

**EXT. LAHORE - PAKISTAN - NIGHT**

Scattered electric lights glow like embers in the sleeping ancient walled city --

**INT. LAHORE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY**

A MAN is dragged into a room, FILTHY HOOD over his head. HANDS chained behind his back. He struggles and kicks. **MASKED CAPTORS BARK AT HIM in Urdu** -- The Man forced to his knees. The HOOD SNAPPED OFF to REVEAL --

JOHN PORTER -- face BLOODIED, but his eyes ANGRY, DEFIANT --

**INT. SECTION 20 - MAIN ATRIUM - LONDON - DAY**

A WOMAN'S FEET, running swiftly along an elevated walkway. Capt. ANNA MARSHALL, 30s, face creased with concern --

**INT. SECTION 20 - GYMNASIUM - LONDON - DAY**

*Wham - wham - wham!* Sgt. MICHAEL STONEBRIDGE, late 20s, trains at a bag, PUNCHING and KICKBOXING. Bare-chested, sweat-soaked, focused, intense. Striving to perfect a move.

ANNA (O.S.)  
(breathless)  
Michael.

He turns. Reads the worry on Anna's face.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
It's Porter.

**INT. LAHORE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY**

One of the terrorists switches on a VCR, holds up a CUE BOARD. **Barks at Porter to read it.**

**INT. SECTION 20 - MAIN OFFICE - LONDON - DAY**

Stonebridge, T-shirt pulled on, hurries after Anna into the impressive, broad office of Section 20's London HQ (the Thames visible through a far window).

Col. ELEANOR GRANT, mid 40s, commander of the unit, stands in front of a large wall monitor. Her jaw clenched as a WEBSITE IMAGE uploads.

Around Grant are her second, Capt. OLIVER SINCLAIR, 40s, and a team of Intel analysts and military staff, including COMMS officer Sgt. JULIA MURPHY, 20s, and S.F. operative JOHN KYLE. Stonebridge and Anna come alongside Grant.

GRANT  
Just coming online.

A LOW-RES VIDEO OF PORTER flickers onscreen. He's flanked by MASKED MEN with balaclavas and AK-47s. Staff spring to work, tracing the link.

Porter speaks to camera, voice hoarse, clearly under duress.

PORTER (ON SCREEN)  
To the Imperialist Powers of the  
West....

**INT. LAHORE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY**

Close on Porter seeing his own name on the cue board. He shakes his head in almost amused contempt, then spits out.

PORTER  
I, John Porter, confess to the  
crime....

**INT. SECTION 20 - MAIN OFFICE - LONDON - DAY**

STONEBRIDGE  
Fuck. They know his name.

PORTER (ON SCREEN)  
...of being a British spy,  
trespassing on the holy soil  
of Pakistan...

**EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE ALLEY - LAHORE - NIGHT**

A MANGY DOG laps water out of a muddy puddle. Scared off by -- SOLDIER'S BOOTS. Worn by a member of Pakistan's SSG COMMANDOS. RIFLE at the ready, wearing NAVY CAMO.

PORTER (V.O.)  
The Pakistani people have tasted  
humiliation and contempt for  
decades.

Now we see he's one of -- FIVE SSG COMMANDOS. Crabbing down the dark road, moving from shadow to shadow.

STONEBRIDGE (O.S)  
When was John's last report?

**INT. SECTION 20 - MAIN OFFICE - LONDON - DAY**

SINCLAIR  
0300 GMT. From Lahore.

PORTER (ON SCREEN)  
...Her sons murdered, her  
blood spilled, her holy  
places.



**INT. LAHORE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY**

CLOSE on PORTER, eyes defiant.

PORTER  
-- my life will be sacrificed as  
just retribution.

CUT TO:

Back in the main office with Stonebridge and the whole team watching Porter's video. Anna bites back her emotion.

PORTER (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)  
God is great and glory to Islam.

CUT TO:

The alley. Anna drops between Kyle and Stonebridge. He gives her a smile. She manages a smile back, heart pounding.

STONEBRIDGE  
Stay close.

ANNA  
(low, to herself)  
Fuck yes.

Stonebridge snicks on his helmet cam.

STONEBRIDGE (INTO COMMS SET)  
In position.

INTERCUT:

Grant watching the screen. The helmet cam image comes up.

GRANT  
Stonebridge.

STONEBRIDGE (ON COMMS)  
Colonel.

GRANT  
Bring me Latif's head on a plate.

STONEBRIDGE (INTO COMMS SET)  
With pleasure.

He turns, takes a bead through NV sights on the Guard. *PFPHHT!* BLOOD SPURTS from the Guard's *keffiyeh*. He crumples to the floor, DEAD.

Fast -- a Commando BOLT-CUTS the chain -- the team, torches on, stream through to the back stairwell.

**INT. SECTION 20 - CONTROL ROOM - LONDON - NIGHT**

Grant watches live Satellite and Helmet-Cam images as the team speed up the stairs onto a rooftop landing.

**EXT. LATIF'S SAFEHOUSE APT. - NIGHT**

Stonebridge, Anna and the team crouch at a steel door. Stonebridge quietly taps the adjoining wall. Hears a HOLLOW THUD. Nods to Kyle -- who unspools a roll of plastic explosives. Gels the wall and slaps a square sheet of explosive charge to it.

Stonebridge connects the DETONATOR to a CIRCUIT taped to his left thigh. The team tap helmets (to indicate they're ready), and turn away -- Stonebridge protectively covers Anna as he hits the DET SWITCH and...

KA-BOOOM! The wall blasts inwards.

**INT. LATIF'S SAFEHOUSE APT. - NIGHT**

Kyle and the lead SSG Commando leap though the dust-filled hole -- met by a burst of GUNFIRE. The Commando GOES DOWN. But Kyle, laser sight on, rapidly drops TWO GUARDS inside.

Stonebridge, Anna and the remaining commandos follow close and fast. Anna crouches by the hole, gun up, as Stonebridge fans swiftly left, down a short corridor.

Stonebridge turns into a room, his gun torch catching the faces of... A WOMAN and TWO CHILDREN. Their startled, fearful faces caught in his beam. When --

BRRAMM! GUNFIRE cuts into the wall by Stonebridge's face. He spins, instantly drops a GUARD shooting at him from the corridor. Stonebridge rushes over the man's body, onto a balcony over the ALLEY.

STONEBRIDGE

Clear left.

Kyle's voice comes back.

KYLE (O.S)

Clear right.

**INT. LATIF'S SAFEHOUSE APT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Stonebridge enters the main room. Kyle and a Commando escort the woman and children past the bodies of the dead gunmen.

Another Commando helps his wounded colleague away. Anna and the remaining Commando moving a chest away from -- A HIDDEN ENTRANCE.

ANNA

Mike.

**INT. STAIRWAY TO SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT**

Stonebridge and Anna shine their torches down crumbled concrete steps, leading into blackness.

**INT. SECTION 20 - CONTROL ROOM - LONDON - NIGHT**

Grant, Sinclair and Murphy see the live feed on helmet cam -- like an image from someone's nightmare.

**INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE BASEMENT - PRE-DAWN**

SPOKES of LIGHT from the torch beams catch eerie carcasses hanging from hooks. As Anna, Stonebridge and the last Commando survey the room.

Latif's banner hangs limp, the camera tripod abandoned. On the floor Anna sees the cardboard scrawled message Porter was forced to read. She picks it up.

Anna looks to Stonebridge, her heart sinking.

ANNA

They moved him --

STONEBRIDGE (INTO COMMS SET)

JK?!

INTERCUT:

**INT. LATIF'S SAFEHOUSE APT. MAIN ROOM - DAWN**

Kyle, searching the dead guards, finds a MOBILE PHONE and a DOG-EARED CITY MAP of Delhi.

KYLE (INTO COMMS SET)

Got something here, boss!

Behind him, out of focus, a FIGURE appears beside the hole in the wall. In the dim light we see him RAISE AN AK-47.

INTERCUT:

**INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE BASEMENT- DAWN**

Stonebridge and Anna hear a BURST OF GUNFIRE. Stonebridge, Anna and the remaining commando rush back, finding --

**INT. LATIF'S SAFEHOUSE APT. MAIN ROOM - DAWN**

Kyle on the floor. A BLOODY HOLE where his throat used to be. The map and mobile phone GONE.

Anna tries to staunch the bleeding as Stonebridge speeds after the escaping man who shot him.

**EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE ALLEY - DAWN**

The Figure who shot Kyle -- little older than a teenager -- SPRINTS past gawking Lahore citizens who've come onto the street -- awakened by the shooting.

*Boom! Boom!* The Figure's head VAPORIZES, legs still taking him a few feet before his body collapses under its own weight. CAMERA FINDS --

Stonebridge, crouched by the gate, lowering his rifle.

A JEEP appears from around the corner. Pakistani Soldiers leaping out and fanning. As --

Stonebridge walks to the Figure's corpse. Phone and map still clutched in his dead hand. Stonebridge takes off his helmet.

Anna, also without helmet, comes up behind. Dawn lighting her bloody hands. She looks at Stonebridge, shakes her head. Kyle didn't make it.

CLOSE ON Stonebridge, anger in his eyes --

**STRIKE BACK TITLES**

**EXT. LONDON - DAY (TO ESTABLISH)**

Flying over the Thames, toward Vauxhall Cross.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)  
You committed too fast.

**INT. SECTION 20 - GRANT'S OFFICE - LONDON - DAY**

Grant reads a report, Sinclair seated to her left. Stonebridge and Anna stand -- at military ease -- taking their punishment.

SINCLAIR  
You failed to perform adequate prep and recon of the target location. You had no contingencies in the event you found a runner --

STONEBRIDGE

With respect, Captain, when was the last time you stepped out from behind a desk?

(to Grant)

This operation was executed by the book.

GRANT

One of our men is killed, and you shoot dead your witnesses. You call that "by the book?"

Stonebridge says nothing. Grant looks to Anna.

ANNA

Porter was there. If we'd waited any longer --

SINCLAIR

You still would've been too late. And one of our best men might not have died for nothing.

STONEBRIDGE

(simmering)

Nothing?

ANNA

We recovered maps of Delhi. And calls to throwaway phones, registered in India, were logged on that man's mobile.

SINCLAIR

None of which is actionable intelligence.

STONEBRIDGE

If Latif's men are calling Delhi, he may well be planning something there. Possibly "Project Dawn" --

GRANT

But we still don't know what Project Dawn is, do we? That's what Porter was supposed to find out. All we know is that Latif has vowed to launch a devastating attack on British and American citizens. Section 20 has been tasked with stopping this slaughter, and as of this moment, I have to report to the MOD that we have... nothing.

Her anger is quiet but palpable.

GRANT (CONT'D)

We cannot afford any more mistakes.  
You cannot afford to make any more  
mistakes. Do I make myself clear?

ANNA/STONEBRIDGE

Colonel.

GRANT

Find Latif. Bring Porter home.

**EXT. KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA - DUSK**

Aerial establisher on the city's glittering skyscrapers.

**INT. MAKESHIFT DRESSING ROOM - GARAGE OFFICES - DUSK**

A dirty garage office/washroom, all spark plugs and oil stains. A sweet-faced Thai girl, TREENA, early 20s, is bent over, hands gripping the edge of a table as she's shagged from behind by a shirtless AMERICAN.

DAMIEN SCOTT, 30s, is fit, quick-witted, and incredibly charming when he wants to be. A Delta Force tattoo and combat scars on his chest. The scars on his psyche he keeps hidden.

From her enthusiastic vocalisations, Treena's enjoying the shag enormously when the door is opened by --

ONG, 30, a Malay gangster, flanked by two BODYGUARDS nearly twice his size.

SCOTT

(still shagging)  
Don't you -- knock?

ONG

I own this place.

SCOTT

You own -- everything -- in this --  
shithole -- Ong --

Treena reaches a loud CLIMAX, then slumps on the table. A satisfied smile on her face. Scott pulls up his fight shorts.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Congratulations.

Ong can't help but smile. In his own way, he likes Scott. The feeling isn't mutual.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Now what the fuck do you want?

ONG

I have a lot of money riding on  
this fight.

SCOTT

You just tell that ape he doesn't  
touch my nose.

Ong smiles. Starts out.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Where's my *ringgit*?

ONG

You'll be paid. After.

Treena pulls on her clothes, kisses Scott.

TREENA

You win for Treena, Scott?

But Scott's watching Ong and his men go. Hating his life.

SCOTT

Not this time, baby.

**INT. LARGE GARAGE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

CLOSE on Scott as he takes a huge THUMP TO THE FACE --  
knocking him down. His nose BLEEDING. His GIANT OPPONENT  
leaps forward. Scott rolls away, allowing a REF to step in.

It's a CAGE FIGHT. But it ain't the UCF or ICSF. MALAY MEN,  
standing on trucks and risers, scream at the fighters, MONEY  
in their fists. Several hold VIDEO CAMERAS over their heads.

Scott registers Ong and his men in the far background. The  
Ref checks his face, then Ong gives him the nod to resume.

ANGLE - STONEBRIDGE

Pushes his way through the crowd. Watching Scott take another  
hammering as -- a BELL ends the round.

Scott returns to his corner, gets sponged down. Noticing  
Stonebridge, the single incongruous white face in the crowd.

The bell RINGS. The Giant instantly wades into Scott,  
knocking him off his feet, then PUNCHING HIS FACE.

SCOTT

(to the Giant)

Lay off the nose --

Either the Giant didn't hear him or doesn't care. He just  
grunts, then pulls Scott up by his hair, PUNCHES HIS FACE  
AGAIN. More BLOOD trickles from Scott's nostrils.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 (getting pissed)  
 I'm fucking warning you, Igor --

The Giant smiles. He's just about to hit Scott's face again, when Scott stops his fist with his hand. Fix or no fix --

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 That's it, shithead...

Lightning fast -- Scott smacks the Giant's face WITH HIS FOOT -- then JABS HIS GUT. BRUTAL PUNCHES to the face -- the Giant reels back to the corner. Scott SLAMS HIS HEAD against the post with a deadening crack. The Giant goes down, FACE BROKEN and BLOODY.

The Ref counts. The crowd CHEERS. Except Ong, glaring at Scott. Scott, knowing he's got trouble, hurries out. Ong's MEN struggling to follow through the screaming crowd.

Stonebridge takes this in, then exits the other direction.

**EXT. KUALA LUMPUR - STREET - NIGHT**

Street vendors hawk wares under strings of lights, oblivious. The twin Petrona Towers beyond. Scott hurries past, looking over his shoulder, before turning --

**INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT**

A narrow reception. MALAY & ASIAN WOMEN in G-strings or see-through nighties. Most completely naked, arms draped around MEN drunk and getting drunker. Asian Techno music blares.

As Scott walks down a corridor, we glimpse hookers in various sexual acts with their johns. Scott makes his way past, heading toward a BACK STAIRWELL.

**EXT. BROTHEL - BACK STAIRS -NIGHT**

Scott leaps up the stairs, past another room where a hooker and her john are energetically engaged into --

**OMITTED**

**INT. BROTHEL - TREENA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Scott's home, if you can call it that. A dingy, tiny two-room flat with a bed, kitchenette, and cheap furnishings, where --

STONEBRIDGE

Stands, waiting. He's not only beat Scott home, but been here long enough to make a cup of tea. He looks up, stirring it.

STONEBRIDGE

Fancy a cup?

Scott's surprised to see him, but hardly fazed.

SCOTT

No thanks. I'm not staying.

Scott pulls a DUFFLE out from under the bed.

STONEBRIDGE

Not a bad fight back there. Once you decided to fight, that is.

A balcony window faces the street. Scott keeps an eye on it, and the corridor, as he starts packing clothes. Scott's heard the accent and watched how Stonebridge carries himself.

SCOTT

Who you with? SAS? SBS?

STONEBRIDGE

Section 20.

SCOTT

Section what?

STONEBRIDGE

20. High-risk, priority targets.

SCOTT

You're such hot shit, what are you doing here?

Stonebridge ignores the tone. Sticks to business.

STONEBRIDGE

John Porter.

This gives Scott pause.

SCOTT

What about him?

STONEBRIDGE

He was undercover in Pakistan, trying to find Latif. Latif found Porter instead.

SCOTT

What's that got to do with me?

STONEBRIDGE

You and Porter are the only soldiers who ever got a good look at Latif. Back in 2002, when he was still on our side.

Scott has to laugh. Resumes packing.

SCOTT

Shit, you must be desperate.

STONEBRIDGE

A Herc's waiting to take us back to London. Since you're packing your bags anyway...

Treena runs in. Wet with rain. Breathless.

TREENA

Ong's looking for you!

SCOTT

(to Stonebridge)  
How much?

STONEBRIDGE

How much?

TREENA

He's very angry --

SCOTT

(ignoring her)  
You want my help finding Porter, I want cash. And a lot of it.

Treena sees he's packing. Her alarm growing.

TREENA

You're not leaving, are you?

STONEBRIDGE

I thought you and Porter were mates.

Scott slides his toiletries inside his bag.

SCOTT

We were. But now, as you can see, I'm retired --

STONEBRIDGE

Dishonorably discharged, on the eve of Operation Iraqi Freedom. Not even the PMCs will touch you.

SCOTT

That's right. So if you don't want to pay me, you can go fuck yourself.

TREENA

(to Scott)

You're not going to leave me!

Stonebridge looks at Scott with barely concealed contempt.

STONEBRIDGE

You'll get paid. More than you're worth.

Scott zips his duffle. The sound of a car screeching to a halt. Scott looks out over the balcony, seeing --

ONG, armed, with three henchmen, getting out an SUV and moving into the brothel. Two staying behind to stand guard the SUV and the entrance. Scott ducks back inside.

SCOTT

What's your name?

STONEBRIDGE

Stonebridge.

SCOTT

OK, Stonebridge. Time to go.

TREENA

Scott, please! How will I find you?

SCOTT

(dry)

I'll friend you on Facebook.

Stonebridge starts out the door, stopped by --

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Not that way.

(tosses the duffle)

Hold this.

**EXT. STREET - KUALA LUMPUR - NIGHT**

The Henchman guarding the SUV. SUDDENLY KNOCKED TO THE GROUND by -- SCOTT, having JUMPED DOWN ON HIM FROM ABOVE. Scott curses to himself -- *fuck, that hurt* -- as the second Henchman jumps him. Banging Scott's head on the car and pulling a knife. When --

Stonebridge lands behind the second Henchman -- spins him. Then -- *wham wham wham* -- a series of blows -- KNOCKING OUT second Henchman. He looks to Scott.

STONEBRIDGE

Can we go now?

SCOTT searches first Henchman's pockets. Holds up CAR KEYS --

SCOTT

Sure.

Stonebridge jumps in as Scott jerks Ong's SUV into gear, FISHTAILING AWAY. Treena watches them go, Ong and his sidekick arriving behind her, only to see the SUV vanish.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. SECTION 20 - ATRIUM/MAIN OFFICE - LONDON - DAY

Stonebridge leads Scott, still wearing the same clothes from Kuala Lumpur, from the sixth-floor landing of the Vauxhall Cross atrium into Section 20.

Grant, working with Anna in her glass-walled office, sees them arrive.

INT. SECTION 20 - GRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Stonebridge leads Scott inside.

GRANT

Damien Scott, Colonel Grant.  
Commanding officer of Section 20.  
This is Captain Marshall.

SCOTT

(smiles, flirtatious)  
Captain. A pleasure.

Anna raises an unimpressed eyebrow to Stonebridge. He smiles.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm sure you're very impressive,  
but I've never heard of Section 20.

GRANT

Officially, we don't exist.  
Unofficially, we're a covert  
tactical ops unit tasked with  
assignments where the need to  
succeed is the greatest --

ANNA

-- and the chance of success is the smallest.

SCOTT

That must be a lot of laughs.

GRANT

Which brings us to our friend Porter.

She nods to Anna, who hands him a file with an indistinct, grainy B & W PHOTOGRAPH of a BEARDED MAN in Afghan robes.

SCOTT

Latif.

ANNA

That's the only image we have of him. Taken 10 years ago in Peshawar.

SCOTT

This guy's former ISI. You telling me no one in Pakistan can ID him?

ANNA

No one alive. Latif's seen to that.

GRANT

You and Porter worked with Latif up close in Afghanistan. If you could review surveillance photos, help us identify what he looks like now, we might still be able to locate and save Porter.

SCOTT

Yeah, well, anything for a friend, but not 'til I get paid --

Grant looks to Stonebridge -- *Is this guy for real?* Just then, Julia Murphy interrupts, breathless.

MURPHY

It's Porter --

**INT. ABANDONED LAHORE FACTORY - DAY**

GUNMEN half-carry Porter down a spiral stairwell into a grim, open-plan factory floor, where another MAN sets up a camera. PORTER struggles against his captors. Knows what's coming.

INT. SECTION 20 - CONTROL ROOM - LONDON - DAY

Grant, Stonebridge, Anna and Scott walk from the lift into the control room vault. Sinclair already there. Murphy settles into a chair.

A LOW-RES VIDEO of Porter flickers to life on the large monitor. He's tied to a chair. His face bloody and bruised.

MURPHY

They're transmitting live.

INTERCUT:

INT. ABANDONED LAHORE FACTORY - DAY

Porter seethes with anger as he spits out words on a CUE CARD held by the same masked Young Man from before.

PORTER

No effort has been made to free the brothers being held by the American and British dogs --

Then, he stops -- shakes his head.

PORTER (CONT'D)

-- *You cowards. You make me fucking laugh!*

One of the Gunmen RIFLE-BUTTS HIM, ANGRY.

GUNMAN

**(Urdu)**  
**Read it!**

Porter wobbles, but rights himself. Reading again --

PORTER

Instead, the blood of other martyrs has been spilled in a ridiculous attempt to rescue me -- *Just get on with it, you sad fucking pricks...!*

The Gunman BUTTS HIM AGAIN. Anna winces. This is hard to watch.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Latif must speak in the only language the West understands --

Grant senses what's coming. Under her breath --

GRANT

God, no...

One of the MASKED MEN raises his PISTOL to Porter's ear --

PORTER

Blood.

-- AND FIRES. BLOOD EXPLODES out the other side of Porter's head. He slumps over, DEAD.

Off our team, watching in appalled, stunned silence --

**EXT. WHITEHALL PUB ESTABLISHER - LONDON - NIGHT**

**INT. WHITEHALL PUB - NIGHT**

A MILITARY ID PHOTO of John Porter, propped on the bar.

Stonebridge stands a SHOT GLASS next to it. We see a LINE OF SHOT GLASSES already poured beside. He, Anna, Sinclair and other Section 20 ops lift the glasses in a solemn toast.

STONEBRIDGE

(from "Pilgrim's Prayer")

'Always a little further.' You were the best among us, John.

Stonebridge downs his shot. As do the others, all except --

SCOTT

Watching by himself, near the exit. Stonebridge sees him, then turns back to the others. But Anna grabs a shot from the bar, brings it to him.

SCOTT

Thanks.

Scott knocks it back.

ANNA

Good of you to come.  
(gently teasing)  
Considering this is unpaid.

SCOTT

Yeah, well. He was a damn good soldier.

ANNA

Just doesn't seem right, does it?  
That he'd die like this.

SCOTT

How do you mean?

ANNA

He'd tell me -- never give up.  
Never, no matter what.

SCOTT  
That's right.

Anna shrugs, almost ashamed to say it.

ANNA  
I just thought he'd put up more of  
a fight, that's all.

She goes off, leaving Scott. Thinking.

**OMITTED**

**OMITTED**

**EXT. HEATHROW - AIRPORT HOTEL - NIGHT**

Camera pans from the lights of the airport, planes landing,  
to reveal a modern hotel. We hear...

PORTER (V.O. OFF VIDEO)  
*Latif must speak in the only  
language the West understands...*

**INT. AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Scott sits on the floor. Laptop open, hotel NOTE PAD in hand.  
Re-watching Porter's last words, now posted on a website --

PORTER  
... blood.

We see the fatal head shot again. Scott REWINDS.

PORTER (CONT'D)  
*... martyrs has been spilled in a  
ridiculous attempt to rescue me --  
Just get on with it, you sad  
fucking pricks...!*

Scott REWINDS AGAIN. Writing as he watches.

PORTER (CONT'D)  
*... rescue me -- just get on with  
it you sad fucking pricks...!*

Scott's written ("GET ON WITH IT YOU SAD FUCKING PRICKS").  
Above each letter he writes a seemingly random ONE-DIGIT  
NUMBER.

Scott plugs in a flash drive. Plays it again.

PORTER (CONT'D)  
 ... held by the American and  
 British dogs -- *You cowards. You  
 make me fucking laugh!*

AND AGAIN. CLOSE on PORTER'S FACE.

PORTER (CONT'D)  
 ... *make me fucking laugh!*

Scott writes down more numbers. Staring at the paper.

SCOTT  
 (to himself)  
 Holy shit.

**EXT. LONDON - DAWN**

MONTAGE. A FIGURE runs alongside the Thames. CLOSER, we see  
 it's Stonebridge, music thumping from his iPod --

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LONDON - DAWN/DAY**

Stonebridge runs down a modest terraced street. He comes to a  
 stop outside a house, catches his breath.

**INT. STONEBRIDGE HOUSE - DAY**

Stonebridge pulls off his soaking shell and hat. Sets down  
 his iPod, only now hearing --

LAUGHTER, coming from the kitchen. His WIFE'S VOICE -- and  
 SOMEONE ELSE. Stonebridge wasn't expecting any visitors.

**INT. STONEBRIDGE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

KERRY STONEBRIDGE, late 20s, pretty without effort, sits in  
 the kitchen. It's in a half finished state of redecoration.  
 She drinks tea, laughing and chatting with -- Scott. Who's  
 reached the punch line in a story.

SCOTT  
 -- "What's the problem?" he says.  
 Then he looks. Sees he's naked from  
 the waist down.

Kerry bursts into laughter, so hard she nearly sprays the tea  
 in her mouth. Only now noticing -- Stonebridge, at the door.  
 She and Scott are smiling. He's not.

KERRY  
 Hey, luv. Have a nice run?

STONEBRIDGE

Yeah. Great.

His eyes are fixed on Scott. Who's unruffled by his stare. Stonebridge keeps it affable for Kerry's benefit.

SCOTT

Hey. Good run?

STONEBRIDGE

Uh-huh. Can I have a word?

SCOTT

Sure.

KERRY

Stay for breakfast. Damien? I can do eggs Benedict, Mike's favourite.

Scott sees the look on Stonebridge's face.

SCOTT

No, thanks.

KERRY

It's no trouble, really. We'd love you to stay, wouldn't we, Mike?

SCOTT

Maybe some other time.

Scott follows Stonebridge into --

**INT. STONEBRIDGE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Stonebridge makes sure the door is shut, then grabs Scott's throat. It takes all his restraint not to hit him --

STONEBRIDGE

I should break your fucking neck.

SCOTT

Easy, tiger.

STONEBRIDGE

(controlled rage)  
This is my home. My... *home*.

SCOTT

And it's a nice one, too. Kerry's a great girl --

STONEBRIDGE

How'd you find me?

SCOTT

Let me breathe, I'll explain.

Stonebridge considers a beat. Then lets go his grip.

STONEBRIDGE  
Did you trace my mobile?

SCOTT  
You're not so hard to find.

STONEBRIDGE  
What do you want?

SCOTT  
Anna said John wouldn't give up  
without a fight.

STONEBRIDGE  
What of it?

Scott holds up the flash drive.

SCOTT  
He didn't.

**OMITTED**

**INT. SECTION 20 - DAY**

Scott sits outside Grant's office, watching Stonebridge address Grant, Anna and Sinclair through the glass. Whatever he told him, Stonebridge is now relaying it to them.

ANGLE - INSIDE GRANT'S OFFICE

Stonebridge plugs Scott's FLASH DRIVE into a laptop, the screen synched to a large monitor. As he types --

STONEBRIDGE  
Scott and Porter came up with a  
unique code when they were  
stationed in Afghanistan. A  
numerical alphabet key, based on  
principal drop coordinates.

The seemingly RANDOM NUMBERS we saw Scott jot down before appear on screen.

STONEBRIDGE (CONT'D)  
They ascribed a number to each of  
the 26 letters of the alphabet,  
allowing them to code words only  
they could decipher. When Porter  
departs from Latif's script --

Stonebridge plays part of the video

PORTER (ON VIDEO)  
*... you sad fucking pricks --*

Then types in the word "pricks" and the numerical code.

STONEBRIDGE  
 He's actually communicating a code  
 word. "P R I C K S" --

ANNA  
 You can't be serious --

STONEBRIDGE  
 -- becomes "L O T U S H." Lotus H.

ANNA  
 Scott just made this up. He'd do  
 anything to get paid.

SINCLAIR  
 What is "Lotus H?"

STONEBRIDGE  
 It could be any number of things.  
 Including --

Stonebridge clicks on "Lotus H" on the monitor -- it links to  
 The Royal Lotus Hotel. A picture of a grand old facade.

STONEBRIDGE (CONT'D)  
 A hotel. The Royal Lotus. In Delhi.

The significance of this lands on the room.

ANNA  
 A lucky guess.

STONEBRIDGE  
 Possibly. But Scott found a second  
 word in Porter's other outburst.

PORTER (ON VIDEO)  
*-- cowards. You make me fucking  
 laugh!*

Again Stonebridge assigns the number key to the words.  
 Gibberish except for L A U G H. Which translates into --

SINCLAIR  
 P D A W N. "Project Dawn"...

STONEBRIDGE  
 The name of Latif's operation is  
 classified. Scott couldn't possibly  
 have known about "Project Dawn," or  
 its significance to us.

(to Anna)  
 (MORE)

STONEBRIDGE (CONT'D)

You told Scott that Porter wouldn't die without a fight. And he didn't. He died trying to tell us what he'd found out about Latif.

Sinclair looks to Grant. Who's been silent -- listening, evaluating -- this whole time. Now she's heard enough.

GRANT

Everyone go home. Take a shower, kiss your partner, feed your dog.

INTERCUT:

**INT. STONEBRIDGE HOUSE - DAY**

Stonebridge hurries through the house. Kerry, in her robe, finishes packing his duffle. The practiced efficiency of a military wife used to sudden goodbyes.

KERRY

All set, Sergeant.

STONEBRIDGE

Thanks, luv.

Stonebridge pecks her on the cheek, pulls on his jacket.

KERRY

Hey!

Stonebridge turns. Hesitates.

ANGLE - GRANT

GRANT

(to Sinclair)

Prepare the 'Crib.' I want the team assembled at RAF Lakenheath by 19.00. We're re-locating to Delhi.

(to Sinclair as he leaves)

And find out who ISI have stationed in the city, we'll need their help.

(to Anna, Stonebridge)

This may be our last chance to catch Latif, and I don't intend to miss it.

Sinclair and Anna hurry off, past Scott, as Stonebridge closes down his laptop.

ANGLE - KERRY

KERRY

Today's the 2nd.

STONEBRIDGE  
(taking her meaning)  
Kerry, I'm late as it is --

Kerry unties her robe. She's NAKED underneath. Smiles.

KERRY  
You going to walk out on this?

Stonebridge looks at her body, hesitating, then pulls off his coat.

ANGLE - GRANT'S OFFICE

Stonebridge about to exit, stopped by --

GRANT  
Michael... we'll need Scott.

Stonebridge looks to Scott through the glass. Personnel buzz around him, packing computers and files.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
If Latif shows up in Delhi, he may  
be the only one who'd recognise  
him.

Off Stonebridge, not pleased, but seeing the logic --

ANGLE - KERRY

Lifted onto the kitchen table, making love with Stonebridge. Kerry grips him passionately, but can't see her husband's face. He looks troubled.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

**EXT. NEW DELHI, INDIA - DAY (TO ESTABLISH)**

Late afternoon. Aerial views of the sprawling city. Then street scenes. The chaos, noise and traffic of India.

**EXT. DELHI STREET - DAY**

Choked streets, a TAXI crawls. Pakistani Major JAMAL ASHKANI, 40, in well-pressed mufti, looks at his touchscreen device. A military GPS indicates he's nearing his destination.

Ashkani looks out the window. Sees an INDIAN MAN (1) looking back at him. Ashkani pays the driver, puts on sunglasses. And steps out.

The Indian Man (1) turns and wanders past stalls. Ashkani following him into a covered alleyway, passing all manner of street vendors, barbers, and food stands.

Ahead, ANOTHER INDIAN MAN (2) stands outside a rusty door in the wall. A gun just visible under his cotton jacket.

Ashkani shows him ID. The MAN opens the rusty door, revealing STAIRS leading up. Ashkani removes his shades, passing the tiny red light of a 'lipstick' CCTV camera.

**INT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE BUILDING - DAY**

Ashkani steps out into what looks like a first floor SARI WAREHOUSE. Richly coloured fabrics adorn dozens of racks. The place seems abandoned, save for the sound of distant activity. Ashkani rounds a corner, entering --

**INT. SECTION 20 - MOBILE COMMAND 'THE CRIB' - DAY**

A large warehouse space. And within it 'THE CRIB,' a specially designed TACTICAL CONTROL AND COMMAND base.

Military personnel in civvies run CABLES, unpack DESKS, CHAIRS, MAPS, etc. SMART BOARDS, MONITORS and COMPUTERS are pulled out and switched on as --

Ashkani makes his way through -- in some awe at his surroundings. On one monitor he notices the CCTV image of the Indian Man (1) in the alley (*NB: this will be important later*).

ANGLE - ELEANOR GRANT

Speaks with Anna and Sinclair, who is explaining technology fitted inside a small flight case. Grant looks over, sees Ashkani approaching. Goes to him.

GRANT

You must be Major Ashkani.

ASHKANI

Colonel Grant.

GRANT

Welcome to 'The Crib.' This is Capt. Anna Marshall, our chief Intel Analyst. And Capt. Oliver Sinclair, my second.

(to Anna and Sinclair)

Major Ashkani is ISI's Delhi agent.

Anna shuts the flight case and slings it on her shoulder.

ANNA

Excuse me. I'm afraid I have to go.

ASHKANI

(as she goes)

Please accept my condolences for the loss of your soldier. John Porter was a valiant man.

GRANT

Thank you. And thank you for coming on such short notice.

ASHKANI

I thought this might somehow be connected.

GRANT

It is. We have reason to believe Latif may be in Delhi.

ASHKANI

Latif here? But why?

GRANT

We're not sure. That's why we need assistance from Pakistani intelligence.

ASHKANI

Of course, but I must ask -- does the Indian government know you're here?

GRANT

As you can see, Major, we like to keep a low profile.

**EXT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - DAY**

CRANING ABOVE the classical facade of this grand old hotel.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY**

Beautifully appointed. Indian classical music plays. Stonebridge and Scott are at registration, signing in. The CLERK hands room keys to Stonebridge and Scott.

CLERK

There you go, Mr. Byers. Mr. Langly.

SCOTT

Thanks.

He takes his key, shoulders his overnight bag and starts off.

STONEBRIDGE

Rooms are that way.

SCOTT  
The bar isn't.

STONEBRIDGE  
Life's just one long pussy prowl  
for you, isn't it?

SCOTT  
I'm on the case, Mr. Byers. The  
bar's the first place a good Muslim  
would go to blend in.

STONEBRIDGE  
(this is bullshit)  
Uh huh...

Scott goes. Stonebridge lifts his own roll bag, interrupted  
by a VOICE in his ear.

ANNA (ON COMMS)  
Michael.

STONEBRIDGE (INTO COMMS)  
Yeah.

INTERCUT:

**INT. TAXI - DELHI STREET - DAY**

Crawling through traffic, CHILDREN begging and tapping at the  
window. Anna's seated in back, talking low via an earpiece  
and collar mic. The case beside her.

ANNA  
You in?

STONEBRIDGE  
I'm in.

ANNA  
What do you see?

Stonebridge looks at discreetly placed CCTV cameras, having  
memorized their positions.

STONEBRIDGE  
Seven cameras. Two behind  
reception, four in the corners, two  
at the doors. I need to find where  
to tap into their feed. So we can  
start running face recognition.

ANNA  
I'll be there in five.  
(looking at traffic)  
Maybe ten.

OMITTED

INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - BAR - DAY

Scott enters. Flags down a pretty Indian BARMAID, 20s.

SCOTT  
Can I get a Laphroaig on the rocks.

BARMAID  
Single or double?

SCOTT  
Depends. How soon you get off?

BARMAID  
(unimpressed)  
Are you hitting on me?

SCOTT  
Is it working?

The Barmaid smiles -- but she's heard that before.

BARMAID  
I'll make it a double.

Struck out. Scott glances over, sees an ASIAN WOMAN (ZUBEDAH) by herself at the bar. She's in her early 40s, well-dressed -- western clothes -- attractive.

Scott sits down beside her.

SCOTT  
This is the Royal Lotus, isn't it?

ZUBEDAH  
I'm sorry?

SCOTT  
This hotel. Is it the Royal Lotus?

ZUBEDAH  
You don't know where you are?

SCOTT  
Not most of the time, no.

ZUBEDAH  
Another lost American.

SCOTT  
How about you?

ZUBEDAH  
Just a very tired Brit.

SCOTT

Here alone. Traveling for business.

The Barmaid sets down Scott's drink. Silently notes that he's hitting on another woman. Zubedah sets down an empty glass.

ZUBEDAH

You're psychic.

SCOTT

Let me buy you another drink, I'll amaze you some more.

ZUBEDAH

No thanks. I'm just leaving.

She's off her stool, heading out. Scott downs his drink, signs his bill -- and follows her.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - DAY**

A door marked "STAFF ONLY." A female staff member exits, revealing a telephone exchange, a female OPERATOR. Behind her a SECURITY GUARD (1) manning a CCTV control desk.

Before the door closes, Stonebridge's hand catches it. He peers round. Sees a wall of COMPUTER SERVERS, knots of exposed wiring behind.

Stonebridge slips inside, unseen by the OPERATOR. Who turns just in time to see the door snick closed. Thinking nothing of it as we find --

Stonebridge, hidden from view behind the servers. He attaches an intercept transmitter to the mainframe cable. A light snicks on.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - LIFT - DAY**

Zubedah in the lift, doors closing as -- Scott just manages to slide in beside her. She holds up a wedding ring.

SCOTT

Pretty ring.

ZUBEDAH

Why me?

SCOTT

I like you.

ZUBEDAH

You don't know me.

SCOTT

I have a sense about people. I can  
tell we'd hit it off.

The lift doors opens on the 3rd Floor. She smiles at him.  
Not, we sense, disinterested, either.

ZUBEDAH

Too bad we'll never find out.

She goes. Scott holds open the door, long enough to see the  
room she enters. 312. As a BESPECTACLED MAN, meek  
Pakistani/Indian, 50s, runs up, a little breathless.

BESPECTACLED MAN

Going down?

Scott lets the lift doors close.

SCOTT

Up.

**OMITTED**

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SECURITY ROOM - DAY**

Stonebridge slips out of the security room door, and walks  
back toward the lobby.

STONEBRIDGE (INTO COMMS)

You have a picture?

**INT. TAXI - DELHI STREET - DAY**

Anna opens the case on her lap. It has a screen showing the  
CCTV feed from the hotel. She clicks to another multi-screen  
feed, sees Stonebridge walking through the lobby.

ANNA

Roger that.  
(to Section 20)  
Sergeant Murphy?

Anna pulls an antenna and hits a transmission switch.

**INT. SECTION 20 - MOBILE COMMAND 'THE CRIB' - DAY**

Julia Murphy, headsets on, watches the large screen monitor  
as the CCTV images flash to life.

MURPHY

Got it.

Grant and Ashkani come and look. The images constantly refresh, showing corridors, lobby, exterior, etc. The whole hotel interior. Ashkani recognizes it.

ASHKANI  
That's the Royal Lotus.

GRANT  
We believe Latif may be headed there.

In the background, we see Section 20 analysts selecting faces from the CCTV feeds on their consoles. Freezing the images. Enlarging them to run recognition software.

ASHKANI  
You can't expect to recognise Latif, based on CCTV feeds and a grainy 10 year-old photograph?

GRANT  
We need your help to identify any known associates. We have a man in the hotel who can identify Latif.

Off Ashkani, interested to learn this --

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SCOTT'S ROOM 416 - DAY**

Scott, bare chested, getting undressed to shower, cracks his neck. When -- there's a KNOCK at the door. Scott looks through the peephole, then smiles. He opens the door for --

THE BARMAID. She looks around as she enters.

BARMAID  
You alone?

SCOTT  
I don't remember telling you my room number.

BARMAID  
You wrote it on the bill.

SCOTT  
You off work already?

She sets down her purse. Smiles.

BARMAID  
I'm on a break.

As she wraps her arms around his neck, kissing him --

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - LOBBY - SUNSET**

Stonebridge moves through the lobby, slowing as he sees -- ten YOUNG MEN (GUNMEN 1-10) in identical track suits, walking in the front door. They are carrying cricket bags. They gather to one side of the lobby.

They're not particularly remarkable. At this point, Stonebridge is the only one who even notices them. But there's something about them --

Six more YOUNG MEN (GUNMAN 11, GUNMAN 12, TALL GUNMAN, SHAVEN-HEADED GUNMAN, NAVEED and SHABBIR) enter. One of them, NAVEED, doesn't look at ease. Stonebridge watches as a SECURITY GUARD (2) approaches one of them. A man we'll come to know as SHABBIR.

STONEBRIDGE (INTO COMMS)

Anna.

**EXT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SUNSET**

Anna's taxi pulls up outside.

ANNA (INTO COMMS)

I'm here. Just outside.

STONEBRIDGE (ON COMMS)

We may have trouble.

Anna turns toward the hotel.

ANNA

I'm coming in now.

Stonebridge looks outside. Sees Anna entering.

STONEBRIDGE

No. Stay out --

It's too late. She looks to Stonebridge, confused. Slowing and turning to see -- Security Guard 2 and Shabbir. The other Young Men behind.

SECURITY GUARD 2

(in Hindi)

**May I see inside your bag, please?**

Shabbir, tense, doesn't know what he's saying.

SECURITY GUARD 2 (CONT'D)

(English)

Your bag, sir.

Shabbir, still confused, places his hand behind his back -- a GUN tucked in the waist of his tracksuit. Naveed and the other young men look edgy. Uncertain how to react.

Stonebridge starts to walk in their direction, trying to get to the Guard before -- Shabbir PULLS HIS GUN. SECURITY GUARD 2 grabs for it -- *BAM!*

THE GUARD IS SHOT. But still standing. Hand gripped round the gun. Everyone in the lobby turns in horror. Then --

*BAM!* A second shot. Security Guard 2 DROPS. People SCREAM. The other Young Men, suddenly shocked into action, reach into their bags and PULL OUT AK-47s.

STONEBRIDGE

Down -- down! Everybody down!

Stonebridge PUSHES DOWN THE PEOPLE NEAR HIM, as --

THE YOUNG MEN OPEN FIRE. A white businessman runs past Anna -- his chest explodes. Anna hits the deck. HOTEL STAFF behind the desk try and call for help. TWO are SHOT DOWN.

Anna turns to Stonebridge -- he mouths to her.

STONEBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Run.

Anna gets up and runs, with a Doorman and black AMERICAN COUPLE, for the exit. *In Urdu, Shabbir shouts to his men to stop people escaping through the doors.*

The men FIRE. GLASS DOORS SHATTER as Anna makes it outside, taking cover by the taxi. The DOORMAN and BLACK COUPLE near Anna aren't so lucky. They tumble dead in a hail of fire through the doors. *Shabbir now shouts in Urdu to cease firing.* Then, SUDDENLY --

Shabbir shoots his AK into the air -- bringing down a CHANDELIER.

THE SHOOTING STOPS. VARIOUS ANGLES - THE HOTEL LOBBY. SEVERAL PEOPLE LIE SHOT. OTHERS CROUCH OR LIE TERRIFIED amid the debris. Gunsmoke curls in the air.

**EXT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SUNSET**

Anna crouches behind the wheels of the taxi. Heart beating hard. A CAR HORN blares. She looks up to see her Taxi Driver, slumped against the wheel. Shot through the head.

ANNA (INTO COMMS)

Michael!? Michael?! Are you there?

But there's no reply.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SCOTT'S ROOM 416 - SUNSET**

Scott, shagging the BARMAID, hears something. Stops.

BARMAID

What is it?

He gets up, naked, goes to the door. Hears the distant, but unmistakable, pop-pop of GUNFIRE. Then hears SCREAMS.

BARMAID (CONT'D)

Scott -- ?

Scott indicates for the BARMAID to be quiet. He wraps a towel round himself and eases open the door, seeing --

FOUR YOUNG MEN in track suits drag people from rooms. Herding them. One young WHITE WOMAN makes a break for it. GUN MAN 1 OPENS FIRE. Bullets TEAR INTO HER. She lands dead on the floor in front of Scott's room.

Scott closes the door. The Young Men will reach his room in moments. He pulls the Barmaid along --

SCOTT

In the bathroom. Now.

BARMAID

What's happening?

SCOTT

Just do it.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - SUNSET**

Two of the Young Men (GUNMAN 3 & GUNMAN 4) herd away their captives. While the other two -- GUNMAN 1 & GUNMAN 2 -- continue opening door after door, using a master KEY CARD.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SCOTT'S ROOM 416 - SUNSET**

Scott flattens himself against the wall next to the door. He takes off his towel, WINDING IT TAUT with his hands. Waiting. When --

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN -- GUNMAN 1 strides inside, gun out. Very fast -- Scott SNAPS THE TOWEL around the muzzle -- PULLING IT FROM HIS HANDS -- AND FLYING ACROSS THE FLOOR -- SCOTT hits the man hard in the face. The man staggers.

Scott whips the towel around the man's head -- SNAPS IT BACK HARD. The Man's NECK CRACKS as --

GUN MAN 2 appears, WEAPON RAISED. Sees Scott, he fires wildly. Scott dives for the dead man's weapon, spins and shoots GUN MAN 2 with it. GUN MAN 2 slides to the ground, smearing blood on the wall, DEAD.

BARMAID  
 (wide eyed, shaken)  
 Who the hell are you?

Scott stands, naked. Smoking gun in his hand.

SCOTT  
 Get dressed.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - LOBBY - SUNSET**

Gunmen (Gunmen 7 - 12, Tall Gunman, Shaven-headed Gunman & Naveed), **under Shabbir's orders**, slam shut the heavy wooden doors to the hotel. Dropping a bar to seal them.

**EXT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SUNSET**

Anna see the Young Men closing the doors. Takes the moment to get from behind the car and run down the steps. POLICE and AMBULANCE CREWS pull up. Setting up a cordon.

ANNA (INTO COMMS)  
 Michael?! Are you there?

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - LOBBY - SUNSET**

DEAD BODIES lay splayed in pools of blood. Walls, wood and glass SHATTERED. Amid the carnage, we find --

Stonebridge. He's shielded some guests with his body. Everyone still lying or crouched as the Young Men (Gunmen 3 - 12, Tall Gunman, Shaven-headed Gunman, Naveed & Shabbir) take control. Corraling more people from upstairs into the lobby.

Stonebridge whispers into his collar microphone.

STONEBRIDGE  
 I'm here. I'm fine.

ANNA  
 Thank Christ. Can you give a sit rep?

The Gun Men look jumpy, not quite sure what to do. Shabbir **barks at them in Urdu**. They start gathering MOBILE PHONES and PASSPORTS.

STONEBRIDGE  
 Sixteen young men, total. Pakistani possibly. Late teens/early 20s. All armed with AKs.

**INT. SECTION 20 - MOBILE COMMAND 'THE CRIB' - SUNSET**

Grant and the team can see the lobby via the CCTV. From other angles they see men rounding people up in corridors.

STONEBRIDGE (ON SPEAKER)  
They're rounding up everyone they  
can find. I count six dead  
civilians. Six or seven wounded.

GRANT  
It's Mumbai all over again.

Grant picks up a comms set. Puts it on.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Stonebridge. Is Scott with you?

STONEBRIDGE  
No. He's not among the hostages.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SCOTT'S ROOM 416 - SUNSET**

Scott, dressed now, slings the weapons from dead Gunman 1 and Gunman 2 over his shoulder. He takes the MASTER KEY CARD and a WALKIE-TALKIE. The BARMAID, also dressed, watches him, unsure.

Scott holds up his bag -- it's shot to shit. He manages to salvage a CLASP KNIFE, but his CELL PHONE's obliterated. He goes to the ROOM PHONE. Lifts the receiver --

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - SUNSET**

Gunman 5, Gunman 6, Gunman 7, Gunman 8 and Naveed burst in. They grab the terrified Operator and Security Guard (1), then MACHINE GUN the servers.

**INT. SECTION 20 - MOBILE COMMAND 'THE CRIB' - SUNSET**

The CCTV link to Section 20 FRITZES OUT.

SINCLAIR  
There go our eyes.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SCOTT'S ROOM 416 - DAY**

Scott slams down the phone -- it's dead. Grabs the Barmaid's purse. He takes out a compact mirror.

BARMAID  
(still in shock)  
What are you doing?

SCOTT  
You have a phone?

BARMAID  
Downstairs --

Scott takes her by the shoulders and talks to her calmly and clearly.

SCOTT  
Listen to me. I want you to do exactly what I tell you --

BARMAID  
(near tears)  
I just want to go home --

SCOTT  
I'll get you there. If you do exactly what I say. Alright?

**EXT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - SUNSET**

The sun finally blinks out behind the domes of the hotel.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Stonebridge watches several Gunmen start fixing a NECKLACED IED (several mortar shells laced together) to the main door.

Other Gunmen start to herd everyone close together. Gunman 3, carrying a bag of mobile phones, jabs his AK in Stonebridge's gut. **Yelling in Urdu.**

STONEBRIDGE  
(compliant)  
Easy. Here it is.

He surrenders his iPhone and passport. Lets himself be pushed with the other hostages. The Bespectacled Man beside him.

BESPECTACLED MAN  
(low, confidential)  
I saw what you did back there -- those people you helped. Are you a policeman?

STONEBRIDGE  
Just a tourist. You?

BESPECTACLED MAN

A tourist, yes. Bless you. Bless you.

Stonebridge notices a SHAVEN-HEADED GUNMAN, working at a LAPTOP. Entering data from the passports. Off Stonebridge, wondering at this --

**OMITTED**

**OMITTED**

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - EVENING**

Scott uses the Barmaid's compact mirror to see around a corner. Nothing. He leads the Barmaid hurriedly down the corridor, towards an emergency stairwell door -- one rifle at the ready, the other over his shoulder, when --

Naveed, Gunman 5, Gunman 6 and Gunman 7 exit the stairwell, catching Scott in the open. He pushes the Barmaid into an open room door as the Men OPEN FIRE. Scott FIRES BACK. Dropping Gunman 5. Forcing Naveed and the others to duck back in the stairwell.

SCOTT

(to Barmaid)

Wait there.

She doesn't need convincing. As Scott runs to the stairwell --

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Scott cautiously looks over the bannister. He can hear footsteps, *urgent whispered voices*, but Naveed and the others are GONE.

**EXT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - NIGHT**

POLICE LIGHTS are trained on the outside of the hotel. NEWS CREWS setting up. PAN to find Anna, watching as --

ARMY TRUCKS screech to a halt in the plaza. SOLDIERS LEAP OUT, pushing away onlookers, setting up firing positions.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT**

The Gunmen (1, 2, 8, 9, 11, 12, Tall Gunman, Shaven-headed Gunman and Shabbir) finish fixing the necklaced booby trap to the barricaded door, running a detonator wire to a car battery.

Stonebridge watches as he moves away from the others. Trying not to be noticed.

STONEBRIDGE (INTO COMMS)  
Anna. You there?

INTERCUT:

**EXT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - NIGHT**

ANNA  
I'm here.

STONEBRIDGE (ON COMMS)  
What's going on out there?

ANNA  
The Para Commandos are here.

Anna scans the buildings around the plaza. We see snipers and spotters setting up.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Snipers in the church tower and rooftops. Assault teams arriving. News crews are everywhere.

STONEBRIDGE  
The entrance is wired with an IED. The Army so much as kick the doors, they'll blow.

ANNA (ON COMMS)  
Can you defuse it?

Several Gunmen guard the detonator switch, attached via wire to the battery. It's some distance from where Stonebridge and the hostages are gathered. Others nervously watch the crowd. There are a lot of guns on hair triggers.

STONEBRIDGE  
Not right now.

Stonebridge turns, seeing Naveed enter the lobby, two Gunmen behind him. Naveed goes up to Shabbir. ***What they're saying he can't tell, but clearly Naveed is agitated.***

STONEBRIDGE  
Something's going on.

ANNA  
What?

STONEBRIDGE  
Not sure, but one of the men just reported in. He's pretty upset about something.

ANNA  
You think it's Scott?

STONEBRIDGE  
I bloody well hope so.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Scott leads the Barmaid down the corridor. He stops at a door where an INDIAN MAN'S (3) body lies inert in a tangle of BLOOD-SOAKED SHEETS. Furniture turned over. A struggle happened.

SCOTT  
(to Barmaid)  
Hide in here.

BARMAID  
(staring at the body)  
I'm not going in there --

SCOTT  
They won't search the same room  
twice. Do you understand?

She's reluctant in the extreme, but enters. Scott about to go when the Barmaid SCREAMS.

Scott looks, sees -- the Indian Man (3) jerks and groans. Blood gurgling from his mouth and lung. He's STILL ALIVE. Scott goes to him, tries to staunch the bleeding.

**EXT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - NIGHT**

Anna watches a jeep arrive. Out of it steps Para Commander Major General KOHLI, late 40s, military turban and long beard of a Sikh.

ANNA (INTO COMMS)  
Colonel.

**INT. SECTION 20 - MOBILE COMMAND 'THE CRIB' - NIGHT**

Screens now show a live news feeds of the ext of the hotel. As Grant picks up a comms set.

GRANT (INTO COMMS SET)  
Go ahead.

CUT TO:

Anna watching as Kohli starts consulting with an Indian Army CAPTAIN and assault team OFFICERS.

ANNA (INTO COMMS)  
I think it's time we made our  
presence known.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Scott still trying to treat the Indian Man (3), pale from blood loss. But he keeps staring off somewhere, trying desperately to speak.

SCOTT  
(to the Barmaid)  
Go to the bathroom. I need clean  
towels.

The Barmaid is terrified, in shock. Backing away.

BARMAID  
I'll get help --

SCOTT  
No, stay here.

But she runs off through the door. The Indian Man (3) knows he's dying -- seems desperate to communicate something.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(to the Man)  
I'll be right back -- do you  
understand? Right back.

He goes to the bathroom for towels. But when he comes back, he finds the Indian Man (3) staring off glassy-eyed. DEAD.

Scott exhales, wipes blood off his hands. Then, struck by a thought, looks in the direction the dead Man is staring.

Scott sees a closet door slightly ajar. Carefully, he picks up his rifle. Goes to the closet. Then KICKS IT OPEN, RIFLE POINTED. To see...

A LITTLE GIRL. Dark eyes, no more than 7. The daughter of the man who just died. She clutches a small soft toy. Scott puts down his rifle.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Are you OK? Are you alright?

But she can't speak. Her eyes keep going to her father's bloody body. Scott gently reaches out a hand. His tone soft.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You need to come with me, OK?

The Girl lets Scott scoop her up. She buries her face in his shoulder as he steps over her dead father.

**INT. SECTION 20 - MOBILE COMMAND 'THE CRIB' - EVENING**

Ops review the CCTV footage. Isolating the FACES of the GUN MEN. PRINT-OUTS of the 16 men go up on a glass wall. Ashkani reviewing them with Sinclair. Points to Shabbir -- he's one of Latif's men.

ANGLE - ANNA

Enters 'the Crib,' leading Major General Kohli and his Aide de Camp (a Major). Kohli takes in the operation, notes the screen grabs on the glass wall. Seeing him, Grant, Sinclair and Ashkani approach.

GRANT

Major General Kohli, I'm Colonel Grant. This is Major Ashkani from ISI's Delhi Office.

Kohli looks none too pleased about Ashkani's presence.

KOHLI

You are on Indian soil, Col. Grant. Without prior knowledge or consent.

GRANT

We are here pursuing a lead on a Pakistani terrorist, Latif.

KOHLI

I see.  
(looking to Ashkani)  
Yet you involve the very intelligence service that turns a blind eye to Latif's activities.

ASHKANI

Latif is as much an enemy of our government as yours, sir. Countless Pakistanis have died at his hands.

KOHLI

The government of Pakistan is weak and riddled with traitors.  
(to Grant)  
Give me one good reason why I shouldn't impound this facility and place you all under arrest.

GRANT

Because I am offering to share our Intel. And provide full access to the resources of our Section, General.

Kohli says nothing, just stares at Grant. Sizing her up.

GRANT (CONT'D)

That, and we have two operatives  
inside the hotel.

KOHLI

(surprised)  
And in return?

GRANT

Give my men time to find Latif. And  
get out of there alive.

KOHLI

Col. Grant, surely you know --  
these terrorists have no intention  
of letting anyone out of there  
alive. Including themselves.

**EXT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - EVENING**

Stonebridge watches as the final passports are handed to the  
Shaven-Headed Gunman entering data into the computer.

ANGLE - HIS SCREEN

As he taps in passport numbers. A link confirming ID details.  
These men are looking for something or someone.

Stonebridge stands close to a MIDDLE-AGED TURKISH COUPLE,  
50s, clearly terrified. Next to them a JAPANESE TEENAGER  
stares ahead, in shock.

ANNA (ON COMMS)

Michael.

He steps away from the others.

STONEBRIDGE (INTO COMMS)

Yes.

ANNA (ON COMMS)

Grant wants you to be eyes and ears  
for the Indian Army.

STONEBRIDGE (INTO COMMS)

My interest right now is in finding  
Scott.

ANNA (ON COMMS)

And then what? The two of you take  
16 armed men?

STONEBRIDGE

I can't do it alone.

MAN'S VOICE

Hey, tourist.

Stonebridge turns, sees -- the Bespectacled Man. He can't be sure how long he's been watching him.

BESPECTACLED MAN  
Something's happening.

**The Shaven-Headed Gunman is whispering something urgently to Shabbir.** Who nods, addresses the crowd.

SHABBIR  
(in Urdu)  
**Someone who speaks English! Come forward and I'll spare your life.**

Most of the hostages can't understand what he's saying. Finally, a TIMID-LOOKING Pakistani man, steps forward tentatively. Shabbir speaks to him quickly.

TIMID-LOOKING MAN  
(translating)  
He says... "Mahmood" must come forward...

Stonebridge watching, intently.

TIMID-LOOKING MAN (CONT'D)  
(translating)  
If you are Mahmood, step forward now. Or... or blood will be shed.

The hostages, even more scared now, look at each other. Waiting for "Mahmood" to ID himself. When he doesn't --

Shabbir reaches into the crowd. Grabs an OLD MAN. Raises a GUN to his head. **Speaks angrily to the Timid-Looking Man.**

TIMID-LOOKING MAN (CONT'D)  
(translating)  
You have 10 seconds to identify yourself or the old man dies.

Bespectacled Man looks to Stonebridge, as if counting on him to do something. Stonebridge scans the room. Trying to think of some way to spare the Old Man's life.

He sees GUN MAN 4 is glancing over to watch -- distracted.

TIMID-LOOKING MAN (CONT'D)  
10... 9... 8...

Timid-Looking Man's horrified having to do the countdown.

STONEBRIDGE  
(quiet)  
They're going to execute a man.

**INT. SECTION 20 - MOBILE COMMAND 'THE CRIB' - NIGHT**

On Speaker they can hear the timid man's countdown. Grant on the comms set. 7... 6... 5...

GRANT (INTO COMMS SET)  
Do nothing to give yourself away.

CUT TO:

The old man closes his eyes saying a silent prayer.

TIMID-LOOKING MAN  
4... 3... 2...

**BOOM!** Shabbir fires, BLOOD SPURTING from the Old Man's head.

People scream - Shabbir wastes no time pulling up ANOTHER VICTIM. A WHITE BUSINESSMAN, 40s, who pleads with him. Shabbir bangs his head with the pistol butt. Silencing him.

TIMID-LOOKING MAN (CONT'D)  
(translating)  
10... 9... 8...

CLOSE - Stonebridge. Grant's voice in his ear.

GRANT (ON COMMS)  
Stonebridge, do not intervene.

But Stonebridge has no intention of letting the slaughter continue.

TIMID-LOOKING MAN  
7... 6...5...

Stonebridge looks to his right. A clear run into the main stairs. On the wall beside the stair entrance, a FIRE ALARM. Only GUARD 4 nearby. All eyes are focused on the pending execution. Stonebridge just might make it --

TIMID-LOOKING MAN (CONT'D)  
4... 3... 2...

Stonebridge dashes -- hits the switch -- the ALARM WAILS. INCREDIBLY LOUD. The distraction works. Shabbir lowers his gun. His men confused.

Stonebridge elbows Gun Man 4 in the face, disarms him and runs, for the stairs.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - 1ST FLOOR STAIRS/ CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Stonebridge ducks into the corridor, running, when he hears --

BESPECTACLED MAN

Please! Please take us with you!

He turns, sees -- the Bespectacled Man and another hostage, a HOTEL WORKER, 30s, in a bellhop uniform.

Suddenly TWO GUNMEN round the corner. Stonebridge pushes Bespectacled Man to the ground and SHOTS BOTH MEN (4 & 5) with SINGLE SHOTS. Hotel Worker stares at the bodies.

HOTEL WORKER

I know a way out -- through the laundry, in the basement. I can show you.

He holds up a set of KEYS. Stonebridge wasn't looking for hostages to protect. But --

STONEBRIDGE

There's something I need to do first. C'mon.

BESPECTACLED MAN

(relieved)

Thank you. Thank you so much.

They disappear around the corner.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Alarm still ringing as a lift dings open. Scott emerges cautiously holding the Girl in one arm, an AK in the other. He approaches Room 312, where he last saw Zubedah. The door is already open. The ALARM finally shuts off.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - ROOM 312 - NIGHT**

Scott enters to see -- furniture drawers flung open. The bed turned over. The room's been searched. Scott calls out -- expectations low.

SCOTT

If you're hiding. It's safe to come out.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - STORE ROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE - ZUBEDAH. A crack of light on her face as she hides, tucked against storage racks.

SCOTT (O.S.)

It's the man from the bar. I'm here to help you.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - ROOM 312/3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Scott puts down the Girl when he hears a door click open in the corridor. He hurries back, AK ready, to see --

The SERVICE CLOSET SLOWLY OPENING. Scott in FIRING POSITION.

SCOTT

Get out! Get the fuck out now!

A terrified Zubedah emerges. Hands up. Very rattled. Scott lowers his weapon.

ZUBEDAH

Please. Get me out of here.

SCOTT

I'm working on it.

Scott leads her back into the room where Zubedah sees the girl, still hugging her toy.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I need to find a safe exit. Hide here with her until I get back.

Zubedah looks to the girl, her big eyes plainly terrified. Zubedah swallows, bucking up her courage.

ZUBEDAH

Whatever you say.

**INT. ROYAL LOTUS HOTEL - EMERGENCY STAIRS FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

Stonebridge enters the service stairs cautiously, Bespectacled Man and Hotel Worker behind. He looks over the balcony -- stairs lead up and down -- when he hears a DOOR OPEN above.

He tucks back from the balcony and takes up a firing position -- signals Bespectacled Man and Hotel Worker to keep quiet.

A MAN approaches, from two flights up. Stonebridge takes aim, the Man's shadow now visible, a gun in his hand. Stonebridge's finger on the trigger when -- the Man COMES INTO VIEW, SPINNING HIS WEAPON TO AIM AT STONEBRIDGE --

STONEBRIDGE

Scott!

SCOTT

Fuck! Where the hell you been?

STONEBRIDGE

I was going to ask you the same. Have you seen Latif?

SCOTT  
 (shakes his head)  
 How many numbnuts you taken out?

STONEBRIDGE  
 Two. You?

SCOTT  
 Three.

STONEBRIDGE  
 That leaves 11, by my count.

SCOTT  
 (re: Bespectacled, Hotel  
 Worker)  
 What do we do with these guys?

HOTEL WORKER  
 There's a way out, in the basement  
 laundry.

SCOTT  
 I need to make a stop first -- a  
 woman I met in the bar --

STONEBRIDGE  
 Are you fucking kidding me? --

GRANT (IN COMMS)  
 Stonebridge. Report.

INTERCUT:

**EXT. SECTION 20 - MOBILE COMMAND 'THE CRIB' - NIGHT**

Grant stands with Anna, Sinclair, Kohli (with his Aide) and Ashkani.

STONEBRIDGE (ON SPEAKER)  
 I'm with Scott.

Grant nods. That's something at least.

GRANT  
 I told you not to break cover.

STONEBRIDGE (ON SPEAKER)  
 I know why they're here, Colonel.  
 Latif is looking for someone called  
 "Mahmood."

ASHKANI  
 Mahmood?

Grant looks to Julia Murphy -- the name means nothing to her.  
 She hurries to a work station. To find out anything she can.

STONEBRIDGE

They're going through passports.  
Trying to find him.

ANNA

(to Grant)

They must not know what he looks  
like --

KOHLI

You don't take hostage an entire hotel to find one person.

STONEBRIDGE

I don't think it was supposed to go down this way -- these men panicked --

KOHLI

Those men are armed to the teeth with weapons and explosives --

STONEBRIDGE

I think they came here to find Mahmood. Latif anticipated they wouldn't get him out of here without a fight --

ANNA

(following his logic)

Then the hostages were meant to be a smokescreen. No one would think one man was the target --

STONEBRIDGE

-- but they pulled their weapons too soon -- the siege started before Latif could locate him.

GRANT

Then it's not just Mahmood who's trapped inside that hotel --

Stonebridge on the stairwell. Scott keeping watch.

STONEBRIDGE

Latif must be here, too. If we can find him.

MAN'S VOICE

You can stop looking.

Stonebridge and Scott turn, seeing --

THE BESPECTACLED MAN -- POINTING A GUN at them. He's heard every word Stonebridge said, but he's not a hostage at all -- he's Latif.

TWO GUNMEN and NAVEED burst from the corridor behind. AKs up. TWO MORE emerge from the stairs above. It's a trap.

Scott and Stonebridge lower their weapons. Six rifle barrels lined up at their heads.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE 1

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