

THE CRUCIVERBALIST

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. FRANCE. NARBONNE. AN HOTEL ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT**

Various items of female clothing lay on the bed.

On the floor, discarded male clothing.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

A range of cosmetics and make-up occupy a shelf beneath a mirror. Female jewellery and hair paraphernalia sit atop another surface.

HARRY WEST, 19, slight build, wallows in the bath.

LATER:

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) A brooding West stares at himself in the mirror.

B) He wet shaves.

C) He blow-dries and styles his hair.

D) West expertly applies make-up.

E) A fully made-up and female attired West stares at the mirror. An apparent young lady looks back at him.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

West/the young lady exits the hotel and walks off toward a car park.

EXT. ZAIRE. KOLWEZI - DAY - **1978**

Automatic GUNFIRE. Sporadic EXPLOSIONS. SCREAMS and terrified JABBER.

Carnage. Smoke rises skywards. Armed rebels of the F.N.L.C. put the mining town to the sack. Zairian troops scatter, leaving the inhabitants to the mercy of the KATANGAN TIGERS.

SUPER: KOLWEZI, ZAIRE. 1978.

Alcohol-fuelled Tigers run havoc. Buildings are looted. Stores are pillaged. Homes are wrecked.

EUROPEANS are seized. WOMEN are raped. Many are butchered.

It's hell on earth.

INT. KOLWEZI. HOSPITAL - DAY

The sound of GUNSHOTS. Panic and fear. Terrified STAFF run downstairs and along corridors; headed for exits and escape.

INT. HOSPITAL. DUVERNE'S OFFICE - DAY

A ceiling fan SPINS above a desk. Paperwork FIDGETS in the downdraft.

A visibly scared and pregnant DOCTOR SINDY DUVERNE, American, white, mid 20s, frantically RAPS the cradle of a telephone.

DUVERNE
 Operateur? Operateur? Y a t'il
 quelqu'un pour me repondre?

INSERT - A NEWSPAPER

Droplets of Duverne's PERSPIRATION smudge penned crossword puzzle answers.

BACK TO SCENE

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
 Operateur?
 (tearfully)
 Jean...

She SLAMS the receiver onto the phone and snatches car keys.

INT. HOSPITAL. A CORRIDOR - DAY

Duverne shoves her way through the mêlée and pushes open a door leading to a dilapidated car park.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - DAY

Smoke rises above the skyline. A burst of GUNFIRE barks in the distance. People scurry. Confusion and chaos reign.

A bullet ZIPS past Duverne as she pushes her way to her car.

INT. DUVERNE'S CAR - DAY

She fumbles with the ignition but the car won't start.

DUVERNE
 Putain! Putain de voiture.

The DRONE of aircraft engines.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
 (American accent)
 Start, darn you!

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - DAY

Four C-130's loom nearer.

Terrified locals look skywards.

The aircraft begin to belch out their load. Above the falling figures, parachutes mushroom.

Duverne watches the PARATROOPERS descend.

DUVERNE
 Oh sweet Jesus, thank you! Thank
 you, Lord!

INT. C-130 - DAY

The deafening sound of ENGINES. A disciplined column shuffles towards an open door. One after another, SOLDIERS, together with their packs and weapons, and assisted by LOADMASTERS, leap into the abyss.

LOADMASTER
 (manhandling the troops)
 Allez! Allez! Allez! Allez! Allez!

EXT. THE SKY ABOVE KOLWEZI - DAY

The sky is filled with silk floating towards terra firma.

INT./EXT. DUVERNE'S CAR/CAR PARK - DAY

Tigers beat a MAN to the ground. Others swarm in for the kill.

Machete wielding REBELS run towards Duverne. She SCREAMS.

DUVERNE
 Oh no! No, please. Please, God...

TEARS stream down her cheeks. The car SPURTS into life.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Duverne heads towards the exit as the rebels flock towards the vehicle. They BEAT on the car, baying for blood. She drives into the mass.

INT. DUVERNE'S CAR - DAY

Duverne SCREAMS. The vehicle JUDDERS over flesh and bone.

INT. C-130 - DAY

Troops leap from the aircraft.

LOADMASTER #2
Allez! Allez! Allez!

EXT. KOLWEZI. SCRUBLAND - DAY

Paratroopers land and roll. Harnesses are cast off. Discarded parachutes billow on the veldt. Sporadic GUNFIRE. Bullets ZIP between and over the grouping soldiers. SHOTS are returned.

A truck containing gun-toting GUERRILLAS closes on the troops. SHOTS are exchanged. A missile STREAKS towards the truck. An EXPLOSION hurls it into the air. It cartwheels and spews its mangled and SCREAMING occupants into the dirt.

INT. DUVERNE'S CAR - DAY

Metal to the floor, hand on HORN, Duverne drives for her life. She swerves to avoid those fleeing on foot and SWIPES other vehicles in the process.

The chatter of GUNFIRE. A TWANG as a bullet hits her car.

EXT. KOLWEZI. A STREET - CONTINUOUS

Townfolk leap out of her way.

INT. DUVERNE'S CAR - DAY

Ahead, an armed roadblock. The FLASH of gun muzzles, the WHINE of bullets. The windscreen SHATTERS, showering the interior with glass. Duverne veers and CRASHES.

EXT. KOLWEZI. STREET - DAY

Tigers YELP and swarm towards the wreck.

Duverne, barely conscious and streaked in blood is pulled from the wreckage and dragged off. CHANTS and WHOOPS of celebration. Weapons are FIRED into the air.

INT. A TOWN STORE. BACK ROOM - DAY

Afar, the sound of a dying town: GUNFIRE and COMMOTION.

A REBEL rapes the bloody, semi-conscious doctor.

ENCOURAGEMENT from other Tigers awaiting their turn.

EXT. A KOLWEZI STREET - DAY

French Foreign LEGIONNAIRES of the 2nd REP advance. They're not there to exchange pleasantries -- or take prisoners.

OTTO MÜLLER, 20s, a burly German, KICKS open a store door.

INT. STORE. BACK ROOM - DAY

The rebels HEAR the entry. Before they bring their weapons to bear, an interior door CRASHES inwards. The legionnaire digests the scene and simultaneously FIRES his weapon.

The rapist kneels beside Duverne, genitals exposed. He's splattered with the blood of his now dead compatriots.

REBEL
(clasping hands)
S'il vous plait Monsieur, je vous
supplie --

A CLICK. An empty magazine. The weapon is discarded. The soldier, his steely eyes affixed on the rebel, unsheathes a bayonet. He moves forward.

A piercing SCREAM over BLACK.

EXT. THE STORE - DAY

A bloody Müller exits. He carries Duverne.

MÜLLER
Un docteur! Immédiatement!

An armed Tiger appears from a side street. He FIRES his weapon. Bullets rip into Müller and Duverne.

As the rebel is SHOT dead by other legionnaires, Müller collapses to his knees, still cradling Duverne.

He looks up into the cloudless African sky.

EXT. FRENCH AIRSPACE - DAY - LAST YEAR

A British Airways aircraft cruises at altitude.

SUPER: LAST YEAR

PILOT (V.O.)

Ladies and gentleman, this is the first officer again with a further update. We're now just twenty minutes or so from landing at Marseille...

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS AIRCRAFT - DAY

As CABIN CREW tend to PASSENGERS needs, SARAH WEST, 30s, works on a laptop.

PILOT (V.O.)

...where I'm pleased to tell you it's a beautiful spring morning, the temperature being in the region of thirteen degrees Celsius...

INT. MARSEILLE AIRPORT. PASSPORT CONTROL - DAY

Sarah passes through immigration control.

PILOT (V.O.)

...that's about fifty five degrees or so Fahrenheit, very good for this time of year...

EXT. SOUTH OF FRANCE. SAINTE-BAUME MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAY

From altitude, we look down at a rugged mountain ridge. Set high on a plateau, a motor racing circuit; recognisable from the air due to the tracks distinctive blue and red runoff areas and adjacent airport runway.

EXT. LE CASTELLET. CIRCUIT PAUL RICARD - DAY

A handful of brightly-coloured cars ROAR around the circuit.

EXT. CIRCUIT PAUL RICARD. PIT LANE - DAY

The paddock is reasonably active. Half a dozen Formula One teams are in attendance. They use the opportunity to test.

Beneath a pit wall awning, test team support staff sit at a "prat-perch". They survey their cars' performance.

INT. A PADDOCK GARAGE - DAY

A beached racing car faces the pit lane. Leads protrude from its engine, connecting to computers, monitored by boffins.

A young driver sits in the vehicle, helmet off.

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

Technicians occupy the cramped area. They monitor printouts and attempt to communicate above the constant noise.

From a neighbouring garage, the SCREAM of an REVVING engine.

EXT. PIT WALL - DAY

Members of Wilkinson-Mitsubishi F1 team monitor the progress of their cars. Sarah, the team engineer, inputs data onto her laptop.

SARAH

Well done, boys, I've got all the figures I need. A good morning's work. Grab some lunch, we've got a busy afternoon ahead of us.

(to her deputy)

Hal, bring in Tweedledee and Tweedledum. They're done for the morning.

HAL

Will do.

SARAH

I'll catch you guys up. I'll be in the R-V. I need to make a quick call.

(walking away)

Regroup at one o'clock.

HAL

You got it, boss.

Sarah walks towards a motor home covered in sponsor logos.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Sarah dials a number. A RING TONE followed by a AUTOMATED GREETING. As she waits for the recording to finish, she picks up a broadsheet and fills in an answer on a crossword puzzle.

SARAH

(into phone)

Okay little brother, if you're listening to this message, it's game on...

EXT. AUBAGNE. FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION HQ - NIGHT

West lurks in the shadow of a billet. His face is smeared in cammo cream.

LAUGHTER and VOICES from within the barrack.

Nearby, a guard party marches toward the camp gate.

West dashes towards the shadow of a neighbouring building.

GUARD PARTY NCO (O.S.)
Arrêt de la partie de la garde!

A CRUNCH of boots.

West breaks cover and bolts towards a perimeter fence. He dives into shadow upon reaching the obstacle.

As the guard party take up their posts, a dog BARKS in the distance.

West removes a set of wire cutters from a pocket and SNIPS at the fence - taking cover every time a car passes.

He scrambles through the opening and lies prone in the dark.

EXT. AUBAGNE. THE A501 ROAD - NIGHT

West sprints across the road and blends into more shadow.

A breather before he crosses railway tracks and onto the base of a tree. He checks his bearings, then digs down into the earth a few inches. He unearths a Ziploc bag.

He open the bag and empties out a mobile phone and a car key.

He switches on the phone and listens to VOICEMAIL.

SARAH (V.O.)
Okay little brother, if you're listening to this message, it's game on. You've only got one chance Harry, so don't screw it up.

As he listens, West scans his immediate surroundings.

SARAH (V.O.)
Okay, you're out the camp and have found your way to the dead letter box and retrieved this phone and the hire car key. That's the first hurdle. There's now no going back.

EXT. AUBAGNE. RAILWAY TRACKS - NIGHT

SARAH (V.O.)
Follow the railway north. After about half a kilometre, you'll have reached the train station.

An apprehensive West makes his way along the tracks.

EXT. AUBAGNE. GARE D'AUBAGNE - NIGHT

West lurks in station shadows.

SARAH (V.O.)

Make your way to the car park on the north side of the station. Don't use the footbridge, cut across the tracks. It's safe, the power is in overhead cables. I've checked.

He crosses the multiple rail tracks.

EXT. AUBAGNE. GARE D'AUBAGNE. CAR PARK - NIGHT

West breaks cover and scurries across the car park.

SARAH (V.O.)

I've hired a silver Renault Clio, the most nondescript car I could find. It's parked against the far fence and has a full tank of fuel.

West crouches beside the Clio and checks all is clear.

SARAH (V.O.)

The clothes you'll need are in a sports bag in the boot.

He opens the boot and retrieves the bag.

SARAH (V.O.)

There's also an envelope containing Sophie's passport and driving licence and a thousand Euros.
(an after thought)
You owe me, kid.

INT. RENAULT CLIO - NIGHT

He unzips the holdall and finds a sealed envelope.

He slits it open.

West scans the cash, then removes and examines both a passport and a driving licence.

INSERT - A U.K. DRIVING LICENCE

A photo of Sophie West stares back at him.

BACK TO SCENE

SARAH (V.O.)

Look, I know you'll be self-conscious, Harry, but the authorities will be looking for a man. And besides, the car is rented in Sophie's name. Don't forget, if you get caught, I'm in the shit for helping you desert, too. Not to mention fraud, deception and God knows what else. And I don't want to do time in a French prison.

West removes a handful of items from the bag, including a bra and a woman's wig. He thrusts them back into the bag.

SARAH (V.O.)

Get out of the town tonight and find somewhere to lie low. But at some stage tomorrow and prior to heading for Le Touquet, you're going to have to ditch your army uniform and become Sophie.

A pensive West digests his predicament.

SARAH (V.O.)

There's a map in the glove box. Aim towards Montpellier, then make for the A750 and head north. You'll need to pay a toll to cross the Millau Viaduct, so make sure you've changed clothes before then.

West takes the map from the glove box. He starts the car and slips it into gear.

SARAH (V.O.)

I'll call you tomorrow Harry, and finalise the pick-up at an airfield. Yes, we're going to bypass immigration both sides of the channel by flying you back to a secluded airstrip. My new boyfriend, Ben, has a pilot's licence. Don't worry, he's a hundred percent trustworthy... and besides, he worships me.

(chuckles)

By this time on Tuesday you'll be home and we'll celebrate in the village pub.

EXT. AUBAGNE. GARE D'AUBAGNE. CAR PARK - NIGHT

The car drives towards the exit.

EXT. LANGUEDOC-ROUSSILLON PROVINCE - NIGHT

The Clio travels along a road.

INT./EXT. RENAULT CLIO/A9 ROAD - NIGHT

West speeds past a road sign towards Montpellier.

WEST

Shit! What did that sign...

He picks up the map, positions it on his steering wheel and tries to read it while driving.

INSERT - THE MAP

West's finger trawls along the coastal road network.

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

A9, then hang a right onto the
D613, then another right onto the
A75 and home.

BACK TO SCENE

WEST (CONT'D)

Simples!

EXT. D613 ROAD - NIGHT

The Renault passes vineyards either side of the minor road.

INT. RENAULT CLIO - NIGHT

West picks up the map and attempts to read it. A bend looms closer. West slams on the brakes.

Tyres SCREECH. The vehicle slides.

Fear is etched on West's face. He pulls and pushes the steering wheel... but he's lost control.

EXT. D613 ROAD - NIGHT

The offside front wheel strikes a roadside object. The car is launched skywards.

INT. RENAULT CLIO - NIGHT

The vehicle rolls in the air. West is free steering.

WEST

Fuck!!!

EXT. D613 ROAD - NIGHT

The car completes a full 360° and with a CRUNCH, smashes into a vineyard, ripping plants from the soil. The vehicle's bodywork folds.

SILENCE, followed by a HISS. Steam rises.

EXT. A VINEYARD - DAY

A golden retriever scampers in between rows of vines. Its owner, Sindy Duverne, now in her late 50s, follows. She stops periodically to inspect the plants.

The dog BARKS.

DUVERNE
(smelling vine)
Alfie! Enough boy!

The dog continues to BARK.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm coming.

Duverne ambles towards the dog. The sun glitters on an object amongst the vines. It catches Duverne's attention. She increases her pace.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
What is it, Alfie? What have you
found boy?

As she nears it becomes apparent that the object is the wreckage of a newly crashed car.

Duverne approaches the upturned vehicle and peers inside. She notes the trail the car ripped through the vines.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
Oh boy, that's great. Just dump it
in my field.

Duverne spots marks that lead from the wreck. She follows them and picks up an obviously broken mobile phone, which after a cursory inspection, she pockets.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
Alfie, this way.

She follows the trail a few yards. They head in the direction of a cabotte - a shelter for labourers to shelter from the midday sun - some several hundred yards away.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
Alfie! Here boy!

The dog trots to her and she hooks the lead onto his collar.
As she nears the retreat, Alfie BARKS and pulls on his leash.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
What is it, boy? What's in there?

She cautiously approaches the entrance of the shelter.
From within, a WHIMPER.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
(loudly and in French)
Come on out or I'm sending the dog
in! D'you hear me?
(adding)
Whoever you are, damn it, you're
trespassing.

WEST (O.S.)
(in French)
Please. Slow down... my French
isn't that good.

DUVERNE
(in French)
Get out here now, or the dog comes
in. I'm not bluffing...

The dog BARKS.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
Alfie, quiet! Quiet boy!

WEST (O.S.)
You speak English? I can't walk.
I'm injured. I think it's my ankle.

DUVERNE
Your accent... you're British?

WEST (O.S.)
And maybe my ribs.

Duverne nears the entrance and peers in. She spies the scared
youth laying in the darkness, hugging a sports bag.

DUVERNE
(entering the cobotte)
Who the hell are you?

INT. COBOTTE - CONTINUOUS

West's injuries are instantly apparent to her.

DUVERNE
Oh Jesus Christ!

WEST

Sorry, I don't mean to trespass on your property, but I lost control and crashed my --

DUVERNE

Shush. That'll wait. Look, I'm a doctor and you've got some serious injuries here.

(scanning his broken body)

Oh Lord. I need to get you help, get you to a hospital. You need urgent medical attention. I'll call an ambulance.

WEST

No! No hospital!

DUVERNE

What? You're injured, man. You need urgent medical --

WEST

I'm sorry. No ambulance please. I can't... sorry, I can't go to a hospital.

DUVERNE

(noting uniform)

You're a soldier? Won't your colleagues...

(the penny drops)

Ah... you're a legionnaire. You're a Brit and you joined the Legion?

WEST

Yes.

DUVERNE

And let me guess, you've gone AWOL?

WEST

You've got it.

DUVERNE

What's your name?

West is hesitant.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Relax, I have no intention of running to the Gendarmerie.

WEST

Harry.

DUVERNE

Okay Harry, give me a moment, let me think...

Duverne weighs up the situation.

WEST

You say you're a doctor... do you have anything for the pain, madam?

DUVERNE

With me? I was out walking my dog.
(reaching for holdall)
Let me make you comfortable.

West grips the bag tighter.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Hey! I was only going to use it as a pillow for you. I'm not going to run off with your worldly possessions.

WEST

Sorry.

He loosens his grip. Duverne takes it from him. She lifts his head and places the sports bag under it.

DUVERNE

You're going to need that ankle looked at urgently.
(deliberating)
Look, I'm going to make my way back home, but I'll be back with my truck.

WEST

(grasping Duverne's hand)
Please...

DUVERNE

I give you my word. I'll be back within half an hour... alone.

West manages a smile, then slips into unconsciousness.

EXT. BIZANET. A WINERY. A CHÂTEAU. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Duverne's pick-up pulls into the drive. West, wearing only his underwear, lies on a blanket in the rear of the vehicle.

Duverne makes her way to the tailgate and unlatches it.

DUVERNE

Otto! Niamh! Get out here. I need you... now!

(MORE)

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

(to West)

Now, no mentioning your identity or profession. I'll deal with any questions.

The mute Otto Müller, now in his 60s, moves briskly from the direction of an outbuilding.

A few moments later, NIAMH RYAN, 20s, a uniformed housemaid, rushes down the front steps of the château

RYAN

(Northern Irish accent)

What is it, ma'am?

DUVERNE

I need you both to help me take this injured boy into the house.

Müller seizes two blanket corners, the women a corner each.

RYAN

Who is he, ma'am? Where did you find him?

DUVERNE

That'll wait, let's just get him inside.

They make their way into the château.

INT. CHÂTEAU. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful, richly furnished, property.

DUVERNE

Into the drawing room.

They shuffle towards a room off the hall.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DUVERNE

Let's lay him on the sofa.

(beat)

I'm going to get my medical bag.

RYAN

Is he badly hurt, ma'am?

DUVERNE

Niamh, get me a bowl of hot water and some face cloths.

RYAN

Yes, ma'am.

DUVERNE

Otto, I'm going to give him a shot of anaesthetic, then I need to get him upstairs. Do you think you can manage that?

Müller raises a thumb.

WEST

My bag please, I need my blue holdall.

Müller GRUNTS and looks at Duverne, quizzically.

DUVERNE

Yes, Otto... he's British.

(to West)

Hush. Your bag is okay. Otto will get it.

(to Müller)

He has a gym bag in the pick-up. Go fetch it please.

EXT/INT. CHÂTEAU. FRONT OF HOUSE/PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Müller opens the door and removes the holdall from the footwell. He sees the uniform that was concealed beneath it.

INT/EXT. CHÂTEAU. SURGERY/CHÂTEAU. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Duverne gathers medical paraphernalia. Out of a window she sees Müller examine the uniform.

INT. CHÂTEAU. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

A sedated West, sleeps.

Duverne checks a drip then makes a medical note.

A KNOCK on the door.

DUVERNE

Come in.

Ryan enters the room carrying a tray.

RYAN

Here's your coffee, ma'am.

DUVERNE

Thank you, Niamh. Put it on the dressing table. I'll have it in a moment.

RYAN

Yes, ma'am.

(approaching bed)

Is... is he going to live, ma'am?

DUVERNE

He's got some nasty injuries,
Niamh... but he's young and fit.
He'll pull through, but he won't be
going anywhere for a while.

RYAN

Well, shouldn't we get him to
hospital?

DUVERNE

Niamh, come here.

Duverne stands and takes Ryan's hands in hers.

RYAN

Ma'am?

DUVERNE

Niamh, I need to come clean with
you... this boy is in trouble.

RYAN

But you said he'd pull through --

DUVERNE

No, not that kind of trouble,
though his injuries are very
serious, I mean trouble with the
authorities, the police. If it's
discovered he's here, he'll be
taken away and I'll be arrested
and...

(flustered)

...taken to court and put in the
can, I guess. I need to be able to
trust you, to depend on you. Look,
I'm asking you to...

RYAN

Ma'am, you have nothing to fear
from me. This is more than just a
job for me, this is my home too.
You and Otto are the only family
I've had since I lost my brother.

Duverne smiles and runs a hand through Ryan's hair.

DUVERNE

You're so sweet.

RYAN

I'll swear on the Holy Bible if you
want me to, ma'am.

DUVERNE

(hugging Ryan)

Thank you, Niamh. I knew I could
rely on you.

INT. NICE AIRPORT. DEPARTURES - DAY

Sarah makes a call. Nearby, colleagues occupy the bar.

SARAH

Come on Harry, pick up, damn you.

A COLLEAGUE

(waving an empty glass))

Sarah! Same again?

Sarah holds up a thumb.

MOBILE PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

The person you are calling, is
unable to take your call. Please
leave a message after the tone...

There follows a BEEP.

SARAH

(into phone)

Harry! It's nearly twenty four
hours! I've not heard a dicky-bird
from you. Please call me, Harry.
Please...

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - EVENING

A bedside light casts a soft glow over the room. West sleeps
peacefully.

Duverne enters the room, approaches the youth and checks his
pulse against her watch.

She begins to leave the room. Her attention is drawn to
West's bag lying under the bed. She picks it up.

She sits in an armchair and opens it.

She removes a wig and gives it a cursory inspection.

She removes a pair of woman's shoes.

Then follows various items of female clothing.

She takes out an envelope and removes a wad of bank notes. She thumbs through them.

She notices that there is something else in the envelope and removes it.

Duverne stares at Sophie's documents; a passport and a driving licence.

She approaches the bed. She holds both the open passport and the driving licence in front of her and compares the holder's photo against West.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A thoughtful Duverne lies in bed awake.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

West stirs in bed.

A KNOCK on the door.

WEST
(groggily)
Hello.

DUVERNE (O.S.)
Are you decent?

WEST
Am I?

The door opens. Duverne enters the room.

Duverne sits on the edge of the bed and pokes a thermometer into West's mouth. She lifts his wrist and takes his pulse.

WEST (CONT'D)
(trawling memory)
And you are -- ?

DUVERNE
Shush a moment.

She removes the thermometer and examines it.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
Hmmm, better. How are you feeling?

WEST
I'm trying to remember what happened.

DUVERNE

You went AWOL from the Legion and had a car wreck. I found you while out walking my dog.

WEST

(recalling)

Ah, yes. The accident.

(realisation)

Shit. I'm going to be dragged off to prison.

DUVERNE

Prison? No one knows you're here, and no one needs to know. You're not going to any prison.

WEST

What about Sarah?

DUVERNE

Sarah?

WEST

My sister. She's arranged my flight across the channel. I've got to --

West attempts to sit up.

DUVERNE

(preventing movement)

Hey young man, you're going nowhere!

WEST

But I must --

DUVERNE

But I must, nothing! Listen to me, you've got a broken ankle, a broken scaphoid and several fractured ribs. And that's just the damage I've identified. You were probably knocked unconscious in the accident, too. You've been slipping in and out of consciousness since the day I found you.

WEST

Day? How long have I been here?

DUVERNE

It's Friday. I found you Monday morning.

WEST

A week?

DUVERNE

And besides, you're catheterised.

WEST

Catheterised?

DUVERNE

Sorry, but it was necessary. If it's any consolation, I've seen it all before.

WEST

Shit...

DUVERNE

(sarcastically)

Thank you, Doctor Duverne.

Duverne pulls back the curtains. Sun streams into the room.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

You're very kind, Doctor Duverne.
That's quite alright, Harry West.

WEST

You know my name.
(alarmed)
I said, you know my name!

DUVERNE

It's a beautiful morning.

WEST

I only told you my first name.

DUVERNE

Hmmm. Well there's clearly nothing wrong with your memory.

WEST

My bag! Where's my bag? The phone!
It'll have my sister's number in it.

DUVERNE

Sorry, your phone didn't survive the crash. You're welcome to use my phone to call your folks back home in England.

WEST

I'd rather not call a U-K land-line, well not yet anyway.

DUVERNE

No? No offence meant, but do you really think the police would go to the effort of bugging the phones belonging to a mere deserters family and friends?

WEST

You can't be too sure.

DUVERNE

Hmmm, a bit drastic but who knows? You might be right. Best then you don't write or email either in case they intercept that, too. Oh, your gym bag, it's under the bed.

WEST

You've looked in it?

DUVERNE

I've put your cash in my office safe. It's all there. I'm not charging you for my expertise.

WEST

You've seen --

DUVERNE

Yes, I saw your disguise. The license is with the cash.

WEST

(sheepishly)
I feel so embarrassed.

A beat...

DUVERNE

Do you think you can manage some soup. If so, I'll get Niamh to rustle some up.

WEST

Niamh?

DUVERNE

My housekeeper. My maid. It's okay, she's a good Irish Catholic girl. Very dependable, very obedient. I trust her implicitly.
(feeling West's brow)
Hey, you lie there and rest. I'll arrange the soup.

Duverne leaves the room, only to stop and poke her head around the door.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
Oh, and there's no need to be embarrassed. Your crossdressing secret is safe with me.

EXT. SURREY. WOKING. THE FOX PUBLIC HOUSE - DAY

Sarah drives into the car park.

INT. THE FOX - DAY

Sarah scans the bar. She approaches RICHARD GREY, a handsome, well-dressed man in his 40s. He oozes Eton, Sandhurst and the Guards - as well as "old money".

SARAH
Richard!

The couple hug.

GREY
Sarah! How the devil are you?

SARAH
Oh darling, thank you so much for coming.

GREY
It's the least I can do. Please, sit down, I'll get you a drink, then you must share all. Oh, I hope you're hungry, I've booked a table for lunch.

SARAH
That's very kind of you.

GREY
Well I had a hunch this could be a long tale of woe.

SARAH
Oh yes! But before we go there, you must tell me about your publishing deal.

GREY
You've heard, then?

SARAH
I bumped into your mother, while shopping in Guildford. Congratulations! Got a title yet?

GREY
A working title.

SARAH

Do share!

GREY

Well, there's a saying in The Regiment, heard time and time again during selection... be the grey man. In other words, don't stand out, don't bring yourself to the attention of staff. So, *The Grey Man* it is. As I said, it's only a working title. The publishers have the final say.

SARAH

Genius! I love it! Who's going to play you in the movie? More to the point, who's going to play me?

GREY

Let me get those drinks in...

LATER

Sarah and Grey chat over liqueurs, as a waitress clears away the remnants of their meal.

GREY (CONT'D)

And not a word for over a week?

SARAH

Nothing. Zilch. Nada.

GREY

I must admit, it's a super escape plan... drag and all that. Could he carry it off?

SARAH

When they were young and Sophie was in jeans, you couldn't tell them apart.

(bewildered)

Why the French-bloody-Foreign Legion though? What's wrong with signing up and joining the paras or his local regiment?

GREY

Have you checked with the hospitals? The police?

SARAH

The local hospitals, yes. I can hardly phone up the local gendarmerie and ask them if they have my brother, the deserter Legionnaire West, in custody can I?

GREY

Well, at least you'd know one way or another. And you say the car hire firm have no record of the rental being returned?

SARAH

That's right. No doubt they'll have reported it stolen by now.

(beat)

You're ex army, Richard. What happens when a squaddie goes AWOL?

GREY

I served Queen and country Sarah, not a foreign mercenary outfit! God knows how the French operate.

(an after thought)

Look, I've got a contact at Scotland Yard, a detective whose path I crossed when on anti-terrorist exercises. Now, I'm not making any promises, but I'll give him a call and see what he might be able to dig up.

SARAH

Oh would you, Richard? I knew you'd turn up trumps. Thank you so much!

EXT. WINERY YARD - DAY

Müller drives a forklift. Crates of grapes are off-loaded from a truck into an outbuilding. Other workers assist.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan clears away a tray. Duverne occupies an armchair, writing. An open dictionary sits on a side table. A slightly perkier West sits up in bed, reading.

WEST

Thank you, Niamh.

RYAN

My pleasure.

WEST

(putting down book)

What are you doing?

DUVERNE

I'm compiling a crossword.

WEST

A crossword? You write crosswords?
Aren't you meant to solve them?

DUVERNE

I'm a cruciverbalist.

WEST

A what?

DUVERNE

A cruciverbalist. I compose
crosswords for others to solve.

WEST

For who?

DUVERNE

If you mean for which publication,
Europe Today, an English language
newspaper whose office is in Paris.
Their readership is all over Europe
though. It's a hobby. Doesn't pay
much, pennies actually, but it's
fun and keeps my mind active.

WEST

Yes, I've heard of *Europe Today*. My
sister reads it. She's the brains
in what's left of the family, and a
crossword fanatic.

DUVERNE

Well, if she's tackled the Saturday
crossword she'll have encountered
me... so to speak.

WEST

Wow! I'll let her know when I get
home.

(an afterthought)

If I get home.

DUVERNE

You'll be home soon enough.

West picks up his book again and WINCES.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

I've told you, go easy. You were
badly hurt. Fractures don't heal
overnight.

West puts down his book and lies back.

WEST

You seem to know a fair bit about
me, what about you?

(MORE)

WEST (CONT'D)

How did an American woman come to live in the south of France?

DUVERNE

(contemplating)

Me? Well, I married a Frenchman. An oilman.

WEST

Oilman?

DUVERNE

Well, a geologist, actually. He worked in the oil industry. His company had a lot of interests in the Gulf and he was sent to their office in New Orleans, to work offshore. We met, fell in love, married and moved around a lot. Doctors can work anywhere, so it was no problem.

WEST

How did you end up here?

DUVERNE

He always wanted a winery. His dream was to buy a vineyard and produce the best wine in France.

WEST

So what happened?

(laughing)

He ran off with your last maid?

DUVERNE

No. He died.

WEST

Oh shit, sorry. I didn't know. I was joking.

DUVERNE

It's okay. Cancer. We bought this property. I had plans to become the village doctor. Just before my office was set up, Jean was diagnosed with inoperable lung cancer. He died within three months.

WEST

I'm so sorry. I lost my mother to cancer. An awful disease.

DUVERNE

I'm sorry for your loss too.

Duverne stands and approaches a window.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

He'd never smoked a cigarette in his life. It happens, I know. Life's not fair.

(reflecting)

He was the love of my life.

A double beat...

WEST

You didn't have children?

DUVERNE

No. No, it wasn't to be. I was injured in Africa, back in the seventies when Jean was working for Gecamines, a mining company. A long time ago. Long before you were born. I couldn't have children.

(beat)

I'd have liked a family... a daughter. A little girl to dress up in pretty clothes, but as I said, some things aren't meant to be.

WEST

Life hasn't been kind to you.

DUVERNE

Have you looked in the mirror lately?

WEST

(smiling)

Point taken.

DUVERNE

I lived all over the world when Jean was alive. I've seen poverty and misery. There are millions of people a lot worse off than me.

WEST

You didn't consider returning to the U-S? Your family?

DUVERNE

No. Not really. The winery was Jean's dream. I guess it became mine, too. At least it allowed me to feel a connection to him.

Duverne turns to face West.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

I travel to Louisiana every couple of years, to visit friends and family. I see my sister in New York, too, and she sometimes comes here. But this is home. This is what we worked for and dreamed of. And this is where Jean's ashes are scattered.

(recollecting)

So, after Jean died I gave up my plans to become the local doctor and instead took over the vineyard. I enjoy it. And it provides employment for four people, five including Otto.

WEST

Who's Otto?

DUVERNE

Otto is my foreman... and my rock. We go back years. He has his own cottage here. The others live in the local area. Niamh of course has a room in the house.

(approaching bedside)

Too many questions for one day.

(stroking West's hair)

I think you should get some rest young man.

EXT. LONDON. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

An armed policeman ambles past the revolving N.S.Y. sign.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD. MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Documentation adorns the walls. A mountain of paperwork sits atop a desk.

Detective Inspector JULIAN MOORE, 40s, phone to ear, scribbles a note.

MOORE

Okay, Richard... leave it with me mate. Yes... yes... sure. I'll see what I can do and get back to you. Yes... of course. Bye now.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

A busy squad office with overworked detectives.

Moore enters and approaches JOEL COHEN.

MOORE

Joel...

COHEN

Guvnor?

MOORE

(passing note)

When you've got five minutes, do a search on this misper for me will you. The usual, P-N-C, C-R-O, registry, whatever else you think of.

COHEN

Sure thing, boss. Leave it with me.

(scanning info)

Harry West. Henry or Harold?

MOORE

Try both. All three. Sorry for no exact D of B, but he's about eighteen or so --

COHEN

That'll do. I'll get back to you, guv.

EXT. D613 ROAD - DAY

Two police vehicles are parked on the side of the road. A gendarme TALKS into a radio. From the other, a gendarme appears with a BARKING dog.

Dog and handler make their way towards a field of vines.

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

The two gendarmes inspect the wreck of the Clio.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bespectacled Duverne sits at her desk studying accounts and paperwork. Nearby, Alfie rests.

Duverne throws her pen onto the desk. Alfie raises his head.

DUVERNE

We're in financial poop, old boy.
Up to our frigging necks. What's it all about... Alfie?

A KNOCK, then the door is pushed open by Ryan.

RYAN

Mrs. Duverne! A police car is coming up the drive.

DUVERNE

Damnation! This is all I need. Where's Otto?

RYAN

He's out in the fields.

DUVERNE

(standing)

Go upstairs. Check on Harry. And lock the door!

EXT. CHÂTEAU. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Duverne descends the château steps as a police car pulls up. The officers get out of their vehicle and approach Duverne.

GENDARME #1

Bonjour, madame!

DUVERNE

Bonjour, Henri.

GENDARME #2

Bonjour, Doctor Duverne.

DUVERNE

(in French)

How is Marie?

GENDARME #1

(in French)

She's very well, thank you.

DUVERNE

(in French)

And the boys?

GENDARME #1

(in French)

A handful, as usual.

DUVERNE

(in French)

So, what brings you here, Henri?

GENDARME #1

(in French)

There is a wreck of a Renault Clio in one of your fields a mile or so away. Are you aware of it?

DUVERNE

(in French)

A car?

GENDARME #2
 (in French)
 A silver Renault.

DUVERNE
 (in French)
 Ah, yes. I came across it a week or
 so back.

The gendarmes exchange quizzical glances.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
 (in French)
 I was walking my dog and he found
 it. I was going to call you. I just
 haven't had the time.
 (blustering)
 I did check to make sure there was
 no one in it. I'll have a workman
 move it.

GENDARME #2
 (in French)
 There won't be any need for that
 Doctor Duverne. The vehicle has
 been involved in a crime. It's a
 police matter. We'll arrange to
 have it removed.

Gendarme #2's POLICE RADIO bursts into life.

GENDARME #2 (CONT'D)
 (in French)
 Excuse me one moment, madame...

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan stands at the window, cautiously looking out.

WEST
 What's happening?

RYAN
 Shh!

EXT. CHÂTEAU. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

As Gendarme #2 engages in INDISTINCT TALK with another via
 his radio, Gendarme #1 (Henri) nears Duverne.

DUVERNE
 (in French)
 Crime, Henri?

GENDARME #1

(in French)

It would appear that the vehicle was hired fraudulently using British I-D, with the intention of assisting a legionnaire to escape from Aubagne.

DUVERNE

(in French)

Aubagne? I thought recruits undertook training in Castelnaudary. Aubagne was where it started and ended. If he ran away before giving it a chance, I suggest the Legion are well rid of him.

GENDARME #1

(in French)

No. This guy had completed training. But then it was discovered he was wanted by Interpol.

DUVERNE

Interpol?

GENDARME #1

(in French)

He's wanted in London for multiple murder.

DUVERNE

What! Oh dear Lord.

GENDARME #1

(in French)

Furthermore, Scotland Yard say he stole about eight million Euros, money being used to buy drugs.

DUVERNE

(in French)

Eight million Euros? Wow!

GENDARME #1

(in French)

He was being hunted in England, so he ran away and joined the Legion.

DUVERNE

(in French)

Like fugitives of old.

GENDARME #1

(in French)

Yes.

(MORE)

GENDARME #1 (CONT'D)
 Presumably, see out his five year contract while the search goes on in the U-K. And when his military service is up, leave the army with French nationality and a new identity and live off the proceeds.

DUVERNE
 Mon dieu!

GENDARME #1
 (in French)
 Drug trafficking is a lucrative business, Sindy.

DUVERNE
 (visibly shaken)
 (in French)
 Quite.

GENDARME #1
 (in French)
 He was under military arrest, but escaped after attacking a guard.
 (rejoined by Gendarme #2)
 Do you mind if we have a brief look around? The farm buildings? He could be lying low in any of them.

DUVERNE
 (in French)
 Please. Be my guest. But none of my workers have reported anything suspicious.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

WEST
 What the hell is going on?

RYAN
 Will you shut the feck up!

WEST
 No, I bloody --

Ryan smothers his mouth while still peering out of the window.

EXT. CHÂTEAU. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

The gendarmes walk off in the direction of the pick-up truck.

DUVERNE
 (to herself)
 Shit, the uniform.

They amble past the vehicle.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan watches the gendarmes stroll towards the outbuildings.

A muffled West fidgets.

RYAN

Shut it or I'll gag you well and proper.

EXT./INT. FRONT OF HOUSE/PICK-UP TRUCK FOOTWELL - DAY

Duverne follows the gendarmes and glances into the vehicle. There is no sign of the uniform.

A concerned Duverne watches the gendarmes as they make a cursory search of the outbuildings.

LATER

Duverne waves the gendarmes off.

INT. CHÂTEAU. HALLWAY - DAY

Duverne charges through the hallway towards her office.

DUVERNE

(shouting)

Niamh! Come here now.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Duverne opens a desk drawer and removes West's battered phone.

Ryan enters and curtsies.

RYAN

Ma'am.

DUVERNE

Find me Otto, now! And tell him to bring that damn uniform!

INT. CHÂTEAU. SURGERY - DAY

Duverne inserts the needle of a syringe into a pharmacy jar. She raises the syringe and clears the air.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Duverne storms into the room and approaches West.

WEST

Do you know what that girl did to me? She --

Duverne grabs West's arm and jabs the needle into his skin.

WEST (CONT'D)

What the hell --

She pushes the plunger. West immediately begins to lose consciousness.

DUVERNE

Shh! Sleep tight baby. You can tell me all about it in the morning.

EXT. CHÂTEAU GROUNDS - NIGHT

A bonfire. Müller uses a stick to prod the burning uniform. He breaks West's mobile phone in two and tosses it into the flames.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Duverne and Ryan tie the unconscious West to his bed, using scarves and stockings.

RYAN

Will this stop him from escaping?

DUVERNE

The drug shouldn't wear off until tomorrow. This will have to do until I can get some proper binds.

INT. CHÂTEAU. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A sedate Duverne, Müller and Ryan sit around a large wooden table. All have a glass of wine.

DUVERNE

Well, I'm all ears, team. Where do we go from here?

EXT. LONDON. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

A marked police vehicle exits the underground garage.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD. SQUAD OFFICE - DAY

D.C. Cohen closes a docket and leaves his desk.

INT. MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Moore taps away on a desk top computer.

A KNOCK. Cohen pokes his head around the door.

COHEN

The search you asked me to do, guv.
Got a hit at General Registry.

MOORE

Search?

COHEN

The misper, Harry West. Wanted big
time. Features in that drug hit on
Notting Hill's ground a year or so
back. Provos and Mossad no less.

MOORE

Mossad?

COHEN

(dropping file in in-tray)
Makes interesting reading.

INT. MOORE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Moore, feet on desk, whisky in hand, reads the file.

B) He closes the docket.

C) He locks the document away, pocketing the key.

D) Scotch and tumbler are returned to a filing cabinet.

E) A desk light is turned off.

F) He pulls the door shut.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - FOYER

Moore exits a lift and walks past reception.

MOORE

Goodnight.

RECEPTIONIST

Goodnight, sir.

EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

Moore strolls towards St. James's Park underground station.

INT. DISTRICT LINE UNDERGROUND CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Moore appears in deep thought.

EXT. EALING BROADWAY UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

Moore exits and makes his way to a nearby telephone box.

EXT. THE COTSWOLDS. GREY'S HOME - NIGHT

A rural property with outbuildings and stables.

INT. GREY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A stew simmers atop a hob. Grey, pen behind ear, manuscript under arm, tastes it.

GREY

Not bad Dick, not bad at all.

His phone RINGS.

GREY (CONT'D)

Grey.

MOORE (V.O.)

Have you any idea who this Harry West kid is, or who he was messing around with?

EXT. LONDON - DAY

The London skyline.

EXT. LONDON. KNIGHTSBRIDGE. HERBERT CRESCENT - DAY

A taxi comes to a halt outside number eight. Moore exits the cab and pays the driver.

INT. LONDON. SPECIAL FORCES CLUB. BAR - DAY

The interior resembles any other gentlemen's club; the heroes depicted in the gallery of framed black and white photographs reveal the club's élite membership.

Grey puts a drink down in front of Moore.

GREY

Cheers!

MOORE

Cheers. A single would have sufficed.

GREY

S-F club rule one, singles aren't served.

MOORE

And rule two?

GREY

See that open window? Make sure your phone is turned off or it'll end up sailing through it. Now tell me about Legionnaire West and why Mossad were partaking in an undercover drug buy with Irish terrorists on British soil.

INT. HERTFORDSHIRE. FISHER'S HOME. BEDROOM - MORNING

A telephone RINGS. DAN FISHER, 50s, overweight, squints at a clock. Behind him lies another, sleeping.

FISHER

You better have a fucking good reason for ringing me at such an ungodly hour.

MOORE (V.O.)

Dan, it's Julian, Julian Moore. We need to speak... and soon.

EXT. LONDON. BROADWAY. POST OFFICE TELEPHONE BOX - DAY

Moore exits the kiosk and walks across the road towards Scotland Yard.

INT. FISHER'S HOME. BEDROOM - DAY

Fisher pulls back the bedding revealing his naked companion, a teenage boy. A pile of clothes is thrown at the youth.

FISHER

Get up! Fuck off home.

EXT. HAMPSHIRE. HOOK. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL. CAR PARK - DAY

Moore drives into the hotel car park.

INT. HOTEL SAUNA - CONTINUOUS

Humidity, heat and sweat. Moore and Fisher lounge atop the multilevel benches.

FISHER

What's with the security, Jules? We go back years. You know I'd never wear a wire.

MOORE

Nothing personal, Dan. You can never be too careful... besides you're a rubber healer for your sins these days.

FISHER

It wasn't a career choice I'd have opted for but the Yard promised me the next rank if I went to Professional Standards.

MOORE

Internal Affairs...
(shaking head)
...you're easily bought.

FISHER

I'm sure you've not dragged me out to the sticks and got me partaking in cloak and dagger games just to discuss my promotion prospects.

A beat...

MOORE

Cast your mind back a year ago or so, to when you were a D-C-I up town, the Israeli smack team that were taken out --

FISHER

The Israelis? How could I forget. Six million plus sovs...
(snapping fingers)
...into thin air.

MOORE

I got a bit of info and drew the file. You did a nice job, a thorough investigation

FISHER

You could have congratulated me on a job well done a little bit nearer to home.

MOORE

But just the one arrest... and no money recovered.

FISHER

Only one Yid survived the hit, and getting anything out of him was impossible.

MOORE

You made reference to Mossad --

FISHER

The Israeli Embassy denied their involvement, suggesting it was renegade military guys on the make. Special Branch had other thoughts though, hence my reference to Mossad in the docket.

MOORE

And S-B's thoughts?

FISHER

A Mossad sting. They posed as Israeli criminals interested in buying drugs from the I-R-A, hoping that once the Provos had the money, they'd lead them to their rag-head middleman.

MOORE

Here in London?

FISHER

Who knows? An Iranian, apparently. The Mr. Fixit between Tehran and the I-R-A, Hamas, Hezbollah, Al-Qaeda --

MOORE

Yeah, yeah. You're a bad guy and want ordnance, you pay him a visit.

FISHER

You've got it. Whatever arms you want, provided you have the readies, he's your man. But as we know, the Paddies didn't flush him out... Mossad's plans backfired.

(recollecting)

Suggestion was, the Yids I-Dd West before us. Those guys don't fuck around.

MOORE

Israeli spies operating on the streets of London... no match for the I-R-A, though.

FISHER

Is anyone? The only reason the Mafia didn't gain a foothold in London is because those Fenian bastards had every protection racket sewn up.

(flummoxed)

What's this about?

MOORE

I'm calling in a favour, Dan... drop the Edmonton incinerator enquiry.

FISHER

Christ, Julian! You don't ask for much! You any idea of the value of the drugs on board that truck?

MOORE

If anything, my guys should be commended for exposing a flaw in the Met's drug disposal system, not facing fifteen years inside for arranging for the truck to be hijacked. The repercussions will be endless.

(beat)

Or is that the baby that's going to get you Superintendent?

FISHER

And those repercussions will drag you into the whole seedy affair?

(pitching water onto coals)

Okay, I'm listening. What's in it for me?

MOORE

How does six millions quid divided by three appeal to you?

FISHER

The missing Yid money? Shit! Why didn't you come to me two weeks ago with this info? You're too late.

(laughing)

West has been found hidden away in the ranks of the Foreign Legion. I-Dd on his dabs no less. He's locked up in the glasshouse, somewhere on the French-fucking-Riviera.

(MORE)

FISHER (CONT'D)

When the C-P-S have their paperwork complete, he'll be dragged back screaming to the U-K.

MOORE

You've not heard then?

FISHER

Not heard what?

MOORE

West escaped last week.

FISHER

Escaped?

MOORE

Yep! He's on his toes.

FISHER

Shit! I know the square root of fuck all.

MOORE

If he's picked-up by the French, then times up on the cash. The powers that be will track it down and seize it.

FISHER

I'd already kissed it goodbye, once I heard the little bastard had been lifted.

MOORE

But if we can get to West before the Frogs nick him, then the money remains in play.

FISHER

I like it. But what makes you think we can? The French Old Bill will have circulated him as wanted. It's only a matter of time before he surfaces and gets lifted.

MOORE

But are they aware of the identity he intended using and might be even now? Or how he intends crossing the channel?

FISHER

And you are?

MOORE

I am.

FISHER

And the Hebes?

MOORE

No doubt they're keen to chat to matey and could ruin the party, but they don't feature to date.

FISHER

I like it even more. So that's your two million quid pay day explained. Who's the other two for?

MOORE

My snout. Our buffer zone. The guy who'll get his hands dirty and do the business.

INT. GREY'S HOME - DAY

Grey puts together the tools of his trade.

FISHER (V.O.)

And this snout of yours? He's reliable? Kosher?

INT. GREY'S PROPERTY. A STABLE - DAY

Perched on a ladder, Grey retrieves a Browning handgun from an apparent wasp nest located in roof beams above the horses.

MOORE (V.O.)

Ex Hereford. You know the sort, a conflict here, a skirmish there. A bit of consultancy work in the Middle East. Technical adviser on movies and the like. Typical ex Special Forces --

FISHER (V.O.)

And can he be trusted to keep his mouth shut about this little adventure?

Grey slides open the breach of the weapon, checking it.

MOORE (V.O.)

He's sound. He's on the square.

FISHER (V.O.)

Now we're talking.

MOORE (V.O.)

This will be a walk in the park for him.

(MORE)

MOORE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And when he's got the info and
 recovered the cash, he'll rid us of
 any problematic evidence.

Grey rams a magazine into the butt of the gun.

INT. HOTEL SAUNA - DAY

Fisher offers an outstretched hand.

FISHER
 You just got yourself a deal.

EXT. PORT OF DOVER - DAY

Crew marshal cars onto a ferry.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Grey drives up a ramp onto the vessel. His mobile RINGS.

GREY
 Grey.

MOORE (V.O.)
 I've spoken to the original I-O.
 He's agreed a three-way split. Our
 friend remains flagged to him and
 he'll alert me if Interpol get a
 result, or anyone starts poking
 around asking questions. Or, God
 forbid, if the Frogs lift him.

GREY
 Then it's game on.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Duverne administers drugs to West and checks his pulse.

EXT. SOUTHERN FRANCE. MILLAU BRIDGE - DAY

Grey's Range Rover crosses the bridge.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S OFFICE

Duverne sits at a desk, compiling a list. A RAP at the door.

DUVERNE
 Come in, Niamh.

A uniformed Ryan enters and bobs a curtsy.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Niamh, I want you to get changed,
take my car and go into Narbonne.

RYAN

Now, ma'am?

DUVERNE

Now, Niamh. There's a sex shop on
Rue René Panhard.

(passing list)

I want you drop by and collect
these items for me.

RYAN

(aghast)

A... sex shop?

DUVERNE

A sex shop, Niamh. You can pop
along to Mass afterwards and
confess all to Father Videau.

(an afterthought)

Best not let him see the toys
though. Not at his age. Now be a
good girl and run along.

EXT. SOUTH OF FRANCE. BANDOL. A CAFÉ - DAY

Grey sits outside a street café. With him is a younger guy,
ALAIN GASSET, 20s.

GREY

(scrutinising documents)

And this photo is definitely a
photo of the wreck of the car you
rented to Miss Sophie West?

GASSET

(accented English)

Oui! And this, monsieur, is the
house of the field where the
gendarmes... you say police?

GREY

Yes, police. This is the address of
the owner of the field where it was
found?

GASSET

Ah oui. My English is poor. The
address, oui. A wine, er farm.

GREY

A vineyard?

GASSET

Ah oui monsieur, a vineyard, and this lady, Mademoiselle Duverne owns the farm. She is American.

GREY

American?

GASSET

Oui monsieur, an American lady. A dead, no her husband is --

GREY

She's a widow?

GASSET

Yes! Oui sir, she is a widow. No husband. He is, as you say, dead.

GREY

You've done well, Alain.
(sliding him cash)
There is more where that came from if you hear anything else. I'll pay you well, rest assured.

GASSET

Oui monsieur. Merci. Thank you.

Gasset leaves. Grey digests the information.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

A drooling, blindfolded West is awake. He sports an S and M type ball-gag and is bound spread-eagled to his bed, via bondage restraints. Duverne sits nearby, compiling a crossword.

DUVERNE

It won't be long, Harry.
(sipping coffee)
I like French coffee, but you can't beat Jamaican Blue Mountain. According to Ian Fleming, it's the best in the world. But the price! Then again, I hear the cost of such delights isn't an issue for you.

EXT. BIZANET. A COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Grey sits in his car.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

On the passenger seat rests a flask, snacks, a bottle of water and a manuscript, displaying RED INK EDITS.

Grey raises a pair of binoculars and scans the vineyard.

GREY'S POV (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

Workers labour.

BACK to SCENE

Grey lowers the binocs and picks up the manuscript and a pen.

EXT. WINERY - DAY

Müller supervises workers. He notes the distant Range Rover.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Duverne sits reading medical notes.

DUVERNE

Grunt if you can hear me.

West makes a MUFFLED sound.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

You're scared, Harry. You're frightened. You're not in control. You're chained to a bed in a strange woman's house, somewhere in France. And that woman has access to sharp instruments.

More GROANS.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

So, you're scared, baby. There's no need to be... at this stage. A child is born with only two fears; loud noise and falling. So don't be scared. At least not yet.

She stands and picks up a scalpel and nears West.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Now let me get this straight. I find a badly injured deserter from the Legion hiding on my property.

(MORE)

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

I bring him into my home, attend his injuries, feed him and hide him from the authorities, risking my freedom and that of those closest to me. But now I discover he's a killer and a thief.

West GRUNTS and struggles.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Not only is he wanted by the French army, but by the Brit police, not to mention the criminal underworld.

(stroking scalpel along
West's chest)

Shall we talk, Harry?

EXT. VINEYARD - NIGHT

Grey, face smeared in dirt and wearing camouflage, makes his way through fields towards the winery.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Duverne removes West's ball-gag. He COUGHS and SPLUTTERS.

WEST

Fuck you, you bitch!

DUVERNE

(slapping West's face)

I can always replace it, potty mouth!

WEST

No! Please!

DUVERNE

Okay, it remains out for now. But goddammit, you'd better earn that respite. The floor's all yours. Start talking.

WEST

I never killed anyone!

DUVERNE

(slapping)

Don't lie! The police were here. They told me everything.

WEST

They're mistaken, I didn't kill anyone.

DUVERNE

Then why would they say --

WEST

I don't know! They've got their facts wrong. I've never killed anyone! I was merely the driver.

DUVERNE

Driver?

WEST

Yes! The get-away driver!

DUVERNE

Get-away driver?

(laughing)

You're just a kid! I doubt you're old enough to have a driving licence. If I recall correctly, you were driving around the South of France on the back of your sister's licence. Goddammit! Get-away driver? Don't make me laugh!

WEST

I was recruited due to my driving. But I didn't know drugs were involved or there'd be any killing.

DUVERNE

Recruited? Drugs? Start talking!

WEST

I hold a racing licence as well as a normal driving licence.

DUVERNE

A racing licence? Jesus --

WEST

I'm a racer. I've been racing since I was six or seven. My father was a Formula One nut. Before he was shot down and killed in the Gulf, he'd take me karting. I started in karts then worked my way up through the various formulas, F-1 being my goal. A couple of seasons back I was racing in Formula Two. I lost my sponsorship and with it my seat in the team. I was trying to raise funds when I was made an offer.

DUVERNE

What kind of offer?

WEST

A couple of Irish guys on the scene were putting an F-2 team together. They approached me and explained that they had a cash flow problem. They asked how I'd feel about partaking in a venture that would provide the team the boost it needed. I'd get a good earner out of it too.

DUVERNE

The get-away driver role?

WEST

Yes. I was asked to arrange a suitable car and ring it.

DUVERNE

Ring it? What does that mean?

WEST

Disguise a stolen vehicle. They'd be in town the next week. I thought it would be a robbery, you know, a bank or a post office or something. Christ, it was exciting and I needed the money!

DUVERNE

Exciting? I'm listening. Go on.

WEST

I met them at Heathrow, drove them to their rented boat, picked them up later and took them into London for their meets.

DUVERNE

Boat?

WEST

Yes, a posh cabin cruiser at Shepperton marina. They lived on board when in England. A really nice boat. I guess it cut down on hotel costs.

DUVERNE

And kept them below the radar no doubt.

WEST

They met some Israeli guys who had flown in from Europe. As I said, I needed the money.

(MORE)

WEST (CONT'D)

Another team had offered me a seat, a pay-per-race deal, but I had to find the best part of a hundred grand. Racing was everything for me. You've got to understand.

DUVERNE

Oh, I'm understanding alright. So what happened?

WEST

The Irish and the Israelis had business to see to.

INT. LONDON. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

ISRAELI #1 closes a briefcase containing cash.

IRISHMAN #1 produces a candle and drips wax over the locks, while IRISHMAN #2 and ISRAELI's #2, #3 and #4 look on.

DUVERNE (V.O.)

Israeli you say?

WEST (V.O.)

Yeah. Real hard, fit-looking fuckers.

Israeli #1 and Irishman #1 shake hands.

INT. NOTTING HILL. THE CHURCHILL ARMS - DAY

A busy pub. Irishman #1 and #2 and all four Israelis occupy one area. A duffel bag is exchanged for two briefcases.

WEST (V.O.)

Anyway, the supposed exchange went down in a pub in Notting Hill.

Irishman #1 examines the wax seals on the cases.

Irishman #3 lurks at the bar. Through his open jacket, an INGRAM machine pistol suspended from a neck sling can be glimpsed.

EXT. NOTTING HILL. CAMPDEN STREET - DAY

A car with West at the wheel.

Commotion: GUNSHOTS. SCREAMS. Three men exit the pub in haste. They carry an assortment of luggage. The car doors are yanked open and the goods flung into the vehicle. The fleeing men follow.

WEST (V.O.)

I waited outside in the car.
Suddenly all hell breaks loose. The
Paddies and another Paddy with a
machine gun who I'd never seen
before come running out of the
boozer carrying briefcases and
gear...

INT. THE CAR - DAY

IRISHMAN #3

Go, go, go!

EXT. NOTTING HILL. CAMPDEN STREET - DAY

The vehicle SCREECHES off.

INT. THE CAR - DAY

SIRENS wail in the distance.

West utilises his driving skills through busy London streets.

WEST (V.O.)

We scarpered. I put my foot down. I
could hear police sirens. I thought
this is it... I'm looking at twenty
plus years. After about ten minutes
of driving like a bat out of hell,
we settled into rush-hour traffic.
I knew then we were safe. In the
back, the Paddies were ecstatic.

The Irishman examine their loot. They grin and WHOOP.

IRISHMAN #2

Would you look at that boys?

IRISHMAN #1

Eight million Euros!

EXT. WEST LONDON. EALING - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) The car comes to a halt. Two Irishman exit with cases.

WEST (V.O.)

I dropped them off in west London,
two here, another there. The Ealing
area I think.

B) In another street a third Irishman gets out of the car.

WEST (V.O.)

I was told to dispose of the car and meet them at a hotel near the airport the next morning. I presumed this was where the other Irish guy had been staying. Shit, I'm was either going to get ripped off or blown away, but went along anyway. The lure of...

INT. WEST LONDON. AIRPORT HOTEL. CORRIDOR - DAY

West passes open doors with chambermaids at work.

WEST (V.O.)

I got to their room, the door was ajar. I knocked but no reply.

West pushes open the door.

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Carnage. Three bullet riddled corpses.

WEST (V.O.)

All three Paddies were dead.

West RETCHES.

WEST (V.O.)

I pushed the door shut and had a quick look around.

DUVERNE (V.O.)

The money?

WEST (V.O.)

It wasn't there. But on the side were keys, the boat keys. I lifted them.

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

An ashen-faced West pulls the room door shut.

WEST (V.O.)

I had to get away. But as I was leaving, a cleaner came out of another room. We made eye contact.

A uniformed CHAMBERMAID exits a room with an armful of linen.

CHAMBERMAID

Good morning, sir!

Sensory overload. West skedaddles.

WEST (V.O.)
I panicked, I ran.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

WEST
I drove to Shepperton, checking I
wasn't being followed.

EXT. SURREY. SHEPPERTON MARINA. CAR PARK - DAY

West's car is parked up.

INT. SHEPPERTON MARINA. CAR PARK. WEST'S CAR - DAY

West sits in his car, casing a white cruiser.

WEST (V.O.)
I must have sat there for a good
two hours, maybe three.

EXT. SHEPPERTON MARINA. CAR PARK - DAY

West exits his car.

EXT. SHEPPERTON MARINA QUAYSIDE - DAY

West walks down a gang plank and onto the cruiser.

A quick scan before unlocking the cabin door.

INT. MV GINA-MARIE - DAY

The briefcases and duffel bag are there.

WEST (V.O.)
(popping open briefcase)
And there it was. More money than
some jackpot lottery winners get.

DUVERNE (V.O.)
So what did you do?

EXT. MV GINA-MARIE - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) West pours powder into the marina.

WEST (V.O.)
I tipped the heroin away and threw
the guns into the water.

B) With a SPLASH, firearms are dropped into the water.

EXT. SHEPPERTON MARINA. CAR PARK - DAY

West walks towards his car, briefcases in hand.

WEST (V.O.)
I took the cash and drove off.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Duverne raises West's blindfold.

DUVERNE
My, my. That's some story!
(sarcastically)
Are the Irish known for their
racing prowess? Is there an Irish F-
1 team?

WEST
No. Not now.
(crestfallen)
Talk in the paddock was the team
was being set up as cover.

DUVERNE
As cover?

WEST
A front, a means of moving stuff
into the U-K from abroad.

DUVERNE
And Irish. Has it occurred to you
who these Irish guys might be? Or
the connections they might have?

WEST
I'm not stupid.

DUVERNE
So, we can realistically add Irish
terrorists and various British
intelligence agencies to the list
of those searching for you? All we
need now is for The Mob to pitch
in. Goddammit, what a mess. It's no
wonder you turned down my offer to
use my phone. Thank God you've not
been in contact with anyone since
you've been here.

WEST

That's why I opted for the Legion.
Lie low a while, then start afresh
a few years later.

DUVERNE

With a new identity and an
impressive nest egg.

WEST

I'd prepared myself to knuckle down
and complete my five-year stint.
Then I learnt that my twin sister
Sophie, has cancer. Sarah, our
older sister arranged for Sophie to
be treated at a specialist hospital
in the U-S-A, in Minnesota. But the
fees --

DUVERNE

That'll be the Mayo Clinic. Can't
argue with her choice there.

WEST

I wanted to contribute but couldn't
access the money from the barracks
at Aubagne. What's more, I wanted
to see Sophie. So, I requested
compassionate leave.

DUVERNE

And?

WEST

The Legion turned down my
application. Sarah, my older
sister, hatched an escape plan.
Then the Legion said I could get
leave on compassionate grounds.
Prior to my visit I'd have to be
issued with a travel warrant.

INT./EXT. HOTEL ROOM/CORRIDOR - DAY

The chambermaid sits with a police ARTIST. An impression of
West is materialising.

Through the open door, a SCENE OF CRIME OFFICER can be seen.
She dusts the door handle of another room.

WEST (V.O.)

My fingerprints were taken for use
with the document and by the next
day I was under military arrest.

INT./EXT. CORRIDOR/HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The SOCO lifts prints.

In the hotel room, the artists and chambermaid toil.

WEST (V.O.)

I guess police back home have linked me to the crime and circulated my details... tipped off the French.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

WEST

By that time Sarah's escape plan was rolling and I had even more reason to vanish.

(beat)

The girls don't know about the Irish/Israeli episode.

DUVERNE

Not even Sarah?

WEST

No.

DUVERNE

Thank God for that.

WEST

They think I gave up on my dream after losing my seat. Sarah was very disappointed. She hopes I'll give it another go. She works within F-1. She's an engineer.

DUVERNE

And a good one, apparently. She engineered your escape down to the last detail it would seem.

WEST

Yes... and now that you know I'm not a murderer, are you going to let me go?

DUVERNE

I've only got your version of events. If you didn't kill the Irish guys, who did?

WEST

I don't know. Honestly. But I presume it was other Israelis behind the scene.

FDUVERNE

The money? What happened to it?

WEST

Banked.

DUVERNE

Here in France?

WEST

I opened a couple of numbered bank accounts.

DUVERNE

Numbered?

(reckoning)

Swiss?

WEST

You don't really expect me to divulge that do you?

EXT. THE WINERY - NIGHT

Grey skulks around the outbuildings. As covertly as possible, he peers through windows and tries doors.

A light comes on from within an annex, bathing the winery yard in light. Grey darts into shadow.

He resumes his exploration. He walks into the ashes of a recent bonfire. He steps back and obliterates his boot tread-mark in the ash. As he does so, he notices something metallic. He picks it up.

INSERT - GREY'S HAND

Grey holds a charred metal badge depicting a seven-flamed grenade... the beret insignia of the French Foreign Legion.

BACK TO SCENE

Grey smiles. He pockets the trophy.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DUVERNE

I'd be very surprised if you offered up the information that easily.

Duverne slides the blindfold back over West's eyes. She reaches for the ball-gag.

WEST

You want blood!

Duverne pushes the gag into West's mouth.

DUVERNE
(fastening straps)
No, Harry. I'm not that interested
in the whereabouts of your stolen
money.

INT. NARBONNE. INDOOR MARKET - DAY

Grey, phone to ear, wanders past the market stalls that,
together, concoct a bustling, colourful bazaar.

GREY
I think we've struck gold.

MOORE (V.O.)
I'll leave it in your hands.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ryan and Müller listen to Duverne.

DUVERNE
So, our guest is sitting on the
best part of ten million dollars,
money which he has stolen from dead
Irish criminals, possibly
terrorists, who knows, who in turn
stole it from Israeli drug dealers.

RYAN
And the good news, ma'am?

DUVERNE
There is nothing to suggest anyone
knows he's here.

RYAN
But his car?

DUVERNE
Yes, the car was found on one of my
fields, but so what? He could have
crashed on any vineyard in
southwest France before staggering
off into the night.

RYAN
But what do we do? We can't keep
him tied up forever. If he has ten
million dollars to his name, he's
going to find a way to escape so he
can spend and shag his way around
the world, no doubt.

DUVERNE

Niamh!

RYAN

I'm sorry Mrs Duverne but it's true. Ask Otto.

Müller crosses his hands in a "don't involve me" gesture.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Besides, he's a thief... and a frigging rich one.

DUVERNE

Yes, he's a thief, but at the moment, he's our thief. I suggest he stays here while he recuperates, then we send him on his way and out of lives, forever. We forget about him and continue as normal... as if he'd never crossed our paths.

Müller and Ryan digest the statement.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Any other suggestions?

A double beat...

RYAN

We could say a prayer...

DUVERNE

A prayer?

(thumping desk)

Goddammit, Niamh! Religion is like a penis... it's okay to have one but y'all shouldn't take it out in public and nor should y'all ram it down another's throat.

EXT. SOUTHWEST FRANCE - DAY

A bird of prey soars on a thermal.

In the distance, the snow encrusted Pyrenees mountains.

EXT. VINEYARD. A CROP - DAY

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

From a hide draped in netting and concealed within scrub, Grey peers through a pair of binoculars towards the winery.

GREY'S POV (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

The day-to-day activities of the winery.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. CHÂTEAU. KITCHEN - DAY

Ryan is at work. Duverne enters.

DUVERNE

Niamh...

RYAN

Ma'am?

DUVERNE

Niamh, I'm sorry I snapped at you earlier today. This... this whole situation is getting to me. I'm sorry. Look, why don't you take the rest of the day off.

RYAN

Really?

DUVERNE

Get changed, take my car, go off into town or to the coast or... or wherever. Enjoy yourself. It'll do you good. I'm just having a lazy day here.

RYAN

(taking off apron)

Thank you ma'am! There's this new boutique in Narbonne that I want to visit.

DUVERNE

Then run along. Don't rush back. I'll see you tomorrow morning. But Niamh --

RYAN

Ma'am?

DUVERNE

No parking tickets!

Ryan hugs Duverne before rushing off.

EXT. VINEYARD. CROP - DAY

GREY'S POV (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

Grey watches a casually-dressed Ryan make her way from the château to a red B.M.W. parked nearby. Ryan gets in, lowers the roof and drives off.

BACK TO SCENE

Grey lowers the binoculars. He glances at his watch and takes a sip from a military water bottle.

EXT. NARBONNE - DAY

Ryan exits a boutique with shopping bags.

EXT. VINEYARD - DUSK

Grey slinks away from his hiding place.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER/NARBONNE STREET - EVENING

Grey passes Ryan's parked B.M.W. He sees Ryan seated outside a nearby café.

EXT. CAFÉ - EVENING

Wearing a dapper suit and Panama hat, Grey approaches the pavement tables. He opts for one near Ryan.

A WAITER approaches Grey and hands him a menu.

WAITER
Bonsoir monsieur!

GREY
Bonjour! Do you speak English?

His clipped English accent is immediately picked-up by Ryan.

WAITER
A little, sir.

GREY
Just a black coffee please.

WAITER
Sir.

GREY
(acknowledging Ryan)
Bonsoir, madame.

RYAN
Hello! You're British?

GREY
Indeed I am, madam.
(doffing hat)
Thomas Bamber, pleased to meet you.

INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT

An inebriated Ryan and a sly Grey sit at the bar.

GREY
So, let me get this right, the
Giant Causeway was built by an
Irish monster in order that he
could fight his counterpart, a
Scottish monster?

RYAN
(swiping Grey)
They're not monsters! Both Fionn
mac Cumhaill, in Ireland we call
him Finn McCool, and the Scottish
monster --

GREY
Monster! See!

RYAN
That was a slip up! Too much wine.
The Scottish creature, Benandonner,
were warriors, damn you!

GREY
Yeah, right! You have certainly
kissed the Blarney Stone!

RYAN
And you haven't Mister La-De-Dah
posh Englishman?

GREY
No, I haven't. In fact, I've never
been to Ireland.

RYAN
Northern Ireland?

GREY
Nope. Not even Northern Ireland.

RYAN
You sad man.
(giggling)
So, are we going to have another
bottle, and if so, what?

GREY

I'm just a poor, English property developer, looking for a business opportunity. You live on a vineyard and are the wine expert.

(suggestively)

Or we could just go back to my hotel for a nightcap, though perhaps a good Irish Catholic girl like you --

RYAN

What makes you think I'm a Catholic?

Grey picks up Ryan's wrist.

INSERT - RYAN'S WRIST

The tattooed words 'JOHN' and 'PAUL' are visible. Ryan turns her wrist over to reveal the names, 'RINGO' and 'GEORGE'.

BACK TO SCENE

The couple crack-up in drunken LAUGHTER.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I am a Catholic, but perhaps not as good as I should be. Let's go back to your hotel for that drink.

Ryan leans towards Grey, cups his neck and embraces him.

INT. NARBONNE. GREY'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The sun seeps through curtains. Ryan looks at her watch then lifts Grey's outstretched arm off of her.

LATER

Dressed, Ryan scribbles a note and props it against a bedside lamp... before kissing a sleeping Grey.

INT. CHÂTEAU. KITCHEN - DAY

A uniformed Ryan prepares a tray.

Duverne, smartly dressed and carrying a briefcase, enters the room. She pours herself a coffee.

DUVERNE

Damnation! Look at the time. Now you're okay dealing with the little shit this morning? Otto is around if you have any problems.

RYAN
Stop panicking, ma'am! You're
behaving like a --

DUVERNE
Yes?

RYAN
Oh, I don't know.

DUVERNE
Well, unlike you, I wasn't screwed
senseless last night.

RYAN
Ahh, last night...
(grinning)
Look, I can handle everything here.
Be off with you.

DUVERNE
I'll be back by lunchtime.

RYAN
And good luck!

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

West remains tethered.

Ryan enters the room carrying a tray.

RYAN
Wakey, wakey, rise and shine.

WEST
Hilarious. Where's Mrs Duverne?

RYAN
Attila the mum? She's on her way to
Narbonne. A meeting with her bank
manager. She's trying to negotiate
a deal to keep the wolves at bay.

Ryan rests the tray on the bed and pulls up a chair.

RYAN (CONT'D)
So, what have you been doing?

WEST
When not in the gym? I've written a
book for kids... in my mind, of
course.

RYAN
Of course. Care to share?

WEST

Well, when children drop off to sleep, all across the country wind turbines, pylons and giant construction cranes come to life and battle.

RYAN

(aghast)

A kids book you say? Nightmares for sure. I don't think many ma's will be buying that for their bairns.

WEST

Money problems?

RYAN

Eh?

WEST

You said, "Wolves at bay". She has financial problems?

RYAN

Did Rose Kennedy own a black dress?

WEST

She lived in it by all accounts.

RYAN

Apparently, the vineyard hasn't made a profit for over a decade. Now the bank are calling in their loans.

(breaking roll)

Here, open your mouth. These croissants are to die for.

West shakes his head.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Suit yourself.

(eating roll)

You can't beat French food.

WEST

How long does she intend keeping me here prisoner?

RYAN

Prisoner? You're a patient. Once better, for sure she'll kick your arse out of here.

WEST

Or trade me in for a reward.

RYAN

Nah, she's not like that. Though the money would no doubt come in handy. Coffee?

WEST

(shaking head)

Look, what about you? What's your plans?

RYAN

Plans?

WEST

The future? Aspirations and dreams?

RYAN

I'm happy here for the moment. You sure you don't want any of this food?

WEST

Working as a maid to a mad woman? You can do better than that. A proper job. Travel. Your own home. A family.

RYAN

All in good time. I do want a car though so that I can pop home and visit Ireland later in the summer.

WEST

Drive? I can give you enough money to fly first class there and back a thousand times, if we can do a deal.

RYAN

I don't fly. Scares me. Dangerous.

WEST

How about renting a corporate jet? I can arrange that. Door-to-door service. No hanging around at airports or waiting for scheduled flights.

RYAN

It's still flying, still dangerous.

WEST

Jesus-fucking-Christ --

RYAN

Language, young Harry! You've only got to listen to the words they use;

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)
 "terminal", "departure", "final destination"... gives me the creeps. But I can see what you're up to and the answer is no.

She makes to leave. Her mobile RINGS.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Hello!
 (to West)
 And less of that foul language, young man.

INT. NARBONNE. GREY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

GREY
 Foul language? Am I disturbing you?

RYAN (V.O.)
 Not at all. I was just in an argument with one of the workers.

GREY
 I didn't know you could speak French.

RYAN (V.O.)
 I can't.
 (flustered)
 I mean, I can too, so I can. Just a wee bit. Enough to know when I'm being sworn at.

GREY
 Hmm, a woman of many talents. Hey, I found your note when I woke up. Thank you... and thank you for last night. I was wondering if you fancied a drink later.

INT. CHÂTEAU. STAIRCASE - DAY

RYAN
 That would be nice, yes.

INT. SURREY. TEAM WILKINSON HQ. SARAH'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sarah sits before a drawing board. Her mobile RINGS.

SARAH
 Sarah West.

GREY (V.O.)
 Sarah, it's Richard.

SARAH
Richard! Hi! What's the news?

EXT. NARBONNE-PLAGE. A SEAFRONT RESTAURANT - EVENING

Grey sits outside.

GREY
Not good, I'm afraid.

SARAH (V.O.)
Oh God.

GREY
My detective friend tracked down
the car you hired in France. It was
involved in an accident. A right-
off.

SARAH (V.O.)
Harry? Is Harry hurt?

GREY
I'm sorry, but there's no trace of
Harry. He's vanished off the face
of the earth.

SARAH (V.O.)
Nothing?

GREY
Just disappeared. Without
mentioning the desertion issue, he
had the local plods check all the
hospitals in the area, but nothing.

SARAH (V.O.)
Oh shit! Where is he?

GREY
That, darling, is the sixty-four
million dollar question.

INT. SURREY. TEAM WILKINSON HQ - EVENING

SARAH
Jesus. What do you suggest now?
What else can your friend do, or
have the French do on his behalf?

GREY (V.O.)
I think it's a case of sitting
tight and seeing what turns up...
unless you want me to drive down to
the South of France and poke
around?

EXT. NARBONNE-PLAGE. A SEA FRONT RESTAURANT - EVENING

SARAH (V.O.)

I don't know what to suggest
Richard, I really don't. I'm sure
you've got enough on your plate
already.

Ryan walks towards Grey's table.

GREY

(waving to Ryan)

Look Sarah, give it some thought. I
have to go. I've got a meeting with
my literary agent, in an hour. I'll
be in contact when I hear more.

SARAH (V.O.)

Of course. And thanks for all that
you're doing, Richard. It's very
much appreciated. Good luck with
your agent.

Grey stands and greets a radiant-looking Ryan.

INT. SURREY. TEAM WILKINSON HQ. SARAH'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sarah breaks down, SOBBING.

EXT. NARBONNE-PLAGE. A SEA FRONT RESTAURANT - EVENING

Ryan and Grey dine alfresco.

RYAN

So, she got back from her meeting
in a foul mood. I was glad to get
out for the evening.

GREY

I'm sorry to hear. There's nothing
the bank can do? No assistance of
any kind? A further loan? An
extension to her present one?

RYAN

Nope. That's it. They've given her
three months to cough up, or
they're repossessing the place.

GREY

I'm sorry. Life can be tough.

RYAN

You're telling me.
(sipping wine)
Plus she has the added hassle of...

Ryan stops abruptly.

GREY

Of?

RYAN

Shit, I shouldn't be blathering, so I shouldn't. She's got a guest of sorts staying there. She's having to look after him and deal with associated problems.

GREY

Him? Guest of sorts?

RYAN

A young lad. Just a wee kid really. He wasn't expected.

GREY

Family dropping in. These things happen.

RYAN

Yes. Shit, it's not really my business and I shouldn't have mentioned it. I've said too much. It's the wine talking. Can you just forget what I've told you.

GREY

No problem. My lips are sealed. Consider it forgotten.

RYAN

Hey! Property's your baby. Perhaps you should invest in it. Turn it into a hotel maybe?

GREY

Well, I tend to deal with residential property. Holiday hideaways for the rich and famous. Celebs. Actors, footballers... you get the type.

RYAN

Wow! You get to meet these people?

GREY

Of course!

RYAN

That's grand. Like who?

GREY

What have we just discussed?
(tapping nose)
(MORE)

GREY (CONT'D)

Discretion. My clients insist on a confidentiality clause in the contract.

RYAN

Spoil sport, so you are!

GREY

But going back to your idea about the vineyard, if you could arrange it for me to view the property... who knows, there could be something in it for you later.

RYAN

Something in it for me later? Promises, promises, Mister La-De-Dah.

EXT. SOUTH BANK. LONDON EYE. A CAPSULE - DAY

Fisher and Moore are sole occupants of a pod.

FISHER

Saunas! Ferris-bloody-wheels! Next time you call a meet, make it at a dog track or over a ruby will you? I fucking hate gyms and heights.

MOORE

Gyms?

(realisation)

Ah! The sauna.

(shaking head)

Can't say gambling or spicy food do it for me. And by the look of it, you've spent one two many evenings in a curry house.

FISHER

A tad insolent. Respect the rank if not the holder.

MOORE

You need to find yourself a wife or whatever and settle down, Dan. A bit of home cooking. There's more to life than The Job... late nights, fast food, booze --

FISHER

Caring. You sound like my dear old mum.

MOORE

Well, no one else in this Mickey Mouse organisation will give a toss about your welfare.

(bitterly)

You give The Job the best years of your life and --

FISHER

And?

MOORE

(shaking head)

Hence I'm keen to top up my investment portfolio before I go looking for an ill health pension.

FISHER

Yeah. It's not the force we joined.

(reminiscing)

So much water has gone under the bridge since we were a couple of helmets walking the east end. Remember those days Jules, when we were fit, upright, kids starting out? Going to put the world to rights.

MOORE

Yes, fondly. Perhaps an even better retirement awaits us though.

FISHER

I'm listening.

MOORE

My guy's onto something. He's ascertained why our boys escape came to an abrupt halt and has a pretty good idea as to where he's lying low. Another twenty four hours, forty eight, tops, he should have confirmation.

FISHER

That sounds half decent. Is the bastard being sheltered?

Moore pulls a face.

FISHER (CONT'D)

No names, just curious.

MOORE

It would appear so. Let's call them Mustang and Spitfire. Mustang's a Yank and owns a farm of sorts.

(MORE)

MOORE (CONT'D)

Spitfire's a Brit who works for her. The two of them, so it seems, are nursing him.

FISHER

He's injured?

MOORE

Possibly. From a car accident.

FISHER

That's fine Jules. Button it. I don't need to know any more... yet. Your guy has done well. Pass on my appreciation, will you.

MOORE

Consider it done.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Duverne and Ryan change a sleeping West's sheets... awkward, as he remains restrained and catheterised.

RYAN

All I'm saying ma'am, is listen to the guy. Give him a chance. You never know, he might be able to offer advice in other ways.

DUVERNE

Other ways?

RYAN

How you can raise the money without selling the winery!

(beat)

You've nothing to lose, ma'am.

DUVERNE

(exasperated)

Okay. Invite him over.

RYAN

Really?

DUVERNE

But no promises. And we'll have to think what we're going to do with Harriet, here.

RYAN

Harriet?

DUVERNE

Yes, Harriet. I don't want to hear anyone uttering the name Harry again. Particularly now we're having guests visit. Careless talk and all that.

RYAN

Ah, like a code?

DUVERNE

Yes, exactly. If his name leaks out to the other workers, before long it'll be being bounded about in the village and will come to the attention of the gendarmes.

RYAN

Harriet, it is.

INT. GREY'S RANGE ROVER - DAY

Grey nears the château.

INT./EXT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM/WINERY YARD - DAY

Through the window Müller watches Grey arrive. He recognises Grey's car and appears alarmed.

EXT. WINERY YARD - DAY

Grey parks his vehicle beside an outbuilding.

Nearby, ALAIN, a vineyard workman, is using a cordless nail-gun to fix wooden pallets.

INT/EXT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM/WINERY YARD - DAY

Müller watches Grey walk towards the château. A gagged, GURGLING West pulls against his restraints.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Duverne and Grey sit facing each other.

GREY

I want to thank you, Dr. Duverne, for allowing me the opportunity to visit your home and perhaps --

DUVERNE

I think I should make something clear from the outset, Mr. Bamber --

GREY

Thomas. Please call me Thomas, Dr.
Duverne. Tom for short.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Ryan enters with a tray of tea.

DUVERNE

Thank you, Niamh. Just leave it on
the table.

RYAN

Would you like me to --

DUVERNE

Thank you. That will do.

RYAN

(curtsying)

Ma'am.

As Ryan leaves the room she sneaks Grey a smile.

DUVERNE

As I was saying, Mr. Bamber, this
property is not, as yet, on the
market. You're here on the
recommendation of my housekeeper.

Duverne gets up to pour.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

I understand you're a developer,
and that you specialise in
acquiring properties in this
region. Milk?

GREY

A dash, thank you.

DUVERNE

And which you, in turn, modernise
before selling on to people looking
for second homes in the South of
France.

GREY

That's right.

DUVERNE

And what is it about this property
that aroused your curiosity?

GREY

Well, for a start, the neighbouring
farm has recently come onto the
market.

DUVERNE

It has?

INT. CHÂTEAU. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ryan hovers near the door, listening.

GREY (O.S.)

You weren't aware?

DUVERNE (O.S.)

No! No, I hadn't --

Alain enters the château.

ALAIN

(accented English)

Niamh! The car is blocking the barn door. I need the guy's car key.

RYAN

One moment Alain, I'll get them for you.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

DUVERNE

About seven hectares, which is slightly below average for a French vineyard --

A KNOCK.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Come in.

Ryan enters and curtsies.

RYAN

Sorry to bother you, ma'am, Mr. Bamber. It seems Alain needs to get a delivery into the barn and --

GREY

I'm in the way, aren't I? Sorry.
(fumbling for car keys)
Here.

RYAN

Thanks. I'll bring them back in a moment, sir.

INT. CHÂTEAU. HALLWAY - DAY

Alain rests the nail-gun atop an antique cabinet.

RYAN
 (passing keys to Alain)
 Don't scratch it. Or the car.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Müller watches Alain ZAP the car, get in and move it.

INT. CHÂTEAU. KITCHEN - DAY

Alain enters the kitchen and LOBS the car keys to Niamh.

ALAIN
 Catch, Niamh!

RYAN
 Howzat! Thanks Alain. I'll teach
 you the rules one day.

ALAIN
 No! Crazy English game.

INT. CHÂTEAU. HALLWAY - DAY

Ryan walks towards the drawing room. She glances at the keys.
 She FREEZES.

INSERT - KEY FOB

Depicted on brass is a parachute motif. Beneath it is
 written: SPECIAL FORCES CLUB.

EXT. CHÂTEAU. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Ryan exits the château.

EXT. WINERY YARD - DAY

Ryan approaches Alain who is stacking pallets.

RYAN
 Alain, where did you park Mr.
 Bamber's car?

ALAIN
 Behind the barn. Niamh, I'm off to
 lunch now. See you later.

EXT. WINERY OUTBUILDING AREA - DAY

Ryan ZAPS the car.

INT. GREY'S RANGE ROVER - DAY

Ryan sits in the drivers seat. She scans the interior. She drops the sun visor. Receipts FLUTTER down. She opens the glove compartment and stares at a pistol fitted with a silencer.

She picks up the manuscript from the passenger seat and turns it over.

INSERT - MANUSCRIPT COVER

"The Grey Man - The Explosive Inside Story of an S.A.S. Troop Commander" by Captain Richard Grey (suitable alias awaits)

BACK TO SCENE

Sensory overload.

FLASHBACK - GREY'S HOTEL ROOM

Ryan and Grey make love.

GREY (V.O.)

I'm just a poor, English property developer, looking for a business opportunity.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Confusion. Panic seeps in.

FLASHBACK - CAFÉ

GREY

In fact, I've never been to Ireland.

RYAN

Northern Ireland?

GREY

Nope. Not even Northern Ireland.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Ryan is hyperventilating. She flicks through the m.s., stopping at a random page.

INSERT - MANUSCRIPT CHAPTER HEADING

Gibraltar - Operation "Favius"

BACK TO SCENE

GREY (V.O.)
 "Mairead Farrell had been the
 Officer Commanding Republican
 prisoners in Armagh prison
 throughout the 1981 hunger
 strike..."

She skims through the chapter.

GREY (V.O.)
 "Soldier D believed that Savage was
 going for a detonator -- Soldier D
 fired nine rounds at rapid rate,
 initially aiming into the centre of
 Savage's body, with the last two at
 his head. Savage corkscrewed as he
 fell..."

Ryan's in shock. She opens the m.s. at another random page.

GREY (V.O.)
 "By now, we had been behind Iraqi
 lines for over three weeks and were
 desperately in need of ammunition
 and other supplies..."

And another...

GREY (V.O.)
 "Padraig Ryan was the Officer
 Commanding an Active Service Unit
 in Armagh - Bandit Country!"

RYAN
 Padraig!

Ryan's eyes fill-up as she scans the page.

GREY (V.O.)
 "Nick stood over Ryan and emptied
 two more rounds into the
 terrorist's forehead. His grip on
 the AK47 waned. Job done."

Ryan breaks down and SOBS.

RYAN
 Oh Padraig, my love...

GREY (V.O.)
 "As far as the guys serving in the
 Special Air Service are concerned,
 the only way to handle an Irish
 Republican is to slot the bastard."

Ryan reaches into the glove compartment.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Müller spies Ryan stomping towards the château, gun in hand.
He bounds towards the door.

INT. CHÂTEAU. HALLWAY - DAY

Duverne and Grey enter the hallway...

DUVERNE

I'll get one of the workman who can
speak English to --

...just as Ryan enters the château, brandishing the silenced
pistol, manuscript raised high.

RYAN

Have nothing to do with him ma'am,
he's a killer! A Brit Sassman sent
to kill me! Stay where you are,
Otto!

Müller stops half way down the stairs.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'll deal with this bastard!

GREY

This is preposterous!

DUVERNE

Whose gun is that? Where did
you get --

RYAN (CONT'D)

Preposterous is it, Mr. Bamber? Or
perhaps I should say, Captain
Richard Grey of the British S-A-S?
(glancing at m.s.)
Or how about Mister "suitable alias
awaits"?

DUVERNE

(to Grey)
Thomas?

RYAN

It's his gun, ma'am, the one he was
going to use to kill me. Perhaps
the gun he used to kill other
Catholics who fought the occupying
Brit army.

Müller slowly edges down the stairs.

RYAN (CONT'D)

And who knows, perhaps kill you and
Otto too!

DUVERNE
 (to Grey)
 Is this true?

GREY
 Look, listen to me. I'm not here to hurt either of you. There's been a misunderstanding. I'm a, I'm an investigator.

DUVERNE
 Investigator?

RYAN
 He's a Brit spy, ma'am!

GREY
 I came here to look for someone, a boy from England.

DUVERNE
 A boy?

RYAN
 He's here to kill me! He's here to kill another Bog Irish Paddy!

GREY
 Harry West... from England. He's in trouble. The I-R-A, Mossad, both French and U-K police... they're all looking for him!

DUVERNE
 Mossad?

GREY
 (nearing Ryan)
 Yes, Mossad. Now give me the gun.

RYAN
 Stay where you are, Sassman!

GREY
 Don't be silly --

- Grey lunges at Ryan as Müller dives at him.
- The gun fires. PHUT!
- Müller CRIES but hangs onto Grey.
- Grey grabs the nail-gun from the cabinet.
- The nail-gun is pushed against Müller's head.
- THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD!

- Müller lets go of Grey and slumps to the floor.
- Blood seeps from Müller's scalp.
- Both women SCREAM!
- Grey drops the nail-gun.
- Grey makes another desperate attempt to seize the gun.
- Ryan raises the gun and shoots. PHUT!
- Grey GROANS and clasps his arm.
- He crashes into the cabinet.
- Duverne retrieves the nail-gun.
- She brings it forcefully down on top of Grey's head.

EXT. A VINEYARD FIELD - NIGHT

Duverne operates a mini-excavator. She digs a hole.

LATER

Duverne and Ryan drag Müller's body wrapped in sheets, from a pick-up truck towards the grave.

INT. CHÂTEAU. CELLAR - NIGHT

A shivering, naked Grey, bloodied and gagged, is helpless. He is locked within a doggy style leg and wrist spreader. Forced to kneel, his head rests on the stone floor. He sports an untreated arm wound.

INT. CHÂTEAU. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Duverne and Ryan sit at the table. Their grimy faces are streaked by tears

DUVERNE

He said Mossad.

RYAN

Who's Mossad?

DUVERNE

The Israeli secret service. Fuck! Harry mentioned Israelis but not Mossad. If he's in conflict with them, then we've got serious problems.

RYAN

Think, ma'am. Is there anything to suggest they know Harry's here?

DUVERNE

He's made no call and doesn't have internet access... so no phone or electronic trail.

RYAN

Are no letters sent that could be intercepted?

DUVERNE

No. Unless Grey has been tailed by the Mossad spooks. I can't see how they would know he's here. But it's only a matter of time. Those guys aren't Keystone cops.

(despair)

Fuck you, Harry!

RYAN

We're not safe here?

A double beat...

DUVERNE

(clasping Niamh's hands)

No. Best we think about leaving, before the police, Mossad or whoever, come sniffing around.

(realisation)

Goddammit, we're going to need access to that little bastards stash... to escape and start afresh... possibly pay people off or do a deal. Our lives could be at risk.

EXT. WINERY - DAY

The workers are out in the fields.

INT. CHÂTEAU. LANDING - DAY

Duverne and Ryan leave West's bedroom, pulling the door shut.

RYAN

The stubborn, English bastard. So what now?

INT. CHÂTEAU. CELLAR - DAY

Duverne and Ryan stand over the forlorn Grey.

DUVERNE

That's a nasty flesh wound you have there Captain Grey. It needs cleaning and suturing. But I guess that's the least of your worries just now.

(turning to leave)

Get him ready.

Ryan buries her shoe into Grey's rib cage. He GROANS.

INT. CHÂTEAU. CELLAR TWO - DAY

A windowless, stone-floored storeroom, filled with medical furniture.

West, naked and gagged but minus the blindfold, sits secured to a chair.

Grey, naked and gagged lies spread-eagled and tied to an examination table... a bowl of water rests between his legs.

Duverne and Ryan wear plastic aprons. They check the binds.

DUVERNE

I'll explain, Harry, how the making of a eunuch was undertaken in the dark and distant past.

West makes a GURGLED sound.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

The word derives from the Greek eunouchos and Latin eunuchus and simply means keeper of the bedchamber. A metaphor for the eunuch's traditional role of harem keeper.

Duverne sponges clean Grey's groin.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

The unfortunate victim was strapped spread-eagled to a table.

Duverne holds a cord and moves towards Grey's groin.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

(tying cord)

And a thin cord was knotted tightly around the genitals...

Ryan places a stainless steel tray holding an assortment of surgeon's implements beside Grey. He lifts his head from the table. PANIC registers.

Ryan's gloved hands push him back down onto the table.

RYAN
Relax, Sassman.

Duverne selects a scalpel and moves towards Grey's groin.

DUVERNE
...and with a sharp razor...

Ryan leans over Grey. She applies pressure to his shoulders. Grey STRUGGLES like crazy.

West's eyes are the size of saucers. He FIGHTS against his binds.

MUFFLED SOUNDS emanate from Grey. Ryan clamps a hand across his mouth.

RYAN
Shush, Captain Grey. It'll soon be over.

Semen is ejaculated towards Duverne. She ignores it.

DUVERNE
...his organs were...

Blood shoots upwards.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
...removed.

Duverne holds up Grey's genitals for review. With her other hand, she paws the fluid dripping down her face.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
Easy come...
(smiling)
...easy go.

She drops the organs into the stainless steel tray.

West FAINTS.

EXT. A VINEYARD FIELD - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) A tractor towing a trailer stops beside a hole.
- B) The dropped tailgate reveals a bound, blood-sodden Grey.
- C) Grey, barely conscious, is pulled from the trailer.
- D) He lies on the ground and UTTERS a plea.

GREY
 (whimpering)
 Kill me, please. I beg you...

E) An unemotional Duverne sits in the cab of the tractor.

CONTINUOUS

Grey kneels beside the pit. Ryan rests the silencer on Grey's gun against the back of his head.

RYAN
 Hear this Sassman, this is for my
 brother...

PHUT! Grey's head EXPLODES, splattering Ryan in blood and brain. Grey topples into the grave.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 ...and all the other Provos you
 murdered.

Ryan tosses Grey's manuscript, cell phone and other possessions into the hole.

EXT. WINERY YARD - NIGHT

The trailer unit is raised. Under lights, Duverne hoses down the blood.

INT. CHÂTEAU. KITCHEN - DAY

Silence. Duverne pours whisky. Ryan wipes the gun clean.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S BEDROOM. ENSUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam. A cascading shower. Duverne and Ryan wash each other.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The women occupy the bed. Duverne holds Ryan.

DUVERNE
 Lord, what have we done?

RYAN
 He was a Brit mercenary, a spy. I
 can live with it.

DUVERNE
 It's in Harry's hands now.

RYAN

Let me use him first. Remind him
what he has to lose.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

A naked Ryan straddles the tethered and gagged West. She screws him "cowgirl" fashion.

INT. CHÂTEAU. CELLAR TWO - DAY

West, naked and gagged lies spread-eagled and tied to an examination table.

As Ryan washes West's groin, Duverne leans close to him.

DUVERNE

I understand you got to shift some
dirty water this morning, Harry.
Enjoyable, I hope. It's now in your
hands as to whether that's your
last time.

Panic! West STRUGGLES.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Don't waste your time fretting
Harry... there's no escape. Now,
you saw yesterday how quick the
process is... but you rudely passed
out before I was able to finish my
history lesson. Let me continue...

West STRAINS at his binds.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

After the penis and testicle were
removed, the wound was cauterised
by the application of either a red-
hot poker or molten tar. The
mutilated victim was then deprived
of water for several days to
prevent urination, which could
infect the healing process.

West is FRANTIC!

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

(stroking West's hair)

Later he was forced to drink
copious amounts of water until the
pressure in his bladder literally
punctured a hole in the scar
tissue, which he in turn would use
for the rest of his life.

RYAN

He's ready for you, ma'am.

DUVERNE

Assuming he survived the ordeal,
and less than ten per cent did, he
began his new life as a docile
slave.

(stroking West's cheek)

Now, do you want me to remove that
gag and listen to what you have to
say or shall I ask Niamh to pass me
the cord?

West NODS and GRUNTS vigorously. Duverne removes the gag.

WEST

(gasping)

Let's talk!

INT. CHÂTEAU. OFFICE - DAY

Duverne sits at her desk. She studies a computer screen. Ryan
lounges in a chair, a notebook in hand.

DUVERNE

In total he has three numbered
Austrian bank accounts.

RYAN

Austria? Not Switzerland? And why
three? Why that many?

DUVERNE

Yes, Austria. As for three, a
security measure perhaps? Who
knows? But if he's told the truth,
each is accessed by his mother or
sisters' Christian name, followed
by their date of birth...

(typing on keyboard)

...and on the assumption that the
password of account one is his
mother's details, read me out
Susan's date of birth.

RYAN

Two four, zero four, five seven.

DUVERNE

Two four, zero four...

RYAN

...five seven.

A double beat...

DUVERNE
Oh my God!

RYAN
(cavorting from chair)
What is it?

Ryan stands and stares at the screen.

RYAN (CONT'D)
What am I looking at? What is it?

DUVERNE
It's eureka! We're in, goddammit!

The women SCREAM in delight and hug each other.

INT. CHÂTEAU. WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

A bound, drugged West is oblivious to the COMMOTION from downstairs.

INT. CHÂTEAU. KITCHEN - DAY

Duverne and Ryan sit at the kitchen table, fuelled by wine.

DUVERNE
Should we?

RYAN
Ma'am, you're going to need that cash.

A double beat or longer...

DUVERNE
(swigging back drink)
Let's do it!

EXT. RC CHURCH - EVENING

Grey's Range Rover comes to a stop. Ryan gets out and covers her head with a veil.

INT. RC CHURCH. CONFESSION BOX - EVENING

RYAN
(making the sign of the cross)
Bless me Father, for I have sinned.
It has been eight days since my last confession.

FATHER VIDEAU (O.S.)
 (accented English)
 I'm listening, my child.

INT. CONFESSION BOX. PRIEST STALL - EVENING

RYAN (O.S.)
 Father...
 (anxious)
 Father, I have had carnal knowledge
 with two men --

FATHER VIDEAU
 (interrupting)
 In one week?

INT. CONFESSION BOX - EVENING

RYAN
 Yes, Father.

FATHER VIDEAU (O.S.)
 Oui? Were either of these men
 married?

RYAN
 No, Father.

FATHER VIDEAU (O.S.)
 (resignation)
 So, you seek forgiveness for making
 love to two men outside of marriage
 and within a week?

RYAN
 Well, I guess I made love to one,
 the other I raped.

FATHER VIDEAU (O.S.)
 Raped?

RYAN
 Yes, Father. But there's more.

FATHER VIDEAU (O.S.)
 More? Go on my child.

RYAN
 Both were Prods... and it gets
 worse, both were Brits...

INT. RC CHURCH - EVENING

Ryan lights a candle.

PEWS - CONTINUOUS

She genuflects, whilst crossing herself.

Ryan kneels, fulfilling her penance.

INT. CHÂTEAU. HALLWAY - DAY

A smartly dressed Ryan stands before a mirror. She toys with a string of pearls. Nearby, her luggage.

Duverne approaches her and looks her over in the mirror.

DUVERNE

Coco Chanel suggests every woman look in the mirror before leaving the house and remove one piece of jewellery.

RYAN

I thought the pearls were too much.

DUVERNE

Less can be more.

Ryan removes the pearls and drops them over Duverne's head, before losing her composure and SOBBING. They hug.

RYAN

Ma'am, I'm going to miss you.

DUVERNE

And I'm going to miss you, honey... but we know it's for the best.

RYAN

I know...
(desperately)
You won't change your mind about leaving?

DUVERNE

I can't desert my home... all that we built up together. I need to face the consequences.

They face each other, holding hands.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Okay, as far as the staff here are concerned, my trip to the bank was successful. You, you're returning to Ireland to take up a place at university.

RYAN

I've got it. No problem.

DUVERNE

Now remember, abandon the Range Rover when you reach Calais. You cross the channel as a foot passenger. Got it?

RYAN

Got it. And wipe it clean of prints.

(tapping head)

It's all logged up here. Rest assured.

(appreciatively)

And thank you for the cash, ma'am. How can I ever...

DUVERNE

Shush. No more talk. It's over.

They EMBRACE.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Ryan drives away from the château.

EXT. WINERY - DAY

The Range Rover heads along the winery drive.

INT. CHÂTEAU WEST'S BEDROOM - DAY

Duverne administers drugs to a sleeping West. Grey's pistol and silencer sit on a tray beside medical paraphernalia.

She picks up the weapon and rests it in West's hand, ensuring his fingers wrap around the grip, et cetera, before cloaking it in cloth.

DUVERNE

You wouldn't believe the trouble you've caused, young man.

Duverne makes to leave the room with the gun, stops and returns to the bedside. She removes the string of pearls and slips them over West's head.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

It's just you and me now, kid.

(stroking West's hair)

Just us... Harriet. And you're going to be a busy girl.

EXT. LONDON. WIMBLEDON DOG TRACK - DAY

A cold, wet, late autumn afternoon. Despite the weather, track-side bookies are raking it in; there being no shortage of cash-waving punters eager to part with their money.

A coffee-slurping Moore stands shivering on a terrace, attempting to make sense of the tic-tac communications being relayed around the track by the on-course bookies' sidekicks, standing atop small step ladders.

A few yards beyond the track-side shenanigans, greyhounds wearing racing vests, are encouraged into traps.

Fisher sidles up to Moore.

MOORE

Wondered if you were going to show up, what with this fucking weather. I've been shivering my bollocks off for what seems like forever.

FISHER

And miss a good night out? Had a slight detour on my way here. Needed my betting money, so dropped by a snout to collect my share of the readies he made from a few ounces of Charlie I gave him to shift last week.

(sipping a steaming drink)

You want a large scotch in that mate, that'll warm you.

(revealing a wad of cash and a bet slip)

I've got a monkey on trap five at three to one, the mutt in orange.

MOORE

Right...

A BELL rings. The hounds start YELPING. With a SWISH, the hare sweeps past the traps. The crowd CHEER. The traps SPRING open. The dogs shoot out of their coops, legs spraying sand.

Moore gets caught up in the excitement, and together with Fisher, CHEERS on the racing dogs.

FISHER

Fucking waste of time...

(screwing up bet slip and discarding it)

...and bloody money! Come on, lets get out of the rain and get ourselves a stiff drink. My treat.

They trudge off into the crowd.

FISHER (V.O.)

Let me give you a tip Jules, never bet at a BAGS meeting.

MOORE (V.O.)

BAGS? What on earth is a BAGS meeting when it's at home?

FISHER (V.O.)

This is! Bookmakers Afternoon Greyhound Service... it's a con. An opportunity for owners to make money on a fixed race. I'll explain, what they do is...

INT. DOG TRACK. BAR - DAY

The two detectives nurse large scotches.

FISHER

Nothing?

MOORE

Not a thing. Bigger all. He's not been seen at his London club or anywhere else I've sussed he frequents or hangs out, including the horses. And his mobile goes straight to voice-mail. I've left countless messages on it... even risked having the local carrot-crunchers sniff around his H-A in the Cotswolds. Nothing.

FISHER

Shit! You don't think he's disposed of West and done a runner with the cash do you?

MOORE

Even if he has, he'd have had to have surfaced by now.

FISHER

Bollocks!

EXT. WINERY - DAY

With the approach of winter the winery is quiet.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

An assortment of clothes are strewn over Duverne's bed.

West, clearly recovered from his injuries, stands docilely. His hair is longer and is styled in a feminine fashion. He wears one of Ryan's uniforms and totters in a pair of heels.

DUVERNE

(inspecting the youth)

Hmmm, the dress fits fine as will Niamh's other uniforms and clothes, but you'll need a slightly larger pair of shoes. We'll pick those up in town tomorrow.

WEST

We'll?

DUVERNE

(exasperated)

Yes Harriet, we'll. I can hardly buy you shoes and not have you try them on.

WEST

Can't I just wear yours?

DUVERNE

Ma'am!

WEST

Ma'am. Sorry.

DUVERNE

No Harriet, you can't. My shoes will be too big for you. You have quite dainty feet for a man. I guess they compliment your slight build. Yes?

WEST

Yes, ma'am.

DUVERNE

(irritated)

Listen here, this mess is your own fault. You've brought this upon yourself. You took what didn't belong to you... you took on the Israeli secret service and the I-R-A. You deserted the military. And you, and only you, are responsible for the S-A-S killer snooping around. Now Otto's dead, and Niamh's gone. You, you son of a bitch, don't dare show your face anywhere. And I need a maid! You, Harriet, are her. Got it?

WEST

Yes, ma'am.

DUVERNE

Good girl!

(fussing over dress)

It was a good enough disguise for Bonnie Prince Charlie and it's good enough for you. Now let's try that curtsy again.

West performs a wobbly curtsy.

EXT. NARBONNE. A CAR PARK - DAY

Duverne and West - convincingly looking like a young woman in apt clothes, styled hair and perfect make-up - walk from the car.

DUVERNE

You look great. Don't worry, I'll do all the talking.

A bus passes and momentarily draws West's attention.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

And you can put any such ideas out of that pretty little head of yours.

INT. NARBONNE. INDOOR MARKET - DAY

Duverne and West walk through the bustling market. They carry shopping. West is visibly more relaxed.

DUVERNE

There, that wasn't so bad was it? You're doing wonderfully, Harriet. I'm very proud of you.

WEST

(quietly)

Thank you, ma'am.

Duverne stops at a vegetable stall run by PIERRE.

PIERRE

Bonjour, Docteur Duverne!

DUVERNE

(selecting produce)

Salut, Pierre!

PIERRE

(to West)

Bonjour, mademoiselle!

West smiles shyly.

DUVERNE
 (in French)
 I'll take these.
 (handing veg to Pierre)
 This is Harriet. She's my new
 housekeeper. She's from England
 and, like most English girls,
 doesn't speak French. Yet!

The grocer LAUGHS.

PIERRE
 (in French)
 Give her six months!

DUVERNE
 (in French)
 Oui!
 (pocketing change)
 See you next week, Pierre.

PIERRE
 Au revoir, madame. Au revoir,
 Harriet.

DUVERNE
 Au revoir!

The pair walk off.

WEST
 (quietly)
 What did you say to him?

DUVERNE
 I told him you were my new maid
 from England. Word will soon filter
 around the community that you are
 now working for me.
 (smugly)
 You're trapped, Harriet. Welcome to
 your new life, young lady...

A deflated West, slows to look at a display of cell phones.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
 Don't even think about it.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Duverne is at her desk.

A KNOCK.

DUVERNE
 Come in, Harriet.

A uniformed West enters and curtsies.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Ah Harriet, I've just finished the clues for next weekend's edition of the paper and they need to be in this afternoon's post. I want you to stop what you're doing and run down and post them.

WEST

(taking envelope)
Ma'am.

West makes to leave the room.

WEST (CONT'D)

Ma'am?

DUVERNE

Yes, what is it?

WEST

You have a computer and internet connection. Why don't you just email the information to Paris?

DUVERNE

(guffaws)

Because Mademoiselle Renaud, the newspaper's crossword editor, has had her email account hacked on more than one occasion. As a consequence, she doesn't trust the internet and requires all of us to submit our crosswords via post.

(waving away)

Now run along, girl!

WEST

Yes, madam. Sorry.

DUVERNE

Oh, Harriet.

WEST

Ma'am?

DUVERNE

There's a noticeable improvement in your application of makeup and deportment, not to mention your overall general attitude. I'm extremely pleased with your progress.

WEST

Thank you, Madame Duverne.

DUVERNE

Continue along this line, perhaps we can talk about a safe means of contacting your family and getting some of that money to your sister. As it is, you know the risks to both us and them if certain people were able to track you down.

WEST

Ma'am, I understand the danger of calling or writing to my family. I won't put them in jeopardy.

West curtsies and leaves the room.

EXT. CHÂTEAU. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

West wears a woman's coat over his uniform. He heads towards the drive, his long hair catching in the breeze.

EXT. WINERY YARD. OUTBUILDING ROOF - DAY

Two young male workers are re-roofing part of the building. They stop and watch West walk along the drive.

WINERY WORKER #1

(in French)

She's stuck up, that new English girl.

WINERY WORKER #2

(in French)

Yes! You could talk and have a joke with Niamh... but this Harriet.

WINERY WORKER #1

(in French)

What she needs is a good fucking.

LAUGHING, they resume their work.

EXT. PUBLIC ROAD - DAY

West approaches a post box a short distance from the château entrance. He deposits the letter, hesitates momentarily, then turns for home.

INT/EXT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S OFFICE/WINERY DRIVE - DAY

Duverne stands at the window watching West make the return journey. She smiles.

INT. CHÂTEAU. HALLWAY - DAY

As West is taking off his coat, Duverne is locking her office door, pocketing the key.

DUVERNE

All done?

WEST

Yes, madam.

DUVERNE

Good. Harriet, I won't be needing you anymore this afternoon. However after freshening yourself up I'd like you to join me in the drawing room. Let's say six o'clock.

WEST

Of course, ma'am. Thank you.

DUVERNE

Good. I've left some clothes out in your room for you to change into. I'll see you at six then.

WEST

(curtsying)

Ma'am.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Duverne is reading a magazine. A KNOCK interrupts her.

DUVERNE

Come in, Harriet.

A well groomed, perfectly made-up West, enters the room. He wears a skirt and a silk type blouse.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

(putting down magazine)

Wow! Don't you look a stunner?

(standing)

Turn around, let me see.

West does as told.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Perfect!

(holding West's hands)

And you've used the perfume I left out for you. Well, get your coat.

WEST

Coat, ma'am?

DUVERNE

You're too pretty to waste sitting around here. We're going out for a bite to eat and a drink.

WEST

But --

DUVERNE

No arguing.

INT. NARBONNE. A BAR - NIGHT

A semi-busy bar with a television mounted high. It spews out never-ending sports news.

Duverne and West sit quietly in a corner, nursing drinks.

DUVERNE

So, apart from me having to accompany you to the restroom at the restaurant, the experience hasn't been so bad has it?

WEST

Are you kidding? It's nerve-wracking!

DUVERNE

(chortling)

You coped well. Have faith in yourself... you can pull it off. I wouldn't have brought you out unless I was confident you could. I must get you some summer clothes --

WEST

I'll still be here next summer?

DUVERNE

You're my housekeeper, Harriet. I thought we'd put that issue to bed. Besides, you're homeless, penniless...

(an icy whisper)

...and a fucking fugitive with a price on his head. Look upon me as your guardian angel, dear.

West's attention is drawn towards the television screen. Images of a grand prix official waving a chequered flag, are broadcast. West's eyes are transfixed on the black and white squares.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
 Changing the subject, Niamh mentioned you had an idea for a children's book. For obvious reasons you can't have access to the internet, but would you like me to get you a computer monitor to use?

West isn't listening. He's fixated on the chequered flag.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
 Who knows, you might become a publishing sensation and make your second fortune.
 (irritably)
 Harriet? Have you listened to anything I just said?

WEST
 Huh?

DUVERNE
 Goddammit! Jesus --

WEST
 (snapping out of deep thought)
 Yeah I was, yes... but I would rather you teach me how to write those crossword clues. The cryptic things. They blow me away --

DUVERNE
 Harriet! Really?

WEST
 Really, madam.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DINING ROOM - DAY

Duverne and a demurely dressed West, sit at a dining table.

WEST
 (reading writing pad)
 Sorry ma'am, I just don't get it. It doesn't make sense --

DUVERNE
 It does, Harriet! Read the clue again.

WEST
 "Creature from outer space getting a bullet"... it's double-dutch.

DUVERNE

What's another name for a bullet.
Come on, you were in the army --

WEST

Bullet? Round, projectile,
ammunition, missile --

DUVERNE

Four letters!

WEST

Ammo?

DUVERNE

How about "Slug"?

WEST

"Slug"? Oh yeah --

DUVERNE

And the clue is hinting as to where
to find another word... it's
telling you it can be found within
the words "outer space"... "from
outer space". The letters S, E and
A are all within the word "space".

WEST

Ah, "Sea Slug"! I get it!

DUVERNE

Here, try this one, this is even
easier.

(writing clue on pad)

"It's warmer indoors but cooler in
the car." Now put your grey matter
to work.

A double beat as West stares blankly at the page.

WEST

Ah that's easy! "Radiator".

DUVERNE

Well done! They're all easy after
you've engaged brain.

(writing on pad)

Now I'm sure you know what an
anagram is, so look for the apt
word within the clue, "Ground opens
late for Springboks, say". Nine
letters.

West stares at the pad and mouths the clue.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
The answer is "Antelopes" but you
tell me why.

WEST
Hmmm, "Antelopes"...

MONTAGE - WEST AND DUVERNE'S EVERYDAY LIFE

- A uniformed, servile West goes about his domestic duties.
- Duverne and the feminised West shop in the indoor market.
- The couple dine and drink in town.
- Duverne tutors West in the art of composing crosswords.
- They take in the Christmas decorations whilst shopping.
- West makes the weekly trek to the post box.
- Spring has arrived.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Duverne sits at her desk scrutinising a document. A uniformed West stands meekly.

DUVERNE
Very good. Very good indeed,
Harriet. I particularly like,
"Atlas, say in colour... the very
thing!" Answer, "Titan". I might
use that. At this rate, you'll be
putting me out of a job.

West relaxes a tad.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
Back to today, I have a meeting at
two o'clock with a buyer from a
wine merchant. So make sure the
drawing room is spic-and-span
before then, and that you are
presentable before she arrives.

WEST
Yes, madam.

DUVERNE
But before your chores, here's this
weekend's Europe Today clues. Run
down the drive and post them.

WEST
(curtsying)
Ma'am.

DUVERNE
Good girl.

EXT. WINERY DRIVE - DAY

West walks along the drive clutching the envelope.

EXT. PUBLIC ROAD - DAY

The post box: West reaches into his coat pocket and retrieves a second envelope. He stares at it before posting it. He crunches up the original envelope.

INT. PARIS. EUROPE TODAY. CROSSWORD EDITORS OFFICE - DAY

The contents of West's envelope receive a cursory inspection from Mademoiselle Renaud, before being dropped into an Out Tray.

INT. PARIS. EUROPE TODAY. PRINT ROOM - DAY

Thousands of copies of Europe Today are generated.

INT. PARIS. EUROPE TODAY. DESPATCH DEPOT - DAY

Bundles of the newspaper are loaded onto a fleet of trucks.

INT. CHÂTEAU. HALLWAY - DAY

A uniformed West picks up the newspaper from the floor. He opens it.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

A crossword puzzle grid and a list of clues.

BACK TO SCENE

West smiles.

INT. CHÂTEAU. KITCHEN - DAY

West buries the paper towards the bottom of the waste bin.

INT. SURREY. TEAM WILKINSON HQ. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah enters her office. She drops that day's edition of Europe Today onto her desk, together with her car keys and mobile phone, before taking off her coat.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S OFFICE - DAY

The maid enters carrying a tray of tea.

DUVERNE

Thank you, Harriet. Just leave it on the table.

WEST

Yes, ma'am.

DUVERNE

(glancing at the tray)
Hmmm, the newspaper hasn't come yet?

WEST

Not yet, madam.

INT. SURREY. GUILDFORD. A WINE BAR - DAY

Sarah sits at the bar reading the newspaper. A GIRLFRIEND approaches her. They kiss. The paper is abandoned.

EXT. SURREY. CHOBHAM - DAY

A Mitsubishi Shogun, Sarah at the wheel, turns into the driveway of a sumptuous looking detached property.

INT. CHOBHAM. SARAH'S HOME. BATHROOM - DAY

Sarah relaxes in a bath, a glass of wine and phone at hand.

She reaches for her newspaper and a pen, then eases down into the bubbles.

EXT. CHOBHAM. SARAH'S HOME - DAY

SARAH (O.S.)

Jesus-fucking-Christ!

INT. WOKING POLICE. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits opposite Detective Constable ED BROWN. Saturday's edition of Europe Today lays open at the crossword.

SARAH

I do this paper's crossword every day. I know how the minds of the various cruciverbalists work. This...

(scrutinising paper)

...this "Yankee Doodle", the person who compiled this crossword is not the "Yankee Doodle" who put together last Saturday's crossword or every other Saturday's before that for the last God knows how many years.

(exasperated)

You don't believe me do you?

BROWN

Miss West, I have to say it sounds very far-fetched!

SARAH

Look, my late father was an R-A-F pilot. We grew up all over the shop, both in the U-K and abroad, always on the frigging move. Makes for a great education, but lousy childhood friendships. These eight clues correspond with the numbers of the first eight house numbers we grew up in; six, eight, nine, fifteen, twenty four, twenty seven, thirty and thirty two.

BROWN

It could be a coincidence.

SARAH

Coincidence? Question six down, "First Sarah, second Sophie, third Susan." I'm Sarah, my sister, Harry's twin, is Sophie, our mother is Susan. The first letter of my name is "S", the second of Sophie's is "O" and the third letter in Susan is "S", spelling out S-O-S.

BROWN

(making notes)

I can see that --

SARAH

Question eight across, "Misty alien region for a desert soldier."
"Misty", not clear, i.e. an anagram.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

And what do we find the next two words, "alien" and "region" spell out when unscrambled? "Legionnaire". Harry was, is, a legionnaire --

BROWN

A deserter.

SARAH

That's irrelevant! Question nine across. Number nine was a shit-hole of a home we lived in, in Anglesey, North Wales when dad was an instructor at R-A-F Valley. "Naughty prince or dirty cop." Even you should be able to work out --

BROWN

Miss West, there's no need --

SARAH

Harry! Prince Harry, Dirty Harry. Easy! Question fifteen, "Stew stew? Wild place!" "Stew" like "Misty" indicates an anagram. It's so simple the crossword editor should have refused it. Unscramble the second "stew" and you get "West"... and "wild place"... the wild west, confirms that. So, so far... and corresponding with house numbers we lived in as kids, we have, "S-O-S Legionnaire Harry West"

BROWN

Go on.

SARAH

Next, "Worship American celestial body"... the answer is Sindy, the American version of Cindy, yadda yadda yadda, Cynthia, another name for Artemis, the moon goddess. Now American, that's interesting. The handle of the crossword compiler is --

BROWN

Is "Yankee Doodle".

SARAH

Exactly! Question twenty seven across. "Captive six in West Wales"

BROWN

Let me guess, "I'm not a number!"

SARAH

You got it! "Prisoner", a play on the sixties television series with Patrick whatever his names was --

BROWN

McGoohan.

SARAH

McGoohan, that's the guy. Question thirty, another anagram; "Grapeland? Ay, driven mad." "Ay driven" equals "Vineyard". And finally question thirty two, and this one should never have been allowed and I can only presume that the editor's first language is not English. Anyway, "In a little while, actor Billy comes to French village." I had to get out an atlas to crack this one. "Bizanet". The "Billy" in the clue must refer to "Billy Zane" the actor. Bizanet is a village in southwest France, not far from the Med but in the heart of wine country. Vineyards, et cetera. So, the total message reads, "S-O-S Legionnaire Harry West Sindy Prisoner Vineyard Bizanet". He's Sindy's prisoner.

Brown examines his notes and reads the full message over to himself.

BROWN

Why doesn't he just call you, drop you an email, snail-mail? Why all the secret-squirrel contact?

SARAH

(shrugging)

Who knows? Does he have access to email or a phone?

BROWN

Apparently not.

SARAH

Or is he scared of someone intercepting calls or mail and this, he's decided, is the safest way to contact me? I mean, for Christ's sake, even the local council have the power to intercept emails these days!

Brown sits back and reads over his notes.

BROWN

It's Friday... I'll do a few checks next week and see what I can dig up. I'll get back to you.

SARAH

Next week? Jesus wept!

EXT. WOKING POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Sarah makes a call on her mobile phone.

SARAH

Benyamin, honey? Did you get my message?

INT. CHOBHAM. SARAH'S HOME. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Sarah is pacing up and down, puffing on a cigarette.

A visibly annoyed BENYAMIN, 30s, Middle Eastern looking, studies a map.

BENYAMIN

(Middle Eastern accent)

But why did you go to the police?

SARAH

I couldn't get hold of you! I had to speak to someone! The police are there to help.

BENYAMIN

But he's a deserter, he's wanted!

SARAH

Look, it's okay, darling. We revert back to our original idea. I go tomorrow and find him --

BENYAMIN

I'm coming with you.

SARAH

No darling! You wait here. I need to be able to call you to fly over and collect him from northern France, just as we'd planned last year.

(picking up map)

With these clues, including his possible captor's name, it won't be that hard to find him.

EXT. CHOBHAM. SARAH'S HOME. DRIVE - DAY

Early morning. Sarah loads her Shogun and climbs in.

INT./EXT. SARAH'S KITCHEN/DRIVE - DAY

Benjamin watches the Shogun manoeuvre. He responds to Sarah's wave and TOOT of the horn as she turns onto the road.

EXT. SARAH'S HOME. DRIVE - DAY

A Mercedes, with Benjamin at the wheel, drives off.

EXT. KENT. M25 - DAY

Sarahs drives beneath a motorway gantry marked "DOVER".

INT/EXT. MERCEDES/M20 - DAY

Benjamin heads along the M20, passing a sign for "DOVER".

EXT. DOVER - DAY

Atop a hill, Benjamin leans against his car. He sips coffee. Below him, the Port of Dover... and Sarah's Shogun has joined a queue for a ferry.

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL. FERRY. DECK - DAY

From a suitable distance, Benjamin observes Sarah.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES/FERRY - DAY

Ahead, the Shogun nears the open vessels bow doors. Benjamin follows the chain of vehicles.

EXT. NORTHERN FRANCE. THE A26 ROAD - DAY

The Mercedes pulls off the road.

EXT. NORTHERN FRANCE. RURAL ROAD. A LAYBY - DAY

Benjamin changes the vehicle's car registration plates.

EXT. FRANCE. ROUTE E11 - DAY

The Shogun heads south... as does the Mercedes.

EXT. FRANCE. A SERVICE STATION - DAY

Sarah drives into a service station - followed from a safe distance by the Mercedes.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES/SERVICE STATION CAR PARK - DAY

Benyamin watches Sarah make her way from the Shogun towards the services.

EXT. SERVICE STATION CAR PARK - DAY

Benyamin squats down beside the rear nearside wheel arch of the Shogun. He reaches up into the cavity. A magnetic like CLUMP is audible.

EXT. THE A75 ROAD - DAY

Sarah's Shogun nears the Millau Viaduct.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES/A75 ROAD - DAY

Ahead, Benyamin can see the viaduct structure. He accelerates, overtaking the cars in between his and hers.

INT./EXT. SHOGUN/MILLAU VIADUCT TOLL BOOTH - DAY

CASHIER
(giving change)
Merci, madame. Au revoir.

SARAH
Merci, madame!

EXT. MILLAU VIADUCT - DAY

The Shogun gathers speed as it crosses the bridge. The Mercedes overtakes the Shogun.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES/VIADUCT - DAY

Benyamin picks up a control. He presses a button.

EXT. MILLAU VIADUCT - DAY

There is an EXPLOSION at the rear of the Shogun. The vehicle launches into the air, engulfed in flame.

INT. SHOGUN - DAY

Sarah SCREAMS. She is but a passenger in the airborne car.

EXT. MILLAU VIADUCT - DAY

The rolling Shogun clears the safety barrier, and trailing flames and smoke, plunges towards the bottom of the ravine.

EXT. BIZANET. A SHOP - DAY

Benyamin leaves the shop and gets into his vehicle.

INT./EXT. SHOP/CAR - DAY

The SHOPKEEPER watches the Mercedes drive off. In her hand she grips a bundle of bank notes.

INT. NARBONNE. INDOOR MARKET - DAY

Duverne selects products and engages in small-talk. West stands nearby, laden with shopping bags.

DUVERNE

Merci, Colette. Au revoir.

COLETTE

Au revoir, Madame Duverne.

They wander off.

DUVERNE

I don't know about you, but I could murder a glass of wine.

WEST

Sounds like a plan.

INT. NARBONNE. A BISTRO - NIGHT

A busy wine bar-type restaurant. Behind the bar, a barely-audible television broadcasts news.

West and Duverne eat. For all intents and purposes they echo any other mother and daughter, or girlfriends relaxing, type relationship.

DUVERNE

How's the chicken?

WEST

Super, ma'am.

DUVERNE

Do me a favour, Harriet, when we are out please drop the formalities. I'm just Sindy.

WEST

Sindy? But I've never called you that before.

DUVERNE

No. Or would you prefer mommy?

WEST

Er, I'll stick to Sindy, ma'am!

DUVERNE

I think I once told you'd, I'd have liked a daughter.

WEST

I think you did.
(flustered)
If you'll excuse me, er, Sindy, I must visit the bathroom.

DUVERNE

(coughing)
Make sure it's the ladies... and take your purse. Your lipstick needs touching up.

WEST

(wearily)
Ma'am... Sindy, sorry.

INT. BISTRO. LADIES BATHROOM. A CUBICLE - NIGHT

West sits upon the toilet. He slaps his forehead.

WEST

(muttering to himself)
She's fucking mad!

EXT. BISTRO - NIGHT

Duverne approaches the bar.

DUVERNE

(in French)
Monsieur, could I have a glass of water please? I appear to have a dry throat.

BARMAN

(in French)
Of course. Ice?

The television is broadcasting aerial pictures of the Millau Viaduct. Then scenes of police activity on the bridge itself.

DUVERNE

(in French)

Thank you, yes.

(looking at television)

Oh! That looks nasty! Has someone gone off? It was going to happen one day.

BARMAN

(in French)

Yes, an English woman. A well known Formula One engineer. Sarah somebody...

Just then a photo of Sarah West together with a caption is broadcast, followed by F1 footage, before a return to the news-anchor woman, then more footage of the viaduct.

DUVERNE

(in French)

Oh my God! Sarah West?

BARMAN

(in French)

Yes, that's her. Seems she lost control, flipped her car and went over the edge!

DUVERNE

(in French)

Dead?

BARMAN

(in French)

Well, she wasn't wearing a parachute!

INT. LADIES BATHROOM - NIGHT

West looks at the woman facing him in the mirror. He re-applies his lipstick.

INT. BISTRO - NIGHT

West returns to the table.

WEST

Presentable?

DUVERNE

Super. Put your coat on, we're going.

WEST

But --

DUVERNE

I've paid the bill.

INT. DUVERNE'S CAR - NIGHT

West breaks the silence.

WEST

Have I done something wrong?

DUVERNE

Harry, I've got something to tell you. It's about your sister.

WEST

Sophie?

DUVERNE

No, Sarah...

EXT./INT. DUVERNE'S CAR - NIGHT

As Duverne talks, West looks aghast. He BREAKS DOWN.

EXT. CHÂTEAU. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

The car draws up outside the château.

The couple get out of the car. A solemn West follows Duverne up the steps.

INT. CHÂTEAU. HALLWAY - NIGHT

As they take off their coats...

DUVERNE

Come into my office, we need to talk.

INT. CHÂTEAU. DUVERNE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Duverne enters the room. West follows and turns on a light.

Benjamin is seated behind the door out of sight. He's armed with a handgun.

BENYAMIN

Please ladies, come in.

Duverne and West freeze. Fear is etched over their faces.

DUVERNE

Who the hell are --

BENYAMIN

Who I am is not important Doctor Duverne.

DUVERNE

How did you get in to my --

BENYAMIN

Your home? That's irrelevant. I must say, I've had a look around it though and a nice home it is.

DUVERNE

How dare you!

BENYAMIN

Shut up and sit down... both of you.

The couple obey.

BENYAMIN (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, I couldn't find what, that should be whom, I came for.

DUVERNE

Came for?

BENYAMIN

You have somebody wanted by my government.

DUVER

Your government? Somebody? This is preposterous! Who?

BENYAMIN

The Israeli government. As for who, a young man, a deserter from la Légion étrangère... Harry West.

Alarm and anguish shows on West's face.

DUVERNE

I don't --

BENYAMIN

Don't lie Doctor Duverne.

(raising clipboard)

I've read your medical notes. He was very fortunate to have crossed your path.

DUVERNE

Those notes are confidential!

BENYAMIN

But now that his medical care is over, it's time to collect him and take both him and the assets stolen from my government back to Israel to face the consequences.

(coldly)

Now doctor, I don't wish to hurt you or the girl... but will if you don't tell me --

DUVERNE

Okay, he was here... and yes I nursed him back to health. But he's long gone. Months.

BENYAMIN

You're lying! Only last week he ingeniously contacted his late sister via this paper's crossword...

(holding newspaper)

...telling her that he was being held here prisoner by you. Now I've not searched all the outbuildings, but my guess is he's locked away in --

DUVERNE

Late sister? She never lost control of her car, you killed her didn't you? You're a Mossad killer and once I've told you where he is, you're going to kill us too!

Benyamin raises the gun and points it at the panda-eyed West.

BENYAMIN

I'll kill the girl now if you don't tell me where he is.

DUVERNE

No, leave her be! Don't you dare harm her! She's a harmless child. Harry is locked away in a barn. The key... the key's in my safe, I'll get it.

BENYAMIN

No! Stay where you are... the girl. She can get it.

DUVERNE

But she doesn't know the combination --

BENYAMIN

Then tell her.

Duverne and West make eye contact.

DUVERNE

Niamh, the combination of the safe is my date of birth backwards: one-five-nine-one-three-twenty-seven.

West looks at Benjamin who using his gun, ushers him towards the safe.

West approaches the safe.

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

One. Five. Nine.

West MOVES THE DIAL of the safe.

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

One. Three. Twenty. Seven.

The safe door swings open.

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

Niamh, do as you're told. Give the man what he wants...

A cloth lays atop a significant stash of Euro bank notes.

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

It's in the cloth.

West reaches in and pulls open the cloth. There rests Grey's Browning, silencer attached. He flicks off the safety catch and picks up the gun.

DUVERNE (CONT'D)

Goddammit, Harry! Give your sister's killer what he wants!

Shock, confusion and alarm registers on Benjamin's face.

In one continuous act, West retrieves the handgun, spins around, raises the weapon and fires a double tap - PHUT! PHUT! Benjamin topples back in his chair... dead.

West moves slightly. The gun barrel is levelled at Duverne, then drops.

INT. CHÂTEAU. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Duverne and West sit at the kitchen table. Both guns and Benjamin's car keys lay atop the newspaper.

DUVERNE
 Your scheme worked, Harry...
 (picking up newspaper)
 She was coming to your rescue.

WEST
 I know.

DUVERNE
 And if he shared your message with
 Tel Aviv, there will be others.

WEST
 I guess so.

DUVERNE
 You've got to scoot... and fast.
 Take the cash and lie low. Where
 you go, well it's your business.

WEST
 I'd go home but I've no way of
 crossing the channel.

DUVERNE
 Yes you have...

Duverne drops two documents onto the table.

INSERT - SOPHIE'S DOCUMENTS

Sophie's driving licence lays atop her passport.

BACK TO SCENE

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
 Go return your sister her items.

EXT. MILLAU VIADUCT - DAY

Benjamin's Mercedes, with a feminised West at the wheel,
 crosses the bridge.

WEST (V.O.)
 And you?

DUVERNE (V.O.)
 Harriet, this is my home. This is
 where my husband's ashes are
 scattered. I'll take my chances.
 But it's time for you to go home,
 Harry...

EXT. CALAIS PORT. IMMIGRATION CONTROL - DAY

Lines of vehicles edge towards immigration control.

A uniformed IMMIGRATION OFFICER leans out of his kiosk and examines the passport handed to him by the driver of the Mercedes.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Merci, madame. Bon voyage.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES/SARAH'S HOME - DAY

A (still) feminised West undertakes a slow drives past.

A uniformed police officer guards the property's front door.

INT. WOKING POLICE STATION. CID OFFICE - DAY

Beside the notes from his interview with Sarah, a newspaper article featuring her death lays on the desk of D.C. Brown. He picks up a computer print-off and then a phone.

EXT. SURREY. WOKING. THE ROWBARGE HOTEL AND RESTAURANT - DAY

The Mercedes pulls into the car park of a pub/motel.

FISHER (V.O.)
D-C-I Fisher, Professional
Standards.

BROWN (V.O.)
Good morning sir, it's D-C Brown
from Woking police station in
Surrey. Sorry to bother you first
thing on a Monday morning but I've
got a bit of information that might
interest you...

INT. THE ROWBARGE HOTEL ROOM. BATHROOM - DAY

West looks into a mirror. In its reflection can be seen bags of shopping lying on the bed. He grabs a handful of his hair and hacks at it with scissors.

LATER

The macho look is completed via use of hair clippers.

EXT. SURREY. GUILDFORD. A CEMETERY - DAY

West stands before a gravestone. Beneath his parents' names is a new inscription, that detailing Sophie's demise.

SOBBING, West lays flowers at the base of the stone.

WEST

Sophie, if only I hadn't been so stupid. I'm so sorry...

EXT. INDIA. GOA. BENAULIM BEACH - DAY

SUPER: GOA, INDIA - SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

A bearded and unkempt looking West sits on the sand gazing out over the Arabian Sea.

INT. BENAULIM. THE TAJ EXOTICA HOTEL. A BAR - NIGHT

Surrounded by opulence, a thoughtful West nurses a beer.

BENYAMIN (V.O.)

I'll kill the girl now if you don't tell me where he is.

DUVERNE (V.O.)

No, leave her be! Don't you dare harm her! She's a harmless child.

INT. THE TAJ EXOTICA HOTEL. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

West sprawls across a huge bed, tapping on his laptop.

INT. NARBONNE. INDOOR MARKET - DAY

Duverne goes about her routine.

EXT. NARBONNE. A CAFÉ - DAY

Duverne sits outside sipping coffee, enjoying the last rays of summer whilst completing a newspaper's crossword.

A shadow falls over her table/newspaper. She looks up.

DUVERNE

(in French)

(shielding her eyes)

Mademoiselle, can I help you?

WEST

Ma'am... please excuse me for not curtsying. I was wondering whether the position of maid that I once held had been filled? If not, I'd like to apply for my old job.

DUVERNE

(in wonderment)

Harriet? Harriet, is that you?

(MORE)

DUVERNE (CONT'D)
(they embrace)
Oh, Harriet! Of course, my dear!
Yes!

INT. CHÂTEAU. CELLAR - NIGHT

A helpless, blooded and gagged Fisher, shivers. He is locked within a doggy style leg and wrist spreader. Forced to kneel, his head rests on the stone floor.

DUVERNE (V.O.)
Welcome home, Harriet!

FADE OUT.

THE END