded.

Blunt grabs him, whirls the whip round his neck and hauls him out of the room.

INT. BRANDS HALL - LARGE ROOM - DAY

Blunt chokes Dan with his whip. Dan sinks to the floor.

BLUNT
Whichever way you want it.
You'll break in the end.

Dan smoulders. He lies waiting. Blunt frees his whip.

BLUNT
Stand!

Dan stands.

Blunt swings a slap at Dan's head, but he's too fast and sways out of the way, countering with a poke into Blunt's stomach.

Blunt is furious. He jumps towards Dan. He lurches out of range. Blunt runs round the room after Dan, who stays one pace ahead.

Blunt breathes fast, his chest heaving. He pauses to catch his breath.

Dan sprints towards the door. Blunt catches him round the ankle with his whip and jerks Dan off balance onto the floor.

Blunt towers over Dan, who rolls away and onto his feet. Dan launches himself at Blunt, who sidesteps and punches him in his stomach.

Dan folds onto the floor gasping, tears streaming.

Blunt smiles, triumphant. He stands over Dan, who has had enough. He cowers, expecting a blow. Blunt rolls him over and repeatedly whips him. Dan CRIES out in pain.

BLUNT

Broken?

Dan nods.

BLUNT

Say it.

DAN

I'm broken.

Blunt whips him once more. Dan YELPS.

BLUNT

Get to your room. Remember your lesson.

Dan rises painfully and staggers out.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

Baxter is on his cell phone by his car.

BAXTER

(into phone)

Okay Johnnie. Hang out till I ring you. I'll be in touch if we need back-up. Alert Jock.

Baxter jumps into his car with Angus and rockets off.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Baxter ROARS OFF, Angus beside him, through country lanes, with no other traffic. Both wear casual clothes.

BAXTER

BRANDS HALL here we come.

Angus studies Baxter's tense, angry face.

ANGUS

Suppose the boys've gone?

Baxter looks gutted.

BAXTER

Kids are part of you. I know I haven't got any but if I had, no way would I leave them exposed. Too many vultures about.

ANGUS

Jenny's lucky to have you.

BAXTER

Sam beat me to the altar. Jenny and I were an item and then, when I was away, Sam arrives and they click.

Baxter looks saddened.

ANGUS

What to do with Fadwell when we get him? Hang him by his balls? We hand the bastard to the cops?

BAXTER

The magistrate'd just smack his wrist, or get bribed. No, we need to exterminate these bastards. The world doesn't need them.

Angus nods.

ANGUS

Just give me the word.

BAXTER

We're the brooms to sweep them back into the sewers from which they've slimed.

Baxter checks the G.P.S.

BAXTER

I can see why he chose this hideaway.

A large sign by the road reads: "PRIVATE: CENTRE FOR RELIGIOUS RETREAT."

ANGUS

Become a monk?

Baxter laughs.

BAXTER

I don't reckon on much opposition
but you keep outside while I case
the joint. If things go pear shaped
I'll press this.

Baxter points to a button on his belt. Then to a speaker on
the car.

BAXTER

I've a tracker in this:

He pulls a pen from his pocket.

BAXTER

Okay above ground.

EXT. BRANDS HALL - LODGE - DAY

Baxter drives up and has to wait for the barrier to be
lifted. He HOOTS.

A thickset MAN, the lodge keeper, chains up a Doberman before
lurching towards the car.

LODGE KEEPER

You can't go in there. Private!
Fucking Tourist! Can't you read
the sign?

BAXTER

A parcel for Brands Hall.
Mr. Fadwell. Urgent.

Baxter points to a package in the back.

LODGE KEEPER

Sorry Bud. No one enters
without permission.

Baxter shrugs, reverses and drives off with a spin of wheels.

EXT. OLD LODGE - DAY

Baxter drives up. There's a gate with a rusty chain.

Angus exits the car, opens the boot and pulls out bolt
cutters. He cuts the chain and returns the cutters to the car
boot.

Angus opens the gate and Baxter drives through. Angus closes
the gate behind him and places the chain as if intact.

EXT. BAXTER'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Baxter drives on through wild, unkempt wilderness.

ANGUS
This isn't Yemen.

Baxter is jolted by the memory and angry.

BAXTER
It was my fault. Too short a Recce.
We're not making that mistake
again. Poor Sam.

Baxter shudders at the memory. Angus looks sympathetic.

This drive joins the up-kept one.

EXT. SMART DRIVE - DAY

An uncomfortable SILENCE.

ANGUS
Over the first hurdle.

BAXTER
Just in case something goes shit-
shape, you take off and collect the
guys. A little plastic explosive
and you're in. Use stun grenades
and watch out for the kids.

ANGUS
Watch yourself. We need you alive.

BAXTER
Give me a beat to work things out.
A day. I press this, you get the
signal and take off. I'll be in
touch, don't worry.

Baxter points to the button on his belt again.

EXT. BRANDS HALL - DAY

Coming round a bend, Brand's Hall appears in front of Baxter and Angus, with its massive wooden studded entrance door.

On the left there's a LARGE LAKE and all around, well-kept PARK LAND spread with old trees.

EXT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Baxter drives up to the front door and parks the car.

Baxter exits the car, carrying the parcel as he approaches the wicket door. It opens as he reaches it.

Blunt approaches, wearing baggy trousers and a rugby top, suspicious.

He takes a long look at Angus.

BAXTER

Hi. I was coming this way, and friend Max asked me to drop this to await his arrival.

BLUNT

Oh, sure.

He takes the parcel and looks more friendly.

BAXTER

A great place you have here.
So quiet.

BLUNT

A bit too much. I only look after it for Mr Fadwell.

BAXTER

Could I come in for a minute and look around? I'm sure Max wouldn't mind.

BLUNT

I'm not allowed to show people around. You could be a burglar.

Baxter smiles.

BAXTER

Do I look like a burglar? I'm dry as dust.

BLUNT

What do burglars look like? ...
Sorry. More than my jobs's worth.

BAXTER

Have a nice day.

He gets into the car, waves, friendly, and drives away.

INT. CAR - DAY

Baxter's not happy.

BAXTER

Anticipated. We only know they have something to hide and what two of them look like.

ANGUS

A night visit?

EXT. BRANDS HALL - NIGHT

Baxter and Angus in dark clothes, faces blackened, crawl towards the Hall from the lake direction. They reach the moon shadow, and run across the grass to the side of the building, also in shadow.

Baxter runs to a drainpipe. He pauses halfway up and shakes his hand to indicate the pipe's loose.

Angus waits for him to reach the top and over the parapet. He starts to climb but a section of the pipe breaks away.

He turns in the air and lands on his feet.

Baxter signals him to leave. He points towards the lodge.

Angus signals back and runs off.

EXT. BRANDS HALL ROOF - NIGHT

Baxter pads across to a door. It's locked.

He reaches a skylight. He listens. SILENCE.

Baxter lifts the skylight after a struggle. He listens again. SILENCE. He hangs from his hands.

INT. BRANDS HALL - PASSAGE - NIGHT

Baxter drops with a THUD. He freezes and listens. SILENCE. He creeps along the passage, stopping and listening every few yards. Just safety lights.

A door opens. Blunt appears and walks away from Baxter. He vanishes through a doorway. Baxter listens to his departing FOOTSTEPS.

Baxter tries a door. Locked. He tries another. He can hear a child TALKING in his sleep.

SIMON (O.S.)

Blunt. Leave me alone. I'll tell Baxter.

Baxter listens. He looks over the moon.

BAXTER
 (whispering)
 Dan?

EXT. BRANDS HALL - NIGHT

Fadwell's car draws up. He exits. He opens the little door in the huge door, and enters the house.

INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT

Baxter taps on the door.

BAXTER
 Dan! Simon! I'll be with you in no time.

Baxter's beside himself with joy, grinning widely.

DAN (O.S.)
 Baxter! Simon, it's Baxter.

Simon WHOOPS with joy.

Baxter hurls himself at the solid door. He bounces off, clutching his shoulder.

He pulls out a stick of plastic explosive from his pocket, plus a detonator and short piece of fuse.

He quickly moulds a little plastic round the door lock, squeezes the fuse into the detonator, and inserts the detonator into the plastic.

Fadwell, padded shoes, approaches from down the corridor, his pistol at the ready.

Blunt is just behind him, carrying another pistol and a rope over his shoulder.

FADWELL
 Take five, my friend. It's built to keep the kids in and you out. Once inside you're mine, like the kids.

Baxter is shattered.

BAXTER
 Oh Dan! Simon!

Baxter restrains himself from diving at Fadwell.

FADWELL
 Against that wall. Legs apart. Now!

Fadwell points his pistol from two yards distance at Baxter's groin.

Baxter obeys, grinding his teeth in fury.

Fadwell relieves him of his pistol. He searches Baxter's pockets, and removes keys and the pen.

BLUNT

Kill him?

FADWELL

No, he's worth money.

Blunt binds Baxter's wrists behind him. Then a noose around his neck.

DAN (O.S.)

Baxter!

Fadwell ignores this. Baxter looks devastated.

FADWELL

We have alarms.

BAXTER

Fuck you!

FADWELL

Blunt, we'll drop him off in the cellar in Dunsford. No chance of police there, or escape.

BLUNT

Yes Sir.

FADWELL

Feed the kids when you get back. An early breakfast. Then they're away.

Baxter contains his fury.

BLUNT

Come on burglar.

He prods Baxter's back. Blunt exits smiling. Fadwell follows, pistol ready.

PASSAGE

Blunt leads Baxter by the rope. Fadwell follows, pistol still in hand.

FADWELL

We'll have your angelic Simon off to foreign parts. If the gold's not forthcoming, I'll have him for myself. Dan's already chosen.

BAXTER

Bloody pervert! Why choose our boys?

FADWELL

Creme de la creme! I dangled an acting job on the Net. They couldn't resist the bait. They told us all about themselves.

Baxter looks, questioning.

FADWELL

Your picture was on our flats' security camera. No trouble tracing your car. Police pals.

Baxter appears defeated, shattered.

FADWELL

Remember those families you lost in Yemen? Big news. Becoming a habit.

BAXTER

Hardly likely to forget.

Baxter presses his belt. Fadwell does not notice.

FADWELL

Some were my cousins. So the sale of your boys will compensate those that survived. I've been searching for you.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Angus hears Baxter's BLEEP on his phone, and drives off.

ANGUS

Shit! Trouble again. Baxter you're a bloody magnet!

EXT. BRANDS HALL - DAY

Blunt leads Baxter out of the front door. He holds the rope round Baxter's neck. Fadwell follows with his pistol in hand.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Baxter searches around, hoping for an Angus surprise.
He buries his disappointment.

Blunt drags Baxter towards their car, pistol at the ready.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Baxter is in the back, trussed up like a bacon roll.

Baxter looks around for a sharp edge to cut his bonds.
Nothing.

He stretches to see where they are going.

FADWELL

Relax. No one's getting in my way.
I'll be satisfying the needs of so
many V.I.P.'s. Glad to provide such
a valuable service.

BAXTER

They'll catch up with you. People
like you have a rough time in
prison.

FADWELL

But unlike you, I plan every step.
No stopping me, and a regular
supply of kids. Their mums and dads
don't know half of what they get up
to. Haven't time to check up on
them.

EXT. SHEIKH HASSAN'S FORT - NORTH ALGERIA - DAY

DESERT - HIGH WALLS - HUGE GATES/DOORS - NO OTHER BUILDINGS
IN SIGHT.

INT. FORT - DAY

LOUNGE - CHANDELIERS - ORNATE CUSHIONS

SHEIKH HASSAN (40's), wears a white robe, trimmed with gold,
and an Arab headdress. He looks self confident, used to
command.

Hassan sits on a plush chair. He's on the phone.

HASSAN

(into phone)

You'll make the party? ... Good.
I've a special treat for you.

Hassan pockets the cell looking delighted. He ticks off a name in his notebook.

EXT. VAN (MOVING) UK - DAY

A small van with no side or rear windows approaches the New Forest. It passes a sign pointing to "Ringwood."

INT. VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Blunt and Wazim sit in front. Dan and Simon lie in the back on an old mattress, their wrists tied.

Simon sneaks a look out of the windscreen at the thickening forest.

Simon whispers to Dan, who nods. This goes unnoticed by Blunt or Wazim. Dan starts to heave as if he's about to be sick.

Blunt takes notice. He points to Dan.

Wazim opens his window quickly, while Blunt drives onto the hard shoulder.

EXT. VAN - ROAD/FOREST - DAY

Wazim jumps out and opens the rear door. Dan keeps heaving. Blunt joins them. They help the boys down.

WAZIM

You shout and I cut it out.

He points to his own tongue.

Dan staggers to the side of the road as if to be sick. Wazim follows closely.

Simon sees a gap in the traffic. He suddenly darts through it to the other side of the road and runs into the forest.

Simon nearly causes a large lorry to crash. The driver HONKS, HONKS... HONKS.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - DAY

Wazim dances from one leg to the other, trying to find a break in the traffic.

DAN

Go for it Simon.

Blunt bundles Dan into the van and locks the door on him, before getting into the driving seat.

Wazim dives between the traffic and follows the flattened path Simon made through the bracken.

EXT. BRACKEN - DAY

Simon ploughs through head-high bracken towards trees uphill, GASPING. His bound hands slow his progress. He holds his hands out in front to stop branches hitting him in the face.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

Wazim SOUNDS closer. Simon sobs - his capture seems inevitable. Simon stops and looks behind him, then in front. He sees a track which forks. He hesitates. He takes the right fork.

FOREST TRACK FORK

Wazim arrives, panting.

WAZIM
When I catch you...

Wazim hesitates and looks at the ground. Faint marks on the earth reveal where Simon has passed. Wazim smiles. He trots after Simon.

HILL - BRACKEN

Simon runs and PANTS, exhausted. He stops and looks back along the track.

Wazim's feet POUND closer.

Simon jumps sideways into the bracken and hides squatting down. He PANTS trying to quieten his gasps, trembling.

FOREST TRACK

Lower down the hill Wazim also PANTS. He stops every so often to search for signs of Simon. As the trees increase and the bracken thins, it becomes harder to find his tracks.

Wazim looks worried.

EXT. FOREST - ROAD - DAY

Blunt drives off. He turns the van and stops in a lay-by. The van is shielded from the road by trees so that they'll not have to cross the road again.

INT. FOREST - VAN - DAY

Dan listens for sounds of Simon.

DAN

Please God let him escape. Our last hope. I should have gone.

BLUNT

Not a chance, Dan. Your Simon's no match for Wazim. Our boss's clever collector. He's never lost a boy yet.

Blunt smiles at Dan.

BLUNT

Yes you might well have made it. Your one chance blown.

DAN

Shit!

EXT. FOREST - BRACKEN - DAY

Simon lies motionless, breathing quieter. He presses himself to the ground his cheeks wet with tears.

LOWER DOWN THE HILL

Wazim stops. He listens intently. He sniffs the air. He shakes his head.

WAZIM

Simon, come out of there now and I'll be kind to you. I might even forget this happened. Just a joke eh, that you played on your uncle Wazim. Ha.

Simon raises his head a little, unsure what he should do.

WAZIM

Out you come boy. I can see you lying there.

Wazim takes several steps up the hill as if he has seen Simon.

Simon pulls some bracken over him, trembling.

WAZIM

There you are!

Simon slowly rises to his feet tricked. He reluctantly steps towards Wazim, who smiles friendly upon seeing him. Once within an arm's length Wazim grabs him.

WAZIM

Stupid little puppy! Now I've got you for a long, long time. Never, ever think you can outsmart Wazim.

Wazim pulls him roughly to his feet, threads a cord through his tied wrists and leads him at a stumbling trot towards the van.

WAZIM

Just wait till we're in Africa. No one to protect you. Mine.

EXT. FOREST - ROADSIDE - DAY

Wazim hides in the bracken, his hand pressing Simon low, waiting for the traffic to disappear. He WHISTLES twice. Blunt exits the van and casually goes to the back door, which he opens. He WHISTLES twice.

Wazim hauls Simon to his feet and bundles him across the verge to the van. Blunt and Wazim lift Simon under the armpits and catapult him into the back of the van. Wazim jumps in with him.

Blunt shuts the door, strides to the front and gets in.

INT. VAN - FRONT SEAT - (MOVING) - DAY

Blunt starts up the engine and drives off.

BLUNT

Excellent. Go easy on the kid. Can't afford any bruises. He's worth a fortune or Fadwell would've kept him.

SIMON

Ow!

Blunt joins the traffic for the South Coast.

WAZIM (O.S.)

There won't be any left by the time we reach North Africa. Plenty time to get to know each other so well.

He leers in Simon's face.

Wazim lifts Simon face up from the mattress.

WAZIM

Besides we're such good friends now Simon's little joke's over.

Wazim pretends to kiss him. Simon shudders.

Dan looks daggers at Wazim.

EXT. LULWORTH BAY (UK) - DAY - LATER

Wazim and Blunt have arrived at a high point, in the van parked in a gateway.

Looking down on the bay it's framed by deserted countryside.

A solitary MOTOR YACHT is anchored about two hundred yards out. The sea is clear and calm in the evening sun. The beach is deserted.

INT. FADWELL'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Baxter strains at his bonds with little effect.

BAXTER

How can you sell kids like toys?
Inhuman bastard!

FADWELL

If their parents checked their viewing, most would never come to any harm. I'm expanding my operation. I'll make big money.

BAXTER

Who buys the kids?

FADWELL

Some chiefs in high places,
countrymen of your own.

Baxter gives him a killer look.

FADWELL

Where you're going you'll only have your future to worry about.

BAXTER

Where's that?

FADWELL

You're worth big money in Syria.
A propaganda coup for ISIS. Don't lose your head. Not yet, anyhow.

Fadwell laughs.

INT. BAXTER'S FLAT - DAY

Angus, Johnnie and Jock hold a council of war. Angus looks at each in turn.

ANGUS

When Baxter went off the radar I was at a loss where to go. Best to leave Jenny out of it. She's enough to think about.

JOHNNIE

Deja vu! Here we go again. He plunges into trouble without engaging back-up. Merde.

Angus scorns Johnnie. No one would want to tangle with Angus in this mood.

ANGUS

You're not helping Johnnie. If you're to stay in our squad, be fuckin' constructive.

Johnnie gives him a dirty look.

JOCK

He's right Johnnie. Where do we go now? Off the planet? No clues so where? ... No Baxter, no pay. Mortgages to cover.

ANGUS

I guess we have to ask Jenny? No other way.

JOHNNIE

If she's to get Baxter and her boys back, she's the only way... I've something to tell you.

Angus and Jock are all attention.

JOHNNIE

I've got gambling debts. I was going to pay them off when we released the hostages. They're threatening my son.

ANGUS

You silly bugger. Baxter'll go spare.

JOHNNIE

What'll I do? Big money.

ANGUS

We'd be behind you Johnnie, but not good timing. I guess we can give Baxter twenty four hours to get back to us.

JOCK

Ay, allow him time to swim out of the shit.

INT. BAXTER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Jenny peers at a map on the PC. It shows Brands Hall.

Jenny zooms in. There's no car outside. No lights. She checks the drive. Nothing.

INT. VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Blunt drives down to the beach. They cruise to a halt close to the shingle. Engine cuts.

EXT. LULWORTH BAY - NIGHT

The yacht rides at anchor out in the bay, lifeless.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Blunt switches on a flashlight enclosed in a rolled up newspaper. He aims it at the yacht for seconds. It reflects in the sea. He turns it off.

EXT. LULWORTH BEACH/SEA - NIGHT

The sea LAPS on the beach. The silent, ghostly shape of a rowing boat looms through the dusk. It CRUNCHES onto the shingle.

A tall shape detaches itself and strides to the van. Wazim opens the back of the van and lifts out Simon. He squirms a moment then stops with a gasp. Wazim drops him heavily into the boat.

CAPTAIN ABDI (50), large and powerful, lifts up Dan and places him gently in the boat.

Wazim gets into the boat. Dan waits till they are in deep water and throws himself overboard. As he sinks Wazim catches his ankle and hauls him back into the boat. He sits on Dan who gasps for breath.

The boat backs off from shore and disappears into the dark round the yacht. Blunt drives away slowly avoiding noise.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

A mattress and a chair line one wall. In one corner there's a tap and a hole in the floor for a toilet.

Baxter shakes the cell's bars in frustrated rage.

There's a long box outside the cell, the size of a coffin. It has a couple of small air holes in the lid and screw holes along the top.

Blunt enters. He sees Baxter looking at the box.

BLUNT

That's for you. Mr Fadwell uses them for transporting his "guests".

Baxter looks shattered.

BLUNT

He'll use a tranquillizer dart on you and the next thing you'll know is the lid being unscrewed, and you're surrounded by smiling ISIS.

Blunt brings Baxter his meal on a tray. He shuts and locks another door behind him first.

BLUNT

Get back to the other side.
Your arm through the bars.

Blunt clamps the other half of Baxter's handcuffs to a bar, locking his right wrist to it. He enters the cell with the tray which he places on the floor.

Blunt exits, locks the cell door and unlocks the handcuff.

BLUNT

(taunting)

I've groomed your boys. So obedient.

If looks could kill, Baxter fries Blunt.

QUICK FLASH - BAXTER'S IMAGINATION - A frightened Dan and Simon.

BAXTER

You'd better hope I never get you.

BLUNT

No way now. I love my job. Great pay. Easy cargo. You'll soon be forgotten.

Blunt exits, laughing.

Baxter rages at his helplessness. He pulls himself together looking at the cell bars.

They are all rust free. He shakes each one in turn. They are firm.

Baxter bolts the meal.

Baxter pulls out his knife from his sock, stops and listens.

Satisfied no one is around, he strides to the bar Blunt locked him to and saws with the knife at the point where it is hidden by a cross section.

Baxter saws steadily, stops for a rest and inspects his work. It's sawn a tiny part through.

LATER

Baxter goes through a series of exercises and karate chops, working particularly with his feet. He does press-ups, sit-ups and hammers the wall of the cell with vicious hand chops.

Baxter returns to the sawing.

INT. BAXTER'S FLAT - DAY

Jenny looks worried. She tries her cell phone. She tries again. Nothing.

It RINGS and she snatches it up.

JENNY

(into phone)

Baxter?

ANGUS

(through phone)

Jenny? I think they've got him.

JENNY

(into phone)

Oh my god! How? Where?

ANGUS

(through phone)

I don't know.

(MORE)

ANGUS (CONT'D)

He sent the trouble sign. Then nothing. Not sure what action?

JENNY

(into phone)

Shit! Let me think. I'll come back to you.

ANGUS

(through phone)

Don't go doing your own thing.

JENNY

(into phone)

I only just failed S.A.S. Waterboarding. I can look after myself.

She throws down the cell and thumps the table.

EXT. ABDI'S YACHT - AT SEA - DAY

The yacht sails smoothly in an almost deserted sea.

Dan appears from the companionway wearing dry clothes and looks in each direction. No sign of land. The nearest vessel is far away. Dan shakes his head, shattered and tearful.

DAN

No!

He hammers the side rail with the side of his hand.

Captain Abdi appears from the wheel house. He has a friendly expression. He wears jeans and a T-shirt with a yacht emblem: "SAFE SEA EXPLORER"

ABDI

Enjoy your cruise. Free thanks to Mr. Fadwell.

Abdi laughs in friendly fashion.

DAN

Mum would pay you lots to bring me back.

ABDI

It's more than my life's worth; besides, there's all the others I'll be bringing.

Dan shrugs hopeless and then descends to their cabin.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Simon wakes and looks around the cabin. It has two bunks and a cupboard. He rolls over and gets down from his bunk, still dressed in a T-shirt and white shorts.

Dan lies on the other bunk.

SIMON
Where are we Dan?

Dan shakes his head. Simon shudders from cold.

Wazim enters and throws him a pullover. He drops another over Dan's face.

WAZIM
We're not far from your feelthy
British climate.

Simon takes it and puts it on, saying nothing.

WAZIM
Manners! I'll teach you and a lot
more 'fore this trip's over.

Simon shrinks away.

SIMON
Thank you.

WAZIM
Look cheerful about it.

He studies Simon.

WAZIM
You're too good for the Sheikh.
I could pretend you fell overboard
and sell you for plenty.

Wazim pinches Simon's face into a parody of a smile and brings his own face close.

Simon pulls away and hurries up the companionway to the deck.

INT. CELL - DAY

Baxter wakes to:

FLASHBACK:

Sam clutching his wounded throat lurching forward, to die in bloody gurgles.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. CELL - DAY

Baxter groans and shudders. He stares into space. He staggers to his feet and pulls out his knife. He saws at the bar with the knife like a man possessed. He inspects progress. Very little.

BAXTER

Shit!

He continues sawing. Baxter stops and twists the bar. Nothing happens. Baxter saws flat out. He hammers the bar with the flat of his hand, then twists.

It gives. Baxter raises a clenched fist of triumph. He carefully puts the bar back as it was.

Blunt brings in a meal, cuffs Baxter to the bar and unlocks the door.

BLUNT

Your boys'll soon join their new masters. You'll never see them again...

He pauses to enjoy Baxter's sorrow.

BLUNT

Dan, they love fair European boys in Afghanistan... Treat them like girls. If the Sheikh don't bid higher.

Blunt laughs mocking Baxter who remains unmoved. Blunt enters the cage with the tray and sets it down. Blunt turns to face Baxter.

Baxter pulls out the bar. He springs across the cell to kick Blunt in the groin.

Blunt collapses in agony but drags himself across the floor, trying to grab Baxter. Baxter sidesteps his hands and chops Blunt on his upper arm. There is a sharp CRACK and Blunt nurses his arm with a HOWL.

BAXTER

One for the boys.

Baxter spreads his face down on the floor and feels in his pockets for a key. He finds it and unlocks his handcuff. Baxter transfers the cuffs to Blunt as he YELPS in pain.

Baxter finds Blunt's wallet stuffed full of bank notes. He puts them in his pocket. He pockets Blunt's cell phone. Baxter lifts Blunt's head and chops him across the windpipe.

Blunt makes just a rasping NOISE when he tries to talk. Baxter lets his face thump to the floor.

BAXTER

Enjoy.

Baxter creeps from the cell, locking the door behind him. He pockets the keys.

EXT. DUNSFORD VILLAGE - DAY

Baxter emerges from an ALLEY. He blinks in the light. He rings Jenny.

BAXTER

(into phone)

Sure Jenny. I'm okay, love ...
No later.

JENNY

(through phone)

What now? Wasting time!

BAXTER

(into phone)

I'm checking if the boys have left.

JENNY

(through phone)

I want to help.

BAXTER

(into phone)

No, you keep out of it. Not risking you. Two headaches are enough.

EXT. BRANDS HALL - PARK - DAY

The long grass twitches. Still. It twitches again as Baxter leopard crawls towards the building.

He listens. BREATHING alerts him ahead. Baxter eases closer. He pounces on a MAN lying facing the road.

There's a CLICK as Baxter breaks his neck.

Baxter oozes forward...

EXT. TREE - DAY

Baxter pauses under a tree. The branches sway as a MAN drops on top of Baxter. Baxter drives his fist into the man's stomach winding him. The man gasps.

BAXTER
Have the boys left?

The man just stares.

BAXTER
Tell me or die.

The man refuses.

Baxter chops his face, leaving a bleeding nose.

BAXTER
Last chance.

The man nods, drawing back.

BAXTER
Where to?

MAN
Algeria.

BAXTER
Whereabouts?

The man shrugs and shakes his head.

Baxter bolts upright and chops the man dead. Baxter races towards the road.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - DAY

Baxter's on his cell phone.

BAXTER
(into phone)
Angus, all systems go.

ANGUS
(through phone)
You okay Boss?

BAXTER
(into phone)
Sure. Are Jock and Johnnie ready?

ANGUS
(through phone)
Yup.

BAXTER
(into phone)
Great! Have them tooled up, ready to go. I'll be at Exeter St Davids station. We've got to get Simon and Dan like yesterday.

ANGUS
(through phone)
No problem. Where are they heading?

BAXTER
(into phone)
Somewhere in Algeria.

ANGUS
(through phone)
How the fuck ...?

BAXTER
(into phone)
We'll find them! Cross palms with dollars. They'll have left traces. Jenny might track them.

INT. BAXTER'S FLAT - DAY

Jenny faces the computer and opens the Brands Hall post code. She zooms in on the building from all sides. All windows are shuttered.

The outbuildings on the far side from the lake have a door open. The Rolls Royce sits inside.

EXT. BRANDS HALL PARK - DAY

Jenny dressed in ex army camouflage, steps away from a motorized hang glider.

Shielded by trees, she folds it, and hides it in some bushes, plus her helmet.

EXT. BRANDS HALL - DAY

Jenny sprints towards the building, aiming for its rear. She runs towards a rear door with glass panes.

She stops by it and listens. SILENCE She knocks out a pane with her elbow, stops and listens. SILENCE.

She reaches inside, turns the key in the lock and enters.

INT. BRANDS HALL - OFFICE - DAY

Fadwell's on his cell phone.

FADWELL

Sure Abdi. Safe on board? Great.
We'll have another consignment in a
week or two... And keep an eye on
Wazim. I don't want the kids
bruised.

INT. BRANDS HALL - STAIRS/DOOR - DAY

Jenny creeps up the stairs and tries a door at the top.
Locked. She senses a presence.

JENNY

Baxter.

She turns to find:

FADWELL

Let me help you my dear.

Jenny jumps a foot in the air.

Fadwell hems her in and unlocks the door.

Jenny kicks at his groin. He catches her leg and drops her on
the floor.

Fadwell pulls her off the floor and holds her arm,
twisting it.

INT. BRANDS HALL - BEDROOM - DAY

Fadwell shows Jenny, Dan and Simon's empty beds. There are
other empty beds, their linen showing signs of occupation.

FADWELL

Yes they were here.

JENNY

I could kill you.

FADWELL

Do try. I enjoy sport, especially
blood sports.

Jenny appears to search for an escape route.

FADWELL

You'll do nicely for a friend of mine. He enjoys breaking the feisty ones.

He steers her out of the room.

INT. BRANDS HALL - STORE-ROOM - DAY

Fadwell enters the store-room and locks the door behind them.

Jenny hurls a vase at him. It misses as he ducks, and smashes against the wall.

FADWELL

You really shouldn't have done that. A valuable ---

Jenny attacks him, punching, kicking and yelling.

Fadwell laughs, as he wards her off.

FADWELL

I enjoy a fighter.

He wraps his arms around her, smiling.

FADWELL

Yes my friend'll love taming you, like we've tamed Dan.

He pauses to enjoy her fear as she lies on the floor.

FADWELL

Meantime think of Simon learning a new kind of life.

Jenny's look could kill. She rolls to her feet.

Fadwell grins, anticipating more fun, leans back to avoid Jenny's chop.

She kicks him in the balls. He YELPS. She follows up with another kick to the side of his head knocking him out.

Jenny runs to the desk and pulls open the main drawer, searches around but finds nothing of interest. She creeps to the door. She opens it with caution.

INT. BRANDS HALL - PASSAGE - DAY

Jenny creeps along to another door. She opens it slowly. It's an office.

INT. BRANDS HALL - OFFICE - DAY

There's a large desk. She checks the drawers. Nothing.

She feels around above a drawer. Then underneath. There's a CLICK. She pulls out a hidden drawer with an iPod in it.

She pushes the button and the screen illuminates.

LIST of boys and their destinations.

JENNY scans down the list. We see, as her POV:

"Simon! Algeria... Sheikh Hassan!"

She scans further.

"Dan ready for collection! The fort!"

Her face switches from horror to anger. She tucks the iPod inside her bra and creeps to the door.

The floor CREAKS. She stops and listens. SILENCE. She makes for the door, opens it and exits with a sigh of relief.

INT. BRANDS HALL - PASSAGE - DAY

Jenny eases past doors listening for Fadwell, and tiptoes along.

INT. BRANDS HALL - CORRIDOR - DAY

The floor CREAKS. Jenny stops and listens.

Fadwell's on the phone beyond a door. He sounds pretty rough.

FADWELL (O.S.)
 (into phone)
 No she can't get out.... No worries. Yes, you can collect her tonight. Ready for your entertainment.

He laughs.

FADWELL (O.S.)
 You'll enjoy softening her up first. I could film it.

He laughs again. Jenny oozes down the corridor. She stops as the floor CREAKS again. No reaction from Fadwell. She flows on.

An arm snakes round her neck. Another round her waist. She slumps as if giving in.

The MAN drags her back the way she has come. She twists sideways and elbows him in the ribs.

A SNAPPING SOUND. He gasps and drops her. Jenny turns and chops him in the throat.

He lies on the floor gasping, unable to talk. She searches his pockets for keys and removes a ring of them. She delivers a knock-out blow and drags him into a cupboard.

INT. BRANDS HALL - STAIRS - DAY

Jenny kangaroos down and makes for the outside door. She unlocks and opens it and exits with a sigh of relief. She locks it behind her and keeps the keys.

EXT. BRANDS HALL - DAY

Jenny searches around and listens. SILENCE.

EXT. TREES - DAY

Jenny sprints to the cover of the trees.

EXT. YACHT - EVENING

The yacht pitches and tosses in an increasing wind. Abdi stands and Simon sits on deck.

Dan looks at Abdi, as if seeking support. Dan points below where Wazim has gone. He makes a throat cutting gesture. Abdi shakes his head and points as if to expect Wazim.

ABDI
Not much longer now.

Dan rises.

DAN
Where are we?

ABDI
Not far from the Algerian coast.
Then a long ride across desert to
your buyer.

Simon appears from below deck.

Dan's desperate. He runs to the mast and starts to climb.

Wazim appears from the companionway, takes in the scene and freezes, worried.

WAZIM
Hey! What?

SIMON
No, Dan!

Abdi strides to the base of the mast, ready to catch Dan if he falls.

Simon watches agonized.

Wazim watches, lurching with the waves as Dan climbs higher.

The mast swings with every wave.

ABDI
Come down boy. You fall in water,
we never find you in this light.
You drown.

Wazim staggers around in circles, panicked.

WAZIM
Get him down man. We can't lose
him.

SIMON
Please Dan!

Simon looks frantic and terrified.

DAN
Drowning's better than being a
slave.

ABDI
Not so bad. Come down
carefully son.

Dan smiles. He climbs higher.

DAN
What'll be your end if I drown,
Wazim? Mr Fadwell will kill you.

Wazim's face shudders.

SIMON
Come down Dan. I can't be on my
own.

WAZIM

Come down now and I won't beat you.

Dan lurches as a wave rolls the yacht.

Simon, flung against the mast, YELPS.

Dan just hangs on, clasping the mast with legs and arms.

ABDI

Dan, think of your brother.
He'll hate it without you.

Dan slips but hangs on.

DAN

Promise not to Wazim?

WAZIM

I promise.

Dan ponders this not trusting. He slips further, almost within clutching distance of Abdi. He climbs higher. A wave swings him out so he's just holding on with his hands, like a flag.

DAN

They say drowning's quick
and painless.

SIMON

Please Dan.

The mast makes a wider swing. Dan almost lets go.

Another wave rocks the yacht. Dan slithers by degrees to about two metres above Abdi. The yacht sways and Dan falls... into Abdi's arms. Simon, tears trickling, runs to Dan and hugs him.

Wazim strides towards Dan. Abdi's face warns him off.

EXT. YACHT - ANCHORED OFF ALGERIA - NIGHT

Abdi stands at the top of the companionway. Wazim tries to step past him. Abdi blocks him.

INT. BOYS' CABIN - DAY

Dan and Simon lie on their bunks.

They whisper:

SIMON
Never, never do that again.

DAN
You should have seen Wazim's face.

SIMON
I mean it. Never.

DAN
We land and we've had it. No
escape.

SIMON
We could swim off the yacht
in the dark.

DAN
Where then?

SIMON
They'll have a car or something to
transport us. You could drive it
and leave them behind.

DAN
Worth a try.

Abdi enters with two bottles of juice.

ABDI
You dry. A long way to go.

He hands each boy a bottle and turns to exit. They drink,
emptying their bottles.

DAN
Where are you off to?

ABDI
Mr Fadwell's business. See you
later.

He closes the door behind him.

SIMON
Now?

DAN
Give him a minute.

Simon stretches back and closes his eyes. Dan yawns and
relaxes.

INT. BAXTER'S FLAT - DAY

Angus enters. He looks at Baxter questioning?

BAXTER
Nothing I couldn't handle.

Baxter presses his smart phone and opens a wall panel, revealing weapons enough to start a war.

He fits grenades into a haversack. Ammo clips follow. He grins.

BAXTER
The cops couldn't find this lot. If Jenny can track down the boys, we'll take out their captors and bring the kids home.

ANGUS
I'm with you all the way mate. Like old times.

EXT. WOOD NEAR BRANDS HALL - DAY

Jenny hides amongst the trees. She pulls out her cell phone.

JENNY
(into phone)
Baxter. Get down here quick. Stand of trees; last corner before Brands Hall. Baxter, I've checked out Brands Hall. Angus lent me his hang glider.

BAXTER
(through phone)
What! I'll have his guts for garters!

JENNY
(into phone)
The boys have gone.... Sheikh Hassan in Algeria. A fort... See you soon.

Jenny rings again.

JENNY
(into phone)
Long Haul Company, Algiers?... Airport.... Please. You have a SUV?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Baxter hurtles down the narrow country road. He pulls up at the corner of the woods. Jenny runs out and gets on board. They have a quick hug. They take off.

Baxter grins.

BAXTER
You're incorrigible! What if I
never saw you again?

JENNY
Save you a lotta grief! ...
Transport's laid on in Algeria.

BAXTER
And she flies high!

INT. BRANDS HALL - DAY

Fadwell's on the phone:

FADWELL
(into phone)
Hassan? Yes, fine. Boys have
landed. Might be a problem. Their
mother could know where they're
going...

FADWELL
Hot reception? Great. I rely on
you.

INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Baxter and Angus study a map on his ipod.

Baxter zooms in on a fort in Algeria. He points to the high walls and huge gate. Then to a small oasis.

Jenny leans over Baxter her hand on his shoulder, also studying the map. He enjoys her presence.

JENNY
You lead your guys. I'll do the
admin.

BAXTER
I'm okay with that.

INT. BRANDS HALL - ROOM - DAY

Fadwell enters hobbling.

Fadwell finds Jenny's assailant part out of the cupboard, gasping for breath.

FADWELL

Fuck, fuck, fuck you woman!

His face is puce with rage.

EXT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Fadwell drives along the lanes searching for Jenny's non-existent car.

He narrowly avoids scraping his car against a rocky outcrop.

EXT. ABDI'S YACHT - DECK - NIGHT (AT SEA)

Wazim carries Simon up the companionway, followed by Abdi with Dan, both boys fast asleep.

INT/EXT. ABOVE DECK - NIGHT

Moonlight. Abdi and Wazim off load the boys into a BOAT and row for a deserted shore.

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT

Abdi rows up a creek.
Just the SOUND of the oars.

The boat drifts in to land.

INT. BAXTER'S FLAT - DAY

Baxter passes a box of grenades to Angus. Baxter rolls up a length of rope with a grappling iron attached.

EXT. CREEK BANK (ALGERIA) - NIGHT

Abdi and Wazim lift the boys onto dry land. They wake, yawning.

ABDI

'Bye kids. Good luck.

Simon and Dans' faces reflect complete misery. Simon takes a step to follow Abdi. Wazim grabs him.

The boat departs and Wazim stands over them.

WAZIM

Welcome to Algeria my slave boys.

He prods each to make his point.

WAZIM

What a good time we'll have.

Simon looks in horror. Dan is straight faced hiding his emotions.

A 4x4 drives up and Georgette gets out. She nods curtly to Wazim. She checks the boys' fronts and backs with her flashlight.

GEORGETTE

Good Wazim. Not too tanned... In top condition. They should suit the Sheikh.

Simon looks at Dan open mouthed. He whispers:

SIMON

We were drugged.

Dan, still only half awake, nods.

EXT/INT. 4X4 - DESERT - NIGHT

Georgette pushes Dan and Simon into the back of the vehicle.

Both boys look way out.

Wazim joins them in the rear, sitting opposite Simon. A dim internal light reveals them.

They drive off, bumping over the corrugations in the track, a cloud of dust rising behind them and invading the vehicle.

INT. 4X4 - ALGERIAN DESERT - NIGHT (MOVING)

The boys cough and Wazim places Arab head-dresses on them, masking their faces so they can breath properly. He does the same for himself.

Wazim leans forward past Dan who drifts off to sleep. Wazim toys with his knife, prodding Simon's chest with it. Simon winces.

WAZIM

When I get out, you stay here.

Simon terrified nods.

INT. 4X4 - (MOVING) - ALGERIAN DESERT - NIGHT

The ROAR of the engine masks other sounds.

Simon wakes Dan with his foot. Dan pulls Simon's gag from his mouth.

SIMON
Georgette, he's --- OW!

DAN
Georgette. He's hurting...

Wazim prods Simon again with the knife.

The vehicle judders to a halt and Georgette strides round to the back.

EXT. 4X4 - NIGHT

Georgette opens the back door with a flourish.

GEORGETTE
Leave them alone, Filth. They're to arrive unmarked.

Wazim springs out with his knife thrust towards her.

WAZIM
Walk. They're mine now.

GEORGETTE
Mr Fadwell make you disappear, you hurt boys. We're to transport them safely.

WAZIM
So he'll never know will he where they went.

He prods her into the darkness.

The boys watch this.

SIMON
(agonized)
No.

Wazim and Georgette disappear into the night.

INT/EXT. 4X4 - NIGHT

The boys lie huddled together, shaking. They look at each other speechless, as if awaiting Wazim's return.

There's a GUNSHOT. Then SILENCE.

SIMON

Please God.

The door opens. Georgette appears on her own, slipping a tiny revolver into a shoulder holster.

Both boys heave huge SIGHS of relief.

Georgette reaches inside the vehicle.

GEORGETTE

Relax Simon. He won't touch you no more. Out, Dan. You earn your passage.

She gropes in the back for a shovel.

Dan gets out, his teeth chattering.

DAN

What do you want me to do? I'll do anything. Don't...

GEORGETTE

It's okay. Stop wetting your pants. Stay there, Simon. You go off into the desert and you'll be a Bedu steak if the sun don't get you.

She indicates Dan follow her. There is a DIGGING sound. Then a DRAGGING, and then more DIGGING.

Simon cowers in the back.

Georgette returns with Dan. She pushes him and the shovel into the back. Dan gives a wan smile. Simon is relieved.

SIMON

Wazim The Knife's lost his life.

He giggles in mild hysteria. Georgette smiles and strokes his face. Both boys look at each other in amazement.

GEORGETTE

There's a limit.

She gets in and starts the engine.

INT. 4X4 - (MOVING) - NIGHT

Simon and Dan lie close to each other, their arms round each others' shoulders like best of friends.

INT. JENNY'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jenny sits by her phone, willing it to ring. It does.

JENNY
(into phone)
Baxter! What's the score?

BAXTER
(through phone)
We'll go for Simon. Pretty sure
your info. is kosher. There's a
fort shown on my map.

JENNY
(into phone)
And Dan?

BAXTER
(through phone)
They may still be together.
Not sure.

JENNY
(into phone)
Oh my god! I'll come too. Got Sam's
pistol.

BAXTER
(through phone)
No way. Suppose you're killed and
the boys have no mum? I owe it to
Sam to keep you safe.

JENNY
(into phone)
I'm coming too.

BAXTER
(through phone)
No. You be there when we get home.

Jenny's really wound up.

JENNY
(into phone)
Let me in on the act or I'll never
speak to you again.

BAXTER
(through phone).
If you're dead.

EXT. BAXTER'S FLAT - DAY

Baxter on his cell phone:

BAXTER
 (into phone)
 Hey Jock. I need you soonest... all
 three of you... Johnnie?...
 Shit. That's his problem. We'll
 sort that after we've got our kids.

Baxter's close to breaking point.

BAXTER
 (into phone)
 Freeze Johnnie. This is Sam's
 family and they'll not kill his boy
 till they're certain there's no
 ransom... Ring me back in five.

Baxter clicks off and waits for Jock's response. He paces up and down like a caged tiger. The cell rings. Baxter listens.

BAXTER
 (into phone)
 Great Jock... Exeter station.
 Like yesterday.

EXT./INT. MINIBUS - STATIONARY

Baxter waits by the vehicle near the station. Angus, Jock and Johnnie appear, all carrying long bags.

Baxter waves overjoyed and they stride along to the minibus. They jump in and Baxter roars off.

BAXTER
 Great to see you guys. I know where
 the boys are heading.

JOCK
 How? Where?

BAXTER
 Later. To the airport. We should
 catch the mid morning plane to
 Algiers if we hurry.

INT./EXT. OASIS - DAWN

Georgette pulls up and gets out. Georgette wakens Dan and Simon. Simon's still dreaming.

SIMON

No Wazim!

GEORGETTE

You safe Simon. No Wazim.

Simon is fully awake.

GEORGETTE

Out. I need you looking good.

They look at each other worried and obey. Georgette opens a jerry can of water and hands each a cloth.

GEORGETTE

Tops off.

They take off their T-shirts. Simon pretends he needs the loo.

SIMON

I'll just be a mo.

He points to his shorts' zip and trots behind a palm tree.

Georgette smiles. She watches Simon doesn't run off.

EXT. PALM TREE - DAY

Simon picks up a sharp stone and carves a rough S & D on the bark, out of Georgette's sight.

EXT. 4X4 - DAY

Simon runs back to Georgette. She spreads Simon's arms so he's leaning against the cab, legs apart. Dan copies.

She takes a jerry can from the vehicle and pours water over them in turn, washing the dust out of their hair.

She passes each a towel and they dry themselves. She combs their hair more gently than Wazim.

GEORGETTE

In.

They obey empty eyed. She looks at them sadly. She gets into the 4x4 and drives off.

EXT. FORT - ALGERIA - DAY

High white walls and an immense gate/door, its only entrance.

The 4x4 draws up outside.

TWO SOLDIERS with sub machine-guns open the gates.

Georgette gets out and the soldiers yank the boys out of the vehicle and prod them forward like cattle.

GEORGETTE

Hey. Leave alone. Not your master's yet. Tell Sheikh Hassan, Georgette here.

A soldier looks as if he might hit her with his gun butt.

Georgette looks as tough as any man. She stands her ground, arms folded, one hand inside her tunic.

The soldier thinks better of it.

Simon and Dan cluster to her, frightened.

One soldier gestures to them all to come inside and then closes the gate behind them with a THUD.

Simon looks at Dan, shivering. Dan shrugs, resigned, grim faced. He pats Simon's shoulder.

INT. FORT - COURTYARD - DAY

Georgette, Simon and Dan are in a wide courtyard, inside the fortified area.

One soldier guards the boys while the other disappears inside the building.

GEORGETTE

Remember, say nothing unless he asks you something. Always do exactly as you're told immediately and you be okay.

The boys, down-hearted, nod.

GEORGETTE

My last trip. Can't take this no more. I vanish.

DAN

Thanks.

Simon nods vigorously. Georgette squeezes his shoulder and accepts his hug.

DAN

Mum and Baxter'll never find us out here.

Simon is close to tears and nods.

A door opens and Sheikh Hassan appears. He smiles briefly at Georgette and turns to inspect the boys. He looks delighted, checks them front and rear in kindly fashion. He opens their mouths and inspects their teeth, like horses.

He nods approving.

HASSAN

Good. These will suit me well.

Hassan gestures to Georgette and they talk away from the boys. Hassan indicates to the boys that they should come to him. They obey quickly which makes him smile.

He turns to Georgette and nods. They shake hands and without a further glance at the boys, she goes to the gate. Georgette looks relieved when the gate is opened by a soldier. She blows her nose. Wipes away a tear.

She exits and the gate THUDS shut behind her. A car door SLAMS. Her vehicle ROARS away fast.

The boys look tearful. Hassan speaks in clipped English.

HASSAN

You belong to me now. Understand?

They nod. Dan puts on a cheerful face. Simon fails.

HASSAN

You have no opinions. You do as you're told. Then you'll be happy. My cousin Basima here will instruct you. Obey her always.

The boys nod. Hassan CLICKS his fingers.

BASIMA, (16), a pretty dark girl dressed in a white flowing robe exits the inner sanctum. She looks at the boys interested. She gestures to follow her inside.

They snap to obey.

INT. FORT - BACK ROOM - DAY

Simon and Dan clean a pile of brass and silver.

Basima supervises. The boys look sullen and miserable.

BASIMA

Better work faster or you here all night.

SIMON

It's okay for you, just sitting there watching us... How far's the nearest town?

BASIMA

One hundred miles of desert.

Simon nods, resigned to his fate.

SIMON

Why do we have to do this?

BASIMA

That's what slaves are for. Well, one of the things.

She laughs, as if with a private joke.

DAN

My arms are falling off.

Basima laughs again.

BASIMA

Be glad nothing else falls off. You still learn how to wait at dinner and entertain the guests.

DAN

What happens if we don't finish?

BASIMA

You be beaten not by me but by eunuch.

DAN

What's that?

Basima laughs again and looks at Simon and Dan in turn, pointedly below their belts.

BASIMA

You wouldn't want to be one.

SIMON

I've had enough.

BASIMA

You work till I tell you to stop.

Simon looks exhausted. He picks up another vase and half-heartedly polishes it.

Basima has had enough of Simon.

BASIMA
Talal. One for the operation.
Might as well do both while you're
about it.

She turns to the boys.

BASIMA
Slaves do as they're told.

TALAL (O.S.)
Coming. A pleasure.

TALAL, (40's) a huge, fat man enters and strides towards
Simon.

Simon freezes.

DAN
It's okay. Leave him alone. He'll
be so obedient, I promise.

Simon nods, vigorously.

TALAL
He will be after I've done him.

Simon runs to Basima and throws himself at her feet.

SIMON
Please don't let him. I'll obey
whatever you say.

Talal seizes Dan by the neck and strides towards Simon.

SIMON
I'll do anything you want.
For real. Just say Basima.

Talal seizes Simon too, lifting him off the floor.

BASIMA
Be sure to remember that when the
guests arrive.

Talal makes for the door with a boy in each hand.

BASIMA
It's okay Talal. They can keep.
Thanks.

Talal releases the boys scowling and exits.

Dan and Simon return to their tasks working flat out.

Basima smiles. She watches them for a beat and throws each a packet of fruit and nuts.

BASIMA
Work well and you get a prize.

INT. MINIBUS (UK) - (MOVING) - DAY

Baxter, Angus, Jock and Johnnie are aboard.

Baxter drives. Angus passes a map into the rear.

BAXTER
Take in the map. We fly from Exeter to Annaba in Algeria. A couple of stops en route and twenty four hours total.

ANGUS
What then?

BAXTER
About two hours south. It'll be dusty and rough so get some sleep on the plane.

JOHNNIE
You're sure Simon and Dan'll be there? Not just a waste of time ---

He checks, faced by Baxter's scowl.

Baxter tries to convince himself.

BAXTER
Unless they've been sold on... I don't reckon there'll be much chance of that. The sheikh'll have to arrange a meeting of buyers.

EXT. TRUCK - ALGERIAN DESERT - DAY (MOVING)

A battered and dirty truck bounces across the desert leaving the outskirts of a town.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Angus drives. Baxter cradles an assault rifle across his knees. Jock and Johnnie sit in the back.

INT. PLANE - DAY

It's a small plane with only ten passengers.

It lands at ALGIERS AIRPORT. Jenny dressed in Arab head-dress and flowing robe, allows the other passengers to exit first. She lifts a heavy rucksack down from the luggage compartment and slings it on her back, straining.

She smiles at MARK, the PILOT.

JENNY

Thanks, Mark. I owe you one.

MARK

Forget it. Sam did enough for me. You should find a cheap car in Fa'had Street. Sure you can manage that?

Jenny gives him a thumbs up and exits.

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

Baxter's truck stops under cover of a solo cluster of palm trees. The same as where the boys were cleaned up.

The mercenaries exit the vehicle.

ANGUS

Keep under cover guys. Have a drink.

Angus carries an ice box of water bottles from the truck.

JOCK

Sure there are enough of us Boss? I don't want to grace an Arab coffin just now.

BAXTER

(laughing)

Disgrace it, you mean. Surprise and S.A.S. skills. No problem.

Angus nods.

BAXTER

I'm going out for a recce. We need to know if they've an escape exit round the back.

He evaporates into the shadows carrying a long torch. It has a narrow slit allowing a little light.

JOCK

Angus you've taught him discretion
at last. The Sassenach's not
jumping in this time with no
thought for the consequences.

Angus smiles. He nods as if not fully convinced.

JOHNNIE

What if we're out-gunned?

ANGUS

Don't be so fuckin' pessimistic,
Johnnie. We'll catch 'em with their
pants down.

EXT. PALM TREE - NIGHT

Baxter stops beyond the solitary palm tree Simon carved. His
torch reveals Simon's S & D.

Baxter takes a second look and nods, smiling. He continues on
his recce.

INT. FORT SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Basima teaches the boys to dance to recorded MUSIC. She moves
increasingly seductively.

Dan comes to a sudden halt. Simon flows.

DAN

Stop it Simon. That's girl stuff.

Simon checks he's not overheard.

SIMON

It's only dancing. If it keeps us
from that monster Talal, I'm all
for it.

He stops.

BASIMA

Keep going Simon. You good. They'll
love you. Dan, you'll be beaten if
you don't.

Dan grits his teeth but dances in sudden jerks like a puppet.

Simon laughs and mimics him out of defiance.

TWO GUESTS observe the boys with pleasure from behind a pillar. One licks his sweaty lips. The other nods and points to Dan.

EXT. FORT - NIGHT

Searchlights pass along the inside of the walls, revealing their height and strength.

Large limousines pull up outside. More OCCUPANTS, all men well dressed, are ushered inside the doors by soldiers.

INT. FORT - RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

Basima wears a transparent, flowing dress of blue and gold.

Dan and Simon in golden loincloths.

They pass round drinks on silver trays to the guests, businessmen on a flesh-pot safari.

Six GIRLS (18) dance seductively for the guests.

The only lighting comes from candles on gold candelabra.

A fat ENGLISHMAN in a white suit talks to Sheikh Hassan, who struggles to hide his dislike of his guest.

ENGLISHMAN

I think you'll find the next
weapons delivery have a better kill
factor.

HASSAN

Good. I have buyers for the lot.
Part of the deal includes tonight's
entertainment.

ENGLISHMAN

(Eager)

Understood. We are allowed complete
freedom of choice? You mentioned
one speciality?

HASSAN

Of course. They are both top
quality. Very expensive if you want
to buy one.

Hassan's expression shows that might be an unlikely event.
Hassan turns away to speak to other guests.

ENGLISHMAN
Might do that.

The Englishman stops Simon and takes a glass from his tray, gazing at him.

EXT. FORT - NIGHT

Baxter slinks amongst the sand dunes, checking for an exit door to the rear of the fort. None.

ARAB MUSIC (O.S.)

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

The Englishman follows Simon as he delivers his last glass and they exit almost together.

Simon looks back, uneasy.

The Englishman blocks any chance of retreat.

INT. FORT FEASTING CHAMBER - NIGHT

A dozen MEN, including Sheikh Hassan in his robes, sit on expensive cushions.

Huge bowls of rice and meat.

Basima, girls and Dan, look tired as they tread among the cushions where eight REVELLERS, some Arab, some African and some European sit or lie in varying states of inebriation.

Some snatch at the girls as they pass.

Two swarthy MEN beckon Dan to pass them more drinks in a darkened corner of the room.

EXT. FORT WALLS - NIGHT

Baxter checks each weapon. He ensures everyone has grenades clipped to their belts.

He synchronizes watches.

INT. FORT - FEASTING CHAMBER - NIGHT

Dan looks around for Simon, his eyes widening as he's dismayed by his absence.

The two men talk to Dan, laughing and play acting, as if he's their buddy.

MAN 1

Hey, Sonny. Come here. Have a drink.

MAN 2

Yeah. A bit of fun.

He grabs Dan's arm.

Dan tries to break away. The men make a game of it, pulling him this way and that, LAUGHING.

Most candles have been extinguished.

Arab MUSIC starts wailing and swirling. The girls dance and the MUSIC gets faster and faster till they sway with exhaustion.

Guests grab girls and they disappear to other rooms.

EXT. FORT WALLS - NIGHT

Dark shapes cross the dunes.

INT. FORT FEASTING CHAMBER - NIGHT

Hassan stands to leave. He glances at the men, nods to them and exits.

Only a sleepy Dan is left alone with the men. They close on him in a corner. He's seriously worried, searching around for an escape opportunity. There is none.

The MUSIC continues. Lights dim.

INT. THE FORT'S WALLS - NIGHT

An EXPLOSION breaks the huge door's locks. The door is heaved open. Black shapes of Baxter's mercenaries sprint through.

INT. TOP OF TOWER - NIGHT

Fierce gunfire opens up from the top of a tower. Angus throws a GRENADE silencing the fire.

They are held up by more fire from the ROOF TOP. Baxter runs out of view of another roof top firer. He throws a grappling iron up. It catches on the parapet.

Baxter climbs the rope fast and disappears over the top.
BEAT. The roof MARKSMAN falls from the window.

EXPLOSIONS and a long BURST of machine gun fire shatter the night.

INT. FORT SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Basima cowers under a table. Bullets stream through the window.

INT. FORT COURTYARD - NIGHT

Mercenaries spread out, firing. They are met by heavy fire from windows. The opposition FLASHES indicate twenty to thirty SOLDIERS.

Baxter's group are held up. BEAT. They shelter in the shadows of pillars. Hassan's men drop grenades from windows, making movement suicidal.

More flashes from doorways. Baxter hurls grenades, like cricket balls, at any hint of opposition.

Angus sprays the windows with automatic fire. Jock and Johnnie hurl grenades into every window.

EXPLOSIONS... then SILENCE.

INT. FORT - FEASTING CHAMBER - NIGHT

The room's doors burst open and stun grenades roll across the floor.

The grenades EXPLODE and for a moment there is silence. Dan's tormentors are unconscious.

Baxter and Jock spring into the room, FIRING bursts into the ceiling.

They switch on the lights and search the room.

Baxter is dismayed.

BAXTER

No!

Just as he reaches the door, Dan pokes his head out from under a cushion.

DAN

Baxter!

Baxter sees Dan and swallows with emotion.

JOCK

There's the lad!

Bullets RAP all over.

BAXTER
We're going home kid.

Baxter runs to Dan, who can't believe his eyes. He touches Baxter and smiles. His face comes alive. Then overcome with tears.

Dan hugs Baxter and is allowed a quick BEAT of euphoria. Baxter, close to tears, prizes him off with a quick hug as BULLETS sound nearer.

BAXTER
Where's Simon?

Dan points to the door. Bullets cease. SILENCE.

DAN
A fat man was with him. Quick!

BAXTER
Too fucking right! We're out
of here.

Baxter signals Jock to cover their rear with his machine pistol and leads Dan out.

INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT

Baxter opens EACH DOOR in turn. He flings open the last door and storms in, Dan close behind.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Englishman chases sobbing Simon around the room. He clutches Simon's shoulder and pulls him close.

SIMON
No! No! Stay away!

Baxter strides towards the man, volcanic.

The man is oblivious of anyone but Simon.

ENGLISHMAN
Get out. He's mine. Ask the Sheikh.

Baxter smashes his jaw with the butt of his gun. He kicks him so he bounces off the far wall, screaming.

Simon, shaking, is over-awed... open mouth, beyond belief.

DAN
Wow!

Baxter, enraged, towers over the Englishman. He kicks him in the groin.

The Englishman shrieks.

Baxter shoots him once in the head. He's dead.

GUNFIRE sounds in another part of the building. A fire fight breaks out.

Simon, panting, gazes at Baxter. He steps away as if he's seen a ghost. Baxter opens his arms, inviting. Simon collapses against Baxter, blinking back tears. Baxter hugs both boys, ruffles their hair and kisses each forehead.

BAXTER
Got'em, Sam.

Both look over the moon.

Baxter can't stop hugging them, till Jock enters:

JOCK
Boss!

Jock gestures outside where the odd BULLET PINGS. Jock exits.

Baxter grabs Simon and makes for the door, followed by Dan.

INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT

BULLETS pin Baxter, Simon and Dan in the passage. The boys look at each other, scared.

Baxter chucks a grenade around the corner. BOOM, then SILENCE. Distant sporadic GUNFIRE.

They turn the corner and meet Johnnie. Baxter points Dan and Simon to Johnnie.

BAXTER
Get them out of here quick. We'll
check around for more hostiles.
Wait... any more kids?

SIMON
No. Just us.

Johnnie nods and vanishes down the passage with the boys trailing close, machine pistol at the ready.

A HEAVY MACHINE GUN opens up. Progress would be suicide.

Baxter throws his last grenade in its general direction. The machine gun stops. He pokes his head around a corner. He jerks back at a hail of bullets.

INT. FORT - SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Basima ducks as BULLETS smash a window. She dashes out of the room.

INT. FORT - PASSAGE - NIGHT

Close to the boys. A bullet SMASHES her sideways. She drops, dead.

DAN

Nooooo!

He gazes at her body, horrified.

Johnnie stands between her and Simon. He hauls a boy on either side down the passage.

INT./EXT. FORT - CAR PARK - NIGHT

Johnnie is about to leave the main building. Simon looks way out in shock.

Johnnie pulls the boys down to the ground behind him, and looks through a doorway.

INT. FORT - SHEIKH'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Lavishly furnished, the corner we can see. The Sheikh covers behind a settee. The Sheikh and Johnnie eye each other.

The Sheikh sees the boys and makes a gesture, like "they are mine", pointing to the boys and then to himself.

Johnnie raises his eyebrows and smiles. Amazed at the finery. He backs out with the boys.

INT. FORT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

RUNNING feet approach.

Johnnie takes a quick look, and throws a grenade round the corner. It EXPLODES. A MAN SHRIEKS O.S., and a BODY FALLS.

Johnnie pulls Simon close to him. Dan follows.

A grenade rolls towards them. Dan pounces on it, picks it up and hurls it back where it came from. BAM!

JOHNNIE
Christ, Dan!

Simon regards Dan, in wonder.

EXT. FORT - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Heavy gunfire rakes the ground. Angus and Jock throw their last grenades. SILENCE. EXPLOSIONS.

ANGUS
Rush the gate, and cover Baxter.

More GUNFIRE traps them.

JOCK
How the hell do we...?

GUNFIRE advances closer.

INT. FORT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The boys lie on the floor. Johnnie slots in his last magazine.

JOHNNIE
Last mag. We either give ourselves up or...

Johnnie makes a throat slitting move.

Both boys look aghast.

A new source of BULLETS showers in from outside the walls, followed by grenades exploding inside the fort.

The sheik's men are silent.

The boys and Johnnie look at each other amazed.

EXT. FORT COURTYARD - NIGHT

An ARAB CLAD FIGURE rolls along the ground, firing a hail of bullets at the windows and doors.

Baxter emerges from inside the fort, followed by Angus and Jock, weapons ready. A single SHOT comes from a window.

The figure throws a grenade. It EXPLODES inside the window. SILENCE. The figure's revealed as Jenny. She tosses Baxter a fresh magazine.

JENNY
Thought you might like some help.

Baxter grins

BAXTER
What kept you? All out.

Jenny lays down heavy covering fire. SILENCE.

She gestures the boys out and continues firing with a fresh magazine. No response from the fort.

BOTH BOYS TOGETHER
What!

They sprint towards the gate passing through.

A mercenary shreds the Mercedes' tires with GUNFIRE.

Baxter gestures to outside the gate.

BAXTER
Johnnie fetch.

Johnnie disappears into the night.

Baxter points to the ground.

BAXTER
Down.

The boys obey.

EXT. FORT - NIGHT

Angus crouches outside covering the gate.

A lone DEFENDER exits firing into the darkness.

BLAM! He falls dead.

Jenny lowers her weapon, opens her rucksack and throws fresh magazines all round.

The boys look at each other unsure. They watch the gate as if expecting more Hassan men to emerge.

Dan hugs the ground. Simon copies, his face working with emotion.

Jenny hugs her boys. Simon's flood gates open.

Angus sets up a trip wire by the gate.

Their truck WHIRLS up.

BAXTER

I guess we'd better take yours.

Jenny nods and gestures to her truck, an improvement on theirs.

Johnnie sees the newer version and abandons theirs. Jenny shoots up their old truck's tires.

Baxter does a quick head count as they bundle into the truck before they drive into the night.

A loud EXPLOSION echoes from within the fort.

Angus takes over the driving from Johnnie.

INT. JENNY'S TRUCK - NIGHT - MOVING

Angus drives flat out, Johnnie riding "shotgun". Guarding their rear.

Baxter hugs Jenny.

JENNY

Mission accomplished.

She nestles a boy on either side of her.

They look at her again in wonder.

Baxter scans front and rear, his weapon at the ready.

Jenny wraps blankets round the boys, who cling together, still too shocked to speak.

BAXTER

Well done lads. We're not out of here yet but that was great.

JOCK

What the hell was that crunch?

BAXTER

Angus' parting gift. With luck there's no more Sheikh. Good work.

ANGUS

She's right, Boss.

SIMON

It sure made a bang.

JOCK

Hey. It talks.

BAXTER
Did we get you out in one piece?

SIMON
Me? Just in time.

Dan shudders.

SIMON
I ran faster than he could.

BAXTER
And you Dan?

Dan, shock setting in, way out just nods.

Jenny looks uncertain, then relieved.

JENNY
(smiling)
Sorry Baxter. I raided your locker.

Baxter grins.

JOHNNIE
You're safe with us, kids.

BAXTER
Keep alert Jock. We might have
company before long. Ready for them
Johnnie?

Johnnie nods as he clasps his rocket launcher.

Dawn starts to creep over the horizon.

INT. FORT - HASSAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheikh Hassan RANTS on the phone.

HASSAN
(into phone)
It's the last time I trade with you
Fadwell. They've blown apart my
fort, taken the boys and killed
eight of my men. Wounded a dozen.

FADWELL
(through phone)
Any idea where they're heading?
I'll make them pay for that.

HASSAN
(into phone)
I want those boys back here. Do it!

INT. JENNY'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Dan and Simon look more alert and in wonder at the mercenaries.

SIMON
How did you morph like that? Like a dream... A wonderful, wicked dream!

Johnnie chuckles.

JOHNNIE
Magic. We came by flying carpet.
I'll show you mine when we get home.

He looks at Simon.

JOHNNIE (CONT'D)
They sorta grow on you.

Baxter grins.

BAXTER
Like ivy.

Simon shrinks back into himself, re-living the chase.

Baxter ruffles Simon's hair. Jenny hugs the boys again, like she'll never let them go.

BAXTER (CONT'D)
Just be lucky.

Simon hugs Baxter, who appreciates it.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Their truck has stopped with a steaming radiator. Jock looks inside the bonnet with Angus. Angus looks at Baxter, shaking his head.

A wadi is close by.

The boys sit in the truck's shade, while Johnnie keeps guard from the vehicle's roof.

BAXTER
Well?

Jock looks up, cleaning his hands on a rag.

JOCK

The fucking water hose has gone.
We'll have to wait for it to cool
down. I've taped it but she'll
seize if we roll right now.

BAXTER

Ten minutes. We're only a tad from
the coast. They may have aircraft
and we're sitting ducks out here.

Baxter bottles up his impatience.

JOHNNIE

Boss, dust. Company, fast.
Two vehicles, I reckon.

BAXTER

Shit! All we need. May not be
hostile. Take cover in the wadi.

SIMON

Eh?

BAXTER

The dried up river bed.

Baxter nods to Jenny, grabs the boys, and nestles them behind
a large rock with Jenny. He points down, and she covers them
with her body.

BAXTER

Eyes shut, hands over your ears,
mouths open in case of mortars.

He lies in a hollow behind the rock, carbine at the ready.

The dust clouds zoom in.

EXT. 4X4'S/WADI - DAY

Two 4X4's close. They carry mounted machine guns.

A spray of gun FIRE on their dead truck sets it alight.

Baxter FIRES, then rolls away.

Johnnie aims and FIRES the rocket launcher. The leading
vehicle EXPLODES in flaming pieces.

A CRESCENDO of fire arises from various weapons along the
edge of the wadi.

The second 4x4 catches fire and ZOOMS off, blazing.

It disappears over a dune. There's an EXPLOSION and a plume of smoke.

Baxter delighted rises from the sand.

JENNY

Do you reckon there's more to come?

Baxter shrugs. He checks around.

BAXTER

All here--- Okay? --- We'd better get yomping.

JOCK

Is it far, Boss?

BAXTER

About five klicks. Let's go.

EXT. DESERT - ALGERIA - DAY

Baxter and company are very dusty and tired.

Simon looks done in. Baxter hauls Simon across his broad shoulders.

Dan piggy-backs on Angus.

Jenny has Baxter's weapon and her own slung across her back.

Baxter leads. They stagger up a rising dune.

EXT. SEA/CRUISER - DAY

Over the top lies the SEA and a MOTOR CRUISER anchored close in. Nothing else is in sight.

JOCK

Hey Boss. Do you walk on water?

BAXTER

Only in winter.

There's a hearty CHEER.

BAXTER

Come on lads.

Baxter leads them to the WATER'S EDGE where they slump to the ground and wait for a Zodiac rescue boat to ROAR in and collect them.

INT. BAXTER'S CRUISER - CABIN - DAY (MOVING AT SEA)

Baxter and Angus scan a map. Johnnie and Jock clean their weapons. The vessel's engines ROAR.

Jenny lies asleep on a bench.

BAXTER

We've a day at sea if all goes well. Then home, sweet home.

Simon and Dan appear wearing shorts, far too big for them, and men's shirts with the sleeves cut off.

JOCK

Hey. Latest fashion.

The cruiser slaps down on the waves in top gear.

BAXTER

Can't you make this thing go any faster? We might have company.

BOAT CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Any faster and we'll not get there at all. She'll fall apart.

DAN

Where did you magic this boat, Baxter? She's a cracker.

BAXTER

A mate - he owes me one. Take care of Simon. He looks washed out.

Dan nods. He sits by Simon and draws him close. Simon has the shakes. He hides his face in Dan's shirt.

EXT. BAXTER'S CRUISER - DAY

BAXTER'S BINOCULAR POV He freezes.

A speck on the horizon closes rapidly.

ANGUS

Company, Mate.

BAXTER

Boys this isn't your scene. Get below.

He points to the plane. Jock, Angus and Johnnie grab their weapons.

Baxter shakes Jenny awake, pointing to the plane. Jenny checks her weapon and hides in the shadow aiming it.

BAXTER

It may be friendly. Hide in the shadows and be ready to fire. A couple of plane lengths ahead letting it fly through your spread.

They await developments while the plane circles them, seeking identification.

EXT. BAXTER'S CRUISER (AERIAL) - DAY

Baxter at the wheel wearing an Arab headdress and no one else in sight.

INT. BRANDS HALL - OFFICE - DAY

Fadwell's on the phone.

FADWELL

(into phone)

Film it and send me pictures. I'll recognize the bastard. If it's him, shoot up the steering and him. I want the boys alive.

EXT. PLANE OVERHEAD - DAY

It flies very low over the cruiser. It circles twice more, and then opens fire on Baxter and the tiller.

EXT. CRUISER - DAY

A storm of bullets spurts upwards. Baxter rolls away from the tiller and fires too. Wooden chips fly around as bullets strike. Baxter gets a nick from a splinter.

EXT. BAXTER'S CRUISER/PLANE - DAY

The plane's engine COUGHS and stops. Its pilot tries to ditch. The plane skims the waves. Eventually it touches down safely--- The pilot steps out of the sinking plane into a dinghy.

EXT. CRUISER - DAY

Angus raises his weapon.

ANGUS

Kill the bastard?

BAXTER

No. Leave him. It's a long haul to land. He'll probably drown anyway.

Simon and Dan appear at the hatchway relieved. They run to Jenny for a hug.

Baxter gets back on the tiller.

BAXTER

Entertainment over boys. Try to get some sleep. We'll be entering the Channel in about twelve hours. Land near Lulworth in the dark. Well, moonlight.

The boys smile at the idea.

SIMON

Can I watch the moon come up?

Dan laughs.

DAN

Water the fish?

Simon pretends not to hear.

BAXTER

You can doss down by the hatchway. Won't trip over legs. --- Johnnie take first watch at the helm.

JOHNNIE

Ay, ay skip.

He takes the tiller. Baxter enters the cabin. All settle for the night. Johnnie relaxes and scans the sea.

LATER: A FIGURE bends down over Simon and lifts him, fast asleep.

EXT. CRUISER - NIGHT

Quiet except for the soft THROB of the engine.

A FIGURE pushes a SMALLER FIGURE towards the dinghy. The moon reveals Simon, his mouth and wrists taped, being lowered into the dinghy by Johnnie.

EXT./INT DINGHY - NIGHT

Johnnie pushes the dinghy away and then rows. The cruiser is soon out of sight. Johnnie removes the tape from Simon's mouth.

Simon looks wondering and frightened at Johnnie, who's on his cell phone.

JOHNNIE

(into phone)

Yes Hassan, I can sell you the best... Yes, Simon. What will you pay for him? Come on. He's worth more than \$100,000. Half a million and he's yours.

SIMON

No!

JOHNNIE

(into phone)

Send a boat from Jersey. We're about two miles out. Four torch flashes.

SIMON

You can't! Baxter'll be after you. Mum'll kill you.

JOHNNIE

Watch me. And won't Hassan be glad to see you again?

He pats Simon's cheek. Simon leans away. Johnnie returns to his cell phone:

JOHNNIE

(into phone)

It's okay. I'll get you the money. I should have it by tomorrow p.m. All's well. You can forget my boy. ... Yeah, by St. Michael's church.

Johnnie pockets his phone. Simon gives him a look to kill. Johnnie smiles, mocking.

JOHNNIE

Back you go.

EXT. CRUISER - NIGHT

The cruiser approaches Lulworth Bay, its tiller roped, unmanned.

Baxter, leaving the cabin, yawns. He checks out their approach when he notices no man at the tiller and a missing dinghy.

He runs along the deck ... deserted and then glances inside the cabin. No Simon and no Johnnie.

Baxter runs to the deck-house.

INT. CRUISER DECK-HOUSE - NIGHT

Baxter unties the wheel and almost capsizes the craft as he heads back the way they came.

Angus appears, sleepily.

ANGUS

What the fuck's happening Baxter?
You drunk?

Baxter snarls:

BAXTER

See who's missing.

Baxter revs the engine to full pitch.

EXT. DINGHY - SEA - NIGHT

Lights in the distance reveal the ISLAND OF JERSEY. A torch flashes. Johnnie flashes his back.

SIMON

Must you?

JOHNNIE

You bet. You'll be worth a car and
a house and my debt. More than I
got out of the army, or from
Baxter. Save my boy's life.

A MOTOR BOAT slows to quiet and approaches Johnnie's dinghy.

The two craft bump gently.

Johnnie is about to lift Simon into the motor boat when a distant ROAR, fast increasing, announces Baxter's presence.

Johnnie turns to face Baxter.

EXT. BAXTER'S CRUISER/DINGHY/MOTOR BOAT - NIGHT

Simon head butts Johnnie in the face so he falls into the water and scrambles to get up the slippery dinghy side.

The motor boat's CREWMAN reaches for Simon, who dodges his hand and kicks him in the balls. The crewman curls up in agony.

Baxter looms out of the dark.

BAXTER
I see you have everything under control Simon. Better come with us. Play for Arsenal!

SIMON
Striker.

EXT/INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

Baxter drags Simon up into the cruiser and attaches the dinghy. He drives the cruiser over the motor-boat, just as its crewman starts up the engine, and it sinks.

Baxter aims the cruiser towards Johnnie. He hauls Johnnie aboard and knocks him out. He cuts Simon's bonds. He swirls the cruiser homeward bound.

Angus takes the helm.

SIMON
Oh Baxter.

He hugs Baxter, who kisses his forehead.

BAXTER
(laughing)
Your fault Simon being so popular.

Simon can't stop shuddering. Baxter holds him tight.

INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

Johnnie lies on the floor, his ankles and wrists bound.

Baxter sits above him.

BAXTER
Okay I can see why you did it, but why didn't you ask for help? We're a team, or used to be.

JOHNNIE
You were going after the hostages next. My boy would've been killed.

BAXTER

You give me the details where we can reach these bastards, and soon as we're back and drawn breath we'll hunt them. In the meantime you'll keep like you are, just in case.

JOHNNIE

Thanks Boss.

EXT. LULWORTH BAY - NIGHT

The cruiser drifts close to shore. Shapes silently slip into the dinghy. They ground on sand.

Baxter searches around: Deserted.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Baxter drives with Simon and Dan asleep in the back. He draws up at Jenny's house. Simon wakes and looks around. He's thrilled. He shakes Dan awake. Dan punches the air, smiling.

Jenny hugs Baxter, then kisses him.

JENNY

My hero.

BAXTER

Our Saviour. Sharp-shooter Jenny.

EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

SECURITY LIGHTS.

Dan and Simon roll about on the lawn. Simon sits on Dan's chest, and Dan tickles Simon to get him off.

Jenny and Baxter watch, amused.

JENNY

I guess we're family again---
Almost---

BAXTER

Done my best. Tomorrow I hunt Fadwell. Looking forward to that.

JENNY

You've been brilliant, Baxter.
Leave him to the police.

Jenny kisses Baxter again. He responds with interest.

JENNY

Hassan?

BAXTER

Angus left him a present, which should mature very soon.

Jenny is mystified.

INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dan and Simon lie asleep in single beds close together, lit by the moon through the curtains. Each twitches as they relive their past nightmares.

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenny lies asleep, smiling. She mumbles:

JENNY

Baxter.

Baxter lies beside her, his arm around her.

A burglar alarm light blinks, showing it's alive.

EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two adult figures approach. One has pliers. They halt as one cuts the alarm wire.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door opens silently. Two figures appear. Fadwell gazes at the boys. He approaches Simon. Fadwell pulls out a bottle and pad. He lays the pad across Simon's face and pours the liquid into it.

Simon wakes and struggles. Fadwell holds him down. Simon is unconscious. Fadwell hauls him over his shoulder. Blunt opens the door wider. They disappear into the night.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Blunt ties Simon's wrists. Fadwell gags him. Blunt opens the boot. Fadwell swings a car jack across Blunt's head. He bundles the body into the boot and closes it.

Fadwell lifts Simon onto the rear seat and closes the door. He gets into the driver's seat and feels for his seat belt. Jenny is in the passenger seat.

Fadwell jumps so his head hits the roof. Jenny shoots him in the groin.

Fadwell SCREAMS.

JENNY

I've wanted to do this so many times. No more will you prey upon defenceless kids. We'll hunt more of your kind. The police surgeon'll save you for your trial.

Baxter stands by the passenger door. He hauls out Fadwell, to squirm on the ground, and Jenny lifts out Simon and unties him. Baxter stuffs a sock in Fadwell's mouth.

Dan appears from the house. Jenny exits the car. There's a huge hug-in.

FADE OUT

CREDITS TO INCLUDE A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: ALGERIAN SHEIKH
KILLED - IN MYSTERIOUS BOMB BLAST

N.B. Permission to film at Fulford Manor has been given, if required, for Brands Hall.