

BIRDWATCHING NAKED

Written by

Tom Batt

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FADE IN.

EXT. FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

A close up of DAMON CLARKE (32) staring past the camera. Orange light flickers across his battered and bruised face and the sound of flames crackling can be heard in the background.

DAMON (V.O.)

As I stared at the flames, I was sure what I'd done was a good thing, but another part of me knew I was in for a whole heap of shit.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

EXT. STREETS OF POULALON- DAY

We are shown several shots of the small medieval french town like a slideshow, each shot sliding in from the side. Upbeat french music plays in the background.

DAMON (V.O.)

Welcome to Poulalon. The travel guide describes this place as "a quaint medieval town nestled at the foot of a hill" I however, can sum it all up in one word...shit! (beat) But I'm getting ahead of myself, my story actually begins here.

A shot of the SIS building in Vauxhall Cross, London slides into frame.

INT. SIS HQ- DAY

A large office, dull and grey, laid out in booths. A person sits in each one like a horse in a pen. There is a low hum of noise throughout.

Damon sits in one of these booths looking very bored.

He is very clean cut and smartly dressed in a shirt and tie. He wears a set of headphones listening to a conversation and transcribing it on a computer.

DAMON (V.O.)

This is me. My name is Damon Clarke. I'm an intelligence analyst for the British Secret Service.

(MORE)

DAMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I hate my job and in about three  
seconds I'll snap. Three, two, one.

Damon rips the headphones from his head and throws them at the screen. He plants his face in his hands.

The phone on his desk rings. Damon snaps up the receiver.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)  
Yes?

A commanding voice speaks to him.

ALISTAIR (V.O.)  
Could I see you in my office,  
Damon?

INT. ALISTAIR'S OFFICE, SIS HQ- DAY

Damon stands in front of a large ornate desk. ALISTAIR (56), Damon's boss, stands the other side, a large intimidating man, but gentle at heart. A large stack of files, tapes and photos are on the desk.

ALISTAIR  
It seems we've come into a lot of  
Intel lately and I need my best  
man, ie you, on the case.

Alistair begins to pick up the various Intel handing it to Damon. He finds himself not really listening, concentrating on his breathing.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)  
First you need to go through these  
reports and see if there is  
anything of worth contained in  
them. Then I need these tapes  
transcribed and look over these  
photos and flag up anything  
relevant.

Damon has the entire load in his arms and is struggling to hold it as well as keep his cool. He starts to breath heavily, a slight twitch in his eye.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)  
If you could get those done as soon  
as possible, because I don't know  
how long it will be before we're  
snowed under again.

DAMON  
No!

Damon drops everything on the floor, it spills across the room around Alistair's feet.

ALISTAIR

Damon!

DAMON (V.O.)

And then I lived the dream of every employee in the world.

Damon punches Alistair and the frame freezes.

DAMON (V.O.)

I punched my boss.

EXT. POULALON- DAY

The camera sweeps through the town over rooftops and through streets.

DAMON (V.O.)

But they didn't fire me. Deemed indispensable, they came to the conclusion I was overworked and overdue a holiday. So they sent me here, two weeks all expenses paid. (beat) It's only been four days and I've already Googled local suicide hotspots.

EXT. CAFE, POULALON- DAY

The camera zooms in to Damon sitting at a table outside a cafe. He wears a T-shirt and trousers. An empty cup of coffee in front of him.

DAMON (V.O.)

FYI, there aren't any.

Damon looks around watching the locals go about their days. He begins to loudly drum his fingers on the table. An AMERICAN TOURIST (50s) sitting at the next table stops his conversation with his friend and turns around to face Damon.

AMERICAN TOURIST

I'm sorry could you stop doing that.

DAMON

Doing what?

AMERICAN TOURIST

Tapping your fingers on the table. I'm trying to have a conversation and it's irritating me.

Damon stops tapping his fingers.

AMERICAN TOURIST (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The man turns back around to continue his conversation. Damon begins tapping his fingers again. The American man stops midway through his sentence and turns around to face Damon again.

AMERICAN TOURIST (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DAMON

Excuse me?

AMERICAN TOURIST

Why are you doing it again?

DAMON

Because I want to.

AMERICAN TOURIST

I asked you to stop.

DAMON

I did and now I'm continuing.

AMERICAN TOURIST

Are you fucking serious?

DAMON

No need for the language.

AMERICAN TOURIST

Yes there is a need for the fucking language, I asked you to stop and now you're fucking doing it again. Are you trying to instigate something here?

DAMON

You started it.

AMERICAN TOURIST

What the...you fucking little shit!  
Stop it!

DAMON

No!

The American jumps up from his seat and towers over Damon.

AMERICAN TOURIST

If you don't stop moving your fucking fingers I'll break them and do it for you.

Damon raises his hand in an upside down fist and lifts his middle finger.

DAMON

Swivel!

The American pulls back his fist and slams it into Damon's face knocking him backwards off his chair.

INT. PUBLIC TOILETS, POULALON- DAY

Damon steps in front of the sink and looks at his black eye in the mirror. He delicately touches it wincing in pain.

DAMON

Fucking yanks!

He takes a deep breath and walks away.

EXT. STREET, POULALON- DAY

Damon stands at a pay phone holding the receiver to his ear. A voice answers.

STEVEN (V.O.)

Steven Kirk.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)

It's Damon.

INT. SIS HQ- DAY

STEVEN (35) sits at his desk staring at a computer screen.

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)

Damon? What exactly can I do for you?

INTERCUT with Street, Poulalon.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)

I'm just calling to see how things are.

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)

Things are fine, you know how it is, busy as usual.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)

How is he?

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)

Alistair?

DAMON (INTO PHONE)

No, Prince Charles, of course bloody Alistair.

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)  
 He's (beat) better? He's had a few  
 therapy sessions, started talking  
 again yesterday.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)  
 Don't take the piss, Steven.

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)  
 I wish I was.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)  
 I didn't hit him that hard.

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)  
 Damon, you broke the poor guys  
 nose! He had two operations to get  
 it straightened!

DAMON (INTO PHONE)  
 Shit!

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)  
 How's the holiday anyway?

DAMON (INTO PHONE)  
 Bored out of my fucking mind!

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)  
 It can't be that bad.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)  
 There's bugger all to do here. I  
 think I might just come home.

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)  
 I don't think that's a good idea  
 right now, there's still some dust  
 to settle. Besides, I'd love to be  
 where you are now. I say make the  
 most of it, they are paying after  
 all.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)  
 I can't do another ten days of  
 this.

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)  
 Trust me, it will fly by. When it's  
 over you'll wish it wasn't.

Alistair approaches Steven's desk, a bandage covers his nose.  
 He speaks in a nasally tone.

ALISTAIR  
 Who are you talking to?

Steven covers the receiver with his hand.

STEVEN

No one.

ALISTAIR

Then hang up!

Alistair walks away.

STEVEN (INTO PHONE)

Listen I've got to get back to work. Just relax. I'll see you when you get back.

Steven hangs up the phone.

EXT. STREET, POULALON- DAY

Damon hangs up the phone and walks away.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FARMHOUSE- DAY

The room is old and gloomy. Drawings of scenery cover some of the walls, an old radio plays classical music.

ZACHARIE BELANGER (30) sits in an armchair with a sketch pad and pencil drawing the beautiful rural scenery he can see out the window.

Zacharie is very good looking with slicked back black hair and a small moustache and goatee, a tattoo of a broken chain on his neck. He wears a garish red shirt and black waistcoat.

The door opens and CHRISTOPH BELANGER (27) enters the room with a tray carrying coffee and croissants. He is Zacharie's brother, but nothing alike apart from the same tattoo.

He is chunkier and rougher around the edges, not taking any care over his appearance. He wears farm clothes, complete with wellington boots.

ZACHARIE (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED)

*Christoph! What have I told you about wearing your boots in the house!*

CHRISTOPH

*Oh stop moaning! They're clean!*

Christoph places the tray on the coffee table. Zacharie puts down his pad and pencil and picks up a cup of coffee.

ZACHARIE

*I don't care if they're clean, it's rude.*

Christoph takes the other cup and sits down on a couch opposite Zacharie.

CHRISTOPH

*So?*

ZACHARIE

*So what?*

CHRISTOPH

*Have you told her yet?*

ZACHARIE

*I don't think it's a good idea to tell her over the phone. Besides I still don't know how to break it to her.*

CHRISTOPH

*You want it to be quick and straight to the point. Something like "darling, you know how you like chewing on a large German sausage? Well, I do too!"*

Christoph laughs. Zacharie stares at him unimpressed.

ZACHARIE

*You are not helping Christoph. This is a serious matter and I don't appreciate you mocking me. Besides he wasn't German, he was Austrian.*

CHRISTOPH

*Oh where's your sense of humour, you big knob jockey!*

ZACHARIE

*Where's your sense of empathy?*

CHRISTOPH

*You're blowing this all out of proportion. Personally I think on some level she already knows.*

Zacharie is surprised.

ZACHARIE

*You really think so?*

CHRISTOPH

*Absolutely. It's not as if you're hiding it very well.*

ZACHARIE

*I think I hid it very well.*

CHRISTOPH  
*Zacharie, I managed to work out you were gay and I'm not exactly perceptive.*

ZACHARIE  
*What gave it away?*

CHRISTOPH  
*You're taste in art for one.*

ZACHARIE  
*What do you mean?*

CHRISTOPH  
*All the paintings you own are by Sebastian Moreno.*

ZACHARIE  
*So? He's an excellent artist.*

CHRISTOPH  
*Of naked men.*

ZACHARIE  
*That's what gave it away?*

CHRISTOPH  
*No, that's what made me suspect.*

ZACHARIE  
*So what confirmed your suspicions?*

CHRISTOPH  
*When I caught you at my birthday party kissing my friend Pascal.*

ZACHARIE  
*Ah.*

CHRISTOPH  
*I was a little shocked to see it, you with your tongue so far down his throat you could probably taste his tonsils. (beat) Yet all I could think was, of all of my friends, why Pascal?*

ZACHARIE  
*I admit that was a mistake, he was a terrible kisser, but he was willing.*

Zacharie smiles.

CHRISTOPH  
*You know the men are starting to talk.*

ZACHARIE

*About?*

CHRISTOPH

*Your ability to lead.*

ZACHARIE

*Because I'm gay?*

Christoph doesn't answer, but his facial expression seems to say 'yes'.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

*If they wish to concern themselves with their homophobic issues that's their problem.*

Christoph stares at him.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

*What? Do you agree with them?*

CHRISTOPH

*No of course not. You're my brother, gay or straight I would follow you anywhere, but you have to question the timing.*

ZACHARIE

*Our group is committed to revealing the truth. It would be hypocritical if I were to continue living a lie.*

There is a knock on the door.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

*Come in.*

HENRI DELACOURT (25) enters the room. He looks scruffy and tired, and has the same broken chain tattoo.

HENRI

*You wanted to see me?*

Zacharie gestures to chair next to him.

ZACHARIE

*Yes, Henri. Take a seat.*

EXT. STREET, POULALON- DAY

Damon strolls down a street alongside the river. He stops and looks out across the water. The sun glistens beautifully on the surface, almost paradise.

A small Yorkshire Terrier dog runs up to him barking and starts tugging at his trouser leg.

DAMON

Get off!

He shakes his leg to get the dog to let go.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Bugger off!

OLD MAN

Michel! No.

An small old man approaches.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

My apologies monsieur. Sometimes he  
can be very boisterous.

DAMON

Then it should be put down.

The old man ignores the remark and looks out to the river and  
breathes in.

OLD MAN

Beautiful isn't it? Are you here on  
holiday?

Damon reluctantly nods.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Myself also. I love it here. I keep  
trying to persuade my wife to move  
here, but she assumes it would not  
feel the same. It would lose it's  
novelty to see it every day. Would  
you agree?

DAMON

Oh absolutely. After four days it's  
already lost it's novelty.

The old man ignores the insult.

OLD MAN

I remember one time my wife and I  
came here...

DAMON

Listen no offense, but I'm really not interested in your story, so if you don't mind, I'm just going to walk away.

OLD MAN

Oh.

Damon turns and walks off. The old man turns back to the river and smiles.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY- DAY

A grand four star hotel lobby with antique furniture and ornate decor.

STEPHANIE WILSON (28) stands at the reception desk, a suitcase by her side.

A proud American, she is small, but tough and very attractive. The receptionist approaches the other side of the desk.

RECEPTIONIST.

Bonjour Madame.

STEPHANIE

Bonjour. I have a room booked under the name Wilson.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay.

The receptionist begins typing on the computer.

Damon enters the hotel and approaches the desk next to Stephanie.

DAMON (TO RECEPTIONIST)

Could I get my room key please?  
Number 12.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course, Monsieur Clarke.

The receptionist grabs a key and hands it to Damon.

DAMON

Thanks.

The receptionist notices Damon's black eye.

RECEPTIONIST  
What on earth happened to your face  
Monsieur?

DAMON  
Oh uh, I had a bit of an  
altercation with an American.

RECEPTIONIST  
Oh my.

DAMON  
But as always it was he who was in  
the wrong. Fucking Yanks!

Damon smiles at Stephanie, she does not smile back.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Anyway, have a nice evening.

RECEPTIONIST  
You too Monsieur.

Damon walks away heading up the main stairs. Stephanie  
watches him disappear.

The receptionist continues typing.

RECEPTIONIST.  
Ah yes, here we are, Wilson. You're  
in room 11.

STEPHANIE  
Next door to that man?

RECEPTIONIST  
Oh, Monsieur Clarke is a very  
pleasant man.

The receptionist hands her the key.

STEPHANIE  
That's not the impression I got.

Stephanie grabs her suitcase and heads up the stairs.

INT. STEPHANIE'S ROOM, HOTEL- DAY

The room is every bit as glamorous as the lobby, no expense  
spared.

Stephanie enters her room and places her suitcase on the bed.  
She walks over to the window and looks out at the view across  
the town.

Her mobile phone rings and she answers it.

STEPHANIE (INTO PHONE)

Hello?

TED (V.O.)

Hey, it's Ted. I just wanted to make sure you arrived safely.

STEPHANIE (INTO PHONE)

Yes, I always do. If I don't I'm sure you'll find out eventually.

TED (V.O.)

I'm sorry, but I care about you.

STEPHANIE (INTO PHONE)

There are only two things you care about, they're soft and right in front of me.

TED (V.O.)

Come on, don't be like that. This time I'm genuinely making sure you arrived okay.

STEPHANIE (INTO PHONE)

Really?

TED (V.O.)

Absolutely, no more of this chasing shit. I'm not going to bother you anymore with that.

STEPHANIE (INTO PHONE)

It's about time.

TED (V.O.)

Listen write a good article and when you get back we'll discuss you working on some more serious stories.

STEPHANIE (INTO PHONE)

For real?

TED (V.O.)

Yeah, maybe we can discuss it over breakfast, if you catch my drift.

STEPHANIE (INTO PHONE)

You fucking asshole.

TED (V.O.)

I'm joking..

Stephanie hangs up.

INT. DAMON'S ROOM, HOTEL- EVENING

Just as luxurious as Stephanie's, but a little untidy.

Damon sits around his hotel room bored. He looks at the time on his watch.

DAMON

An hour to kill until dinner.

MONTAGE

-Damon grabs the television remote and switches it on. He sits down on the bed and watches a french soap opera.

-Damon sits at a small table with a pack of cards playing solitaire

-Damon builds a house of cards.

-Damon stares out the window watching people go about their business.

-Damon's house of cards is growing.

-Damon acts like a spy around the room his fingers in the shape of a gun. He rolls across the floor pretending to shoot people.

-Damon's house of cards is nearly finished.

-Damon reorganises items on the dresser moving them around so they are perfectly straight and angled.

-Damon is about to place the last two cards at the top of his house of cards. Just as he rests them on the top the whole house collapses. He drops his head onto the table.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT- EVENING

Damon sits at a table looking at the menu. The waiter comes over.

WAITER

Can I take your order sir?

DAMON

Yes, I think for the starter I'll have the leak and salmon quiche.

The waiter writes it down on his pad.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Actually no, I'll have the Goat cheese salad.

The waiter crosses out leak and salmon quiche and writes goat cheese salad.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
And for the main course I will have  
the Garlic and rosemary lamb.

The waiter writes it down.

WAITER  
Ok.

DAMON  
Actually, I will have the leak and  
salmon quiche for starter.

The waiter exhales. He crosses out goat cheese salad and rewrites leak and salmon quiche.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
But instead of the lamb I'll have  
the pork in a cheese sauce.

The waiter frustrated crosses out the lamb and writes pork in cheese sauce.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Or the stuffed chicken breast, that  
sounds nice. What do you recommend?

WAITER  
They're all excellent dishes sir.

DAMON  
Hmm, I can't decide.

The waiter rolls his eyes.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
No, I'll definitely have the pork  
in cheese sauce.

The waiter smiles. Damon hands him the menu. The waiter walks away.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Wait!

The waiter stops and turns.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
I'll have the chicken breast.

WAITER  
Are you absolutely sure sir, or  
would you like a few more hours to  
decide?

DAMON  
Does that come complimentary?

WAITER  
What?

DAMON  
The side order of attitude.

The waiter turns and storms off. Damon spots Stephanie sitting at a table not far from him. She is staring at him. He smiles and she turns away.

INT. HOTEL BAR- EVENING

The bar is quiet and empty. Damon sits at the bar drinking. Stephanie approaches the bar.

STEPHANIE  
White wine please.

Damon smiles.

DAMON  
You're American?

STEPHANIE  
Well done you.

DAMON  
This ones on me.

STEPHANIE  
Thanks, but I'm okay.

DAMON  
No, please.

Damon places a note on the bar. The barman places the wine on the bar and takes Damon's money.

STEPHANIE  
So what are you, AA?

DAMON  
AA?

STEPHANIE  
Arrogant asshole.

Damon laughs.

DAMON  
No, I just feel I may have offended you earlier and would like to apologise.

Stephanie smiles. She lifts up the glass.

STEPHANIE  
Well, apology accepted.

She takes a sip.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you deserved what you got.

DAMON  
Excuse me?

STEPHANIE  
The black eye, courtesy of the "fucking yank"?

DAMON  
Oh absolutely, I asked for it. I've been pissing off people left, right and centre. It's about time someone reacted.

STEPHANIE  
Us yanks don't take any shit.

DAMON  
You don't pull punches either. I'm Damon.

STEPHANIE  
Stephanie.

They shake hands.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
So why the attitude, Damon?

DAMON  
I don't really want to be here.

STEPHANIE  
Then why are you?

DAMON  
Compulsory vacation booked and paid  
for by my employer.

STEPHANIE  
Wow, that sounds pretty sweet to  
me.

DAMON  
(sarcastically)  
Oh it's wonderful, just what I  
asked for.

Stephanie laughs.

STEPHANIE  
You're a bit of a workaholic then.  
Can't stand being away from the  
desk?

DAMON  
Not quite.

STEPHANIE  
What exactly do you do?

DAMON  
If I told you where I worked, you'd  
pull a face of excitement and so  
many questions would form in your  
head. Then once I'd told you what I  
do, you'd realise it's just like  
every other job.

STEPHANIE  
Try me.

DAMON  
Okay, I work for British Secret  
Intelligence. More specifically,  
MI6.

STEPHANIE  
You're shitting me?

DAMON  
Straight up.

STEPHANIE  
Really?

Stephanie's face lights up.

DAMON  
And there's the face of excitement.

STEPHANIE  
Are you a spy?

DAMON  
Here come the questions.

STEPHANIE  
Have you killed anyone?

DAMON  
No and no. I'm an intelligence analyst. I sit at a desk in an office. I read through documents, listen to recordings, point out anything unusual.

STEPHANIE  
Oh.

DAMON  
And there's the disappointment.

STEPHANIE  
You hate your job?

DAMON  
Hate is an understatement.

STEPHANIE  
But you applied for it. Didn't you assume it would be like that?

DAMON  
When I applied I assumed it would be full of adventure, excitement, a little danger. Keep me on my toes. Every day different.

STEPHANIE  
You thought it would be like James Bond?

DAMON  
No, I'm not an idiot, I knew I wouldn't be saving the world and screwing exotic women.  
(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

I just thought I'd be out there,  
instead of stuck indoors.

STEPHANIE

But can't you apply for, what would  
they call it, field work?

DAMON

I did, I was rejected.

STEPHANIE

On what grounds.

DAMON

That I was too good at what I  
already do.

STEPHANIE

Then quit.

DAMON

Quit?

STEPHANIE

Yeah.

DAMON

Let me tell you something. An  
intelligence analyst earns a  
substantial wage. I've developed  
quite a wealthy lifestyle and I  
have bills to pay. So quitting  
isn't an option.

STEPHANIE

Okay, sorry. (beat) So if you hate  
your job why did they have to send  
you on holiday?

DAMON

There was an incident.

STEPHANIE

This sounds good.

DAMON

One day I was at work, and my mind  
just couldn't cope with the amount  
of work building up and so many  
things were running through my head  
confusing me. I just cracked and  
then I punched my boss.

STEPHANIE

No way!

DAMON

I broke his nose.

Stephanie laughs.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
It's really not funny.

STEPHANIE  
I'm sorry. It's nothing to be  
ashamed off; sooner or later  
everybody has a nervous breakdown.

DAMON  
I wasn't nervous.

STEPHANIE  
I bet it felt good.

DAMON  
Funnily enough, no it didn't.

STEPHANIE  
I wish I could punch my boss and  
get a free holiday out of it.

DAMON  
I didn't ask to come here.

STEPHANIE  
Yeah, it's not exactly the  
Caribbean.

DAMON  
Alright so now you know my tragic  
tale, what's your story? Surely  
you're not here on holiday.

STEPHANIE  
I'm a newspaper journalist.

Damon starts to panic in his mind.

DAMON  
Oh shit!

STEPHANIE  
Don't worry, I wasn't taking notes.  
I'm just a travel journalist.

DAMON  
Oh thank God. That explains why  
you're here.

STEPHANIE  
Yep, but I'd much rather be in the  
middle of Libya, dodging bullets  
and reporting something people  
actually give a shit about.

DAMON  
I know exactly how you feel.

They smile at each other.

INT. HOTEL BAR- LATER

Damon and Stephanie are sitting down at a table. A couple of empty bottles of wine sit on the table. They are very tipsy.

STEPHANIE  
Oh this wine is going straight to my head.

DAMON  
Well, mine's going straight to my bladder. Excuse me a moment.

Damon stands and heads to the toilet.

INT. TOILET- EVENING

Damon enters and approaches a urinal.

DAMON  
You're doing good Damon. You're charming her, she likes you. Don't fuck this up now.

He walks over to the sink and washes his hands. He looks at his reflection in the mirror.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
It may have been a while, but you know what you're doing. No need to feel nervous, you've done this before.

INT. HOTEL BAR- EVENING

Damon returns to his seat. Stephanie leans forward to be closer to him.

STEPHANIE  
Can I ask you something?

DAMON  
You certainly can.

STEPHANIE

Hypothetically, if I'd been a bad girl and I were taking notes about you for an article. As a spy what would you do to me?

Damon trying to flirt back leans forward closer to her.

DAMON

Well, standard procedure. I'd have to tie you up and interrogate you to find out what you knew.

STEPHANIE

But you know what I know because you told me.

Damon thinks this through and realises how silly that sounded.

DAMON

True.

They both laugh.

STEPHANIE

Listen, how do you fancy a night cap in my room?

DAMON

Sure.

INT. STEPHANIE'S ROOM, HOTEL- EVENING

The door opens and they stumble into the room laughing. They manage to hold each other up.

STEPHANIE

Listen make yourself comfortable, I'm just going to take out my contacts.

She enters the bathroom. Damon looks around the room. He finds a copy of the New York Times on the bed.

DAMON

So what newspaper do you write for?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

The New York Times.

DAMON

Figures. So do you live in New York?

STEPHANIE

Of course, but I grew up in a small town in Louisiana.

DAMON

I can understand why you moved.

Stephanie steps out of the bathroom wearing glasses.

STEPHANIE

What do you mean?

DAMON

It's part of the deep south.

STEPHANIE

So?

DAMON

Well it's a bit backward isn't it, a bit behind the times. Hillbillies, red necks, inbreeding.

STEPHANIE

That's my home you're insulting.

DAMON

If you can call it that.

STEPHANIE

Have you ever been there?

DAMON

No.

STEPHANIE

Then how do you know?

DAMON

Well, it's just a well known fact. We've all seen Deliverance.

STEPHANIE

Get out!

DAMON

What?

STEPHANIE

Get out!

DAMON

Have I offended you?

STEPHANIE  
I'm glad you noticed.

DAMON  
I'm sorry.

STEPHANIE  
I don't care, get out of my room.

Stephanie pushes Damon toward the door. She opens it and pushes him backward out the door. Damon pleads.

DAMON  
Look can't we just start again.

STEPHANIE  
No!

DAMON  
I wasn't calling you a hick, just the people who live there.

STEPHANIE  
Like my family?

DAMON  
Yes...no!

Stephanie kicks Damon between the legs. He falls to his knees in pain leaning forward. Stephanie slams the door shut smacking him on the head. He falls to the floor in agony.

INT. HOTEL BAR- EVENING

Damon approaches the bar. The barman is cleaning glasses.

DAMON  
Give me a beer.

BARMAN  
Apologies Monsieur, the bar is closed.

DAMON  
You're shitting me?

BARMAN  
I'm sorry.

DAMON  
Is there anywhere in town that would still be serving?

BARMAN  
You could try Julien's at the end of the main road.

INT. JULIEN'S BAR- NIGHT

Damon sits at a table with a beer. He is very drunk talking loudly.

DAMON

Fucking women! That's it, I'm done with the ladies. Too much bloody hassle. Not worth the trouble they cause. From now on, I'm a lone wolf. I don't need a bitch. You hear that world, I don't need a bitch.

BARMAN (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED)

*Hey, keep it down or I'll shove that bottle up your arse!*

Damon looks over at a tall, bald intimidating man, GABRIEL (40) standing at the bar staring at him.

Gabriel has a tattoo of a broken chain on his neck.

Damon frowns at him and he turns away.

INT. STREET, POULALON- NIGHT

Damon walks alongside the river swaying from side to side mumbling to himself.

He stops and moves closer to the edge of the embankment. He undoes his flies and begins urinating into the river.

He looks around then down at where he's pissing. He notices his stream is arcing into the open mouth of a dead man floating in the river.

DAMON

Shit!

Damon's eyes widen and he falls backwards onto the ground scrambling away from the edge, urine soaking into his trousers.

He catches his breath and crawls slowly toward the edge again to look closer at the body.

It is Henri Delacourt. A bullet hole in the centre of his forehead.

INT. PATAPON'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION- NIGHT

Inspector JEAN PATAPON (50) sits at his desk writing and eating a sandwich. He is short and rotund with a small moustache.

There is a knock on the open office door. Patapon looks up from his papers still chewing to see a middle-aged CHIEF INSPECTOR leaning on the door frame.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED)  
*Jean?*

PATAPON  
*Yes?*

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
*We have a homicide by the river. I want you to take the case.*

PATAPON  
*I'm very busy, can't you get one of the other detectives on the case?*

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
*We haven't had a murder in this town in twenty years; you're the only man I have with experience. Now get down to the river.*

The Chief Inspector disappears.

Patapon exhales annoyed. He stands grabbing his coat off the chair and putting it on.

PATAPON  
*Thirty years of dealing with this shit. All I want to do is sit behind a desk until I retire and they won't even let me do that.*

Patapon heads for the door. He stops and returns to collect the rest of his sandwich, then leaves.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION- LATER THAT NIGHT

Damon sits alone at a table, bored, looking around the room.

The door opens and Patapon enters carrying a file. He smiles at Damon as he closes the door behind him.

DAMON  
*Finally! How much longer am I going to be here?*

Patapon places the file on the table and takes a seat opposite Damon.

PATAPON  
*Good Evening, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I am Inspector Patapon.*

(MORE)

PATAPON (CONT'D)

I am investigating the murder. I would like to ask you a few questions.

Damon reluctantly nods.

Patapon opens the file and looks at it.

PATAPON (CONT'D)

I've been reading over your statement.

He reads from it.

PATAPON (CONT'D)

You're name is Damon Clarke?

DAMON

Correct.

PATAPON

What exactly are you doing in Poulalon?

DAMON

(Sarcastically)

I'm on tour with the Russian Ballet.

Patapon stares at Damon confused. Damon can see he doesn't realise it's a joke and sighs.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Can you believe I'm on holiday in this hell hole?

PATAPON

That is my town you are insulting. I'd prefer it if you didn't.

DAMON

Then maybe you should do something about it. As much as I love seeing museums, churches and cafes lined up continuously, I can't help, but think you need a bit more variety.

Patapon is clearly upset, but restrains himself from getting into an argument.

PATAPON

What is your occupation?

DAMON

(Sarcastically)

I'm a nun.

Patapon smiles.

PATAPON  
You're joking with me.

DAMON  
Of course I'm bloody joking with you, because I don't seem to understand how my occupation is relevant to the situation.

PATAPON  
I'm just trying to build up a profile of you.

DAMON  
Well, you needn't bother.

PATAPON  
What time did you discover the body?

DAMON  
About five minutes before your friends arrived.

PATAPON  
And did you see anyone leaving the area?

DAMON  
No, no one.

PATAPON  
Interesting.

Patapon takes a pen from his pocket and makes a note on the file. Damon frowns.

DAMON  
What's interesting?

PATAPON  
Well the coroner tells me the body was not long dead before the first officers arrived. And you claim you saw no one.

DAMON  
Are you implying I killed him?

PATAPON  
No, of course not. I'd hate for you to think I was accusing you because you're an easy target.

DAMON  
And there I was thinking you were accusing me because I'm English.

PATAPON

(Sarcastically)

On the contrary I like the English  
and their impeccable sense of  
humour.

DAMON

And I like the French and their  
unsubtle sarcasm. (beat) I'm sorry  
Inspector but that man was shot.  
Now you haven't found a gun and if  
you took the time to check my hands  
for gunshot residue you would  
discover there is none. Now I've  
been sitting here in my piss soaked  
trousers for two hours and I've  
told you everything I know. So if  
its okay with you I'd like to  
leave.

PATAPON

Of course, I think I have all I  
need. Thank you very much for your  
patience.

Damon stands up.

PATAPON (CONT'D)

If we need to ask anymore questions  
you're staying at the (He reads  
from the file) Merianda?

Damon places his hand on the door handle. He turns and smiles  
at Patapon.

DAMON

(Sarcastically)

I look forward to hearing from you.

Damon opens the door and leaves.

EXT. HOTEL- MORNING

Damon enters the main doors of the hotel looking tired and  
hungover.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR- MORNING

Damon approaches Stephanie's door and knocks. Stephanie  
answers the door wrapped in a dressing gown, yawning. She is  
not happy to see him.

STEPHANIE

What do you want?

DAMON

I want to apologise for my behaviour last night. It was rude and ignorant what I said. If I could I would apologise to the entire city of Louisiana.

STEPHANIE

Louisiana's a state.

DAMON

The entire state then. I'm sorry. And if you'll forgive me, I'd like you to join me for breakfast.

STEPHANIE

You think one apology is all it takes for me to share a breakfast table with you?

DAMON

I have a proposition for you.

STEPHANIE

What kind of proposition?

DAMON

Get dressed and meet me in the restaurant in half an hour and I'll explain.

Stephanie is reluctant, but her curiosity gets the better of her.

STEPHANIE

Okay, but I advise you to take a shower first. You smell like you slept in urine.

Stephanie closes the door.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT- MORNING

Damon sits at a table in a fresh change of clothes. Stephanie enters and approaches the table. She takes the seat opposite him.

STEPHANIE

So what's the proposition?

DAMON

Don't you want to get some food first?

STEPHANIE

No, tell me.

DAMON

You don't waste time do you?

STEPHANIE

Look, I'm still not entirely one hundred percent sure of you yet. So you better tell me now before I change my mind and walk out that door.

DAMON

Okay. (beat) right, where to begin?

STEPHANIE

Hurry up!

DAMON

Okay. Last night I went to a bar and had a few drinks.

STEPHANIE

You went to a bar?

DAMON

Yes, somebody upset me and I needed to drown my sorrows.

STEPHANIE

Somebody upset you?

Stephanie pushes her chair back to stand up.

DAMON

Wait! I'm sorry. (beat) I upset someone, and I needed a drink.

Stephanie pulls her chair back in.

DAMON (CONT'D)

I walked back to the hotel and stopped by the river to take a piss.

STEPHANIE

You pissed in the river?

DAMON

It was a long way back to the hotel and I was drunk.

STEPHANIE

Children swim in that.

DAMON

Oh and they don't piss in it? Anyway, it was then that I noticed something in the water.

STEPHANIE

Are you purposely dragging this story out?

DAMON

It was a body.

Stephanie is speechless for a moment.

DAMON (CONT'D)

A dead body.

STEPHANIE

I gathered that.

DAMON

He'd been shot.

STEPHANIE

Okay, I'm sorry if I missed it, but what has this got to do with me.

DAMON

I recognised the man, I mean I think I did. He certainly seemed familiar. From the location of the gunshot wound, I'd say he was murdered, execution style.

STEPHANIE

I'm still waiting for where I come in.

DAMON

I'm going to investigate, but I need to know this man's name. If I can get a photo of him, do you have a journalist friend that could find out for me?

STEPHANIE

Maybe. (beat) but can't you ask your people?

DAMON

Out of the question. If they find out I'm breaking protocol, it won't be pleasant.

STEPHANIE

What do I get in return?

DAMON

An exclusive story to impress your editor.

STEPHANIE

Okay, let me get this clear in my head. You're going to investigate this murder and in return for my help I get to write a story about it.

DAMON

Exactly. Plus I need to borrow your camera.

Stephanie smiles.

STEPHANIE

Get the photo, and I'll see what I can do.

Damon smiles back.

EXT. MORGUE- NIGHT

Damon appears from behind a bush and looks over at the small building. He approaches the side and scans the wall. He spots a window upstairs slightly ajar.

A drainpipe runs alongside it to the ground. Damon grabs hold and proceeds to climb the pipe slowly to the top.

He stops level with the window and reaches out. With one hand keeping grip on the drainpipe he manages to clamp his other around the window and lift it open.

He swings one leg across onto the ledge, but as he shifts his weight to pull his body across he discovers his other foot is wedged between the pipe and the wall.

He tugs at his foot attempting to pull it free, but his foot slips from the shoe. He is safe onto the window ledge, but his shoe remains caught. He passes off the minor inconvenience and jumps into the building.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM, MORGUE- NIGHT

Damon peers through the window on the door. He slowly pushes the door open and slips inside the room.

The room is white and sterile. Three autopsy tables sit in the middle of the room, each with a covered corpse lying upon it.

He walks over to the tables bouncing up and down on one shoe.

He reaches the first table and stands at one end. He lifts the cover to reveal the open chest of a man. Damon gags and pulls back over the cover to hide the gruesome internal organs.

He moves to the next table and lifts the cover to reveal another man with the top of his head missing exposing his brain. Damon can't control himself and throws up on the floor.

He almost passes out, but throws out an arm to support himself on a unit. In doing so, he knocks surgical dishes onto the floor. They crash loudly. Damon looks over at the door nervously.

INT. SECURITY DESK, MORGUE- NIGHT

The security guard sitting with his feet upon the desk looks up from his book. He closes the book and removes his feet from the desk. He stands and looks over at the autopsy room doors.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM, MORGUE- NIGHT

Damon picks up the dishes, placing them back on the unit. He covers the body and steps forward. His foot slips on his vomit and he falls backward to the floor.

The security guard opens the door and scans the room.

Damon lies still not making a sound. He can see the security guards feet.

The guard doesn't see anything out of place and so disappears back out shutting the door.

Damon pulls himself to his feet.

He then lifts the cover of the third corpse to find Henri lying in front of him. He takes a small compact camera from his pocket and takes several pictures of Henri's face.

He notices the tattoo on the neck of the broken chain and takes a photo of it.

EXT. MORGUE- NIGHT

Damon climbs onto the window ledge and reaches out for his shoe still stuck behind the drainpipe.

Still holding onto the window ledge he swings out one leg onto the pipe and with the other hand uses more force to pull the shoe free.

Suddenly the shoe dislodges. Damon smiles to himself.

The window slams shut on his fingers and he winces letting go and falling straight down into a large bush.

He drags himself from the shrubbery, puts on his shoe and limps off into the darkness.

INT. STEPHANIE'S ROOM- MORNING

Stephanie sits at a desk typing on her laptop. There is a knock on the door. She gets up and answers it.

Damon stands outside. He holds up the camera and smiles.

STEPHANIE

You got it?

Stephanie holds out her hand, Damon places the camera in it.

She moves over to her laptop and plugs the camera in. Damon steps inside the room closing the door behind him.

DAMON

Who are you going to send it to?

STEPHANIE

My colleague Jason.

DAMON

Will he be able to help?

STEPHANIE

Jason deals with world affairs and has a lot of contacts, so if anyone can, it's him.

Stephanie brings up the photo of Henri on the screen.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Nasty!

She sits down and begins typing.

DAMON

Send the picture of the tattoo as well.

She hits enter.

STEPHANIE

Okay, I've e-mailed them to him.

DAMON

Thanks.

Damon sits down on the bed. There is an awkward silence for a moment.

STEPHANIE

Listen, I don't know how long it will take for him to reply.

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You don't have to wait if you give me your cell phone number I can...

DAMON

I don't have one.

STEPHANIE

You don't have a cell phone?

DAMON

No.

STEPHANIE

Why not?

DAMON

Did you know anyone can locate your position using your mobile signal? With the right software and knowledge I can find out where you are in the world and then send a missile to kill you.

STEPHANIE

Okay.

DAMON

It's fine though I don't mind waiting.

Stephanie smiles and looks away feeling very awkward.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a question?

STEPHANIE

Sure.

DAMON

What happened to your accent?

STEPHANIE

What do you mean?

DAMON

Well, you say your from Louisiana, but it doesn't sound like it.

STEPHANIE

If you must know, I changed it.

DAMON

Interesting! Are you ashamed of where you come from?

STEPHANIE

No.

DAMON

Then why change it?

STEPHANIE

I went to university in New York and I was teased because of it. I love my home, but I won't let it hold me back.

DAMON

Okay.

STEPHANIE

And I bet you were born with exquisite speech and perfect diction.

DAMON

Something like that.

STEPHANIE

Let me take a wild stab in the dark, Oxford?

DAMON

Ooh close, Cambridge.

STEPHANIE

Why am I not surprised?

DAMON

I didn't want to go there. I wanted to go to the same University as my friends, but my parents couldn't let such an opportunity pass me by.

STEPHANIE

Oh, don't get me started on parents. When I told my mother I wanted to be a journalist she practically disowned me. She wanted me to do something more feminine. My father thank God was the complete opposite, he encouraged me, which is probably one of the reasons my parents got divorced. She's happy for me now though, once she saw my paychecks.

DAMON

The terrifying thing is one day we'll be just like them.

STEPHANIE

God forbid!

Damon smiles.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Do you fancy a drink?

DAMON  
It's nine thirty in the morning.

Stephanie stands and walks over to a mini bar.

STEPHANIE  
Well, I'm having one and I refuse  
to drink alone.

DAMON  
Fair enough.

Stephanie takes out two bottles and chucks one to Damon. He catches it and takes a swig. He smiles.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
You know, we've probably got a good  
half hour before he replies. How  
about we continue where we left off  
the other night?

Stephanie bursts out laughing. Damon's smile disappears.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
What's so funny?

Stephanie stifles her laughter.

STEPHANIE  
I'm sorry. I have to admire your  
persistence, but I'm afraid that  
ship has sailed.

DAMON  
So, it'll never happen?

STEPHANIE  
No.

DAMON  
Ah shit!

STEPHANIE  
(Holding up the small  
bottle)  
Next time, at least wait until I've  
had a few of these before asking  
me.

Damon puts the bottle down on the beside table and stands up.

DAMON  
I'll be in my room then. Let me  
know when he replies.

Stephanie is still smiling.

STEPHANIE  
I will.

Damon opens the door and leaves closing it behind him.  
Stephanie shakes her head with amusement and continues typing  
on her laptop.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR- DAY

Stephanie approaches Damon's room door holding a notepad. She  
knocks.

DAMON (O.S.)  
Just a second!

We can hear the sounds of movement and then a crash. The door  
whips open and Damon stands exhausted, wearing just a  
dressing gown.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Hey.

STEPHANIE  
Are you okay?

DAMON  
I'm fine. Come in.

INT. DAMON'S ROOM- DAY

Stephanie enters and looks around the messy room.

STEPHANIE  
What were you doing?

DAMON  
I was just (beat) watching a film.

She approaches the bedside table and picks up a scrunched up  
tissue delicately with thumb and forefinger.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
A sad film. Very emotional, tugged  
at the heartstrings.

STEPHANIE  
(Quietly to herself)  
That wasn't the only thing tugged.

DAMON

Excuse me?

She drops the tissue and holds up the notepad.

STEPHANIE

He got back to me.

DAMON

Great, what did he say?

STEPHANIE

Your dead body, is a Mr Henri Delacourt.

DAMON

Henri Delacourt! Of course, that little shit.

STEPHANIE

You know him?

DAMON

Unfortunately.

She looks back at the notepad.

STEPHANIE

And the tattoo is used by certain terrorists who belong to-

DAMON

Les Libérateurs.

STEPHANIE

Isn't that a musical?

DAMON

No, they're an anti-government group based in Marseilles. Their aim is to extort money and information from the French leaders. The tattoo represents them breaking the chains of suppression, or some bullshit like that.

STEPHANIE

I've never heard of them.

DAMON

Not many people have. They're reputation isn't exactly (beat) well reputable. If terrorists had a league table they'd be at the bottom every season.

Stephanie sits down on the bed.

STEPHANIE

What makes them so crap?

DAMON

We believe they formed around 1986, a radicalised group of protestors decided they wanted to do more to get the governments attention. In the 27 years of their existence, they've attempted 12 attacks around Europe, only two of which were successful. Oddly enough, their first and their last. In 1988 they placed a bomb on the railway tracks just outside Marseilles and threatened to detonate it unless the government paid them 1 million francs. They weren't taken seriously and 17 people died, 28 were injured. Their last attempt was four years ago, they placed a bomb in a factory and demanded a certain corrupt politician resign to prevent it from exploding. They got what they wanted, but the bomb went off anyway, luckily the factory was closed that day. In between, they've either been unlucky, unprepared, uneducated or they got caught. In 2007 they demanded another ransom, the government were one step ahead, they agreed to pay the money, but it was marked so it could be traced. Unfortunately the gentleman delivering the ransom got lost on the way to the drop off point and so 4 people died.

STEPHANIE

They don't sound very threatening in comparison to the big ones.

DAMON

No, I must admit they have been the joke of many Intelligence services, but to me they're still terrorists and they have killed.

STEPHANIE

So how do you know Delacourt?

DAMON

He was in London with a few friends about five years ago planning to attack the Houses of Parliament. Talking about aiming high.

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

We had our eye on him and he was arrested before anything could take place. He was only 20 years old at the time, so rightly he was shitting himself. He offered to be an informant in return for immunity. Since then he's been giving us information. (beat) I guess his premature death means they found out.

STEPHANIE

So if he's here, they must be here.

DAMON

Exactly.

STEPHANIE

But where do you start?

Damon smiles.

DAMON

Oh I know exactly where.

INT. JULIEN'S BAR- NIGHT

Damon sits at a table with a drink in his hand. He is staring at Gabriel standing at the bar talking to a young woman.

He takes a sip of his drink not taking his eyes of the bald intimidating man.

Gabriel's mobile rings and he answers it. He only talks for a few seconds and then hangs up.

He walks along the bar through to the back. Damon jumps up from his seat and follows.

Gabriel passes a pay phone and toilet doors to a fire exit. He opens it and steps outside. Damon creeps to the door and peers out into an alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY- NIGHT

In the dark alley a black BMW is parked facing toward Damon. Behind the car is a land rover facing the opposite way.

Gabriel approaches a middle-aged man dressed in rough clothes wearing a baseball cap.

Damon watches as they shake hands and talk for a few seconds. They walk round between the two car boots. Gabriel opens the BMW boot blocking Damon's view.

Damon cranes his neck trying to see what they are doing, but the boot lid shields them.

Gabriel closes the boot lid and the two men shake hands. The other man climbs into the land rover and starts the engine driving off. Gabriel watches him leave and then turns heading back toward the bar.

INT. JULIEN'S BAR- NIGHT

Damon slips back inside the building and grabs the receiver of the pay phone pretending to listen to someone on the other end.

Gabriel enters the building closing the fire exit behind him. He walks past Damon back into the main room. Damon watches him disappear around the corner.

Once he's out of sight, Damon hangs up the phone and exits out the fire door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY- NIGHT

Damon sneaks over to the BMW looking around cautiously. He approaches the boot and tries to open it.

He takes out a small swiss army knife and breaks open the boot. He lifts the lid and peers inside, but it's empty.

Suddenly a large force crashes down on the back of his head and he passes out.

INT. CAR BOOT- NIGHT

Damon wakes and switches on a small key ring torch to find himself in the boot.

He tries to push open the boot, but it's locked. He starts banging on the lid and shouting.

DAMON  
Hello! Hello!

After constant banging and shouting he gives up and relaxes.

INT. CAR BOOT- MORNING

Damon is still lying waiting. He notices a small object in the corner glistening from the torch light. He reaches out and picks up a small metal rod about three inches long. He studies it, but is distracted by the sound of voices outside. He places it in his pocket and begins banging.

DAMON  
Hello? Hello?

Suddenly the boot opens and a Gendarme looks down at him confused. Damon smiles.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Morning.

INT. PRISON CELL, POLICE STATION- LATER THAT MORNING

Damon sits in a small cell looking at the small rod. The door unlocks and he quickly pockets the piece of metal.

Patapon enters looking at Damon.

PATAPON  
Monsieur Clarke. So lovely of you  
to stop by.

DAMON  
Inspector.

Patapon sits down next to Damon.

PATAPON  
A Gendarme told me you were found  
in the boot of a car.

Damon nods.

PATAPON (CONT'D)  
What were you doing in the boot of  
a car?

DAMON  
Hotels are very expensive these  
days. Got to cut costs where you  
can.

PATAPON  
I must say, I find your sarcastic  
attitude very irritating.

DAMON  
Good. I find your questions  
insufferable. (beat) Believe it or  
not I didn't climb into that boot  
voluntarily.

PATAPON  
Do you remember who did put you in  
that boot?

DAMON  
No, the blow to the head made sure  
of that.

PATAPON

That is a shame. (beat) Well, we managed to trace the owner of the car, they reported it stolen three days ago.

DAMON

What a surprise.

PATAPON

This wouldn't have anything to do with the body you found, would it?

DAMON

I couldn't say, I'm just on-

PATAPON

Holiday, of course. Just an innocent tourist caught up in someone else's business. Wrong place, wrong time?

DAMON

Exactly. Am I free to go yet?

Patapon gestures toward the door.

PATAPON

The door is open.

Damon stands and leaves the cell.

INT. MUSEUM, POULALON- DAY

Damon and Stephanie are walking through a quiet museum. Stephanie is looking around at the artefacts while Damon talks to her.

DAMON

After their meeting, I investigated the car and they threw me in the boot, they're definitely up to something.

STEPHANIE

That doesn't necessarily mean they're up to something, you were being nosy and it pissed them off. You'd be surprised how many journalists find themselves inside someone's trunk after snooping around it.

DAMON

Then how do you explain this.

Damon holds up the small metal rod. Stephanie stares at it.

STEPHANIE

What's that?

She takes it from him and studies it closely.

DAMON

It's a detonator for a bomb, but not just any detonator. This particular detonator is used by only three terrorist groups, one of which-

STEPHANIE

Les Libérateurs.

Damon snatches the detonator back.

DAMON

Exactly. They are planning something and this proves it.

STEPHANIE

But you can't go back to your bosses with just that. It won't stand up by itself.

DAMON

I know. What I need is to find out where exactly they're hiding. Then I can learn what their plan is and who's involved.

STEPHANIE

And how are you going to do that?

DAMON

I'm still working on it, but I'll think of something.

STEPHANIE

Well, keep me posted. I can't stand these tourist hotspots any longer.

DAMON

What is this place anyway?

STEPHANIE

It's the birthplace of Remy Roulet.

DAMON

Who?

STEPHANIE

He was a French poet.

DAMON

So why are you here?

STEPHANIE  
I'm taking in the sights.

DAMON  
Why?

STEPHANIE  
I have a job to do.

DAMON  
Yeah, writing my story.

STEPHANIE  
But, if you fuck this up, I still  
need something to give to my  
editor.

DAMON  
Thanks for the vote of confidence

STEPHANIE  
No offence, but you were locked in  
the trunk of a car overnight.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FARMHOUSE- DAY

Zacharie is pacing up and down the room nervously. Christoph enters flustered.

CHRISTOPH (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED)  
*What is it?*

Zacharie picks up a newspaper from a table and holds it up for Christoph to see the front page. The headline reads, 'body found in river'.

ZACHARIE  
*What is this?*

Christoph takes the paper and reads it.

CHRISTOPH  
*I was hoping they wouldn't find the  
body.*

ZACHARIE  
*You knew? Why? I thought we agreed  
we would take him out of the  
country before we kill him. What  
happened?*

CHRISTOPH  
*Maurice and Louis knew they had to  
take him across the border, but  
along the way he became suspicious  
and tried to run. They caught him  
and killed him.*  
(MORE)

CHRISTOPH (CONT'D)

*They dumped the body in the river  
hoping he would never be found.  
They did the right thing  
considering the circumstances.*

ZACHARIE

*Well, now the body has been found  
and police are swarming all over  
the town.*

CHRISTOPH

*Don't worry. They will never  
connect him to us and they have no  
idea we are here.*

ZACHARIE

*I'm considering postponing the plan  
until this blows over.*

CHRISTOPH

*What? No, we have worked too long  
and hard to get this opportunity.  
If we pass up this chance now they  
will never trust us again. Please,  
be patient. The police will never  
come this way and if they do,  
they'll never suspect he was one of  
us.*

Christoph places his hands on Zacharie's shoulders and looks deep into his eyes.

CHRISTOPH (CONT'D)

*Please brother, have faith.*

Zacharie considers his brothers words for a moment.

ZACHARIE

*You're right, this is our time.*

Christoph smiles.

EXT. STREET, POULALON- DAY

Damon stands at a crepe vendor purchasing one of the french delights. As he pays his money, he catches Gabriel passing by.

Damon takes his crepe and follows Gabriel down the street.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, POULALON- DAY

Damon munches on his crepe as the two of them walk down a quiet alleyway.

EXT. FIELDS, POULALON- DAY

Damon follows Gabriel through fields using trees and walls to stay in cover. He still carries his half eaten crepe.

EXT. CLIFF EDGE, POULALON- DAY

Gabriel and Damon walk along a cliff edge that looks down over the town. Suddenly Gabriel stops, prompting Damon to do the same. Gabriel turns around and stares at Damon.

Damon looks around pretending to admire the view and takes a bite of his crepe. He smiles at Gabriel.

Gabriel starts to walk toward Damon.

Damon spots him approaching and begins to walk in the other direction.

Gabriel looks very angry as he stomps his way closer to Damon.

Damon picks up his pace and begins running away. Gabriel follows suit and chases after him.

Damon reaches the edge of the cliff and is pinned down by Gabriel, there is nowhere for him to run.

Damon backs up close to the long drop behind him. Gabriel stares at him. He reaches into his jacket.

Damon panics and throws the crepe at Gabriel. It explodes on impact covering him in sauce and ingredients. Gabriel ignores the mess and pulls out a gun.

He points it at Damon. Damon now has no option, but to close his eyes and wait.

The screeching sound of a flock of seagulls deafen Damon and upon hearing the screams of Gabriel, he opens his eyes to find the birds attacking him.

They are desperate for the food he is covered in. Gabriel swings his arms trying to fend off the birds, but they are persistent and have a numbers advantage.

Gabriel stumbles about the cliff trying to get away, but the seagulls follow him. He treads closer to the edge. Damon tries to warn him.

DAMON

Mind the-

Gabriel steps in the wrong place and feels his foot drop as his entire body tumbles over the cliff edge.

The seagulls disperse as Gabriel's body splats on the rocks below.

Damon cringes.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Edge?

Damon looks down at the body shocked.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION- DAY

Damon sits at the table, Patapon sits opposite him. Patapon rubs his eyes with his thumb and index finger, stressed.

He looks at Damon.

PATAPON

So let me go over this again just so it's completely clear in my head. You were being chased by this man, you ran to the edge of the cliff where he pulled a gun and aimed it at you, terrified you threw your crepe at him. Birds attacked him and he stumbled over the edge.

DAMON

That's what happened.

PATAPON

I'm finding it very hard to believe you. What did you say was your occupation?

DAMON

I never said.

PATAPON

No and that concerns me. I now have two bodies in my morgue both of them discovered by you. Coincidence? I think not.

Patapon opens the file and takes out a photo of the broken chain tattoo.

PATAPON (CONT'D)

Do you recognise this tattoo?

DAMON

No.

PATAPON

This tattoo was found on both bodies, clearly they are linked.

(MORE)

PATAPON (CONT'D)

Possibly murdered by the same person? Why are you in Poulalon?

DAMON

I told you I'm on holiday.

PATAPON

Holiday, holiday, holiday. Is murder common when you go on holiday? Do you seek out death?

DAMON

Look I'll be honest with you. I'm an intelligence analyst for the British secret service. I was sent here on vacation by my boss.

Damon takes a card from his pocket and places it on the table.

DAMON (CONT'D)

If you call this number he'll confirm the reason I'm here.

Patapon looks at the card. He takes a mobile from his pocket and dials the number, he waits.

PATAPON

Good afternoon Monsieur this is Inspector Jean Patapon of the Poulalon police. I have a Damon Clarke here with me, he's helping us with some enquiries. (He listens) No Monsieur he's not in any trouble he's merely a witness. We just needed to confirm his occupation and reason for being in the country. (He listens) Okay, thank you for your time. Au revoir.

Patapon hangs up.

PATAPON (CONT'D)

He said you're here on compulsory vacation. He was very quick to think you had caused trouble.

DAMON

Why do you think I'm here?

Patapon smiles.

PATAPON

What did you do?

DAMON

It's a long story.

PATAPON

The best ones always are.

DAMON

The bottom line is, the gentleman  
you just spoke to, I broke his  
nose.

PATAPON

Your boss?

Damon nods.

Patapon bursts out laughing.

PATAPON (CONT'D)

The working mans dream. I wish I  
could do the same to mine. I seem  
to have misjudged you.

There is a knock on the door.

PATAPON (CONT'D)

Come in.

A gendarme enters with a sheet of paper. He hands it to  
Patapon and stands by him waiting. Patapon reads it.

PATAPON (CONT'D)

Well, it seems your story has  
evidence. A gun was retrieved with  
the deceased's prints and the  
scratches on his face correspond to  
those of a bird. And they found  
traces of bird excrement on his  
clothing. I guess once again you're  
free to go.

Damon stands.

PATAPON (CONT'D)

But if I find you back in this  
station again I will not hesitate  
to take further action.

The gendarme opens the door and Damon leaves.

PATAPON (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED) (CONT'D  
(CONT'D)

(to gendarme)

*Have him followed, discreetly.*

The gendarme nods and leaves the room. Patapon takes another  
look at the photo of the tattoo.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FARMHOUSE- DAY

Zacharie is on the phone pacing up and down the room.

ZACHARIE (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED)

*No, darling I did not have an affair with the milkman. Just because I'm gay, doesn't mean I was riding every arse in the town. (He listens) No, when did you ever see me looking at the postman in that way. I understand you're angry and upset, but these allegations are ridiculous. (He listens) No! I never even met the vicar. Look, Juliette, I was never once unfaithful. As much as I wanted to, I restrained myself. Even though I'm gay, I still love you and I'm sorry to do this to you in this way, but you need to know. For your sake. (beat) Hello?, Juliette?*

Zacharie sighs and hangs up the phone. He sits down in his armchair and looks at a framed photo of a middle-aged woman smiling.

He puts down the phone and picks up the photo staring at it.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

*How I wish you were still with us.*

He kisses the photo.

The door opens and Christoph enters.

CHRISTOPH

*Zacharie, we have a problem.*

Zacharie puts down the photo.

ZACHARIE

*Another one?*

Christoph sits down on the couch facing Zacharie.

CHRISTOPH

*Gabriel is dead.*

ZACHARIE

*How?*

CHRISTOPH

*He fell off a cliff.*

ZACHARIE

*Again I ask how?*

CHRISTOPH  
*I guess he slipped.*

ZACHARIE  
*What was he doing by a cliff?*

CHRISTOPH  
*When it comes to Gabriel, one can only imagine.*

ZACHARIE  
*Well, I guess we'd better get in another bomb maker. As one is essential to the plan.*

CHRISTOPH  
*I'll make the call.*

Christoph goes to stand but stops upon hearing Zacharie speak.

ZACHARIE  
*By the way, I told her.*

CHRISTOPH  
*How did she take it?*

ZACHARIE  
*Not well.*

CHRISTOPH  
*At least it's done.*

Christoph stands and takes Zacharie's hand.

CHRISTOPH (CONT'D)  
*She would be proud of you.*

Christoph gestures toward the photo. Zacharie looks over and smiles.

ZACHARIE  
*I can only hope.*

Christoph releases Zacharie's hand and leaves the room. Zacharie picks up the photo and stares at it again.

EXT. STREET, POULALON- DAY

Damon approaches a small tourist shop with maps on a rack outside. He starts searching through the maps and finds a local one.

As he looks at it, out of the corner of his eye he notices a car parked across the road. Two men inside are watching him.

EXT. STREET, POULALON- DAY

Damon enters a public phone box and dials.

DAMON  
Hello, room eleven please.

Damon watches the car while he waits.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Okay. Could you give her a message  
when she returns? Tell her to meet  
Damon in the cafe by the river.  
Thank you.

Damon hangs up and exits the phone box.

INT. CAFE, POULALON- DAY

Damon sits at a table with the map spread out in front of  
him. A couple of empty coffee cups hold it down flat.

Damon is drawing a line across it with his finger.

Stephanie enters and looks around. She spots Damon and  
approaches.

STEPHANIE  
What's going on? Apparently another  
body was found.

Stephanie sits down next to Damon.

DAMON  
I was there.

STEPHANIE  
Who was it?

DAMON  
The man who threw me in the boot.

Stephanie looks around to ensure no one is listening.

STEPHANIE  
Did you kill him?

DAMON  
No, it was an accident. He fell off  
the cliff.

Stephanie stares at him.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
I didn't kill him.

STEPHANIE

Okay. So what did you need to speak to me about?

DAMON

Before he died, I was following him. He was walking along this dirt path, here. (Pointing to map) this path leads to this farm. This is where they are, I think.

Stephanie looks closer at the map.

DAMON (CONT'D)

I'm going to check it out tonight if you fancy it.

STEPHANIE

I can't tonight. I'm interviewing the mayor tomorrow morning, I need an early night.

DAMON

Okay.

Damon looks at Stephanie smiling. She smiles back.

STEPHANIE

What? What is it? (beat) you need something else from me, don't you? Something I may not be happy with.

DAMON

There are two undercover policemen outside in a car following me. I need you to distract them.

STEPHANIE

Oh no. No way.

DAMON

Please. I can't do this with them on my tail.

STEPHANIE

Just go out the back way.

DAMON

There isn't one. All you need to do is distract them for a few seconds so I can slip out and get away.

STEPHANIE

And how do I do that?

DAMON

I don't know, use your imagination.

STEPHANIE

And what if I get arrested?

DAMON

You won't get arrested. Just go out there and pretend to faint or something.

STEPHANIE

Are you serious?

DAMON

Please, otherwise you don't get your story.

Stephanie exhales.

STEPHANIE

Fine.

Stephanie stands and heads for the door.

EXT. STREET, POULALON- DAY

Stephanie sees the car and walks across the road. She stops in front of their car and pretends to faint in an over the top manner.

She falls to the floor waiting, but the two officers remain in their car watching the cafe oblivious to her.

She sits up and looks at the officers. She gets to her feet and moves closer to the car, she pretends to faint again slamming her body down on the bonnet of the car.

The two officers jump in their seats and look forward at the woman collapsing to the ground. They both jump out of the car and run around to help her.

Damon slips out the cafe and walks quickly up the road disappearing round the corner.

Stephanie is pulled to her feet.

STEPHANIE

Thank you, I'm fine.

She straightens herself and hurries off leaving the two officers confused.

EXT. FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

Damon crawls over a small mound so the farmhouse is in view. Men walk around the farm, some of them carrying guns and equipment.

One man, GERARD (30) stands at the entrance to the farm smoking.

Damon crawls through the grass to try and get a closer view. His misplaced elbow rests on a small rabbit and it squeals making Damon jump.

Gerard looks up and spots rustling in the distance. He pulls a gun and moves closer. Damon panics and jumps to his feet.

Gerard rushes toward him and Damon runs away.

They disappear into the darkness. Damon slips and tumbles down a hill. Gerard stands on the top of the hill and looks around, but he can't see anything. He turns and walks away holstering his gun.

Damon reaches the bottom of the hill splashing into a muddy puddle. He pulls himself to his feet and looks around in the pitch black darkness. He is unsure where to go.

DAMON

Oh shit!

Damon begins to tread blindly along the fields constantly changing direction trying to get his bearings. Suddenly the ground disappears beneath him and he falls into a ditch.

DAMON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ow.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY- MORNING

The receptionist stands at the desk reading a magazine. Damon approaches the desk. The receptionist puts down the magazine and looks at him in shock.

Damon's clothes are torn, wet and dirty. His face isn't any better with cuts and bruises.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you okay, Monsieur?

DAMON

I'm fine. I just decided to take a midnight stroll and I got a little lost. Could I get my room key?

RECEPTIONIST

Of course.

The receptionist collects the room key not taking his eyes off of Damon.

DAMON

Thank you.

Damon turns and heads for the stairs. He bumps into Stephanie coming the other way.

STEPHANIE

Damon! Jesus Christ, what happened to you?

DAMON

They're hiding at the farm.

STEPHANIE

They are?

DAMON

I saw several men with guns. Something is going down and soon.

STEPHANIE

Okay, so what do you do now?

DAMON

That's what we've got to figure out now.

STEPHANIE

I can't now, I'm due to meet the mayor which I'm not looking forward to and I'm already late. I'll meet you in the hotel bar around twelve.

DAMON

Okay, twelve o'clock. I'll be there. I'm going to go take a shower.

STEPHANIE

Sounds like a good idea. I'll see you later.

Stephanie rushes for the door. Damon watches her leave and then heads up the stairs.

INT. DAMON'S ROOM- DAY

Damon enters his room and enters the bathroom switching on the shower. He exits the bathroom and starts pulling off his wet clothes.

As he pulls his trousers off, he stumbles and falls to the floor.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE- DAY

Stephanie enters the Mayor's office and is greeted by a large, grinning man in a sharp suit behind a large ornate desk.

MAYOR

My dear, it's so wonderful to meet such a beautiful journalist.

STEPHANIE

It's great to meet you Mr Mayor.

MAYOR

Oh please, call me Michel.

They shake hands.

STEPHANIE

I'm sorry for being late.

MAYOR

Don't mention it. Have a seat.

Stephanie sits opposite the Mayor as he relaxes into a leather chair. Stephanie takes a notepad and pen from her purse.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

So how are you enjoying our quaint little town?

STEPHANIE

It's beautiful. I find the quiet serenity very appealing.

MAYOR

We pride ourselves on being a relaxing place to come. My first visit here was twenty years ago and I never forgot it. I moved here ten years ago and within seven years I became Mayor and I've loved every minute of it. Every day I take a walk alongside the river, and I listen to the gentle trickle as the water passes me by and it takes me back to that first visit. There's nothing quite like nostalgia.

STEPHANIE

If it's okay with you I'd like to ask you a few questions.

MAYOR

Please, of course.

Stephanie reads the questions from her notepad with little interest.

STEPHANIE

Uh, you've been voted town of the year twice in a row now, why do you think that is?

MAYOR

I am very proud of that. I think as a town we come together, we work hard, we enjoy tourists visiting and so we want to make sure they have the best experience we can possibly offer. And hopefully they will return.

Stephanie smiles and makes some notes.

STEPHANIE

Um, what do you feel are your town's best assets?

MAYOR

Well, we have the river which is picturesque even at it's worst. We are a medieval town and we have the castle on the hill which means we offer historical significance. I can't tell you how many classes of school children we have had visit, but they all have the most amazing time here.

Stephanie makes another note. She reads over her questions and closes her notepad. She stares at the Mayor for a moment.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

STEPHANIE

How long have terrorists been using your town as a sanctuary to organise their threats?

The Mayor is taken aback.

MAYOR

Excuse me?

STEPHANIE

Terrorists, are using a small farm in the town as their home.

The Mayor laughs nervously.

MAYOR

I'm afraid I have no idea what you're talking about.

STEPHANIE

Surely you must have noticed them. You are after all the Mayor.

MAYOR

Look, I think you're mistaken. We have no terrorists living in my town. The farm on the hill has been abandoned for several years.

STEPHANIE

There are many farms in the town, how did you know I meant the one on the hill?

The Mayor jumps up from his seat.

MAYOR

Pascal!

The door opens and a large suited man enters.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Have this woman escorted out of the building, she is no longer welcome here.

Pascal grabs Stephanie and drags her toward the door. She struggles.

STEPHANIE

What are you hiding?

Pascal drags her out of the office. The Mayor closes the door and approaches his desk. He picks up the receiver and dials.

EXT. TOWN HALL- DAY

Stephanie is thrown out the main doors of the building by Pascal. He goes back inside closing the doors behind him.

STEPHANIE

(To herself)

Nice one, Stephanie. You just couldn't keep your mouth shut, could you?

She looks at her watch, the time is half eleven. She starts walking.

EXT. STREET, POULALON- DAY

Stephanie is walking down a quiet street. A van pulls up beside her and two men in balaclavas jump out and grab her.

She manages to put up a fight kicking one of them in the balls. He falls to the ground in agony. The other man manages to keep a hold of her.

The driver of the van climbs out and helps. He grabs Stephanie's legs and they throw her in the back of the van. The driver helps up the other guy and they all climb in the van and drive off.

INT. HOTEL BAR- DAY

Damon sits in an armchair waiting. He looks at the clock on the wall. The time is 12:30. He looks around the room, but it's completely empty.

Damon stands and exits the bar.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION- DAY

Damon approaches the receptionist at the desk.

DAMON  
Excuse me. Has the lady from room  
eleven come through here?

The receptionist looks at the board on the wall holding the room keys and notices number eleven still hanging in it's place.

RECEPTIONIST  
No.

DAMON  
Okay, thank you.

Damon is confused. He heads for the main doors and exits the hotel.

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT- DAY

Stephanie is tied to a chair in a small cell like room. The door opens and Christoph enters along with FRANCOIS (30s).

Francois is thin and gaunt, a hint of psychotic in his wide eyes and creepy smile.

CHRISTOPH  
Who are you?

STEPHANIE  
I'm a journalist.

CHRISTOPH  
How did you find out we were here?

STEPHANIE  
Lucky guess?

CHRISTOPH

Francois here is a master at torture. He tells me you will be his first female subject. He's very excited.

Stephanie breaths heavy.

CHRISTOPH (CONT'D)

Do I need to ask the question again?

STEPHANIE

A colleague back home recognised Henri Delacourt in the news. He told me about your group and suspected you might be hiding out here. I was passing by the farmhouse and I noticed some of you carrying guns.

CHRISTOPH

Oh these stupid idiots. I keep telling them not to carry their guns on show. You would think once would be enough, but no, it goes in one ear and out the other (beat) what have you told this colleague of yours?

STEPHANIE

I haven't told him anything.

CHRISTOPH

(To Francois)

Francois, what tool will you be using first?

Francois picks up a pair of pliers from a small surgical table and grins.

STEPHANIE

I swear I haven't told anyone. I'll admit I was going to, but I never got the chance before you kidnapped me.

CHRISTOPH

So as long as you're here, we can rest easy? We do not need to be concerned about anyone visiting?

STEPHANIE

Nobody will come.

Christoph stares into her eyes.

CHRISTOPH  
I am very good at knowing when  
people are lying.

STEPHANIE  
I'm not lying.

Christoph leans in closer staring deeper into her eyes.

CHRISTOPH  
No, you are not. You are too smart  
to lie to us.

Christoph turns to walk away, but then swings his arm around  
smacking Stephanie around the face knocking her unconscious.

CHRISTOPH (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED)  
(CONT'D)  
(To Francois)  
*I'm sorry Francois, not today.*

Francois is disappointed, he slams the pliers down on the  
table.

Christoph heads for the door.

CHRISTOPH (CONT'D)  
*Make sure nobody finds out she's  
here.*

He exits the small room.

EXT. STREET, POULALON- DAY

Damon is walking down the street looking around for  
Stephanie. Up ahead he hears commotion coming from inside a  
restaurant.

As he nears, a man comes flying out the doors backwards  
landing hard on the ground.

It is BARRY MILLINGTON (54). He has rough hair and a full  
beard. He wears a casual shirt and beige trousers. He looks  
around confused and in pain.

A waiter steps out after, pointing and screaming at him.

BARRY  
You bloody French bastard! If you  
knew what I was capable of.

The waiter turns and heads back inside the restaurant. Barry  
struggles to get to his feet.

Damon runs over and helps him up.

DAMON  
Here let me help.

BARRY  
Get your bloody hands off me you  
French pig.

DAMON  
I'm English.

Barry stares at Damon, trying to stand straight.

BARRY  
Both of you?

DAMON  
Are you drunk?

BARRY  
With any luck.

DAMON  
Come on, I'll get you a coffee.

Damon escorts Barry away from the restaurant.

EXT. CAFE- DAY

Damon and Barry sit outside a café. The waiter brings over two cups of coffee. Barry takes a sip.

DAMON  
That should sober you up.

BARRY  
Who are you again?

DAMON  
My name is Damon Clarke. I'm an  
intelligence analyst for MI6. And I  
know who you are, Barry Millington,  
one of the best field agents we've  
had. I analysed some of your  
reports.

BARRY  
Really? You're not the little shit  
that called me a liar, are you?  
That said what I'd seen in Budapest  
was bullshit and that there was  
more chance of him getting sucked  
off by an ant, than there was of me  
being correct?

Damon tries to hide the guilt from his face.

DAMON

Uh no, that wasn't me. That sounds more like something Steven Kirk would say.

BARRY

Steven Kirk?

DAMON

Yep.

Barry takes a small black book from his pocket and pen and writes in it.

BARRY

Steven Kirk.

He closes the book and places it back in his pocket.

DAMON

So you're retired now?

BARRY

I'm not retired.

DAMON

But I thought-

BARRY

Twenty nine years I worked for them and they wanted to retire me. I was having none of it, so they gave me a choice. I could retire or they could find me another position. They knew I'd choose the latter so they sent me here. A contact agent in a place I'll never be needed. They expect me to quit, I won't give them the pleasure. So I spend every paycheck on a very expensive bottle of wine and I toast their arrogance.

Barry stares into the distance.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I didn't want it to end like this; I always wanted to go out in a hail of bullets, gunned down in a blaze of glory. Job never got dangerous enough for that.

Barry remembers Damon is there and turns to him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What brings you here anyway?

DAMON  
I'm on holiday.

Barry takes in their surroundings confused.

BARRY  
You chose this place for a holiday?

DAMON  
I didn't choose it. This is  
courtesy of Her majesty's secret  
service.

Barry grins.

BARRY  
Compulsory vacation?

DAMON  
Yeah, that's exactly it.

BARRY  
I've had a few of those myself,  
they always sent me here. Remember  
you work for them; you're not their  
bloody slave.

DAMON  
It wasn't like that. It was more,  
complicated.

BARRY  
How so?

DAMON  
I punched the head of intelligence.

Barry laughs.

BARRY  
And you got a holiday out of it.  
Who is the head of intelligence  
these days?

DAMON  
Alistair Morgan.

BARRY  
That winy little prick.

DAMON  
You don't like him either?

BARRY  
That shit fucked my wife while I  
was in Paris, and again while I was  
in St Petersburg (beat) and twice  
while I was in Kiev.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

When you return do me a favour and punch him again will you, I never got the chance.

Barry takes another sip of his coffee.

DAMON

Listen, it's a bit of luck I ran into you actually.

BARRY

There's no such thing as luck.

DAMON

I suppose you heard about the body found in the river.

BARRY

I recall something along those lines. A major crime in a small town can't be missed.

DAMON

It turns out he was with Les Libérateurs.

Barry is unimpressed.

BARRY

So?

Damon speaks excitedly.

DAMON

They're here. Hiding out in a farmhouse just outside of town.

Barry gives no reaction.

BARRY

So?

DAMON

What do you mean so? They're planning an attack.

BARRY

It's Les Libérateurs. You of all people should know it'll turn out to be a damp squib.

DAMON

But what if it doesn't. We could stop a major threat.

BARRY

(Smiling)

Oh I see, you're Birdwatching  
naked.

DAMON

Something like that.

BARRY

Risky business. It's bad enough  
getting caught with just your pants  
down, let alone full blown  
starkers.

DAMON

I don't care. This is what I've  
always wanted. I applied for field  
work and they rejected me. If I can  
prove to them I'm capable maybe  
they'll consider me. I could really  
use your help.

BARRY

I'm afraid I'm too old and too  
inebriated to deal with crap like  
that anymore.

DAMON

Then train me, so I can infiltrate  
their hideout.

BARRY

Do you realise what it takes to be  
a field agent?

DAMON

Yes.

Barry thinks for a moment. He leans in closer to Damon and  
speaks quietly.

BARRY

You do realise, none of this is  
real. This town is fake owned by  
the British Government to examine  
their employees. All these people  
are actors and you're being tested  
right now.

Damon is in shock.

DAMON

Really?

Barry leans back in his chair.

BARRY

No you gullible bastard, but that's how good an actor you have to be to infiltrate enemy territory.

DAMON

Please, just give me the basics. I deserve a chance.

Barry thinks again.

BARRY

Alright fine. I'll help you, but I'm only doing this because a part of me wants to see you fuck this up for my own amusement. I could do with a laugh.

Barry takes a sip of his coffee.

EXT. STREET, POULALON- DAY

Damon and Barry are walking slowly along the street.

BARRY

Now the key to working undercover is confidence, you have to believe you are the cover. You need to know every detail from where you were born to how often you take a shit. When questioned, hesitation can get you killed.

DAMON

Okay.

BARRY

But first things first, we need to get you a weapon.

DAMON

A gun? I don't think that's necessary.

BARRY

A gun is always necessary. When the shit hits the fan you'll want to get out the room and a gun may be your only key. Give me a few hours to sort something out and I'll call you. Where are you staying?

DAMON

The Merianda.

BARRY

Fuck me, they pushed the boat out for you, didn't they? Wait there for my call.

DAMON

Why do I have to wait?

BARRY

Because this part I need to deal with myself.

DAMON

I'm bored of waiting.

BARRY

Oh I'm sure you can find something to do in that five star luxury hotel.

Barry walks off muttering under his breath.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(To himself)

Fucking ungrateful shit.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION- DAY

Damon enters the hotel and approaches the desk. The receptionist smiles at him already with his key in hand.

RECEPTIONIST

Monsieur Clarke.

Damon takes the key.

DAMON

Thank you. Has the woman from room eleven returned yet?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes.

DAMON

She has? Is she in her room?

RECEPTIONIST

Um no. She checked out an hour ago.

DAMON

What?

RECEPTIONIST

She said she was ending her stay prematurely and returning home.

Damon is confused.

DAMON  
Are you sure?

RECEPTIONIST  
Absolutely.

Damon can't understand.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Is there a problem, Monsieur?

DAMON  
No, thank you. Um I'm expecting a  
call. Make sure I get it.

RECEPTIONIST  
Very well, Monsieur.

Damon turns and heads up the main stairs.

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT- DAY

Stephanie wakes up still tied to the chair. She looks around the small room. She spots the surgical table in the corner with a knife on it.

She shuffles in the chair managing to move it closer to the table, but very slowly.

INT. DAMON'S ROOM- DAY

Damon is lying on his bed flicking through TV channels. The phone rings and he snaps up the receiver.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)  
Hello? (He listens) Yes, put him  
through. (He listens) Barry? (He  
listens) Okay I'll be there.

Damon hangs up the phone and jumps off the bed.

EXT. COTTAGE- DAY

Barry and Damon walk towards the front door of a quaint little cottage tucked snugly on the edge of a woodland.

DAMON  
So how do you know this guy?

BARRY  
I don't, I've never met him, but he  
came highly recommended.

DAMON  
Can we trust him?

BARRY  
Well it's either that or we kill  
him after.

Damon gives a worried look. Barry grins.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
I'm joking.

Barry knocks on the door and they wait. Suddenly it whips open and GRANT (29) a tall, thin man with long greasy hair answers. He is dressed like some kind of hippie eco-warrior. He speaks with a thick Glasgow accent.

GRANT  
You alright?

BARRY  
We spoke on the phone. We'd like to  
make a purchase.

GRANT  
Aye, come on in.

Grant steps aside to let them enter. He checks no one else is outside before closing the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM, COTTAGE- DAY

They enter a grubby living room with drug paraphernalia all around. The coffee table is covered in various guns.

GRANT  
Can I get either of you a drink?

BARRY  
No thank you.

GRANT  
Smoke?

BARRY  
No.

GRANT  
Alright, well they're all there.  
Take your pick.

Barry scans over the weapons while Damon stands back not a clue what to do.

Barry begins picking up the guns and checking them, he takes out the clips, checks the barrels, looks down the sights.

He picks up a Glock and holds it at arms length aiming down the sight.

BARRY  
Does this one fire okay?

GRANT  
I don't know.

Barry lowers the gun and looks over at Grant confused.

BARRY  
What do you mean you don't know?  
Haven't you tested it?

GRANT  
I don't test the guns mate.

BARRY  
What? Why not?

GRANT  
I'm a pacifist mate, love not war.  
I don't fire guns.

BARRY  
You're a pacifist gun dealer?

GRANT  
Aye.

BARRY  
(To Damon)  
Bit of an oxymoron isn't it?

Damon nods.

GRANT  
I'm not a fucking moron.

BARRY  
I said oxymoron. What I mean is  
it's a bit strange.

GRANT  
Oh not you as well.

BARRY  
Excuse me?

GRANT  
Why is it every time I tell someone  
I'm a pacifist they find it  
strange?

BARRY  
Because it is.

GRANT

Well, let me ask you this. How many drug dealers test their own products?

BARRY

Quite a few from what I remember.

GRANT

Fuck you. Do you want to buy or not.

BARRY

Yes, please. We'll take this one (Holding up the Glock) and those two (pointing down at the coffee table)

DAMON

Three?

Barry stares daggers at Damon.

BARRY

(To Grant)

Plus ammo for each.

GRANT

Alright, that's three hundred, plus two fifty, plus three fifty and hundred for the ammo, that's a thousand all together.

BARRY

Pay the man, Damon.

DAMON

What?

BARRY

You want the guns, you pay for them.

DAMON

But I-

BARRY

Pay the man.

Damon gives in and reaches into his pocket taking out his wallet.

EXT. COTTAGE- DAY

Damon and Barry exit the cottage. Barry carries a black bag containing the guns.

BARRY  
Which gun do you want to carry with you?

DAMON  
I don't know.

BARRY  
Well, which gun would you be most comfortable with?

DAMON  
I don't know.

BARRY  
Well, what guns have you used before?

DAMON  
I've never fire a gun before?

Barry stops in his tracks. Damon stops with him.

BARRY  
But I thought you said you failed field work training. You must have fired something.

DAMON  
No, I told you I applied for field work training, I wasn't even accepted.

BARRY  
Right. Come on.

Barry walks off.

DAMON  
Where are we going?

BARRY (O.S.)  
Target practice.

EXT. WOOD- DAY

Damon and Barry stand in the middle of a quiet wood. Barry takes the Glock from the bag and gives it to Damon.

DAMON  
Are you sure this is necessary? I don't think I'll even need a gun.

BARRY

It's better to have it and not need it, now it's quite simple, you just point and shoot. Aim for the tree directly in front of you.

Damon reluctantly raises the gun he lines up the sight. As he pulls the trigger he closes his eyes and misses the tree completely.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, it's not quite as simple as I first suggested. Now place your other hand under the butt of the gun to stable your aim. Line up the sight and gently squeeze the trigger.

Damon does as he's told. He squeezes the trigger and again misses the tree completely.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Not a problem. Try again.

Damon fires again missing the tree.

DAMON

The sight is off.

BARRY

Don't be ridiculous. Give it here.

Barry snatches the gun off Damon and takes his place. He raises the gun supports his aim, and fires. He misses the tree completely.

DAMON

I told you.

Barry looks over at Damon angry.

BARRY

You've bloody broken it.

Damon is shocked as Barry storms over to the bag.

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT- DAY

Stephanie has reached the table and is now trying to lift her hand to reach the knife. She strains and pulls at her bindings and manages to get a finger on the knife.

She slides it toward her, but it slips and falls onto the floor.

STEPHANIE

Shit.

INT. DINING ROOM, BARRY'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Damon and Barry sit at the table opposite each other. Barry is staring at a sheet of paper. Damon looks tired and bored.

BARRY

Okay, let's go over it again.

DAMON

We've been over it twenty five times.

BARRY

And we'll keep going over it until you know it backwards.

Damon exhales.

DAMON

My name is Raymond Wood. I was born 28th of February 1989 in St Albans, Buckingham-

BARRY

Hertfordshire.

DAMON

Fuck, Hertfordshire. I joined the army aged 18 in 1997. I had one tour of Afghanistan, but on my return I became disillusioned with the government and quit the army. I originally joined a protest group, but when I discovered Les Libérateurs I joined in 2002.

BARRY

Good.

DAMON

They're never going to believe this.

BARRY

Not straight away. Which is what this is for (He holds up a black marker pen) now keep going.

Damon exhales again.

DAMON

My mother...

EXT. ROAD- NIGHT

Damon and Barry sit in a clapped out old Citroen 2CV down the road from the farm. Damon is breathing slowly and loudly.

BARRY  
What are you doing?

DAMON  
I'm controlling my breathing. I'm a  
little nervous

BARRY  
You can't be nervous, not now.  
Remember what I said, confidence.

DAMON  
Right.

BARRY  
Now you've got your gun?

Damon pats his chest where his gun is holstered.

DAMON  
Yeah.

Barry takes a small piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to Damon.

BARRY  
Any problems, call this number.

Damon reads the number.

DAMON  
Is this your number?

BARRY  
No, it's the number of the local  
funeral directors, I thought you  
might need it.

Damon looks at Barry confused.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Of course it's my bloody number.

Damon is relieved.

DAMON  
Okay.

Damon and Barry sit in silence for a moment.

BARRY  
Well, are you going or not?

DAMON  
Right.

Damon climbs out the car and starts walking toward the farm.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Confidence, confidence.

EXT. FARM- NIGHT

Damon cautiously approaches the main gate where Gerard stands smoking.

DAMON  
Excuse moi?

Gerard looks over at Damon.

GERARD (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED)  
*You shouldn't be here. This is private property.*

DAMON  
Parlez vous anglais?

GERARD  
Yes, I speak English. This is private property, you are trespassing.

DAMON  
I'm sorry, but I'm looking for a particular farm.

GERARD  
Not here you're not.

DAMON  
I've just walked all the way from town.

Damon turns his head to look in the direction of the town and points. He reveals a broken chain tattoo on his neck.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
And I was hoping this was the right one.

Gerard stares at the tattoo.

GERARD  
Les Libérateurs?

DAMON  
Yes.

Gerard laughs.

GERARD  
My apologies. We've been expecting you. Please come through. I had no idea you would be English.

Gerard wraps his arm around Damon's shoulder and escorts him toward the farmhouse.

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY- NIGHT

Damon and Gerard enter the house. Gerard closes the door behind them. He looks at Damon.

GERARD

Arms up.

DAMON

Excuse me?

GERARD

I need to pat you down. Please put your arms up.

Damon raises his arms. Gerard pats him down and discovers the gun pulling it from the holster.

GERARD (CONT'D)

You won't need this in here.

Gerard pockets the gun and walks toward a door down the other end of the hallway. He gestures for Damon to come to him as he knocks on the door.

ZACHARIE (V.O.)

Come in.

Gerard opens the door and enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

Zacharie is standing by a fireplace. He looks over at the door where Gerard and a confused Damon stand.

GERARD (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED)

*He's here.*

Zacharie is taken aback by Damon. He smiles and approaches him.

ZACHARIE

Bonjour.

DAMON

Bonjour.

GERARD

He's English.

ZACHARIE

You are English?

DAMON

Yes.

ZACHARIE

Thank you, Gerard.

Gerard nods and leaves the room closing the door behind him.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

Please take a seat.

Damon sits down on the couch.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

Let me get you a drink. Is brandy okay?

DAMON

It's fine.

Zacharie picks up the bottle of brandy and turns to Damon ready to pour.

ZACHARIE

Here you go.

DAMON

A glass would be helpful.

Zacharie realises his mistake.

ZACHARIE

Oh of course. Excuse me for acting all flustered, I must admit I wasn't expecting you to be so (beat) English.

DAMON

Please don't be. After all nothing separates us but a small strip of water.

ZACHARIE

Yes of course.

Zacharie smiles. He turns and pours two glasses. Damon can't believe what he just said. Zacharie hands one glass to Damon and sits down in his armchair.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

So have you been briefed on our assignment?

DAMON

No I haven't.

ZACHARIE

Oh well allow me to explain it. As you know governments around the world mock us and our cause. We feel a big impact must be made to get our voice properly heard and be respected. We are planning to plant seven bombs around Europe. Major cities such as London, Paris, Rome etcetera. We will then demand a ransom from the EU of 10 billion Euros. For every hour they fail to pay we detonate one bomb. I think it's obvious where you come in.

DAMON

It is?

ZACHARIE

Of course with your expertise in bomb making you're a very important piece of the puzzle. Your predecessor already purchased the necessary requirements and so it's simply a case of you building our bombs. If possible we would like them to be remotely detonated via mobile phone from a distance of 1 mile, can you do this?

DAMON

Uh absolutely.

ZACHARIE

Excellent. I'm very excited about this mission we have undertaken. My brother and I have been with Les Libérateurs for twelve years and finally we have been given this incredible responsibility.

The door opens and Christoph steps into the room.

CHRISTOPH

Zacharie.

Zacharie stands and approaches Christoph.

ZACHARIE

Ah Christoph this is Gabriel's replacement, uh I'm sorry I didn't catch your name.

DAMON

Raymond.

ZACHARIE

Raymond.

Damon stands and holds out his hand.

DAMON  
It's a pleasure to meet you.

Christoph reluctantly shakes Damon's hand.

CHRISTOPH  
Your English.

DAMON  
Yes.

CHRISTOPH (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED)  
*Mmm. Zacharie I'm turning in for the night.*

ZACHARIE  
Okay.

CHRISTOPH  
(To Damon)  
You will be sleeping in the barn with the rest of the men.

DAMON  
Fine.

Christoph leaves the room. Zacharie and Damon sit back down.

ZACHARIE  
Excuse my brother he's not very sociable.

DAMON  
I noticed.

ZACHARIE  
We didn't have the best of childhoods. When we were young boys Papa lost his job and found it tremendously difficult to find work, he blamed the government. They did not help and he found solace in alcohol. Some nights he would drink so much the anger would envelope him and he would take it out on our mother, a sweet gentle woman undeserved of such treatment. My brother, Christoph, tougher than myself would stand up to him and suffer just as much. Every night when my father returned from the local bar my mother fearing for our safety would send my brother and I to the shed to protect us.

\*FLASHBACK\*

INT. SHED- NIGHT

Two small boys are huddled in a cramped shed in the dark holding hands. The sound of screams can be heard.

ZACHARIE (V.O.)

One particular night my father returned in a terrible drunken rage he punished my mother so badly we could hear her screams. I remember watching my brothers fist tighten as he listened to the crashes of furniture.

The young Christoph's fist clenches in front of the young Zacharie's eyes.

ZACHARIE (V.O.)

He turned to me and told me to stay put and then he left.

Young Christoph exits the shed.

ZACHARIE (V.O.)

While I waited nervously my brother took our Father's gun.

The Young Christoph takes a gun out of a box from a wardrobe.

ZACHARIE (V.O.)

And shot him as he stood over our Mother's broken body.

Christoph shoots his father, his mother lies on the floor bloody and beaten. His father collapses to the ground in slow motion. Christoph stands over both bodies.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

A tear runs down Zacharie's face. Damon is absorbed in the story.

ZACHARIE

Alas it was too late she was already dead. I knew if the police discovered my brother's crime he would be taken away and I would be left alone. I couldn't let that happen, so I placed the gun in my Father's hand. The police came to the conclusion it was suicide from guilt and we were sent to the local orphanage. My father killed my mother, but I don't blame him I blame the government and their neglect.

(MORE)

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

Two boys grew up without parents  
and they need to take  
responsibility.

Zacharie dries his eyes.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I've never told anyone  
that story. It's been so long I  
just felt I needed to tell someone.

DAMON

It's fine.

ZACHARIE

So how did you find yourself with  
us?

DAMON

I was in the army. When I returned  
from a tour of Afghanistan I became  
disillusioned with my government. I  
became a protestor against the war  
and during this time I was told  
about Les Lib. I've been working  
for them for the past two years.

ZACHARIE

And am I right in assuming you were  
part of the bomb disposal unit?

DAMON

Uh, yes that makes sense, because  
of my knowledge of bombs.

ZACHARIE

Exactly.

Zacharie places his hand on Damon's knee and slowly strokes  
it.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

Listen the barn can get very cold  
at night, if you're interested my  
room is the first on the left.

Damon stares nervously at the hand caressing his thigh.

DAMON

Thank you for the offer, but I  
think I'll work through the night.

Zacharie releases his grip.

ZACHARIE

Ah dedication to the cause, a man  
after my own heart. Let me show you  
to your workshop.

INT. DINING ROOM, FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

Zacharie and Damon enter the dining room. The dining table is covered with bomb making materials, detonators, explosives, wires, mobile phones.

ZACHARIE

Well, this is it. This is where you will work. Everything is here, equipment, tools.

DAMON

Excellent.

ZACHARIE

I'll leave you to it then.

Zacharie goes to leave the room then stops.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

If you get tired, remember, first room on the left.

DAMON

Okay.

Zacharie smiles and leaves closing the door behind him. Damon looks around the room and spots a phone. He picks up the receiver and takes the number out of his pocket given to him by Barry. He dials and waits.

EXT. FARM- NIGHT

Gerard is outside smoking again. An OLD MAN with thin glasses carrying a case approaches him.

OLD MAN (IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED)

*Bonjour.*

GERARD

*Move along old man. Private property.*

OLD MAN

*I am the bomb maker.*

GERARD

*Excuse me?*

OLD MAN

*I was sent from Marseilles. I am Gabriel's replacement.*

Gerard is confused. He turns toward the farmhouse shocked, then looks back at the old man.

INT. DINING ROOM, FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

Damon is looking over the equipment holding the receiver to his ear.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)

Barry, it's Damon. I was right. They're planning a huge attack on major cities around Europe. They've got a shit load of equipment here for making several remote bombs.

A shadow casts over Damon from behind and he is knocked to the ground dropping the phone. He lies on the floor unconscious, Barry's voice can be heard through the phone.

BARRY (V.O.)

Damon? Damon?

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT- NIGHT

Damon wakes to find himself tied to a chair in a small room similar to the one Stephanie is in. Zacharie sits on a chair in front of him.

ZACHARIE

It is unfortunate that events have resulted in this. What we could have had.

Zacharie caresses Damon's leg.

DAMON

Look I'm sorry to break this to you but I'm not gay.

Zacharie removes his hand.

ZACHARIE

Really?

DAMON

Really.

ZACHARIE

Are you sure?

DAMON

Why? Do I come across as gay?

ZACHARIE

Eh, do you have a girlfriend?

DAMON

No.

ZACHARIE

Then maybe you should ask yourself why that is. Anyway, I'm needed elsewhere. Like I said it's unfortunate events have resulted in this. For you anyway.

Zacharie stands and opens the door. Christoph and Francois are waiting outside.

ZACHARIE (CONT'D)

(To Christoph)

He's all yours.

Christoph and Francois walk into the room. Francois pushing a surgical trolley covered in a cloth.

DAMON

Look fellas before you begin; I have been trained by the best. There is nothing you can do to hurt me.

Christoph punches Damon. Damon clicks his jaw back into place.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Okay, I stand corrected.

CHRISTOPH

Who do you work for?

DAMON

I'm not saying a word.

Christoph punches him again.

CHRISTOPH

You will talk, or we will get nasty. Who do you work for?

Damon stares at Christoph silently with cold steely eyes.

Christoph punches him again.

DAMON

I told you, I'm not saying a word.

CHRISTOPH

Very well.

Christoph nods at Francois standing by the trolley, he removes the cloth to reveal surgical tools. Damon looks at the tools concerned. Francois picks up a small scalpel and walks toward Damon. Damon panics.

DAMON

Okay, I'm an intelligence analyst for the British secret service. Due to an increasing amount of stress lately at work I punched my boss and was sent here on a compulsory vacation. I stumbled across the body of Henri Delacourt in the river and decided to investigate therefore coming across your group in this farmhouse. My government has no idea I'm doing this and has no idea you're here and I'm really regretting ever sticking my nose in.

Christoph and Francois stand shocked looking at each other.

CHRISTOPH

That was easy enough.

Christoph pulls a gun from his trousers and points it at Damon's head.

DAMON

Oh Jesus!

Damon closes his eyes terrified.

The door bursts open and Barry enters shooting both Christoph and Francois. Damon opens his eyes to see Barry standing in front of him looking down at Christoph and Francois' bodies.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Barry, thank God.

Barry looks up at Damon.

BARRY

I knew you'd fuck this up.

Barry holsters his gun and unties Damon.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Come on.

They exit the small room into a corridor full of prison like doors.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Hello?

DAMON

Stephanie?

Damon stops by one of the doors and unlocks it. He opens it to find Stephanie tied to a chair.

STEPHANIE  
A little help?

Damon unties her.

DAMON  
What are you doing here?

STEPHANIE  
(Sarcastically)  
Oh you know taking in the sights.

Two gunshots echo from outside the room. Damon and Stephanie step out to find Barry on the floor unconscious blood soaking his shirt. The other end of the corridor another man lies dead.

DAMON  
Shit.

STEPHANIE  
Oh my God.

Damon picks up Barry's gun.

DAMON  
It's what he wanted. Come on.

Damon grabs Stephanie's hand and pulls her away.

INT. KITCHEN, FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

Damon and Stephanie burst out of the basement door into the kitchen. They stop when they see ANDRE (42) standing by a cooker stirring. He is fat and balding. He turns around and looks at them.

He picks up a kitchen knife and charges at them. Damon raises the gun and fires shots at Andre, but they all miss.

STEPHANIE  
Are you blind?

DAMON  
It's the gun sight.

Andre tackles Damon to the ground trying to stab him with the knife. Damon manages to hold it back. Stephanie watches in horror.

Damon looks up at her struggling.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Help.

Stephanie looks around the room. She rushes over to a shelf and pulls a pan from it.

She knocks off another pan that falls onto a knife resting on the edge of the kitchen unit. It flips, spinning across the room planting itself straight into the back of Andre's head.

Damon pushes him off and stands up in shock.

STEPHANIE

Oh God. I didn't mean to-

DAMON

Come on.

Damon tries to open the back door but it's jammed. He exits the kitchen into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

Damon and Stephanie run in to find MAURICE (45) a tall, slim man wearing a dressing gown standing by the fireplace. Maurice attacks Damon and they get into a fist fight, Maurice landing punch after punch, Damon swinging aimlessly hitting air.

LOUIS (43), a short muscled man in a woolly jumper appears behind Stephanie and wraps his arms around her in a bear hug. She tries to break free but his grip is too tight.

Maurice wraps his hands around Damon's neck and throttles him. He pushes Damon up against the drink's cabinet. Damon grabs a bottle and smashes it on Maurice's head. He stumbles back in pain covered in alcohol.

Damon pushes Maurice across the room. Maurice trips and falls into the fireplace, his soaked dressing gown ignites and the fire engulfs him.

Stephanie cocks her elbow and brings it back smashing Louis in the face breaking his nose. He releases his grip and Stephanie runs toward Damon.

Maurice is a walking flame ball stumbling around the room setting the curtains and furniture alight until he collapses to the floor.

Damon and Stephanie exit the living room into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY, FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

They step into the hallway just as QUENTIN (35) in a long rain coat and scars on his face bursts in through the front door blocking their escape route. They turn and run up the stairs.

Quentin follows them as does a bloody faced Louis.

INT. BEDROOM, FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

Damon and Stephanie enter a bedroom and push a wardrobe to barricade the door shut. Damon rushes to the window and opens it. Shots from outside smash the window glass and Damon stumbles back.

Bangs start to come from the door as Quentin and Louis try to break in.

He looks around the room and notices a loft hatch in the ceiling. He grabs a chair and steps on it opening the hatch.

He helps Stephanie climb up and then follows her.

INT. LOFT, FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

They make their way across the loft to a small window at the end. They smash it open.

EXT. FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

Damon climbs out through the small window onto a rooftop of the adjoining building. Stephanie follows him.

They slide down the roof and land in a pile of hay. They run around the farmhouse as the flames get bigger and bigger. The remaining terrorists run around in fits of panic.

Damon and Stephanie head across the field to the road and rest by the main gate. The farmhouse is now completely ablaze.

DAMON  
Are you okay?

STEPHANIE  
Yeah.

A figure stumbles toward them from the farm. Damon stands in front of Stephanie to protect her. The figure steps into the light.

DAMON  
Barry. You're alive.

Barry sits down on the ground.

BARRY  
And don't I bloody know it.  
Terrorist can't shoot for shit  
these days. What ever happened to  
the head shot?

Police cars arrive next to them, with their lights and sirens on. Patapon climbs out the car and spots Damon.

PATAPON

Well, Monsieur Clarke. How exactly  
are you going to explain this one?

Suddenly the farmhouse explodes. Everybody braces themselves.  
Debris rains down. Damon looks over at Patapon and cracks an  
apologetic smile.

INT. AIRPORT- DAY

Damon carries two plastic cups of coffee over to Stephanie  
sitting at a table writing in her notepad.

He sits down next to her.

STEPHANIE

This is going to make a great  
story.

DAMON

Just be kind.

STEPHANIE

Of course I will.

Damon looks up at the flights board to see his flight has  
come up.

DAMON

Looks like I'm up.

STEPHANIE

Okay.

Damon stands and grabs a small rucksack. Stephanie stands to  
say goodbye. They stand in front of each other.

DAMON

Good luck with your story.

STEPHANIE

Thanks. Good luck with whatever you  
do.

DAMON

Thank you.

STEPHANIE

It was fun.

DAMON

It certainly was. Most of the time.

STEPHANIE

Yeah.

There is a moment of silence between them as they stare into each others eyes smiling.

DAMON  
Well, I better leave then.

STEPHANIE  
Sure.

Damon smiles and heads toward departures.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Damon.

Damon stops and turns around smiling.

DAMON  
Yes?

Stephanie holds up a plastic cup of coffee.

STEPHANIE  
You forgot your coffee.

Damon takes it from her disappointed.

DAMON  
Thank you.

He turns and continues walking. Stephanie watches him walk away. She takes a deep breath. He disappears. She sits back down and continues writing.

\*2 DAYS LATER\*

INT. EDITORS OFFICE, THE NEW YORK TIMES- DAY

The editor TED (39) is a smartly dressed classically good looking man who clearly takes care of his appearance. He lounges in a large leather chair reading a magazine.

Stephanie bursts into the room carrying a copy of the New York Times and slams it down on his desk. The front page headline reads 'US SPY PREVENTS TERRORIST ATTACK'

STEPHANIE  
What is that?

TED  
That is the beginning of your career.

STEPHANIE  
You edited it beyond all recognition.

TED  
I tidied it up a little.

STEPHANIE  
You said the spy was CIA and the  
terrorists were Muslim.

TED  
Look Steph, the American people  
don't want to hear about posh  
British spies and snooty French  
terrorists. They want to know their  
own people are saving them from  
real threats.

STEPHANIE  
But it's a lie.

TED  
Welcome to world of elite  
journalism.

STEPHANIE  
If this is the world of elite  
journalism I don't want to be a  
part of it.

TED  
Come on don't be rash. I see great  
potential in you.

STEPHANIE  
I refuse to have my words  
manipulated for the target  
demographic. I quit.

Stephanie exits the office. Ted jumps up from his seat.

TED  
Stephanie, come on.

INT. SIS HQ- DAY

Damon sits outside Alistair's office reading the copy of the  
New York Times with Stephanie's story. He lowers the paper  
angry.

DAMON  
Fucking bitch.

The office door opens and Alistair peers out.

ALISTAIR  
Damon.

Damon stands dropping the paper on the chair and enters  
Alistair's office.

INT. ALISTAIR'S OFFICE, SIS HQ- DAY

Damon and Alistair sit down either side of the desk.

ALISTAIR

You've certainly had an eventful holiday.

Damon cracks a smile.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

I've spoken to my superiors and they had rather a lot to say. Now, despite breaking every code and protocol we have, you prevented a serious terrorist attack. And considering the papers didn't mention you or us, it seems you're in the clear.

DAMON

Thank you sir.

ALISTAIR

I seem to recall you applied for field work. If you're still interested, I'd be happy to write you a recommendation. At least then the next time you do this, it will be legal.

DAMON

Thank you for the offer, but I've decided field work isn't for me. I'm much happier, and safer, where I am.

ALISTAIR

Thank God for that, it'd be a shame to lose you. See you Monday morning then.

Damon stands and heads for the door. He stops and turns around.

DAMON

Oh and sir, sorry about the nose.

Damon exits the office.

INT. LOBBY, SIS HQ- DAY

Damon walks toward the main doors of the building and bumps into Barry.

DAMON

Barry.

BARRY

Hello.

DAMON

What are you doing here?

BARRY

I'm now officially retired.

DAMON

Really?

BARRY

I realised if I die my ex-wife would get my pension. I thought it best I spend it myself preventing that bitch getting her hands on it.

Damon laughs.

DAMON

Do you fancy getting a drink?

BARRY

I'll take a raincheque. I thought while I was here, I'd visit Steven Kirk, me and him need to have a little chat.

The smile is wiped from Damon's face.

DAMON

Okay.

Barry smiles and walks off.

EXT. SIS HQ- DAY

Damon steps out the main doors to find Stephanie sitting on a bench outside. She stands up smiling at him.

DAMON

Well look who it is. I had no idea you wrote fiction.

STEPHANIE

That's not what I wrote, my editor completely changed it.

DAMON

Really?

STEPHANIE

Yes, you know what newspapers are like.

DAMON

True. Besides you did me a favour anyway.

STEPHANIE

I'm sorry. As soon as I found out I quit.

DAMON

And you came all this way to tell me that?

STEPHANIE

No, I came all this way to do this.

Stephanie kisses Damon. He is surprised.

DAMON

Okay I wasn't expecting that.

STEPHANIE

I regretted not doing it at the airport.

Damon smiles.

DAMON

You want to get a drink?

STEPHANIE

I thought you'd never ask.

DAMON

I know a great little bar just around the corner.

STEPHANIE

I'm sure you do.

Stephanie links her arm around his and they start walking toward us. We pull back to discover an angry Zacharie standing round the corner waiting for them. He raises a gun and cocks it.

FADE OUT.