

# Murder By Numbers

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EXT - BRITAN - DAY

"Murder by Numbers" by The Police plays over shots of the UK: Lloyds Building, Paddington Station, Millennium Dome, Somerset House, St. Paul's Cathedral, Tower of London, Tower Bridge, the Globe, and Big Ben.

EXT - WESTMINSTER PALACE - DAY

Rows of black limousines along the street, waiting.  
Hordes of people behind barricades, witnessing history--

GRAPHIC: OCTOBER 1990

Reporters lined up, cameras rolling--

BBC REPORTER

...as I stand here on the steps of Parliament, the Prime Minister and the Soviet Union's Premiere Mikhail Gorbachev close the book on an era...

ANOTHER REPORTER

...some say the Cold War ended when the Berlin wall fell, but the final nail was put into the coffin today as the Communist Soviet Union has been officially buried and a new Russia has been born...

YET ANOTHER REPORTER

...just weeks after President Gorbachev was awarded the Nobel peace prize, now there is hope of a new relationship of cooperation between England and Russia...

LAST REPORTER

...many critics have worried that Prime Minister John Major, is not acting bravely, but foolishly. Still, he has stood firm in the wake of countless threats to his life and has made it abundantly clear that he is not detoured by the bombing of the Baltic Exchange earlier this year or the assassination of his political confident Ian Gow...

At the front doors of the Parliament building is a wall of heavily armed security forces, including a team of a dozen MI6 Agents--

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Among them is Caden Thrush (30), a well built, highly trained field agent. His eyes are everywhere, his brow furled in concern--

Caden eyes a SUSPECT REPORTER in the crowd. His cameraman is not recording. He makes note of the KBCY logo on the camera as his eyes travel to the end of the block where, separated from the rest of the media, is the KBCY van--

Caden turns to the Team Leader, Reggie Denton (40)--

CADEN

Sir, are you familiar with KBCY?

REGGIE DENTON

What?

CADEN

I've got a strange notion. That reporter in the crowd...

REGGIE DENTON

Thrush? Keep your composure. I'm not interested in your notions.

CADEN

Sir, the IRA has been insistent about targeting the Prime Minister and this is a perfect...

REGGIE DENTON

Are you still talking? Maybe someday you'll have logged enough hours in the field and won the favor of the Deputy General to be put in charge of a security detail, but seeing as how today is not that day, you'll have to be satisfied with taking orders from me. Now, get back in the line.

Reggie Denton puts his finger to his ear piece--

REGGIE DENTON (CONT'D)

Heads up. He's on his way out.

Caden steps back into position, noticing that the Suspect Reporter also has a finger to an earpiece--

Caden glances over the KBCY van. The doors slide open and three men get out--

The doors to Parliament open, The Prime Minister, the Russian President and a group of Officials exit. The MI6 Security forces immediately surround and escort--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Caden, heading the entourage, keeps alert. They walk to the reporters, pausing for a few comments--

BBC REPORTER

Mr. Prime Minister. As you know, there has been much speculation that the Cambridge Ring of Five was just the tip of the iceberg. Now that there is an open line of communication with Russia, has there been any talk of dismantling the Cold War network of spies?

PRIME MINISTER

There has been discussion, yes. President Gorbachev and I agree that in order to broker an age of peace between our countries, we must dismiss some of the practices that discourage trust. The issue of gathering intelligence will be handled in less subversive manners.

Reporters talk over each other to get the next question--

ANOTHER REPORTER

Do you think there are KGB agents still deep with in our government?

GORBACHEV

Russia is on a new path. Our methods are being completely redesigned...including KGB. There will be an exchange of Operatives and a commitment to treat each other as allies.

Caden viciously eyes the Suspect Reporter, who makes no real effort to get a question in, but does take a moment to glance to Big Ben across the street--

Caden follows the glance, just in time to spot a lens flare from a tower window. Without thinking--

CADEN

(to earpiece)

Sniper in the clock tower!

Before anyone can react, Caden steps in front of the Prime Minister. A bullet tags him in the chest--

Caden drops as all hell breaks loose. Agents grab the Prime Minister and Gorbachev, ushering them away--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Suspect Reporter and his cameraman pull out guns, push through the crowd, and climb the barrier. Reggie Denton, steps aside as they push through--

The terrorists ignore Agent Denton, but open fire on the MI6 agents and the officials. Bodies drop as bullets fly--

Suspect Reporter is suddenly up-ended and slammed to the ground. In one swift motion, Caden gets to his feet, snaps Suspect Reporter's neck, and uses the enemy's gun to put two bullets into the back of the cameraman--

As the crowd scatters, Caden eyes the three attackers from the KCBY van. They have automatic weapons and RPG's--

Caden looks to the street, as the Prime Minister and the Russian President climb into separate limousines--

Caden moves out as one of the limousines explodes, flipping end over end on top of a second limo--

Gunmen seem to come from everywhere. Agents and attackers exchange fire. Men from both sides are killed.

INT - LIMOUSINE - DAY

An MI6 agents starts the engine as the Prime Minister and an aide climb in the back. The vehicle starts to move--

MI 6

Sir, stay low...

Suddenly the agent is ripped apart by bullets. The driver's door is yanked open. A masked attacker throws the dead body out and aims his assault rifle--

The Prime Minister accepts his fate, but suddenly, the masked assailant is blown backward by a bullet to the head as Caden Thrush enters from the passenger side--

CADEN

Buckle up, sir. It's about to get ugly.

Caden stomps the gas before he even settles into the seat. He steers right into another masked attacker, the body bouncing off the hood and windshield--

In the rearview mirror, another attacker fires an RPG. Caden yanks the wheel, the grenade soars past the vehicle and destroys a news van--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Caden's Limousine leaps down a staircase, cuts through an alley, and skids out onto a parallel street--

PRIME MINISTER

You're the agent who took the sniper bullet.

CADEN

Technically, sir, the vest took the bullet.

PRIME MINISTER

Humble too, aren't you?

CADEN

Just doing my job, sir.

Suddenly the limousine lurches forward, rammed from behind. They spin out of control and crash.

EXT - LONDON STREET - DAY

The limousine clips a building and slams into a retaining wall, it's back wheels no longer touching the ground--

The KCBY news van, front end smashed from the impact, skids to a stop. Two ASSAILANTS with assault rifles get out and aim at the wrecked limo--

Caden kicks open the door of the limousine and drops to the ground. He rips open the back door and pulls the dazed Prime Minister out--

CADEN

We're still in a spot of trouble, here. Follow my lead.

PRIME MINISTER

You've kept me alive this far.

Caden glances over the wreckage at the two ASSAILANTS stalking toward them on the other side of the limousine. Bullets pelt the vehicle as he ducks back down--

Sirens wail, coming closer--

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)

The cavalry's on route, son.

The Assailants open fire on the oncoming police. Tires blow out. The police cars swerve, roll, and crash--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

Not anymore.

Caden pops back up and fires three bullets, taking one of the assailants down. The other returns fire, ripping the hood of the limousine to shreds--

PRIME MINISTER

You're hit.

Caden looks to his shoulder, a stain of red in beginning to appear through his torn suit--

CADEN

That's upsetting.

Caden eyes a gush of gasoline from under the limo. He reaches in the vehicle and pops in the cigarette lighter--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Get ready to run. On my mark...

The other assailant approaches the limousine, locking in a new clip--

The cigarette lighter heats up. Caden grabs it and tosses it into the gasoline puddle--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Go.

Caden stands and fires at the assailant, who dives aside. The Prime Minister runs for an alleyway. Caden follows--

The Assailant gives chase, but as he passes the limo it explodes, throwing him aside in a burst of fire--

The blast throws Caden down. He rolls over, gun out, to confirm the kill. Satisfied, he drags himself to the Prime Minister, handing him his pistol--

CADEN (CONT'D)

You fought in the war, yes?

PRIME MINISTER

Indeed, I did.

CADEN

Then you know how to use this.

PRIME MINISTER

Certainly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CADEN

Don't hesitate with the trigger.  
Empty the clip if you must. Stay  
hidden. I'll be right back.

Caden moves to the assailant's body and pats it down. He removes the mask, red hair and an IRA tatoo on his neck--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Well, top of the morning to you.  
(to earpiece)  
Any MI6, this is agent Caden Thrush. I  
need immediate evacuation for the  
Prime Minister. We're under fire at  
Abingdon Street, south of Parliament  
Square...

The KCBY news van suddenly roars to life, peeling out backward, it clips Caden and throws his aside--

Caden hits the ground hard, his arm breaking, the assault rifle bouncing away. His head slaps the concrete and he stops moving--

The van skids to a stop and the driver steps out, assault rifle poised. Sirens are approaching--

The assailant kicks Caden's body. No response. He turns his gun toward the alley where the Prime Minister hides--

The Prime Minister moves deeper into the alley. He throws his weight against a door and busts it open--

The assailant moves for the alley, determined.

INT - ABINGDON BUILDING - DAY

The Prime Minister breathes heavy as he moves up the stairwell. The assailant bursts into the building and spots his target moving upward--

The Prime Minister makes it to the top, but the roof door is locked. He is pinned down--

The assailant quickly moves up the stairs. The Prime Minister fires until the gun clicks empty--

ASSAILANT

(Irish accent)  
Sounds like an empty clip to me.

The assailant walks up to the frightened Prime Minister--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
 (Irish accent)  
 Fuck the Queen.

He aims, only to be shredded by bullets. His body falls backwards, sliding down the stairs to the feet of a beaten and shot Caden who holds a smoking assault rifle--

CADEN  
 Are you...are you hurt?

The Prime Minister shakes his head "no" as the sirens get very close outside--

CADEN (CONT'D)  
 Good. Help is here. You're safe.

Caden collapses.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK WE HEAR:

MARTIN TROITER  
 Caden? You remember me?

INT - HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK - DAY

An eight year old Caden turns to see his uncle, MARTIN TROITER (40), a strong and clean cut MI6 Agent--

CADEN AGE 8  
 Uncle Marty?

Caden gives him a big hug as Martin chokes back sadness--

MARTIN TROITER  
 Caden, listen to me. I'm not sure the best way to tell you this, but I need you to be strong right now.

Caden gets very sad. He knows--

CADEN AGE 8  
 They died, didn't they?

MARTIN TROITER  
 Yes. I'm sorry, son.  
 (sad smile)  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: MARTIN TROITER (CONT'D)

Your mother asked me to take care of you. How do you feel about coming to live with me?

FLASH TO:

INT - EMILY'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A fully grown Caden, lost in thought, lies in bed with his girlfriend EMILY (30), a beautiful law student--

EMILY

You'll never get him out of your head, will you?

CADEN

What's that?

EMILY

Your uncle.

CADEN

(sighs)

Yeah. I still expect him to walk in the door any second. "Hello there, Caden. Sorry, I've been undercover for the last decade. Couldn't tell you. Classified. You know the drill."

FLASH TO:

INT - MARTIN TROITER'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Caden (18), is working the heavy bag. He has grown up strong and determined. Martin watches from the doorway--

MARTIN TROITER

Your form is still atrocious.

Caden stops boxing--

CADEN AGE 18

So they say at the Academy.

MARTIN TROITER

And yet you still get high marks.

(smiles)

I'm very proud of you.

Caden recognizes the look on Martin's face--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN AGE 18

You're leaving again, aren't you?  
Where to?

MARTIN TROITER

Caden. You know the drill.

CADEN AGE 18

Right. Classified.

MARTIN TROITER

Look. You're young. You still have  
time to make different choices.

CADEN AGE 18

I want serve my country.

MARTIN TROITER

Yes, but...there's a barter that  
comes with this path. It's a very  
strict, lonely life. You don't get  
to enjoy the things that civilians  
get to enjoy.

FLASH TO:

INT - EMILY'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Emily cries on the couch. Caden stands close, frustrated--

EMILY

You act like you're out to avenge  
his death, even though you knew it  
was bound to happen. That's how it  
goes. Soldiers die in battle.

CADEN

I realize that....

EMILY

But you're always on about The  
Viper. "What did it mean? Who's  
the Viper?"

CADEN

Emily, he let it slip. Whatever it  
was, it meant something.

EMILY

God, I'll never dodge it. Not that  
you'd ever ask me to marry, but if  
you did, someday they'd ring my  
flat and say, "Sorry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY (CONT'D)

He fell in the line of duty.  
Here's a flag for your troubles."

CADEN

Emily, if you love me than you  
have to accept this because this  
is who I am. I don't know what  
else to say.

INT - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Caden wakes up to find as nurse changing his bandage. He  
is in bed with one arm in a cast, the other in a sling--

NURSE

Well, good morning, then.

CADEN

Where am I?

The nurse tips her hat to him--

NURSE

Care to guess, love?

Caden shakes his head clear, then looks to the TV--

CADEN

You mind putting on the tele?

NURSE

Sure. What's your pleasure?

CADEN

The news.

NURSE

Well, not much pleasure in that  
now, is there?

She flips through the stations until--

CADEN

There. Hold it. Turn it up.

The TV plays a telecast of Reggie Denton receiving a  
medal of valor from the queen--

BBC REPORTER

...Agent Reginald Denton receiving  
the medal of valor for thwarting  
the assassination attempt of Prime  
Minister John Major...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REGGIE DENTON

On behalf of my team, especially those that gave their lives to protect the Prime Minister, I accept this accolade.

QUEEN MOTHER

Your bravery is unmatched.

Caden scoffs at the TV--

CADEN

Bravery?

Suddenly, the door to the room opens. Three men enter:

JAY Gilford (55), the Director General of MI6, a lean and striking man dressed in a very expensive suit--

Jeffery Pickerill (50), the Deputy Director General, a not so lean man who has aged faster than most and walks with a limp and cane--

And William Manesfield (45), The Head of Espionage, a muscular man with scars on every visible piece of skin--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

(to the nurse)

Leave.

The nurse ushers herself out quickly as William Manesfield shuts off the TV and draws the blinds--

JAY GILFORD

Agent Thrush, I'm Jay Gilford, Director General of MI6. This is Deputy Director General, Jeffrey Pickerill and William Manesfield, Head of Espionage.

Caden tries to raise an arm to salute--

JAY GILFORD (CONT'D)

No need to salute. One of your arms is broken, the other just had a bullet dug out of it, so we can forego protocol just this once.

CADEN

(with difficulty)

Thank you, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAY GILFORD

Thank YOU, Agent Thrush. The Prime Minister wanted to give you a personal vote of appreciation, but for reasons of safety we've had to sequester him until we're confident the threat has passed. Be that as it may, he sends his undying gratitude. As do we all at MI6. Your actions were exemplary and, should you choose, you'll be adorned with medals at a banquet in your honor.

CADEN

I'm sorry, sir. What do you mean, "should I choose?"

JAY GILFORD

We find ourselves in a very unique position. I want you to know, from my lips to your ears, that whatever you decide, you will go down in MI history. But the choice is entirely yours. Mr. Pickerill will explain.

CADEN

Sir.

Jay Gilford exits. Jeffrey Pickerill steps up--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Very well, then. Agent Thrush, nephew of Martin Troiter, yes?

CADEN

That's right.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Good, good. You must know his legacy is well respected at MI6. Seems a bit of his genetic code is alive and well in you. He was your legal guardian after your parents passed away, yes?

CADEN

Since I was eight.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Indeed. So you've been in training all your life.

CADEN

You could say that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Your file notes that you're on the waiting list to test for Officer of the Special Forces?

CADEN

I've petitioned three times.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

And been denied three times. Probably because nepotism only gets you so far.

PICKERILL eyes MANESFIELD, who wears his displeasure--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Yes, right. Manesfield is skeptical of your abilities.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

I hand pick cadets from the Royal Academy. You did not make my list.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Of course, that was years ago. Today is a new day.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

There's also the question of loyalty. Martin Troiter served this country well for two decades, but in the last of his days he began to exhibit signs of dissidence.

CADEN

Dissidence? Sir, I assure you...

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

No, you do not. You will assure me of nothing. Your uncle developed the air of a rouge and I can only assume that he instilled his rebellious nature in you.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Manesfield, if you please? As mentioned, we're in a unique position. At the moment you're a bit of a Richard the Third. Seems the media has run a story that you died in the line of duty. To date we haven't disputed or responded to the error.

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CONTINUED: (4)

CADEN

What exactly is the choice you're offering me?

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

My department has dissolved. The cold war is over. There's less of a need for espionage. Officially.

CADEN

But unofficially...?

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

We will always need spies.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Yes, yes. Covert missions will continue, but certain MI6 practices will be forced to fall deeper into the shadows, as it were. An agent who died in the line of service could be very useful for operations that are, well, to put it bluntly...

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Not condoned by our new foreign policies.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Yes. And frowned upon by the Geneva convention.

CADEN

So my choice is to stay dead?

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Understand, you will give up everything connected to the life you currently know. You will be given a new identity and a cover existence. Once you're activated, there will be very little contact with MI6...if any at all. If asked, we will deny all association.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

All of this assuming you make a full recovery and pass the endurance tests.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Goes without saying, Mansfield. Obviously. Point being, should you pass, you will be the Queen's secret weapon. An unsung hero.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

Caden is speechless--

JEFFREY PICKERILL (CONT'D)

Right, then. Mull it over. You've got 48 hours of observation here, then we'll need to finalize your fate.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

This package contains your new life. Open it only if you accept.

William Manesfield drops an envelope onto Caden's lap--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Also, if there's anything or anyone in Caden Thrush's life that would require closure-- a girl or friends or whatnot-- let us know and we'll arrange for it. Right, then. Good day.

Pickerill and Manesfield exit. Caden is delirious from conversation. Fatigue sets in as the Nurse re-enters--

NURSE

Well, that's lovely to have some visitors. And how are we feeling?

CADEN

I have no idea how to answer that.

He looks at the envelope on his lap--

NURSE

A bite to eat, then? You want the tele back on?

CADEN

No. Can you just give me a moment?

Caden decides. He opens the envelope to find a passport and driver's license with the name: GREGORY LYONS.

EXT - GRAVEYARD - DAY

Caden, arm still in a cast, watches from afar as MI6 bury his casket with a 21 gun salute. He eyes Reggie Denton, who is adorned with awards. People greet him as "a hero"--

Caden looks to EMILY, who stands apart from the MI6 crowd. She cries, putting her hand on the casket--

CADEN

Goodbye, Emily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Caden, stoic, turns and walks away.

EXT - ISLAND OF CRETE - SECRET TRAINING BASE - DAY

A small, out of the way military facility that is almost hidden by the landscape. It looks abandoned, complete with CONDEMNED signs and NO TRESPASSING.

INT - SECRET TRAINING BASE - FIRING RANGE - DAY

Caden stands at one end of a firing range alley. He unloads a clip into a paper target, all bulls-eyes--

GRAPHIC: FEBRUARY 1991

A Trainer (35) watches his stance and posture--

TRAINER

Switch.

Caden reloads, then fires with his left. All bulls-eyes--

TRAINER (CONT'D)

Perfect. Guns down. Now the question is, can you kill on the run?

EXT - GREEK COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The Trainer opens a small cage. A mongoose scurries out across the landscape. Caden, on horse back, watches it--

CADEN

What the hell is it?

TRAINER

A nasty little varmint. A mongoose. It's getting away.

Caden digs in his heels and the horse takes off. He rides after the mongoose, which moves with incredible agility--

Caden pulls his 9MM and fires, dirt exploding. He empties the entire clip. The mongoose disappears--

Caden halts, the Trainer laughing at him--

TRAINER (CONT'D)

Pathetic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

I'll tell you what, if a mission  
arises to assassinate a ferret,  
don't call me.

TRAINER

Discipline, focus, accuracy. These  
are the areas for you to improve.

Caden reloads and waves the gun at the Trainer--

CADEN

I bet I could kill you on the run.

The trainer laughs again.

INT - SECRET TRAINING BASE - OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Caden works an obstacle course, leaping, ducking,  
rolling, climbing and running through a series of  
endurance testing obstacles--

TRAINER

His endurance is immeasurable.  
Very swift rehabilitation.

ANGLE ON AN OBSERVATION BOOTH

Trainer, William Manesfield, and Jeffrey Pickerill watch  
Caden perform down below--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Good, good. I'm convinced.

The trainer holds out a stop watch--

TRAINER

You should be. He just beat the  
course record by twelve seconds.

Caden moves with incredible speed and grace--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

He's not ready until we find his  
Achilles heel. Send him into the  
lions den. Hand to hand.

TRAINER

How many lions?

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Five of your best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFREY PICKERILL  
Manesfield, please.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD  
Five. And take him by surprise.

INT - SECRET TRAINING BASE - GYM - DAY

Caden is in a gymnasium, bench pressing a hundred and fifty. The trainer is above him, spotting--

The doors on both sides of the gymnasium open, five large beefy men entering--

TRAINER  
Ah, good. Your three o'clock is here.

Caden sets the barbell back the rack, breathing heavy--

TRAINER (CONT'D)  
I hope you are not too tired. These men will keep at it until they're unconscious.

Caden faces off with the five men, who crack their knuckles, thirsty for a fight--

CADEN  
Then you'd get the paramedics up here.

BRUTE 5 throws a flying side thrust at CADEN, who side steps and elbows him in the back--

CADEN shoves a kick-bag into BRUTE 3, knocking him over--

BRUTE 1 and 2 attack, but CADEN rolls past them, grabs a jump rope from the wall, lassos BRUTE 4 around the neck, and hangs him from the chin up bar--

ANGLE ON AN OBSERVATION BOOTH

As PICKERILL and MANESFIELD access Caden's potential--

JEFFREY PICKERILL  
Impressive.

The trainer enters the observation room--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD  
His form is atrocious. He's not using any of his training. The unexpected proves it's not second nature.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAINER

You're not watching close enough. He's mixing all forms together. He's using his environment.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

He's sloppy.

TRAINER

His form has never been impeccable, true, but his instincts make up for what he lacks.

ANGLE ON THE ACTION DOWN BELOW

BRUTE 1 lies unconscious under the kick-bag. BRUTE 2 hangs unconscious by his shirt from a climbing peg. BRUTE 4 is hog tied in the jump rope--

BRUTE 3 and 5 run to sandwich CADEN, but he drops to his stomach and they end up butting heads together. Caden sweeps both their legs, rolls on top of them, and chops them in the throat--

CADEN looks around, all his enemies downed. He looks up at the observation booth and holds out his hands as if to say, "Is that all?"--

TRAINER (CONT'D)

We can keep going with this charade, but you'd be wasting a resource.

Pickerill looks at Manesfield, who growls with contempt--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

You put him in the field, it's on you. My report will include my reservations.

INT - AIRPLANE - DAY

Caden eyes the passengers as they board. A smile creeps across his face as Benjamin Percy (35) sits next to him--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Afternoon. Benjamin Percy.

Benjamin puts out his hand as he sits. It is obvious that they know each other--

CADEN

Benjamin. Pleasure. Uh...Gregory Lyons at your service.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN PERCY

Gregory Lyons. Brilliant.

CADEN

And what do you do for a living, Benny? Do you mind if call you Benny?

BENJAMIN PERCY

(laughs)

Not at all. I work for the Queen of England in her secret service.

CADEN

Really? Fascinating.

BENJAMIN PERCY

Head of Intelligence for Northern Ireland. Now that the Cold War has melted, seems that all our resources are aiming at stopping the IRA. Perhaps you heard of the thwarted assassination on the Prime Minister?

CADEN

Well, sure. I watch the news.

BENJAMIN PERCY

That was orchestrated by them. The battle for control of Northern Ireland is getting rather critical.

CADEN

And we're not at all concerned about the discovery of six KGB operatives within our own Parliament?

BENJAMIN PERCY

It's a frightening thought, sure, but we've seen this chess move before. There will always be provocateur agents. Likewise, a good dozen of our British intelligence are returning from Moscow. Sign of good faith, I suppose, that the days of infiltration are over. Confirms that our old enemy is now officially our new friend.

CADEN

Are they?

BENJAMIN PERCY

On paper, sure, but information is still power, even amidst a treaty.  
(smiles)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BENJAMIN PERCY (CONT'D)

I'm sure you'll also be thrilled to know that your old rival, Reggie Denton is now working directly under William Manesfield in Espionage.

CADEN

For a pin-head, he sure does know how to climb a ladder.

Benjamin covertly slides Caden an envelope--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Here. Some things to help you adjust to your new life.

Caden slides the envelope into his carry on luggage--

BENJAMIN PERCY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I can't tell you how ecstatic I was to learn that you were still operational. I would have missed our conversations.

CADEN

Me too, Benny. Who else knows?

BENJAMIN PERCY

I believe I am the only one. And they only told me out of necessity.

(clears throat)

Now, as far as privileged information goes, seeing as how most of your missions will put you in the same room as some of our covert operators, it's best you familiarize yourself with some names and faces. This is a list of MI6 agents in deep. Be sure to not kill them or blow their cover as you perform your duties.

Benjamin hands over a folded sheet of paper--

BENJAMIN PERCY (CONT'D)

Memorize it. Then destroy it.

EXT - FLAT ALONG THE THAMES - DAY

Caden gets out of a taxi, pays with some cash from the envelope, and walks to the front door of the flat. He checks the address on ID in his new wallet. It matches--

Caden pulls out a ring of 3 keys from the envelope. One key says HUNDI. He glances to a Hundi parked on the street. A second key works in the lock of the front door.

INT - CADEN'S FLAT - DAY

Caden wanders about, turning on lights and faucets. He admires the furniture and the art--

CADEN

Well. I have impeccable taste.

Caden notices a letter on the table. He grabs it--

CADEN (CONT'D)

(reading)

Your request to maintain a certain assortment of your uncle's memorabilia was denied, due to security protocols. You will find all you need to perform your duties stored in your hidden bunker.

(to self)

Bunker?

Caden pulls out the key ring from his pocket. The last key is marked with an engraving: 007--

Caden looks around the room, his eyes fixing on a thick hardbound book on a shelf: COMPLETE WORKS OF IAN FLEMING--

He takes the book off the shelf to find a hidden key hole in the back of the case. He inserts the key and turns. There is a hum as a hatch in the floorboards slides open, revealing a staircase that spirals downward.

INT - CADEN'S UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

One wall of the bunker is an arsenal, complete with every conceivable kind of gun, explosive, and handheld weapon--

Another wall is all toys and gadgets: repelling ropes, parachutes, night vision goggles, etc--

Caden moves to a workstation with a wall sized monitor. He turns the computer ON. A prerecorded message plays--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

(on the screen)

Welcome to your new life. From this day forward there was never a Caden Thrush. This computer is on a secure line which grants you special access to the MI6 database.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JEFFREY PICKERILL (CONT'D)

Your level 2 clearance should afford you any research necessary to prepare for your field work.

Caden dumps the rest of the contents of the envelope out--

JEFFREY PICKERILL (CONT'D)

In the envelope you'll find 2 credit cards, each with a 15,000 pound limit. One is in the name of Gregory Lyons, for personal use. The balance will be paid each month, but try to be a good steward with your finances. We'd hate to audit you. The second card is to be used on your missions. Use it only in an emergency.

He looks at the card, the second has a random name on it--

JEFFREY PICKERILL (CONT'D)

There is a checkbook also in the name of your new identity. There is a beginning balance of fifty thousand pounds. Each month an additional five thousand will be deposited, regardless of how many missions you are assigned. Again, manage your finances wisely.

Caden sorts through the checkbook, a cell phone, a Rolex, a locket on a chain, a RED ENVELOPE, and a train ticket--

JEFFREY PICKERILL (CONT'D)

Notice the locket. This is your final solution fail safe. Inside you will find a single tab of Cyanide. Should you find yourself in a situation you cannot escape, it will provide a fast and painless death. God willing, you'll never have to use it.

Caden opens the locket, inside is a pill. He puts the locket around his neck--

JEFFREY PICKERILL (CONT'D)

Right, then. Let's get to it: the red envelope needs to be delivered to one of our contacts in France; you'll find the name and meeting place inscribed upon it. Take note of the train ticket, it is time sensitive.

(adds)

Oh, yes. And your code name will be: The Mongoose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CADEN  
(snorts)  
Cute.

The screen goes dead. Caden looks at the time on the train ticket to FRANCE, then at the watch.

EXT - LYONS STATION - FRANCE - DAY

A train pulls into the station. Caden steps off, wearing a long trench-coat.

EXT - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Caden parks a rental car near a burnt out warehouse in an abandoned industrial area. He surveys the surroundings before entering the dilapidated structure.

INT - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Caden surveys the labyrinth of twisted and burnt metal. The warehouse has been neglected for years. He scans the environment, eyeing a shadow--

The click of a cocking assault rifle steps out from the shadows, an unshaven man steps out--

FRENCH REBEL  
You are trespassing.

CADEN  
I'm here to see Frances Dubois.

FRENCH REBEL  
You the fuck are you?

Caden holds up the red envelope--

CADEN  
I'm the postman. Who the fuck do you think I am?

Caden glances behind him to see two more men stepping from other shadows, also heavily armed--

FRENCH REBEL  
I will take it to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

No. You will fetch Mr. Dubois and bring him to me. I don't have business with you.

A man steps out on a scaffolding above--

FRANCES DUBOIS

Are you the Mongoose?

CADEN

Yes.

Frances nods to one of the men, who takes the letter and runs it up to him. He opens it and looks at Caden--

FRANCES DUBOIS

What is this shit?

CADEN

I'm sorry?

FRANCES DUBOIS

Your government is spitting in my face. Is this what I am to assume?

Frances drops the letter off the scaffolding. It flutters down to Caden--

FRANCES DUBOIS (CONT'D)

You read to me what it says.

Caden cautiously picks up the letter. It is blank--

CADEN

I assure you I don't know what this means. I'm just a messenger.

Frances nods to the men with guns, who converge on Caden--

Caden grabs the barrel of the man nearest him, flips him end over end, and steals away the assault rifle. He turns the gun on the second man and mows him down--

Caden turns the gun to the scaffolding, but Frances is gone. He turns to see the third man standing behind him--

Before Caden can pull his trigger, the man fires a tazer gun. Caden is zapped and dropped.

INT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

CADEN's eyes open. A light bulb hangs in front of him, swaying back and forth. CADEN shakes his head clear--

Shadows plays in the darkened room. A pair of LIPS appear in the corner of the room, the rest of the face obscured by the dark. They speak to him--

LIPS

I need to know three things. Who you are, who sent you, and what are the names on the list?

CADEN coughs and realizes that he is without a shirt, but is still wearing the locket. His arms are tied down to a chair. The scar of a gun shot wound on his shoulder. A hand slaps him across the face--

CADEN

What list?

The hand hits him again--

LIPS

Caden Thrush is your name.

CADEN

Really? Thought I was Queen Elizabeth.

The hand strikes again--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Wait! Wait a moment.

(pauses)

Hit me again. Seems to be jarring my memory you stupid fuck.

Two hands emerge from the dark and snap clamps onto his nipples. A jolt of electricity rockets through his body--

Caden screams until it shuts off. He shivers and shakes--

LIPS

Did that hurt?

(nothing)

How about this?

A glowing poker it put to Caden's skin. It sizzles and smokes, burning him. He screams again, but is unable to break his restraints--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIPS (CONT'D)

Sooner or later the pain will be enough to make you give us what we want.

Caden coughs and spits, he glares at the lips--

LIPS (CONT'D)

Give me the names on the list.

CADEN

The list was blank, asshole. Ask Dubois. There was nothing on it.

LIPS

But you know what was supposed to be on it. Your corrupt little government was selling out its own. These are the scum you give your allegiance too? You think they'll come for you? Are you holding onto hope that some elite force has been dispatched to rescue you?

CADEN

(laughs)

I'm just a pawn. I'm expendable.

LIPS

So you have no reason not to tell me.

CADEN

Except that you're torturing me. Not the friendliest way to get me to cooperate.

LIPS

I could just kill you.

CADEN

Sure, cut to the chase. We both know it's going to end there anyway and you will not get what you want.

LIPS

Your government made a deal with me! They promised us the hit list! You were ordered to deliver the names of your operatives in the field, so DELIVER IT!

CADEN

Oh, for Christ's sakes, obviously my people changed their minds. The blank letter was a bugger off note.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CADEN (CONT'D)

And last I checked, our policy was to not negotiate with traitors or terrorists, so get it over with AND KILL ME!

The voice licks his LIPS--

LIPS

We'll see how you feel in three days.

The LIPS fade into the darkness, leaving CADEN alone in the room with the hum of the light bulb. Blood trickles from his nose and down his chin--

TIME LAPSE MONTAGE--

CADEN nods in and out of sleep. He pulls at the ropes. He grunts in bored frustration. He yells. He hangs his head in silence. His licks his chapped lips. He tilts his head back, shivering. He fades into sleep...

FLASH TO:

INT - MARTIN TROITER'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK

Caden, age 20, and Martin Troiter are sitting at the kitchen table--

CADEN AGE 20

Will you petition for me at MI6 or not?

Reluctantly, Martin nods, but Caden senses something--

CADEN AGE 20 (CONT'D)

What is going on? You've been off your game the last few months.

(no answer)

Is this about The Viper?

MARTIN TROITER

(loudly)

What are you talking about? Where did you hear that?

CADEN AGE 20

You can't grow up in this house and not stumble across bits and pieces of conspiracy.

MARTIN TROITER

Forget it. It's all rumor and innuendo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

Bullshit. You're onto something.

INT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A bucket of ice cold water is thrown onto Caden, who awakes with a startling chill--

The LIPS are back--

LIPS

What are the names of the MI6 agents who have infiltrated the Irish Republican Army?

CADEN

(shivering & weak)

Is it three days already? I think my timepiece is slow.

LIPS

Food and water can be yours, just give me a few names.

CADEN

Your hospitality is rivaled only by the Germans.

Hands clobber Caden, slaps and punches to the face and gut. He bleeds a little more--

LIPS

TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!

CADEN

(coughs)

You want names? Fine...first name Michael...last name Mouse. His friends call him Mickey.

A hard fist cracks Caden across the face--

CADEN (CONT'D)

ALL RIGHT!

(breathes)

I only know them by their code names...

LIPS

Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

Cocksucker, mother fucker, son of a bitch! Very good agents, from what I hear.

LIPS fade away. CADEN struggles in the chair to no avail--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Goddamnit.

The light bulb swings methodically. For a moment Caden is lit up, then the bulb swings away and leaves him in darkness. The bulb swings back to illuminate him--

A glass of ice cold water is held a half an inch from CADEN'S chapped, shaking lips--

LIPS

Give me the names and the water is yours. Your pain will end.

CADEN appears broken, but he leans back from the water--

LIPS (CONT'D)

Fine. Drastic measures it is.

A thug in a mask rolls out an IV and drip. He punches a needle into Caden's arm and starts the drip--

LIPS (CONT'D)

Are you familiar with sodium pentothol? Basically an anesthetic. It supresses the higher functions of the brain, weakens a man's resolve to lie. Hence, it's also known as "truth serum". You can't fight it, Caden. You will tell us what we want to know.

CADEN

I drink this shit for breakfast. I've built up a serious tolerance.

LIPS

(laughs)

Sure you have. Works fast, doesn't it? Can you feel it, starting to numb your brain? It's like reading a man's mind without having to resort to being psychic.

Caden fights it, but the drug is winning--

LIPS (CONT'D)

Tell me one name, Caden. Just one.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CADEN  
(struggling)  
One name?

LIPS  
Yes. Two very simple words.

CADEN  
Two words? Okay. FUCK YOU.

LIPS  
(laughs)  
Clever. Just a few more seconds  
for it to sink in.

Caden is suddenly rocked by a wave of the drug. He is  
losing control of himself--

LIPS (CONT'D)  
Now we're getting somewhere.

CADEN  
Shit...

Tears begin to stream down Caden's face--

LIPS  
Tell me what you're thinking.

CADEN  
I'm thinking it's time to take my  
Cyanide.

LIPS  
What?

Caden grabs the chain around his neck with his tongue,  
pops the locket open with his teeth, and chomps down on  
the Cyanide tablet--

CADEN  
(crying)  
Like I said, "Fuck you."

A new voice cuts through the darkness--

VOICE  
Lights please.

An overhead light turns on, revealing the LIPS as WILLIAM  
MANESFIELD. Caden's eyes widen in angry confusion--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD  
Boo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A door slides open, revealing Jay Gilford and Benjamin Percy. Caden shoots them all a look that could kill--

JAY GILFORD

Hold your tongue, Caden. No need to call us bastards or the plethora of other names you undoubtedly have conjured in your mind. This is standard training for secret service and special forces.

(to Manesfield)

Untie him.

MANSFIELD puts the glass of water between CADEN's legs and with a slash of a sharp Bowie knife, he is free--

JAY GILFORD (CONT'D)

The Cyanide, of course, was a placebo. You won't die today.

CADEN groans, rubbing his stale body parts as MANSFIELD hand feeds him the water--

JAY GILFORD (CONT'D)

You needed to know how ugly it could get and that you could survive such a situation, should it arise.

CADEN

And you needed to know that you could trust me.

JAY GILFORD

Sharp one, you are. You have proven yourself. The queen is in good hands. I'm proud to be the first to congratulate you. Your training is now officially over.

Gilford shakes Caden's hand and exits as Benjamin steps up and administers a shot to CADEN'S arm--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Sorry about the rouse. This will help you recover. A bit of adrenaline.

Caden coughs and spits up some more blood--

BENJAMIN PERCY (CONT'D)

I wanted to box him sideways when he did it to me, but I couldn't muster the strength.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

You've got a thick skull, Thrush.  
I'll give you that.

CADEN

The name's Gregory Lyons.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

(laughs)

You're a bigger arse than your uncle.

Manesfield exits, leaving Caden and Benjamin alone--

CADEN

Some friend you are.

BENJAMIN PERCY

It's brutish, sure, but necessary.  
Trust me, a year from now after  
botched jobs and assignments gone  
awry, you'll appreciate what this  
exercise taught you.

CADEN

Not to trust anyone, even my superiors?

BENJAMIN PERCY

A good lesson as well. Always be  
on your guard.

CADEN

So I didn't kill that man at the  
warehouse? What was it? Blanks?

Benjamin puts a new pill into the locket--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Of course. This, on the other  
hand, is the real deal. No more  
placebos. Got it?

CADEN

What about the list of agents you  
gave me?

BENJAMIN PERCY

That was also legitimate. Keep it in  
mind. When out in the field, we don't  
want our gardeners killing our moles.

Benjamin helps Caden stand--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CADEN

A gardener? Is that the current  
MI6 euphemism for assassin?

EXT - STREETS OF BERLIN - DAY

Caden, on a rooftop, scopes a limousine as it pulls up to a hotel across the street. Three bodyguards try to quickly usher a man in a business suit into the hotel--

Caden fires his sniper rifle and kills the man in a business suit, drilling a bullet through his neck--

Caden quickly dismantles the rifle and stuffs it into his pack as he walks to the opposite edge of the roof and zipwires down to the street. He disappears into the shadows of a nearby alley.

INT - CADEN'S UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

REVEAL that CADEN has a binder labeled "The List". Inside are tabs for each "mole"; photos, dossier, and notes--

Caden researches the MI6 database. Agents are all over the world: Henrick Slausan in Ireland, Christopher Briswold in Libya, more in Italy, Cuba, Russia, Germany and the Middle East--

He prints documents, highlights and circles information, three hole punches, and puts pages in the binder.

INT - HOTEL ROOM - RUSSIA - DAY

A man enters the room and turns on the lights, revealing Caden, who pounces from behind, slitting his throat with a large knife--

Two bodyguards rush in. Caden trips one and shoves his head through the front of the TV with a sparking crunch--

Caden fights the second bodyguard, both of them crashing through the French doors to the balcony--

Caden elbows the bodyguard in the face, grabs him by the balls, and heaves him over the side of the railing--

The bodyguard falls three stories to his death, caving in the roof of a parked car.

INT - CADEN'S UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Caden researches the IRA on the computer. He makes special note of:

"...during World War II IRA leaders met with Adolf Hitler and top Nazi officials. In turn for sneaking German spies into Ireland, they were given U-Boats and countless stockpiles of armaments..."

"...one of the founders, Bernadette Devlin declared that the IRA war against England was not just for Ireland, but for an international working class movement'..."

"...in 1971 the Soviets poured massive amounts of aid into the Provisional IRA...Czechoslovakia sent guns, ammo, and explosives by the ton..."

"...under Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, a Soviet intermediary, IRA terrorists were trained by Cubans in Libyan camps. Libya funded the IRA as much as \$5 Million a year..."

The research fills a binder labeled IRA.

EXT - COUNTRY ROAD - IRELAND - DAY

Caden watches a caravan of four cars approach a bridge. He presses a button on a remote. The lead car explodes--

The other vehicles try to escape in reverse. Caden detonates a second bomb. The car bringing in the rear explodes end over end--

Caden emerges from hiding, brandishing an assault rifle. He opens fire and kills all of the men inside the cars--

Caden shoots open the trunk of one of the cars and grabs a briefcase.

INT - CADEN'S UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Caden works on the computer, researching files on his uncle. Most say: AGENT MARTIN TROITER - SECURITY CLEARANCE DENIED - CLASSIFIED--

He looks up THE VIPER. It comes back: NO RECORDS FOUND--

Caden sighs, then looks up JEFFERY PICKERILL, WILLIAM MANESFIELD, and JAY GILFORD. It brings up a brief history of each, along with their MI6 credentials, but most of their information is also classified.

EXT - LONDON ROOF TOP - NIGHT

Caden spies on a shop across the street with binoculars--

POV BINOCULARS: Emily is on a date with a nice looking man. They seem happy--

CADEN

Good for you, sweetheart.

Caden lowers the binoculars with a sad look in his eyes--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Move on.

INT - HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Caden, dressed as a Room Service Attendant, knocks on a door. A gruff Russian looking man answers, frisks him in the hallway, then allows him inside--

Moments later, Caden exits with the cart. The second the door closes, he ditches the cart and moves briskly exits into the stairwell--

An explosion from inside the room blows the door off the hinges and into the hallway. The hotel rocks, lights flickering.

INT - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Caden is lying back in his seat, eyes closed. A hand reaches for him. His eyes snap open as he grabs the hand, startling Cathy, a stewardess with the pushcart of drinks. She squeaks in surprise--

CADEN

Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

Caden looks at the STEWARDESS at the other end of the pushcart. She is giggling--

CATHY

I just didn't want you to hit your elbow on the drink cart.

CADEN

Well, in that case, thank you.  
(recognizes her)

Didn't I see you about two weeks ago on a red-eye to China?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY

Yes. Yes, you did. Gin and tonic,  
right?

He nods and she makes him the drink--

CADEN

How long's your layover this  
evening?

Cathy looks at the other Stewardess, who gives a coy look  
of, "tell him, idiot".

INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Caden and Cathy are passed out. The clocks reads 4 A.M.  
The cell phone on the night stand begins to vibrate--

Without looking Caden grabs it and eyes the screen. A  
text message: MONGOOSE--

Caden deletes it and gets dressed quickly as she stirs--

CADEN

I've got to go.

CATHY

What? Are you kidding me? What  
time is it?

Caden puts on his shoes. She begins to get angry--

CADEN

I'm sorry, but I can't explain.

CATHY

You have a wife, don't you?

CADEN

Believe what you want, but it's  
best you forget about me.

Caden is out the door. She screams after him--

CATHY

You better not fly British Air on  
my shift again, you fucking  
bastard!

INT - CADEN'S UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

He sits down at the computer and clicks on a message. The photos of two IRA THUGS appear--

COMPUTER VOICE

At 2AM this morning, there was another attempt on Prime Minister John Major's life. A mortar was launched at his private residence, fortunately no injuries have been reported. These two IRA terrorists are suspected in the attack. Their location has been identified, but time is short as they are trying to flee the country.

INT - LONDON RAILS - DAY

Caden stands quiet, his trench coat is pulled up around his face. There are very few people awake at this hour--

He checks his watch as the subway train pulls up. He steps into the first car of the train, eyeing everyone. He moves through the cars until he spots the two young men from the photos--

The THUGS see him and bolt out the doors, back onto the station platform.

EXT - TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Caden exits the train car and chases the THUGS into the station. They hop turnstiles, race down corridors, run up and slide down stairs--

The THUGS jump another turnstile and run full speed for the open doors of another boarding train--

Caden fires twice as he hops the turnstile--

One THUG goes down, hit in the leg and small of the back. The SECOND THUG dives into the train as the doors close--

CADEN

(to wounded THUG)

Wait here.

The SECOND THUG runs through cars, toward the front of the train as it begins to move--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Caden races alongside on the platform, shooting out a window two cars ahead--

Caden and the SECOND THUG race full steam as the train chugs faster and faster toward the tunnel--

Caden fires twice as the SECOND THUG runs past the shot out window. One bullet hit him in the shoulder, the other blows a hole in the side of the neck--

The body drops dead in the car as the train disappears into the tunnel. Caden sighs. Close one--

He turns to see a JANITOR starring at him in horror. Caden aims his pistol at him--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Bugger off.

The Janitor drops his mop and bucket and runs like hell up the stairs as Caden stalks back to the wounded THUG--

THUG

(Russian accent)

Don't kill me. Please. I did as you ask! I tell you everything!

CADEN

You're Russian. KGB?

THUG

(Russian accent)

Former KGB. I defect. I tell you. They said I have safe passage!

CADEN

Who said that?

The THUG tries to crawl away, leaving a trail of blood--

THUG

(Russian accent)

PLEASE!

Caden grabs him by the hair, halting the escape. He checks the THUG for weapons, but finds none--

CADEN

You have no weapons.

(realizes)

You weren't trying to kill the Prime Minister, were you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THUG

(Russian accent)

What...? What you talk about?  
Why would I kill the man that  
grant me diplomatic immunity?

The THUG is bleeding out. He coughs up a lot of blood--

CADEN

Hold on. Not yet, you don't. Tell  
me, why were you running?

THUG

(Russian accent)

KGB and IRA want me dead. I know  
secret.

THUG begins to convulse, he is dying fast--

CADEN

What secret?

THUG

(Russian accent)

I know mole...double agent...in  
MI6...

CADEN

What mole?

On his dying breathe--

THUG

(Russian accent)

The Viper...

CADEN

No, no, no! Give me his name. I  
NEED HIS NAME! Hold on, now!

The THUG dies with one last cough of blood--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Shit.

Caden searches the body. He finds a passport: Craig  
Fernhart. He drops the body and quickly exits the station  
as another train pulls in.

INT - CADEN'S UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Caden searches the MI6 database for the ALIAS of Craig Fernhart. He finds a match for the dead Russian thug: Kristoff Kostanjevec--

CADEN

(reads)

Defected KGB. Previously stationed with the Communist Party of Ireland as a transmission belt for Soviet directives...Known Associations: Gerry Adams, president of the provisional IRA. Trained under Vladimir Kozov...

Caden searches and finds: Vladimir Kozov, Head of the KGB's Department V (Assassinations and Sabotage)"--

He plays an old news clip in the database:

BBC REPORTER

...Vladimir Kozov, the former head of Department V of the KGB, is being accused of not only providing weapons and ammunition to terrorists from the IRA and Islamic fundamentalist groups, but also training them alongside the Red Army. This communist alliance dates back as far as World War II...

Caden reads further into the dossier of Kozov: "Last known whereabouts: Tripoli, Libya."

Caden looks over at a shelf, which is overflowing with binders: THE LIST, IRA, KGB, MI6, UNITED NATIONS, PARLIAMENT, PRIME MINISTER JOHN MAJOR, etc--

He grabs the binder labeled THE LIST and flips until he finds: Christopher Briswald aka Fanny Barlow, stationed in Tripoli, Libya. DLB - Sara's Guardian Hotel, 4 Sayf Bendeeyzn Street, Bab Bin Gashir, ROOM #21.

EXT - TRIPOLI, LIBYA - DAY

A fishing boat pulls into the harbor on the coast of Libya at Tripoli--

GRAPHIC: TRIPOLI, LIBYA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Caden, dressed in traditional robes and a flat brimless cap, steps off the boat.

EXT - STREETS OF TRIPOLI - DAY

Caden drives a jeep through the battered third world streets, finally parking outside Sara's Guardian Hotel.

INT - SARA'S GUARDIAN HOTEL - DAY

Caden approaches the front desk--

CADEN

(in Arabic)

I need to leave a message for the man in room twenty-one.

DESK MAN

(in Arabic)

What is the message?

CADEN

(in Arabic)

"The bar. Midnight."

The desk man nods and puts the message in ROOM 21's box.

INT - SARA'S GUARDIAN HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Caden, dressed a bit more casual, sits in a dark corner of the bar and watches: Christopher Briswald enters and scans the room. He sits at the bar and orders a drink--

Caden watches him drink and interact with the locals. After a bit, he gets up and heads to the men's room--

Caden follows.

INT - SARA'S GUARDIAN HOTEL MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Caden enters to find Christopher at the urinal--

CADEN

I'm looking for Vladimir Kozov.

CHRISTOPHER

Are you kidding me? Who the fuck are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

I used to be Caden Thrush.

Christopher recognizes the name--

CHRISTOPHER

So I'm talking to a ghost?

CADEN

Exactly.

CHRISTOPHER

What does MI6 want with an 80 year old Russian? He hasn't been relevant in a decade.

CADEN

This isn't official business. I'm on a mole hunt. I need a guide.

CHRISTOPHER

Bollocks. You're a piece of work.  
(shrugs)

Well, he's not hard to find. He's downtown near the market where they train the impressionable and the disenfranchised.

CADEN

Show me.

CHRISTOPHER

And why would I do that, again?

CADEN

You ever hear the name The Viper?

CHRISTOPHER

(laughs)

Let me save you some trouble. He's a myth. Russian propaganda created to stir up paranoi at MI6. You're a ghost tracking down a shadow.

CADEN

Perhaps.

EXT - PORT OF BENGHAZI - DAY

Christopher and Caden drive across the sweltering desert in a rugged jeep--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTOPHER

There was a time when some of us thought that the Viper was Kozov himself, but it's obvious now that he's just a cog in a machine. He set up a training camp here in the port of Benghazi. KGB, IRA, PLO, Al Qaeda...he'd facilitate training for anyone who supported fascism or communism.

CADEN

So were the Soviets just hiring thugs to help or were they trying to expand the Red Army?

CHRISTOPHER

There is not a single man nor a country that could pull off world domination on it's own, not with the watchdogs of the UK and the almighty USA flourishing in their monarchy and democracy.

CADEN

A lesson learned from Hitler.

CHRISTOPHER

And Stalin. Sure. If you want to unite in the name of chaos, you have to take down the pillars of progress.

CADEN

So that's the goal, then? A bit short on allies since World War II, so organize all the terrorist factions?

CHRISTOPHER

You said it. Not me. I'm just a guy on the inside that reports back on the movements of the Palestinian Liberation Organization.

EXT - PORT OF BENGHAZI - ROOFTOP - DAY

From a rooftop, Caden uses binoculars to scope inside an arched fortress on the port--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In an open air courtyard he sees soldiers training in hand to hand combat. IRA and Middle Eastern boys practice side by side assembling assault rifles and shooting--

CADEN

Radical Catholics and fanatic  
Muslims in the same boot camp.  
They really have created a UN od  
terror.

Christopher is laying low, smoking a cigarette--

CHRISTOPHER

Ideology doesn't matter. Ultimate  
goals don't matter. It's all piss.  
At the moment they've got a common  
enemy, which cuts through all  
diversity.

CADEN

Which is Kozov?

CHRISTOPHER

Shouldn't be hard to spot. He's in  
a wheelchair lugging an oxygen  
tank.

Caden zooms in on Kosov, an old, useless skeleton. But  
next to him are Mohammar Quadaffi and Yassar Arafat--

CADEN

Jesus. I just marked Quadaffi and  
Arafat.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah. Sometimes you'll even catch  
a glimpse of that new Afgan kid  
Bin Laden.

CADEN

Really? Fresh off his victory  
against Russia? Now they're in bed  
together?

CHRISTOPHER

The sand shifts fast in the  
dessert. America supplies  
Afganistan with weapons to defeat  
the Soviet invasion, now the USA  
is the infidel and the terrorists  
interests are aligned with the Red  
Army.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Course, if this coalition ever took down the empire, they'd turn on each other like rabid wolves. But for now they don't mind sharing the same bed.

CADEN

One grenade launcher and I could pull the Persian rug out from underneath Middle East.

CHRISTOPHER

The worm always grows back its tail, Caden. It's wishful thinking. To really hit them hard you got to take out the conductor of the orchestra. But that's exactly the problem. Nobody knows who he is. Or if he's even real. There is a very good chance that this puppet master is nothing more than a hell of a good story.

CADEN

Possibly. But even if there is no Great Oz, there's still a man behind the curtain. There's always a head to the snake.

CHRISTOPHER

Sure, but good luck cracking the code. Information is always passed through proxy. Nothing is said directly. It's all behind a veil.

Suddenly a voice comes from behind them--

ARAB THUG

(in Arabic)

Stand up! Who are you? What do you want?

Caden and Christopher stand, hands up as three ARAB THUGS cock their weapons--

CHRISTOPHER

(in Arabic)

Tell General Quadaffi that Fanny Barlow needs to see him.

Christopher nods to Caden, who plays along--

CADEN

(to Christopher)

You know Quadaffi?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

CHRISTOPHER

Only from photos.

The three thugs turn to each other to discuss. Caden and Christopher use the moment to pull their guns and fire--

The three thugs are killed, but it alerts the entire training facility. Lookouts on the nearby rooftops point to them and sound the alarms--

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Great.

Caden and Christopher grab the assault rifles and leap over the edge of the building.

EXT - PORT OF BENGHAZI - STREETS - DAY

Caden and Christopher crash through canvass awnings until finally landing on the front stoop of a cafe--

They run down an alley, toward the jeep, picking off foes that pop out of doorways or give chase--

Caden jumps into the front seat as Christopher dives into the back. The engine guns and they peel out as bullets ricochet all around--

From every alley and every rooftop, soldiers from every tribe of terrorism take aim and fire--

Christopher drops a couple of smoke grenades to give them cover, then proceeds to empty the assault rifles into any targets he can spot--

Caden takes a hard corner and slams into a terrorist, running him over with the jeep--

CHRISTOPHER

Incoming!

Two TERRORISTS jump down from above, one landing in the back of the jeep and one landing on the hood--

Christopher grapples to keep a knife from piercing him--

Caden slams the brakes. The Terrorist on the hood slams into the windshield as Christopher and the Knife Terrorist roll into the front passenger seat--

Caden shoots the Hood Terrorist through the glass, then stomps the gas again, sending Christopher and the Knife Terrorist rolling backward off the end of the jeep--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Christopher grabs the bumper as the Knife Terrorist grabs his leg. The jeep drags the two of them as they continue to struggle--

Caden takes another hard turn. Christopher whips the Knife Terrorist into the corner of a building, finally shaking the excess baggage--

CADEN

You all right?

Christopher pulls himself back into the jeep--

CHRISTOPHER

Fuck you. Just drive!

A flood of terrorists come running up the street toward them. Bullets destroy everything around them--

Caden stomps the gas and steers up a stone staircase--

CADEN

Grab tight!

The jeep soars off the top step into the air and lands on the roof of a one story building--

They drive over rooftops, crashing through archways--

CHRISTOPHER

Where the hell are you going?!

CADEN

Out the back way!

The jeep drives into a second story room--

A moment later the jeep explodes out through the wall of the building. For a moment it is air born, then lands roughly on the street below--

Caden gets the steering under control and floors it until they are outside the city limits--

The jeep is smoking and thrashed. Caden and Christopher are bloody and beaten. After a moment of calm--

CHRISTOPHER

I'm not saying this hasn't been fun and all, but do me a favor, Caden...don't ever fucking come back to Libya.

EXT - CADEN'S FLAT - DAY

A taxi pulls up and Caden gets out, still scarred and beaten from the adventure--

As the taxi drives off, a black van pulls up and the doors slide open. It is a familiar face--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Get in.

INT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Caden sits in a chair, facing a table where William Manesfield and Jeffery Pickerill sit--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Shall we get started, then?

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

For Christ sakes, Pickerill.

(to Caden)

Where the hell have you been?

CADEN

Vacationing.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

In Tripoli? Not the number one destination in the brochure.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

There was an incident at a terrorist training camp near the port of Benghazi. Tell me that wasn't you.

Manesfield throws a file at Caden, who catches it--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Three hours ago we received word that our agent in Libya was found dead. Christopher Briswald.

Caden eyes the photos in the file: Christopher Briswald hung from an arch, his body is badly beaten--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

This is unacceptable.

Caden closes the file and keeps his emotions in check. Impatient, Manesfield reads from a thick file--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM MANESFIELD  
MI6 database searches on the Prime Minister, the KGB, the IRA. You sifted through my file. You took a look at Pickerill. Researched the Deputy General. Dug up Intel on every mole we have in the field.

CADEN  
Am I being lectured for being thorough? I figured it would be wise to know my targets, their associations, their history. As well as my colleagues.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD  
Deputy Director Pickerill was born in Belfast. He served time in a youth league version of the IRA before his family moved to London and forced him into the Royal Academy.

CADEN  
I'm aware of that.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD  
Then you also know that I was born in a Russian labor camp. They closed the facilities after Stalin died and my family escaped to England. How does any of this information better you in the field?

Caden chooses his words carefully--

CADEN  
I thought...I thought there might something in your files. A clue regarding the death of my uncle.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD  
Martin Troiter's file is classified for a reason.

JEFFREY PICKERILL  
Caden. Your uncle was killed extracting three deep cover agents from an underground prison in east Germany. He was able to rescue our men, but was wounded. He died on transport back to the UK. That's all. He died a hero.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEFFREY PICKERILL (CONT'D)

What more do you need to know in order to cease your obsession?

William Manesfield looks harshly at Pickerill as Caden digests the information--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

That was privileged information that you are not entitled too.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

If it provides him better focus, then it was worth a breach. Either way, it's nothing inflammatory.

William Manesfield is not happy, but let's it go--

JEFFREY PICKERILL (CONT'D)

Look, the problem is this: there is an enormous amount of misinformation out there. An old KGB trick that everyone utilizes nowadays... ourselves included. The idea is to overload your enemy with enough contradictory facts that he can't correctly ration what's what and who's who. See?

CADEN

I'm familiar with the tactic. Are you saying our database is corrupt?

JEFFREY PICKERILL

No, no. Not at all. Far from it, but we have seen good agents fall prey to conspiratorial fantasies. Look, you spend most of your time sequestered from society, the evening news perpetuates falsehoods, etc, etc. Paranoid delusions could set in. Your brain will begin to connect the dots in a puzzle where the pieces only seem to fit.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

You've initiated countless inquires into "The Viper". What is it you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CADEN

The Viper is still operating. He's passing information to the IRA, he's orchestrating assassination attempts on the Prime Minister, and, worse he's organizing terrorist factions into some sort of coalition...

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

What makes you think we don't have those same concerns? You weren't recruited for your deductive reasoning. You are here because you can execute a mark from a half mile away.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Caden. Any hint of an ulterior agenda or insubordination and you will be labeled rouge.

Caden nods--

JEFFREY PICKERILL (CONT'D)

If it helps you sleep, we're confident the Viper has finally been identified. He's being dealt with post haste. The missions you have completed have helped us unravel the mystery. We should be celebrating. I mean, the age of the KGB is at a close. Communism in Europe has been defeated.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Enough, Deputy Director.

(to Caden)

My colleague is a bit too fond of words. I like to keep it short: You do your job. We'll do ours. You fuck up, you become the target. Clear?

CADEN

Yes, sir.

INT - CADEN'S FLAT - DAY

Caden exercising: sit ups, push ups, chin ups, barbells, jump rope, stretches. He stops his sit-ups and turns up the volume on the TV as he hears--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BBC REPORTER

An attempted coup, led by KGB Colonel General Kryuchkov, was thwarted today as the Red Army was unable to solicit support from the Russian military or the thousands of protesters that filled the streets of Moscow.

The TV shows footage of the protesters and the unsuccessful coup--

BBC REPORTER (CONT'D)

After a three day stand off, Mikhail Gorbachev announced that his regime was strong and his plans to reorder the KGB would continue.

It cuts to footage of GORBACHEV--

GORBACHEV

Those that oppose or give resistance to the restructuring will be considered traitors and will be dealt with accordingly...

CROSSFADE TO:

INT - CADEN'S FLAT - DAY

Caden cleans his weapons on the dining room table as he watches TV--

BBC REPORTER 2

After the much debated resignation of Mikhail Gorbachev, Boris Yeltsin will assume the role of Russian President. Yeltsin will continue the new Russian Federation and its overhauled Security Service, putting to rest any rumors of a rebirth of the now defunct KGB...

EXT - OPEN FIELD - DAY

Caden, on horseback, chases down another mongoose. Seconds from reaching a field of high grass, he fires--

The mongoose, tranquilized, drops at the edge of the field. Caden stops his horse, satisfied.

INT - CADEN'S FLAT - DAY

Just outside the flat on a back porch the mongoose is safely back in his cage--

GRAPHIC: MARCH 1993

Caden beats the hell out of a heavy bag with the TV on in the background--

BBC REPORTER

The discovery of two more Russian spies within the ranks of British Secret Service sent shock waves through the department of defense today. Members of Parliament expressed grief as some of our well respected officials and MI6 employees have stepped forward to unveil themselves as double agents.

THE TV SHOWS FOOTAGE of Russian Operatives being escorted out of MI6--

BBC REPORTER (CONT'D)

Prime Minister John Major spoke in a press conference to explain:

FOOTAGE OF PRIME MINISTER JOHN MAJOR--

PRIME MINISTER

The treaty with the former Soviet Union has not only ended a reign of communism, but it has also improved the security of our country. As shocking as it is to discover how entrenched our enemy was within our system, it has allowed us to identify and improve our defense programs.

THE TV SUDDENLY CUTS TO--

BBC ANCHOR

Our apologies in interrupting this broadcast, but it has just been reported that a serious bomb threat has warranted an evacuation of a ten block section in Warrington. We go live to the scene.

THE TV FOOTAGE CUTS TO

A shopping mall in Warrington. Police usher people down the street to barricades--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BBC REPORTER

An anonymous tip led police to inspect a van parked outside this crowded shopping mall. This terrorist threat has the police working double time to clear the area...

SUDDENLY THE REPORTER IS SILENCED

As the bomb goes off. The van explodes and the front end of the shopping mall is blown inward. People are caught in the destruction--

BBC REPORTER (CONT'D)

Oh God. The unthinkable has happened...

Caden grabs his cell phone as it begins to BEEP. He looks to see a text message: MONGOOSE.

INT - CADEN'S UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Caden sits at his computer as an official message comes through. Text and accompanying photos scroll--

COMPUTER VOICE

Intelligence has reported that the Provisional IRA are operating out of a safe-house in Belfast.

Caden clicks a link revealing an aerial photo of the street in Belfast and a 3D blueprint of the safe-house--

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

Your mission is to exterminate IRA General Paul McLeaven, who is believed to have planned today's attack. His death will greatly weaken the opposition. The rendezvous point is a safe-house in Belfast.

Caden clicks another link and receives a profile and photo of Paul McLeaven--

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

Take special care not to kill or blow the cover of our man on the inside: Henrik Slausan, code name Manny Shane.

Caden loads up two handguns, spare clips, and a couple grenades.

EXT - STREETS OF BELFAST - NIGHT

An old burnt out apartment building sits quiet on the street. A beat up flatbed truck rumbles up and parks out front. Three armed men get out, including Paul McLeaven--

One man shines a flashlight into the top floor story. The window opens and a flashlight shines back. Paul McLeaven and one of the men enter the building--

The third IRA man stays behind to keep watch. He lights a smoke. Before he can take a second drag a silenced bullet rips through his head--

Caden is instantly dragging the man's body into the dark of the alley. When he emerges, he is wearing the man's jacket and hat--

Caden drops to the ground and slides under the truck. He wedges a grenade into the undercarriage and threads a line from the clip to the axle of the truck--

Caden stands, just in time to see a face appear at the window. He waves an "all clear"--

When the face at the window disappears, Caden begins to climb the rickety fire escape. He swings himself into one of the blown out windows on the top floor.

INT - BELFAST SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

At the end of the hall is the meeting room, voices echoing. A guard surveys the hallway--

Suddenly, Caden lashes out from the darkness, snaps the guard's neck and pulls his dead body into the shadows--

Caden eavesdrops on the meeting room. Through the crack in the door he counts six men, including Paul McLeaven and Henrik Slausan--

IRA TERRORIST

You said the Viper wanted to hit the financial district by the end of the month, cripple the economy.

PAUL MCLEAVEN

Fuck off about the Viper. He gives us good information, that's all. I say we'll cause a bigger panic if we hit a half dozen civilian targets in the next two months.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL MCLEAVEN (CONT'D)

We don't give those limey fucks  
time to strike back. While they're  
cleaning up one mess, we're  
blowing something else up.

Caden pauses, intrigued by the conversation--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Back to killing children, are we?

PAUL MCLEAVEN

We kill theirs, they starve ours.  
I see no difference.

IRA TERRORIST

Gerry said we need to stick to the  
plan...we are stronger because of  
our allies...

PAUL MCLEAVEN

Well, fuck Gerry, too. The Chinese  
and the rag heads don't give a  
shit about us. Neither does the  
Red Army. The KGB is dead and so  
is their communism. The Viper  
failed. Now you either got  
aspirations of some cocked up New  
World Order or you're with me.  
What's it gonna be?

IRA TERRORIST

We're with you, Paul, always have  
been. But if we don't do what they  
say, they won't keep supplying us.

PAUL MCLEAVEN

The fuck they won't. From now on  
the Viper has go to do what I say.

Caden is watching through the crack in the door. One of  
the IRA Terrorists is looking out through the window--

IRA TERRORIST 2

Fer Christ's sakes, where the hell is  
he?

IRA TERRORIST

Probably pissing himself in the alley.

PAUL MCLEAVEN

Jesus. Get down there and remind  
him what "keeping watch" means.

Two IRA step out of the room. Caden fires two silenced  
rounds, hitting both men in the back of their heads--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Caden swings into the room and empties his clip. When the smoke clears, Paul McLeaven and the other IRA are dead--

Henrik Slausan is there, eyes wide and surprised. Caden salutes him. Suddenly understanding, Henrik salutes back--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Five more on patrol downstairs. Is this an extraction?

Caden unscrews the silencer from his weapon and reloads--

CADEN

No. Mission complete. Mcleaven is dealt with.

Henrik extends his hand--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Henrik Slausan.

CADEN

Aka Manny Shane. I'm Caden Thrush aka the Mongoose.

A look of recognition washes across Henrik's face--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Thrush? You thwarted the attack on the Prime Minister in '91? I'd heard you'd been killed.

CADEN

I was. Sounds to me like the Viper is alive and well, too. What do you know about him?

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Not much. He's a well kept secret. Supposedly KGB that worked closely with the Third Reich. When Hitler failed to take over Europe, he went deep into espionage. He infiltrated MI6.

CADEN

And he still hasn't come up for air. Is it true he's trying to facilitate a unification of all the communist states? A league of terrorism?

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Something like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CADEN

As far as I can tell he's signed up the Red Army, the PLO in Palestine, Iraq, the Cubans...

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Yeah. He's got the Sandinista and the Red Brigades of Italy on board. He's even reached out to some terrorist groups in West Germany and Spain.

CADEN

McLeaven said the Viper had failed.

Caden keeps an eye on the hallway. So far, it's clear--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

One way to look at it. The coup on Gorbachev was their last shot at holding onto the sword and shield.

CADEN

Please. Five years ago Afganistan was shooting Russians out of the sky with American weapons. Now were all friends, like the Cold War never happened? He still has a foothold in Moscow, even if Yeltsin is unaware.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Fair enough. So how is the Viper using these other terrorist organizations? Evey attack on England has been carried out by the Irish. Not a turban, kraut, or whop among us here in Belfast.

CADEN

I don't know. My guess is they are being prepared for something.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Like an invasion? Good luck bum rushing the shores of the UK.

CADEN

Who knows? The only thing I am confident of at the moment is that the Viper continues to weaken the infrastructure of MI6 from within.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CADEN (CONT'D)

He probably even blew the whistle on the double agents we just rooted out. Sacrificial lambs to create a false sense of security.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Why keep hunting for a bug if you think you've squashed it?

CADEN

Exactly. How much did you report back regarding the bomb at the mall and the attacks on the Prime Minister?

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Everything. Date, time, location.

CADEN

So standard operating procedure now is ignore the Intel until it's too late. Who do you report to?

Henrik weighs his answer--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Benjamin Percy.

Caden is hit with the weight of the knowledge. He nods--

CADEN

Right. The Viper wants to hit the financial district. Whoever is next in line after McLeaven will probably obey.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Stands to reason.

CADEN

Why do I feel like I was sent to kill McLeaven because he was starting to piss off the Viper?

There is a sound of footsteps coming up the stairs--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

You best be on your way.

CADEN

Right. Good luck. You're dead center in the crossfire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Indeed. Trust no one.

(sighs)

We have to make this look good.

CADEN

I know. Sorry. You ready?

Henrik pulls his gun and nods--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Oh. By the way, don't get in the truck downstairs.

Henrik raises an eyebrow as Caden shoots him in the leg. Henrik screams and unloads his gun into nothing as Caden bolts from the room--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

We under fire!

Caden leaps through a window, smashing out through the glass just as five IRA come busting upstairs, guns ready--

IRA TERRORIST 3

Oh, Jesus, they got Mcleaven!

Henrik, on the ground, bleeding and hurt--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

He escaped, you bastards! Out the window! Get downstairs! MOVE!

The IRA Terrorists move out, heading down. One helps Henrik hobble down the flight of stairs.

EXT - STREETS OF BELFAST - NIGHT

Caden drops from the fire escape, mounts a motorbike, and peels out of the alley. The doors to the building burst open and the IRA emerge. They fire after Caden--

IRA TERRORIST 4

Get in the fucking truck!

The terrorists climb into the truck as IRA Terrorist #5 mounts a motorcycle to give chase--

Henrik emerges from the building, limping--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

What are you waiting for? Kill the bastard!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The truck peels out. Underneath, the axel winds up the thread, yanking the clip from the grenade--

A moment later the back end of the truck explodes, flipping the vehicle end over end. The terrorists are either blown up or crushed--

IRA TERRORIST 5

Jesus.

IRA Terrorist #5 guns the motorcycle and chases Caden--

Henrik looks troubled as he hobbles down the street, heading in the opposite direction as the chase--

ANGLE ON THE CHASE

IRA Terrorist #5 fires his AK-47 relentlessly. A window on a parked car shatters as Caden roars past--

Caden takes a hard turn down an alleyway. He rides down a cobblestone staircase and skids onto a one way street--

IRA Terrorist #5 is still on his tail, even as they head right into oncoming traffic--

Cars honk and swerve. One crashes into a light pole--

IRA Terrorist #5 empties his clip and attempts to reload his AK-47 as he dodges traffic--

Caden sees a flat bed truck up ahead full of scrap metal. He grabs a four foot long pipe as he rides by, skids the bike to a 180 stop, then gases it--

Now they are heading right for each other. Caden raises the pipe like a jousting pole--

IRA Terrorist #5 finishes reloading and looks back to his target, but it is too late. He is knocked backward off his bike to the ground--

Caden skids to a stop and approaches his fallen foe. With one swing, Caden brings the pipe down onto IRA Terrorist #5's head and cracks his skull.

INT - AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Caden types a text message into his phone: MCLEAVEN  
DISPOSED. INTELLIGENCE RETRIEVED - HIGH PROBABLE TARGET -  
THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT IN LONDON BY MONTH END--

Caden hits SEND.



EXT - FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A limousine waits out front. Benjamin Percy shakes hands with an official, then climbs into the limo. The driver shuts the door then climbs into the front seat.

INT - BENNY'S LIMO - NIGHT

Benjamin settles into his seat, but is suddenly startled by an unconscious man in his undergarments passed out on the second seat--

BEJAMIN PERCY

What in the name of...?

The divider between the driver and the back of the limo rolls down, Caden poking his head through--

CADEN

Benny. Good to see you again.

BEJAMIN PERCY

Jesus Christ, Caden. What did you do to my driver?

Caden drives as he talks--

CADEN

He's just unconscious. No harm.

BEJAMIN PERCY

What the hell is this all about?

CADEN

Did you get my message regarding my last mission?

BEJAMIN PERCY

Yes. Completed. Good job...

CADEN

What about the attack?

BEJAMIN PERCY

What attack?

CADEN

The IRA is planning to hit the financial district in London before the close of the month. It was part of my report.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN PERCY

No, I...that information was not made known to me.

CADEN

I hate to say it, Benny, but I think your secretary is a bit of a turncoat. Agent Slausan has reported every move from the IRA in nauseating detail. Needless to say he's a bit frustrated to watch the evening news and discover that he is being ignored.

BENJAMIN PERCY

You may be right about a communication issue, Caden, but don't go trusting Slausan. There's a file open on him.

CADEN

What sort of file?

BENJAMIN PERCY

A red flag. We have serious reason to believe that he is a double agent.

CADEN

So pull him from the field.

BENJAMIN PERCY

Subversive maneuvers take patience and proof. If we're wrong we flush away seven years of infiltration.

CADEN

He gave you the whereabouts of McLeaven, didn't he?

BENJAMIN PERCY

No. That came from another source.

Caden nods and thinks--

CADEN

Fine. But that doesn't dissuade the fact that The Viper is alive and well.

BENJAMIN PERCY

Again with the Viper? This is what drove your uncle to paranoia. We have dug up that mole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CADEN

No you haven't. Whatever mole you caught was a patsy.

BENJAMIN PERCY

You have concrete proof of this?

CADEN

No proof, but definite confirmation. The Viper's got every race, color, and creed of terrorist cell on speed dial. If he puts a dent in the economy and takes out the Prime Minister there will be window of opportunity.

BENJAMIN PERCY

Opportunity for what?

CADEN

I don't know yet, but use your imagination. What if he has cells planted all through out the country, waiting for the go sign. We could be living in a third world country by summer.

BEJAMIN PERCY

You think that's his plan?

CADEN

It's what I'd do if I was trying to take over the throne.

Caden pulls the vehicle over--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Listen to me, Caden. This is a dangerous game. The Director General cannot authorize anything without an official report and if that report doesn't come through Manesfield's office then it will look very suspicious.

CADEN

To hell with bureaucracy! Tell them I contacted you directly.

BENJAMIN PERCY

You don't exist! The fact that you and I are having this conversation has put us both in jeopardy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BENJAMIN PERCY (CONT'D)

If this Viper is able to manipulate our security to do he pleases, then he must be high up in rank. Until we have a clear idea of who it is, we can't make accusations. The fallout could be disastrous.

CADEN

So what, then?

BENJAMIN PERCY

I will do what I can to follow up. Either way, this sort of thing could topple an empire.

INT - CADEN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Caden watches the news with disgust as they show the damage from a bombing--

BBC REPORTER

The city of London today was rocked with another IRA attack. The financial district was devastated by a bomb. Only one civilian casualty reported, but analysts say that nearly 1.5 billion dollars in damage...This comes after reports of the assassination of Paul McLeaven, one of the generals in the Irish Republican army...

CADEN

Shit, Benny. So much for lighting a fire under your ass...

Caden suddenly has an idea.

EXT - STREETS OF LONDON - NIGHT

Caden walks down the street and targets a random vehicle. He picks the lock, hot wires it, then drives off.

EXT - PRIME MINISTER'S MANSION - NIGHT

The mansion at 10 Downing Street has a gate out front, guards walking the perimeter, cameras, and dogs--

The stolen car rolls down the center of the street, unmanned. Two guards notice it with caution, but before they can react, it explodes in a fireball--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The mansion is suddenly on high alert. Guards rim the front gate, spotlights search out front--

ANGLE ON

The south wall. As the camera swivels past a shadow, Caden moves from the darkness toward the back entrance--

The back door opens, a guard with barking dogs exiting. Caden shoots the guard and the three dogs with tranquilizer darts. They all drop--

Caden, dressed as a guard, slips through the slowly closing door before it shuts.

INT - PRIME MINISTER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Two guards usher The Prime Minister into his bedroom--

GUARD

As a precaution, keep the lights off.  
We have two men posted outside your door and I'm not leaving your side.

PRIME MINISTER

Is it the IRA again?

GUARD

At the moment we don't know, sir,  
but I can assure you you're safe.

The guard is suddenly hit by a tranquilizer dart. He drops as Caden emerges from the shadows of the room--

PRIME MINISTER

My God...

Caden motions for the Prime Minister to keep quiet--

CADEN

He's right, sir. You are safe.

PRIME MINISTER

(realizes)  
Caden Thrush?

CADEN

At your service.

PRIME MINISTER

I went to your funeral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

I appreciate that, sir, but as you can see, the reports of my demise have been greatly exaggerated.

PRIME MINISTER

What the hell is going on?

CADEN

There's something deceptive occurring in our government. At the moment, you are the only one I know for sure that I can trust.

PRIME MINISTER

Are you still Secret Service?

CADEN

Unofficially. Listen, someone within MI6 is supplying information to the IRA, practically planning their attacks for them.

PRIME MINISTER

Yes. The Viper. We've caught the snake.

CADEN

No, you haven't. All the KGB agents you've sent packing thus far are just scapegoats. That's why I need your help. Put MI6 to task. Tell them you received confirmation from a foreign source that The Viper is still within the agency. Personally arrange to hunt the mole.

PRIME MINISTER

You want me to shake them down?

CADEN

Exactly. See which apples fall from the tree.

PRIME MINISTER

Caden, this is outrageous.

CADEN

I realize that, sir, but believe me when I say you are in more danger now than ever before and someone high up in the ranks is responsible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRIME MINISTER

You're asking me to support a rouge mission against all protocol.

CADEN

I know exactly what I'm asking.

PRIME MINISTER

What is your source for this Intel?

CADEN

From the mouth of IRA General Paul McLeaven, just before I killed him. Information is being compromised and a grander scheme has been set in motion. There will be more attacks. They will continue to try and assassinate you.

PRIME MINISTER

Why does he want me dead?

CADEN

You helped build the new Russia. You gave it strong enough legs so it could withstand a coup. You beat down communism and help keep the Red Army at bay. With you in office, their subversive influence on England is weak. They want to dismantle us.

PRIME MINISTER

Caden...

CADEN

Sir. I understand the implications and the position this puts you in, but I took an oath to protect you and the throne. I can't do that unless you help me.

The Prime Minister nods--

CADEN (CONT'D)

One more thing? I need to borrow your security clearance. I think there is a clue in my uncle's file that will help us, but my access is restricted.

The Prime Minister goes to his computer, logs in, and turns the keyboard over to Caden--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PRIME MINISTER

I cannot believe I am allowing  
myself to be a part of this...

Caden searches Martin Troiter's files. He doesn't have to go far. He pulls up the report on his uncle's death:

"...only one agent from the original rescue team survived, agent Henrik Slausan..."

CADEN

My God. Henrik Slausan was part of the extraction team.

Caden turns back to the computer and hits print. The Martin Troiter report prints--

PRIME MINISTER

Slausan? He's one of our uncover agents in Belfast.

CADEN

Yes. You know him?

PRIME MINISTER

Not until this morning. A security briefing came across my desk. Henrik Slausan went dark sometime last night. They think his identity has been compromised.

EXT - IRELAND - DAY

Caden drives a rental car while listening to the radio--

BBC RADIO REPORTER

Prime Minister John Major called for a press conference today to make a startling announcement. Sources say that even his own cabinet was taken aback by the impromptu call to arms.

PRIME MINISTER VOICE

I know we have made great headway in exercising the prying eyes from our government...the recent extraction of KGB agents has already strengthened our defense and security branches...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PRIME MINISTER VOICE (CONT'D)

However, it comes to my attention, with great sadness, that a double agent, code name The Viper, is still dug deep into our system. I have implemented a full audit, from the Finance and Facilities Management Department to the Director General of MI6 on down, to discover the culprit and remove them immediately. A third party Commissioner has already begun his investigation. That is all.

CADEN

That's my boy. Good man.

EXT - BELFAST - DAY

A hotel in Belfast.

INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Caden, in a suit, checks in at the front desk--

DESKMAN

Franklin Masterson. One room. Oh! And some packages arrived for you, overnight.

Deskman hands Caden a large FED-EX package.

INT - HOTEL ROOM - BELFAST - DAY

Caden, throws the suit on the bed and dresses in camouflage. He opens the Fed-Ex package and dumps out a bunch of bubble wrapped items--

Caden unwraps grenades, guns, clips, and the parts to a sniper rifle--

He pauses to see a news report on the TV: Jay Gilford is making a statement. His displeasure is obvious--

JAY GILFORD

We have immediately complied with the Prime Minister's request to a third party audit of the staff at MI6. Although it impedes progress on our current operations, it is a necessary distraction.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAY GILFORD(CONT'D)

The Commissioner will start with my office and, as soon as I am thoroughly vetted, will continue down the chain of command. Any resistance to comply on the part of any MI6 agent or staff member will be treated with severe penalty.

Jay Gilford walks away from the press conference in a huff, ignoring the flurry of questions. The TV switches back to the BBC Reporter--

BBC REPORTER

That was Director General Jay Gilford yesterday at a press conference after the Prime Minister's announcement of the full investigation. And now, just twenty-four hours after the call to arms to root out another KGB spy in our Defense Department, the Commissioner, in cooperation with the Head of espionage, has named Benjamin Percy, Head of Terrorism in Northern Ireland as the mole.

CADEN

Benny. You son of bitch.

ON TV is footage of Benjamin being taken into custody--

COMMISSIONER

(on TV)

We have evidence of reports from the field being buried, including the recent bombing of our financial district as well as Intel dating back to the attack on the Prime minister three years ago...

IT CUTS TO footage of Benjamin Percy making a statement--

BENJAMIN PERCY

This is a witch hunt, pure and simple. I'm confident the Magistrate will see that the evidence is fabricated and the accusations are erroneous.

IT CUTS TO footage of Jay Gilford making a statement--

JAY GILFORD

We are deeply saddened by the development.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAY GILFORD(CONT'D)

Benjamin Percy has been a top advisor and confidant for close to twenty years. We will reserve all our comments until after the Ministry of Justice has weighed their verdict. The question I will answer is this: The Commissioner will continue his investigation to insure that no stone will be left unturned.

BBC REPORTER

As the inquiry continues, Reginald Denton, a highly decorated operative who has been serving in the Espionage and Terrorism Department will take over as acting Head of Terrorism in Northern Ireland.

CADEN

Jesus. Hire a jackass to replace a traitor.

Footage of Reggie making a statement--

REGGIE DENTON

All of us at the Service are shocked by this discovery, but we are also committed to not let it deter us from doing our jobs.

Caden loads up the weapons on his person and puts the sniper rifle into a shoulder satchel. He puts on a trench coat and a hat, concealing his artillery.

INT - BAR IN BELFAST - DAY

Caden enters and walks up to the bartender. He flashes a photo of HENRIK SLAUSAN--

CADEN

(loudly)

I'm looking for this man.

BARTENDER

Never seen him before.

CADEN

Really? I know this is where the IRA comes to get sloshed. He's a soldier. Manny Shane. You sure you've never seen him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Most of the bar patrons eye Caden suspiciously as he holds out the photo for all to see--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Has anyone seen or know how I can get in touch with Manny Shane?

BARTENDER

Friend? You best be on your way. If you know what's good for you.

Caden eyes the room, nods, and exits. Once he is gone a man in the corner of the bar, KELLY O'ROURKE, stands and sneaks out the back door.

EXT - BAR IN BELFAST - DAY

Kelly O'Rourke exits the alley on a motorcycle and speeds away down the street--

Caden follows him in his rental car.

EXT - BELFAST - SHIPPING YARD - DAY

Kelly O'Rourke rides up to the perimeter gate of the shipyard. After a quick conversation, the guard opens the gate and lets him inside--

Kelly O'Rourke rides to a barge and parks. He climbs aboard the barge and disappears inside--

ANGLE ON CADEN

Who watches everything through his rifle scope from a half mile away. He packs up and moves out--

ANGLE ON THE ARMED IRA THUG

Who guards the front gate. A noise turns him. A throwing knife lodges in his throat--

Caden drags the body into darkness. He shoots the lock off the gate and slips inside the shipping yard--

Caden moves to a vantage point overlooking the boats and pinpoints five more thugs guarding the shipyard--

He scopes out the vessels: THE BARGE has two guards on the bow. He assembles his sniper rifle, screwing on the silencer tip--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, a jeep with a gun turret on back comes into view. It circles the shipyard, on patrol--

Caden waits for the right moment. NOW! He snipes both guards on the bow of the barge then leaps from his vantage point onto the jeep--

Caden snaps the neck of the THUG manning the turret, then stabs the surprised driver in the back with a knife--

Caden takes control of the vehicle and parks it next to the barge. He wedges a rock into the chamber of the gun turret--

He moves to a speedboat next to the barge and straps a small amount of C-4 under the steering column, switching the receiver to ON--

Finally, Caden unleashes the ropes holding the barge to the dock and climbs aboard--

He dumps both sniped bodies from the bow overboard into the water, then quickly ducks behind the cabin wall as another guard rounds the corner on the deck--

IRA THUG

Where the fuck...?

Caden puts two silenced bullets from his pistol into the back of the thug's head, then kicks the body over the railing into the water.

INT - BARGE - NIGHT

Caden moves down a ladder into the bowels of the barge. He follows the voices to a cargo room--

IRA THUG 1

I'm gonna fucking enjoy killing you.

IRA THUG 2

How do you communicate with your lads back home?

IRA THUG 1

Answer his fucking question!

Caden eyes the two thugs interrogating Henrik, who is bound to a chair. Caden moves back up the ladder to the cabin, starts the engine, and moves the throttle to full--

The thugs in the cargo room look at each other--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRA THUG 2  
What the fuck is that?

IRA THUG 1  
Somebody shoved us off.

The Thugs move to the ladder.

EXT - BELFAST - SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT

The IRA thugs on shore watch the barge launch. They run to the edge of the dock, unsure of what to do--

One points to a nearby speedboat. They move to it.

INT - BARGE - NIGHT

The two IRA Thugs climb the ladder--

Caden chops the first in the throat, then shoots the second before he can make it up the ladder--

Suddenly more thugs appear outside the cabin. They unload their AK-47's, tearing the cabin to shreds--

Caden slips down the ladder. He shoots a third thug guarding the cargo room--

Caden cuts Henrik's ropes and rips off his blindfold--

CADEN  
Hello again.

HENRIK SLAUSAN  
We have to stop meeting like this.

CADEN  
Don't worry. This time I won't shoot you.

They feel the engine cut off as Caden hands Henrik a gun--

CADEN (CONT'D)  
You're cover is officially blown.

HENRIK SLAUSAN  
No shit.

Thugs drop down the ladder into the corridor. Caden shoots a pipe in the hallway, spraying them with steam. They back off screaming and burned--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRIK SLAUSAN (CONT'D)

Back door.

Henrik leads as they move out the back door. They navigate the corridor, killing thugs that attack--

Caden and Henrik make it to the deck of the barge. Thugs come at them from both sides. They each take two men out--

CADEN

I think we're clear.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Speedboat!

They both hit the deck as bullets ricochet around them. A speedboat full of thugs circles the barge, firing--

CADEN

Get to the dinghy on the port side!

Henrik moves around the deck of the boat. He gets port-side and climbs into the dinghy, but then stops cold--

On shore, an IRA Thug is in the back of the jeep, gun turret pointed right at him. The Thug pulls the trigger, but the turret blows up in his face, killing him--

Henrik sighs in relief and makes the sign of the cross--

ANGLE ON CADEN

Who fires a few rounds at the speedboat, then turns and runs as the thug produces a rocket launcher--

Henrik cuts the lines to the dinghy and splashes down as Caden leaps over the side of the barge--

As Caden hits the water, the missile from the rocket launcher destroys the cabin of the barge--

Caden climbs into the dinghy as Henrik starts the small outboard motor--

The speedboat comes round to face off with them. Guns are pointed at Caden and Henrik--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

What now?

CADEN

You ever hear that saying prepare for the worst, hope for the best?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Caden press a detonator. The speedboat explodes--

CADEN (CONT'D)

I live by that saying.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Good thing.

EXT - OPEN WATER - NIGHT

Caden steers the outboard motor on the dinghy. They cut through the cold water--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

I thought for sure MI6 had given me up.

CADEN

I think they did.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Then why are you here?

CADEN

I'm on my own. They're claiming Benjamin Percy is the Viper.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Benny? That can't be right.

CADEN

Right or wrong, he's in custody. I think they ratted you out to tie up loose ends. You know there's a red flag file open on you?

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Really? What am I under suspicion of?

CADEN

You're considered to be a potential Benedict Arnold.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

After seven years of undercover field work?

CADEN

Wouldn't be the first time. Although you getting your ass handed to you back there is a fairly convincing argument.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Please. I had them right where I wanted them.

Caden looks at Henrik with intense curiosity--

CADEN

Tell me what you know about my uncle.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Your uncle?

CADEN

Martin Troiter.

Henrik is shocked. His face contorts as he realizes--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Martin...my God. I didn't realize. Yes, I...I knew him. I was with him on his final mission, God rest his soul.

CADEN

Why don't you tell me the real story? The declassified version is vague at best.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

I would suspect so...I've always been inclined to believe there was a bit of foul play.

(sighs)

He was leading a team of six to rescue one of our rookie agents who had been captured by KGB. We tracked our man down to a bunker just outside of Berlin. Your uncle was very nervous. He said he had a bad feeling about it, even before we touched down. When we reached the target we were ambushed. They knew we were coming. Your uncle and I were the only ones to make it out. Honestly, if not for him, I would have died as well. We made our way back to the extraction point. I was bringing up the rear and your uncle was ahead, carrying the rookie. Suddenly an explosion went off behind me. I was knocked unconscious. When I awoke, I was in the chopper with the package. Your uncle wasn't with us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Caden stares ahead as the dinghy cuts the cold water--

CADEN

We are shit deep in a lot of trouble,  
aren't we?

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Indeed.

INT - HOTEL ROOM - BELFAST - DAY

Henrik Slausan, out of the shower and half dressed, is tending to his wounds in the bathroom--

Caden is scouring the Martin Troiter print outs while eating some room service--

CADEN

Get some food before I eat it all.

Henrik throws on a shirt and sits next to him on the bed--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Thanks for everything. Saving my  
life and all.

CADEN

I'm sure by now they know you're  
not dead and they've probably  
guessed that I'm off the grid.  
So, it's you and me. We've got to  
figure this out together.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Right. You know, typically, when  
someone says "thank you", you  
respond with "you're welcome".

Caden looks at him--

CADEN

I saved you for selfish reasons. I  
think you know who the Viper is,  
you just haven't put two and two  
together yet.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

(laughs)

You know, everyone that knows me,  
knows me as Manny Shane...and  
that's not me. That was a lie with  
an agenda. You, however...you  
don't have anyone, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

I can't afford having anyone.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Yeah. Assassin or deep cover are not too far off from each other. The nobility of serving one's country in exchange for no life.

Caden's attention is suddenly diverted to the TV. He turns up the volume--

BBC REPORTER

...more developments in the discovery of the MI6 mole as the list of indictments grows. Already accused of selling secrets to Russian and the IRA, Benjamin Percy is now being accused of leaking names of undercover field agents. Reports earlier today that Henrik Slausan, who had been undercover with the IRA for close to seven years, has been killed in the line of duty...

HENRIK SLAUSAN

(whispers)

At least I died a hero.

ON THE TV Reggie Denton is addressing the press--

REGGIE DENTON

Currently, Henrik Slausan is the only agent we have lost. We are unsure if any other operatives have been compromised, but we are taking every precaution to insure the safety of our people.

CADEN

Look at this asshole...

Something clicks. Caden grabs the MARTIN TROITER report--

CADEN (CONT'D)

You remember the name of the agent you saved in Berlin?

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Fillmore, I believe...

Caden stares at Henrik until he gets it. He looks at Reggie Denton on the TV, his eyes widening--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CADEN

Reginald Denton Fillmore.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

My God. You think they turned him  
in Berlin, don't you? You think he  
killed your uncle.

Caden is already packing up the room--

CADEN

Let's go. You can rest in the car.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

What's your plan?

CADEN

At the moment you're a secret  
weapon. You need to stay dead.  
You'll be safe at my flat.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

And you're going after Denton.

INT - MI6 GYMNASIUM - DAY

Reggie Denton finishes a round of squash in a glass  
court. He pats an out of breathe agent on the back--

REGGIE DENTON

Same time next week for some more  
humiliation?

AGENT

Permission to speak freely?

REGGIE DENTON

Sure, we're off duty.

AGENT

Bugger off.

Reggie laughs and exits the court. Two beefy agents in  
suits follow him to the locker room. As he goes inside,  
the guards stand at the entrance--

A meek agent moves to the locker room to shower up, but  
the security hold him back--

SECURITY

Come back in a half hour.

The meek agent rolls his eyes and walks away.

INT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Reggie Denton, freshly showered, stands at his locker. He pulls his pants on as a man pushing a laundry cart enters the locker aisle--

Reggie tosses the man his towel, who catches it and pulls a silenced pistol from the laundry cart. It's Caden--

Caden shoots a dart into the nape of his neck. Stung, Reggie turns around--

REGGIE DENTON

Hey! Son of a...

Reggie quickly passes out. Caden shoves the laundry cart against Reggie, who flops into it, unconscious--

Caden covers Reggie's body with towels, concealing him--

Footsteps approach, the two security guards rush in to find Caden. They pull their guns--

SECURITY

Halt!

Caden shoves the laundry cart at them as they fire. Their bullets bounce off lockers as they move out of the way of the rolling cart--

Caden grabs the gun arm of the first Security, breaks it, slams his head into a locker, then chops him on the back of the neck to put him down for good--

As the second Security tries to take aim, Caden drives a foot into his chest and knocks him backwards over a bench, his gun bouncing aside--

The Security goes for his walkie, but Caden bats it away, drops a knee to his chest, and chokes the man out--

CADEN

Relax. I'm not killing you.

The Security gets a leg around Caden and reverses the hold, driving Caden to his back. The security rolls on top and begins to choke Caden--

Caden chops security once in the throat, who backs off, coughing. Caden grabs his pistol and shoots a dart into security's thigh--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Security drops to his knees and passes out, Caden grabs a set of keys, the cell phone, and the wallet, and badge from Reggie Denton's locker. He grabs the laundry cart and rolls it out of the locker room.

EXT - MI6 GYMNASIUM - DAY

A car alarm honks OFF. Caden rolls the laundry cart to Reggie's car, opens the trunk, stuffs Reggie inside, then gets into the driver's seat--

The car peels out of the parking lot, knocking over the laundry cart. Towels spill everywhere.

EXT - LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Reggie Denton's car is parked out of sight, near the lighthouse. All is quiet.

INT - LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Caden sits calmly on the top step of the lighthouse, cutting off slices from an apple with a large knife. As he munches, he flips through Reggie's wallet--

He pockets the ID, MI6 SECURITY CARD and BADGE, then tosses the rest of the contents aside--

Reggie Denton comes too. His hands are bound and he is hanging upside down, suspended fifty feet in the air. A spiral staircase winds up around him to the top of the lighthouse--

He looks around frantically, only to find Caden--

CADEN

Reginald Denton Fillmore.  
Congratulations on your recent  
promotion.

REGGIE DENTON

What...? Caden?!

Caden fondles the knife--

CADEN

I know, I know. You assumed I was dead.  
You need a moment to let it sink in?

REGGIE DENTON

What the fuck are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

I call it interrogation, but I'm sure you'll rationalize it as kidnapping.

Reggie looks as the rope tied to his feet and hands. He traces it to a hook in the ceiling of the lighthouse, then down to the railing, where it is tied off--

REGGIE DENTON

You just signed your death warrant...

Caden stands and punches Reggie hard in the gut. His body swings, slams into the railing of the stairs, and bounces back. CADEN catches him and steadies the rope--

CADEN

You're not exactly in a position to threaten me, so let's play my game. I need some information. You're going to give it to me or you're going to die.

REGGIE DENTON

(coughing)

Fuck...you...

CADEN

I see you're still not clear on the concept. It's actually fuck you, Reggie. That's where we're at. Got it?

(very serious)

NOW: How long have you been working with the KGB?

Reggie's look gives him away--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Let me simplify the question. Make it a yes or no answer: Did the KGB turn you in 1985 when you were held hostage in Berlin?

Reggie just stares, horrified--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Fair enough. So you've been a plant ever since? You personally collect and relay information to the Russian Rebels? Sorry, three part question: Also, are you the one that communicates targets and the Prime Minister's whereabouts to the IRA?

Reggie's fear is growing--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CADEN (CONT'D)

I guess what I'm really asking,  
is: Are you The Viper?

REGGIE DENTON

Don't you read the news...

Caden spins Reggie in circles, who screams as the blood  
rushes faster to his head--

CADEN

I'm not interested in political  
rhetoric and media spin. I want to  
know: Are you the Viper?

REGGIE DENTON

(cries)  
Please...

CADEN

All right. Don't be a Goddamn twat,  
Reggie. There's no use in crying. I get  
it. You're not him. Your bollocks  
aren't big enough. Fine. So let's try  
another approach: Who is the Viper?

REGGIE DENTON

Benjamin Percy...

CADEN unties the rope and lets Reggie drop, who screams  
bloody murder. The rope pulls taught after ten feet,  
catching on a second knot lashed to the railing--

REGGIE DENTON (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ...you son of a bitch...

Reggie whimpers as CADEN reels him back up to eye-level  
and ties off the rope again--

CADEN

Benjamin is a patsy, he's a scapegoat.  
I think that's a safe assumption,  
don't you?

Reggie vacillates between fear, rage, and tears. None the  
less, he nods--

CADEN (CONT'D)

So, who is the puppet-master? Is  
it William Manesfield?

REGGIE DENTON

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

CADEN

Okay. Jeffery Pickerill? Someone higher up? Does it go all the way Jay Gilford?

REGGIE DENTON

I DON'T KNOW.

CADEN

Tell me what you do know.

Reggie hesitates, so Caden slashes one of his Achilles tendons. Reggie's scream echoes through the lighthouse--

REGGIE DENTON

(in severe pain)

AHH! AHHH! GOD! Okay. Okay. FUCK. When I was captured...

CADEN

Berlin?

REGGIE DENTON

Yes. In Berlin. They told me all I had to do was messenger communications from The Viper to...whoever. Russian Generals, rebels, IRA, the PLO...whatever they needed.

CADEN

So the Viper was in place by then?

REGGIE DENTON

Had been for years, they said.

CADEN

And you were never told who it was specifically?

REGGIE DENTON

Of course not. They're smarter than that. These people don't leave paper trails, they don't make mistakes. They filter all the reports from the field. They tell the department heads only what they want them to know.

CADEN

You're a pretty smart fellow, Reggie. You've gotten very good and covering your own ass and rising through the ranks. I'm sure you have your suspicions as to who it might be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REGGIE DENTON

I don't want to know. I do what they say and they protect me. They guarantee I'll survive the new holocaust. That's all I care about.

CADEN

You're a piece of shit, Reggie.

REGGIE DENTON

Do you want to me, but you can't stop it, Caden. He's unified the Palestinians and Saudi Arabia, the Irish rebels, the Red Army...every terrorist organization you can think of is being controlled by him.

CADEN

So what is the end game? Let's assume the Prime Minister is taken out, what then?

Reggie hesitates--

CADEN (CONT'D)

You want to keep your other Achilles heel intact? It's the difference between limping the rest of your life and a wheelchair.

REGGIE DENTON

The Viper is gearing up for a revolution. Cells are networked all over the country. We've infiltrated the military, MI6, the Ministry of Justice. Everywhere. The death of the Prime Minister is the signal to rise up. We'll turn this island into a war zone.

CADEN

Okay. One final question, then you're free to go: Did Agent Martin Troiter figure out who the Viper was? Is that why they killed him in Berlin?

REGGIE DENTON

Agent Troiter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CADEN

The mission to save you was a rouse to exterminate him, right?

REGGIE DENTON

Yes. Once he was dead they were going to release me to British troops so I could begin infiltration.

CADEN

But Martin completed the mission. He saved you.

REGGIE DENTON

I was told that if he got back on the chopper, they would blow it out of the sky. We didn't have a choice. We had to kill him.

Caden takes a step back, his brow wrinkling--

CADEN

Who's we?

REGGIE DENTON

One of the agents on the extraction team. He was a plant. Insurance that Troiter would fall in the line of duty.

CADEN

(realizes)  
Henrik Slausan?

REGGIE DENTON

(surprised)  
Yes.

CADEN

Son of a bitch.

REGGIE DENTON

It's collateral damage, Caden. You've been with MI6 long enough, you should be used to it by now. Everyone is expendable.

Caden grabs Reggie by the face. He is seething--

CADEN

Well, you got that right.

Reggie's face freezes with horror--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

REGGIE DENTON

Oh, God...NO!

Caden slashes the rope with his knife. Reggie screams as he falls fifty feet to his death with an awful crunch.

INT - CADEN'S FLAT - DAY

Caden climbs up over the balcony, gun in each hand. He passes by the caged mongoose and slips into the flat--

He scans the rooms, but does not see anything. The TV is on, but no one is there watching--

Caden pokes his head outside. The driveway is empty--

CADEN

Shit.

Caden grabs his GPS tracker and turns it ON. He pushes a button: ACTIVATE CAR TRACKER--

The image on the screen switches to a different satellite relay. Soon enough a red blip appears--

CADEN (CONT'D)

He's headed toward MI6?

INT - CADEN'S FLAT

Caden emerges from the bunker, loaded down with weapons, when he pauses to hear the TV. He turns to see--

BBC REPORTER 1

...Benjamin Percy, the former head of the Northern Ireland Terrorism Department at MI6 will be transported today to the Ministry of Justice where they will set a starting date for his trial...

There is footage of a police escort. Benny is being marched to a police van--

CADEN

Jesus. He's going after Benny.

Caden grabs a suit jacket and tie from his closet.

INT - REGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Caden puts on the tie as he drives. He clips Reggie's ID badge to his front pocket and slides on his sunglasses--

He drives like a bat out of hell, jumping center dividers and navigating on-coming traffic--

Caden spots a siren on the dashboard. He smirks and flips it ON. Cars begin to pull over for him.

EXT - MI6 - DAY

A despondent Benjamin Percy is escorted in handcuffs to an armored prison transport van as a crowd of frenzied reporters try to get questions answered--

Agent #8 gets in back of the transport with him. The doors are closed and locked--

REVEAL THAT THE DRIVER

Is Henrik Slausan. Agent #9 climbs into the passenger seat with him--

AGENT 9

Good to go.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

(to CB radio)

Prison transport. We are ready to roll. Prisoner is secure.

ANGLE ON THE POLICE MOTORCADE

As the sirens kick on. The barricade is pulled back, reporters are cleared aside, and the prison transport van rolls out behind the two lead cars, quickly followed by two more police cars.

INT - REGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Caden eyes the Vauxhall Bridge in the distance. He sees the caravan of flashing lights approaching it--

Caden guns it, steering for the bridge, as he grabs the CB radio on the dashboard of the car--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

(into CB)

This is Reginald Denton, Secret Service. Badge number 45764. I need to speak to the prisoner immediately!

Caden watches the police motorcade turn onto the bridge.

INT - PRISON TRANSPORT - DAY

The agent looks at the CB, then at Henrik Slausan--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

(into CB)

On who's authority? Over.

CADEN

(from the CB)

Direct orders from William Manesfield.

Agent 9 starts dialing on his cell--

AGENT 9

I'll call him to confirm.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

No bother.

Henrik shoots Agent 9 in the side of the head. His blood splatters on the passenger window--

Henrik stomps the gas.

EXT - VAUXHALL BRIDGE - DAY

The prison transport van lurches forward, out of the formation line--

At the opposite end of the bridge, heading toward the motorcade, is Caden in Reggie's car, siren blazing--

ANGLE ON THE PRISON TRANSPORT

As it passes by one police escort and comes up alongside the lead police car--

Henrik yanks the wheel and rams the first police escort, sending it spinning. The motorcade behind bottlenecks, police cars smashing into each other--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One police car, unable to stop in time, flips up onto its side--

ANGLE ON REGGIE'S CAR

As Caden stomps the gas toward the oncoming transport--

The two vehicles race toward each other in a dangerous game of chicken--

At the last possible second, the police transport veers off, crashes through the barriers, and soars off the bridge--

The transport splashes down into the Thames River--

Reggie Denton's car skids to a stop and Caden gets out. He runs to the edge of the bridge and dives off.

EXT - THE THAMES RIVER - DAY

Caden swims over to the van as it slowly sinks, cab first. He blows the lock off the back of the transport and rips open the doors--

Benjamin Percy, chained to the railing in the van, is scare to death--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Caden? What the hell is going on?

Henrik suddenly appears, climbing up the roof of the van to the back. He kicks Caden in the face, flinging him off the back end of the van--

Agent 8 in the back is trying to get out of the van as water rushes in--

AGENT 8

(to Henrik)

Give me a hand!

Henrik shoots Agent 8 dead--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Dear God! Who are you?

HENRIK SLAUSAN

I'm just tying up some loose ends.

Henrik turns the gun on Benjamin, but is suddenly yanked backward off the van into the water--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Caden and Henrik struggle underwater as they wrestle for control. Both guns are lost, sinking to the bottom of the river--

ANGLE ON THE VAN

As it sinks deeper--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Get me out of here!

Benjamin's cry is cut off as water engulfs him--

ANGLE ON CADEN AND HENRIK

As they fight underwater. Finally, the two push off of each other and surface for air--

HENRIK SLAUSAN

Goddamnit, Thrush! You don't give up, do you?

CADEN

You remember what I said about being prepared?

Caden holds aloft a key ring to a grenade--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Boom!

Caden dives down deep into the water--

Henrik pats himself down, finding a grenade in his pocket. KABOOM! He is torn apart as the grenade creates a geyser of water--

ANGLE ON CADEN

As he swims down into the van. He gets the keys off the dead body of Agent 8 and unlocks Benjamin's cuffs--

They swim to the surface, then to the shore.

EXT - PARKING LOT ON THE RIVER THAMES - DAY

A police car skids to a stop to greet Caden and Benjamin Percy as they slosh up the river bank. Agent 10 gets out of his vehicle and draws his gun--

AGENT 10

Hold it!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Caden grabs Benjamin Percy by the collar and drags him to the car as he holds out Reggie Denton's badge--

CADEN

Agent Reggie Denton. I got it under control.

Agent 10 relaxes with the gun as Caden punches him hard in the face and drops him. He shoves Benjamin Percy into the police car--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Get in!

BENJAMIN PERCY

Caden, no! I'm not running from this. I appreciate you saving me from that maniac, but I will take my chances with the magistrate...

CADEN

You'll never see the inside of a court room. You'll be dead before they set a trial date. Get in the fucking car.

Benjamin knows he's right. He climbs in and Caden peels out as police cars flood into the parking lot--

Caden stomps the gas toward the exit, but two police cars swerve in and block it. He slams the brakes and throws it in reverse--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Careful...

Benjamin hurriedly puts on his seat belt as Caden spins the car around and puts it back in drive. He stomps the gas again--

A barrage of police are on their tail, chasing them up and down the aisles of parked cars--

Caden spots a grassy knoll beyond a chain link fence. He floors it, hops the curb, crashes through the fence, and hits the knoll like a jump--

The car launches into the air, flying over the two police cars blocking the exit and landing onto the highway--

One tailing police car is brave enough to follow, but he hits the knoll wrong and lands on top of the barricade--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Caden keeps the gas pedal stomped, weaving in and out of traffic until they can no longer hear sirens--

CADEN

I'll watch the road, you focus on me. What sort of evidence did they frame you with?

BENJAMIN PERCY

There was a filter...some sort of program that routed all incoming communications into a special mailbox. From there it could be edited or deleted without ever touching the main server.

Caden swerves, narrowly missing an oncoming car, which honks obnoxiously--

BENJAMIN PERCY (CONT'D)

Jesus...uh, they discovered that the routing IP address was mine.

CADEN

Who's they?

BENJAMIN PERCY

Our IT department.

CADEN

But they never noticed it before?

BENJAMIN PERCY

Not until two days ago.

CADEN

Bullshit.

BENJAMIN PERCY

A dozen men spend all day long running security profiles and sifting for bugs and glitches...yes of course it's bullshit.

CADEN

Do you have any inclination of who is behind it all?

Benjamin Percy is at his wits end--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BENJAMIN PERCY

I would have put up a fight if I could have pointed a finger in any other direction.

CADEN

(works it out)

Fair enough. Here's what I've got so far: The IRA attacks on British soil are a diversion. Tie up our resources so the Viper can continue making alliances with other terrorist organizations as well as weaken the infrastructure of MI6 from within. He even blew the whistle on the double agents we just rooted out. Sacrificial lambs to create a false sense of security.

BENJAMIN PERCY

To what end?

CADEN

He's been sneaking his converts into the country one by one. Planting his terrorist armies all over the island.

HENRIK SLAUSAN

You're saying that active terrorist cells are already on British soil?

CADEN

Just waiting to pop out of the cake and surprise everyone. They been ready for awhile. The death of the Prime Minister is the signal to invade.

BENJAMIN PERCY

Dear God.

A waterlogged phone ring is heard. They look at each other. Caden realizes it's coming from his pocket. He pulls out Reggie Denton's phone and shows it to Benjamin--

CADEN

Reggie Denton's phone.

BENJAMIN PERCY

That's the MI6 main line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Caden answers by hitting the speaker button--

CADEN

Yes?

VOICE

What the hell are you doing? I heard police reports that you kidnapped Percy and killed Slausan?

CADEN

That wasn't me. It was Caden Thrush. He's alive.

VOICE

Of course he's alive, you idiot. He was recruited. Did he steal your vehicle?

CADEN

Yes.

VOICE

Fine. We're tracking it. I'll text you updates as to his location. We'll dispatch a team. When you catch up to him, kill him and Percy.

The phone goes dead--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Voice distortion. It could anyone.

CADEN

I think I asked this before, but I'll ask again: Anyone besides you that knew I was still alive?

BENJAMIN PERCY

Jay Gilford, Jeffrey Pickerill...

CADEN

...and William Manesfield.

BEJAMIN PERCY

That's it.

CADEN

So it's one of the three stooges.

BENJAMIN PERCY

Dear God. You're absolutely right.

INT - CADEN'S FLAT - DAY

The door kicks open, Caden enters, guns drawn. He scans the room, then ushers Benjamin in--

CADEN

It's clear.

Caden opens the secret hatch to the bunker--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Get yourself some gear. Hurry.

INT - CADEN'S UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Benjamin puts a pistol in his hip, then straps another on with a shoulder holster--

Caden loads up a duffle bag with a little bit of everything. He moves to the computer and tries to access the MI6 database, but is denied--

BENJAMIN PERCY

They've already shut you off. It's no use in trying to hack it.

CADEN

No bother.

Caden goes to his shelf of research and pulls out a binder labeled: MI6 HQ. He flips a set of blueprints to the MI6 building--

BENJAMIN PERCY

What's all this?

CADEN

Paranoid research. Mark it for me.

Benjamin points to three rooms on the print outs--

BENJAMIN PERCY

They're all on the top floor. We each had a corner.

(points them out)

Gilford. Pickerill. Manesfield.

Caden puts a G, P, and M on the blue prints--

BENJAMIN PERCY (CONT'D)

What are you planning?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

Getting you safe out of England,  
then killing a few people.

Caden pulls money from a wall safe. He hands Benny some--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Fifty thousand dollars. That  
should keep you going until this  
all gets sorted out. Go straight  
to the docks. Pay a fisherman to  
take you to the mainland. Find  
your way from there.

Caden stuffs the rest of the money in a second bag--

BENJAMIN PERCY

Caden...I don't know what to say.

CADEN

Say you'll stay alive.

BENJAMIN PERCY

Likewise.

EXT - CADEN'S FLAT - DAY

Secret service in all black are everywhere, surrounding  
the flat with guns ready--

The Team Leader motions to an agent, who kicks the front  
door in. Two agents toss in smoke grenades--

Everyone moves inside, some through the front, some  
repelling down through windows, others through the back--

They search the flat over. Nothing. The team leader  
lowers his weapon--

An agent with a heat sensor monitor suddenly points to  
the floor. The team leader looks at the heat sensor--

A warm body is moving around underneath them--

The Team Leader puts a key into the hole in the bookcase  
and turns. The hatch slides open--

Agents fire a couple short bursts into the hole--

A screeching is heard. Suddenly a mongoose bursts out  
from the darkness of the bunker in a panic. It scurries  
around the room and bolts out the front door, scaring the  
hell out of everyone--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Team Leader frowns and moves down into the hatch. He stops cold and looks down at his feet: HE HAS TRIPPED A WIRE. His eyes travel to a large stack of C-4--

TEAM LEADER

BOMB!

EXT - CADEN'S FLAT - DAY

The flat explodes in an enormous ball of fire. The flats on either side of Caden's are torn apart as well.

EXT - STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

Caden, satchel of money over one shoulder, duffle bag of weapons over the other, flags down a taxi and climb in--

TAXI 2

Where to?

CADEN

Cut through the alley.

They pull into the alley--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Hold up. Sorry. Let me put the bags in the trunk.

The taxi stops the car and pops the trunk. Caden gets out, opens the driver's side door, and shoots Taxi 2 with a tranquilizer dart--

Caden leans Taxi 2 against the alley wall, slides money in his pocket, and puts the bags in the trunk--

Reggie Denton's cell phone rings--

CADEN (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Yes?

VOICE

I've received reports of an explosion. Are we clear?

CADEN

Yes. Both targets have been eliminated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE

Good. Then we're back on track.  
Prepare for the revolution. The  
siren will sound at midnight.

The line goes dead. Caden starts the taxi and drives off in a roar.

EXT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The 12 story high rise of tiered glass and concrete glistens in the sun. A window washer rig hangs off the side of the building.

INT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Caden enters, swiping Reggie Denton's Security card through the check point. He is immediately given access--

Caden moves swiftly to the elevator, swipes the card again, and punches the top floor.

INT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - TOP FLOOR - DAY

The doors open and Caden steps out. He immediately shoots the secretary with a tranquilizer dart. She drops unconscious behind the desk--

Two surprised Guards jump into action, but before they can pull their weapons, Caden pistol whips one and tranquilizes the other in the neck--

Caden puts the tranquilizer away and pulls out a real gun with a silencer. He enters William Manesfield's office.

INT - MI6 HQ - WILLIAM MANESFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY

William Manesfield is at a computer. He turns, shock and horror crossing his face and interrupting his thoughts--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

What?! Who the hell...?

CADEN

It's me.

Caden shoots the phone off the desk as Manesfield reaches for it--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CADEN (CONT'D)

Stand. Hands on your head.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

(disbelief)

Are you completely deranged?

Caden shoots a silenced bullet at Manesfield. It grazes the shoulder of Manesfield's suit, tearing the fabric--

CADEN

The next one hits a vital organ.  
Stand the fuck up and put your  
hands on your head.

William Manesfield complies. Caden frisks him--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

No matter what happens in this room,  
Thrush, you will never leave this  
building alive.

CADEN

Hence why they call it a suicide  
mission.

William Manesfield takes his shot and punches Caden, knocking the gun aside. It bounces across the room--

Manesfield brings an elbow up to Caden's face, batting him into the wall--

Manesfield goes for a gun in a drawer, but Caden slaps the drawer closed on his hand, kicks out his knee, slams his face to the desk top, and throws him into the chair--

Caden quickly grabs the phone cord, rips it out of the wall and ties Manesfield's hands behind him and through the slats in the chair--

As Caden finishes tying Manesfield's legs to the chair, the door opens and Pickerill enters--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

What the devil is going on in  
here...?

Jeffery Pickerill stops cold as he sees what's happening. He goes for the gun in his holster...

...but Caden is faster, grabbing the gun from Manesfield's drawer--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CADEN

Drop the gun on the floor. Slowly.

Pickerill obeys immediately--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Close the door and have a seat.

Pickerill closes the door and sits, stunned at the events unraveling--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Caden Thrush. What are you doing?  
This is highly irregular.

CADEN

You're telling me.

Caden yanks off Pickerill's tie and lashes one of his legs to the chair. He yanks off Manesfield's tie and restrains Pickerill's other leg--

Caden yanks a lamp from the wall, cuts the cord, and ties down both of Pickerill's arms--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

What is this about? What exactly  
are you trying to accomplish here?

CADEN

At midnight tonight the Prime  
Minister is set to be  
assassinated. Someone in this  
office has arranged for it.

Caden pulls out two syringes and a small bottle of liquid. He fills both syringes with a healthy dose--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

So you're going to poison us? Is  
that the game?

CADEN

No. Just a taste of your own  
medicine, I suppose.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Caden. You need to cease and  
desist.

Caden shoots Manesfield up with the syringe--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

You son of a bitch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Caden does the Jeffrey Pickerill as well--

JEFFREY PICKERILL  
Caden, I implore you! Whatever it  
is you want, we can discuss it.  
Civilized.

CADEN  
That's exactly what we're going to  
do, Jeffrey. Candid conversation  
is all I ask.

Caden pulls out two handkerchiefs and gags them both--

CADEN (CONT'D)  
Now keep it quiet for just a  
moment. I have to go fetch our  
third contestant.

Caden exits, leaving Manesfield and Pickerill to struggle  
against their restraints as the drugs slowly take effect.

INT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - JAY GILFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Jay Gilford is on the phone--

JAY GILFORD  
Send everyone up here and make  
sure they're heavily armed...

CADEN  
You should also inform them that  
if anyone sets foot on this floor,  
you will all be killed.

Jay Gilford is caught off guard, shocked to see Caden  
standing at his door, gun aimed--

CADEN (CONT'D)  
Say it. Tell your people that I  
have yourself, Pickerill, and  
Manesfield held hostage. Any  
attempt to rescue you, will result  
in a wide variety of mayhem.

JAY GILFORD  
The assailant is standing before  
me. He has Pickerill, Manesfield,  
and myself hostage. He says he'll  
kill us all if you attempt a  
rescue. Stand down for now, but if  
you don't hear from me in ten  
minutes, storm the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

Close enough. Hang up the fucking phone.

INT - MI6 HQ - WILLIAM MANESFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY

The doors kick open, Caden shoves Jay Gilford into the room and forces him to sit in a third chair--

Caden rips the cord to the window blinds from the ceiling and restrains Gilford as well--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

I'm going to be sick.

JAY GILFORD

What did you do to them?

CADEN

One of your tricks, sir. Sodium Pentothal.

JAY GILFORD

Do what you will, Thrush. We will not negotiate with you.

CADEN

Jay, so stern. Relax. I only want to kill one of you. I just don't know which one, yet. So, on the flip side of that sentiment, I'd like to apologize to two of you in advance for all of this. Although, again, I'm not sure which two at the moment.

Caden shoots Jay Gilford up with a syringe of Sodium Pentothal, then pulls up a final chair. He sits in front of his hostages with a gun in each hand--

Caden sets his Rolex down on the desk. It counts backwards from 9 minutes--

JAY GILFORD

You think one of us is the Viper?

JEFFREY PICKERILL

That's what this is?

JAY GILFORD

Benjamin Percy, the man you broke out of custody, is the primary suspect in that investigation...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

Now, now, Mr. Gilford. You didn't become Director General because you're a cunt. I refuse to believe that you think Benny is the real culprit. I know you can smell a scapegoat when it shits in your office.

Jay studies Caden--

CADEN (CONT'D)

So, one of you is The Viper.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Right. You figured it all out by yourself and yet the most brilliant minds of the British Secret Service are here scratching their heads.

CADEN

Excellent question, William, although phrased rather poorly. What makes me so sure it's one of you? I spoke to The Viper on the phone. Of course, he thought he was calling his right hand man Reggie Denton, but in fact, he was speaking to me. I had just finished killing Denton, so you can understand the confusion.

Caden studies their reactions. For the first time, they all realize that this is not an act of psychopath, but a determined inquisitor--

CADEN (CONT'D)

The Viper knew I was still an operating agent, however dead I may seem to the rest of the world. And since, you three are the only ones that know I exist, etc, etc...you follow me?

Gilford, Pickerill, and Manesfield look at each other--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Exactly. Every man for himself, now. The truth is your only ally here. And the prize for the biggest liar in the room, is this:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Caden rips off his necklace, showing them the tab of Cyanide in his locket. The three men are silent, unsure of what to say--

Caden sets a tape recorder down onto the desk and hits record. Next to it the watch reads 7 and a half minutes--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Shall we play? How's that drug working?

Caden stands and slaps Manesfield--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

You are dead to me and this organization. Seven minutes from now this will be over.

CADEN

Right. You are a big fellow. Figured it'd take a bit longer for you. Pickerill? How about it? Are you the Viper?

Jeffery is very groggy. He even has a slight smile on his stoned face--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Every here knows I would never sell out my country. I would never go against the queen.

CADEN

Good. Have you ever had a homosexual experience?

JEFFREY PICKERILL

I kissed a boy once in college...but only for a moment. I wanted him to touch me, but I fought the urge.

Jay Gilford and William Manesfield look at him in shock--

CADEN

I'd say that serum's working. One last time, Jeffery, do you work for the KGB or the Red Army?

JEFFREY PICKERILL

No. Never.

CADEN

Beautiful. No Cyanide for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAY GILFORD

Caden...

CADEN

Something you want to confess,  
sir? If not, don't waste my  
fucking time.

(checks his watch)

We've only got six minutes until  
you have to make a phone call.

Caden turns back to Manesfield, who just stares at him--

CADEN (CONT'D)

William? Have you ever cheated on  
your wife?

(silence)

Okay. I'll go with yes. How about  
this: Did you arrange for Agent  
Martin Troiter to be exterminated  
in the line of duty?

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Now we see what this is really about.  
(to Pickerill)

I told you he was unstable. I told  
you my reservations about  
activating him.

CADEN

Let's stay focused. Are you KGB?

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

For Christ's sake. You twisted  
little prick. Fuck off with this  
bullshit and UNTIE US!

CADEN

There are terrorist cells planted  
all over this country. When the  
Prime Minister is killed tonight,  
it will signal the start of an  
invasion.

JAY GILFORD

What are you talking about?

Caden looks at Jay Gilford, then gets an idea--

CADEN

Of course! What am I thinking? The  
Prime Minister would take your  
call without question, wouldn't  
he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Caden grabs Gilford's cell phone and dials. It rings--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Tell him that he must drop what he's doing and go to a safe place. Don't tell anyone where. Don't trust anyone. Just go.

JAY GILFORD

I'll do no such thing. I agree with Manesfield. You're delusional.

CADEN

You may be right. But if I'm not crazy, you'll save his life.

JAY GILFORD

You're ridiculous.

CADEN

And maybe you're the Viper. Maybe you want him exactly on schedule today. Maybe you've had this moment planned for a very long time. Maybe you don't want to fuck up yet another assassination attempt. It gets a little harder to plan each time he sidesteps it, right?

Caden puts the phone on speaker. The Secretary answers the phone. Jay makes up his mind, begrudgingly--

SECRETARY

(on phone)

10 Downing street? How may I direct your call?

JAY GILFORD

Prime Minister John Major, please. It's Jay Gilford. Extremely urgent. Interrupt whatever he is doing.

SECRETARY

(on phone)

Yes, sir, Mr. Director General. Hold please.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Gildford, don't play his game. Don't enable his insanity.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

Caden whacks Manesfield across the face--

CADEN

Shut it.

Prime Minister John Major answers--

PRIME MINISTER

(on phone)

Director General. My secretary said it was urgent?

JAY GILFORD

An agent is holding a gun to my head. He thinks there will be another attempt on your life at midnight and that your death will be the catalyst for a terrorist invasion.

PRIME MINISTER

(on phone)

What?

JAY GILFORD

He wants you to drop what you are doing and disappear. He says to tell no one. Not even your closest aids can be trusted.

There is a silence, then--

PRIME MINISTER

(on phone)

Is the agent Caden Thrush?

Jay Gilford is surprised by the answer--

JAY GILFORD

Yes. You know him?

PRIME MINISTER

(on phone)

Put him on.

CADEN

I'm here, sir. You're on speaker.

PRIME MINISTER

(on phone)

Caden. This has to stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CADEN

Sir, where are you supposed to be at midnight? Where ever that is, taken an unexpected route. Send a decoy in your place. If I'm wrong, you took some unnecessary safety precautions.

PRIME MINISTER

You have to let them go. What you are doing is criminal...

CADEN

Sometimes the law doesn't allow for justice. That's why you have me, sir. Just change your schedule.

Caden hangs up the phone--

JAY GILFORD

Okay, that's enough. You've saved him again. Untie me so I can escort you to prison.

CADEN

Not so fast. I've still got three and a half minutes.

Caden looks at Jeffrey Pickerill who is nodding off--

CADEN (CONT'D)

Pickerill. Stay with us.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

You're a twat. Just like your uncle. Paranoid. Throwing away a good career over conspiracy theories and gibberish. You're pathetic.

CADEN

How do you feel about communism?

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Fuck the red cloud. This is why England maintains a grip on Northern Ireland and Africa. Keep these ideological diseases at bay. We've almost choked the life out of Communism and terrorism is too scattered to unify.

Suddenly Pickerill is awake, a vicious stare in his eyes--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JEFFREY PICKERILL

(in Russian)

You are too late.

Everyone looks at Jeffrey Pickerill in shock--

JEFFREY PICKERILL (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

We have people on the Minister's cabinet that are ready to react. He will die tonight, regardless of where he tries to hide. Your uncle could not stop us and neither can you.

JAY GILFORD

My God...Pickerill!?

JEFFREY PICKERILL

Fuck you, Gilford. Your bullshit monarchy and your ties to democracy. We have always worked toward the same goal: build an empire as big as possible, unify the planet under one flag. The united nations is no different than our coalition of freedom fighters.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

You can't be serious. Caden, let me out of this chair. I will kill this son of a bitch myself.

JEFFREY PICKERILL

(in Russian)

You try to control the world through polite negotiations and legislation. Yet you strike down and repress those that wish to live their own way. The IRA exists because of how you treated the Irish. Swallowed up their land, made them bow before your queen. Are you ignorant enough to think that Apartheid is not a form of terrorism? You will be taught a lesson. Today we level the playing field. Your high and mighty self important empire will fall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

JAY GILFORD

THAT'S ENOUGH! Caden, my sincerest apologies. It seems you're not the delusional one. You were right.

Caden shuts off the recorder, yanks Pickerill's head and back, and removes the Cyanide tablet from the locket--

JAY GILFORD (CONT'D)

Caden! NO! Don't kill him. We'll let the Ministry of Justice do their job.

CADEN

Right. The same justice system that would have sent Benny away for the rest of his life? Forgive me if I don't share your faith in a broken system.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Fuck him. I say do it!

JAY GILFORD

CADEN!

Caden forces the Cyanide tablet into Pickerill's mouth and makes him chew it--

CADEN

That's for my uncle and my country, you son of a bitch.

They watch as Pickerill's mouth foams up--

JAY GILFORD

Caden, Goddamnit! Untie me!

CADEN

Yes, sir.

Caden cuts Gilford's restraints and frees him--

JEFFREY PICKERILL

(in Russian)

My death means nothing. It is still too late.

Pickerill convulses, his body eating itself from within--

CADEN

No, I'd say it's just in the nick of time. Order has been restored to the animal kingdom. Mongoose kills snake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

JEFFREY PICKERILL

(laughs)

I'm not the Viper, you stupid  
bastard...

Pickerill dies. Caden is horrified at his final words--

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Gilford!

Caden turns to see Jay Gilford, who bashes him with a chair. The gun in Caden's hand bounces away as he slams into the desk, then hits the floor--

Gilford grabs the gun and aims it at Caden--

JAY GILFORD

Good work Pickerill. You've served  
my well.

(to Caden)

I've had to sacrifice a lot of  
good lambs because of you.

CADEN

(to self)

Stupid.

JAY GILFORD

Yes, very stupid, Thrush. Sometimes  
the snake kills the vermin.

WILLIAM MANESFIELD

Jesus fucking Christ, Gilford! Am  
I the only one playing for the  
right team?!

JAY GILFORD

Not anymore.

Gilford shoots Manesfield in the face, then turns the gun  
back to Caden--

CADEN

No!

Gilford pops the cassette out of the recorder and smashes  
it to pieces--

JAY GILFORD

No proof. No witnesses. What now,  
Caden? Should I kill you or should I  
let the justice system handle you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

JAY GILFORD (CONT'D)

Rouge agent attempts a one man coup of the British secret service. How's that for a headline?

CADEN

Catchy.

JAY GILFORD

It burns you, doesn't it? This whole time you thought you were serving her majesty. Making England safe from terrorism. Truth of it is, you were doing my bidding. Helping me ensure that one day Mother Russia would rise from the ashes.

Caden slowly picks himself up off the ground--

CADEN

Yes, your militia is so fierce they have to contract out to common thugs in order to get things done. Your unification of the terrorist regimes will never stabilize. When the empire crumbles they will turn on each other and they will turn on you. Communism will not rule. Anarchy will.

JAY GILFORD

Never you mind about that. The end will justify the means. Pity you won't be around to see it.

The Rolex on the desk BEEPS. The ten minutes is over. Gilford glances to it--

JAY GILFORD (CONT'D)

Time's up.

Quick as lightening, Caden has the tranquilizer gun pulled from his hip. He shoots twice. One hits Gilford in the hand, knocking off his aim as he shoots back--

The second dart hits Gilford in the neck. Caden punches Gilford in the face, then takes the gun from him--

Jay Gilford drops to his knees, slowly losing consciousness as Caden moves to the door and peeks out--

The hallway is filling with armed agents, all aiming and converging on Manesfield's office--

CADEN

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

Caden closes the door and shoves a filing cabinet in front of it--

JAY GILFORD

You'll never...get out alive.

CADEN

Neither will you.

Caden shoots Gilford twice in the head, then looks around for an exit. He looks up to the ceiling--

Suddenly bullets rip in through the office doors. Caden dives behind the desk as the room and the filing cabinet are torn apart.

In the moment of pause, Caden leaps on top of the desk, punches out a vent from the ceiling, and pulls himself into the air duct--

The doors to the office and kicked inward, knocking over the filing cabinet. Guns aim everywhere. The agents are horrified to see all three bosses dead--

AGENT

The air vent!

They all open fire on the air duct.

INT - AIR VENT - DAY

Caden crawls for dear life as bullets rip up through the air vent behind him. He gets to a vertical drop and slides down--

The momentum is too great and he breaks through the flimsy metal.

INT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - 11TH FLOOR - DAY

Caden crashes down from the ceiling, landing in a random office. He quickly picks himself up and moves to the hallway, listening to the direction of the stomping footsteps above him--

Caden gets to the elevators and punches the button. All four elevators are moving toward him--

Caden peeks into the stair well, agents climb up and down toward him--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADEN

Shit.

Caden looks over at the big window. Outside is a window washing rig--

Caden runs for the window, shooting the glass as he goes. He jumps, smashing through the glass and onto the rig, almost flipping over the side--

The stairwell and the elevators burst forth with agents. They scan for Caden, then rush to the window.

EXT - MI6 BUILDING - DAY

Caden kicks the switch on the motor and the window washing rig begins to slowly descend. He aims up at the smashed open window--

Soon agents are at the window, aiming down. Caden fires up at them, making them duck back inside--

Gunfire erupts from inside the building, shooting through one of the rigging lines and tethers--

CADEN

Fuck!

Caden grabs onto the rig railing as one end drops, the platform now hanging on by only one line. The motor, not able to take the stress, sparks and blows out--

Caden hangs precariously from the washing rig, seven stories from the ground--

Agents appear from the window above, firing on him. Bullet whiz and ricochet around him--

Caden pushes off the building, swinging the rig out. He shoots through another window. As the rig swings back, he crashes back into the building.

INT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - 7TH FLOOR - DAY

Caden runs down the hallway, bleeding from glass cuts and limping. As he gets to the stairwell, the door opens, two agents bursting out--

Caden grabs the first agent by the assault rifle, wrestles it from him, and kicks him aside. In one sweeping movement, he bats the second agent over the head with the weapon--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Caden grabs one of their walkie-talkies and puts the ear piece in. He slips into the stair well.

INT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - THE STAIRWELL - DAY

Caden pulls a grappling hook from his belt, clamps it to the stair railing, and leaps over. He repels down--

WALKIE

Heller, you and your team take the lobby. Masterson parking level one. Freidman, two. He does not leave this building. Ten men in each lift, cover the bottom four floors. Everyone else, hit the stair well.

The stairwell doors burst open on the ground level, agents rushing upward--

Caden repels to the 2nd floor landing. Bullets zing all around. He exits through a door, onto the second floor, as agents rush up the stairwell--

AGENT 2

Target is on the second floor.  
Just exited the stairwell.

INT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Caden looks at the elevator lights. A car is coming. He looks around for an escape, then has an idea--

He pulls out his cell phone and Reggie Denton's cell phone. He throws his down a hallway. It hits a wall and bounces around a corner--

Caden ducks into a janitorial closet across the way from the elevator, just as the lift doors open. Ten agents and guns emerging. Startled, they turn and aim at--

The handful of agents bursting out from the stairwell. They all split up into twos, scanning the floor--

Suddenly, they pause, a ringing comes from down the hallway. It rings only once, then stops--

The agents move toward the sound quickly, guns ready--

Caden peeks out of the closet. Only three men guarding the elevators--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Caden leaps out and fires three Tranquilizer darts. He swats the men out of the way as they slowly drop unconscious--

Caden slips into the elevator and punches the lobby floor as the rest of the agents realize they've been duped and turn back to the elevators--

Bullets fly as the doors close.

INT - ELEVATOR CAR - DAY

Caden pulls out a smoke grenade and pulls the pin.

INT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY

Agents are poised, aiming at the elevators and the stairwell--

One elevator arrives, it's just more agents--

AGENT 3

Hold your fire!

Another elevator arrives. The doors open and smoke pours out, spilling into the lobby--

Agents open fire, blasting the elevator to hell.

INT - ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Caden, on top of the elevator car, pries open the doors to the first floor. He tranquilizes four agents standing guard, then pulls himself up onto the first floor.

INT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Caden moves down the hallway, checking each office until he finds the right window--

Caden shoots out the glass and dives through the window.

EXT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Caden flies out the window and lands on top of his stolen taxi cab, parked at the side of the building--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKIE

(agent 2)  
We've lost him.  
(agent 3)  
Does anyone have a visual?

Caden rolls off the roof to the ground. Beaten and bleeding, he climbs into the car and starts the engine--

WALKIE (CONT'D)

(agent 4)  
Heller, take your team outside.  
Make sure he hasn't made it to the street!

Caden peels out, throws the last of his smoke grenades at the front entrance of MI6, as agents begin to spill out--

They dive aside and run for cover as BOOM!

Glass on the front of the building shatters and a thick cloud of smoke covers the agents, but no one is hurt--

The taxi swerves through the parking lot, speeding toward the main gate--

WALKIE (CONT'D)

Do not let him leave the premises!

Five agents at the main gate open fire as the taxi barrels down on them. Two police cars block the exit--

Caden ducks as bullets crack the windshield and pelt the car. The taxi bowls the men over and slams into the two police cars, wedging itself out from between them--

The taxi bounces into the street. For a moment it is out of control, but then it rights itself and speeds away.

INT - TAXI - DAY

Caden, breathing heavy and badly mangled grips a bullet wound in his right arm. He rips off his shirt sleeve and ties up the wound to stop the bleeding as he drives.

EXT - DOCKS - DAY

Caden parks the beaten taxi at a wharf, behind stacks of crates. He reloads his pistols, putting one in his shoulder holster and one in his hip--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BBC REPORTER

Just moments ago an unknown assailant waged a one man war on the secret service building. Three prominent MI6 officials are being reported dead in the attack. The assailant is at large and is said to be armed and incredibly dangerous.

He grabs the satchel of money from the trunk and moves to a nearby fishing boat that seems unattended.

EXT - MI6 HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Reporters report as emergency crews clean up--

BBC REPORTER

We do not know, yet, if this was the work of the IRA, but authorities speculate that this had something to do with the recent escape of Benjamin Percy, a KGB agent known as The Viper, who had infiltrated and worked undercover at MI6 for over twenty years...

INT - PRIME MINISTER'S MANSION - DAY

The Prime Minister is on his back balcony, starrng out over the city. He is very distraught. His assistant comes out, a vase of flowers in his hands--

ASSISTANT

Sir? Some flowers arrived for you. It didn't say, but there's a card.

The assistant sets the vase down on a table and hands the card to the Prime Minister. It reads: THE EMPIRE IS SAFE. VIPER IS DEAD. ALWAYS IN YOUR SERVICE, CT--

PRIME MINISTER

Caden Thrush.

The Prime Minister suddenly feels as though the weight of the world has been lifted. He even manages to smile.

EXT - ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The small fishing boat navigates the waves--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BBC REPORTER VOICE

We are getting reports of police and military raids all across the country as authorities have uncovered numerous safe houses containing a wide ethnic variety of terrorist cells, all of which appeared to be in preparation for some sort of organized assault or incursion.

INT - FISHING BOAT - DAY

Caden steers the boat--

BBC REPORTER VOICE

The Prime Minister, acting on a tip from an unidentified source, ordered a state of semi-martial law in order to battle the threat of an "occupation", as he called it. Now that many of the insurgents have been taken into custody, the Prime Minister had this to say:

EXT - NY HARBOR - DAY

The city of New York shines brightly in the distance as Caden navigates the fishing boat toward the harbor--

PRIME MINISTER VOICE

Although terrorism will never fully be eradicated, the imminent threat is over. The past is now history. We are moving forward into the future...

Caden salutes the statue of liberty.