

SNOOPERS

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INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

We're on board an RAF RC-135W 'Rivet Joint' reconnaissance airplane. It's windowless, dark, claustrophobic. Twenty CREW, a mix of age, sex and race, wear green coveralls with a bat-like squadron badge. Each has two vertically-stacked screens and a colourful keyboard. Across a narrow aisle behind them, LEDs blink in racks. The plane buffets in turbulence.

SUPER: RUSSIAN COAST, 50KM NORTH OF MURMANSK

Officer PARLOUR, male, 20s, Londoner, sits in the second to last seat from the left. He's typing at his keyboard. On his screen is an image of a submarine and the words: Yasen Class, Armament: 12 hypersonic missiles. Parlour peers at it quizzically. Something's bugging him.

He turns to Mission Supervisor LEITCH, male, Scots, 50s, on his left. All dialogue in headsets.

PARLOUR

Sir, could I show you something.

LEITCH

If you're quick about it. You've twenty colleagues wanting lunch.

Parlour points to his screen.

PARLOUR

There was a transmission from it about five minutes ago and the signal was a lot stronger than it should have been.

LEITCH

What do you mean?

PARLOUR

Compared to the previous transmission.

LEITCH

Because we're closer.

PARLOUR

Doesn't explain all of it. Even if we were right on top, it wouldn't be that strong.

LEITCH

Could be a lot of reasons.

PARLOUR

Could it have been on purpose? Like he was throwing his voice.

LEITCH

It's a submarine not a ventriloquist.

PARLOUR

They know we geolocate partly on signal strength. What if they boosted it to make us think they're closer than they are.

LEITCH

You're thinking they changed course and are pretending to still be on the old one?

PARLOUR

Yeah, but they overcooked it a bit. And if we subtract the boost, and calculate the last transmission at normal strength, they'd be here.

LEITCH

Seventy four point eight. Possible, I suppose. Keep an eye on it.

(to Crew)

Right folks, let's get some scan --

Parlour watches, frustrated, as the Crew go to the galley.

EXT. ARCTIC SKIES. 10,000 FEET - DAY

A pair of Russian SU-30 'Flanker' fighters climb quickly.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

The crew have got their meals and are tucking in. Parlour walks down the aisle to the galley, but returns empty-handed.

LEITCH

Where's your meal?

PARLOUR

It's not there.

LEITCH

There's plenty.

PARLOUR  
I ordered a special. Vegan.

LEITCH  
(to Crew)  
Who's the bean stealer?

REBBINS, female, 20s, on Parlour's right, hands it over.

LEITCH (CONT'D)  
(to Rebbins)  
Since when are you vegan? Parlour's  
full of surprises, but you?

REBBINS  
Coach says no meat day before.

LEITCH  
Mine said eat it raw.

PARLOUR  
(to Rebbins)  
It's okay, I'm not vegan either.  
It's Clean Monday.

Leitch and Rebbins look at each other: what?

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
It's like Ash Wednesday, but for  
Orthodox.

LEITCH  
(to Rebbins)  
See what I mean, full of surprises.

PARLOUR  
I promised my mum.

Rebbins hands the tray over and heads back to the galley.

EXT. ARCTIC SKIES. 30,000 FEET - DAY

The RAF Rivet Joint is a large four-engine jet plane with a distinctive bulbous nose and the bat-like squadron badge.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

It's a glass cockpit like a modern airliner with twin screens for Captain SPRINGFIELD, 40s, female, First Officer TURNER, 30s. Behind them sits Navigator RAMSAMY, 30s. Turner is flying. Springfield is turned around, talking to Ramsamy.

SPRINGFIELD

Did you never want to be a pilot?

RAMSAMY

Navigation is the family business. My father was a navi on Hercules, before GPS, he used a sextant to take a reading off the stars, they'd be 200 feet off the deck, and he'd be following a paper map calling out: left 30, right 20, ascend three hundred.

SPRINGFIELD

The glory days of navigation.

She's about to say something else, when she sees something in one of the side windows.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)

Hold up -- company's arrived.

EXT. ARCTIC SKIES. 30,000 FEET - DAY

The Flankers rise and pull alongside, one on each wing. We see their air-to-air missiles - they're not here for fun.

They accelerate to draw level with the Rivet Joint cockpit. Flanker pilot waves.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

There's a beep in Leitch's headset and words illuminate on his screen: Flight Deck.

LEITCH

Leitch.

Springfield comes into his headset.

SPRINGFIELD (O.S.)

We've been joined by a pair of Flankers. Probably routine, but --

LEITCH

-- How close?

SPRINGFIELD (O.S.)

I can count his fillings.

Leitch pops three nicotine gums from blisters, chews hard.

LEITCH  
 (to Crew)  
 Ivan's here, go to VHF.

Crew begin tapping keyboards.

SFX: Fighter plane goes from left to right underneath. Crew heads swivel around trying to follow it.

PARLOUR  
 (alarmed)  
 Crazy bastard.

REBBINS  
 Putting us all at risk.

LEITCH  
 Last thing he cares about.

Rebbins puts her hand to her headset.

REBBINS  
 Sir, I've got something. The leader's talking to base.

LEITCH  
 Patch it through.

Rebbins translates on the fly.

*All italic dialogue in this scene in Russian.*

FLANKER PILOT (O.S.)  
*Firebird One to base, we have visual contact.*

REBBINS (O.S.)  
 Visual contact.

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL (O.S.)  
*Maintain distance.*

REBBINS (O.S.)  
 Maintain distance.

FLANKER PILOT (O.S.)  
*Intruder maintaining course.*

REBBINS (O.S.)  
 Intruder maintaining course.

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL  
*Advise if course changes.*

REBBINS (O.S.)  
Alert if course changes.

They wait. No further transmission.

LEITCH  
That sounds routine to me. Captain?

SPRINGFIELD (O.S.)  
Copy that. We'll hold course.

Leitch goes to Rebbins and leans over her shoulder.

LEITCH  
Nuance, Rebbins, nuance.

REBBINS  
Sir?

LEITCH  
You said 'alert'. It was more like  
'notify'.

REBBINS  
It's the same word in Russian.

LEITCH  
We're part of a fine-tuned  
intelligence-gathering ecosystem.  
Tiny changes have huge  
implications.

SFX: Fighter plane goes right to left.

PARLOUR  
Sir, maybe distracting us is part  
of the plan.

LEITCH  
What plan?

PARLOUR  
For the sub getting away.

Leitch frowns. Rebbins smirks. Parlour turns away, annoyed.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

SFX: Fighter jet roars ahead of them.

TURNER  
Aggressive today, aren't they?

SPRINGFIELD

Yes. Curious.

Springfield unbuckles. Turner turns, nervous.

TURNER

Where are you going?

SPRINGFIELD

To check something with the crew.  
Maintain heading and altitude. They  
don't like surprises.

Turner holds his hands up - he's not touching anything.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Leitch sees Springfield enter.

LEITCH

Break out the good china.

Springfield gives a brief nod to the crew, who salute back.

LEITCH (CONT'D)

They still out there?

Springfield nods.

SPRINGFIELD

There's something else nibbling at  
me. That submarine. What do you  
think their orders are?

LEITCH

We're waiting on a decrypt.

SPRINGFIELD

They must know we're tracking them,  
but they've been holding course.  
Surely they'd try something.

Parlour's ears prick up.

LEITCH

Churchill was wrong about Russia,  
it's not a riddle wrapped in a  
mystery it's a bureaucracy wrapped  
in a bureaucracy.

PARLOUR

Could it be what I showed you, sir?



Leitch glares at him: shut up.

SPRINGFIELD  
What does he have?

LEITCH  
Just a theory.

Springfield walks to Parlour's workstation. On screen is the same diagram Parlour showed Leitch.

SPRINGFIELD  
Cheeky cheeky. When was this?

PARLOUR  
Ten, fifteen minutes ago.

Springfield throws an annoyed look at Leitch.

SPRINGFIELD  
We could have lost them already.  
Put me through to the flight deck.

LEITCH  
(to Parlour)  
You'd better be right.

Parlour taps keys.

SPRINGFIELD  
Turner do you copy?

TURNER (O.S.)  
Turner here, Captain.

SPRINGFIELD  
Turn right heading seventy four  
point eight. Maintain altitude.

TURNER (O.S.)  
Ma'am?

SPRINGFIELD  
Quick as you like, turn right  
heading seventy-four point eight.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)  
(to Parlour)  
Now we'll see what they do.

On Parlour's screen, an icon of the plane begins to turn.  
Crew wait, nervous again.

REBBINS

Lead Flanker has alerted Russian control to the course change.

LEITCH

Patch it through.

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL (O.S.)

*Deter course. Aerial engagement authorised.*

REBBINS

Deter course. Aerial engagement authorised.

SPRINGFIELD

(surprised)

Engagement? Are you sure?

All the crew turn to her and nod.

SFX: Jet fighter roars past outside.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Turner looks desperately at the empty seat to his left.

TURNER

(into headset)

Captain three more joined. They're flying directly at us.

SPRINGFIELD (O.S.)

Hold course.

TURNER

They're at our flight level.

SPRINGFIELD (O.S.)

Two can play at that.

SFX: TCAS warning.

Red warning light flashes on screen.

TURNER

Collision alert. What do I do?

SPRINGFIELD (O.S.)

Descend.

Turner shoves the yoke forward.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Suddenly the nose pitches down and everything flies upward, including Springfield, who's pinned to the ceiling.

SPRINGFIELD  
Not that hard. Climb.

Engine pitch deepens. As the nose pitches up the crew are pressed into their seats. Springfield falls from the ceiling and smacks her head on the back of Leitch's chair.

LEITCH  
Jesus. Captain. Are you alright?

Springfield doesn't reply. Blood oozes. Leitch strains to reach her, but she's just beyond his grasp.

Another roar, and another climb, longer this time. Engines scream. Ears pop. Then they level.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Turner can hear the crew yelling. He's trying to stay calm, but the cockpit suddenly darkens. He looks out.

TURNER  
Christ, he's right there, above us.  
What's he doing?

The Flanker pulls in front.

SFX: Loud scratching metal.

Debris begins to fly past the cockpit window.

RAMSAMY  
Christ, he hit us.

Ramsamy checks his instruments.

RAMSAMY (CONT'D)  
Main radar's gone - he's taken the  
bloody nose off.

SFX: Stall warning.

TURNER  
Stall? Why?

Turner checks instruments. He pushes the yoke forward. Looks around, checks screens.

RAMSAMY  
Two engines out.

SFX: Alert in Turner's earpiece.

LEITCH (O.S.)  
Leitch to flight deck. We picked up  
a mayday. One of the Flankers is  
down, pilot ejected.

Turner cranes to look out the window.

EXT. RIVET JOINT WING. ALOFT - DAY

A piece of the Flanker's tail sticks out of an engine  
cowling. He rushes to the other side. No obvious damage, but  
the fan blades aren't turning.

TURNER  
Some of it impacted, we're down to  
two engines.

RAMSAMY  
Airspeed keeps dropping.

TURNER  
Can we get to Norway?

RAMSAMY  
Calculating.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Leitch and Rebbins are now out of their seats and bandaging  
Springfield, who's still out cold. Three Crewmen pick her up  
and carry her to the rear of the plane. She bumps her head on  
a seat back. There's a noticeable noise of rushing air and  
vibration going through everything.

LEITCH  
Be careful, she's still breathing.  
(to Parlour)  
Guess you were right after all.

SFX: Screeching intercom.

TURNER (O.S.)  
This is flight deck.

Crew stop everything and hush.

TURNER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 We've had a collision and sustained  
 damage. Not our fault but we've  
 lost our nosecone and two engines.  
 We don't know what else is damaged  
 and we won't get home like this.

Crew look at each other in horror.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

TURNER  
 Navigator Ramsamy has located an  
 airfield at --

RAMSAMY  
 -- Shoyna Nos --

TURNER  
 -- Shoyna Nos. It's about twenty  
 minutes and is marked on the map as  
 Russian military --

INT. MAIN CREW AREA.

Crew are stunned.

PARLOUR  
 (to Leitch)  
 Sir, we can't land at a Russian  
 military airbase.

LEITCH  
 Shhh --

TURNER (O.S.)  
 But is also says disused. We really  
 need to do an assessment of the  
 damage, so let's find out what's  
 down there.

Leitch jumps out of his seat.

LEITCH  
 Scan everything: military and  
 commercial radio, mobile phones,  
 routers, aircraft, boats, if they  
 have a microwave oven I want to  
 know about it.

Crew tap keyboards. Leitch goes up and down the row seeing  
 what people are picking up.

Lots of lights are going off on their consoles. Another crew member, HOLLAND, female, 30s, has her hand up highest.

LEITCH (CONT'D)

Holland?

HOLLAND

Far from uninhabited, sir. Hundreds of mobile phones.

LEITCH

Military?

HOLLAND

Can't tell, Sir. They're not speaking Russian.

Parlour puts up a hand.

LEITCH

Parlour.

PARLOUR

I think it's a village. They're speaking a Uralic language, a bit like Finnish. I can barely understand it.

LEITCH

You speak Finnish?

PARLOUR

Long story, sir.

LEITCH

So are they Eskimos?

PARLOUR

No, not Inuits. And they're about twenty clicks from the runway.

LEITCH

Nothing from the airfield itself?

Crew shake their heads.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Turner and Ramsamy are flicking separately at switches - there's something amiss.

SFX: Alert in Turner's headset.

LEITCH  
Leitch here. The airfield's clear.

TURNER  
Thank God for that. Good work.

LEITCH  
But there seem to be some  
indigenous people nearby.

TURNER  
We'll deal with them when he have  
to. We have another problem up  
here, I need to brief the crew,  
Turner out.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA.

Crew wait for news. Parlour is especially nervous.

LEITCH  
It'll be alright. These planes fly  
themselves, even with Afterburner  
Turner at the wheel.

SFX: Intercom crackles.

TURNER (O.S.)  
Flight Deck here. We have a  
hydraulic problem so we won't be  
able to lower the flaps for  
landing, we'll have to slow her  
down sideways - one way then the  
other. Seatbelts double tight.  
Brace positions.

Leitch looks again at Parlour - he's strapped-in but seems  
distracted, as if it's not the landing that's worrying him.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Ramsamy peers out of the front window.

RAMSAMY  
There - straight ahead.

Turner looks out and sees it. Glances at instruments.

TURNER  
Ready?

Ramsamy nods.

Turner pushes his left foot hard into the pedal and the plane yaws hard to the right.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Plane yaws and Leitch watches Parlour's head snap back.

LEITCH  
Parlour, brace.

But it's too late, the plane pivots the other way and Parlour's head is whipped forward and smashes into his keyboard. Blood drips from his brow.

It happens again, but he braces this time. Forward. Backward. Forward. Backward. Forward. Backward.

Then the yawing stops. The floor drops away. Everyone is thrown upwards, their seat belts straining to keep them in place. Then just as suddenly, everything compresses. Then up. Then down. Left. Right. Down. Up.

There's a huge bang as the wheels hit the runway. Screeching as they brake and the tires skid. The fuselage saws left and right. Everyone clings tight. Bouncing, twisting, screeching, sawing - then the whole thing swings sideways and stops.

The crew look at around at each other for a moment in disbelief. They're alive! They whoop and clap.

A few moments later Turner and Ramsamy appear, dazed.

TURNER  
Everyone alright back here?

CREW  
Yes. Thank you. Wee-Hoo.

LEITCH  
Three cheers for the flight deck:  
Hip Hip...

CREW  
Hooray...

LEITCH  
Hip Hip...

CREW  
Hooray...

LEITCH  
Hip Hip...



CREW

Hooray...

TURNER

Where's the Captain?

LEITCH

Still unconscious.

TURNER

You wouldn't have known, but we managed to stop twenty metres short of the sea and some very large rocks. We'll go out in a minute to inspect the engines. If we can clear them out, we might have enough fuel left to get home.

Crew look at each other slightly bemused.

REBBINS

I'm not doing that again.

Crew laugh. Flight Crew laugh too. Then Turner grows serious.

TURNER

We sent a mayday. Norwegian Air Force rescue is at least two hours away. But we're only an hour north of the nearest Russian airport and they'll have heard it too.

A murmur of concern goes around the crew.

LEITCH

Quiet.

RAMSAMY

It's twenty below out there, so it's not as if we can make a run for it.

LEITCH

Have you spoken to Wing Command?

TURNER

I'm about to.

LEITCH

I'll come with you. Someone sit with the Captain. Parlour.

PARLOUR

Sir?

LEITCH

Get back there. You've caused  
enough trouble up here.

INT. CREW BUNKS - DAY

The bunks are at the far rear of the plane. Oblivious to his wound, Parlour checks Springfield's pulse and breathing. She's alive but unconscious. He sits, annoyed to have been benched, but then hears an engine starting up. The air conditioning blows and he pulls a blanket over the Captain.

Right by her head he spots an intercom fixed into the wall. He listens and hears very faint voices. He turns up the volume. It sounds like the cockpit. A new voice is speaking, RAF Wing Commander BEETROOT, male, 50s, (accent so posh he says "par" for power and "hice" for house).

BEETROOT (O.S.)

-- Now the good news is we've  
already had high level contact with  
the Russians and they say -- well  
the official line is we've invaded  
their airspace and it's act of war,  
usual thing -- but they understand  
it was an emergency. The question  
is whether we believe them.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Turner, Leitch and Ramsamy are on a video call with Beetroot.

TURNER

They wouldn't dare try to take an  
RAF aircraft by force.

BEETROOT

If it was any other airplane I'd  
agree with you. Would they risk an  
international incident to get their  
hands on a Rivet Joint? You bet  
they would.

TURNER

I think we can get airborne. We've  
got two engines.

BEETROOT

You need three minimum.

TURNER

I've seen it done on two.

BEETROOT  
Where?

TURNER  
Simulator.

BEETROOT  
With a tiny fuel load and miles of  
runway --

TURNER  
-- Like here.

BEETROOT  
And go where? Norway? You'll never  
make it.

RAMSAMY  
I beg to differ, sir. We have just  
enough fuel left to get to Kirkenes  
airfield.

BEETROOT  
And if you're even one percent out,  
you'll write off a two hundred and  
fifty million pound aircraft.

LEITCH  
And twenty-three crew dead.

BEETROOT  
Yes, whereas stay put and worst-  
case is they're taken for  
interrogation.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Parlour's eyes bug out. For him, that is worst-case.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

BEETROOT  
The aircraft is the priority. If  
the Russians get their hands on it,  
our snooping capabilities go back  
thirty years. Might as well pop the  
keys to MI6 in the post while we're  
at it. Beetroot out.

INT. CREW BUNKS - CONTINUOUS

Parlour waits for someone to say something else, but nothing comes. He turns up the volume and gets only a loud hiss. Beside himself, he goes to Springfield.

PARLOUR

I can't let them take me, Captain,  
you know that. No-one else is --

He's startled by movement behind.

LEITCH

-- Who are you talking to? --  
What's that noise?

Parlour knows it's the hiss. Leitch looks around, trying to locate it.

PARLOUR

They say talking helps recovery  
from brain injuries.

As he says it, he plumps the pillow under Springfield's head and places another one in front of the intercom, muffling it.

LEITCH

Then someone needs to give you a  
big talking to.

PARLOUR

Thanks.

LEITCH

I mean your forehead.

Parlour touches his forehead, surprised it comes away bloody.

LEITCH (CONT'D)

Meet me at my station - once you've  
seen to that.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Parlour looks in the mirror, dabbing himself with wet tissue.

PARLOUR

All you had to do was keep your  
head down. Your mouth shut. But no.  
The sub's throwing his voice, sir.  
I can speak Finnish, sir.

Pushes his face right up close to the mirror.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

They'll figure it out. You won't last five minutes.

He shakes his head at himself.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Leitch is looking at one of his screens. It shows a map of the Nenet village with hundreds of mobile phones. Most are clustered around the middle of the village.

LEITCH

Every one of these eskimos has a bloody phone.

Parlour steadies himself. He doesn't want to react, but --

PARLOUR

They're not eskimos. They're Nenets.

LEITCH

Never heard of them.

PARLOUR

They used to be called the Samoyed.

LEITCH

Like the dog.

PARLOUR

They changed it. Samoyed means 'people eater'.

LEITCH

Cannibals?

PARLOUR

Not exactly, it means, sort of, 'self eater'.

LEITCH

Even if you eat yourself, you're still a cannibal.

PARLOUR

It's nuances. Nenet means 'people'.

LEITCH

So if Fred West changed his name to Buddha... Find out more about them, they could be our best chance.

PARLOUR

Of what?

LEITCH

(quietly)

Escape. And you're the only one  
that speaks their language.

PARLOUR

What they speak and what I do is --

He holds his hands wide apart.

LEITCH

That's better than the rest of us.

PARLOUR

Why would they help us? We're the  
enemy.

LEITCH

The Russians are the enemy, which  
makes us their friends.

PARLOUR

Why do you think the Russians are  
their enemy?

LEITCH

All indigenous peoples hate their  
colonial masters.

Parlour is about to reply when the intercom crackles.

TURNER (O.S.)

Lieutenant Leitch to the flight  
deck. Leitch to flight deck.

LEITCH

See what I mean?

Parlour turns back to his desk and sees Rebbins watching. He  
peers closer at the map of Nenet phones. Two are separated  
from the others and are coming towards the airstrip.

With a few keystrokes he isolates their phones. KADNE, a  
Nenet teenage girl, and IGNEY, a middle-aged Nenet man, are  
speaking in agitated voices, but not to each other.

Parlour makes another couple of keystrokes and two other  
phones light up, back in the village.

He scribbles on a piece of paper in both Roman and Cyrillic letters as he tries to translate some of it. *All italic dialogue in Nenet.*

IGNEY

*Da, da, jo, jo, ei, ei, jo, ei.*  
*Artishoke.*

Parlour writes: Yes? Yes? No? Artichokes.

Slightly bemused, he tunes in Kadne. She speaks quickly. Two words pop out that he thinks he recognises.

KADNE

*(Indecipherable) Haat, haat. Da.*  
*Da. (Indecipherable) Haat. Hajoula.*

Parlour writes: Wedding. Party.

He flips back to Igney, who's laughing hard.

IGNEY

*Vodka, vodka, da, da.*

Parlour laughs and writes: Vodka.

He suddenly becomes aware of rapid activity either side of him. Leitch has returned. Rebbins and Holland are looking to Leitch and nodding at each other. Parlour clicks out of the Nenet stream and into inter-crew comms.

PARLOUR

What's happening?

REBBINS

Military transport near Arkhangelsk  
might be heading our way.

Parlour flips his pad over and tunes in his equipment.

LEITCH

Right, we have comms between the  
transport and air traffic control.  
It's on playback, everyone ready?

*. All italic dialogue in this scene in Russian. Parlour translates quietly to himself. The Russian pilot is KLEPTOV, male, 50s.*

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL (O.S.)

*C18 confirm position.*

PARLOUR

Confirm your position.

KLEPTOV (O.S.)  
*Begin final descent Arkhangelsk.*

PARLOUR  
Landing at Arkhangelsk.

LEITCH  
That's less than an hour away.

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL (O.S.)  
*Confirm fuel load.*

KLEPTOV (O.S.)  
*60,000 KG.*

LEITCH  
Big plane.

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL  
*Will 60,000 KG get you to Shoyna Nos and back to Arkhangelsk?*

KLEPTOV  
*Shoyna Nos? Your girlfriend want a seal hat or something?*

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL  
*Negative. Our orders are to contact the aircraft closest to Shoyna Nos and redirect them. That means you.*

Leitch stops the playback.

LEITCH  
From here. This section. Listen up.

Playback resumes.

KLEPTOV (O.S.)  
*Shoyna Nos? Shall I tap your forehead with a dick?*

Crew laugh awkwardly.

PARLOUR  
Shall I tap...

Playback stops.

LEITCH  
What does that mean, exactly?



REBBINS

It's a saying. Russians love sayings.

HOLLAND

The filthier the better.

LEITCH

But what does it mean?

HOLLAND

Doesn't it mean the person is asking for quite a lot?

REBBINS

It has to be the opposite.

PARLOUR

No, she's right. It's like we'd say CBA, mate, can't be arsed.

LEITCH

So the air traffic controller's saying go to Shoyna Nos, and he's saying no, can't be arsed.

PARLOUR

Simple as.

LEITCH

Doesn't he know what a serious situation this is?

PARLOUR

Maybe it's not serious for them.

LEITCH

But he's refusing an order.

PARLOUR

He's not flat-out refusing. More like complaining.

LEITCH

Alright, let's hear a little more.

Leitch resumes playback.

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL

*British reconnaissance plane called a mayday and landed there.*

LEITCH

They heard our mayday.

KLEPTOV

(laughs)

*Whoa... Why didn't you say so... If you're afraid of teeth...*

Parlour bursts out laughing. Playback stops.

LEITCH

What's so bloody funny?

PARLOUR

This Russian Captain, he's just taking the piss.

LEITCH

How do you know all these, Parlour?

Parlour laughs to avoid answering.

LEITCH (CONT'D)

Concentrate, I'll rewind.

KLEPTOV

*Whoa... Why didn't you say so... If you're afraid of teeth don't fuck the mouth.*

LEITCH

What's that mean, then?

REBBINS

Fortune favours the brave?

HOLLAND

I don't think it's that, more like who dares wins.

PARLOUR

Nothing ventured nothing gained.

LEITCH

So what's the nuance here?

PARLOUR

Seems pretty clear to me. The pilot was asked to come to Shoyna Nos, and he says, nah, you're taking the mick. But then he hears about a big prize --

LEITCH

-- The RAF's single most advanced aircraft --

PARLOUR

-- And it's a chance to be a hero,  
so he's telling the controller you  
bet I'll go. Did he get clearance?

LEITCH

Not yet. We'll monitor, switch to  
live feed.

Crew wait. Then there's a burst of Russian.

KLEPTOV

*Tell your boss if he wants to hold  
the British plane, we've got the  
men for the job. I'm carrying a  
hundred Wagners.*

Crew exchange nervous glances.

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL

*Why are you flying a hundred  
Wagners to Arkhangelsk?*

KLEPTOV

*Winter training.*

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL

*One moment.*

LEITCH

Everyone get that?

Crew nod. They wait.

RUSSIAN GROUND CONTROL

*C18, you are cleared for Shoyna  
Nos.*

KLEPTOV

*Copy that. C18 out.*

LEITCH

So now we know what's coming.

Crew look like rabbits in the headlights.

HOLLAND

What will they do to sir?

LEITCH

No idea. But if it's any  
consolation, it's the airplane  
they're interested in. Not you.  
I'll update the Captain.

Leitch sets off toward the cockpit. Parlour unbuckles and heads the other way. Rebbins calls after him.

REBBINS  
Where are you going?

PARLOUR  
Bustin' for a slash.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Parlour pulls the pillow away from the intercom.

LEITCH (O.S.)  
He's got a hundred Wagners on board. We need to get out of here.

TURNER (O.S.)  
Our orders are to stay put.

LEITCH (O.S.)  
Those orders could get us killed.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Leitch is standing behind Ramsamy.

TURNER  
The airplane is the priority.

LEITCH  
Whose priority?

TURNER  
What else can we do?

LEITCH  
Get to the village.

TURNER  
The eskimos? They'd turn us in.

LEITCH  
Not necessarily.

RAMSAMY  
The Russians would know we'd gone there. They'd track us down.

LEITCH  
Why would they bother, if the aircraft's in bits.

Turner and Ramsamy exchange a glance - they're both lost.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Parlour checks the Captain, wishing she could hear this. He shakes her but she doesn't respond. Taps her face. Out cold.

LEITCH (O.S.)

That Russian captain knows what this plane's worth. But if there's no plane, he's not sticking about.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

TURNER

This is crazy talk.

RAMSAMY

It won't even work. We don't have a self-destruct mechanism.

TURNER

It's against direct orders from Wing Command. We're not discussing it any further.

LEITCH

I went to Nebraska for training when we bought these off the Americans. One night in a bar a senior mechanic took me aside. He said, if you're ever in the shit, so deep there's no way out, find the hatch in the floor, put some explosive next to the central fuel tank, and run like hell.

TURNER

This is mutinous.

RAMSAMY

We'd be court-martialed.

LEITCH

For saving twenty-three lives?

TURNER

For scuttling an airplane. There will be a diplomatic solution.

LEITCH

Tell that to Ukraine.

Leitch opens the cockpit door.

TURNER  
Shut that door --

Reluctantly, Leitch closes it.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
You are forbidden, do you hear me --  
this is an order -- forbidden from  
preparing to scuttle this airplane.  
Even discussing it.

LEITCH  
And what do you think gives you the  
authority?

TURNER  
I'm the Captain.

LEITCH  
And I'm the Mission Supervisor.

TURNER  
I outrank you. That might be  
difficult to accept seeing as  
you're old enough to be my  
grandfather, but it's the reality.  
Now get back to your seat and wait  
for my instructions.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Parlour hears the sound of the cockpit door slamming. He  
shoves the pillow back over the intercom and runs out.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Parlour hurries back to his seat. A foot appears from nowhere  
and he trips over it, falling on his face. He glances up.

REBBINS  
Where were you?

PARLOUR  
Having a slash.

REBBINS  
Long slash.

PARLOUR  
 You want details?  
 (glancing around, quietly)  
 The Russians will take us away for  
 interrogation. Leitch wants to find  
 a way to get us off.

REBBINS  
 How do you know this?

PARLOUR  
 I overheard something.

REBBINS  
 In the toilets?

PARLOUR  
 Just believe me, alright. Do you  
 want to be interrogated?

REBBINS  
 What about Turner?

PARLOUR  
 He's not very happy about it.

REBBINS  
 He's the captain now, we have to  
 follow his orders.

PARLOUR  
 Why follow an order that'll get you  
 killed?

REBBINS  
 It's interrogation not execution.

Leitch returns.

LEITCH  
 Parlour.

Leitch motions with his head for Parlour to follow him back  
 down the corridor. Rebbins watches suspiciously as they go.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Leitch shuts the door.

LEITCH  
 You need to make contact with the  
 Nenet people.

PARLOUR

I can barely understand them.

LEITCH

It's the only way. They know every inch of this territory. What do they want, what can we give them?

PARLOUR

They're planning a wedding party, they want vodka and... artichokes.

LEITCH

Artichokes?

PARLOUR

Will the Russians really take us off for interrogation?

LEITCH

How'd you know about that?

Parlour is about to answer when there's a thumping on the door.

TURNER (O.C.)

Leitch? Leitch, are you in there?

LEITCH

Checking on the Captain.

TURNER

Open the door.

Leitch fumes, holds a finger to his lips, then opens. Turner's standing there with Rebbins. They see Parlour.

TURNER (CONT'D)

What's he doing here? What are you up to?

Parlour glares at Rebbins. She glares back: it's his fault.

TURNER (CONT'D)

-- Where's the hatch? In here somewhere?

LEITCH

I haven't looked for it.

Turner looks around on the floor - he can't see any sign of a hatch. He hands a keyring to Rebbins.



TURNER

We've enough to deal with without mutiny.

LEITCH

Mutiny? One lucky landing and you're Chief of the Air Staff.

TURNER

I'm your commanding officer. This is the brig until further notice. Rebbins, you take over as Mission Supervisor.

REBBINS

Yes, sir.

PARLOUR

Since when is trying to save your crew mutiny? Isn't it what you should be doing?

TURNER

How dare you.

PARLOUR

Afterburner Turner. D'you know why they call you that? 'Cos you're slow.

TURNER

Right that's it. You're in here too.

(to Rebbins)

Lock them in.

Turner exits as Rebbins pulls the door closed with a look of triumph. The key turns in the lock.

Alone, Parlour and Leitch stare at each other. Leitch is incredulous.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The Rivet Joint stands silently as snow billows around.

INT. CREW BUNKS - DAY

They sit facing each other, sometimes making eye contact, sometimes glancing away, sometimes stealing a look. Leitch throws another three nicotine gums into his mouth.

LEITCH  
This is your fault.

PARLOUR  
What? The plane going down or us  
being in here?

LEITCH  
Both.

Beat.

LEITCH (CONT'D)  
Full of bloody surprises.

Beat.

LEITCH (CONT'D)  
Who speaks Finnish?

Beat.

PARLOUR  
Someone who lived there.

Leitch doesn't respond.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
From age five to twelve.

Still no reaction.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
For reasons that would make being  
captured by the Russians something  
you'd do anything to avoid.

Leitch finally glances up.

LEITCH  
Who are you really?

PARLOUR  
Does the name Denisova mean  
anything to you?

Leitch shakes his head.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
Maria Denisova?

Another tiny shake.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

I used to be in a band. This amazingly beautiful girl used to come and watch. She became my girlfriend. She dumped me after a while, started going out with our bass player. Last I heard she was married to a big-shot record producer. She had a thing for musicians. Maria Denisova had a thing for spies. Current ones. Past ones --

LEITCH

-- You're not --?

PARLOUR

'It's the cross I'll bear forever.

LEITCH

Who let you aboard?

Parlour shakes his head.

LEITCH (CONT'D)

They don't know -- But why would you want to?

PARLOUR

I hate the bastard. He wanted me dead. Why'd you think we had to escape to Finland?

Leitch thumps the bunk.

LEITCH

Is that why they came after us? Why we're here?

PARLOUR

No.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

Only two people in the world knew. Me and Mum. Now three.

LEITCH

Are you sure? You're not exactly the spitting image.

PARLOUR

One of them electric toothbrush heads arrived in the post one day.

(MORE)

## PARLOUR (CONT'D)

She never said how she got it, but must be someone who worked in the Kremlin, or one of his houses. Now d'you get it? I can't believe Wing Command would just give up their own people like that.

## LEITCH

How'd you know about that?

Parlour removes the pillow from the intercom. Leitch shakes his head in disbelief.

## PARLOUR

What's this fuel hatch you were talking about?

## LEITCH

These planes were converted from tankers. The fuel they use for air-to-air refuelling is held in a central fuel tank --

(points downward)

-- where they'd put your bags on an airliner. US Air Force guy told me you can get to it through a hatch in the floor.

They hear voices on the intercom. Parlour holds up his hand and gooses the volume.

## BEETROOT (O.S.)

The boys here have been tracking that Russian transport. It's an IL-76.

## LEITCH

That's a great munter of a thing.

## BEETROOT (O.S.)

More than large enough to carry a hundred troops. Can't be more than half an hour away now. You should tell Lieutenant Leitch to brief the crew on what they can say and can't say, you know, in case.

## TURNER (O.S.)

Sir, I've had to relieve Lieutenant Leitch of his post and place him in the brig.

## BEETROOT (O.S.)

Good God. Whatever for?

TURNER (O.S.)  
Mutiny, sir.

BEETROOT (O.S.)  
Mutiny?

TURNER  
He kept talking about getting the crew off and blowing up the plane. Against your direct orders.

BEETROOT  
Well, between you and me, he was never cut out for the top grades.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Beetroot is on screen.

BEETROOT  
Speaking of top grades, we have General U.H.Oh from the Pentagon joining any second. She has new information.

U.H.OH, female, 50s, joins the video conference.

U.H.OH  
Good day, gentlemen.

TURNER  
Good day, ma'am.

RAMSAMY  
Good day, ma'am.

U.H.OH  
I love that. Ma'am. Call me General.

TURNER  
Good day, General.

RAMSAMY  
Good day, General.

U.H.OH  
Russian fighters flew at you aggressively, one of them clipped your nose with his tail and went down, you lost the nosecone and debris screwed two of your engines, is that about right?

TURNER  
Yes, General.

RAMSAMY  
Yes, General.

U.H.OH

You're lucky to be alive. So here's your next challenge, we had a drone watching North Korean shipping in the Arctic Ocean. As soon as we heard about your little mishap we repurposed it to follow that Yasen Class submarine you were meant to be keeping an eye on. It changed course again. It's heading for Shoyna Nos.

TURNER

Here?

RAMSAMY

But why, its weapons systems could strike here from halfway around the world?

U.H.OH

They know that. And they know we know. They're making a point.

BEETROOT

Which is what, exactly?

RAMSAMY

Stay the fuck away?

U.H.OH

Yeah, and don't try any Jack Reacher shit, like trying to intervene while we're taking hostages.

TURNER

Hostages?

U.H.OH

Well, they'll call it something else, but that's what you're gonna be.

TURNER

Sir, General, we should try taking off?

U.H.OH

If you can, why haven't you?

BEETROOT

They only have two engines.

U.H.OH

So?

BEETROOT

Three minimum for take-off.

U.H.OH

Says who?

BEETROOT

Your engineers.

U.H.OH

Never listen to engineers. Every one of them builds in a twenty percent fuck-up factor. The next guy does the same and then the next. That thing'd probably take off on one engine.

BEETROOT

We're also concerned about range.

U.H.OH

Range? Who's the navigator?

RAMSAMY

Me, General.

U.H.OH

I don't care where you go, just make sure the Russians don't get their mitts on her. Get out a sea map. If you have to ditch, make it deep.

BEETROOT

Now, General, I don't think it's going to come to that.

U.H.OH

Damn it, Beetroot, when we sold you the Rivet Joints you agreed that avoiding capture of these systems would take precedence over everything else in any situation.

BEETROOT

Well, yes, but --

U.H.OH

So either take off or blow it up. Or both. Just hurry.

Oh disappears.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Parlour blinks in disbelief. Leitch shakes his head. They wait.

PARLOUR  
Why don't we just take off? She  
said it's possible.

BEETROOT (O.S.)  
Right, Turner --

TURNER (O.S.)  
Yes, sir.

BEETROOT (O.S.)  
I think you'll get your wish now.  
Prepare to attempt take off.

TURNER (O.S.)  
(thrilled)  
Yes, sir.

They wait, listening --

SFX: Engine note increases a little.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Rebbins hears the engines increasing. Holland leans across.

HOLLAND  
Have you seen this?

Rebbins turns slowly, waiting for the salutation --

HOLLAND (CONT'D)  
Ma'am.

REBBINS  
Seen what, Officer Holland?

Holland taps keys and sends the map of Nenet phone to one of Rebbins's screens. The two who were separated from the others are now at the airstrip, and moving quickly across it, toward the plane.



REBBINS (CONT'D)  
Christ. What do they want?

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Turner is in the Captain's chair cranking on the tiller to turn the airplane around on the runway. Ramsamy is still in the Navigator position behind.

TURNER  
Finally, finally, finally. We could have done this half an hour ago. Why don't you take my seat?

RAMSAMY  
Am I allowed to?

TURNER  
Don't be an arse. You're promoted to First Officer.

RAMSAMY  
Can you do that?

TURNER  
I'm the Captain, I can do what the bloody hell I like.

Ramsamy climbs into the First Officer's chair, but Turner's eyes bug out as he looks out the windscreen.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
What the -- ?

RAMSAMY  
What is it?

He joins Turner in looking out. Turner clicks a comms button.

TURNER  
Rebbins, are you picking this up?

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Rebbins is astonished, seeing the dots on her screen on the runway, directly in front of the plane.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Parlour and Leitch, listening in, are puzzled.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Turner and Ramsamy are waving furiously out of the window.

TURNER  
Get off the bloody runway.

RAMSAMY  
Move you dimwit.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

It's still snowing. Igney and Kadne each have a snowmobile with a sled attached to the back. Igney stands on top of his. He holds out his mobile phone and points to it.

INT. REBBINS WORKSTATION. CONTINUOUS - DAY

SFX: Bleep in her headset.

TURNER (O.S.)  
There's a pair of eskimos blocking  
the runway. One's trying to ring  
us, can you pick it up?

REBBINS  
Give me a second.

Rebbins types keys.

EXT. RUNWAY AT SHOYNA NOS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Igney's phone rings, he grins - his plan has come together.  
All italic dialogue in Nenet.

IGNEY  
Houston have problem.

Kadne rolls her eyes - he's so embarrassing.

REBBINS (O.S.)  
Hello? Hello? Can you hear me?

IGNEY  
RC-135W. *What happened to your  
nose?*

KADNE  
*Dad, they can't understand you.*

IGNEY

*You talk to them, then. Tell them  
what we want.*

KADNE

*You mean what you want.*

IGNEY

*You want it too. You said so.*

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Rebbins enters.

REBBINS

*Sir, we've made contact but we  
don't speak their language.*

TURNER

*Someone did before.*

RAMSAMY

*I think it was Parlour. The one  
with Leitch.*

TURNER

*The one who -- no way --*

RAMSAMY

*We could always turn the plane  
around and blast them.*

He indicates turning the plane around.

RAMSAMY (CONT'D)

*Give it a bit of welly -- woomph --  
blow them off the runway.*

TURNER

*Ten seconds up front and you've  
become quite the little bastard.*

REBBINS

*How long will that take?*

TURNER

*No, you're right. Fetch Parlour.  
But he goes straight back in after.*

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Rebbins opens the door. She points at Parlour. Then Leitch.

REBBINS  
You, come with me. You, stay here.

Parlour stays seated.

REBBINS (CONT'D)  
Be quick. We need you.

PARLOUR  
He's coming too.

REBBINS  
Parlour, behave yourself or  
there'll be trouble.

PARLOUR  
I'm already in the brig.

REBBINS  
It can get worse.

PARLOUR  
Charged with mutiny.

REBBINS  
It can still get worse.

PARLOUR  
How?

REBBINS  
Fine, but you're going straight  
back in. Together.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Back at his desk, headset on, Parlour has his pad ready. All  
Parlour dialogue in Finnish. Igney in Nenet/Russian/Finnish.

PARLOUR  
*Hello. My name is Parlour. Can you  
understand me?*

IGNEY (O.S.)  
*What the hell language are you  
speaking?*

PARLOUR  
*Yazi... language. Finnish.*

IGNEY (O.S.)  
*Finnish? Not Russian?*

PARLOUR  
*No, no Russian.*

IGNEY (O.S.)  
*No Russian?*

Parlour glances around - they can't understand.

PARLOUR  
*No-one on the plane speaks Russian.*

IGNEY (O.S.)  
*Okay, I know a little Finnish.*

REBBINS  
 What's he saying?

PARLOUR  
 We've found a way to communicate.  
 (to Igney)  
*What do you want?*

EXT. RUNWAY. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Igney nods at Kadne and points to his phone.

IGNEY  
 (to Kadne)  
*Told you. What do we want? Heh-heh.*

INT. PARLOUR'S WORKSTATION. CONTINUOUS - DAY

IGNEY (O.S.)  
*Take my daughter.*

Parlour scribbles on his pad "Take my..."

PARLOUR  
*Could you repeat that, please?*

IGNEY (O.S.)  
*Take my daughter.*

REBBINS  
 What is it?

PARLOUR  
 He's saying take my daughter.

EXT. RUNWAY. CONTINUOUS - DAY

IGNEY

*She's too smart to herd reindeer.  
She deserves the best school. In  
England.*

He wipes a tear.

INT. PARLOUR'S WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

PARLOUR

He wants her to come to England. To  
go to school.

REBBINS

That's ridiculous.

PARLOUR

Why?

REBBINS

This isn't Ryanair.

Rebbins stomps off towards the cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Rebbins enters.

REBBINS

Sir, the eskimos, it's a dad and  
his daughter, he wants her to come  
with us.

TURNER

We don't take passengers.

REBBINS

That's what I said.

RAMSAMY

Will he get out of the way if we  
take her?

TURNER

We're not taking her.

RAMSAMY

We can't take off with the  
snowmobiles in the way.

REBBINS

We'd need authorisation and  
immigration forms and how old is  
she anyway?

TURNER

Get them both.

REBBINS

Sir?

TURNER

We need to go. Just clear the  
runway.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Igney and Kadne steer their snowmobiles off the runway.

A door opens underneath the Rivet Joint, near the front  
wheel, and a ladder comes down.

Igney takes Kadne's hand and they run towards the ladder.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Parlour and Rebbins lead Kadne and Igney toward the back of  
the plane.

They go into the area of the crew bunks. Kadne screams.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Kadne is terrified. Igney wraps her in his arms.

PARLOUR

*She's not dead, she's not dead,  
she's injured.*

Kadne takes another look at Springfield, still strapped in.  
Parlour takes Kadne's hand. She resists at first, then lets  
him guide it to Springfield's forehead.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

*See, warm.*

Kadne relaxes a little.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

Okay?  
 (to Igney)  
 Okay?

Igney notices Springfield's sleeve with four cuff stripes.

IGNEY  
 Houston have problem.

Parlour sees what he's looking at and nods.

PARLOUR  
 Yeah.

KADNE  
*He watches too many movies.*

SFX: Engines spooling up.

Parlour points to the bunks and the seat belts.

PARLOUR  
 Click-click.

He's about to leave, then decides to stay with them and buckles in.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

TURNER  
 Okay, here we go Ramy-boy.

Turner pushes the throttles full forward. The craft shakes, the engines howl and the craft begins to roll forward.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

The take-off run goes on, and on, and on -- Crew's faces are full of hope and fear. Leitch and Rebbins exchange a glance - she's still not happy with him.

SFX: Rhythm of the paving slabs increases.

SFX: Engines scream.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

The floor tilts as the nose lifts...



Igney is terrified and ecstatic at the same time. Kadne clings to her father.

EXT. RUNWAY. CONTINUOUS - DAY

SFX: Bang!

A huge puff of black smoke comes from one of the engines.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

The plane swings to one side. Turner shoves the yoke forward.

TURNER  
Abort. Abort.

He yanks the throttles backward.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

The floor goes back to flat. The engine noise winds down.

CREW  
Awwwwww.

LEITCH  
Goddammit to hell.

Then the plane begins skidding sideways.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

The door to the bunks busts open with the force.

IGNEY  
*What's happening?*

PARLOUR  
*I don't know. Hold on.*

Eventually the plane skids to a stop. Parlour unbuckles.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
*I'm going to find out what's going on.*

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Parlour joins Leitch, who's sitting at his screen.

PARLOUR  
What happened?

LEITCH  
Blew another engine.

Parlour's face falls - there's no way out now. He looks around to see who's listening.

PARLOUR  
The Russians?

LEITCH  
Ten minutes away. Max.

PARLOUR  
I can't --

LEITCH  
-- I know.

INT. CREW BUNKS - DAY

Parlour rushes back in.

PARLOUR  
Houston, we got a big problem.  
*Another engine blew, we won't be going anywhere.*

IGNEY  
(to Kadne)  
*Sorry, darling.*

KADNE  
*It's okay, Dad.*

PARLOUR  
*And the Russians will be landing in about ten minutes.*

Igney and Kadne suddenly look worried.

IGNEY  
*They'll kill us if they find out we're here.*

PARLOUR  
*Join the club.*

KADNE  
*The Russians have told us to keep away from oil and gas and military.*  
(MORE)

KADNE (CONT'D)

*But our reindeer go there and we have to follow. They shoot on sight.*

PARLOUR

*Will your people help? Come get us, take us to safety?*

Igney's concerned. Shakes his head. Looks to Kadne. She's troubled too.

KADNE

*It's difficult.*

PARLOUR

*They're frightened.*

KADNE

*No, well, yes.*

IGNEY

*They'll take a lot of persuading.*

KADNE

*And my father's not the most popular guy in the village right now. He cancelled my wedding.*

PARLOUR

*But I was listening. You're planning a wedding.*

KADNE

*No, the wedding's off. Dad wants me to go to school. But everyone was so angry he said they would still pay for a party.*

PARLOUR

*This is the most advanced plane in the sky. It's full of spying equipment that the Russians would kill to get their hands on. You, me, everyone.*

Igney knows what he has to do. Takes out his mobile phone.

IGNEY

*Igney phone home.*

PARLOUR

*Thanks Igney. You don't know how much this could mean.*

INT. MAIN CREW AREA.

Parlour dashes up the aisle to Leitch and Rebbins.

PARLOUR  
Igney's talking to the village,  
he's going to persuade them to help  
us.

REBBINS  
Help us how?

PARLOUR  
Get people off.

REBBINS  
We don't have orders.

PARLOUR  
We'll get some. And we need to  
delay the Russians landing so  
there's time for the Nenets to get  
here.

LEITCH  
How're you going to do that?

PARLOUR  
I got an idea.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Parlour rushes in. Leitch arrives a few steps behind.

PARLOUR  
Sir, sorry to bother you.

TURNER  
Sir, now? What do you want?

PARLOUR  
Can we talk to that transport?

TURNER  
And say what, welcome to Shoyna  
Nos?

PARLOUR  
They're coming for this plane --  
What if someone beat them to it?

TURNER  
Like who?

PARLOUR

The Nenets.

TURNER

Those two in the back?

PARLOUR

No. Well, yeah. Sort of. Where's the radio?

TURNER

You're not going on the radio.

PARLOUR

They're ten minutes away.

RAMSAMY

Five. Maybe less.

PARLOUR

We could slow them down, make them think twice, anything.

TURNER

But what are you going to do?

PARLOUR

What frequency can we hail them on?

LEITCH

Try all of them.

PARLOUR

Give me the radio, please, all frequencies.

Turner nods at Ramsamy who hands over his headset.

LEITCH

Make it grunty.

PARLOUR

What?

LEITCH

Yeah, you know --  
(motions with his thumb)  
-- what he sounds like.

PARLOUR

...That's just so inappropriate.

All dialogue in Russian is in italics.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
*Incoming aircraft, this is Shoyna  
 Nos Tower. Please identify  
 yourself.*

No response. Tries again.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
*Incoming aircraft, welcome to  
 Shoyna Nos. This is the control  
 tower. Please identify yourself.*

Again no response.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
*Incoming aircraft, you're our first  
 visitor this year and you've won  
 the grand prize, a jar of beetroot  
 soup.*

Radio crackles. All strain to listen.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT - DAY

Captain KLEPTOV, male 50s, and First Officer TOKAR, male 30s,  
 are stunned at being hailed. All italics in Russian.

KLEPTOV  
*Who the hell is this?*

PARLOUR (O.S.)  
*This is Shoyna Nos Tower. Who is  
 this?*

KLEPTOV  
*Get off this frequency. This is a  
 military airport.*

PARLOUR (O.S.)  
*So you are a military airplane?*

KLEPTOV  
*You're goddamned right and you're  
 going to be in big trouble.*

TOKAR  
 (not on radio)  
*Who are they?*

KLEPTOV  
 (not on radio)  
*Kids.*  
 (on radio)  
 (MORE)

KLEPTOV (CONT'D)

*We have one hundred fifty Wagners  
on board. Keep away from the  
airport, we will shoot on sight.*

*(laughs, not on radio)*

*That'll sort the fuckers.*

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

PARLOUR

*(not on radio)*

*He's telling me to get off the  
radio.*

*(on radio)*

*Well, I'm very sorry, but this  
airstrip belongs to the Nenet  
Autonomous Region. You are landing  
here illegally. Just like we told  
the other airplane, you are now the  
property of the Nenet Autonomous  
Region.*

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

KLEPTOV

*This isn't a game, you idiot.*

PARLOUR (O.S.)

*I am a representative of the Nenet  
Autonomous Region. The new owners  
of both aircraft.*

KLEPTOV

*You stay away from that plane, you  
hear me.*

PARLOUR (O.S.)

*Too late, brother. We boarded and  
took control.*

KLEPTOV

*You did what?*

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Parlour pulls off his headset and lets out a huge laugh.  
Leitch and Turner exchange a worried glance.

LEITCH

What are you laughing at?

TURNER

What's he saying?

PARLOUR

He ordered us not to go near the Rivet Joint. I said we'd taken control.

LEITCH

Don't get cocky.

Parlour puts the headset back on.

KLEPTOV (O.S.)

*What do you mean, took control?*

PARLOUR

*We have hostages including the Captain, a Lieutenant, and some cocky little shit who needs a slap round the chops.*

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

KLEPTOV

*You and your Eskimo pals fuck off back to your ice fishing hole or there's going to be serious trouble.*

PARLOUR (O.S.)

*Eskimos, eh? Ice fishing? And how's your commanding officer going to take it when the Governor of the Nenets Autonomous Region - who happens to be my uncle - calls him to say you've been disrespecting our laws and customs and making racist remarks. Is he going to tell the Governor to fuck off back to his ice fishing hole?*

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Kleptov doesn't reply.

RAMSAMY

He's two minutes out.

PARLOUR

*Any attempt to take us by force will have severe consequences.*

KLEPTOV (O.S.)

*Shut up, I'm talking to your daddy.*



Parlour's confused. He pulls off his headset.

TURNER  
What did he say?

PARLOUR  
I warned him not to take us by force and he said he was talking to my daddy.

TURNER  
They'll be trying to reach the tribal elders.

LEITCH  
It's not the bloody Navaho.

TURNER  
Whatever. The head of the village.

Parlour looks out. Can't see anything.

PARLOUR  
Well they're not here yet.

Parlour pulls on his headset.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
*If there is any attempt to take this plane by force we will kill the hostages.*

KLEPTOV (O.S.)  
*Good. Fewer of them for us to worry about.*

PARLOUR  
*And we'll set the plane on fire.*

KLEPTOV (O.S.)  
*And we'll burn your fucking village.*

PARLOUR  
He said they'll burn our village.

TURNER  
Well this was a brilliant bloody idea.

SFX: Jet approaching.

Everyone looks out of the window.

RAMSAMY  
There. Lights.

LEITCH  
That's an IL-76 alright.

RAMSAMY  
He can see us, right?

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

SFX: Bell ringing.

TOKAR  
*One hundred feet --*

Suddenly Tokar looks ahead in horror.

TOKAR (CONT'D)  
*-- What is that? --*

KLEPTOV  
*-- Where? --*

TOKAR  
*-- There.*

Kleptov sees the Rivet Joint ahead. His eyes bug out.

KLEPTOV  
*What fucking idiot parks on a  
runway? We're going around.*

Kleptov pulls back on the yoke and Tokar shoves the throttles forward. The IL-76 makes a roar like a complaining heifer but climbs back into the sky.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

RAMSAMY  
He's going around. He saw us on the  
runway and pulled up.

PARLOUR  
Let's go further.

TURNER  
What?

PARLOUR  
Further up the runway. Block it  
completely.

TURNER  
He won't stay up there forever.

PARLOUR  
Maybe long enough.

TURNER  
For what?

Parlour glances at Leitch, who nods.

PARLOUR  
The Nenets are calling their village. With their help we can get off and hide before the Russians arrive.

TURNER  
(furious)  
Those are not our orders.

SFX: Incoming call alert.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
It's Wing Command. Watch what you say.

Beetroot and U.H.Oh come on the screen.

BEETROOT  
We've been watching on satellite, you didn't get airborne.

TURNER  
No.

U.H.OH  
Have the Russians landed?

TURNER  
They're circling the runway.

BEETROOT  
Keep them up there as long as you can while you wipe the electronics. Destroy everything. Papers. Hard drives. Circuit boards.

U.H.OH  
Has anyone told you about the central fuel tank?

TURNER  
We know about it.

BEETROOT  
That's a last resort.

U.H.OH  
Just don't leave it too late, like  
you did this time.

LEITCH  
(leaning into frame)  
Sir, could I ask you a question?

BEETROOT  
Leitch? I thought you were under  
arrest?

U.H.OH  
He was? For what?

BEETROOT  
(to Oh)  
Mutiny.

U.H.OH  
Brits. Can't take an order.

BEETROOT  
What's the question?

LEITCH  
Once we've destroyed everything, if  
there's a way of getting the crew  
to safety, is that okay?

BEETROOT  
Of course. You mean abandoning the  
aircraft, yes? And go where?

LEITCH  
The indigenous people might be able  
to help.

U.H.OH  
Just wipe the plane, goddamnit.  
Saving your neck is something you  
do on your own time.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Rebbins faces down Leitch and Parlour.

REBBINS  
My orders are to out you both back  
in the brig.

LEITCH

But the new order is to wipe the systems.

REBBINS

And I will supervise that.

LEITCH

Do you know the protocols?

REBBINS

Yes.

LEITCH

Then what's the destruct sequence?

REBBINS

It's all in the file.

LEITCH

Where's the file?

Rebbins glances towards Leitch's workstation.

REBBINS

On the system.

LEITCH

Where, on the system?

REBBINS

In your -- personal folder.

LEITCH

And who has access?

REBBINS

Lieutenant Leitch I am ordering you to give me access to your personal folder.

LEITCH

I've forgotten the password.

PARLOUR

We don't have time for this. He knows the protocol. Let him run it.

REBBINS

Fine. But that's it. You're both still under arrest.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Ramsamy, still in the First Officer seat, is craning his neck to try to see the IL-76 out of the window.

TURNER  
Anything?

RAMSAMY  
No -- But I was thinking of a way  
to buy more time.

Ramsamy points to an indicator on their screens.

TURNER  
You really are a devious bastard.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Parlour's face is pressed against of one of his screens, with Leitch peering over his shoulder. He taps keys and his screen goes blank. All that's left is a > in the top left corner.

LEITCH  
That's what we're looking for.

Leitch moves off down the row, checking each workstation.

LEITCH (CONT'D)  
Put your hand up if you have the  
prompt.

Almost everyone raises a hand. There's the sound of keystrokes on a keyboard, then a final hand goes up.

Leitch types commands on his own keyboard. A moment later, all screens flicker for a moment.

Parlour's screen goes blank. Even the > is gone.

LEITCH (CONT'D)  
Anything left? Even a pixel.

CREW  
No sir, no sir, no sir...

LEITCH  
Are you absolutely sure?

CREW  
Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir..

LEITCH

Right, let's do the hardware.

Crew watch in dismay as Leitch levers an oversized screwdriver into a gap between a couple of plastic panels, pops one off and yanks on wires until a green circuit board comes out. Using the fat end of the screwdriver, he smashes the circuit board on the floor, shattering it.

Screwdrivers are passed down the row. Parlour copies the procedure, smashing his workstation. Others down the row start doing the same.

SFX: Engine spooling up.

The crew sense they're rolling forward.

LEITCH (CONT'D)

What's he up to?

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The Rivet Joint taxis down the runway. Fuel flows out from the wings.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Ramsamy watches the instruments as Turner looks out and steers.

RAMSAMY

Left wing tank empty, switching to  
right wing tank --

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

The floor is strewn with broken bits of green circuit board. Crew continue to strip wires, burn papers, smash screens and keyboards, pound hard drives. Rebbins comes from the galley with a steaming pot of coffee.

REBBINS

Watch out --

She goes up and pours the hot coffee onto the exposed wires all along the workstations.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Fuels continues to flow as the plane rolls.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

RAMSAMY

And that's the right tank... empty.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Crew are busy smashing. Ramsamy puts two fingers in his mouth.

SFX: Loud whistle.

Crew turn to look at him.

RAMSAMY

Does anyone have a lighter?

Leitch fishes his gold zippo out of his pocket and tosses it to Ramsamy.

LEITCH

And I want it back.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The ladder of the Rivet Joint is extended. Ramsamy descends. He walks twenty metres behind the plane leaning hard into the snow and wind, covering his face with his arm.

He tries to light the Zippo, but it won't light in the wind. He tries again, and again. Eventually he turns his back to the wind, sticks the lighter into his armpit to protect it, and gets a flame. Gingerly, he squats down and touches the lighter to the wet edge of the fuel.

Within seconds the entire runway goes up in a line of flame.

Ramsamy runs back to the Rivet Joint.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT - DAY

Kleptov and Tokar see the flames on the runway below.

KLEPTOV

*Oh, look, the little cuntresses  
made a pretty fire for us. Shall we  
go around again First Officer  
Tokar, to get a better look?*



TOKAR

*I think we should, Captain Kleptov,  
after all they went to a lot of  
trouble.*

Kleptov banks the plane as they go around again.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Turner's watching out the window, Ramsamy studying a screen.

RAMSAMY

*You need to see this.*

TURNER

*What is it?*

*(peers at screen)*

*Oh fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.*

Turner cranks the tiller and gooses his one working engine.

TURNER (CONT'D)

*Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.*

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Leitch watches an icon of the Rivet Joint turning around. Parlour comes to join him.

PARLOUR

*What's he doing?*

Leitch points to the screen. A blip is approaching.

LEITCH

*150 tonnes of aircraft approaching  
and we're on the runway.*

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT - DAY

Tokar looks out of the front window, alarmed. All Russian in italics.

TOKAR

*Captain, there are flames still on  
the runway.*

Kleptov shakes his head.

KLEPTOV

*Won't last.*

TOKAR

*Captain, there's an airplane on the runway.*

KLEPTOV

*There's room for two.*

TOKAR

*Captain, how about we just go around one more time.*

KLEPTOV

*I haven't come all the way to Shoyna Nos to fly in fucking circles. We're landing and we're getting what we came for. Now shut the fuck up and let me concentrate.*

SFX: Bell ringing.

Ten more seconds then the wheels thump down on the runway. Kleptov pushes the yoke forward, applies reverse thrust and stands on the brakes.

SFX: Engines howling.

EXT. RUNWAY. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Snow whips around. Whiteout.

SFX: Engines howling and tires screeching.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Turner and Ramsamy see the IL-76 hurtling towards them. They hold their arms in front of their faces, expecting impact --

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Kleptov and Tokar brace, still standing on the brakes, holding arms in front of their faces, expecting impact --

INT. REBBINS WORKSTATION. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Rebbins and Holland gawp at the screen, expecting impact, as the two blobs kiss.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Suddenly, they stop. Kleptov wipes the window. In front, all he can see is the black, bulging nose of the Rivet Joint. He allows himself a little laugh of success.

EXT. RUNWAY. CONTINUOUS - DAY

The two planes stand nose to nose, within a foot of each other.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Turner, surprised to be alive, stares ahead. All he can see is the 'grinning mouth' windows of the IL-76.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

It's eerily silent. Crew are stunned - both to be alive, and in anticipation of what's coming next. Nobody moves for a minute. They barely breathe. It's finally upon them, the moment they've all been dreading.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

SFX: Incoming call alert.

A voice comes over the radio.

TOKAR (O.S.)  
Royal Air Force RC-135 this is  
Captain Kleptov of VVS, Russia Air  
Force. You illegal enter Russia.  
Russian Forces take control of  
aircraft. Failure to comply is risk  
of death. Do you copy.

Turner and Ramsamy wait. There's no more.

TURNER  
(on radio)  
Captain Kleptov, this is Captain  
Turner of the Royal Air Force. Um,  
negative.

Ramsamy is surprised.

TOKAR (O.S.)  
Negative?

TURNER

Uh, yes. We made an emergency landing because of in-flight problems, brought on in no small part by the aggressive actions of your Air Force. Under international agreements, an airplane making an emergency landing is not considered to be acting illegally.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Tokar is translating for Kleptov. All Russian in Italics.

TOKAR

Captain, this not Aeroflot. You snoopers.

TURNER

We were flying a regular route.

TOKAR

Regular snooping route. You do to us, we do to you.

TURNER

Our fighters don't behave aggressively.

TOKAR

That's what you tell British public but our pilots say different.

KLEPTOV

*Tell him about the Wagners.*

TOKAR

We have one hundred fifty Wagners. You surrender or face consequences.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

TURNER

(to Ramsamy, off radio)  
What do you think?

RAMSAMY

We need to speak to Wing Command.

Turner goes back onto the radio with Tokar.

TURNER

Look, we're going to require authorisation. Can you give us twenty minutes?

TOKAR

You have five.

TURNER

Ten?

TOKAR

Seven and half. Seven twenty nine, twenty-eight --

TURNER

Turner out.  
(to Ramsamy)  
Get bloody Beetroot.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Crew are still in stunned silence, except for Leitch, who is pulling up floor tiles.

PARLOUR

What are you doing?

Leitch removes more tiles under chairs until he reveals a ring-latch in the floor. Crew watch bemused.

LEITCH

God's not an engineer. D'you know how I know that? In a human body, there's no backup systems, except with the kidneys. Engineers always put in a backup.

He hooks his finger into the latch and pulls. An access chute opens into the belly of the airplane.

Leitch climbs down into the chute.

LEITCH (CONT'D)

If a fuel gauge is faulty, what do you do?

His head disappears for a second. He reappears holding a dipstick. Parlour smells jet fuel.

PARLOUR

Is that the central fuel tank?

Leitch reads the dipstick.

LEITCH

There's enough left for what we need. Get me a torch.

PARLOUR

Why?

LEITCH

To light the way to Narnia. There's one in the sweetie box.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

At the entrance to the bunks is a First Aid kit on the wall. Parlour opens it and sees a torch inside. As he does, he hears a noise coming from inside the bunks. He goes in. The noise is coming from Springfield. Igney and Kadne point.

PARLOUR

Captain, Captain.

Springfield groans.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

It's okay, Captain, it's okay.  
(in Finnish)  
*How long's she been like this?*

IGNEY

*A few minutes.*

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Springfield hobbles in, supported by Igney and Kadne, one under each arm. Holland sees her first.

HOLLAND

(delighted)  
Captain Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD

What's happening?

REBBINS

Ma'am, you should be resting.

SPRINGFIELD

Where's Turner?

REBBINS  
Flight deck. I'll take you.

SPRINGFIELD  
I know the way.

Leitch and Parlour follow. Parlour turns. All italics in Finnish.

PARLOUR  
(to Kadne)  
*Are they coming?*

KADNE  
*We hope so.*

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Beetroot is on screen.

Turner and Ramsamy both turn as Springfield enters. She sees Turner and Ramsamy in their new seats and scowls. Leitch and Parlour wait by the door.

SPRINGFIELD  
Playing big boys?

Turner and Ramsamy scramble back to their proper seats.

BEETROOT (O.S.)  
-- What? What is it?

Springfield sits in her chair and comes into view of the video conference. Beetroot is surprised to see her.

BEETROOT (CONT'D)  
Ah, Springfield. Good to see you up  
and about.

She peers out the front window and sees the IL-76.

SPRINGFIELD  
Where the hell are we?

BEETROOT  
Abandoned air strip at Shoyna Nos.

SPRINGFIELD  
(alarmed)  
Russia?

TURNER

Two engines out. We tried to take off but a third blew on rotation.

RAMSAMY

They've demanded our surrender. We have three and a half minutes left.

BEETROOT

We've tried everything

SPRINGFIELD

They're not taking my airplane.

TURNER

They have a hundred Wagners on board.

BEETROOT

I thought it was one-fifty.

SPRINGFIELD

Put me through to their Captain.

BEETROOT

Why? No. No. Why?

SPRINGFIELD

I need guarantees for the safety of the crew.

BEETROOT

Now, now, hold on, our priority is the aircraft --

SPRINGFIELD

Everything's been destroyed.

(to Turner)

I need a translator.

TURNER

They speak English.

PARLOUR

Right here ma'am.

BEETROOT

Don't agree anything without my authorisation, Springfield. That's an order.

Springfield switches off the screen. Turner's gobsmacked.



INT. IL-76 COCKPIT - DAY

They're nervous. No response yet. All Russian in italics.

TOKAR

*-- sixteen, fifteen, fourteen --  
what happens at zero?*

KLEPTOV

*(agitated)  
They just need to hurry up --*

The radio crackles.

PARLOUR (O.S.)

*We're prepared to discuss terms.*

Kleptov and Tokar sit bolt upright. Kleptov listens hard.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

*Hello, are you there? We're ready  
to discuss terms.*

KLEPTOV

*Who is that?*

TOKAR

*Who is this?*

PARLOUR (O.S.)

*Parlour. Translator. Who is this?*

KLEPTOV

*No negotiations. I will come aboard  
and take possession of the  
aircraft.*

TOKAR

*No negotiations. Captain comes  
aboard and takes possession of  
aircraft.*

PARLOUR (O.S.)

*So who are you?*

KLEPTOV

*(whispering)  
Wagner, Wagner.*

TOKAR

*Colonel Tokar, Special Forces,  
Wagner Section, North.*

Kleptov gives him a big thumbs up.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Springfield, Parlour, Turner and Ramsamy are straining to listen.

TOKAR (O.S.)  
 Captain Kleptov comes to airplane.  
 I keep Wagner troop in control.

SPRINGFIELD  
 I need guarantees for the safety of  
 my crew.

PARLOUR  
*We need guarantees for the safety  
 of our crew.*

TOKAR (O.S.)  
 No negotiation. VVS Out.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA - DAY

Springfield enters with Parlour behind her.

SPRINGFIELD  
 Update, please, Mr. Leitch.

LEITCH  
 All software zeroed. All critical  
 hardware disabled. All accessible  
 memory destroyed. All paper files  
 burnt.

SPRINGFIELD  
 Communications equipment?

LEITCH  
 All wiped and in bits.

SPRINGFIELD  
 They're refusing to negotiate.

LEITCH  
 Meaning?

SPRINGFIELD  
 We surrender the plane with no  
 guarantee of our safety.

A murmur of concern goes around the crew.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, I don't think they'll do anything to us here. But we may be asked to board their aircraft.

HOLLAND

Captain, we're translators, we're not trained to resist interrogation.

Crew begin talking all at once.

SPRINGFIELD

We're not asking for heroics. Just try to hang in there. We will find a way out.

LEITCH

Permission to speak?

SPRINGFIELD

Go ahead.

LEITCH

A way out --

Leitch goes halfway down the aisle, drops to his knees, and pulls open the fuel chute.

LEITCH (CONT'D)

There's a few thousand kilos of fuel still down there. Let the Wagners come. Get as many as we can on board. Then boom.

SPRINGFIELD

And how do we get our people off?

LEITCH

The villagers are coming. If we can delay them until dark, we'll get everyone off and head into the forest.

Springfield scans the Crew. Some appear up for it, others look terrified.

LEITCH (CONT'D)

Then we unscrew the cap --

Leitch takes a Zippo out of his pocket and flicks it. A flame leaps up.

LEITCH (CONT'D)  
Probably take out both planes.

SPRINGFIELD  
No way.

PARLOUR  
It's better than being captured.

SPRINGFIELD  
No it isn't.

LEITCH  
So we're just going to hand  
ourselves over?

Crew voices grow louder.

SPRINGFIELD  
Hold on, remember, there's a risk  
of this escalating. That Yasen-  
class sub is already steaming our  
way. If it's a choice between a bit  
of interrogation and World War  
Three, I know which I'd choose.  
I'll speak to Commander Beetroot.  
If he says let the diplomats handle  
it, no-one will find it more  
difficult than I will. But we'll  
follow orders and stick together.

Crew look terrified but have little choice. Springfield fixes  
Leitch with a final look and he nods too.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Springfield, Turner and Ramsamy have Beetroot on the video  
conference. Turner is getting more and more anxious.

BEETROOT  
Absolutely not, under no  
circumstances, no mad escapes.  
We'll get you all home one way or  
the other.

SPRINGFIELD  
So we let Kleptov on board.

BEETROOT  
Do whatever he wants. He can't do  
much anyway.

SPRINGFIELD

What if he orders us all to get on his plane?

BEETROOT

Well, you might have to. I know it's far from ideal --

TURNER

-- This is all my fault. I'm a useless pilot and I always have been.

SPRINGFIELD

Oh stop the self-pity.

Looks around.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)

Where's that translator?

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Springfield comes back in looking for Parlour and sees the crew have splintered back into their language groups: Arabic, Korean, Spanish. Igney and Kadne are with Parlour. She turns to Leitch.

SPRINGFIELD

What's going on here?

LEITCH

They're all frightened.

Springfield puts her fingers in her mouth and produces a shrill whistle. Everyone quietens.

SPRINGFIELD

Listen up. I said we had to stick together. One language. Who speaks Russian, everyone?

Crew put their hands up. Igney and Kadne are confused.

PARLOUR

*Who speaks Russian?*

Igney and Kadne put their hands up.

SPRINGFIELD

Everyone except the flight deck.  
(to Crew)  
Who speaks English?

PARLOUR  
*Who speaks English?*

Crew put up hands. Kadne slowly, raises hers. Parlour is speechless.

KADNE  
 (apologetic, to Parlour)  
 You said only Finnish.

Leitch frowns at Parlour.

SPRINGFIELD  
 English it is. Nothing else.  
 (waves to Parlour)  
 You.

Parlour follows her to the front of the plane.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Turner and Ramsamy look ashen. They know what's coming. Turner hands the radio mic to Parlour.

SPRINGFIELD  
 (to Parlour)  
 Tell Captain Kleptov he can come aboard. We surrender.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Kleptov's bored, Tokar anxious. Radio crackles. Kleptov and Tokar perk up.

PARLOUR (O.S.)  
*We surrender. When you come aboard  
 we will hand over control of the  
 Rivet Joint.*

Kleptov punches the air.

KLEPTOV  
*A Rivet Joint. We will be rich,  
 Tokar, just like I promised you.  
 I'll radio you once the  
 whackerfuckers are out of the  
 cockpit. Then turn this ugly pig  
 around and get it off the runway.*

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

A ladder extends down from the nose of the IL-76. And then one from the nose of the Rivet Joint. Kleptov climbs down the IL-76 ladder, walks across the snowy tarmac, then climbs up the Rivet Joint ladder.

INT. FRONT HATCH OF RIVET JOINT - DAY

Snow billows up. Kleptov climbs to the top of the ladder. Springfield, Turner and Parlour are waiting. Kleptov flicks snow towards them. Turner, already angry, is annoyed. All *italic* dialogue in Russian.

KLEPTOV

*Show me the plane. Don't try anything. One word from me, you're all dead.*

PARLOUR

He wants to see the plane.

SPRINGFIELD

The pirate surveys his plunder.

Turner stares harder at Kleptov.

KLEPTOV

(to Parlour)

*Was he the cunt who caused the flame-out? Our pilots couldn't stop laughing.*

PARLOUR

*Yep.*

Kleptov cackles.

SPRINGFIELD

This way.

Kleptov follows her down the narrow aisle. He pulls a walkie-talkie from his pocket.

KLEPTOV

(into walkie-talkie)

*Okay Tokar, I'm on board.*

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

As Kleptov enters, his face drops at the sight of all the smashed equipment.

KLEPTOV

*No!!! Chance of a fucking lifetime -  
- it's all gone down the cunt.*

At the rear, Igney's terrified at seeing Kleptov. He grabs Kadne and points. She's freaked too. But Kleptov is too dismayed by the smashed equipment to notice them.

KLEPTOV (CONT'D)

*The cuntness crept up unnoticed --*

PARLOUR

(to Springfield)

He didn't expect this.

Igney and Kadne move as fast as they can to the rear bunks. Leitch and Parlour see them and exchange a look.

INT. REAR BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Leitch follows the Nenets and manages to slide in the door before they close it. Igney is waving his hands, frightened.

IGNEY

No, Russkie, no. No.

LEITCH

(to Kadne)

Tell him they won't hurt us. We've done as they asked.

As she translates to Nenet and he replies, Leitch listens instead to the intercom. *Italic dialogue here in Russian.*

TOKAR (O.S.)

*Kleptov, you there? You need to  
hear this. Kleptov?*

LEITCH

We'll keep you hidden.

KADNE

The villagers said they will come,  
but I don't know for sure, I think  
they might be too scared.

Leitch hears voices outside.

IGNEY

*There's another two planeloads  
behind, that's what they're scared  
of. Another IL-76 and Antonov AN-  
24.*



LEITCH  
What's he saying?

KADNE  
He says the villagers are scared  
because there are another two  
Russian transports coming.

LEITCH  
How do they know?

KADNE  
In the village we watch airplane  
trackers.

LEITCH  
You what?

KADNE  
You know, they show the airplanes.

She motions overhead.

IGNEY  
Japan Air 787. Qatar A350.  
Singapore 777. Emirates A380. Big  
motherfucker.

Igney sounds like Samuel L. Jackson when he says it. Leitch  
is astonished.

KADNE  
It's pretty boring up here, you  
know? We like movies. And  
airplanes.

The voices outside get louder. Leitch cracks the door and  
peaks out. An angry Kleptov storms up the aisle toward the  
cockpit.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Leitch goes out to find out what's going on. Turner and  
Springfield are standing there, with Parlour between them.

TURNER  
First he said a hundred, then he  
said one-fifty, now he's saying  
saying he doesn't even know.

SPRINGFIELD  
No, he didn't say that.

TURNER  
 (to Parlour)  
 What did he say?

LEITCH  
 What did who say?

PARLOUR  
 Captain Kleptov. He's furious that everything's smashed up.

TURNER  
 What exactly did he say?

PARLOUR  
 He said it was all perfect. Chance of a lifetime, he said.

LEITCH  
 Chance of a lifetime? What does that mean?

PARLOUR  
 I don't know exactly.

LEITCH  
 Was it one of his expressions?

PARLOUR  
 No. There's no nuance. It was straight up. And then he said, it's all gone down the cunt. Which means --

SPRINGFIELD  
 -- I think we can guess what it means.

TURNER  
 I mean before that. He said he was going to send his Wagners. I asked how many. He said how many you want, I said how many you got, and he said --

PARLOUR  
 -- A dick's cloud. That's an expression - means a lot.

TURNER  
 Yes, but it's inconsistent. On the radio, at one point he said a hundred Wagners, and another time, he said a hundred and fifty.

Springfield puts a hand up to her ear.

SFX: Airplane engines starting.

SPRINGFIELD

Not ours.

Springfield turns to head to the cockpit, but Parlour grabs her sleeve and waves her toward the bunks.

PARLOUR

Ma'am --

SPRINGFIELD

-- I'm not going back in there --

PARLOUR

-- Believe me.

Springfield follows him.

TURNER

Where are you going?

Turner follows them.

INT. CREW BUNKS - CONTINUOUS

Igney and Kadne bow as the Officers enters.

PARLOUR

*It's okay.*

They can hear voices on the intercom. Parlour points and turns up the volume. All italic dialogue in Russian.

KLEPTOV (O.S.)

*Hurry up and turn the fucking thing around.*

TOKAR (O.S.)

(very faint)

*I've never done this before.*

TURNER

(angry, half-whispering)

You were snooping.

PARLOUR

It's what we do around here.

SPRINGFIELD

Shh. What's he saying?

PARLOUR

Kleptov wants it turned round but  
the First Officer's struggling.

KLEPTOV (O.S.)

*Everything's flying to fucktown.  
All the loot's been smashed. We'll  
be lucky if we make fuel money out  
of this one. The only thing left is  
the goddamned airplane.*

TOKAR

*Where can we take it?*

KLEPTOV

*I have a friend in Belarus who'll  
buy it for scrap.*

TURNER

*Why's he turning it around?*

SPRINGFIELD

*To clear the runway.*

KLEPTOV (O.S.)

*Stick it on the grass if you have  
to.*

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Tokar is struggling with the controls.

TOKAR

*(to himself)*

*This is mad. This is completely,  
utterly -- come fly with me, Tokar,  
he says, we'll be rich. So you  
leave a perfectly good job.  
Perfectly. And what have you  
become? A thief. Nothing more. Just  
a low-down, dirty --*

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

LEITCH

*There are two more Russian planes  
coming.*

SPRINGFIELD

*How do you know that?*

LEITCH  
 (points at Igney)  
 He heard it from the villagers --  
 they're plane spotters.

SPRINGFIELD  
 So is he getting his plane off the  
 runway to give the others room to  
 land?

Parlour shakes his head.

PARLOUR  
 He wants to take this one.

TURNER  
 We've only got one engine.

SPRINGFIELD  
 Why?

PARLOUR  
 He was after the electronics. He  
 just wanted to sell them.

They wait and listen.

KLEPTOV  
*How long do we have?*

PARLOUR  
 How long do we have?

TOKAR  
*Twenty minutes. Maybe half an hour.*

PARLOUR  
 Twenty to thirty minutes.

LEITCH  
 He's making off with it, isn't he.

TURNER  
 He can't take off on one engine,  
 he'll kill us all.

LEITCH  
 Does he know that?

SFX: Engine wailing - he's gunning it.

Springfield turns and sprints up the aisle, with the others following behind.

INT. COCKPIT DOOR. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Springfield pounds on the cockpit door. All italic dialogue in Russian.

SPRINGFIELD  
You only have one engine.

PARLOUR  
*You only have one engine.*

SPRINGFIELD  
Don't attempt take-off.

PARLOUR  
*Don't attempt take-off.*

SPRINGFIELD  
You'll kill yourself and everyone else.

PARLOUR  
*You'll kill yourself and everyone else.*

They wait. No response. Springfield pounds again.

SPRINGFIELD  
Kleptov. Open this door. Kleptov.

LEITCH  
We'll have to break it down.

SPRINGFIELD  
He'll call his troops --

Parlour holds up a hand, indicating 'wait'.

INT. CREW BUNKS. CONTINUOUS - DAY

PARLOUR  
*Give me one of your hats.*

The Nenets are dumbfounded.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
*Quick.*

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

With a fur hat in hand, Parlour spots a First Aid box, and rifles through.

INT. RIVET JOINT COCKPIT DOOR. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Parlour pours a fluid from a medicinal bottle all over the fur hat. He holds out a hand to Leitch.

PARLOUR

Lighter.

Surprised, Leitch flicks it open. Gets a flame. Parlour slides the unlit fur under the cockpit door, getting it about half way in. Waves at Leitch to light it. It burns making huge smoke and they push it the rest of the way through.

They wait.

SFX: Smoke alarm inside Cockpit.

KLEPTOV (O.S.)

*What the fucking cuntin' fuck?*

The cockpit door flies open. Fouls smoke billows out. Before Kleptov can say anything, Turner, Leitch and Parlour grabs him and bundles him to the ground. Kleptov is strong and fights back. Springfield rushes into the cockpit and stamps on the burning fur.

Kleptov wriggles away and runs down the aisle.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Kleptov runs in with the other three behind him. Rebbins takes one look at the situation, turns her back, and just as Kleptov gets to her, swings an elbow and catches him plumb on his nose. It explodes with blood.

She pops her shoulders.

REBBINS

Get in.

Igney and Kadne have been watching from the bunks. Seeing Kleptov incapacitated they creep up the aisle. Kleptov spots them approaching.

KLEPTOV

*It's a whore's circus.*

IGNEY

*Dasvidanya, motherfucker.*

Turner and Leitch tackle Kleptov. Once they have him pinned on the ground, Parlour grabs some loose wire and binds his hands. They drag him to Parlour's chair and tie him in.

KLEPTOV  
*Anglo-Saxons, thieving pigs.*

LEITCH  
 Who're you calling Anglo-Saxon? I'm  
 a Scotsman.

KLEPTOV  
 Scottie-Saxon.

Leitch grabs his collar.

LEITCH  
 I should do you --

PARLOUR  
 Leave him. Where's the Captain?

Leitch and Parlour exchange a worried glance.

LEITCH  
 (to Turner)  
 Don't touch him.

Leitch and Parlour run back up the aisle.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Ramsamy sees Leitch and Parlour coming in and points silently at Springfield who's in her seat, one hand tight on the yoke, the other on the throttles, staring straight ahead out of the windscreen.

SPRINGFIELD  
 Come on, just a little more, just a  
 little more --

LEITCH  
 -- Captain --

No reply.

LEITCH (CONT'D)  
 -- Susie --

SPRINGFIELD  
 (slightly spaced)  
 Kleptov was right. It's the only  
 way. He's almost off the runway.  
 Then they'll disembark the Wagners.  
 In a few minutes we'll all be dead.



PARLOUR  
Not necessarily.

LEITCH  
We won't make it.

SPRINGFIELD  
Dead if we do, dead if we don't.

She looks out.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Snow continues. The IL-76 has moved off to the side. The Rivet Joint is now pointing straight up a clear runway.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT - DAY

Tokar is laughing with relief. He applauds himself.

TOKAR  
Who's the Daddy? Big, big Daddy.

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Leitch, Parlour, Springfield and Ramsamy peer nervously out of the windows, eyes glued to the IL-76.

LEITCH  
They'll come out the back. It's got a ramp.

PARLOUR  
They could already be out.

RAMSAMY  
We would have seen them.

PARLOUR  
They could have winter camouflage.

SPRINGFIELD  
We need to take off.

No. LEITCH No. PARLOUR

The radio crackles.

TOKAR (O.S.)  
*Captain -- oh Captain --*

Leitch gives an encouraging nod to Parlour.

PARLOUR  
What? I can't --

He thinks for a moment. Then takes the radio. He buries his face in his shoulder to muffle the noise like he's having to hide. All dialogue in italics in Russian.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
(imitates Kleptov)  
*What?*

TOKAR  
*What's happening?*

PARLOUR  
*It's a whore's circus.*

TOKAR  
*Shall I come now?*

Parlour comes off the radio.

PARLOUR  
He's asking if he should come over.  
(on radio)  
*Send the Wagners -- hurry.*

TOKAR  
*Captain, what's going on?*

Parlour puts the radio next to a seat. He punches the seat a few times.

PARLOUR  
*Urgh, urgh.*

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Tokar is laughing. He's not buying this for a second.

TOKAR  
*Captain -- Captain --*

PARLOUR (O.S.)  
*I'm one against twenty. Help me.  
Send the Wagners.*

TOKAR  
(to himself)  
*The Wagners -- hahaha.*

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

They wait. Nothing.

LEITCH  
See anything?

SPRINGFIELD  
Not a thing.

PARLOUR  
I hate to say it, but could Turner  
be right?

The other three look at him in mild disbelief.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
What if -- there's not any Wagners?

LEITCH  
He spoofed us? He needs a bit of a  
talking to.

Leitch hustles out. Parlour and Springfield follow. Parlour stops to speak to Ramsamy.

PARLOUR  
If you see anything, come get us.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Kleptov is still in his seat, now with tape over his mouth. Kadne and Igney are hunched next to Rebbins's desk.

LEITCH  
What's this?

REBBINS  
He kept winding them up.

Leitch rips the tape from Kleptov's mouth. All italic dialogue in Russian.

PARLOUR  
*Are there any Wagners on that  
plane?*

Crew turn, shocked. Kleptov laughs.

KLEPTOV  
*Off went the cunt, jumping from  
hill to hill --*

PARLOUR

*You're the one in trouble here,  
when those next two planes arrive.*

KLEPTOV

*You Anglo-Saxons are even more  
deluded than they say you are.*

PARLOUR

*I don't think so. You've gone  
against the tribe. It's a tough  
tribe for peons like you - everyone  
gets a cut and the closer to the  
chief the bigger the cut. Nothing  
left for poor little peon. And  
then, out of nowhere - poof. You  
weren't going to take the plane,  
you just wanted the equipment to  
sell.*

Kleptov fights hard to give no response. Crew listen. Rebbins translates for Springfield and Turner.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

*But why would they let you be the  
one to come? Because, lo and  
behold, it wasn't just you. There  
were a hundred Wagners on board. Or  
was it a hundred fifty? Who cares,  
a dick's cloud. And the fools  
believed you.*

Kleptov gives Parlour a slow handclap. Crew are amazed. Turner looks over at Springfield, overjoyed.

TURNER

*I was right. Afterburner Turner.*

Springfield nods her agreement - she's surprised.

PARLOUR

*But then, stupid Anglo-Saxons, we'd  
gone and smashed it all. So you  
thought, screw everyone, I'll take  
the whole goddamned plane.*

KLEPTOV

*Yeah, yeah.*

PARLOUR

*But there's only one engine  
working. We need a plane that  
flies. Do you know of any planes  
round here that can fly?*

KLEPTOV  
 (nodding)  
*Yes, oh yes.*

PARLOUR  
*Me too, me too. Shame you're not  
 coming with us, you're going to  
 have to stay here and wait for your  
 chief.*

Parlour and Kleptov both fake-laugh.

TURNER  
 What are we waiting for?

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT - DAY

Tokar is lounging in the pilot's seat, pleased with himself.

PARLOUR (O.S.)  
*We have your Captain.*

TOKAR  
 (to himself)  
*You can keep him.*

PARLOUR (O.S.)  
*Your options are limited.*

TOKAR  
 (to himself)  
*Limited to wealth, victory, glory.*

INT. COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DAY

Springfield is scribbling notes on a piece of paper and handing them to Parlour, who's translating on the fly.

PARLOUR  
*If you open the ladder and let our  
 crew board, and help us fly safely  
 to a NATO base, we will guarantee  
 you safe asylum in a NATO country  
 of your choice.*

Parlour raises his eyes at that one. Springfield shrugs.

TOKAR (O.S.)  
 Okay.

PARLOUR  
 Okay?

TOKAR

Yes -- I demand the safe return of my Captain.

SPRINGFIELD

Once all of my crew are aboard your airplane, then we will bring your Captain.

TOKAR

Very well. I agree to these negotiation.

SPRINGFIELD

Open your door and we will begin boarding.

They shut off the radio.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)

(to Ramsamy)

How long until the other planes arrive?

RAMSAMY

Ten minutes?

SPRINGFIELD

Let's get everyone off.

EXT. RUNWAY - DUSK

The light is fading and the snow heavier. Visibility almost zero. Leitch waits on the tarmac. The Rivet Joint crew come down the ladder and line up where he indicates. It is utterly freezing, and none of them have cold weather gear. Last to come down are Kadne and Igney. They have furs. Igney takes his off to give to Springfield. She gives it to Holland.

The ladder of the IL-76 extends. Leitch directs the crew towards it, but a soldier in full combat gear, with his rifle, jumps down and runs toward them. Crew turn and run. Soldier 1 fires into the air.

SOLDIER 1

Stop. Stop.

Crew freeze.

Three other soldiers jump down. They fan out to pin the British crew in place. Then Tokar walks toward them, slowly, triumphantly. He has a thick cold-weather coat.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)  
 Captain. Where is Captain?

Leitch points toward the Rivet Joint. Soldier 2 goes up the Rivet Joint's ladder.

SPRINGFIELD  
 That all you've got. Four?

TOKAR  
 You remember story, Americans pay one million dollars for pen for astronauts write in space. Russians give them pencil. Heh-heh-heh.

REBBINS  
 We're British.

TOKAR  
 Don't have astronaut.

REBBINS  
 Yes we do.

TOKAR  
 Americans take you for ride. Whee.

Crew turn as Kleptov comes down the chute, his face bloodied, followed by Soldier 2.

TOKAR (CONT'D)  
 Big trouble. Big, big trouble.

LEITCH  
 Not as much trouble as you, when they find out you lied to them.

KLEPTOV  
 (to TOKAR)  
*The British destroyed everything, let's get out of here.*

TOKAR  
*You told me we could make a fortune.*

KLEPTOV  
*There'll be another chance.*

TOKAR  
*I left a good job to come with you.*

KLEPTOV  
*They'll blame us. We need to get  
 out of here.*

TOKAR  
 (points at crew)  
*What about them?*

Tokar grabs a gun from one of the soldiers.

KLEPTOV  
 No don't do that. Hey.

Kleptov grabs the gun. He and Tokar begin to wrestle over it.

LEITCH  
 (to Crew)  
 Run!!

Everyone scatters into the white-out. Tokar wins the wrestle and begins firing aimlessly. The soldiers join in. Suddenly it's chaos, no-one can see anything - blank white screen - all we can hear is running and gun fire.

Parlour runs one way - the guns grow louder, so he runs the other way - and they grow louder again. So he stops and waits. He sees something dark moving in the white. He goes towards it. There's something stationery - with a flat edge. A person darts out from behind it.

Parlour goes closer. The flat edge object is Rivet Joint landing gear.

He ventures forward and finds the other landing gear. So he walks towards the front of the plane and sees a pair of heels vanishing up the Rivet Joint's ladder.

He's about to follow, when in the far distance he hears what sounds like a biker gang. But it's still a way off so he goes up the ladder.

INT. COCKPIT DOOR. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Parlour comes up the ladder and looks left - the cockpit is empty. He turns right.

INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Halfway along, he can see the chute open, leading down to the central fuel tank. He approaches slowly, carefully.



PARLOUR

Leitch?

Leitch doesn't bother to look up. Motorcycle noise gets louder.

LEITCH

You need to fuck off right now,  
sonny Jim.

PARLOUR

You don't have to do this.

Leitch looks up. The top is off the Zippo. His thumb is on the sparking wheel.

LEITCH

There's too much left. Sensors and  
radars.

PARLOUR

You're worth more than any gizmo.

LEITCH

We won't last long either way. Die  
in the forest or a prison camp.

Leitch flicks. Parlour lunges at him, trying to grab the lighter. He gets Leitch's wrist, but Leitch clamps his fist around the lighter, shutting the top. Leitch proves stronger and flips Parlour over onto his back, pins his arms, and flicks open the Zippo with a click. He lights again.

LEITCH (CONT'D)

I'll let you go. Last chance.

PARLOUR

No.

LEITCH

Then you're coming with me.

They wrestle again, but outside, the motorcycles sound like they've come right under the plane.

PARLOUR

What the hell is that?

As if to answer him, a volley of gunfire. Both men freeze.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

Igney.

LEITCH

What?

PARLOUR

The villagers. Come on.

Parlour grabs his arm and pulls.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

Come on you bloody dinosaur.

Leitch clammers to his feet. Parlour pulls him up the corridor.

INT. COCKPIT DOOR. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Parlour pulls Leitch past him to position him over the hatch.

PARLOUR

You first.

Leitch frowns at being bossed around but climbs down. Parlour takes one last look at the empty plane, then follows.

EXT. RUNWAY - DUSK

Gunfire is receding into the distance. Crew members are being brought back by snowmobiles and getting off. Springfield is huddling them together. She spots Parlour and Leitch.

SPRINGFIELD

Over here.

LEITCH

Do we have everyone?

SPRINGFIELD

A few still missing, and we don't have long. Are you feeling brave?

Parlour and Leitch exchange a glance.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)

Go see if that IL-76 is as empty as I hope it is.

EXT. IL-76 LADDER - DUSK

At the bottom, Parlour and Leitch exchange a glance.

LEITCH  
 Alright, I'll --

But before he can finish, Parlour starts up the ladder.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

It's a vast analog room with seats for five and instruments, dials, switches and levers everywhere, all set in blue metal. It's also empty. Leitch and Parlour exchange a hopeful look.

INT. IL-76 NAVIGATION AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

They go down into the massive 'glasshouse' beneath the cockpit where a navigator would sit, another analog paradise, but with a few modern-looking devices. It's empty too.

INT. IL-76 CARGO HOLD. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Parlour shuts his eyes as they poke their heads slowly around the door into the cargo hold. He opens them. It's empty.

PARLOUR  
 Halle-fucking-lujah.

Leitch laughs.

LEITCH  
 They've got bottle, I'll give them that.

EXT. RUNWAY - DUSK

Leitch and Parlour run over to Springfield.

LEITCH  
 Clear, Captain.

SPRINGFIELD  
 Okay, let's go.

LEITCH  
 You're going to fly it?

SPRINGFIELD  
 Unless you're going to.

LEITCH  
 Where's Turner?

Her face turns to sadness. She points to one of the snowmobiles. Draped across the back is Turner's body.

INT. IL-76 CARGO HOLD - DAY

Leitch and Parlour fold down a few of the benches on the side of the fuselage used for troop transport and lay Turner's body on them. They find bungees and tie him in.

As they finish, other Crew begin to arrive.

LEITCH  
Plenty of seats. Get strapped in.

Springfield enters. She sees Leitch and waves him to her.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The dials and switches are all marked, but in Russian.

SPRINGFIELD  
Takes five crew. Four at a pinch.  
Who can fly?

LEITCH  
Ramsamy?

SPRINGFIELD  
He's navigating, downstairs.

LEITCH  
I've been in a few cockpits.

SPRINGFIELD  
First officer.

LEITCH  
No --

She glances at Parlour.

PARLOUR  
I haven't even got a driving  
license.

SPRINGFIELD  
Go help Ramsamy. We'll put Rebbins  
on radio. Holland can be Flight  
Engineer. Leitch, next to me.

INT. IL-76 NAVIGATION AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

As Parlour comes in, Ramsamy is pressing buttons on consoles, bewildered by the IL-76's mash-up of old and new tech.

RAMSAMY

(beaming)

Now this, this is a where a navigator belongs. Shame I can't make head or tail of it.

Parlour goes to a 70s-looking device.

PARLOUR

What is that?

RAMSAMY

Old Soviet GPS, I think.

PARLOUR

They had that?

Ramsamy points to two other devices - one like an iPad, and one that looks like a glorified Garmin car nav from the 90s.

RAMSAMY

We'll try and work them, and if not, we'll use this.

He takes a sextant from a shelf.

PARLOUR

Do you know how?

RAMSAMY

No.

Parlour frowns and goes to the screen like an iPad. It's all in Russian. He points to a space on screen.

PARLOUR

Destination.

RAMSAMY

Kirkenes. Norway.

Parlour begins to enter the info.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Everyone is in place. Holland sits between Leitch and Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD  
(to Holland)  
Go.

HOLLAND  
What?

SPRINGFIELD  
Push halfway.

Holland pushes the surprisingly heavy throttle leavers forward and the engines begin to spool up.

A light flashes on a central console.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)  
What does that say?

LEITCH  
No synch. Not synchronised.

SPRINGFIELD  
What's the console?

Leitch looks.

LEITCH  
Auto-pilot.

SPRINGFIELD  
Shit. We need a destination.

INT. IL-76 NAVIGATION AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Parlour is pressing the iPad but it's not working.

PARLOUR  
It won't take the entry.

Ramsamy points to the Garmin-type device.

RAMSAMY  
Try this one.

Parlour keys in the destination.

PARLOUR  
K-I-R-K...

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Rebbins holds a hand to her headset.

REBBINS

Captain, I've just picked up conversation between the two incoming aircraft. They've agreed the Antonov will land first.

SPRINGFIELD

How far out?

REBBINS

He's about to start final approach.

INT. IL-76 NAVIGATION AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Parlour is struggling with the second device.

SPRINGFIELD (O.S.)

Am I going to have to fly blind here, guys?

Parlour hits 'enter'. The device says 'stored'.

PARLOUR

Synch.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Light on auto-pilot goes green.

LEITCH

Synch.

SPRINGFIELD

(to Holland)

Go. Go. Go.

Holland heaves forward and the engines howl. Then there's a blinding light in the cockpit.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)

Abort. Abort.

Holland heaves back.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

INT. IL-76 NAVIGATION AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Through the nose windows, Parlour can see a snowmobile. There are two Nenets standing on it, waving their arms.

PARLOUR

It's them. Kadne. How do we speak  
to the cockpit?

Ramsamy pushes a pedal on the floor.

SFW: Hiss in Parlour's headset.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)

Captain, it's the Nenets.

SPRINGFIELD (O.S.)

We can't stop now.

PARLOUR

You have to.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

SPRINGFIELD

We can't risk it.

PARLOUR (O.S.)

We'd be dead if it weren't for  
them.

Springfield glances around the cockpit - everyone agrees with  
Parlour.

SPRINGFIELD

(exasperated)

Open the door.

INT. IL-76 CARGO AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

The door opens and Kadne comes up the stairs. She turns and  
hugs Igney. Igney's about to leave when Leitch comes over to  
him. He speaks with him quietly and hands him something.

IGNEY

Thank you. Thank you.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT - DUSK

Everyone is back in position.

SPRINGFIELD

Go. Go. Go.

Holland heaves forward on the throttles. Engines howl.



INT. IL-76 NAVIGATION AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

From out of the nose windows, Parlour sees the plane begin to roll forward. The pace picks up.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

REBBINS

They've seen us -- telling us to clear the runway.

SPRINGFIELD

We'll clear it alright.

SFX: Bell ringing.

INT. IL-76 NAVIGATION AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Their pace picks up.

A second later the nose lifts, and the runway below turns dark. The engine note deepens and the craft shakes as they begin to climb.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Springfield is flying with full concentration.

REBBINS

Captain, they're hailing us.  
They're addressing Captain Kleptov.

SPRINGFIELD

You deal with it.

INT. IL-76 NAVIGATION AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

REBBINS (O.S.)

Parlour, we need you upstairs.

PARLOUR

We're busy down here.

REBBINS (O.S.)

It's an order - just take it, for once in your life.

Parlour glances to Ramsamy.

RAMSAMY  
I'll be fine.

Ramsamy gives a tiny smile as Parlour leaves.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Parlour arrives.

PARLOUR  
What is it?

She hands him the radio operator's headset.

REBBINS  
Do Kleptov.

Parlour sits next to her and holds the headset so they both can hear. The Antonov Captain is leading the convo. All italic dialogue in Russian.

ANTONOV CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
*Captain Kleptov, we ask you again,  
why have you departed Shoyna Nos?*

PARLOUR  
*I'm in a four-whore rage, here. The  
Anglo-Saxons trashed the plane.*

ANTONOV CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
*Stop screwing the dick into my ear.  
Return to Shoyna Nos immediately.*

PARLOUR  
He's ordering us to go back.

Leitch turns around, pointing to his instruments.

LEITCH  
I've got him on the TCAS. They're  
coming after us, the other plane  
too.

REBBINS  
But they're not armed.

HOLLAND  
What about that submarine?

LEITCH  
Doesn't carry surface to air  
missiles.

ANTONOV CAPTAIN  
*Captain Kleptov, state your  
 destination.*

PARLOUR  
 Wants our destination.

Crew look at each other, bemused.

LEITCH  
 What would Kleptov say?

PARLOUR  
 (on radio)  
*Your mother's arsehole.*

SPRINGFIELD  
 What did you tell him?

PARLOUR  
 You don't want to know.

ANTONOV CAPTAIN  
 (incensed)  
*Turn around now or we will treat  
 you as a hostile aircraft and  
 scramble fighters from Murmansk.*

PARLOUR  
 Scrambling fighters from Murmansk  
 unless we go back.

SPRINGFIELD  
 It's going to be a race to the  
 Norwegian border.

INT. IL-76 NAVIGATION AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Parlour hurries in.

PARLOUR  
 Fighters scrambling from Murmansk.  
 Can we get to Norwegian airspace  
 before them?

Ramsamy looks at one console, then the other, then the other.  
 He shakes his head.

RAMSAMY  
 Not even close.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Parlour runs back in.

PARLOUR  
Captain --

SPRINGFIELD  
-- I guessed.

Springfield and Leitch exchange a defeated look.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)  
(long sigh)  
We're turning around.

REBBINS  
Captain, no.

SPRINGFIELD  
There's no other option.

PARLOUR  
(to Leitch)  
Maybe we should've done it.

Leitch doesn't immediately agree, which Parlour finds strange.

SPRINGFIELD  
(to Leitch)  
Go back and tell the crew.

LEITCH  
Me?

SPRINGFIELD  
(offers the yoke)  
You taking over?

Leitch frowns and unbuckles. Suddenly a strange sound comes from the radio. It's incomprehensible. They pay no attention. The same sound comes again.

PARLOUR  
Wait a minute.  
(pause)  
Come on, say it again --

Rebbins tweaks the radio. All italic dialogue in Finnish.

RADIO VOICE  
*Turn north, we're on your tail.*

PARLOUR  
It's Finnish.

REBBINS  
Finnish?

SPRINGFIELD  
Must be Finnish Air Force. What are they saying?

PARLOUR  
Turn north, we're on your tail.

Leitch looks at his instruments. There's a radar scan showing their plane and the two Russian transports. In the far distance are two Russian fighters heading towards them, but nothing else.

LEITCH  
There's us, the two transports, and those are the two fighters just taking off from Murmansk. No other planes in the sky.

Slowly, a smile breaks out on Springfield's face. Rebbins sees and she understands too. Then Parlour.

LEITCH (CONT'D)  
What? I can't see anything.

PARLOUR  
(on radio)  
*Receiving loud and clear.*

Springfield banks the plane right.

PARLOUR (CONT'D)  
*Turning north.*

LEITCH  
Who's he talking to?

RADIO VOICE  
*Turn left, two seven zero.*

PARLOUR  
Roger, turn left two seven zero.

Springfield banks left.

SPRINGFIELD  
It's a bloody beast this thing, but it's responsive.

RADIO VOICE

*Turn left again heading one eight zero.*

PARLOUR

One eight zero.

LEITCH

Who are they?

SPRINGFIELD

Finnish Air Force F-35s. Stealth fighters. We can't see them, and the Russians can't see them either. And they heard every word of that.

They wait for another minute, then Leitch spots something on his screen.

LEITCH

The Russians are turning around. All of them.

PARLOUR

(laughing, on radio)  
How did you know we spoke Finnish?  
Nobody speaks Finnish.

RADIO VOICE

(Finnish accent)  
In a plane full of linguists we hoped maybe one.

RAMSAMY (O.S.)

Norwegian coast ahead.

INT. IL-76 CARGO AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Springfield comes over the PA.

SPRINGFIELD (O.S.)

Thanks to the Finnish Air Force, all Russian aircraft have turned back. Norwegian coast ahead.

Crew cheer.

INT. IL-76 COCKPIT. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Rebbins and Holland are beaming, Parlour astonished, and even Leitch is pleased. Springfield is the only one not joyous.

## PARLOUR

Captain? Something wrong?

## SPRINGFIELD

Just can't help thinking they'll  
tear that Rivet Joint apart, sensor  
by sensor, antenna by antenna -  
they'll find ways to jam us.  
Snooping will never be the same  
again.

Beat.

## LEITCH

Don't be so sure of that.

All turn to look at Leitch, who wears an evil grin.

## EXT. RUNWAY - DUSK

Daylight is almost gone. An empty gas can lays on its side next to a huge coil of rope. We follow the rope along the ground and up the ladder into the Rivet Joint.

## INT. MAIN CREW AREA. CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Igney lowers the end of the rope into the central fuel tank.

## EXT. RUNWAY - DUSK

Igney lights it with the Zippo, then holds the flame to the coil. As the flame whips along the rope, Igney runs to his snowmobile and leaps on. He guns the engine and speeds away.

## IGNEY

Houston have problem.

Igney's laughing face, buffeted by the wind, comes full frame as the Rivet Joint explodes behind him.

## EXT. ARCTIC SKIES. 30,000 FEET - DAY

Two Finnish Air Force F-35s fly alongside the IL-76 cockpit. The Finnish pilots wave. The Brits wave back.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**