

FIRST DUTY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL, SWIMMING POOL - EVENING.

A man dives in and swims smoothly away underwater before surfacing.

A second man is doing lengths of front crawl; a third is relaxing in a corner, arms up on the side of the pool.

A fourth, older man - MAC, 50 - is lying on a sun bed reading a car magazine. He is as muscular and trim as his compatriots. All four are tanned and unshaven.

On the table next to MAC is a glass of water and two phones. One of the phones rings. He sits up and answers the call.

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE
(via phone)
Secure line, secure line.

INT. OFFICE, AGENCY BUILDING, LONDON.

DIRECTOR EDWARD MATHESON - 60, wearing a suit - is on the phone. His appearance and manner convey status and power. In front of him are three large computer screens showing maps, text and a file on a middle-aged Arabic man, Ibrahim Atef. An ASSISTANT sits on the other side of the desk, listening keenly.

MATHESON
Mac, Jammil has him. He's in a
restaurant four miles from you.
Airfield's on standby. Yasser will
meet you outside in ten.

EXT. HOTEL.

MAC
(strong Scottish accent)
Copy that, sir.

MAC is already on his feet. He whistles loudly and the three men swim for the steps and climb out of the pool.

INT. OFFICE.

MATHESON

Atef hasn't been out of Syria and Iraq in four years. We won't get an opportunity like this again. Call me when you have him.

EXT. HOTEL.

MAC

Yes, sir.

Still drying themselves with towels, the three others fall in behind him as he strides towards the hotel door.

INT. OFFICE.

MATHESON cuts the line and puts the phone down. He stares at the photo of Ibrahim Atef.

EXT. LOBBY, HOTEL - TEN MINUTES LATER.

The hotel is a small, unexceptional establishment. As an unmarked van pulls up with an Arabic driver at the wheel, MAC and his men walk out of the lobby, now wearing trousers and shirts. MAC opens the back door and he and the other three climb in. YASSER - a 30 year old local - drives away and passes MAC an electronic tablet from the passenger seat.

The screen shows a map of the restaurant and the surrounding area. As MAC studies it, the men pull weapons and equipment out of black holdalls.

EXT. CITY - CONTINUOUS.

As the sun sets, the van drives on towards the old town.

CAPTION: *Sana'a, Yemen.*

EXT. CAFE.

Sitting in a cafe at a table beside a window is JAMMIL, another Yemeni of around 30. He is playing chess with an older man, but is currently looking across the shadowy street at a restaurant. He can see ATEF and another man sitting together inside, protected by at least six guards. ATEF shakes hands with the other man and stands.

Unseen by his chess partner, JAMMIL sends a short text.

EXT. VAN.

YASSER has parked up in a small courtyard.

MAC and the team are now wearing bullet-proof vests, jackets and caps. All four have assault rifles fitted with night-scopes over their shoulders. YASSER's phone beeps.

YASSER

He's on his way out.

MAC opens the back door and is first out into the night. The soldiers all hold their rifles down by their sides as they walk straight into a narrow alley. They pass an elderly man who gives them a suspicious look but hurries away.

They cross a second courtyard then jog through another alley and emerge onto a street. Hunched behind a parked car, they look across at the rear of the restaurant. Two large cars are parked there, both with drivers already inside.

MAC turns and nods. One of his men disappears to the left, another to the right. He and his last man remain behind the car, watching.

First out are two guards. Then comes ATEF, then two more guards.

The two soldiers move to opposite ends of the car, stand up and raise their rifles. MAC looks through his scope. He can see his targets clearly.

ATEF is puffing on a cigar. The first thing he sees is the guard in front of him drop. Then the second one drops and blood from the exit wound splatters ATEF's face. The windows of the two cars shatter. The drivers are dead too. ATEF's cigar drops out of his open mouth.

He turns to run back into the restaurant. The two remaining guards have their guns out but fast-moving shapes converge from the left and right. More silenced blasts from the soldiers' rifles eliminate the two remaining men.

ATEF still seems in shock when MAC sprints out of the darkness. He puts the barrel of his gun to ATEF's throat.

MAC

(Arabic)

Keep quiet. Come with me.

The van speeds along the street and screeches to a halt. The men surround MAC, guns facing outward, and escort he and ATEF to the van.

One of the fallen guards is still alive. He shouts for help.

INT. RESTAURANT.

The man ATEF was meeting hears this. He stands up and orders his men to help.

EXT. STREET.

One of the soldiers opens the back door of the van and they all pile in.

MAC

Go.

YASSER pulls away. One of the soldiers handcuffs ATEF and props him against the side of the van.

As YASSER reaches the end of the street, a donkey and cart pull out in front of him. Driving the cart is a ten year-old kid.

MAC (CONT'D)

Yasser?

YASSER

It's a kid, boss.

MAC

I don't give a shit. Drive.

YASSER opens a window and screams at the kid to move.

Bullets hit the back of the van.

MAC pushes ATEF onto his side, grabs his rifle and pulls open one of the doors. Looking down the scope, he sees the two guards running after them, firing. He takes each one out with a single bullet then lowers his gun and shuts the door.

Thankfully, the cart is out of the way and YASSER drives on.

The soldiers curse and sigh with relief. ATEF is spitting curses at them in Arabic but then switches to English.

ATEF

You're dead. Understand me? You're all dead.

MAC takes out his phone and holds it up to take a photo.

MAC
Say cheese.

ATEF
Fuck you.

MAC
That'll have to do.

He takes the photo.

INT. OFFICE - TWO MINUTES LATER.

MATHESON receives a message on the encrypted phone. When he sees the picture, he allows himself a smile.

INT. UPMARKET LONDON HOTEL ROOM, TWO DAYS LATER - MORNING.

SMITH - an impressive man of 35 wearing only trousers and shirt - stands watching a muted TV.

An attractive WOMAN is getting dressed close by. SMITH isn't interested.

The TV news channel shows the photo of IBRAHIM ATEF. The next piece of footage shows a group of suited men giving a press conference. Beside the table they are sitting behind is a mounted display including maps and more photos. The camera focuses on one individual and a caption appears on the tv screen: *Director of Operations, Edward Matheson.*

WOMAN
I'm going.

Still watching the TV, SMITH walks to the door and opens it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
At least pretend you'll miss me.

SMITH
(deadpan)
I'll miss you.

She shakes her head but kisses him on the mouth. After a few seconds, SMITH responds. She wraps herself around him.

His phone rings. SMITH takes it out of his pocket and looks at the call ID.

WOMAN
Don't answer it.

He pulls away from her.

SMITH
I have to.

WOMAN
You're an asshole.

SMITH
(nodding at the open door)
Out.

When she doesn't move, he pushes her into the corridor and locks the door behind her. She bangs on the door.

WOMAN
(from outside)
Arsehole!

SMITH walks over to the window and answers the phone.

SMITH
I'd a feeling you'd be calling ...
Yes, it's all still in place ... As
long as you can get me the men and
the hardware I requested ...
Excellent. One more thing, the
price isn't three now - it's four
... You're asking me to move
quickly, that entails risk ... No.
Four.

SMITH's eyes narrow as he waits. He receives his answer. He smiles.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON, FOLLOWING DAY.

A big, silver car stops next to a lift. The man in the front passenger seat gets out and opens the rear door. MICHAEL LAMBERT is in his early forties; handsome and athletic. He is wearing a suit and seems confident and capable.

Out of the car steps DIRECTOR MATHESON. MICHAEL shuts the door behind him and the driver pulls away.

Standing outside the lift is another suited man, who appears to be on guard. Like MICHAEL, he has an ear-piece in and a microphone pinned to his lapel.

GUARD
Evening, sir.

MATHESON
Evening, Johnny. Wonderful duty,
eh? Car fumes and claustrophobia.

JOHNNY
(grinning)
Wouldn't miss it for the world,
sir.

JOHNNY presses the button for the lift.

MATHESON
When are you off?

JOHNNY
Hour and a half, sir.

MATHESON
Have a good evening.

JOHNNY
Thank you, sir.

The lift has arrived. MATHESON and MICHAEL get in and the door closes behind them.

INT. AGENCY HEADQUARTERS.

MICHAEL stays two paces behind MATHESON as they hurry through the plush, modern offices. His ASSISTANT appears from a side corridor and walks alongside MATHESON.

ASSISTANT
Good afternoon, sir. The minister
is here.

MATHESON
(concerned)
Has he been waiting long?

ASSISTANT
(reassuring)
Just a few minutes.

The trio turn down another corridor.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Sir, we've had messages in from six
more embassies this afternoon.
(MORE)

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

All congratulations for yourself
and the department.

MATHESON

(unimpressed)

Mmm.

They reach an open area in front of MATHESON's office where a middle-aged secretary - JUDY - sits at a desk.

Standing outside the office is the MINISTER - a well-dressed man of about fifty. He is accompanied by an ADVISOR and one BODYGUARD. As soon as he sees MATHESON, the MINISTER hurries forward, hand outstretched.

MINISTER

Edward, how are you? A little
tired, I expect?

MATHESON

Fine thank you, minister.

The MINISTER holds on to his hand.

MINISTER

Just outstanding work. Outstanding.

MATHESON moves past the MINISTER to his office door. He opens it and gestures inside.

MATHESON

Shall I have Judy order some tea or
coffee?

MINISTER

Surely we can do better than that?

MATHESON

(reluctant)

I've probably got a bottle of
Scotch somewhere.

MATHESON follows the MINISTER into the office. As soon as the door shuts, the ADVISOR turn to MATHESON's ASSISTANT.

ADVISOR #1

(eager)

Were you here when they got him?

ASSISTANT

(nodding; equally
enthusiastic)

Mac's team did a cracking job.
Straight in, straight out.

MICHAEL is listening to this with a knowing, slightly amused expression on his face.

ADVISOR #2
And beating the Yanks to the
bastard - great stuff.

The ASSISTANT and the ADVISOR walks away, continuing their conversation.

MICHAEL and the MINISTER's BODYGUARD swap cynical looks as they sit down opposite each other outside the office.

MICHAEL
See the game Saturday?

BODYGUARD
(shaking his head)
It was all over by half time. Could
have been ten-nil. Your lot did
well though.

MICHAEL
We could be in Europe next year.

BODYGUARD
(mocking)
In your dreams.

A man exits the office next to MATHESON's. Chief of Security KINCAID is an imposing figure also aged about fifty. MICHAEL stands.

MICHAEL
Chief.

KINCAID
Relax, Lambert. Just checking we're
all okay here. Who's on after you,
Owen?

MICHAEL
Sir.

KINCAID
All right, I'm heading home. Long
day de-briefing the returning
heroes tomorrow. Night.

MICHAEL
Night, sir.

INT. AGENCY HEADQUARTERS. OUTSIDE OFFICE - ONE HOUR LATER.

The MINISTER'S BODYGUARD is reading a paper. JUDY isn't at her desk. MICHAEL checks his watch, then looks up to see another agent - OWEN - coming down the corridor. MICHAEL stands up.

OWEN
Anything happening?

MICHAEL
Not a lot. He's been in with the minister for an hour or so. Have fun.

OWEN
Always.

BODYGUARD
Bye, Lambert.

MICHAEL
Bye.

OWEN grins at the other BODYGUARD as he takes MICHAEL's seat.

OWEN
Enjoy the game Saturday?

BODYGUARD
Jesus.

MICHAEL chuckles as he walks away along the corridor.

INT. THE LAMBERTS' HOUSE. KITCHEN - HALF AN HOUR LATER.

MICHAEL's wife CASSIE is a similar age to her husband; an attractive woman, casually but stylishly dressed. She is preparing dinner and watches through a window as the automated gate opens and MICHAEL drives into the courtyard.

CASSIE
(loudly)
Dad's home.

There's no response. CASSIE walks through from the kitchen to the lounge. The TV is on but neither of her children are watching it.

ALEX, 17, is sitting on a sofa, reading something on his phone. He is tall and lean with the appearance and manner of an academic.

JESS, 16, is sitting sideways across an armchair. She is of average height and seems an active, dynamic person, despite the Goth touches - a very black bob and a serious amount of jewelry. She has headphones in and is typing into a tablet.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
I said Dad's home.

ALEX
(without looking up)
What's for dinner?

CASSIE
Same as it was when you asked me
half an hour ago.

ALEX
(frowning)
Quiche?

CASSIE
Pasta.

ALEX
Pasta's good.

JESS pulls out her headphones.

JESS
Quiche? Again?

CASSIE rolls her eyes and walks back into the kitchen.

INT. DINING ROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER.

MICHAEL, CASSIE and JESS are eating. ALEX is looking down and seems preoccupied.

MICHAEL
(firm but good-natured)
Alex, I'd really prefer not to say
the same thing every time we eat.

ALEX concedes sheepishly and puts his phone away.

CASSIE
(to JESS)
How's the sociology going?

JESS
It's not. Yet.

CASSIE

(firm)

Three thousand words is a lot.

JESS

Remember that party at Malcolm and Ursula's when you had a whole bottle of wine in an hour? You told me you left all your essays to the last minute and you still got really good marks.

CASSIE

A - that's not what I said and B - I did not have a whole bottle of wine in an hour.

ALEX

(to MICHAEL)

Oh. Yeah. Dad. In politics today - we were talking about that terrorist guy. I wish I could have told them you're protecting the Director at the moment but ... I didn't.

MICHAEL

Good.

JESS

It's a big deal, yeah, Dad? He was, like, second in command or something.

MICHAEL

So they say.

ALEX

Will you see him? Will they bring him to HQ?

MICHAEL

(smiling cynically)

No.

JESS

Mr. Wilks said it won't change anything. He says the only way forward is dialogue.

MICHAEL shrugs.

JESS (CONT'D)

He always says that. Kyle Ballantyne started arguing with him. He thinks Wilks is deluded.

MICHAEL

Mister Wilks is entitled to his view.

JESS

He doesn't like America or anything American. Even films.

MICHAEL

Okay - he's deluded.

JESS

When are we going to watch that Scorseve?

MICHAEL

Scorseve. Weekend. I'm off both days.

ALEX

You said that last week and you spent Saturday at the shooting range and Sunday on the boat.

MICHAEL

Now there's an idea. Who wants to come for a sail?

ALEX

No way.

MICHAEL

Jessie? Come on, we used to have so much fun. I know I'm not going to get you back into racing but we could at least go up the river.

JESS

(shrugging)

Three thousand words is a lot.

MICHAEL

Cassie?

CASSIE offers a cynical, disbelieving grin then gets up and starts clearing the plates.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(looking over at a fish
bowl)
Voldemort?

Voldemort the goldfish does not respond.

INT. KITCHEN - TWO HOURS LATER.

CASSIE finishes loading the dishwasher and turns it on.
MICHAEL is reading a paper at the breakfast bar.

CASSIE
(heading for the stairs)
Coming up?

MICHAEL
Yep.

CASSIE
Alarm?

MICHAEL
Uh-huh.

MICHAEL finishes reading. He walks to the back door - which faces a large walled garden - and checks it's locked. He then walks back through the house and checks the front door. Finally, he activates the alarm system and takes a brief look outside at the shadowy front courtyard. All is quiet.

INT. BEDROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER.

MICHAEL is wearing a pair of pajama bottoms. He is twisting from side to side, wincing.

CASSIE
(slightly annoyed)
When are you going to get that
looked at?

MICHAEL
They said - might never be quite
right.

CASSIE
You'll never know if you don't go
back. You with Matheson again
tomorrow?

MICHAEL
No. Paperwork.

JESS
 (exiting the bathroom next
 door)
 I'm out!

CASSIE
 Okay.

MICHAEL goes to the hall and kisses JESS good night.

MICHAEL
 Sleep well.

JESS continues on to her bedroom while CASSIE heads into the bathroom.

MICHAEL walks to ALEX's bedroom and stands in the doorway. ALEX is sitting in front of his computer, talking to his friend ERNI via Skype.

ALEX
 Did you get the album?

ERNI
 (English; German accent)
 Yeah, it's not bad. Only listened
 to it a couple of times though.

MICHAEL walks in and waves to ERNI.

MICHAEL
 Hi, Erni.

ERNI
 Hi, Mr. Lambert.

MICHAEL
 (switching effortlessly to
 German)
 You do realise this guy has his
 final exam in three months? He
 needs practice.

ERNI
 (German)
 But my English exam is in two
 months!

ALEX
 (German)
 I got B in the mock.

MICHAEL

(German)

Exactly.

(to ERNI)

Say hi to your parents from us.

ERNI

Okay.

MICHAEL

(to ALEX; in English)

No later than twelve. I mean it.

ALEX gives a thumbs up. MICHAEL walks along to the bathroom. CASSIE is already cleaning her teeth at the sink. MICHAEL stands beside her and frowns when he can't see his toothbrush. CASSIE hands it to him; it's already been topped with paste. With a smile, MICHAEL takes it. Husband and wife brush their teeth.

EXT. THE HOUSE - THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

A bright autumn day. London is waking up; a postman, a dog-walker and several cars pass the house.

INT. KITCHEN.

ALEX is sitting on a stool at the breakfast bar, eating cereal and watching TV. A bell rings. ALEX gets up and goes through to the hall. The alarm system is close to the front door and includes a small black and white monitor.

Standing by the gate outside is SMITH (the man from the hotel).

ALEX presses the SPEAK button.

ALEX

Hello?

SMITH

Good morning, my name's Rory Smith - from the local neighborhood watch. We're coming round to let people know about a spate of burglaries in the area.

ALEX

Okay. Er, hold on.

(shouting)

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Mum, Dad, there's a guy from neighborhood watch! Should I let him in?

Tucking in her blouse, CASSIE hurries down the stairs.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Something about burglaries.

CASSIE checks the monitor. SMITH shuffles the sheaf of papers in his hand and adjusts his glasses. CASSIE deactivates the alarm and opens the gate. SMITH disappears from the monitor screen.

INT. LANDING.

The bedroom door opens and MICHAEL sticks his head out.

MICHAEL

What was that?

JESS walks past him and shrugs. MICHAEL returns to getting dressed.

INT. HALL.

CASSIE opens the front door as the gate closes. SMITH smiles as he approaches the door. He is wearing glasses and has rather messy hair. His tatty, old-fashioned sports jacket doesn't go with his smart shoes and trousers.

SMITH

Morning!

CASSIE

Morning.

SMITH

I'm Rory Smith from Neighbourhood Watch. Can I give you one of these?

He hands CASSIE a printed flyer with information about burglaries in the area.

SMITH (CONT'D)

(very keen)

Do you know Mrs. Knox at number one hundred and twenty eight? She lost all her jewelry and four hundred pounds in cash last week.

ALEX passes CASSIE and looks at SMITH for a moment, then heads upstairs.

CASSIE

Oh. We haven't been here long. Well
- a few months.

SMITH

All we want to do is firstly make
you aware of these crimes and
secondly ask that if you do see
anything suspicious, please report
it. There is a contact number on
the flyer there for P.C. Taylor -
very nice chap.

INT. LANDING.

MICHAEL stands in his bedroom doorway, getting dressed as
ALEX comes up the stairs.

MICHAEL

Who's your mum talking to?

ALEX

Some guy from Neighbourhood Watch.

INT. HALL.

CASSIE is reading the flyer.

SMITH

Er, sorry to impose, Mrs. -

CASSIE

Lambert.

SMITH

Mrs. Lambert. I hate to ask, but I
wonder - could I possibly use your
bathroom? I'll only be a minute.

CASSIE

I'm sorry but ... well, my
husband's rather particular about
letting people in the house.

SMITH

I understand.

CASSIE
Sorry. It's to do with his job.
He's very careful.

SMITH
All things considered, I'd say not
quite careful enough.

Just as confusion registers on CASSIE's face, SMITH reaches under his jacket and pulls out a silenced automatic pistol.

SMITH (CONT'D)
I'm afraid I'm going to have to
insist you let me in, Cassie. Move
back from the door. I'd prefer not
to shoot you but I will if I have
to.

CASSIE hesitates, then moves backwards.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Good girl.

He follows CASSIE inside, then pulls the door to behind him. Keeping his eyes on her, he walks up to the alarm system and opens the gate.

SMITH (CONT'D)
(to CASSIE)
Not a sound.

SMITH takes out a phone and speed-dials a number.

SMITH (CONT'D)
I'm in. Gate open.

He ends the call.

CASSIE wraps her arms around herself and looks down at the gun.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Where are the others?

CASSIE
Upstairs.

SMITH gestures up the stairs.

SMITH
Don't speak. I'll be right behind
you.

He follows CASSIE upward. As they get close to the top, MICHAEL - now fully dressed and wearing a shoulder holster - appears in the bedroom doorway. Before he can say or do anything, SMITH grabs CASSIE and presses the gun against her neck.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Out onto the landing, Michael. Nice
and slow.

Hearing voices, ALEX emerges from his room.

SMITH (CONT'D)
(without looking at him)
Alex, come and stand by your
father.

JESS is next out. Her hand goes to her mouth as she stifles a scream.

SMITH (CONT'D)
And Jess makes four. You too - all
in a line.

The three of them come together on the landing above the stairs.

Outside, a vehicle pulls into the courtyard.

CASSIE
Michael, I'm sorry, I didn't -

SMITH presses the barrel of the gun into her cheek.

SMITH
I did tell you not to speak,
Cassie.
(to the others)
You three - turn around and kneel
down.

MICHAEL
(to ALEX and JESS)
Do what he says.

They turn around and drop to their knees. SMITH looks down the stairs as three men wearing overalls enter and shut the door behind them.

They are all wearing caps and sunglasses but are clearly of Arab or Asian extraction. QUSAY (lanky, unintelligent) and KHALID (muscular, determined) are around 30. ALI is less confident and barely out of his teens.

SMITH

Up here.

The men hurry up the stairs. QUSAY is armed with a handgun. KHALID has four sets of plastic handcuffs. ALI is carrying a smart suit jacket.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Quickly.

SMITH hands CASSIE off to QUSAY, who takes her up the stairs and puts her down by the others. KHALID starts cuffing them. ALI gives SMITH the jacket. SMITH comes up and stands over his captives.

MICHAEL

(resolute)

Whoever you are, you're making a serious-

SMITH kicks MICHAEL in the stomach. MICHAEL grunts with pain. While watching him, SMITH takes the glasses off.

CASSIE starts to cry.

SMITH

(calm)

Speak only when spoken to, Michael.

By now both CASSIE and the kids are handcuffed.

SMITH takes off the sports jacket and throws it to ALI.

SMITH (CONT'D)

(to JESS, with a wink)

It's really not me.

He puts on the new jacket, which matches his trousers. He pats down his hair.

SMITH (CONT'D)

(to the men)

You know what to do. Alex, Jess, Cassie - up.

Hands cuffed in front of them, all three get to their feet, assisted by the men.

SMITH (CONT'D)

(to the family)

Michael is going to stay here with me for now but we'll be along later.

(to his men)

(MORE)

SMITH (CONT'D)

Make sure you back the van right up
to the garage.

KHALID moves CASSIE and JESS towards the stairs. QUSAY is still holding his gun on them. ALEX tries to stand his ground.

MICHAEL

Just do as they say, son. Please.

ALEX reluctantly follows his mother and sister down the stairs with the three men.

SMITH

(to MICHAEL)

Up.

MICHAEL gets to his feet.

SMITH (CONT'D)

(gesturing with his gun)

In there.

MICHAEL walks through to JESS's bedroom. SMITH follows him and gestures for him to get down on his knees again.

SMITH walks to the window and watches as KHALID gets into the van and reverses it close to the garage. He then holsters his gun.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm putting this away because I
don't need it. If my associates
don't hear from me at pre-arranged
intervals, they will kill one of
your family.

INT. UTILITY ROOM.

Watched by QUSAY and ALI, CASSIE takes a bunch of keys off a hook and opens the door to the garage. QUSAY waves the three of them inside, then directs them past MICHAEL's car.

He points at the garage door and CASSIE shakily pulls it up. KHALID gets out of the van and opens the rear doors.

QUSAY

Inside and sit down.

CASSIE, ALEX and JESS do as they are told. QUSAY keeps his gun on them while ALI blindfolds each hostage. CASSIE and ALEX lean against each other for support. JESS is silent.

QUSAY and ALI remain in the back of the van. KHALID shuts the doors and hurries to the front. He gets in then drives through the open gate and onto the road.

INT. BEDROOM.

SMITH watches the van drive away, then glances down at MICHAEL, who is staring at the floor.

SMITH
(mock sympathetic)
Thinking maybe you should have
taken that private security job?
2013 was it?

SMITH takes a step towards MICHAEL.

SMITH (CONT'D)
(reassuring)
There is hope. Not much for you I'm
afraid, but for them.

MICHAEL
What do you want me to do?

SMITH
First - accept that this is
happening. It's real, and you're
going to need to think very, very
clearly today.

MICHAEL
(firmly)
What do you want me to do?

SMITH
Director Matheson is about to
become a victim of his own success.
My employers are rather tired of
losing their best men to your
agency. They want him dead. You're
going to kill him. By twelve noon.
I don't think I need to tell you
what will happen if you don't.

MICHAEL closes his eyes for a moment.

MICHAEL
I'm not even with Matheson today -

SMITH

You'll find a way. And yes, I know all about the compromised agent code words, all the procedures. But you know what? They're designed to protect the director. Not Cassie and Jess and Alex. When Matheson's dead, your family will be freed.

MICHAEL clearly doesn't believe this.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm sure it hasn't escaped your attention that I'm not a terrorist, a fundamentalist or anything else that ends i-s-t.

MICHAEL

And your employers?

SMITH

(convincing)

I told them from the very beginning there was no chance you'd cooperate if you didn't believe me. I'm running this. Your family have been blindfolded, they will know almost nothing that can be used against us. If you cooperate, we *will* free them.

MICHAEL

The agency pays very well for actionable intelligence.

SMITH

Not well enough.

MICHAEL

It might be millions.

SMITH

It already is.

SMITH takes a phone out of his pocket and shows it to MICHAEL.

SMITH (CONT'D)

For you. The video quality is quite excellent.

MICHAEL frowns.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Did you really think I wouldn't require proof? You're an intelligent, resourceful man and you'll have a couple of hours to work with. You could come clean to your agency friends - try and find us or stage Matheson's death. No. You're going to film it. Double tap to the head, if you don't mind. Just to be sure. And think carefully about how you do it because I need to see you kill him. See him dead.

MICHAEL shakes his head in disbelief.

SMITH (CONT'D)

(holding up the phone)

My number's the only one in here. Will you be able to get it into the building?

A desperate-looking MICHAEL seems unable to summon a reply. SMITH clicks his fingers in front of MICHAEL's eyes.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Focus, Michael! Will you be able to get the phone inside headquarters?

MICHAEL

I think so, yes.

SMITH

Good. Get up.

MICHAEL

(as he gets up)

You must know this will never work. It's insane.

SMITH

I prefer ... audacious.
(nodding downstairs)
Clock's ticking.

INT. HALL - A MINUTE LATER.

As they approach the front door, SMITH unties the cuffs and gives MICHAEL the new phone.

SMITH

Get yourself ready. You need to
leave immediately.

MICHAEL just stares at him, still in a state of shock.

SMITH (CONT'D)

You know I really don't think
anyone will blame you.

MICHAEL

For murdering a man I'm supposed to
protect? A national hero?

SMITH

That hero is in a war. If it helps -
consider him a casualty of it.

MICHAEL shakes his head again.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Everyone's into visualization these
days, right? Well, I want you to
visualize something, Michael. Your
wife Cassie, your daughter Jess and
your son Alex - lying in a row on a
dirty floor, bleeding out from the
long, deep cuts in their throats.
There's only one way to prevent
that happening.

SMITH retreats towards the door.

MICHAEL

What if I try it and they stop me?

SMITH

Then you will be the sole remaining
inhabitant of this house. Unless he
dies, they die. Look after that
phone. And by the way, we'll be
watching. Very closely. I'll be in
touch.

SMITH leaves, shutting the door behind him.

MICHAEL stands there, alone.

EXT. ROAD.

SMITH walks through the open gate then turns left along the
pavement and breaks into a jog.

Halfway down the road he approaches an expensive but unremarkable car. He clicks the alarm and gets in.

INT. HALL.

MICHAEL is still standing motionless in the hall. After a while, he takes his keys from a table by the door, hurries into the kitchen and opens a cupboard. He retrieves a small metal box, which he then unlocks. Inside are his automatic and three magazines. He loads a magazine and puts a spare in his holster.

MICHAEL takes a deep breath and pulls himself together. He holsters the gun, takes his jacket from a nearby chair and heads for the door.

INT. BACK OF VAN.

With QUSAY and ALI guarding them, CASSIE, ALEX and JESS sit against the side of the van, still bound and blindfolded.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

MICHAEL - now in his car - pulls out of the drive and turns onto the road.

SMITH is sitting in his car a hundred yards away, watching. The engine is running. On the passenger seat next to him is a laptop. He looks down at it - in the middle of the screen is a flashing diamond moving away across the map. With a half-smile, SMITH turns the car onto the road and drives away in the opposite direction.

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALF AN HOUR LATER.

The van drives slowly into a large, derelict warehouse. At the far end are three shoddy offices. The van stops next to the office furthest to the left.

KHALID gets out and opens the rear doors. QUSAY and ALI escort the LAMBERTS out of the van and into the office.

The blindfolds are removed but their hands remain bound. CASSIE, ALEX and JESS are led over to the far wall and pushed roughly to the floor.

The captors all remove their caps and sunglasses. QUSAY goes outside and walks towards the other offices. KHALID and ALI talk quietly.

The three hostages use the opportunity to look through the door. A fourth man is walking out of the warehouse.

EXT. AGENCY HEADQUARTERS.

Along with other well-dressed men and women displaying security IDs, MICHAEL walks up out of the main headquarters car park and into the lobby.

Two armed guards, two security officers and a technician are on duty. The other new arrivals go through the main security scanner and check point. Nodding to a receptionist, MICHAEL walks to the right side of the lobby and through an unmarked door.

Inside is another security check point, manned by a single technician with a name badge on his jacket. Behind MILLS is another armed GUARD resting his hands on the rifle slung across his chest.

MICHAEL
Morning, guys.

GUARD/MILLS
Morning.

MILLS gestures to a tray on the conveyor belt in front of the object scanner. MICHAEL puts his watch and some change inside along with his gun, spare magazine, keys and the two phones.

MILLS
(looking at the phones)
Two today. Not dealing drugs are you?

GUARD
Nah, it's for his bit on the side.

The two men laugh. MICHAEL forces a grin.

MICHAEL
It's my son's phone - he left it in my car.

MILLS
Through you go.

MICHAEL walks through the personnel scanner. There is no beep and the light above stays green.

MILLS puts the box on the conveyor belt and it slides inside the objectscanner. He stops the belt and examines the screen.

MILLS (CONT'D)
(slightly surprised)
Mmm.

MICHAEL
What?

TECH
Strong battery on that phone. Big
power signature.

MICHAEL
(shrugging)
My son's? I think it's fairly new.

MILLS is frowning.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(nervous)
Needs a lot of power for the five
hundred texts a day, I suppose.

Neither MILLS nor the GUARD react to the quip.

Just then the door opens and a group of five enter. MILLS' attention strays to them; he needs to hurry up. He activates the conveyor belt, then waves a dismissive hand at MICHAEL.

MILLS
No big deal. Thanks.

MICHAEL holsters his gun and takes his other belongings from the box. He pockets his phone immediately; the other one he keeps in his hand.