

DAS SPERRGEBIET

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ENGLAND. WEST SUSSEX. BOSHAM CHANNEL - DAY - **PRESENT**

Aloft, we drift above mudflats and murky brackish waters. Above moored and moving vessels and overhead a wild swimmer, SARAH JARVIS, 50s. She's garbed in a wetsuit which emphasises her lithe figure. Her yellow bathing cap offers a splash of colour to the silty waters.

EXT. BOSHAM QUAY. CAR PARK - DAY

Wetsuit now peeled down to her waist and a bobble hat covering her brunette hair, the shivering, tall, Jarvis, perches on the edge of the boot of a Mitsubishi Shogun 4x4. She towels herself dry.

EXT. BOSHAM. A PUB. THE ANCHOR BLEU - DAY

Jarvis, fortified with a glass of white wine, sits alone at a table on the pub's rear terrace. Seemingly, lost in thought, she looks across the coastal waters towards the sea in the distance. A hint of a smile escapes her lips. Past memories?

EXT. BENEATH THE SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY - **AUGUST 2017**

An Argentine submarine, the ARA SAN JUAN, moves stealthily through the dark water.

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

From beneath a windswept, cold-looking, grey sea, a submarine's periscope breaks the surface. It completes a 360° sweep before settling in one direction.

The sound of an SLR camera shutter: KA-CHIK, KA-CHIK, KA-CHIK. KA-CHIK. KA-CHIK. KA-CHIK.

Within seconds the periscope disappears beneath the ocean.

EXT. ENGLAND. LONDON - DAY - **NOVEMBER 2017**

Late autumn. Many of the capital's trees have already lost their leaves.

EXT. LONDON. DOWNING STREET - DAY

A cluster of uniformed POLICE OFFICERS amble either side of the streets protective gates. They cradle carbines.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET. THE PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - DAY

The PRIME MINISTER, 50s, sits at his desk examining a photograph, one of several he's holding.

Seated facing him are three men: PETER FIRTH, 50s, the Secretary of State for Defence, SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, 60s, the Chief of the Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) and known as 'C' and a uniformed naval officer, ADMIRAL SIR ALEXANDER CRAIG, 60s, the Chief of the Defence Staff.

The PM flips the photo and brandishes the indistinct image towards his visitors.

PRIME MINISTER

And you are quite sure this... this smudge depicts one of our aircraft approaching R-A-F Mount Pleasant?

FIRTH

Certain, Prime Minister. And as the Argentine navy only have one operational submarine...

Lawrence nods.

FIRTH (CONT'D)

...the photo has to have been taken through the periscope of the A-R-A San Juan.

LAWRENCE

And this is the third occasion our source has provided Six with evidence of her spying activity within the islands territorial waters in as many months. Who knows how many other occasions she's been snooping --

PRIME MINISTER

Damn it, Henry, it's your job to know.

The PM examines the photo again. It depicts...

INSERT - PHOTOS

A photo taken through a periscope shows an RAF Typhoon, its undercarriage down, flaring, apparently in the process of landing.

A second photo replaces the first.

It reveals the image of a Royal Navy frigate taken through a submarine periscope -- as does a third, a fourth and a fifth.

A sixth and seventh: these photos depict impressions of RAF Mount Pleasant and a number of RAF aircraft dotted around the base. It's clearly been taken from an elevated position.

The PM shuffles another photo into view. It's a selfie of sorts -- and shows three well armed, military attired men, grinning at the camera. Their surrounds suggest they occupy a rural hillside hide.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

The uniform, insignia and weapons have been confirmed as that issued to Agrupación de Fuerzas de Operaciones Especiales, or AFOE.

BACK TO SCENE

The Prime Minister looks up...

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

(off of PMs quizzical look)

Special Operations Forces Grouping.

FIRTH

Argentine Special Forces.

PRIME MINISTER

So, where are we going with this? Please don't tell me the Argies are considering another invasion... that we face the prospect a second Falklands war...

FIRTH

I don't suspect for one moment they're angling for a scrap --

PRIME MINISTER

The last thing we need during the current economic mess is another conflict in the southern hemisphere some thirty five years after we last went to war with the dagos. And what for? Some God forsaken rocks in the South Atlantic.

FIRTH

God forsaken rocks or not Prime Minister, I don't need to remind you the Falkland Islands are a British overseas territory... or that the islanders hold British passports.

PRIME MINISTER

(raised voice)

Yes, yes. I know that for Christ's sake.

FIRTH

Then of course, there's the little matter of the reported four oil fields whose reserves, it's suggested, contain over a billion barrels of --

PRIME MINISTER

(tossing photos onto his desk)

Oil or not, if you think I'm going to do a Thatcher and assemble a task force and --

LAWRENCE

I'm not sure Her Majesty's navy have enough ships to --

FIRTH

(snapping)

Sir Henry! I really must ask you to refrain from such comment when addressing the Prime Minister.

A long beat...

PRIME MINISTER

Well, you're very quiet Alex... please don't tell me you're thinking along the lines of a task force and --

ADMIRAL CRAIG

I beg your pardon, Prime Minister, but if truth be known, I concur with C. Successive governments have run down the defence budget, resulting in the Royal Navy being little more than --

FIRTH

That's quite enough, Admiral!

The PM raises a hand.

PRIME MINISTER

No, let Sir Alexander speak...

(to Admiral Craig)

So, we've established U-K defence has been neglected and the navy lacks the ships to rustle together a task force... so... so what exactly do you propose, Alex?

FIRTH

Yes! What do you suggest, Admiral?  
We send down one of our S-S-Ns to  
track down the San Juan and torpedo  
her out of the water?

ADMIRAL CRAIG

Nothing quite as melodramatic as  
that, Minister.

The Admiral contemplates a beat.

ADMIRAL CRAIG (CONT'D)

Prime Minister... the San Juan has  
recently partaken in a military  
exercise in the Tierra del Fuego  
region of Patagonia, that is the  
archipelago at Argentina's most  
southerly point.

LAWRENCE

Land of the Fire...

ADMIRAL CRAIG

Quite. Before returning to her base  
at Mar del Plata, and thanks to...

(glancing at C)

...M-I-6, we know she's due to dock  
at the Argentine naval base in  
Ushuaia, where her crew will enjoy  
a few days R and R. I'll let C  
continue...

LAWRENCE

While her crew relax she'll been  
available for the public to visit.  
While partaking in a navy day or  
whatever such P-R guff is called  
these days, her guard, one assumes,  
will be down.

FIRTH

Assumes?

PRIME MINISTER

Please don't tell me you think we  
should take her out her while she  
is berthed in harbour, full of  
visiting school kids.

LAWRENCE

Nothing quite as uncouth, Prime  
Minister. Though, clearly Her  
Majesty's government needs to send  
a warning-shot across the bows of  
the Argentinian government.

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

If we don't stamp out Argentina's growing interest in the Falkland Islands now... well, in a year or two we might run the risk of a second conflict between the two nations.

PRIME MINISTER

So, what are you proposing?

ADMIRAL CRAIG

We covertly eradicate the Argentinian navy's one operational submarine.

(off of the PMs look)

No doubt there will be loss of life, but rather they be small in number and Argentinian than another two hundred and fifty odd --

LAWRENCE

Or more. Many more...

ADMIRAL CRAIG

...British servicemen.

LAWRENCE

Undoubtedly, Argentina will have their suspicions... however, if we tackle this dilemma competently and professionally, there won't be an evidential trail leading back to Her Majesty's government.

(an afterthought)

Unlike the French government and the fiasco surrounding the sinking of the Greenpeace vessel, Rainbow Warrior, in New Zealand all those years ago.

Firth recognises an opportunity to lick arse.

FIRTH

And of course, sir, you'll have avoided a war. An unwinnable conflict I might add.

The Prime Minister is all ears.

FIRTH (CONT'D)

History will not remember kindly the first British Prime Minister to lose a war in the modern era. Furthermore, such a loss would ensure the Conservative party occupies the opposition benches for a generation --

LAWRENCE

Or two.

Lawrence and Admiral Craig exchange smiles.

EXT. FALKLAND ISLANDS. RAF MOUNT PLEASANT - DAY

A pair of RAF Typhoons rumble along the runway and rise into the air.

Another is fully armed and on standby in an open door hangar.

Parked on an apron, a four engine RAF C-130J Hercules transport aircraft is being fuelled and given a final once-over by MECHANICS and TECHNICIANS.

A small truck pulling a snake-like chain of pallets loaded with cargo exits an adjacent hangar. It heads towards the transporter.

CONTINUOUS

Logistics PERSONNEL and AIR DESPATCHERS methodically go about the task of loading the cargo laden pallets onto the aircraft.

LATER

Within moments of the wheels of the C-130J leaving tarmac, the aircraft's undercarriage is raised.

EXT. SKY ABOVE DRAKE PASSAGE - DAY

The Hercules cruises at altitude.

INT. C-130J. COCKPIT - DAY

Far ahead, mountainous snow and ice covered terrain: Antarctica.

EXT. ANTARCTICA. SOUTHERN PALMER LAND - DAY

PERSONNEL attached to the British Antarctic Survey (BAS) gather on the Sky Blu Drop Zone. They WAVE as they look skywards at the approaching, (now) low flying, resupply aircraft. Operation Austral Endurance, the BAS replenishment airdrop, commences...

INT. RAF C-130J - CONTINUOUS

A quartet of 13 Air Assault Support Regiment AIR DESPATCHERS supervise the air drop.

One by one the two lines of laden pallets are slid along a series of rollers built into the floor of the aircraft.



As they tumble off the tailgate, static lines immediately snap open attached parachute packs causing silk to blossom.

Within less than a minute the cargo has been off-loaded.

EXT. ANTARCTICA. SOUTHERN PALMER LAND - CONTINUOUS

A dozen olive coloured parachutes and attached loads float towards the ice covered terrain in the crisp, cloudless sky.

CHEERS break out amongst the EUPHORIC Antarctic workforce.

INT. RAF C-130J HERCULES - CONTINUOUS

An RAF LOADMASTER whacks a control. The aircraft ramp slowly rises and shuts into place.

LATER

The sound of LABOURED BREATHING.

GREEN TACTICAL LIGHTING now saturates the fuselage.

Royal Marines Captain, JAMIE SHAW, late 30s, sits dressed in black. He's equipped for a High Altitude Low Opening (HALO) parachute jump.

*(Readers Note: HALO is a means of military freefall (MFF) from extreme height.)*

He breathes oxygen through a mask attached to his helmet. Beside him sits a spook, JENNIFER COX, late 20s. She's also hooked up to the aircraft oxygen and is similarly dressed. Over her jumpsuit she wears a harness.

Nearby, lays a spherical stabilised equipment container -- colloquially known by those within the trade as a 'tube'. At one end is secured a parachute and fitted to that, a barometric opening mechanism. Taped to its sides Cyalume snap lights.

An RAF JUMPMASER - also breathing oxygen through a mask - checks over Shaw's equipment. Then Cox's harness.

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC SKY - NIGHT

A moonless, star-studded sky.

Once again, the turboprop C-130J flies at altitude.

PILOT (V.O.)  
 (clipped female voice)  
 Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!  
 (MORE)

PILOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This is Royal Air Force Austral  
Endurance replenishment flight,  
Grizzly Four Seven, repeat, Grizzly  
Four Seven, requesting immediate  
clearance to Presidente Carlos  
Ibáñez International Airport for an  
emergency landing! I say again,  
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! This is  
Grizzly Four Seven, Grizzly Four  
Seven, requesting immediate  
clearance to --

INT. C-130J HERCULES - CONTINUOUS

The left wing has obviously dropped; the aircraft interior adopts an acute angle and is apparently banking sharply, before seemingly settling on a new course.

LATER

A RED warning light FLASHES on a panel.

The two parachutist stand. A military rucksack, a Bergen, attached to Shaw's harness, rests behind his thighs.

Shaw disconnects a hose leading to the aircraft oxygen supply and hitches it to his own source, a chest mounted cylinder.

He does the same with Cox's supply. They exchange thumbs ups.

Shaw manoeuvres himself behind Cox and clips his rigs harness onto hers. He pats Cox on the shoulder.

The jumpmaster, now trailing safety webbing, makes his way to the rear door of the aircraft. He drags the container.

The waiting loadmaster hits a control. The rear ramp lowers. A howling WIND engulfs the aircraft.

With Cox leading, the parachutists waddle - penguin like - towards the rear ramp.

The couple step onto the ramp. In front of Cox's feet lays the tube. Peering over the edge they see...

...nearly five miles below, ocean surf crashes into a dark mass -- Isla Navarino, Chile. Inland, a snow capped mountain range.

The jumpmaster squats and snaps the Cyalume sticks, checking them for GLOW. As he stands...

...a GREEN LIGHT FLASHES.

The jumpmaster points towards the abyss as his RAF colleague pushes the tube off the ramp.

As one, Shaw and Cox lollop into the night.

EXT. SKY ABOVE CHILE - NIGHT

A pollution free southern hemisphere sky containing an abundance of stars!

The tumbling couple gain stability, allowing them to plummet in a safe mode.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Shaw deploys a small drogue parachute.
- B) Nearby falls the Cyalume lit container. It too drags a drogue chute.
- C) The operators freefall at 120 mph -- terminal velocity.
- D) Far below, an occasional light can be seen.
- E) Shaw periodically checks his altimeter.
- F) He gives Cox a reassuring thumbs up and receives one in return.
- G) The containers parachute opens.
- H) Shaw deploys their parachute.
- I) The CRACK as over 200 square feet of silky ripstop opens.
- J) The pair are suspended under a pale grey square canopy. Below them, attached by a length of cord, hangs the Bergen.

Shaw taps Cox's helmet. She opens a chest mounted navigation board. Its screen depicts a moving satellite image on which both a compass, a marked location, waypoints and a mass of technical data are displayed.

Shaw glances over Cox's shoulder at the nav computer, then towards the illuminated container. Manoeuvring his parachute via toggles attached to risers, they follow the flight-path of the load.

CONTINUOUS

The parachutists lands on a strip of barren ground near woodland.

Shaw uncouples them and pats Cox on the shoulder.

As Shaw retrieves the container, Cox removes her helmet and shakes free a mane of dark hair, stopping to look towards the snowy summits. The vista is jaw-dropping.

EXT. TIERRA DEL FUEGO. BEAGLE CHANNEL - DAY

From altitude the staggering beauty of the snow-capped mountainous terrain that borders either side of the Beagle Channel, the natural divide between Argentina and Chile, is apparent.

EXT. BEAGLE CHANNEL - NIGHT

A RIB crosses the stretch of water. As Shaw steers the craft, Cox lays low in the bow, her long dark hair fidgeting in the breeze.

EXT. ARGENTINA. PUERTO REMOLINO REGION - DAY

A bus trundles westerly along a road that lays parallel to the channel of water.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle is chock-full.

Cox occupies a window seat. She sleeps, leaning on the shoulder of the ever watchful Shaw. The couple, now masquerading as backpackers, don't appear to attract any untoward attention.

EXT. USHUAIA. ADMIRAL BERISSO NAVAL BASE - DAY

It's a bright, fresh spring day...

Amidst the QUEUE to visit the ARA San Juan are Shaw and Cox.

As Shaw studies a tourist map of the area, a now visibly pregnant Cox, hand resting on her bump, fields questions in perfect SPANISH from a WOMAN eager to know when the baby is due.

INT. ARA SAN JUAN SUBMARINE - DAY

A handful of naval PERSONNEL answer questions from the inquisitive visitors as they pass through the submarine on a decreed route.

As the couple await their turn to look through the periscope, Cox's legs give a wobble. She GROANS and immediately places a protective hand on her swollen abdomen. Shaw places a comforting arm around her and looks for help.

COX  
(in Spanish)  
Please! Please! Is there a lavatory  
I could use?

Two female VISITORS raise concerns. A naval RATING pushes his way through the cramped control room.

RATING  
(in Spanish)  
Madam, let me help you. This way,  
there's a toilet you can use along  
here.

The rating guides the couple past other visitors to a door.

RATING (CONT'D)  
(in Spanish)  
Sorry, but it's very cramped.

COX  
(in Spanish)  
Thank you so much! My husband can  
watch the door... I'll only be a  
moment. Thank you again...

She enters the lavatory, pushing the door close behind her.

INT. SAN JUAN. LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Cox pulls up her dress and reaches towards her bump. Her hand emerges with a small silver disc. She FLICKS a switch. A series of lights come to life on the gadget. Kneeling down she inserts her small hand holding the device into the water of the toilet. She reaches up into the stainless steel u-bend. We hear a metallic sounding CLUNK.

INT. ARA SAN JUAN SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

The door to the lavatory opens.

Cox emerges from the space, protectively holding her lump.

As the rating and other concerned VISITORS look on...

COX  
(in Spanish)  
Have you seen all you want to see,  
darling? Sorry, but I don't feel  
too well. Could we go and grab some  
fresh air?

The naval rating leads the couple towards the exit hatch.

EXT. TIERRA DEL FUEGO - NIGHT

Stars twinkle in the clear sky above the archipelago.

EXT. BEAGLE CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

Waves lap against the RIB. Both Shaw and Cox wear dry-suits.

On the floor of the craft is a long length of rope. Attached to it, a much shorter, thinner piece of rope with a beer can tied to its other end.

COX

Have you ever killed a shark,  
Jamie?

SHAW

Don't worry about sharks. It's the  
killer whales that frequent these  
parts that concern me.

COX

Orcas are safe. They don't harm  
humans.

SHAW

Tell that to the family of Dawn  
Brancheau.

A double beat.

SHAW (CONT'D)

(checking watch)

It's time to go home. Ready?

COX

Honestly? I'm scared shitless.

Shaw produces a knife and slits the bottom of the boat. Water immediately starts to seep in. He then thrusts the knife into the sides of the craft. Air HISSES out!

Shaw reaches for the rope. From a pocket he drops a handful of small pebbles into the can.

The operators flop over the side. Treading water, they each place a hand through a spliced grab-loop at either end of the rope.

SHAW

You know the drill... don't let go.

COX

(through chattering teeth)

How can anyone forget the rules of  
this ridiculous game.

They swim apart until the rope is fully extended.

LATER

They tread water in silence, Cox peering into the depths.

Below the surface the can attached to the thinner piece of cord tied to the centre of the outstretched rope, gently RATTLES.

*(Readers Note: Within the trade, this piece of high tech kit is known as a bongle.)*

A distance away a thin, dark object breaks the surface. It surges towards them, trailing a wake.

It nears, heading towards the centre of the rope where six feet below the seas surface the bongle omits its message.

The swimmers - fear writ across their faces - stare at the approaching black matter.

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE BEAGLE CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

A pair of kicking legs dangle from either end of the rope. In their midst hangs the RATTLING bongle.

EXT. BEAGLE CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

The object looms closer...

Suddenly, the rope jerks. A HOLLER and YELLS of surprise. The rope has been snagged.

SHAW

Fuck!!!

COX

Please, God!

The pair are dragged through the sea.

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

A perfectly trimmed Royal Navy Astute-class submarine is a few feet below the surface.

Its periscope has snared the rope.

*(Readers Note: This method of clandestine exfiltration was pioneered by the Special Boat Service (SBS) and is just one technique used by both UK Special Forces and MI6 agents as a means of escape from foreign territory.)*

INT. ACUTE CLASS SUBMARINE. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The control room is saturated in GREEN TACTICAL LIGHTING.

Jarvis, then late 30s, is dressed in naval uniform. The three gold braid bars that adorn the epaulettes of her blouse denote the rank of Commander. She has both hands on the periscope controls and an eye pressed against the apparatus eyepiece. Concentration is writ over the visible part of her face.

She calmly but authoritatively gives commands... oozing leadership -- and respect.

JARVIS

Up six.

RN RATING #1

Up six, ma'am.

The naval planesman delicately manoeuvres his control.

JARVIS

Standby hatch.

A second rating, relays the order.

RN RATING #2

Aye, aye, ma'am.

(into transmitter)

Standby hatch.

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The submarine slowly ascends -- just a tad.

EXT. BEAGLE CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

A few feet (only) of the submarine's conning tower breaks the surface. Behind it trails a wash -- and the two desperados, one either side of the vessel.

The runaways, GASPING for breath and SPLUTTERING, cling to the rope straps for all they're worth.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Open hatch.

EXT. SUBMARINE. CONNING TOWER - CONTINUOUS

A hatch is opened. SUBMARINERS scramble onto the tower deck.

Within seconds, the rope is being hauled in... and with it, the two operatives.

Without ceremony, Shaw and Cox are propelled through the hatch, followed by the submariners.



Moments before the submarine fin disappears below the sea, the hatch is pulled shut. As it's still being SCREWED tight, sea water swashes over it.

EXT. BEAGLE CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

Serenity. There's no evidence of what has just taken place -- nothing to cause a diplomatic incident between two proud nations.

EXT. ENGLAND. DORSET. ROYAL MARINES POOLE - DAY - **15 NOVEMBER**

A vehicle barrier blocks the entrance to the military complex. An armed marine loiters near a guard hut.

INT. RM POOLE. SPECIAL BOAT SERVICE. CO'S OFFICE - DAY

Lieutenant Colonel TOBY SAVAGE, late 40s, the commanding officer of the élite Special Boat Service, sits at his desk. Before him, a mound of paperwork. He puts down his pen and glances at his watch, then at the office clock. He leans back in his chair and gazes at a wall mounted map of the world.

INSERT - MAP

The area of the world depicted is Argentina and the South Atlantic Ocean.

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Gigantic, grey waves thunder into each other.

EXT. BENEATH THE SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

At a depth of several hundred feet, ARA San Juan stealthily glides through the inky black sea.

INT. ARA SAN JUAN. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An OFFICER studies a chart. SUBMARINERS sit before monitors.

INT. ARA SAN JUAN. LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS

THE U-BEND

The FLASHING LIGHTS on the silver disc attached within the system, cease.

INT. ARA SAN JUAN SUBMARINE. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lights, computers and various monitor screens, FLICKER. Concerned VOICES are heard.

EXT. BENEATH THE SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The submarines twin propellers slow... then stop.

INT. ARA SAN JUAN. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Both the lights in the control room, as well as the screens of monitors and computers, continue to FLICKER. Then... total DARKNESS. Power has clearly failed. Sounds of ALARM. Of FEAR. Of PANIC.

AGITATION continues. The crew are in meltdown.

EXT. BENEATH THE SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The subs forward momentum comes to a halt. She starts to descend.

And continues to.

As the submarine sinks through the black fathoms, the GROANS and WHINES of her hull combating immense pressure can be heard.

The unusual tones of straining metal BUCKLING and rivets POPPING continues until...

...the ARA San Juan, IMPLODES.

EXT. ENGLAND. NORTHWOOD. STRATEGIC COMMAND - DAY

A north London suburb -- where the headquarters of Strategic Command and other organisations, including Commander Operations for the Royal Navy, are located.

INT. COMMANDER NAVAL OPERATIONS OFFICE - DAY

Rear Admiral MARSH, 50s, is engaged in paperwork. His phone RINGS.

MARSH  
(answering phone)  
Rear Admiral Marsh... Commander  
Naval Operations.

A visibly shocked Marsh listens to the indistinct reply.

EXT. LONDON. WHITEHALL - DAY

Traffic clogs the carriageway outside the Ministry of Defence.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE. SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE - DAY

Firth sits at his desk, typing on a laptop.

A Civil Service flunky, MARY, 30s, pushes open a door.

FIRTH

Yes, Mary... what is it?

MARY

Sir, we've just been informed by Northwood that an Argentinian submarine is believed lost in the South Atlantic.

FIRTH

Lost? As in gone down?

MARY

(shrugging)  
Presumably.

FIRTH

(sitting back)  
Issue a press release... Her Majesty's government wish to relay their sympathies to the Argentine government, the Argentinian Navy and the people of Argentina... yada, yada, yada. The usual bullshit. Furthermore, the British government places the Royal Navy's SPAG at Argentina's disposal.

*(Readers Note: SPAG is an acronym - Submarine Parachute Assistance Group.)*

He reaches for a phone.

FIRTH (CONT'D)

I'll let the P-M know.

EXT. SURREY. SHEPPERTON MARINA - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

It's the early hours of the morning. The marina appears tranquil. Lights emanate from a handful of occupied residential vessels.

From shadows emerge two dark clothed MEN. One has a small rucksack on his back.

They scamper across a car park, making their way to a marina basin and then a mooring. They board a shabby motor cruiser, the MV COCKNEY REBEL.

EXT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. DECK - CONTINUOUS

A lock is picked. Entry is gained to the wheelhouse.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Working by torchlight, the pair inspect the billet, clearly looking for something in particular.

CONTINUOUS

An air vent grill lays on the floor.

INSERT - AIR VENT

A listening BUG and battery is concealed in the cavity.

BACK TO SCENE

The grill is screwed back into place.

EXT. SHEPPERTON. FELIX LANE - NIGHT

The two men make their way down from the marina fencing and head towards a parked car where the DRIVER, awaits.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The duo clamber into the rear of the vehicle.

As they pull the doors shut the driver looks over his shoulder.

DRIVER

All okay, lads?

MAN #1

Like clockwork, sarge.

EXT. FELIX LANE - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle drives a hundred or so yards north. As it approaches the junction with Fordbridge Road, a marked police car blocking entry to the lane, moves out of the way.

The OCCUPANTS of the police car ACKNOWLEDGE the driver of the unmarked vehicle who RAISES A HAND in thanks.

The vehicles drive off in different directions.

EXT. SCOTLAND. SKYE. DUIRINISH PENINSULA - DAY

From atop a peak, the natural beauty of the rugged peninsula and surrounding vista is apparent.

To the south, the snow-capped Cuillin Hills shimmer in the bright, spring sky.

Beyond The Minch, the Western Isles clutter the horizon.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) A golden eagle soars on a thermal.
- B) Waterfalls cascade from rocky crags.
- C) A herd of deer navigate the rough, peaty terrain.
- D) Smoke drifts skyward from chimneys atop a cluster of properties.
- E) A handful of boats bob on the sea loch, pulling on their anchors.

EXT. DUIRINISH PENINSULA. LOCH DUNVEGAN - DAY

A number of ever-observant seals bask on rocks.

A boat laden with lobster pots heads out to sea.

A yellow RIB is anchored mid loch. It stirs on the swell. The crafts lone occupant, wetsuit attired Shaw - older and greyer than when we last saw him a decade or so ago - dons a mask and snorkel, before fastening a lead weighted belt around his waist.

Shaw rolls off the side of the boat, mesh drawstring bag in hand.

EXT. BENEATH LOCH DUNVEGAN - CONTINUOUS

Shaw free-dives a few metres to the bottom of the loch. He harvests appropriately sized scallops.

A playful seal bites at his fin. Shaw indulges the animal.

EXT. LOCH DUNVEGAN - CONTINUOUS

Shaw, mask resting atop his head, sits on his boats bench seat. As he empties the mesh bags content into a bucket, there is a thunderous ROAR. He instinctively ducks.

A pair of low-flying, hill-hugging, RAF F-35 Lightnings scream over the loch and bank around a spur into another heather-clad glen -- leaving a trail of white vortex.

Shaw raises a hand in acknowledgment. He smiles. Memories of a previous (military) life.

EXT. COLBOST. SHAW'S HOME - DAY

A whitewashed croft which has been tastefully modernised and extended. A dark blue coloured Range Rover is parked outside an adjacent double garage. Next to the garage stands an old, traditional British telephone kiosk, a K6. The bright red phone box has been converted to store bird food.

Numerous bird feeders attract finches and the like, whilst House Martins zip around the property, snatching aphids and flies on the wing.

INT./EXT. SHAW'S HOME. KITCHEN/LOCH DUNVEGAN - DAY

Sun streams through floor-to-ceiling windows, brightening a modern, functional open-plan kitchen/lounge area.

A mobile phone lays atop the kitchen island. It RINGS.

Through the kitchen windows we can see Shaw steering the RIB towards the shore.

EXT. LONDON. VAUXHALL. SIS HQ - DAY

The instantly recognisable headquarters of the Secret Intelligent Service overlooks the River Thames.

INT. SIS HQ. HENDERSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE HENDERSON, late 50s, stands looking out over the river towards Pimlico.

HENDERSON

Jamie... it's George Henderson in London. I have a small job that you and your crew of cutthroats would be well suited for...

EXT. ISLE OF WIGHT. HMP PARKHURST - DAY

Mist and drizzle.

A door set within the main prison gate opens.

JOSEPH WHITE, 80s, a holdall in one hand, walking stick in the other, exits the Victorian building.

Ignoring the mizzle, White looks towards the heavens and lets slip a smile. He raises his jacket collar and ambles off.

EXT. ISLE OF WIGHT TO PORTSMOUTH FERRY - DAY

The ferry transits The Solent. Despite the weather, White stands on deck -- inhaling freedom.

EXT. PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR RAILWAY STATION - DAY

A BUSTLING station.

RAIL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
(AUTOMATED)  
The next train to leave platform  
four is the twelve fifteen to  
London Waterloo, calling at...

White boards the train.

EXT. SURREY. SHEPPERTON MARINA - DAY

A variety of moored craft.

A taxi pulls into the carpark. White clambers out and pays the DRIVER.

EXT. MARINA. JETTY - DAY

White strolls along a pontoon.

Upon reaching a dilapidated vessel he stands and stares at the vessel's name plate.

INSERT - NAME PLATE

Cockney Rebel

BACK TO SCENE

WHITE  
Apt.

He removes a key from his pocket then boards the vessel.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The sound of a KEY in a lock. The wheelhouse door opens. White stands in the doorway assimilating the interior. He SNIFFS the musky, dank air.

WHITE  
Home... sweet-fucking-home.

EXT. SHAW'S HOME - DAY

Shaw exits the croft gripping a holdall.

As he locks his front door, a Royal Mail post van turns off the road and onto Shaw's gravel drive.

The POSTMAN exits his van holding several letters.

SHAW  
Morning, Rab.

RAB  
(broad SCOTTISH ACCENT)  
Morning, Major. Is that you away again, sir?

SHAW  
We're both civilians now, Rab.  
You're Rab and I'm Jamie. Mr. Shaw at a push... but I prefer plain old Jamie.

Rab LAUGHS.

RAB  
It's habit, sir. You'll always be...  
(examining envelope, then reading from same)  
...Major Jamie Shaw, C-G-C, C-M-G.  
(proffering letters to Shaw)  
For me, it's "sir" at the very minimum. I could never address any of the officers I served with in the Scots Guards by their Christian name, sir.

Shaw takes his post.

SHAW  
(smiling)  
Well, I guess the Corps do things differently from the British army.  
(clambering into car)  
And to answer your question, Rab, yes, I'm away for a couple of days. If you're passing this way, the usual; keep a look-out on the property, will you?

RAB  
Aye. Consider it done, sir. And I'll top up the bird seed, too. Safe travels.



EXT. ISLE OF SKYE. SKYE BRIDGE - DAY

The Range Rover travels east towards the mainland.

EXT. SURREY. SUNBURY-UPON-THAMES. CHURCHYARD - DAY

A plot still bereft of a headstone. Wreaths and sprays sit atop a mound of earth covering the recently occupied pit.

White stands beside the grave. A tear rolls down his cheek.

From high above we hear the THRUST of engines.

White looks skywards. He's clearly irritated.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. SALOON - DAY

Curtains remain closed. A broken-looking White sits in the darkened cabin. He holds a glass of Scotch.

On a nearby shelf, a handful of family photos and a selection depicting a much younger White - alone and with others - dressed in military uniform.

EXT. SURREY. FAIROAKS AIRPORT - DAY

A former WW2 rural airfield, predominantly utilised by flying schools and weekend pilots, but able to cater for twin engine turboprop business type aircraft...

...such as that on final approach.

It lands, taxis to the apron, where, after its propellers stop turning, the fuselage door opens.

Two western-garbed middle eastern looking MEN, one 40s - and carrying a crocodile skin looking briefcase - the other late 50s, clamber down steps and walk towards a nearby Mercedes parked in an adjacent car park.

A CHAUFFEUR, 60s, stands beside the offside open rear door. A BODYGUARD, 30s, loiters nearby.

The younger of the two arrivals hands his briefcase to the BG, then gets into the rear of the vehicle.

The chauffeur closes the door behind the older of the two men. The heavy, still holding the briefcase, gets into the front of the car.

The Mercedes manoeuvres in the car park. On its far side are two more MEN dressed head to toe in black and sitting astride a trials type motorbike.

MAN #1 kicks the bike into life. His pillion passenger, Shaw, talks into a covert helmet radio before pulling down his black visor.

CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes exits the airport. It turns right onto Chertsey Road.

It heads north along the wooded enveloped road, in the (general) direction of the M25 motorway.

EXT. SURREY. A THICKET/CHERTSEY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A third black-clad MAN sits astride a second trials bike. It loiters off-road in brush, its engine ticking-over. A fourth MAN, dressed like the others, squats in roadside shrubbery, looking south -- the vague direction of the airfield. He holds a retracted CALTROP strip; a stinger.

The Mercedes continues on its journey. Shadowing from a distance are Man #1 and Shaw on their motorbike.

As the car nears the second bikes location, Man #4 - from cover - skims the stinger across the road. It unfurls... its spikes facing upwards.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

The chauffeur slams on the brakes -- too late!

EXT. CHERTSEY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes straddles the stinger. POPS and HISSES as all four tyres are punctured.

The car slides sideways -- into a verge ditch.

The trailing motorbike stops near it. Shaw dismounts. He cautiously advances. Outstretched arms hold a pistol fitted with a suppressor (silencer in common parlance).

The bikes rider, Man #1, stands astride his bike on lookout. He brandishes an H&K MP5 suppressed submachine gun.

Nearby, back up - Man #4 - emerges from the undergrowth. He holds the same type of weapon.

As Shaw nears the vehicle, the BG opens his door. Legs swing out. A flaying hand holds a handgun. Shaw shoots the lump - PHUT! PHUT! - in the head.

He then fires a shot into the rear nearside window... PHUT! The glass SHATTERS. The passengers SCREAM and PLEAD in both Arabic and English.

HAMAS #1	HAMAS #2
(in Arabic)	(in Arabic)
No! Please...	Please sir!
(in English)	(in English)
I beg you! Don't shoot me!	I pay you money. No --
Don't kill us! I have money --	

Double taps... PHUT! PHUT!... PHUT! PHUT! Their nightmare is over... Allah has summoned them.

Shaw yanks open the bodyguards door. The assassin reaches in and retrieves the tacky looking briefcase.

He clambers onto his bikes pillion as his rider - weapon already stowed - is REVVING the machines throttle.

The rider SPINS the motorbike around and moves off into thicket, trailing the second bike and its crew.

CONTINUOUS - MERCEDES

Three men are slumped dead. Apart from the WHIMPERS of the chauffeur... silence.

The work of pros... the entire contact has taken thirty seconds or so.

LATER

Various emergency services vehicles, their blue lights spinning, as well as a funeral directors van and other unmarked vehicles, are parked near the scene.

Uniform POLICE and MEDICS, together with FORENSICS and OTHERS, including a police PHOTOGRAPHER, work side by side.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Aloft, we drift west, over an affluent area.

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE. HERBERT CRESCENT - NIGHT

A CHAUFFEUR driven car pulls up outside number eight.

Henderson, wearing a chalk stripe suit, exits the vehicle and approaches the building.

He BUZZES an intercom set beside a forbidding looking black door.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Can I help you?

HENDERSON  
George Henderson... I'm a guest of  
Major Jamie Shaw.

CLICK! A door catch opens.

INT. THE SPECIAL FORCES CLUB. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw wears the Royal Marines tie. Both he and Henderson nurse large whiskies at a table away from the bar and prying ears.

*(Readers Note: Single measures are not permitted in the SF Club.)*

Beneath the table are two identical black briefcases.

HENDERSON  
Satisfactory, I take?

SHAW  
Both flat packed, as was their B-G.

HENDERSON  
And I trust the --

SHAW  
It's all there.

HENDERSON  
A job well done. On behalf of His Majesty's government and the Knesset, thank you. And please pass on my personal thanks to your team of pirates.

SHAW  
Privateers.  
(off of Henderson  
uncomfortable look)  
The work my lads undertake is authorised by His Majesty's Government. Furthermore, H-M-G pay their salaries. As a consequence, they are privateers... not pirates.

Chastised, Henderson acknowledges his mistake.

HENDERSON  
Of course. Sorry.  
(he raises his glass)  
Cheers, anyway.

Shaw raises his, too.

SHAW  
Slàinte Mhòr.

A beat as they sip their whisky.

HENDERSON

(hesitantly)

Talking of... privateers, I'm afraid I've got some regrettable news, Jamie...

(off of Shaw's expression)

...it's Sir Michael's replacement... she... well, she's having a shake up.

SHAW

Shake up?

HENDERSON

Our new Control wants to change things... that is, modernise Six. Amongst other things she, er... she doesn't see a requirement for U-K-Ds.

*(Readers Note: UKD is an initialism - United Kingdom Deniable. Those SIS (MI6) freelancers who undertake the dirty work: assassins, kidnaps, burglaries, blackmail, etc.)*

SHAW

(SCOFFS)

So much for the war against Islamic terrorism lasting a hundred years.

A visibly irritated Shaw shakes his head.

SHAW (CONT'D)

And we're to believe Oxbridge intellectuals will undertake their own dirty work? Soil their soft, lily-white hands?

Henderson is noncommittal.

SHAW (CONT'D)

The woman needs a reality check.

HENDERSON

(diplomatically)

That's one way of putting it.

Shaw reaches for his whisky and knocks the remains back in one gulp.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

What with your skills, knowledge, contacts... something will turn up. Or you could just enjoy retirement. You've served your --

SHAW

Pipe and slippers? Please, George.

A beat as Henderson plucks up courage to ask...

HENDERSON

And having just terminated you and your guys services, I'm now embarrassed to have to ask you a favour, Jamie... a small task Six are hoping you'll be able to squeeze in before you head back home to Scotland.

SHAW

Try me...

HENDERSON

It's a delicate little matter of a U-K friendly oligarch rattling around his mansion on the St. George's Hill estate... pining for his mistress whose currently holed up in Gotland.

Henderson examines the contents of his glass.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

It would suit the needs of the service if we could, er, reunite the lovebirds and --

SHAW

But look bad if it were discovered S-I-S had flouted the U-K governments sanctions and had broken the Russian travel ban?

Henderson looks sheepish.

SHAW (CONT'D)

How is she with heights?

HENDERSON

Look, if Six had access to another M-T-M, I wouldn't ask...

*(Readers Note: MTM is an initialism - Military Tandem Master. MFF with an attached payload; human, as we're now familiar, or otherwise.)*

Shaw SCOFFS.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

But we're up against the clock and I can't think of another covert method of recovery as speedy as you can provide.

Shaw contemplates the request.

SHAW

I'll do it on two conditions --

HENDERSON

I'm listening.

SHAW

First, I want three hundred grand deposited in my bank account by noon tomorrow.

HENDERSON

Three hundred thousand pounds? That's a tad steep old chap --

SHAW

I have three ex-bootnecks to layoff in the morning. The least I can do is soften their blow by giving --

Henderson RAISES a HAND and NODS in resignation.

HENDERSON

And dare I ask the second stipulation?

SHAW

Scotland... an elderly local, an ex-fisherman... during the war he was just a kid but recalls the story of a Westland Lysander taking off from a grass strip next to Arisaig House, one of the S-O-E training establishments --

HENDERSON

Just south of Mallaig... yes I know it. I didn't know there was an airfield in that area.

SHAW

There's a two thousand foot strip of grass in an adjacent field. A Lizzie would only need half that distance. Anyway, it took off presumably destined for R-A-F Tempsford, but as it was climbing it had a catastrophic engine failure and came down somewhere near the mouth of Loch Moirdart.

Henderson contemplates the information.

HENDERSON

An interesting tale. I can't imagine there's much to be salvaged other than the engine block...

SHAW

I'm hoping records exist as to its assignment.

HENDERSON

I'll dig out what I can.

SHAW

Then we have a deal, George.

(a supplement)

I'm going to need everything you have on the girl.

HENDERSON

You'll have it first thing in the morning.

He sinks his Scotch.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Another?

EXT. THE SKY ABOVE THE NORTH SEA - NIGHT

A twin engine Skyvan aircraft flies at altitude on black light.

*(Readers Note: Black Light is a military term - an aircraft devoid of navigational lights.)*

INT. SKYVAN - CONTINUOUS

Shaw sits on the deck of the hold. Beside him sits a WOMAN, 30s. Both are decked out for a tandem parachute jump.

LATER

The aircraft tailgate rises.

The pair, now coupled together, shuffle towards the opening.

EXT. SCOTLAND. LOCHABER. ARISAIG - DAY

Shaw drives along the Fort William to Mallaig road, the A830.

Approaching Arisaig House, he slows down and pulls off the road.

INT. SHAW'S RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

From his slightly elevated position, Shaw has a clear view of a long strip of grass. Beyond it, a crystalline, cerulean coloured sea loch, sparkles in the sun.



Shaw picks up a wad of A4 size paperwork from the passenger seat. The photocopied eighty plus year old typewritten document bears the stamp, MOST SECRET. He flicks through the copied correspondence -- then down at the grass strip.

HENDERSON (V.O.)

You didn't mention the eight gold ingots its passenger was chaperoning to occupied Europe.

EXT. ARISAIG. GRASS STRIP - NIGHT - **1944**

A full moon. Its reflection shimmers on the surface of the dark saltwater of the distant Loch Nan Uamh.

A black painted Westland Lysander trundles along the grass before rising into the air, ascending over the loch.

EXT. SEA OF HEBRIDES - DAY - **PRESENT**

The CALEDONIAN MIST, a four berth yacht towing a yellow RIB, sails south. Mainland Scotland is off her port beam.

EXT. YACHT CALEDONIAN MIST. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Shaw stands at the helm, steering the vessel through the dark, choppy waters.

EXT. LOCHABER. LOCH MOIDART - NIGHT

The Caledonian Mist, its sails stowed, is anchored off the tidal island, Eilean Tioram. From within the yacht a LIGHT burns in the saloon.

INT. CALEDONIAN MIST. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Shaw lays on a bunk reading the confidential file. An Admiralty chart lays rolled up on the saloon table.

INSERT - FILE

A page Shaw reads is headed, OPERATION DAKOTA.

BACK TO SCENE

Shaw tosses the file and reaches for the chart. He unrolls it.

INSERT - CHART

The chart depicts Loch Moidart and the surrounding sea and shoreline. Pencil marks, calculations and comments are shown.

EXT. LOCH MOIRDART - DAY

Shadows cast by the ruins of Tioram Castle reach out into the sea loch towards the Caledonian Mist -- from which, Shaw lowers equipment into the RIB now tethered alongside.

EXT. LOCH MOIRDART. RIB - DAY

The RIB is underway. A wetsuit attired Shaw sits holding the tiller/throttle.

LATER

Shaw wears scuba kit. Gripping an underwater metal detector, he rolls off the side of the anchored RIB.

EXT. BENEATH LOCH MOIRDART - CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Shaw descends the anchor chain.
- B) He swims amidst a kelp forest.
- C) A jellyfish floats past him.
- D) He scans the seabed with the detector.

INT. CALEDONIAN MIST. SALOON - NIGHT

A casually dressed Shaw sits at the table perusing the chart.

EXT. BENEATH LOCH MOIRDART - DAY

Shaw scans the bottom of the loch.

He enters a canyon awash with kelp. He swims through it scanning the immediate area ahead of him, when... the detector lets out a high level TONE.

Ahead of him, one end of a metal canister some eight feet in diameter. Twin screws are set behind twin rudders. Shaw is momentarily frozen. We are looking at the stern of a sunken vessel of sorts.

Shaw clambers over a fin, a hydroplane, protruding horizontally from the object. He swims down the length of the craft, some 40 feet, passing another hydroplane forward of the vessels bow.

He pulls himself up the side of the object, stopping to look through a glass sided, low-profile cockpit. A face, eyes open, stares back at him. Shaw recoils... before gingerly approaching the window again. Another look...

the vessels OCCUPANT, arms outstretched, mouth open, is clearly floating in the metal tomb -- a kosher submersible narco submarine, as opposed to the more common low-profile vessel (LPV).

Shaw swims along the hull, passing twin snorkels, and along to the access hatch where he tries to turn the wheeled handle. It MOVES. He immediately stops turning, moving it back to its original position.

He swims towards the surface.

EXT. RIB - CONTINUOUS

Shaw holds a GPS device. He looks about the location, clearly looking for landmarks ashore. As he does so, he glances down and enters information into the GPS.

EXT. LOCH MOIDART - DAY

Mid loch -- the yacht is at anchor.

INT. CALEDONIAN MIST. SALOON - DAY

The Admiralty chart covers the table. Shaw picks up a navigational parallel ruler.

INSERT - CHART

Shaw slides the device across the chart, then uses it to draw a straight pencil line. Discarding the ruler, he intersects the line with a mark -- circling the location.

BACK TO SCENE

He uses his phone to photograph the chart before reaching for a bottle of Talisker. SMILING, he pours a large measure.

EXT. SHAW'S HOME. OUTSIDE BARBECUE AREA - NIGHT

Holding the fuel soaked chart in a pair of tongs, Shaw FLICKS a lighter. The document IGNITES instantaneously.

LATER

Shaw PRODS the glowing remnants of the nautical map.

EXT. SHEPPERTON MARINA - DAY

Early morning. The marina is coming to life.

A POSTMAN hands a bundle of mail to a marina EMPLOYEE struggling to pull open the main gates of the complex.

Vessels manoeuvre in the various basins.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. CABIN - DAY

Awake in his bunk, White listens to the routine activities.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. GALLEY - DAY

White stands naked in the cramped galley. He wet shaves. On an adjacent gas stove a boiling kettle WHISTLES...

WHITE

Okay! Okay! Just a mo!

CONTINUOUS

White heaps sugar into a cup of steaming tea when... THUD!!!

WHITE (CONT'D)

(startled)

What the fuck was --

EXT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. DECK - DAY

The wheelhouse door opens and a dressing gown wearing White emerges. He looks towards the stern. Amidst the damage to the deck lies a mangled body oozing blood.

WHITE

What the fuck!

He shuffles his way aft... and hesitantly ventures towards the corpse.

He stands over and looks down at the broken body of a subcontinent looking YOUTH... then upwards... at the sky.

The kid wears cheap looking clothes - now soaked in blood - and strapped to his torso is a MUMBAI INDIANS backpack.

White twists his head and inspects the cricket teams logo woven into the fabric of the backpack.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. SALOON - DAY

White, mobile phone to ear, RANTS. We can't help but notice his cockney-like accent.

WHITE

No! For Christ's sake... I didn't order an Indian! Who orders an Indian for breakfast? Tell me... who? Furthermore, I don't like spicy food!

(MORE)

WHITE (CONT'D)

Why would I order a bloody Indian to be delivered if it's not to my palate? Besides, I forgot to pick up a six-pack of Cobra when I visited Tesco Express yesterday!

An INAUDIBLE reply.

No, you listen to me you cloth-eared gobshite! We're not talking about a bloody takeaway, he's a real, live... well, not so live now, Indian kid!

Another INAUDIBLE response.

WHITE (CONT'D)

His name?

(flustering)

Why the hell do you think I know his bloody name? I'll tell you what, it's Rogan-fucking-Jalfrezi you thick cun --

And another INAUDIBLE retort.

WHITE (CONT'D)

Call yourself a bloody detective! You couldn't detect a turd floating around in a bowl of fruit-fucking-salad!

(exasperated)

Listen... I'll do my own bloody investigation! Now fuck off!

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

White rifles through the contents of the backpack - a change of clothes and a few personal possessions - which are sprawled atop the chart table.

EXT. MV COCKNEY REBEL DECK/MARINA CARPARK - DAY

A marked police car and an ambulance are parked nearby.

White looks on as the body is lifted onto a stretcher by PARAMEDICS, watched over by a uniformed POLICE OFFICER.

The constable joins White.

POLICE OFFICER

Look, sir... I'm sorry about the confusion on the blower earlier. She's new. A graduate. No common sense.

White raises a hand in a dismissive GESTURE.

WHITE

Let's not go down that path again.

The gurney is carried from the boat and onto the pontoon.

WHITE (CONT'D)

Is that it? No forensics?  
Photographs at least?

The body is carried off towards the waiting ambulance.

POLICE OFFICER

It's not really a crime scene, sir.  
(looking skywards)  
Talk to the old sweats at the nick,  
they'll tell you before security  
was spruced up in far-flung exotic  
destinations, stowaways dropping in  
were a pretty common occurrence.  
We're on the Heathrow flight path,  
you see. The pilot lowers the  
undercarriage and...

The police officer GESTURES a falling man with his fingers.

A paramedic SHUTS the rear doors of the ambulance.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

I have all your details, Mr White,  
but to be frank, even if we had a  
name for the young fella, there's  
little we can do apart from notify  
the poor sods embassy.

White gives a weary nod.

As the vehicles drive off, White enters the wheelhouse...

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

...and immediately sees the dead travellers scattered items.

WHITE

Ah, fucking shit!

He thrusts the possessions back into the backpack then  
reaches for his phone.

White dials a number. Whilst the phone is awaiting answer he  
casually unzips a side pocket on the pack. Nothing. Then  
another.

An INAUDIBLE reply.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
Hello? Police? My name is Joe  
White.

White pulls out a cloth pouch from the unzipped pocket.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
One of your officers has just been  
to my... my home, my houseboat, to  
deal with an Indian boy... a  
stowaway who, well, who dropped in  
uninvited.

An INAUDIBLE reply.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
Yes, that's right. Well, I've...

White tips the contents onto the chart table...

WHITE (CONT'D)  
...just realised --

He freezes.

Laying on the chart table are several dozen diamonds.

White stares at them -- disbelief writ across his face.

An INAUDIBLE comment on the other end of the phone line.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
...what a credit he is to Surrey  
Constabulary.

Another INAUDIBLE reply is cut-off as White ends the call.

White settles himself down on the wheelhouse stool. He picks  
up one of the gems and holds it up to a window.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
Well, I'll be fucked.

EXT. BOSHAM. SMUGGLERS LANE - DAY

An quintessential English country lane consisting of detached  
properties.

White opens a gate leading to one such property.

CONTINUOUS

He rings a doorbell.

After a moment or two the door is opened by Jarvis. Shock  
registers across her face. She's momentarily gobsmacked.

JARVIS  
Uncle Joe!

WHITE  
Hello, my dear.

INT. JARVIS' HOME. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

A spacious room with floor to ceiling windows over looking Furze Creek.

White stands. He gazes at a wall mounted framed print of an Astute-class Royal Navy submarine.

His attention is drawn to the contents of a smaller frame mounted beside the limited edition print.

INSERT - SMALLER FRAME

Within the frame are a strip of medals.

Below them is printed lettering which reads:

Rear Admiral Sarah Jarvis DSO RN

BACK TO SCENE

JARVIS (O.S.)  
I thought you weren't due for  
release until next year, Uncle Joe.

White GRUNTS.

JARVIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Where are you staying?

WHITE  
A friend has loaned me a houseboat  
in Shepperton, not far from  
Heathrow.

Jarvis enters the room carrying two mugs of tea.

JARVIS  
A houseboat?

WHITE  
It's temporary accommodation and  
will do for now until I can find  
something more permanent.

JARVIS  
But I have two spare bedrooms!

Jarvis places the mugs on a coffee table.



JARVIS (CONT'D)  
Please Uncle Joe, take a seat.

White sits on a sumptuous sofa and reaches for his tea.

JARVIS (CONT'D)  
You could have stayed --

WHITE  
Thank you, my dear. As I said, it's temporary and allows me to be near your mum's sister. Your Aunt Jemima is buried in nearby Sunbury.

JARVIS  
Of course... but --

WHITE  
No buts. I'm happy. I'm content. And I've got all that I need.  
(gesturing towards the mounted medals)  
I heard from your cousin, Barrie, about your award of the D-S-O. I understand it's all hush-hush, some kind of sneaky-beaky operation down in the South Atlantic.

Jarvis SIGHS.

JARVIS  
If truth be known it wasn't warranted. I was just doing my job. No more than doing what the Royal Navy had trained me to do.

WHITE  
My dear, a Distinguished Service Order is not awarded for just "doing a job". And I should know. I've seen a few of them dished out to Rupert's over the years.  
(realisation)  
No offence.

JARVIS  
None taken.

WHITE  
It's impressive... bloody impressive. I'm so, so proud of you, Sarah. The first woman in the Royal Navy to command a nuclear submarine and --

JARVIS

The first woman in the Royal Navy to command any submarine, if you please.

WHITE

My apologise. The first woman to command a Royal Navy submarine, period... and the first to be awarded the D-S-O.

White CHORTLES a beat.

WHITE (CONT'D)

So, this retirement lark... civvy street... I'm guessing life must seem an anti climax for you now.

JARVIS

Oh, tell me about it. I'm pulling my hair out. I go for a swim, I pop into Waitrose, I look forward to a solo holiday away and... and well, that's it, really. I do plan to go on safari next year, but truth be known, life is rather humdrum --

WHITE

Still, better than taking the path I chose...

JARVIS

Oh, yes.  
(catching herself)  
Uncle Joe... that was clumsy of me... that's not what I --

WHITE

No, dear. You're right to think such. I've been a total fool since I left the army. But... you know, I want to make amends. Of sorts.

JARVIS

Amends?

White gathers his thoughts.

WHITE

I'm a realist, Sarah. At my age I don't have many years left and besides, I'm not in the best of health --

JARVIS

Joe --

WHITE

It goes without saying, I want to take care of my family... and that includes you. And that brings me as to why I've come down to Sussex and dropped in on you. I have ideas... plans afoot that I'd like to share, to run past you as it were. May I?

Jarvis looks perplexed.

EXT. US VIRGIN ISLANDS. ST. JOHN'S CAY - DAY

Paradise and wealth.

A verdant, sand fringed, Caribbean island - encircled by a reef - rises out of a cobalt coloured sea. Palm trees and tropical foliage cover the hilly terrain.

Nestled amidst the lush vegetation is a luxurious property and accompanying trappings -- including a tennis court and a swimming pool.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S CAY. A CROP - DAY

*(Readers Note: CROP is an acronym - Covert Rural Observation Post.)*

A hillside hide draped in netting.

Insects CHIRP and BUZZ.

Carried on the tropical breeze we hear the distant sounds of BREAKING SURF, VOICES, LAUGHTER and the THWACK of a tennis ball.

INT. CROP - CONTINUOUS

A camouflage, bedecked Shaw - oblivious to the scurrying lizards sharing his hide - peers through binoculars:

INSERT - BINOCULARS

A scan of the complex and surrounding area reveals...

A handful of scantily dressed GUESTS frolic in the pool. OTHERS soak up the rays while sprawled on sun loungers.

A WAITRESS delivers drinks.

A mixed FOURSOME play tennis in a fenced-in court.

On a nearby beach, CHILDREN play in the sand and an ADULT attempts to paddleboard in the shallow, clear waters.

Anchored a few hundred yards offshore, a vessel. An armed LOOKOUT faces seaward. Another GOON scans the horizon through binoculars.

BACK TO SCENE

Shaw lowers the binos.

A WHINE attracts Shaw's attention.

He raises the glasses again:

INSERT - BINOCULARS

An estate employee at work with a strimmer.

BACK TO SCENE

He rests the binoculars and reaches for a scrim covered item.

Through the lens of that item:

INSERT - LENS

Crosshairs linger on the head of a swimming shorts attired Latino looking man, JUAN FERNANDEZ, 20s. He sits on the edge of the pool talking to a cowboy hat adorned DON BAILEY, 60s.

BACK TO SCENE

Shaw's finger applies pressure to a trigger.

EXT. MONACO - DAY

We drift over the opulent, picturesque principality and its harbour; chock-full of millions of pounds worth of vessels.

EXT. MONACO. CIRCUIT - DAY

Saturday morning free practise - prior to afternoon qualifying for tomorrow's F1 Grand Prix - is taking place.

Sponsor branded racing cars dart through the principalities narrow, crowd lined streets.

The THUNDER of their engines rebounds from one building to the next. SPECTATORS, their senses attacked from every direction, cover ears. A live COMMENTARY broadcast on a PA system is drowned out.

INT. MONACO. F1 PADDOCK. A GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's a hive of activity. Headphone wearing PERSONNEL toil; oblivious to the pitlane klaxon periodically SHRIEKING its multi-tone warning, or the SCREAM of a REVING engine from a neighbouring garage.

TECHNICIANS occupy the cramped area. They monitor printouts and attempt to communicate above the cacophony.

A jacked-up racing car faces the pitlane. From it protrude leads that meander their way towards computers and monitors staffed by BOFFINS.

A helmetless DRIVER sits in the cockpit. He's handsome; very handsome. And young; oh-so young. Valentino-come-Peter Pan.

MECHANICS flit around the car. Others, armed with HISSING pneumatic tools, refit tyres.

A television CREW and accompanying paraphernalia add to the commotion.

EXT. MONACO. CIRCUIT - CONTINUOUS

Brightly coloured F1 cars sweep through the narrow streets. Accelerating, lifting off. Accelerating, lifting off. SCREAMING past the onlookers.

EXT. MONACO. LA CONDAMINE CARLO HARBOUR - CONTINUOUS

On the decks of dozens of vessels are a mixture of ENTHUSIASTS, SPONSORS, MEDIA and SUN BATHERS - many clearly oblivious to events ashore.

In the background the four-wheeled advertising boards snake through the harbour chicane, twitching on exit. THUNDERING past the flag waving MARSHALS.

EXT. LA CONDAMINE CARLO HARBOUR - NIGHT

A FIREWORK DISPLAY illuminates the harbour.

Festivities take place on several vessels.

EXT. LA CONDAMINE CARLO HARBOUR. QUAY SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Shaw, dressed for a black-tie event, approaches the security STAFF who man the gangplank of a luxury yacht.

EXT. MV GINA MARIE. REAR DECK - CONTINUOUS

A party is in full swing. Several dozen GUESTS are in attendance. There's food and drink galore. A hot-tub is filled with ice and champagne bottles.

LATER

The CHINK of metal on glass.

The guests gather around their hosts; white haired/bearded, kilt wearing, Sir MALCOLM FRASER, late 60s, and his wife, Lady HELEN.

Sir Malcolm stands atop deck furniture and addresses his audience.

FRASER

Ladies, gentlemen and distinguished guests... I'll keep this short --

PARTY HECKLER

That's what you said last year!

LAUGHTER from the gathering.

FRASER

Aye, and I mean it this year.

More LAUGHTER.

FRASER (CONT'D)

It doesn't seem twelve month since I stood here and addressed you all... and once again here we are. So, on behalf of Fraser Racing I'd like to thank you all for attending this years soirée, arranged especially for you, our friends and sponsors.

APPLAUSE.

FRASER (CONT'D)

The Monaco Grand Prix, undoubtedly the jewel in the crown of the F1 motor racing season...

The SPEECH drones on.

Shaw watches and listens from a distance.

A vivacious DAVINIA ASHE, mid 30s, tall, confident and dressed to kill, sidles up to Shaw. She feigns paying attention to the speech.

ASHE  
 (plummy accent)  
 So, my dear Jamie... we pulled it  
 off!

SHAW  
We, Miss Ashe?

ASHE  
 Oh, come on... you glamorous  
 special forces types take all the  
 credit, forgetting that without us  
 pilots you'd never be able to reach  
 your destination let alone  
 successfully complete your mission.

SHAW  
 (SCOFFS)  
 Such so-called glamour was a  
 lifetime ago.

ASHE  
 Oh, you fucking old man, you. Don't  
 ruin the fantasy for me.

Greetings over.

SHAW  
 Davinia, before the evening was  
 over I'd intended to find you and  
 thank you for the lift --

ASHE  
 Thanks accepted. I'll claim my  
 reward later.

SHAW  
 No problems on the return journey?

ASHE  
 I kept at both altitude and course  
 and landed in Sarasota as planned.  
 And I've not heard a dicky-bird  
 from the F-A-A, since.  
 (furtively adding)  
 I hear the photos of Juan and Co  
 are amazing.

CONTINUOUS

They rejoin the audience.

More LAUGHTER ripples from the assemblage.

FRASER  
 ...and with God's blessing, this  
 time tomorrow we'll be celebrating  
 a double podium; first and second!

CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

FRASER (CONT'D)  
 And so without further adieu... and  
 this does not include my overpaid  
 drivers who need to leave us and  
 get their beauty sleep...

LAUGHTER. The young drivers VINCE KRUGER, 20s, and Fernandez -  
 the man who we saw earlier sitting by the pool - acknowledge  
 the guests.

FRASER (CONT'D)  
 (eyeing Fernandez)  
 ...drink up and let's party!

LATER

Fraser Racing management and guests mingle.

INT. MV GINA MARIE. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Fraser sits at his desk holding a selection of photos. He  
 leafs through them. Across from him sits Shaw, nursing a  
 whisky.

The photos depict:

Fernandez frolics with a beauty. Another of him sitting on a  
 sun lounger, applying lotion to a topless blonde. A third, in  
 discussion with an older man wearing a Stetson. Ditto a  
 fourth. And another. And...

FRASER  
 Bailey! That fucking, conniving,  
 redneck. I'll give him tapping up  
 my driver. If rumours are true, the  
 fucking, poaching, Texan cowboy  
 doesn't even have a fucking engine  
 deal for next season. This is  
 watertight. My lawyers will confirm  
 it... without doubt a clear breach  
 of contract.

Fraser tosses the photos onto his desk and sips his Scotch.

FRASER (CONT'D)  
 A job well done, Major Shaw.

SHAW  
 Thank you, Sir Malcolm... and it's  
 Jamie. Major was many years ago.

Fraser GRUNTS. Shaw breaks the tense mood...

SHAW (CONT'D)  
 You have access to a fine pilot.



FRASER

That she is... one of the best.

Fraser opens a drawer and removes a cheque book.

FRASER (CONT'D)

If only I could persuade her to resign her commission -- but her financial demands...

Fraser writes a cheque.

FRASER (CONT'D)

You know, I could do with someone like you, Maj -- Jamie, on my payroll... a security advisor come troubleshooter type role...

He passes the cheque to Shaw who glances at it.

FRASER (CONT'D)

No more freelancing. A regular monthly income --

SHAW

Er, one hundred thousand pounds, Sir Malcolm. The deal was one hundred thousand pounds.

(brandishing cheque)

This is made out for one fifty.

FRASER

You're under selling yourself, Jamie. Your skills are worth more. Besides, look upon it as a mark of my appreciation. You've saved me several million dollars in salary and add-ons for which I'm eternally grateful.

SHAW

Why, thank you, sir.

Fraser brushes the thanks aside.

FRASER

I won't employ a driver who's eyeing up pastures new.

Fraser reaches for the bottle of whisky.

FRASER (CONT'D)

And should I ever be able to return the favour...

(pouring Scotch)

Furthermore, I've booked you a room at the Hotel Hermitage Monte-Carlo. Not the best hotel in Monaco but

(MORE)

FRASER (CONT'D)

it has good views of the circuit. Though you're more than welcome to join me and watch the race from the paddock tomorrow. The prat-perch as we call it in the trade. And forget about all the hanging around at Nice airport, you're travelling back to the U-K on my jet tomorrow night.

Shaw's face resembles the cat that got the cream.

EXT. MONACO. MONTE CARLO. HOTEL HERMITAGE - DAY

Shaw, wearing a hotel bathrobe and a coffee in hand, leans over a balcony. Below, Porsche cars partake in a filler race.

Ashe, wearing an identical robe, steps onto the balcony. She drapes an arm around Shaw.

She watches the spectacle and helps herself to Shaw's coffee.

ASHE

I swear it gets nosier every year.  
(musing)

Nelson Piquet hated this place. He compared it to riding a bicycle around a bathroom. Such a pessimist.

SHAW

A pessimist is what an optimist calls a realist. I think Piquet was spot on.

Shaw glances at his watch.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Fancy lunch before the main event?

Ashe pulls Shaw to her. They embrace.

ASHE

Bugger lunch! I want dessert...

EXT. LOCH DUNVEGAN - CONTINUOUS

The first days of autumn...

Glistening streams cascade down the heather clad hills, aiding the replenishment of the tidal sea loch.

Tethered, the Caledonian Mist rests on the exposed shingle and rock.

Shaw, wearing an Al Stewart 'Year of the Cat' t-shirt, scrapes barnacles and the like from the hull.

Nearby, MAJOR TOM, a black labrador, wades in the shallow, brackish water.

A Shogun pulls off the nearby road. A casually dressed, hat wearing Jarvis gets out, steps onto a wooden jetty and walks towards Shaw.

The dog BARKS.

SHAW

Tom! Enough!

The dog stops barking.

JARVIS (O.S.)

Major Jamie Shaw, I presume?

Shaw momentarily stops his chore and glances at the woman, before resuming his task.

SHAW

That would depend on who's asking.

JARVIS

(noting Shaw's t-shirt)

"On a morning from a Bogart movie/In a country where they turn back time/You go strolling through the crowd like Peter Lorre/Contemplating a crime" One of my favourite songs. And such apt lyrics; "contemplating a crime".

Jarvis scans her surrounds.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

It's so beautiful... unexpectedly delightful for early autumn.

SHAW

So, what can I do you for, Ms...

Jarvis watches Shaw a beat, then removes her hat. She shakes down her hair.

Shaw looks up at her before resting the scraper on the boats gunwale.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You're the sub skipper... Commander Jarvis...

Jarvis COUGHS.

JARVIS

Rear Admiral if we're going to be formal. Otherwise, Sarah will do.

INT. SHAW'S HOME. KITCHEN/LOUNGE - DAY

As Shaw flits about preparing coffee, Jarvis is perched on a stool at the kitchen island. They make small-talk.

JARVIS

From the little I know of you, that St. John's Cay caper had your name written all over it. When the U-S press suggested the man who'd penetrated security at the Presidents favourite vacation retreat was thought to be ex U-K-S-F --

SHAW

I did President Campbell - and the good people of America - a favour. The U-S Secret Service have had to up her security.

(holding up cafetière)

Jamaican Blue Mountain okay? It's all I have.

JARVIS

Does it get any better?

SHAW

So, you made Rear Admiral before finishing. Congratulations, Sarah. And the D-S-O. Well deserved. You know, how you were able to recover us from within Argie waters and then slink off without being detected, I'll never fathom. Excuse the pun.

JARVIS

No secret... years of experience and Perisher. I was taught by the very best.

*(Readers Note: The Royal Navy submarine command course is known as Perisher.)*

SHAW

(SCOFFS)

Still, amazing seamanship all the same.

JARVIS

Likewise, your promotion to major. As for the C-G-M, the only other person I'm aware who has that gong is Bond himself.

SHAW

Overkill. I was no more than the apparatus that got the spook to the job. But I was grateful for the next rank... and the increase in pension that came with it. Though it's not enough to buy the property in Malta I've had my eye on. How'd you take your coffee?

JARVIS

White. No sugar. And you're being very modest.

(interested)

Malta?

SHAW

Malta, yes. My battered body craves warmth as I get older. Besides, the cost of living in Malta compared to here is to die for. Cream okay?

JARVIS

Please. This is five star. I'm coming back.

Shaw picks up the coffees.

SHAW

Lets take a perch in the lounge.

LOUNGE

Shaw rests the coffee atop coasters resting on a large chunky wooden chest type table and gestures for Jarvis to take one of the two sumptuous sofas that face each other.

SHAW (CONT'D)

So, you've not told me... what brings you to Skye?

JARVIS

I've come to invite you to dinner.

SHAW

Dinner?

JARVIS

I'm staying at The Three Chimneys for a couple of nights.

Shaw glances in the direction of the establishment located a few hundred yards away.

SHAW

Overpriced. A tad pretentious.

JARVIS

Oh? I understand the food is exquisite.

SHAW

If you don't mind child portions.

Jarvis appears a tad deflated.

JARVIS

So, how about nine o'clock? We can sweat the small stuff afterwards over a glass or two of twenty-five year old Talisker.  
(off of Shaw's look)  
My mess bill.

EXT. LOCH DUNVEGAN. COLBOST. THE THREE CHIMNEYS - NIGHT

A once traditional whitewashed crofters home - now a world-renowned restaurant and boutique hotel - overlooks the loch.

INT. THE THREE CHIMNEYS. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

An airy and contemporary lounge, with a Scandi-meets-Scotia feel to the decor: pale, sophisticated simplicity in shades of sea, sky and sand.

A wood-burning stove, books, chessboard and telescope, add to the cozy feel.

Attentive, smartly-dressed STAFF attend to the needs of GUESTS who loaf on sumptuous furniture.

Shaw and Jarvis, both casually attired, occupy an area away from prying ears and enjoy an after dinner drink.

JARVIS

Thank you, Jamie... for both your company over dinner and the tourist tips.

(an afterthought)

Oh! And the history lesson.

SHAW

I hope I didn't bore you too much. Scotland is a wet dream for a historian.

Shaw takes a sip of his whisky.

SHAW (CONT'D)

So, are you going to tell me what this cloak-and-dagger tryst is all about?

Jarvis looks about her.

JARVIS

Hardly cloak-and-dagger.

SHAW

Let's try again. You've not driven the best part of seven hundred miles to buy a relative stranger, dinner.

JARVIS

I've come to sound you out.

SHAW

Sound me out?

Jarvis contemplates her next words.

JARVIS

How does a one-off task appeal to you?

SHAW

I'm intrigued. I presume this is a salaried task?

JARVIS

So, that's not a no.

Jarvis SMILES, knowingly.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

I'd like you to meet my Uncle Joe.

EXT. NORTH LONDON - DAY

We drift over Hampstead Heath...

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH. HIGHGATE MEN'S BATHING POND - DAY

A wild swimming pond.

White's head breaks the surface. He swims breaststroke.

Shaw approaches the pond.

White raises a hand in acknowledgment.

SHAW  
 (to himself)  
 She's fucking serious...

LATER

They swim lengths in unison.

SHAW (CONT'D)  
 I can't believe I'm doing this --

WHITE  
 Security... wires and all that.  
 It's nothing personal but the  
 thought of spending my twilight  
 years as a guest of His Majesty...

Shaw looks perplexed.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
 Sarah told me you're ex-S-B-S.  
 Swimming au naturel should be  
 routine for an ex-tadpole...

SHAW  
 That seems like a lifetime ago, old  
 timer.

LATER

SHAW (CONT'D)  
 So, an Indian...  
 (mischievously)  
 ...that you didn't order, drops in  
 bearing gifts. I'm totally fucking  
 confused. Why --

WHITE  
 I'm telling you, Royal.

LATER

The swimmers have exited the pond and are drying themselves.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
 Hurry up. I've got something to  
 show you.

EXT. HIGHGATE (EASTERN) CEMETERY - DAY

The pair walk through the cemetery, stopping at the tomb of  
 Karl Marx.

SHAW  
 You've brought me here to show me  
 the tomb of a man whose political  
 ideology ensured he died a pauper?



White cautiously checks the coast is clear, then bends down and picks up a flower pot bearing a small Sinn Fein flag.

WHITE

(gesturing to flag)

Have you ever tried explaining to a shoot-to-kill ranting plastic-paddy from across the pond that the I-R-A are a Marxist organisation?

SHAW

I can't say I have. I once tried explaining to a Yank that if a shoot-to-kill policy had existed, the conflict would have all been over in two weeks.

White SCOFFS and looks at Shaw approvingly as he pulls the flag out of the soil and turns the plant pot upside down. He shakes the compacted earth loose.

WHITE

Never a truer word, son. You know, you're not so bad for a shakey.

*(Readers Note: Shakey Boats is the derogatory term given by members of the SAS to their special forces counterparts, the SBS.)*

As the plant and earth slips out of the urn, White grabs a cloth pouch concealed in the base of the pot.

He lobs the flag, pot and contents into nearby undergrowth.

CONTINUOUS

The men sit on a nearby cemetery bench.

WHITE (CONT'D)

Give me your hand.

White holds Shaw's hand and tips the contents of the pouch - the diamonds we saw in the wheelhouse - into the cupped hand.

SHAW

Fuck! You weren't bullshitting.

WHITE

I never bullshit, Royal. I'm guessing the poor kid thought he'd use them to kick start a new life here in the U-K.

Shaw inspects the rocks.

SHAW

Stolen?

WHITE

I don't know and I don't care. It's all water under the bridge now. But that boy falling out of the sky was a light-bulb moment for me. And that's where you come in.

SHAW

I do? Suddenly, I'm trusted?

White SCOFFS.

WHITE

You're wondering why I hid them with Karl. The Old Bill use plain clothes filth to patrol the ponds on the lookout for nonces and the like. I'm out on licence, son. The last thing I need is being spun and these found. How are you with boats by the way?

(off of Shaw's look)

Ah! Silly question.

EXT. LONDON. RIVER THAMES - DAY

A river bus travels along the river.

EXT. RIVER BUS - CONTINUOUS

The vessel travels west. Shaw and White sit away from the COMMUTERS.

White gestures to his left, towards the south bank.

WHITE

See all that over there... that shit-hole is where I was born and where I grew up.

SHAW

Does that make you a Cockney?

WHITE

If the wind was blowing south that day, yes. Anyway, it was a khazi back then and it's still a khazi, now. Being called up for national service was a God send... the best thing that ever happened to me. Give me a choice of fighting south London gang members or North Korea communists, the commies win hands down.

(MORE)

WHITE (CONT'D)

And that's why when my national service was up, I signed on as a regular. Best thing I ever did. Better than returning to that.

SHAW

I'll scrub south east London off --

WHITE

I'm ninety soon, son. My life is nearly over. But I want to take care of my grandson's future. I wasn't around much when his mum, my daughter, was growing up. But now I have the chance to change both their lives, as well as provide my niece, Sarah, with some cash to supplement her paltry R-N pension. The last thing I want is her having to sell her D-S-O at some date in the future in order to be able to turn on her fucking heating. Fucking cunty politicians. It's not right.

SHAW

The diamonds?

WHITE

I want to use those stones to finance the recovery of a kilo of uncut Namibian sea diamonds...

SHAW

Sea diamonds?

WHITE

Yes, Royal. And together, me and you can do this...

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. SALOON - DAY

The pair share a bottle of whisky.

WHITE

Back in the early nineties I was half way through my first spell inside. An eighteen stretch for a series of armed blaggings.

(off of Shaw's raised eyebrow)

Yes, I'm not proud. I made my living going across the pavement... until the filth caught up with me. That's another story.

(MORE)

WHITE (CONT'D)

Anyway, my cell mate back then, before cancer took him, was a Jock like you, a guy called Alex Baxter. A petrologist by profession. He was serving a life sentence for murder. He'd topped his missus during a domestic.

SHAW

What the fuck is a petrologist?

WHITE

It's like a geologist, but different. That's not important. What is though is back in the eighties he'd been working in Namibia for De Beers. Over the years he was able to covertly hoard a kilo or so of sea diamonds, hiding them for later collection. Unfortunately for him, he was never able to return to Das Sperrgebiet and retrieve the rocks before he was nicked.

SHAW

Das Sperrgebiet?

INT. AIR VENT CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

The listening device doesn't miss anything.

WHITE (V.O.)

German. It translates to exclusion or prohibited zone. They imposed it in 1908, after the first diamond was found.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The conversation continues...

SHAW

(realisation)

Of course, Namibia was a German colony.

WHITE

Every night after lights out we'd lie in our bunks, like two boys in a public school dormitory... plotting, giggling, spending the proceeds. But do you know what?

(MORE)

WHITE (CONT'D)

Despite having nothing but time on our hands, time to finalise our plan... we never did work out how to retrieve the rocks.

SHAW

You said it's an exclusion zone. Perhaps it's impossible.

WHITE

Baxter told me of one such attempt back in the 1950s. A De Beers geologist called John Kennedy. He'd stashed a cache of diamonds when working in Chamais Bay. Anyway, much later he hired an ex-fighter pilot, a guy called Peter Lorne, to help him recover them. They were able to glide their plane onto the deserted beach at night. Kennedy retrieved the rocks, but the aircraft crashed on takeoff. Both men were arrested and imprisoned.

(an after thought)

There's a photo of the crashed plane in Ian Fleming's book, The Diamond Smugglers. A good read by the way.

SHAW

So, what changes things?

WHITE

I'd all but written the diamonds off. An impossible dream. But the Indian kid... he gave me the idea.

SHAW

The dead waif from the slums of Mumbai?

WHITE

Freefall. We hit the Skeleton Coast, collect the diamonds and then get the fuck out of there. How's that for a set of orders?

SHAW

We, old timer?

(CHUCKLING)

You might have been up to such antics back in the day, but now... well, you're an eighty something old fella! How are you going to pull this off?

WHITE

I'm an old fella who once served in the S-A-S! And like all members of the S-A-S I was parachute --

SHAW

Static line. I've checked. You were mobility, not air troop. This crazy idea, well... this op would require a covert HALO night drop.

WHITE

And I've done my homework, too. You were one of the few special forces HALO jumpers qualified in M-T-M.

SHAW

What's that got to do with the price of tea in China?

INT. AIR VENT CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

The covert gadget continues to eaves-drop.

WHITE (V.O.)

My mere static line para training should suggest that when it comes to the time, I'm not going to bottle it. I won't freeze. I'll jump.

SHAW (V.O.)

Tandem HALO? With you? Are you for real?

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The whisky is taking a pounding.

WHITE (V.O.)

Very! It's doable. At night. From altitude, using oxygen. With a modern square 'chute and a military nav device, you can precision land us. On a tanner if necessary! As proved by your covert freefall with a spook prior to sabotaging the Argie sub, the San Juan.

SHAW

Who the fuck told you I... Sarah?

WHITE

No, not Sarah. She's loyal. Shtum. But I still have connections.

A long beat...

SHAW (V.O.)

And extraction? I'm guessing you've planned that, too.

WHITE

Of course... I'm a pro. Back to Ian Fleming.

Shaw looks perplexed.

WHITE (CONT'D)

Think Connery. Think Thunderball. Tried and tested. We've both used the system.

Shaw NODS, knowingly.

SHAW

You've thought this through, I'll give you that. We can probably get away with not needing oxygen but there's still a twin engine aircraft. Crew. Bribes. Fulton recovery equipment. Even if possible, it's not going to be cheap...

WHITE

(SHAKING pouch of diamonds)

These little babies, courtesy of the dead waif from Bombay, should more than cover the overheads.

SHAW

Look, it's a long way. It'll be dangerous. Are Baxter's diamonds even still there?

WHITE

It's a restricted area. Why shouldn't they be?

SHAW

Then just tell me where. I'll go and collect them for you.

White SCOFFS.

WHITE

You must think I was born --

SHAW

Okay, if you don't trust me, how do you know I won't just kill you after you've retrieved them?

WHITE

Insurance. It would be such a waste if your niece weren't able to climb higher than her current British ladies tennis ranking of one hundred and twenty two. Besides, we're brothers in arms... we have a common bond...

(off of Shaw's quizzical look)

... we're part of the S-F fraternity... that's not how we do things.

SHAW

True.

(SCOFFS)

You push a hard deal, old timer.

WHITE

So, it's decided... we're a team.

White fills Shaw's glass.

SHAW

I've never been to south west Africa, let alone Das Sperrgebiet. Tell me more...

EXT. NAMIBIA. SOUTHWEST COAST - DAY

A strip of sand straddled between the crashing surf of the Atlantic Ocean and three hundred foot high sand dunes.

WHITE (V.O.)

It includes two hundred miles of pristine beach running along the coast from Oranjemund to fifty or so miles north of Lüderitz. Probably the most unspoilt stretch of land on the planet.

A blanket of dense ocean fog, the *Cassimbo*, cloaks the sea and sands.

WHITE (V.O.)

To the outsider, barren... hostile. Certainly remote. For non-employees of De Beers who now share the region with the government, it's a no go. Totally off-limits. Get caught in the exclusion zone... well, an African prison cell awaits you.



As the fog lifts, we see the wreck of a large corroded merchant ship at the base of a towering dune -- and beyond, a work party of AFRICAN MEN.

WHITE (V.O.)

Almost exclusively, De Beers rely on men from the Ovambo tribe to harvest the diamonds.

With military-like precision the men advance along the beach, crawling on their hands and knees, sifting the sand grains.

Occasionally, a tiny rock is picked-up, examined and either discarded or dropped into a receptacle.

EXT. NAMIBIA. ORANJEMUND. DE BEERS COMPLEX - DAY

Through a security fence we see a De Beers helicopter land on a helipad. Beyond the landing site, the diamond groups support complex.

They stay in a high-security, prison like barracks provided by the company.

INT. DE BEERS. SECURITY DEPARTMENT - DAY

As a colleague is x-rayed, tribesman wait in line for their turn to be scanned and probed.

WHITE (V.O.)

When their six month tour is up and before being allowed to leave the complex, the tribesman are subjected to a full body search as well as an x-ray inspection. Understandable... ten percent of Namibia's economy, about two point five billion dollars, comes from the governments share of the money collected from selling the sea diamonds to cutters and polishers from London, Antwerp and Tel Aviv.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. SALOON - NIGHT

The level of whisky in the bottle is below the label.

SHAW

These sea diamonds... what makes them so special?

White CHUCKLES.

WHITE

Well, they've taken a ninety million year waterborne journey... a peaceful jaunt, starting from an inland riverbank in South Africa, before eventually being washed ashore in Namibia.

SHAW

Peaceful?

WHITE

Yes. Let me explain... as far as geologists can determine, beginning sometime during the Jurassic Age, the diamonds that wash up in Namibia were pushed to the surface by Kimberlite Pipes about eight hundred kilometres to the east, along what's now the Orange River... the river that forms the border between South Africa and Namibia. The largest, heaviest diamonds were gradually pulled down the river by currents and then eventually, dragged out to sea and into Namibian coastal waters. Sea currents over tens of millions of years gradually polish these rough stones to a state of unusual quality and brilliance... and as day follows night, the tides slowly but surely push the rocks back to land. End result, the diamonds that are washed ashore are particularly prized because on average they are larger and higher quality than those dug out of the ground. Here's a fact for you, Namibian diamonds have the highest average value per carat in the world... at least triple the price of high-quality stones mined in Botswana.

INT. AIR VENT CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

The bug is working overtime.

SHAW (V.O.)

I didn't know that.

WHITE (V.O.)

I doubt many people do. You know, there's no more a tranquil, low-tech, nor more valuable mining going on anywhere in the world.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Shaw takes a sip of whisky.

WHITE

Get me there, Royal, then get me home again. In return I'll offer you a share of the rocks.

(off of Shaw's look)

I'm nearly ninety, Jamie... I want one more adventure before I meet my maker.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Aloft, we drift west, over wealth and opulent properties.

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE. HERBERT CRESCENT - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up outside number eight.

Jarvis wears a Burberry raincoat over a business suit. She exits the cab and approaches the building.

INT. THE SPECIAL FORCES CLUB. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Shaw and Jarvis nurse large whiskies at a table away from the bar and prying ears.

SHAW

How kosher do you think his information is?

JARVIS

He's adamant its fact and for what it's worth, I believe him. But can it be done?

SHAW

Anything is possible for a price. But this... Christ knows the trouble we could land ourselves in. Aviation offences alone... we'd be making Harrison Ford look like an amateur. Then there's the trespassing and the theft itself. The thought of one day in Windhoek Central Prison scares the bejesus out of me, let alone a decade or more.

JARVIS

So, that's a no then?

SHAW

I didn't say that, Admiral.

The ice is broken. Jarvis SMILES. MISCHIEVOUS GLANCES are exchanged. The couple know this professional relationship is going to lead to more.

EXT. AN HOTEL - DAY

A central London hotel.

INT. HOTEL. SAUNA - DAY

Four sweating FLYING SQUAD DETECTIVES sit on wooden slat benches. Towels are draped around their waists.

Their leader, Detective Inspector ANDY HEADON, has the conch.

HEADON

Well, the bad news is the lump hasn't picked up a whiff of suggestion as to whereabouts of any of the Putney Securicor blag cash is --

Collective GROANS.

DETECTIVE #2

There goes the school fees...

DETECTIVE #3

There goes my extension.

DETECTIVE #4

So much for the snout suggesting there'd be a divvy up within weeks of White's release.

HEADON

But... the device has unearthed treasure of another kind. We've gained invaluable intelligence that puts the recovery of £300,000 cash into prospective...

The DI's three colleagues listen in anticipation.

HEADON (CONT'D)

It looks like we might have stumbled upon a novel way of getting the gear concealed in Almere into the country without the risk of discovery from our colleagues in Border Force...

(MORE)

HEADON (CONT'D)  
 (making eye contact with  
 his colleagues one by  
 one)  
 ...and at thirty K a kilo, that's a  
 bonus of just under one-point-nine  
 million quid... each.

General DELIGHT and approval.

DETECTIVE #2  
 You mean, the full consignment?

HEADON  
 All two hundred and fifty keys in  
 one move.

DETECTIVE #4  
 This side of Christmas, guv?

HEADON  
 Hopefully. It's going to take a bit  
 of persuasion... which I'm working  
 on, and --

DETECTIVE #2  
 And?

HEADON  
 There's every chance of a bonus  
 payout.

DETECTIVE #3  
 Bonus? What sort of bonus, boss?

HEADON  
 A kilo of uncut African diamonds...

Intakes of BREATH.

DETECTIVE #3  
 Someone explain the economics of  
 diamonds to me...

HEADON  
 Your average carat is about six-  
 point-five millimetres in size and  
 weights just zero-point-two grams --

DETECTIVE #4  
 That's two hundred milligrams --  
 the weight of a paper clip.

HEADON  
 Depending on the four Cs, carat,  
 colour, cut and clarity, the  
 average carat is worth between  
 £2,045 and £3,065.

DETECTIVE #3

So, let me get my head around this,  
if --

DETECTIVE #2

If five carats equal a gram, then  
there are five thousand carats to a  
kilo...

DETECTIVE #3

We're... we're talking about ten to  
fifteen million pounds worth of  
rocks. For something no bigger than  
a bag of sugar.

HEADON

What with the coke and now  
diamonds, I'd suggest this could be  
quite a fruitful Christmas.

The detectives let the revelation sink in a beat.

DETECTIVE #4

His info may have been dodgy, but  
I'm of the opinion the snout  
deserves a Christmas drink.

DETECTIVE #2

Let's not go overboard. The lump  
has done all the work.

EXT. ISLE OF SKYE. PORTREE - DAY

The bustling island capital. Despite the time of year,  
tourists are still drawn.

INT. PORTREE. A GENERAL STORE - DAY

Shaw is browsing the wild bird food.

A woman, LIZZY HUNT, 30s, nears him. She picks up a bag of  
seed.

HUNT

Jesus, this stuff is expensive.  
Though I guess a cache of Namibian  
diamonds will cover the cost.

A discombobulated Shaw spins around and stares at Hunt.

EXT. PORTREE. A CAFE - DAY

Major Tom is tethered outside.

INT. PORTREE. A CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Shaw and Hunt occupy a table away from prying ears. A male MINDER, 40s, sits nonchalantly nearer to the couple. He supposedly reads a newspaper while having a coffee. His presence hasn't escaped Shaw's attention.

INSERT - MINDER

A holstered firearm is just about visible.

BACK TO SCENE

HUNT

It's quite simple Major Shaw. The people I represent wish you to undertake a small task.

SHAW

(snarling)

What do you mean, a small task?

HUNT

A chore for which a man of your experience and talent should prove to be child's play. In return for successfully completing that mission, those I represent will turn a blind eye to your future exploits in Namibia. In addition, no harm will come to your niece. Likewise, Admiral Jarvis or her uncle, Joseph White. But more importantly, the world will not be made aware of His Majesty's Government's participation in the sinking of the Argentine submarine, the San Juan and the loss of its crew of forty four. Nor will the identities of two of the U-K's decorated heroes - you and the good admiral - be divulged.

Hunt stands -- as does the minder.

HUNT (CONT'D)

We'll be in contact with further instructions, Mr Shaw.

The couple make towards the door.

EXT. LONDON. SOUTHBANK - DAY

Queues for the London Eye are sparse.

INT. LONDON EYE POD - DAY

Shaw, Jarvis and White share a pod to themselves.

SHAW

I'm pretty sure I'm a good judge of character --

JARVIS

And what's that supposed to infer?

SHAW

That neither of you two have spilt the --

WHITE

Grass? I'll have you know had I been prepared to turn Q-E or made a deal with the filth, I wouldn't have served the best part of --

SHAW

As I was saying... in which case your boat is wired up.

JARVIS

Had she not mentioned the diamonds it could have been explained by a way of a leak from within the establishment, but the fact that they know about --

WHITE

My boat? The sly fuckers. I'll have them bug my home. I'll rip it apart when I get back --

SHAW

You'll do no such thing.

JARVIS

Why not? We don't want --

SHAW

We don't want them sussing out we know how they obtained the information and besides, at a future date we might want to turn the situation around.

JARVIS

Meaning?

SHAW

Feed them duff info.  
(to White)  
(MORE)



SHAW (CONT'D)

And if such a bug is active, you might want to bear that in mind old timer. You don't want this outfit knowing what you get up to with the young floozies you pick up on your runs ashore.

WHITE

In my dreams.

EXT. SHEPPERTON MARINA - DAY

Day-to-day movements take place.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. GALLEY - DAY

White is making coffee.

INT. MV COCKNEY REBEL. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Shaw is scouring the room - searching for the listening device.

He notes the air vent grill, stops and stares at it. He reaches for a torch.

Shaw lays down beside the grill and switches on the torch. He aims it into the air vent.

INSERT - GRILL

Through the grill and in the beam from the torch, the covert bug is visible.

BACK TO SCENE

White enters the saloon with mugs of coffee.

Shaw looks at him and makes a shh gesture - finger on lip.

White SMILES as Shaw gets up.

SHAW

So, we need to discuss where we're going to conceal the rocks when we get back from Africa. Ideas?

White looks in the direction of the grill.

WHITE

There's a hidey hole behind the loose panel above the bookshelf.

SHAW

Let me...

Shaw explores the area. Sure enough, panels come away.

SHAW (CONT'D)  
So there is. Well, that's where  
we'll deposit --

WHITE  
You couldn't take my word for it,  
Royal... you had to check.

SHAW  
I just wanted to --

WHITE  
(an afterthought)  
I'll tell you what you just wanted,  
you just wanted to buy an old man a  
pint or two. So, how about it, son?

EXT. SHEPPERTON MARINA - DAY

Shaw and White walk along a pontoon towards the car park.  
White grabs Shaw arm and lets out a GROAN. He collapses into  
Shaw's arms.

EXT. SURREY. SUNBURY-UPON-THAMES. CHURCHYARD - DAY

A freshly dug grave contains a coffin.

INSERT - COFFIN BRASS PLAQUE

Joseph White 1933 - 2025

Below White's details is engraved the emblem of the SAS.

BACK TO SCENE

Wreaths and sprays lay near a mound of earth.

Shaw and Jarvis are the only mourners present.

JARVIS  
I knew he wasn't well but didn't  
expect --

SHAW  
It explains his early release from  
prison.

JARVIS  
I'm glad his last months were  
filled with purpose. The  
anticipation of collecting the  
diamonds. He had something to live  
for.

SHAW

Damn shame it's over. He'd won me over into partaking in his ridiculous, hairbrained scheme --

JARVIS

Over?

SHAW

(SCOFFS)

Any idea how many shipwrecks litter the Skeleton Coast, Sarah?

JARVIS

Dozens.

(smiling)

So, it's just as well he trusted me with these...

(holding the pouch of diamonds)

...and written details as to the concealment of the sea diamond cache.

Shaw is flummoxed.

SHAW

He trusted you with --

JARVIS

Do whatever it is you have to do for these blackmailing bastards, then let's get away from here and plan our next step.

SHAW

Namibia? You're up for it?

JARVIS

Try stopping me.

EXT. THE NETHERLANDS. ALMERE. A RURAL AIRFIELD - NIGHT

A single engine aircraft takes off into the night sky.

HUNT (V.O.)

You'll be given the exact location and details of the property you're headed for when airborne. Suffice to say, it's a beach hut on Mundeford Spit.

EXT. THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. A FERRY. UPPER DECK - NIGHT

The DRONE of an aircraft. A SMOKER looks skyward.

INT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

TURBULENCE and the THRUM of an engine.

The PILOT occupies the left seat. Illuminated dials face him.

HUNT (V.O.)

The key to the chalet is taped  
beneath the second step. The  
merchandise is to be cached within  
a depository concealed beneath the  
hut.

On the floor of the stripped-out fuselage sits Shaw, dressed  
in black. Attached to his harness by webbing, is a spherical  
stabilised equipment container.

HUNT (V.O.)

Any attempt to foil the operation,  
be that the actual import, its  
storage or the pick-up will result  
in repercussions.

The pilot shouts over his shoulder.

PILOT

Five minutes!

EXT. ABOVE THE DORSET COAST - NIGHT

Far below, the coastline. Recognisable features on the Dorset  
seaboard include a sandy peninsula; Mudeford Spit - the  
eastern perimeter of Christchurch Harbour.

The sandbank is dotted with three hundred plus costly beach  
shacks.

EXT. DORSET. MUDEFORD SPIT - CONTINUOUS

It's a still, crisp, morning -- too late in the year for the  
enclave to be legitimately inhabited.

Near the communities closed harbour-side restaurant and  
stores are assorted information and regulatory signs.

INSERT - SETTLEMENT SIGN

"Owners are reminded that no overnight stay is permitted  
between 1st November and 31st March"

INT. BEACH HUT - CONTINUOUS

Curtains are drawn. In the small confine, Shaw's pale grey  
coloured parachute canopy is draped over a rafter - drying.

Shaw wears latex gloves and sits on the edge of a bed gazing into a bunker built into the sand and under the shack. A cache of cocaine now occupies the hide.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Shaw reaches for the excavated hides trapdoor.
- B) He fits it into place.
- C) He scoops sand over the door.
- D) A segment of the shacks floor is replaced.
- E) A rug is laid.
- F) An item of furniture sits atop the rug.

EXT. NORTH LONDON. EUSTON RAILWAY STATION - NIGHT

We look down towards the confusion and congested streets that surround the rail station.

SHAW (V.O.)  
The deed is done. Pack a bag. We're leaving town.

JARVIS (V.O.)  
Are we in danger?

SHAW (V.O.)  
Let's not hang around to find out.

INT. CALEDONIAN SLEEPER. CABIN - NIGHT

A luxurious berth.

Shaw, whisky to hand, lies on the double bed. He watches Jarvis undress.

Jarvis reaches for her own drink.

JARVIS  
Who'd have thought. Pushing sixty and I'm finally a fugitive...

SHAW  
If they're pros, they'll want to dispose of the guy who can link them to the crime. We'll stand more chance of surviving if they try on my turf. If nothing else, they'll be conspicuous on Skye.

EXT. DUIRINISH PENINSULA. COLBOST. SHAW'S HOME - DAY

All appears serene.

INT. SHAW'S HOME. BEDROOM - DAY

Jarvis is sprawled across the bed, beneath the duvet. She sleeps soundly.

INT. SHAW'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Shaw climbs a ladder and reaches towards an apparent wasp nest set behind a joist in the eaves of the roof.

He unscrews the nests top and removes a handgun and various documents -- passports, driving licences and the like. He returns the documentation and screws the lid back on.

INT/EXT. SHAW'S HOME. KITCHEN/GARDEN - DAY

A sleepy looking Jarvis, wearing Shaw's dressing gown, enters. Her nose draws her towards a full cafetière rested on a work-top

She pours herself a coffee and wanders over to a window. Outside, his back to her, Shaw stands near the bird feeders. Birds flutter towards him, then fly off.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Shaw stands with his arm outstretched, upturned palm open. Garden birds momentarily land, take a nut and flit away.

A bare foot Jarvis, coffee in hand, emerges from the front door and approaches Shaw. He cursorily glances in her direction.

SHAW

Sleep okay, Admiral?

JARVIS

(kissing Shaw's neck)  
Like a baby... eventually. Thank you, Jamie.

Jarvis takes in the surrounds.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

It's so beautiful here. You must never want to leave.

She watches the birds eat from Shaw's hand.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

They trust you. Show me.

Shaw takes the mug and raises Jarvis' arm, presenting her palm face up. He transfers the nuts to Jarvis' hand, before moving close behind her.

SHAW

(whispering while holding  
Jarvis' arm out)

Don't shake... control your  
breathing. Gain their confidence.

A Chaffinch lands on Jarvis' hand, picks a nut and pauses a few moments, before flying off. A tit is next...

A tear rolls down Hunt's cheek.

SHAW (CONT'D)

We move a week, Friday.

EXT. AFRICAN SKY - NIGHT

A moonless, star-studded sky.

A turboprop aircraft flies at altitude on black light.

INT. AIRCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

GREEN TACTICAL LIGHTING saturates the fuselage.

A black attired Jarvis stands in front of Shaw, coupled to his harness.

A Bergen, attached to the rear of Shaw's harness, rests behind his thighs.

A RED warning light FLASHES on a panel.

The LM hits a control. The rear ramp lowers. A howling WIND engulfs the aircraft.

Three miles below, ocean surf can be seen breaking into dark mass; the Namibian desert.

A GREEN light FLASHES.

The loadmaster points towards the abyss.

Shaw and Jarvis, as one, tumble into the night sky.

EXT. SKY OVER NANIBIA - NIGHT

A pollution free African sky containing an abundance of stars!

The freefallers gains stability, allowing them to plummet in a safe mode.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Shaw deploys a small drogue parachute.
- B) The operators fall at 120 mph -- terminal velocity
- C) Far below, an occasional light can be seen out at sea.
- D) Shaw periodically checks his altimeter.
- E) He gives Jarvis a reassuring thumbs up and receives one in return.
- F) Shaw deploys their parachute.
- G) The CRACK as over 200 square feet of silk opens.
- H) The pair are suspended under a pale grey square parachute. Below them, attached by a length of cord, hangs the Bergen.

Shaw taps Jarvis' helmet. She opens a chest mounted navigation board. Its screen depicts a moving satellite image on which both a compass, a marked location, waypoints and a mass of technical data are displayed.

Shaw glances over Jarvis' shoulder at the nav computer. He manoeuvres the parachute via toggles attached to risers.

CONTINUOUS

The parachutists lands on a strip of sand hemmed between the ocean and the dunes.

Shaw uncouples them.

As Shaw retrieves the Bergen, Jarvis looks up at a rusting hulk a few metres from them. She's momentarily dumbstruck.

JARVIS  
 (to herself)  
 I made it, Uncle Joe... and it's  
 just as Alex described!

Shaw rejoins her.

SHAW  
 We daren't risk showing a light.  
 We'll wait until morning. You grab  
 some sleep.



EXT. NAMIBIA. SOUTHWEST COAST - DAY

Through the morning Cassimbo we can make out the silhouette of a rusted merchant ship.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) The surf crashes onto the beach.
- B) Seals bask.
- C) Sun-bleached animal bones litter the sand.
- D) A second, smaller rusting wreck, is grounded offshore.
- E) A lone jackal trots along the shore.
- F) Sand is whipped into the air by the offshore wind.

INT. SHIPWRECK. ACCOMMODATION STRUCTURE. A CABIN - DAWN

An upper deck cabin -- below the ship's bridge.

Shaw sits on the floor, eating from a ration pack whilst staring out of a porthole. Within reach lays an automatic pistol fitted with a silencer.

Nearby, Jarvis sleeps in a mesh hammock strung between two bulkheads.

LATER

Dawn.

Shaw takes a swig from a bottle of water. As he replaces the screw-top his attention is drawn to...

EXT. SEASHORE - CONTINUOUS

...through the lifting fog, a scraggy desert lion, approaches the sea. Seals scurry into the surf.

The lion takes a few licks of the saltwater then pulls back and looks about.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Shaw smiles. He turns to Jarvis, excited, as if to say something. Jarvis sleeps on. Shaw smiles again -- and continues his lookout.

LATER

Jarvis eats.

Shaw reaches for a screwdriver and a tin of WD40.

Jarvis makes to stand.

SHAW

There's no rush. Finish eating. We  
have all day to kill.

INT. SHIPWRECK. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Though like the rest of the ship, a mass of rust, much of the  
machinery is distinguishable for what it once was.

Jarvis leads the way, stopping by what once was a boiler.

She turns to her left and looks towards a rusted air grill,  
then counts along to a fourth guarded aperture.

JARVIS

Fourth grill along.  
(proffering tools)  
Do you want to do the honours?

Shaw takes the items and makes his way to the grill. He  
sprays the holding screws with WD40.

SHAW

By the look of things, I think a  
hammer and chisel might have been  
useful. Let's give it a few  
minutes.  
(changing subject)  
I wonder how Joe would have spent  
his loot.

Jarvis is thoughtful for a few moments.

JARVIS

He has a grandson, David, my  
nephew.

SHAW

I recall him mentioning him.

JARVIS

He lost both his legs in  
Afghanistan.

SHAW

I'm so sorry... I had no idea.

JARVIS

Why should you?  
(off of Shaw's expression)  
Just as with his wife, Joe wasn't  
around when his daughter, my  
cousin, needed him most.  
(MORE)

JARVIS (CONT'D)

(composing herself)

After being turfed out of Headley Court David was issued with a pair of prosthetic legs and a cheque for £140,000.

SHAW

And that's supposed to --

JARVIS

Set him up for life? Yes. The legs they issued him rubbed his stumps raw. Bled every day. My cousin, Sally, searched the internet looking for help. She finally found a surgeon in Australia who had devised a new method of attaching prosthetic legs to stumps but it necessitated a trip to Australia for surgery... and it wasn't cheap. Sally begged the M-O-D for help. Fuck all! They'd done all that was required of them. She went to his regiment. The same. Nothing. Zilch. Nada. He couldn't go on living in the pain he was suffering so he went ahead and flew to Oz for the op. A total success under the circumstances but wiped out his bank balance. So, to answer your question, that's how he'd have spent a large chunk of his loot. I'll honour his wish. His family will be financially secure...

A double beat.

SHAW

Well, let's see if we can make that wish come true.

As Jarvis looks on, Shaw unsuccessfully attempts to unscrew the fasteners.

He then tries to lever the grill away from the bulkhead. Eventually, the grill gives and Shaw is able to force it off.

JARVIS

Put your hand in and around to the right.

Shaw does as instructed.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Anything?

Shaw extracts his hand. He's grasping a small backpack and breaks into a grin as he passes it to Jarvis.

JARVIS (CONT'D)  
I don't believe it!

Jarvis unbuckles the backpack. She pulls out a cloth sac and opens the pouch. She breaks into a grin, looks at Shaw and nods. Shaw smiles.

JARVIS (CONT'D)  
(looking skywards)  
Thank you, Alex. Thank you, Uncle Joe.  
(to Shaw)  
And thank you Jamie. But for you...

Shaw rests a hand on Jarvis' shoulder.

SHAW  
Who'd have guessed... a pair of old farts --

JARVIS  
Veterans if you don't mind.

SHAW  
Veterans, old farts, whatever... could pull this off.

They LAUGH out loud.

SHAW (CONT'D)  
Let's go and arrange our transport out of here.

INT. CABIN - DAY

As the operators stow their kit, we hear the WHOOP! WHOOP! Of a helicopter. The pair exchange concerned looks.

Shaw reaches for his firearm as Jarvis cautiously looks out of a porthole.

EXT. NAMIBIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

A twin engine, white painted helicopter bearing the Namibian flag, flies over the shipwreck, towards the desert.

JARVIS  
Panic over. Joe alerted me as to their presence. It's a De Beers helicopter. They make daily flights from Oranjemund to their fleet out at sea.

SHAW  
De Beers have a fleet of ships? What is it, crew changeover?

JARVIS

No. The choppers collect the diamonds that the ships have hoovered up out from the seabed and fly them back to De Beers on the mainland.

Shaw's facial expression changes from one of nosey neighbour to that of a poker player. That venture can wait for another day.

EXT. SHIPWRECK. UPPER DECK - DUSK

Shaw unfolds a satellite dish.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Shaw sits with his back against a bulkhead, a laptop on his legs. He taps on the keyboards.

EXT. SHORE - NIGHT

Shaw and Jarvis wear harnesses. Attached to Shaw's, a length of cord, which in turn is clipped to his Bergen.

Shaw prepares a Surface-To-Air Recovery System (STARS).

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Shaw clips a cable attached to a large deflated balloon, to his harness.
- B) He inflates the balloon from a helium canister.
- C) The distant sound of approaching ENGINES.
- D) He clips his harness to Jarvis'.
- E) The inflated bomb-shaped balloon is released. It rises into the night sky, pulling behind it the cable.

SHAW

Ready, Admiral?

JARVIS

This had better work, Royal...

EXT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

The cargo aircraft is on its reciprocal - though much, much lower - route. Attached to its nose, a pair of horns... of sorts.

INT. AIRCRAFT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The PILOTS wear Night Vision Goggles (NVGs) and survey the night sky.

PILOTS NVG - POV

The helium balloon FLASHES -- revealing its presence.

Below that, a second INDICATOR, also visible through NVGs.

The trim of the aircraft is adjusted to snare the guide -- a mere one hundred and thirty metres above the desert.

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Shaw and Jarvis brace themselves for the... JOLT!

The operators are yanked into the air, Bergen trailing.

EXT. NAMIBIAN NIGHT SKY - CONTINUOUS

Shaw and Jarvis dangle from the cable. A distance above them we can see the aircraft.

Its ramp is down. The loadmaster peers over the edge.

INT. AIRCRAFT HOLD - CONTINUOUS

The LM lies flat on his belly, overseeing the winching-in of the operators spinning below him.

A second LOADMASTER operates winch controls.

Slowly, Shaw, Jarvis and the Bergen are pulled towards the aircraft... closing with every rotation of their bodies.

CONTINUOUS

Thirty metres behind the aircraft, the duo streamline.

The winching continues... until with the aid of the loadmaster both smugglers are pulled over the lip of the ramp... and into safety.

The second LM slams a control. The ramp door closes.

The quartet reach for seats and buckle in as the aircraft...

EXT. NAMIBIAN NIGHT SKY - CONTINUOUS

...dives towards the deck and continues its exodus on a terrain hugging flight.

INT. AIRCRAFT HOLD - DAWN

International airspace. The aircraft cruises at altitude.

Jarvis reaches into the Bergen and pulls out the smaller backpack retrieved from the vent in the shipwreck.

She delves into the inner sac and salvages a chunky, glass looking stone.

She holds it up, just as the first rays of light are shining through a fuselage window. The rock reflects a rainbow of colour.

The smugglers GRIN in unison.

Jarvis drops the stone back into a mass of uncut sea diamonds.

EXT. SHEPPERTON MARINA - NIGHT

A fox scurries across the marina car park. It stops - ears fidgeting in the night air.

INT. COCKNEY REBEL. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

We hear the door of the wheelhouse being picked - then pushed open.

A torch beam scans about the saloon, before settling on the concealed hide.

Detective #2, dressed in dark clothing, nears the panel. He feels around the partition and attempts to lever it when...

PHUT! The detective falls to the ground, SCREAMING. Shaw stands over him. He holds a handgun fitted with a suppressor. He reaches for a cloth, scrunches it into a ball and stuffs it in the detectives mouth.

Shaw rummages through the bent cops pockets.

Amongst items found is...

INSERT - METROPOLITAN POLICE WARRANT CARD

The photo shown is that of Detective #2.

BACK TO SCENE

SHAW

Well, Detective Sergeant Grant, the good news is I've inflicted enough damage to your left kneecap that you now qualify for a police disability pension.

(MORE)

SHAW (CONT'D)

However, if you want to live to draw that pension, you're going to have to answer a number of questions...

EXT. SCOTLAND. GLEN COE - DAY

Snow covers the mountain peaks.

The Shogun navigates the windy road.

EXT. SCOTLAND. LOCH MOIRDART - DAY

The Caledonian Mist enters the loch.

EXT. BENEATH LOCH MOIRDART - DAY

A suitably attired and equipped Shaw approaches the wreck of the narco-sub. He unscrews the hatch and enters the coffin...

INT. NARCO-SUB - CONTINUOUS

Shaw is surrounded by floating bales of cocaine hydrochloride and three dead CORPSES.

EXT. LOCH MOIDART - DAY

The Caledonian Mist heads towards the open sea.

EXT. CALEDONIAN MIST - DAY

Jarvis is at the helm.

EXT. SHAW'S HOME - NIGHT

A cloudless night sky.

INT. SHAW'S HOME. GARAGE - NIGHT

As Jarvis looks on, a latex glove wearing Shaw pulls back a tarpaulin, revealing twenty five bales - each weighing twenty kilos - sealed in waterproof membrane. With a knife, Shaw splits one of the skins and pulls apart the plastic. Inside are individual kilo size wrapped bricks. Each has a motif embossed on it.

Shaw picks up one of the slabs and studies the symbol...

INSERT - KILO BRICK



The motif depicts a breaching dolphin.

BACK TO SCENE

Shaw drops the lump back onto the pile and reaches for the tarpaulin cover.

EXT. SURREY. WOKING. FRASER RACING - DAY

The business premises of the Formula One motor racing team.

SHAW (V.O.)

Sir Malcolm, back when we met in Monaco you said, "And should I ever be able to return the favour."

FRASER (V.O.)

And I meant it.

SHAW (V.O.)

I understand the Gina Marie is due to visit the western isles on a Northern Lights experience...

FRASER (V.O.)

A thank you to my staff for their effort in winning both the F-1 drivers and constructors championship, yes.

SHAW (V.O.)

I was wondering if I could hitch a lift back. I'll have half a metric tonne of supplies with me --

FRASER

I needn't hear anymore. Consider your berth assigned, Jamie.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

The sun reflects off numerous buildings that make up the London skyline.

EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

An armed uniformed POLICE OFFICER ambles past the revolving NSY sign.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Shaw sits across a table from two DETECTIVES.

SHAW

Five hundred kilos of uncut cocaine hydrochloride has a wholesale value of about fifteen million pounds. God knows the street value...

uncut, a conservative figure of say, fifty million quid. So, five grand per kilo sounds fair to me.

(off their looks)

After all, as long ago as the eighties H-M-C-E were paying a two thousand pound reward per key --

DETECTIVE #5

Mr. Kelly... it's not for you to dictate the value of an informant reward --

SHAW

I prefer the noun, finder... as in, finders fee.

DETECTIVE #6

Finders fee... informants reward... call it what you will. I don't give a damn! However, you have heard of the offence of obstructing police in the course of their duty?

Shaw SCOFFS.

SHAW

Do you know how ridiculous that threat sounds? I've come to you suggesting I might know the whereabouts of half a ton of class A drugs.

(off of their looks)

Now, if you want the kudos such a windfall will undoubtedly afford you, get your arse into gear and have your chain of command sign off my two-point-five million settlement on the condition five hundred keys of coke are recovered.

(smugly)

Then, who knows? That might know could become a does know.

The detectives exchange eye contact. They know they're cornered.

EXT. DORSET. MUDEFORD SPIT - DAWN

Armed POLICE storm the beach hut lately visited by Shaw.

INT. MUDEFORD SPIT. BEACH HUT - CONTINUOUS

A handful of OFFICERS occupy the chalet. They look down into the hide built beneath the hut. A dead body (Detective #2) and multi kilos bricks occupy the bunker.

EXT. BOSHAM. JARVIS' HOME. BATHROOM - DAY

Jarvis, back against the tiles, stands under the stream of hot water. Shaw kneels, his head buried between her thighs.

A radio plays LBC in the background.

NICK FERRARI (V.O.)

The time is 9 A-M, and now over to Jenny in the news room...

JENNY (V.O.)

Thank you, Nick. Police are investigating the discovery of a body believed to be that of a serving Metropolitan Police Flying Squad detective, found dead within a hide concealed beneath a holiday chalet on the exclusive Mundeford Spit, Dorset. The dead man was found together with a hidden cache of five hundred kilos of cocaine with an estimated street value in excess of fifty million pounds.

Jarvis' groans accompany the valuation.

JENNY (V.O.)

A Scotland Yard spokesman said more arrests are expected to follow.

EXT. SOUTH AMERICA. COLOMBIA. MEDELLÍN - DAY

The distinctive Medellín skyline.

INT. MEDELLÍN. DRUG LORD'S HOME - DAY

A cocaine cartel INNER CIRCLE surround a television.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

The pictures depicts POLICE PERSONNEL displaying a seizure of cocaine found hidden in the beach hut on Mundeford Spit. The breaching dolphin motif is clearly visible on kilo bricks.

BACK TO SCENE

CARTEL MEMBER

(in Spanish)

So, our consignment wasn't lost. It was seized by corrupt police officers, for their own financial gain.

MUTTERS from those gathered.

CARTEL MEMBER (CONT'D)

This is a declaration of war.

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN SKY - DAY

From altitude, we look down through wispy cloud towards a limestone archipelago surrounded by the azure coloured Mediterranean Sea -- The Maltese Islands.

EXT. MALTA. LUQA AIRPORT - DAY

Shaw carrying an overnight bag, exit the arrivals terminal. He walks towards a taxi rank.

EXT. MALTA. SENGLEA - DAY

A bustling town where properties as old as the Crusades stand side-by-side with modern structures; fronting the natural harbour and its ever coming-and-going fleet of modern yachts.

EXT. SENGLEA. A BACK STREET TOWN HOUSE. ROOF TERRACE - DAY

Shaw, sunglasses resting on his head, stands atop a three storey Moroccan architecture property. Its sand coloured roof terrace walls are bleached from hundreds of years of Mediterranean sun.

Ignoring the sweat dripping from his hairline, Shaw scans the surrounds and gazes across the bay towards the islands capital, Valletta, then looks down into the properties secluded courtyard with its seductive swimming pool and its blue glazed pots and planters containing an abundance of verdant flora.

NICOLE, late 20s, an estate agent, loiters nearby.

NICOLE

(accented English)

And planning permission had been granted for a rooftop pool...

Shaw NODS.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

...however, if this isn't suitable, Mr. Shaw, we have two more viewings arranged for after lunch. Both have larger courtyards... and bigger swimming pools.

Shaw locks eyes with Nicole.

SHAW

(serenely)

It's Jamie, Nicole... and there's no need to view other properties.

(lowering sunglasses)

This is just perfect. I'll buy it.

Shaw and Nicole exchange smiles.

EXT. MALTA. LUQA AIRPORT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL. LOUNGE - DAY

Shaw pours himself a glass of wine.

CONTINUOUS

Tranquillity. The sun shines. The waters of the loch are calm.

SHAW

It's done. Contracts signed.

JARVIS (V.O.)

That's fantastic, darling!

SHAW

How's the safari going?

JARVIS (V.O.)

It's just amazing. You'd love it. Next time, you're coming. But both the rhinos and elephants are still falling prey to unscrupulous poachers. Perhaps when I get back we could talk about making a donation towards their anti-poaching scheme. Say --

SHAW

Consider it done. There's still four and a half thousand keys of merchandise waiting to be traded for a reward...

EXT. LOCH MOIRDART - DUSK

A tranquil setting. The sun is soon to dip below the horizon.

EXT./INT. CALEDONIAN MIST. COCKPIT/SALOON.

Shaw stands in the cockpit, drying himself. In the saloon we see a stockpile of the narco-sub's cargo.

Jarvis exits the saloon. She hands Shaw a mug of hot coffee.

SHAW

Thanks. High tides at eleven tomorrow morning. We'll be home by evening.

JARVIS

Sounds good. Time for a morning swim.

EXT. LOCH MOIRDART - DAY

A beautiful morning. Conditions are perfect for Jarvis.

She swims towards the scattering of islands situated at the mouth of the loch.

EXT. BENEATH LOCH MOIRDART - CONTINUOUS

From below, we look towards the surface and see Jarvis ploughing through the water.

Below her, on the loch bed, is the corroded remains of an aircraft engine block.

A few feet away lay a handful of gold ingots.

FADE OUT.

THE END