SPOOKS
Season 4, Episode 7

by
Raymond Khoury
INT. SYRIAN FOREIGN MINISTRY. OFFICE - DAY

Title: Foreign Ministry, Damascus, Syria

Foreign Minister RIYAD BARZALI: 50s, greying, glasses, very old world, probably sports a mustache -- is at the door of his office, bidding farewell to BRITISH AMBASSADOR WRIGHT.

The Minister’s personal assistant -- in effect his intelligence services (the “Mukhabarat”) MINDER, ALI (30s, dark hair, in a slick suit) is, as always, by his side. This is a place where every word, every wink, is monitored KGB style, particularly when it comes to interacting with foreigners, and even more so when it involves members of the government.

Barzali ushers the Ambassador to the door --

BARZALI
It’s a shame you won’t be with us in London for the celebrations. I’m told the center is an incredibly beautiful building.

-- subtly positioning himself between the Ambassador and Ali.

AMBASSADOR WRIGHT
I’m afraid our foreign office is a bit of a miser when it comes to travel allowances. Still, I’ll make sure I see it on my next trip home.

BARZALI
Inshallah.

The Ambassador extends his arm to shake hands. Barzali cups the man’s hand in both of his. Ali is behind him now, and can’t see his face.

Barzali looks the Ambassador in the eye. The affable, casual smile is replaced by a more serious look, the hands firmly cupped.

BARZALI (cont’d)
I look forward to meeting your colleagues while I’m there. There’s so much to discuss.

-- and as Ali is back in their sightline, Barzali’s expression goes back to one of a smiling host, still holding the Ambassador’s hand firmly.

AMBASSADOR WRIGHT
(thrown, but hiding it)
Have a safe trip.

He turns to the minder. A mutual smile and a handshake.

(CONTINUED)
AMBASSADOR WRIGHT (cont’d)

Ali.

ALI
Mr Ambassador.

The Ambassador leaves, unnerved.

INT. ADAM AND FIONA’S HOUSE. BEDROOM/BATHROOM – NIGHT

Adam watches as Fiona gets dressed for a formal event. Adam’s visibly concerned about something, and Fiona’s avoiding him.

ADAM
I still think it’s a bad idea.

FIONA
It’s not everyday that the foreign minister of Syria says he wants to have a quiet chat.

ADAM
We’re not even sure that’s the case.

FIONA
The foreign office seem to think so.

ADAM
There are a hundred other ways we could have done this. None of which would have required your presence.

FIONA
I know these people.

ADAM
I was there too, remember?

FIONA
I think I know them a bit more intimately.

It’s not something Adam likes to be reminded of.

ADAM
That’s my point.

(beat)
We’ve spent the last ten years avoiding your being exposed to anything even remotely connected to Syria, and here you are, plunging head first into the biggest gathering of Syrians this city’s ever seen.

(CONTINUED)
FIONA
Adam, we’ve been over the guest list ten times. There isn’t a single name on it I recognize. No one there’s going to know me. And even if they did, so what? My ex-husband turned out to be an Israeli spy, not me. I left the country a disgraced widow. No one’s going to bear me a grudge.

ADAM
As long as they still buy that little fairy tale.

FIONA
It’s been hanging over us long enough, don’t you think?

He just stares at her, frustrated. Something’s wrong. He moves closer, takes hold of her shoulders, turning her to face him.

ADAM
What is it? Come on. Talk to me. You’ve been acting strange for weeks.

She finds it difficult to look him in the eye. She musters up a smile -- but it’s not an entirely convincing one.

FIONA
I can’t hide forever, can I?

ADAM
You’re not hiding, sweetie.

FIONA
Of course I am. Even here, in the privacy of my own bedroom, I feel like I’m undercover. It’s like, sometimes, I wake up in the morning and I’m not sure who I am anymore.

ADAM
You’re my wife. You’re Wes’s mum. We have a life here...

FIONA
I know, but...

(beat)
You know, when we’re with people and you say ‘Fiona’, I always feel like you’re talking about someone else. And when we’re alone, it’s always ‘baby’ or ‘sweetie’.

(Continued)
ADAM
They’re called terms of endearment.

FIONA
I miss my real name.

ADAM
You want me to call you Amelia? Is that it?

FIONA
At least you remember it.

He looks at her for a beat. Not getting it.

ADAM
What’s gotten into you?

FIONA
I’m just tired of living a lie.

She gently pulls away and goes into the bathroom.

INT. ADAM AND FIONA’S HOUSE. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Fiona stares at herself in the mirror.

FIONA’s POV: She’s looking at her face. Haunted. Scared.

And we SMASH CUT to her remembering...

INT. LONDON DEPARTMENT STORE – DAY (FLASHBACK)

Fiona’s in the women’s department, checking out some clothes. OTHER WOMEN shoppers are around.

ANGLE ON A WOMAN, young, Fiona’s age -- dark haired, olive skinned, middle eastern, well dressed -- who does a double take as she spots her from behind some rails, maybe thirty feet away. It’s like she recognizes her.

She watches Fiona for a beat, trying to see if it really is who she thinks it is, and looks around furtively before moving closer hesitantly and with visible unease.

WOMAN
Amal...? Amal?

The name chills Fiona to the bones. She glances at the approaching woman and turns, slipping away, heart racing.

The woman follows her, not in a desperate chase, but wanting to talk to her --

WOMAN (cont’d)
Amal!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She rounds a corner -- only:

WOMAN'S POV: Fiona’s gone. Disappeared among the crowd.

Disappointed, the woman turns and walks away.

Watched from behind a display by a nervous Fiona. And we SMASH CUT to --

**EXT. DAMASCUS. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

A hellish sight: Fiona -- ten years earlier, with long hair -- beaten up and bloodied, crying, crawls over and cradles a body lying in the ground. She turns the head to face her:

It’s Adam -- savagely mauled. He looks dead. She caresses him.

**FIONA**

I’m sorry. I’m so sorry...

And we SMASH CUT back to --

**INT. ADAM AND FIONA’S HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Fiona, staring at herself in the mirror. Pulse racing.

Her face hardens with resolve. She needs to be strong. She blocks the memory and takes a deep breath.

**EXT. SYRIAN CULTURAL CENTER - NIGHT**

Establishing shot of an elegantly dressed CROWD arriving at the big event, the opening of the new center.

**Title: Syrian Cultural Center, London**

**INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT**

A major gala underway: crystal chandeliers, string quartet in the corner, champagne flutes. ARABS in robes and head-dress mingle with other DIGNITARIES in black tie and long dresses...

In the crowd, we FIND ZAF, working the room as a waiter, smiling as he navigates, a tray of canapes in hand.

**ADAM (O.S.)**

Do you have a visual on Fiona yet?

**ZAF**

(discrete)

Not yet.

CLOSE ON his lapel and the tiny camera which is relaying images to --
INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: ZAF’S HIDDEN CAM POV, navigating through the crowd, its mike also PICKING UP a noisy cacophony of AUDIO CHATTER from everyone in the vicinity --

We’re with Adam, MALCOLM, and COLIN, in the van, watching several CCTV screens. Colin’s fiddling with the audio controls, ISOLATING CONVERSATIONS and filtering them as Zaf moves around.

Adam turns to SCREEN 2. It shows another angle of the party.

ADAM

Jo?

The IMAGE and SOUNDS on the screen match --

INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

-- the POV from the hidden camera in JO’S BROOCH as she walks through the crowd, in disguise, looking very different.

JO

I’ve got her. Three o’clock. She’s about to make contact.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Adam tenses up, watching the screen --

ADAM

Okay, everybody. Eyes and ears on Fiona. Anyone even flinches like they’ve recognized her, I want to know about it.

INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

FIONA -- understatedly elegant, not eye-popping, so as not to attract undue attention -- shakes hands with Foreign Minister Barzali. The omnipresent minder is with him.

FIONA

It’s a pleasure to meet you. Ambassador Wright speaks so highly of you.

BARZALI

The Ambassador is too kind.

FIONA

If you have any time to spare while you’re visiting, I’d love a chance to tell you about my PR company.

(hands him her card)

(more)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FIONA (cont’d)
We’re doing some great work for the Saudi government.
(see his minder glancing away, nods at Barzali)
Ambassador Wright thought we’d have a lot to talk about.

Barzali looks at her. He smiles, glances at her card.

BARZALI
I’m sure we can arrange something.

ANGLE ON JO

Scanning the crowd, studying faces --

AND NEAR JO, very close to her -- she doesn’t notice him even though he’s within mike range from her -- A MAN with a cigarette has taken a serious interest in Fiona. We’ll come to know him as BASHEER SHALHOOB, 45.

HIS POV: Fiona, chitchatting with the Foreign Minister.

He reaches for his mobile and dials a number. The ringing TONE is not a UK one. His eyes burn into Fiona.

MAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
Aywa?

SHALHOOB
(Arabic, in subtitles)
You wouldn’t believe who I’m staring at right now.

And we SMASH CUT to:

TITLES

INT. THAMES HOUSE. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The next-day debrief: Harry, Adam, Fiona, Ruth, Zaf, Jo.

FIONA
Barzali called this morning. He wants to set up a meeting at the embassy to discuss ways of using my newfound PR talents.

HARRY
They could use it. What do we know about him?

Ruth CLICKS the remote. His face flashes up on the PLASMA.

RUTH
Riyad Barzali. Fifty-Four, married, three children. B.A.

(continued)
RUTH (cont'd)
in agriculture from the American University of Beirut. Joined the Ba’ath party upon his return to Syria. Mid-level party member until he’s appointed foreign minister two years ago.

(beat, to Adam)
He’s a Sunni Muslim.

Why is his religion relevant?

ADAM
Syria is ruled by a minority, the Alawites -- probably the least religious branch of Islam. Even though they only make up around ten percent of the population, they control all the positions of power in the country, big and small. We’re talking every military officer, every tank commander, every helicopter pilot, and of course, all the top seats of government -- they’re all Alawites, except for the foreign minister, which has traditionally been a token cabinet position they hand out to the country’s huge Sunni majority.

ZAF
In other words, Barzali isn’t “part of the family”.

RUTH
He’s a follower -- he toes the party line, does what he’s told and keeps his head down in return for a prestigious position and a comfortable life.

ZAF
So we’re saying the man’s not one to ruffle feathers.

ADAM
Until now.

A beat.

JO
So why all the cloak and dagger routine? Can’t he just set up a meeting and tell us what’s on his mind? He’s got diplomatic status.
FIONA
You obviously haven’t met Ali.

JO
Ali?

Ruth flashes up a surveillance photo from the party of Barzali’s minder.

RUTH
Barzali’s “private secretary”. We don’t know much about him.

FIONA
One never does.

ADAM
(to Jo)
Syria, like any self-respecting Ba’athist dictatorship, has a notorious intelligence service, the “Mukhabarat” -- think KGB on steroids.

FIONA
They keep tabs on everyone, layers upon layers of watchers all snooping on each other in a frenzy of paranoia.

(beat)
Barzali practically can’t brush his teeth without his minder being there.

RUTH
And one wrong word can get you into serious trouble out there.

(beat)
We’re talking serious.

HARRY
Okay, so we have the foreign minister giving us strong indications --

He looks to Fiona for confirmation -- she nods.

FIONA
I’d say he wants to talk.

ZAF
Do we trust him?

HARRY
The foreign office seems to.
They’ve asked us to make it happen.

(continues)
HARRY (cont’d)
Ideally without getting Mr Barzali summoned back home for an extended session with a red-hot poker.
(to Fiona)
You’re happy to take this further?

FIONA
I’ve already established contact. It would be stupid to waste that -- and it might make them suspicious.

HARRY
Adam?

ADAM
Her legend’s fully backstopped, and she’ll be wired at all times. We’ll take all the necessary precautions.
(turns to Fiona)
But I don’t want you going in there alone.

FIONA
I hardly think you and me waltzing in there together would be the right move.

ADAM
Take Jo with you. It’ll dilute your presence, take the focus off you.

Jo looks at Fiona. Not Fiona’s ideal scenario, but...

FIONA
Fine.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID – DAY

Fiona, Jo and Ruth. Ruth’s handing Jo some printouts, a crash course in government PR work.

FIONA
The Saudis have been doing it in the US for years.

RUTH
They’re actually running ads on TV there telling people they’re the good guys.

FIONA
Just good ol’ Krispy Kreme eating lovers of freedom and democracy.
(beat)
Sort of.

Jo eyes the thick printout.

(CONTINUED)
JO
How long do I have to get through these?

FIONA
We’re seeing him tomorrow morning.

JO
And here I was thinking I was done with homework in this lifetime.

FIONA
Only difference is, now you’re getting paid for it.

Jo smiles and wanders off. Fiona’s alone with Ruth.

FIONA (cont’d)
I’d like to keep an eye on all Syrians coming through passport control.

RUTH
Are we looking for anyone in particular?

FIONA
If I’m going to bump into someone who knows me from the old days while I’m at their embassy, I’d rather be prepared.

RUTH
(probing)
Are you sure it’s a good idea? You being there, that close to them?

FIONA
I’ve spent more time around these people than anyone here. I know how they think.
(beat)
You’ll get the live updates from immigration?

RUTH
I’ll set it up.

FIONA
With passport captures?

RUTH
Sure.

FIONA
Thanks.
INT. SYRIAN EMBASSY. OFFICE - DAY

Shalhoob -- the man who was watching Fiona at the big bash -- is at his desk. He studies some pictures.

CLOSE ON THE PICTURES: they’re shots of Fiona, at the party.

He settles on one of them:

CLOSE ON THE SHOT: she’s talking to Barzali.

He stares at it, thinking. His phone BEEPS. He answers.

SHALHOOB
(in Arabic, with subtitles)
I’m looking at them right now...

INT. THAMES HOUSE. FORGERY SUITE - DAY

MALCOLM hands Fiona a small aluminium BRIEFCASE from a table.

MALCOLM
(re: briefcase, curious)
You don’t usually go for the heavy artillery. You sure you remember how to use one of these?

FIONA
(dismisses it lightly)
It’s just to keep Adam happy.
(re: briefcase)
You know, this might be a bit too... cumbersome. You think I could also have something more discrete?

He thinks about it. Reaches into one of his big drawers and pulls out a key ring, which he hands her. Fiona examines it.

CLOSE ON THE KEYRING: it’s got what looks like a black plastic car alarm BLEEPER on it. Only there are two small holes on its side.

MALCOLM
It’s got cupro-nickel hollow point bullets for maximum effect --

FIONA
-- but it’s not the most accurate gun on the planet. I know.

MALCOLM
At least it won’t trip the embassy’s metal detectors.

(CONTINUED)
FIONA
(examines it)
How chuffed do you think the Serbian mafia would be if they knew we were using their little inventions?

MALCOLM
Their's tend to go off unintentionally.

FIONA
And ours don’t, right?

Malcolm just gives her an enigmatic smile.

MALCOLM
Anything else I can interest you in?

FIONA
(playful)
I could use one of those trackers, if it isn’t too much trouble.

Malcolm smiles and reaches for something else: a small microchip wafer, the size of a flattened vitamin tablet.

MALCOLM
Turn around.

She does, and lifts her hair off her neck.

Malcolm takes places the flat chip on a piece of skin-coloured tape and tapes it at the base of her hairline. It’s unnoticeable.

He turns to his computer and hits some keys. She joins him.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: A map of London, and a cursor showing Fiona’s position BLINKING. It ZOOMS IN to show she’s at Thames House.

MALCOLM (cont’d)
Brad Parkinson should be sainted.

OFF Fiona’s confused look --

MALCOLM (cont’d)
He invented GPS.
(beat, a bit concerned now)
You know you can always swallow it if it’s compromised. It’ll still work.

FIONA
Yummy.

(CONTINUED)
She smiles and leaves.

OFF FIONA -- nervous.

INT. ADAM AND FIONA’S HOUSE. BEDROOM – DAY

Fiona’s finishing stuffing some clothes into a bag and zips it shut. Adam hovers, still unhappy with the situation.

ADAM
You don’t need to stay there. We’ll make sure they only see what we want them to see.

FIONA
I don’t want to take any chances. My legend needs to be fully backstopped.

She picks up the bag, gives Adam a kiss as he hands her the aluminium case --

FIONA (cont’d)
Besides, it’s good to spend a few nights apart. Makes it all the more fun when we’re back together.

Adam looks at her. He’s not swayed.

FIONA (cont’d)
Tell Wes I’ll call him from there?
(see’s he’s still miffed)
It’ll be over before you know it.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE – NIGHT

Establishing shot of the safehouse.

INT. SAFEHOUSE. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Fiona’s alone. Fidgety. Flicking through TV channels. Staring through the screen. She FLICKS it off, walks over to the window.

She rubs her finger against the back of her neck, her eyes catching her reflection in the glass. And we SMASH CUT to --

INT. LONDON DEPARTMENT STORE – DAY (FLASHBACK)

Fiona, peeping out from behind her cover, watching as the woman who recognized her stands there, looking lost.

The woman turns and walks away, disappointed.

ON FIONA -- she can’t bring herself to do this.

(CONTINUED)
She emerges from her cover and follows the woman, puts her hand on her shoulder as she reaches her.

FIONA

Joumana?

The woman -- JOUMANA -- turns. Her face lights up when she sees Fiona. It’s like the meeting of two long lost sisters. Joumana hugs Fiona, tight. Fiona’s as moved as she is.

They pull back -- and Fiona sees sadness and fear breaking out across Joumana’s face. Tears streak down her cheeks. Fiona doesn’t understand.

FIONA (cont’d)

(Arabic, in subtitles)

Joumana? What’s wrong?

Joumana shakes her head like she doesn’t want to talk about it. Fiona presses her.

FIONA (cont’d)

(Arabic, in subtitles)

What’s happened?

And as Joumana turns, Fiona recoils as she spots a nasty old SCAR just below her friend’s hairline. Joumana looks at Fiona. Whatever it is, it’s an extremely painful memory -- Joumana starts to cry --

JOUMANA

After you left... They came for us...

-- and we SMASH CUT back to PRESENT DAY and --

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Fiona snaps the image out of her mind, heart racing. She calms herself, finds the briefcase Malcolm gave her and opens it.

CLOSE ON THE BRIEFCASE: it’s got a big, silver 9mm automatic, silencer, bullets. The works.

She pulls out the gun, pops in a magazine, chambers a round. And looks at it.

EXT. SYRIAN EMBASSY - DAY

Establishing shot of the massive, gated, detached house.

Title: Syrian Embassy, London.
BARZALI (O.S.)
I like what you've done for the Saudis. If you can do the same for us...

INT. SYRIAN EMBASSY, OFFICE - DAY

...where Fiona and Jo are finishing up a meeting with Barzali, with Ali in attendance as always.

BARZALI
We need to move away from this ridiculous "axis of evil" label the Americans seem obsessed with.

FIONA
Despite the fact that you signed up for Desert Storm --

BARZALI
-- at great political risk, I might add. Our people weren't happy to see Syrian troops fighting side by side with Marines and killing other Arabs.

JO
What's happening in Lebanon isn't helping either.

FIONA
We'll flesh out some ideas and put together a pitch document for you. Give us...  (looks at Jo) ...three days?

Jo nods.

BARZALI
Excellent.

They reach the door. As they shake hands --

FIONA
We'd love to take you out for a nice meal while you're in town. Lunch perhaps? Tomorrow?

Barzali turns to Ali, who shrugs like it's doable.

BARZALI
It would be a pleasure.

They're about to leave when Shalhoob appears. He seems surprised to see them. Fiona almost imperceptibly flinches in a moment of recognition.

(Continued)
BARZALI (CONT'D)
Basheer -- This is Emma Stratstone. She might be doing some PR work for us.
(to Fiona)
Mr Shalhoob is also here for the opening.

FIONA
Setting up a cultural center was a great idea. We can build on that.

SHALHOOB
Most people don’t know anything about Syria. Have you ever been there?

FIONA
Not yet.

SHALHOOB
(to Barzali)
You should arrange for Miss Stratstone to visit us.
(to Fiona)
It’s a beautiful country.

FIONA
I’m sure you’re right, but I’m way too busy to even think of going anywhere in the foreseeable future.
(to Barzali)
Thank you.

She turns to Jo, motioning that it’s time to go.

INT. FIONA’S MI5 CAR, NEAR SYRIAN EMBASSY – DAY
Fiona and Jo get into the car. Fiona’s visibly shaken. She reaches for the car keys, but her hand’s shaking and it takes a beat for her to get it in. She pauses, shuts her eyes for a beat, controls her breathing -- which Jo’s watching.

JO
Are you okay?

Fiona doesn’t answer, lost in her own thoughts.

JO (cont’d)
Let me drive.

FIONA
No, I’m fine.

Jo looks at her. She’s anything but.
EXT. THAMES HOUSE. ROOF - DAY

Fiona’s alone on the roof, staring away into nothing. Jo joins her.

JO
Is it something you can talk about?

A beat. Fiona doesn’t answer.

JO (cont’d)
If we’re going to do this together, I need to know what’s going on.
(beat)
You’ve been there, haven’t you?

Fiona takes a beat, then nods.

FIONA
I lived there.
(beat)
I was married to a Syrian intelligence officer.

JO
Whoa.

FIONA
Yeah.

A beat, as it sinks in with Jo.

JO
How did that happen?

FIONA
I was young. And stupid.
(beat)
I was going around the Middle East in my gap year. Thought it was the cool thing to do. I studied Arab literature at college. I ended up living in Beirut, working in a hotel. It was great.
(beat)
I met him in a nightclub there.

INT. BEIRUT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Fiona, ten to twelve years ago. Major difference: long hair. Laughing, carefree -- oblivious to the problems of the world.

She’s with her cigar smoking, champagne popping husband-to-be FAROOK SUKKARIEH: around 40, tall, tanned, thick black hair, not bad looking despite the big mustache, and radiating power and ruthlessness. Having a ball.

(CONTINUED)
They’re at a table with friends. Farook is in full swing, entertaining them with some story, Fiona (next to him) and the others hanging on his every word before erupting in laughter. He turns to her, gets the waiter to refill her glass -- attentive. Smiles at her. She’s bewitched.

FIONA (O.S.)
I got completely caught up in his aura. He had charm, he had power.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE. ROOF - DAY

Fiona and Jo.

FIONA
I had no idea about what I was getting myself into.

JO
I’m guessing it wasn’t an amicable divorce.

FIONA
I never got that chance.
(beat)
We got married six months after we met. He wanted me to convert to Islam, which I did. I changed my name from Amelia -- my real name -- to “Amal”.
(beat)
It means hope.

JO
It’s pretty.

Fiona smiles a bittersweet smile.

JO (cont’d)
So why did it all go pear shaped?

FIONA
He wanted kids. A question of manhood.

JO
And you didn’t?

FIONA
No, I wanted children. But I couldn’t get pregnant -- not with him, anyway. And after a year of trying, he lost patience. I was defective, damaged goods. He moved on.
INT. DAMASCUS. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)
A big group getting drunk at a table. Only Fiona’s cast aside, watching as Farook toasts and laughs away, fawning attractive local WOMEN to each side --
She looks across the table in silent frustration, finding a sympathetic eye in another woman: Joumana, the woman who recognized Fiona in the department store.

INT. DAMASCUS. FIONA AND FAROOK’S HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)
By their front door, a suited Farook jabs a stern finger and mouths fierce words to a tearful Fiona before abandoning her and SLAMMING the door --

INT. DAMASCUS. BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)
Farook is all over another WOMAN -- watched from the shadows by a scared Fiona.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE. ROOF - DAY
Jo and Fiona --

FIONA
I thought my life was over. There was no way out. A divorce was out of the question for Farook.
(beat)
And then I met Adam.

JO
Your knight in shining armour.

FIONA
Not exactly.
(beat)
He was shadowing my husband, hoping to turn him. He thought I’d be his way in.

INT. DAMASCUS. BOOKSHOP - DAY (FLASHBACK)
Ten years ago. Fiona, looking frail and drained, drifts through some stalls. A man’s eye catches hers: Adam’s.

FIONA (O.S.)
He was really sweet.

EXT. DAMASCUS. BOOKSHOP - DAY (FLASHBACK)
Fiona, hiding under a headscarf, darts nervous glances behind her before nipping into the shop --
INT. DAMASCUS. BOOKSHOP - DAY (FLASHBACK)

-- and behind some stalls, where Adam grabs her and they kiss passionately.

FIONA (O.S.)
We fell in love...

EXT. THAMES HOUSE. ROOF - DAY

Fiona and Jo.

FIONA
...he gave me a reason to live.
(beat)
Until Farook found out.

INT. DAMASCUS. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Adam, getting savagely beaten up by THREE SYRIAN HENCHMEN and FAROOK as another of his men holds back Fiona.

Adam collapses, seemingly dead, and Farook turns to Fiona and gives her a massive, open handed slap, sending her down.

They get into a car and drive off.

Fiona crawls over to Adam’s inert body, tears streaming down her bloodied face. She turns him over. He looks dead.

FIONA
I’m sorry. I’m so sorry...

EXT. THAMES HOUSE. ROOF - DAY

Fiona and Jo. Fiona cringes at the memory.

FIONA
He almost died because of my stupidity. It’s a miracle he survived. But he did.
(beat)
And he decided to get even.

INT. DAMASCUS. DARK OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Adam, heavily bandaged and bruised, sits with an MI6 FORGER who’s working on some photos. Adam’s studying several black and white photos:

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOS: one shows Farook talking to a Syrian man. Others show an Israeli officer in various poses, some with an Israeli flag clearly visible nearby.

The forger finishes his work, hands Adam the picture. Adam checks his work:

(CONTINUED)
CLOSE ON THE PHOTOS: the new one’s just like the original of Farook talking to the Syrian, only his face has been replaced with the Israeli’s face.

Adam nods his approval.

FIONA (O.S.)
He framed him.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE. ROOF - DAY

Fiona and Jo.

FIONA
Made it look like Farook was working for the Israelis.

JO
How did the Syrians take it?

FIONA
They hanged him.

She looks at her. And walks away.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY

Ruth, at her desk. Studying her screen.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: she’s working her way through a list of Syrian arrivals, flicking through screen shots of their passports.

Adam peers over her shoulder.

ADAM
You’re checking Syrian arrivals?

RUTH
They’re for Fiona.

ADAM
She asked for them?

RUTH
After yesterday’s meeting. I thought you knew.

ADAM
She didn’t mention it.

Ruth can see Adam’s uncomfortable with the situation.

RUTH
Her cover’s solid.
ADAM
She could still be recognized.

RUTH
Farook was hanged. Fiona had nothing to stay for. Even if someone were to recognize her... they’ve got nothing against her.

ADAM
Unless they put two and two together.

RUTH
In which case they’d be after you, not her. You were the one who framed him. Besides, as far as they’re concerned, you did them a favour. He did turn out to be a Mossad agent, didn’t he?

ADAM
(a small grin breaks out)
Yeah.

RUTH
There you go. If anyone should be pissed off at you, it’s the Israelis. Your little love prank cost them a valuable asset.

ADAM
I’ve sure they’ve got many others.

RUTH
(beat)
I know this is taking you somewhere you’d rather not go, but... We’ve got it under control. And this isn’t Damascus.

ADAM
(thinking)
Do me a favour. Take another look at the videos of the opening night party. Make sure we didn’t miss anything.

RUTH
What am I looking for?

ADAM
I don’t know.
Dusk. The cabin door of a private jet pops open as its engines WHINE down. Two ARABS in white robes, Kuwaiti-style, climb out. One’s younger, let’s call him KAREEM. The other’s more senior: early 50s, clean shaven, sunglasses; slick. He stays back a step as a lone IMMIGRATION OFFICER is there to meet them.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Good evening, gentlemen. Welcome to the United Kingdom.

Kareem hands him the three passports. The officer glances at them.

CLOSE ON THE PASSPORTS: they’re KUWAITI.

The officer matches the pictures with the faces, not particularly watchful -- these are allies.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (cont’d)
How long do you intend to stay in the UK?

KAREEM
One week. Maybe a few days more.

The officer nods, and takes out a small rubber stand from his kit and stamps the first passport.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
That shouldn’t be a problem.

As the officer stamps them, the OLDER KUWAITI looks beyond him.

HIS POV: Shalhoob’s there, waiting for them by the hangar, smoking. Shalhoob discretely nods his recognition.

It’s late. Jo’s still at her desk. Pulling up old files on her computer.

ON SCREEN: A newspaper article headlined “SYRIA EXECUTES ISRAELI SPY”. It’s got a picture of a man dangling lifelessly from a noose at a public hanging (archive photos of this exist). We HIGHLIGHT the name FAROOK SUKKARIEH.

Zaf looks over her shoulder.

ZAF
What a way to go.
JO
It’s romantic, in a weirdly disturbing way.

ZAF
The report I read said that the knot wasn’t well positioned and didn’t snap his neck. He choked to death. It took over two minutes.

JO
Remind me not to sign up for the Damascus bureau.
(beat)
It must be horrible, to go through life like someone on a witness protection program, and all because she married some Neanderthal.

ZAF
At least she got out of there.

JO
It’s hard on her, you know. Going in there. I don’t know how she’s doing it.

ZAF
Maybe she needs the closure.
(beat)
You want a lift home?

JO
Thanks, but --
(re: files)
I’ve got some catching up to do. Big date tomorrow.

ZAF
And it’s not exactly the kind of homework your flatmate expects from a -- what did you tell her you do?

JO
Media buying surveys.

ZAF
She must be dying with envy.
(beat)
My extra room’s still there if you want it.

JO
For the rent, right?
ZAF
There’s that. Then there’s my obnoxious cousin from Bristol who’s moving here and is getting more and more difficult to avoid.
(beat)
I fix a mean Sunday brunch. Ask around.

JO
I’ll think about it.

ZAF
Do.

INT. LONDON RESTAURANT. DAY
An elegant place. Fiona, Jo, Barzali and Ali are seated together as a WAITER finishes pouring the wine.

FIONA
I wasn’t sure if we should order any wine.

BARZALI
Please, Miss Stratstone. We’re not mullahs. And we’re not hypocrites like the Saudis either, claiming to be the great defenders of Islam and opening fundamentalist madrassahs for their people while getting drunk the minute they’re behind closed doors. In Syria, we live very much like you do here in London -- free to wear what we want and drink what we like. Which is not the way the wind is blowing in the region. Look at our newly liberated neighbours.
(beat, smiles)
We’re an endangered species. And without a strong government in Damascus, you could see burkas on the street pretty quickly...

FIONA
We need to remind people about that.

Fiona eyes Ali discreetly, watching him as he studies the waiter carefully. The waiter leaves. Fiona raises her glass.

FIONA (cont’d)
To winning over hearts and minds across the British Isles.
Jo raises her glass. Barzali is about to go for his glass -- but Ali reaches for it courteously and takes it instead.

Barzali notices the girls spotting this, and smiles reassuringly as he reaches for the glass that was meant for Ali.

BARZALI
It’s just an old habit. Protocol.

FIONA
(a beat, then laughs)
I thought it was a custom I wasn’t aware of.
(re: Jo)
I was about to do it with Vanessa’s glass.
(smiles)
Cheers.

They CLINK glasses, we ZOOM UP to a tiny camera hole in the wall and SMASH CUT to --

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

-- and a CCTV view of the table on a screen.

Watching are Adam and Colin.

ADAM
(into mike, annoyed)
We’ve got ourselves a taster. Malcolm, you getting this?

INT. LONDON RESTAURANT. KITCHEN - DAY

Malcolm is in the kitchen, listening through his earmike, watching another screen alongside the CHEF and the WAITER.

MALCOLM
They’ve ordered the same starters and main course as each other. They could be swapping them around all afternoon.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Adam, reacting --

ADAM
Go to plan B.

JUMP CUT TO:
Later now. The WAITER finishes serving the main courses. Barzali and Ali have identical dishes of lamb.

FIONA
Make sure you leave plenty of room for their puddings. They’re to die for.

Fiona watches, waiting to see if they switch plates -- but Ali doesn’t go for it, keeping his own.

FIONA (CONT’D)
Bon appetit.

Adam, watching the screen.

ADAM
Okay. Let’s wait for them to dig in.

ON SCREEN -- they pick up their forks and take their first bites. Barzali included.

ADAM (CONT’D)
Go. Now.

The waiter arrives at the table, a sauce boat on a tray.

FIONA
Ah, the mint sauce.
(to Ali)
You must try some.

Ali glances at the waiter -- and as he does, Barzali looks at Fiona who gives him the most discrete of nods. Ali nods to the waiter to go ahead.

The waiter serves Ali some sauce, then moves over to Barzali. Barzali nods too. The waiter leans over --

CLOSE ON THE SAUCE BOAT: as he stirs the sauce, he uses the spoon to SQUEEZE OPEN a small sack hidden inside the boat, releasing a liquid into the sauce.

He serves Barzali. Smiles, and retreats.

Fiona watches, waiting --

-- as does Adam --
ADAM
Let’s see him switch plates now.

ON SCREEN: Barzali doesn’t really give Ali an option. He just digs in.

ADAM (cont’d)
YES!
(into mike)
Okay, everybody. We are go, I repeat, we are go.

INT. LONDON RESTAURANT - DAY

The end of the meal now. They’re all savouring their coffees.

BARZALI
...and I thought, well, since I wasn’t going to...

Barzali loses his train of thought. He looks ill and seems dazed and sweaty. He loosens his tie.

BARZALI (cont’d)
I’m sorry, I don’t know what...

Ali looks at him. He looks terrible.

FIONA
Are you alright?

Just then, Barzali SEIZES UP, grabbing his stomach in pain, and falls off his chair. Ali jumps out of his chair as Fiona and Jo get up to help --

JO
Oh my God. What’s wrong with him?

Ali’s all over him already, checking his breathing, loosening his collar -- but Barzali’s shaking, bile oozing out of his mouth before passing out --

FIONA
Someone call an ambulance.

Jo pulls out her mobile --

ALI
No, it’s okay, I’ll call the embassy’s doctor.

FIONA
Look at him. He needs help NOW.

Ali looks from Fiona to Barzali, not sure what to do --
EXT. LONDON RESTAURANT - DAY

Fiona and Jo watch from the sidewalk as Barzali is wheeled into an ambulance.

Ali tries to climb into the ambulance. The PARAMEDIC shakes his head, moving to block him --

PARAMEDIC
I’m sorry, you can’t --

But Ali just shoves past him, climbing into the hold.

ALI
I have diplomatic status. Don’t tell me what I can or can’t do.

The doors are shut and the ambulance TEARS off --

Fiona and Jo watch it go, then hail a taxi and climb in, unperturbed at being watched by --

INT. SYRIAN SURVEILLANCE CAR - DAY

The Kuwaiti underling from the jet, Kareem -- but not in his white robe anymore -- sits next to an Arab DRIVER. He motions for him to go.

They pull out following the taxi, right past --

INT. ZAF’S MI5 CAR - DAY

Zaf and another AGENT watch as the Arabs follow Fiona’s taxi.

Zaf uses a camera with a long lens to take shots of them.

ZAF
Barzali’s babysitters are on the move.

They pull out to follow it.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Adam letting Malcolm into the van --

ADAM
(into mike)
Fiona, show the boys where you work. I’ll call you there.
(to Colin)
Let’s go.

INT. HOSPITAL. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Barzali is being fussed over by a DOCTOR and two NURSES.
NURSE
Temperature’s one hundred and three. Blood pressure’s one sixty over one ten.

Ali watches like a hawk -- but getting in the way. He reaches for his mobile --

NURSE (cont’d)
You can’t use that in here.

ALI
I --

NURSE
Outside. NOW.

Ali looks at her. Sees it’s serious. And steps out.

CAUGHT on CCTV as we SMASH CUT to --

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY


COLIN
He’s phoning home.

ADAM
Keep me posted.

INT. HOSPITAL. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Dusk. Barzali’s in bed. He’s out, asleep, an IV drips going in.

Ali stands with ADAM -- who’s in doctor garb.

ADAM
It looks like viral gastritis. I don’t think it’s anything to worry about at this point. Was he on a plane recently?

ALI
We came from Damascus a few days ago.

ADAM
It’s not unusual to catch something like that on a flight. I’ve got him on an intravenous saline solution for the next six hours. We’ll keep him in overnight to make sure we’ve cleared it.

(beat)

(more)

(CONTINUED)
You don’t need to stick around. We’ll take good care of him.

ALI
I’ll wait here.

ADAM
Suit yourself.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FIONA’S PR OFFICES – DAY

Early evening. Fiona emerges from her office block and stands by the curb, looking for a taxi. Watched by --

ACROSS THE STREET, a few cars down: Kareem and the driver, watching.

THEIR POV: Fiona, standing there. Waiting for a cab.

They start their engine.

ON THE CURB

Fiona waits.

CLOSE ON HER EAR -- and a tiny earplug, through which we hear:

ZAF (O.S.)
Our taxi’s coming in from your left.

Fiona turns to face that way, and the lit taxi appears.

She flags it down. It pulls over, she climbs in. It drives off.

WATCHED by the Arabs.

As it drives off, the tailing car moves to pull out from its spot --

INT. ZAF’S MI5 CAR – DAY

Zaf, parked nearby, watching them.

ZAF
Adam. They’re pulling out. They’re going after her.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN – DAY

Adam, getting back into the Obbo Van.

ADAM
I think they’ve seen enough. You know what to do.
EXT. FIONA'S PR OFFICES - DAY

The Arab car is pulling out of its parking spot when ANOTHER CAR rushes past, swerving to avoid it at the last minute while HONKING its horn. There’s a small contact -- bumpers or side mirrors swiped. It’s Zaf.

Zaf’s car stops, effectively blocking the Arab’s way. He climbs out of his car, infuriated.

ZAF  Oy! What’s wrong with you?

The Arab driver gets out, shouting back in Arabic, gesticulating angrily, as does Kareem --

KAREEM  YALLA!

-- who looks at the taxi which disappears around the corner.

Zaf milks it a big longer --

ZAF  You bloody idiot. I just had it resprayed last week.

INT. TRAVELLING IN TAXI - DAY

Fiona, listening to Zaf’s ranting through her earpiece.

ZAF (O.S.)  You’re going to pay for that, mate.
            I’ll calling the cops.

Only she doesn’t smile. She looks at her hands, clasping the small keyfob gun that Malcolm gave her.

She’s shaking.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Ruth is at her desk, studying the video footage of the party.

ON SCREEN: it’s the roaming POV of the surveillance cameras on Zaf, Jo and others.

She stretches out, knotty after several hours of this. Takes a sip of her coffee. And resumes.

INT. SAFEHOUSE, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Fiona, screening the passport captures of Syrians going through immigration on her laptop (or PDA).

She studies each one carefully before clicking to the next.

(CONTINUED)
On the table next to her is the gun.

**INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT**

Ruth, still working her way through the videos. Tired.

She spots something and sits up:

ON SCREEN: a camera angle crossing in front of Jo, only as it does, the camera turns to capture Jo for a beat. A moment of recognition between two agents on an assignment.

Only Ruth’s seen something else. She looks closer.

ON SCREEN: To Jo’s side is SHALHOOB. From the angle, we can tell that he’s looking at Fiona, who’s off to one side of the screen.

He then picks up his mobile and calls, his eyes still on Fiona (this is the scene we saw him do in the Teaser, but from another angle). But before he can speak, the camera moves off frustratingly and roams again.

Ruth freezes the image and rewinds it, intrigued.

**INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Ali sits on the uncomfortable waiting chairs outside Barzali’s room, tired, bored. There’s a scattering of boring, out of date magazines, and a coin operated coffee machine. It’s all captured on CCTV by --

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT**

Adam, Colin and Malcolm, watching him ON SCREEN.

    COLIN
    Maybe we should pipe in some
    Richard Clayderman tapes.

    ADAM
    Let’s nudge him.

    MALCOLM
    (into mike)
    Rob. You’re on.

They watch as --

**INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

An OLD MAN (Rob) in dressing gown and slippers, wheeling an IV drip, walks over and sits next to Ali.

He doesn’t look at him. He just starts to COUGH. A really disgusting, wheezing, contagious sounding cough.
Ali, annoyed, gets up and walks away --

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT**

Adam, Colin, Malcolm -- watching it on screen.

**COLIN**

Nice.

**MALCOLM**

Let’s hope Barzali doesn’t really catch something in there.

**COLIN**

I wouldn’t bet on it.

They see Ali take a few steps, leaning against the wall.

**ADAM**

Cue Jenny.

They watch as the NURSE from earlier (Jenny), appears, smiles at him as she passes and stops at the coffee machine.

**INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The nurse acknowledges him as she pops some coins in and selects her coffee.

Ali just half smiles.

She pulls out her coffee from the tray and takes a sip. He looks at her -- wanting one.

She smiles and walks off.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT**

Adam, Colin and Malcolm -- watching.

**COLIN**

Go on. You know you want to.

**MALCOLM**

I wouldn’t mind one right now.

**COLIN**

Not a “special”?

**MALCOLM**

Absolutely.

**ADAM**

He’s going for it.

**ON SCREEN:** Ali goes to the machine, reads his options, fishes some coins out, pops one in and selects his coffee.
ADAM (cont’d)
Malcolm.

Malcolm hits some controls on a REMOTE CONTROL unit.

INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE UP: COFFEE DISPENSER CAVITY: the cup plops down.

ZOOM INTO THE MACHINE: A smaller nozzle -- tucked in behind the one that spews out the normal coffee -- comes alive, squirting a clear liquid into the cup as it fills with coffee.

ALI

Takes out the coffee, heads back to a seat as the coughing man moves away, and sits down. He warms his hands on the cup before taking a sip, then another.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Adam, Malcolm, Colin -- elated.

ADAM

How much time do we have?

MALCOLM

It should kick in in about five minutes, then you’ve got at least half an hour.

ADAM

Good job.

INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adam, in hospital garb, reaches Ali, who’s sound asleep on the chair. He leans down, and checks him. He’s out. He replaces Ali’s cup with a discarded one, chucks Ali’s in the bin instead, and continues, talking into his lapel mike.

ADAM

Let me know if he wakes up.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Malcolm and Colin --

MALCOLM

Roger that.

INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Adam and Barzali.
BARZALI
What did you do to me?

ADAM
A little magic potion we came up with. It simulates gastric infection. You won’t know you had it by morning.

BARZALI
They’ll run checks on me when I get back, you know.

ADAM
And they’ll find minute traces of the virus, which is what they would find if you’d really caught it.
(beat)
You wanted to talk. We don’t have much time.

Barzali takes a beat. He’s not in great shape, and this is a huge, dangerous step for him. He summons up his courage.

BARZALI
We don’t want to turn into another Iraq.

ADAM
It’s easily taken care of. Stop backing the insurgents in Iraq, get out of Lebanon and hold some real elections for a change.

BARZALI
You joke, but the people in the streets are talking about the elections in Iraq. They’re wondering why they don’t have the same rights.
(beat)
The parallels between us and Iraq are frightening, but it doesn’t seem to bother the Ba’athist hardliners running the country. They’re so stuck in their ways... they’re going to drag us into a terrible situation. And I’m not the only one who feels that way. But no one dares to speak.

ADAM
What do you want from us?
BARZALI
You don’t want another Islamist state in the Middle East any more than we do. But unless we move quickly, that’s what we’re going to end up with. The people on the street want change, but the mullahs seem to be the only ones able to do it. Unless you help us.

(beat)
I want you to help me put a new government in place. A real government, not a Soviet era dictatorship. A government for the people, but one that can keep the mullahs at bay and be more open to the ideas of your new “world order”.

ADAM
How?

BARZALI
By eliminating the head of the intelligence service. People are terrified of him, unless he’s out of the picture nothing will change.

ADAM
You want us to help you kill General Abu-Shawki?

BARZALI
No. I want to help you do it for us.

INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - NIGHT
Ali stirs, wakes up, heavy headed. He sits up, looks around, gets his bearings. He checks his watch. Surprised.

He gets up, and heads towards Barzali’s room.

INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT
Ali swings the door open --


INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY’S OFFICE - NIGHT
Adam’s just filled Harry in on Barzali’s offer. Ruth is with them.
HARRY
He wants us to help him overthrow the Syrian government? Is that all?

ADAM
The Sunni majority’s fed up with being ruled by the Alawites. They just need someone to lead the challenge.

HARRY
He didn’t look like someone with a deathwish.

ADAM
He’s taking a huge risk just talking about it.

HARRY
It’s a non-starter. It would be virtually impossible for him to even begin to get something like this off the ground without them finding out.

(beat)
But the man has ambition, I’ll give him that much.  
(beat)
Why us?

ADAM
You know what it’s like out there. He can’t possibly do it.

RUTH
(to Adam)
You know this General? Abu-Shawki?

ADAM
He and Fiona’s ex used to go hunting together.

RUTH
I’m guessing he’s not exactly an officer or a gentleman.

ADAM
Put it this way. If the CIA ever brings out one of those packs of cards for Syria, he’ll be one of the aces.

A beat. Harry mulls it over.

HARRY
How did you leave it with him?

(Continued)
ADAM
We’ll be discharging him in the morning. I said I’d be in touch.

EXT. EMBANKMENT – DAY


HARRY
We’re talking about sanctioning the assassination of a foreign government official.

JULIET
It’s hardly a legitimate government. Besides, you’ve seen his file. The man’s psychotic. And that’s just the stuff we know about.

HARRY
It’s a slippery slope...

JULIET
I don’t like it any more than you do, Harry. But if doing this helps turn them into a democracy without having to go through a mess like Iraq...

HARRY
We’re more likely to just end up with another dictator. It’s been their M.O. for fifty years.

JULIET
If that happens, he’d be a dictator we have a hold on. The odds are he’ll be discovered and quartered within the week, but on the off chance he manages to stay alive...

HARRY
How does six feel about it?

JULIET
They’ll do it if we ask them to.

HARRY
And we’re going to ask them to.

JULIET
Not in so many words.

HARRY
I see. The beast of deniability rears its ugly head yet again.

(CONTINUED)
JULIET
And you used to be such a charmer.
(beat)
We’re all hiding under the same cloak, Harry.

HARRY
So we’re going ahead with it.

JULIET
Subject to clearing it upstairs, yes. But with a small caveat.
(beat)
We need him to do something for us.
As a gesture of good will.

HARRY
And a bit of leverage -- just in case.

She looks at him. They’re on the same wavelength on this.

INT. HOSPITAL. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Early morning. Adam’s checking on Barzali, who’s dressed and sitting on his bed. Ali watches.

ADAM
I’ll just take one last blood pressure reading and you’re free to go.

As he straps on the armband, the NURSE (JENNY) comes in with a clipboard.

JENNY
How will you be settling the bill?

Ali looks at Barzali. Barzali nods for him to take care of it.

JENNY (cont’d)
This way.

She leads him out --

ADAM
We can do business, but we need something from you first. To convince everyone you can deliver.

BARZALI
What is it?
ADAM
(keeping an eye out for Ali)
Iraqi insurgents are going back and forth across your border like it wasn’t even there, bringing back money and weapons which they’re using to kill British troops.
(beat)
We need crossing points, smuggling routes, timings. Specifics to help us shut them down. You’ve got a meeting planned with Emma. Give her the information and we can do business.

As Ali steps back in. Adam removes the blood pressure wrap, smiles.

ADAM (cont’d)
Take it easy for a few days. And drink lots of water.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY
Ruth sits with Colin, watching the footage from the opening night that she was looking at earlier.

RUTH
You see that? Right there.

She pauses it.

ON SCREEN: The image freezes on Shalhoob, making his call.

RUTH (cont’d)
I can’t make out what he’s saying, too much noise around. And then the camera moves away anyway.
(beat)
But then he’s not far from Jo. And she was wired.

COLIN
Her mike might have picked up something.

RUTH
Exactly. At least we’d have audio.

COLIN
I’ll try and isolate it.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY
Dusk. An old world hotel somewhere in Mayfair. Barzali walks in, past the porter --
INT. LIVING ROOM, BARZALI’S HOTEL SUITE – DAY

Barzali walks into his suite -- and stops in his tracks. Waiting for him is the OLDER KUWAITI from the plane. Shalhoob is also there.

BARZALI  
(nervous surprise, subtitles)  
No one told me you were --

Before Barzali can even finish his sentence, Kareem appears from behind the door, lifts up a metal rod the length of a baseball bat and swings it full strength against the back of Barzali’s legs.

Barzali goes down, in massive pain. He clutches his legs in agony as the Kuwaiti moves in, looming over him.

BARZALI  
(cont’d)  
(subtitles)  
What are you doing? My leg --

But the Kuwaiti is unmoved. He calmly gestures for the rod from Kareem, who hands it to him.

He swings it over his head, and brings it down on Barzali berating him angrily in Arabic --

Barzali cowers but can’t deflect the massive blow and SCREAMS in pain --

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID – DAY

Afternoon. Fiona, fidgety, finds Ruth --

FIONA  
Any updates from immigration?

RUTH  
Not since this morning’s lot.  
(sees her nervousness)  
Are you okay?

Before Fiona can answer, her phone RINGS. She looks at it, nods at Ruth like “it’s him”.

FIONA  
Emma Stratstone.  
(beat, smiles, into phone)  
Mr Barzali.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. COMPUTER ROOM – DAY

Colin sits before his computers, earphones on, working on isolating the audio from the opening night.
He’s like a DJ, fiddling with his onscreen control panel while trying to pluck out Shalhoob’s CONVERSATION from a cacophony of different CONVERSATIONS going on in the busy room.

He’s getting there -- but it’s still very garbled.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. HARRY’S OFFICE – DAY

Dusk. Fiona, Harry, Adam.

FIONA
The presentation is confirmed for tomorrow afternoon at Barzali’s hotel. He’s booked a meeting room there.

HARRY
The boffins in research came up with these proposals for your pitch. They’re scarily effective.

ADAM
(to Fiona)
He’ll be able to justify the time spent with you without a hitch.
(beat)
We’ll have a team outside the hotel. Any sign that he’s been rumbled, you get out of there.

FIONA
I’ll be fine.

He looks at her. It’s almost as if she’s trying to convince herself.

INT. SAFEHOUSE. BEDROOM – NIGHT

It’s late. Fiona’s in bed, but she’s awake, unable to sleep. Staring at the ceiling.

Her mobile BEEPS, lighting up in the darkness. She takes it.

CLOSE ON THE PHONE’S SCREEN: It’s Adam.

She answers.

FIONA
What’s wrong?

ADAM (O.S.)
Open the door and find out.

She does a double take, climbs out of bed, grabs the gun and--
INT. SAFEHOUSE, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

She opens the door, slightly panicked. Adam’s standing there.

FIONA
What are you doing here?

ADAM
Conjugal visit. I miss my wife.

FIONA
You can’t stay.

ADAM
No one saw me --

FIONA
(interrupting, dead serious)
You have to leave. Now.

She tries to lead him back out -- and he SEES the gun in her hand.

ADAM
What are you doing with that?

FIONA
You have to go. The whole point of my being here is so you don’t get spotted, remember?

ADAM
We’ve got this place covered. And we made sure you weren’t followed here.

FIONA
If I’m here, it means there’s a risk.

ADAM
You’re the one who insisted on staying here. I mean, come on, what’s going on here? You’ve got Ruth feeding you immigration records, you’re requisitioning weapons without telling me --

FIONA
(interrupting)
I’m worried about you, not me, alright?

ADAM
Me?

(CONTINUED)
FIONA
They almost killed you once because of me. I can’t let it happen again. Now leave. Go.

A beat. Adam looks at her, frustrated.

ADAM
This ends tomorrow. You get the information from him, and you’re done.

FIONA
Fine. Would you please get the hell out of here now.

He pushes him out and shuts the door. She stands against the door, heart racing.

OFF ADAM -- he doesn’t like this.

EXT. BARZALI’S HOTEL - DAY

Late afternoon. Fiona’s holding a leather briefcase for her presentation. As she and Jo head towards the porter, she flicks a discrete glance at --

FIONA’S POV: TWO MI5 AGENTS discretely parked around the corder.

ON FIONA -- she’s on edge, uncomfortable. Sensing it.

INT. BARZALI’S HOTEL. LOBBY - DAY

Fiona turns to Jo, urgently --

FIONA
Go to the magazine stall, somewhere out of sight. Wait five minutes and call me. If I don’t pick up the phone, red flash Adam.

JO
What are you talki--

FIONA
(interrupting)
I need you to do this.

JO
I can’t let you go in there alone. No way. That’s not the plan.

FIONA
Please, Jo. I know what I’m doing. You’ve got to trust me on this.

(CONTINUED)
But --

FIONA
(interrupting)
They know who I am. They recognized
me at the party.

JO
At the party? But --

FIONA
(interrupting)
I wanted them to know it was me.
Look, I can’t explain it right now.
Just go. If something goes wrong in
there, I’d rather have you out here
calling in the cavalry.

She nudges her away -- Jo edges away, reluctantly, worried
now as Fiona sees ALI coming towards her from the lobby. Her
hand dives into her handbag and pulls out her KEYS with the
gun FOB as he reaches her. She smiles.

ALI
You’re alone?

FIONA
Vanessa had to take care of
something urgent at the office. No
big deal.

ALI
(thinks about it for a beat)
This way.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Colin plays the cleaned conversation for Ruth who listens
intently. We HEAR Shalhoob’s DISTORTED Arabic words --

COLIN
It’s the best I could do.

-- but Ruth’s concentrating. She translates:

RUTH
“Guess who I’m looking at right
now”.

A beat. There’s a pause while the other side of the
conversation talks. Then we hear Shalhoob’s answer, and
Ruth’s face freezes.

COLIN
What?

(CONTINUED)
RUTH
It’s a colloquialism. “The lost lamb”.
(beat)
It’s used when someone goes missing.

INT. BARZALI’S HOTEL. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Ali swings the door open and beckons Fiona in. She steps into the room. Barzali’s in a chair.

FIONA
Mr Barzali --

And SEES it:
BARZALI’s lying on the ground, dead. His face is bruised horribly, his throat’s slit.
She turns -- Kareem and Ali are rushing her --
She raises the gunfob but Ali hits her arm, knocking it out of her hand as she YELLS in pain --
They’re quickly on her, grabbing her, PINNING her down --

INT. BARZALI’S HOTEL. LOBBY SHOP - DAY

Jo, waiting, nervous, desperate to do something --

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY

Ruth, with Adam and Harry -- urgent:

RUTH
He recognized her and called someone about it. I’m sure of it.

Adam’s already speed-dialing his cellphone --

INT. BARZALI’S HOTEL. GARAGE - DAY

Fiona’s led by Ali and Kareem to a waiting car. He looks around and pops the boot open when her cellphone RINGS.
Ali fishes it out, drops it to the ground and STOMPS on it, shattering it to bits.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY

Adam calling, Harry, Ruth -- Colin and Zaf converge too --

ADAM
She’s not picking up.
(beat)
Something’s wrong.

(CONTINUED)
ZAF
(reaching for his phone)
I’m calling Jo.

ADAM
Red flash the team outside the hotel.
(to Ruth)
You’re absolutely sure he said that?

RUTH
Definitely. He recognized her.

ADAM
Who is he?

RUTH
Basheer Shalhoob.

Adam sees there’s more, but she’s hesitating.

ADAM
WHAT?

RUTH
He’s related to Fiona’s ex-husband.

ADAM
Related to him? How?

RUTH
He’s Farook’s cousin.

OFF Adam -- stunned --

EXT. BARZALI’S HOTEL - DAY

The MI5 team RUSH into the hotel as --

The Syrians’ car slips out of the hotel’s underground carpark, away from the MI5 WATCHERS --

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY

Back to scene --

ADAM
Was Shalhoob’s name on the guest list?

RUTH
Yes. He’s part of the group that flew over for the opening.
(beat)
Fiona saw that list, Adam. She knew he’d be there.
ADAM
She wanted to be recognized. She wanted them to know where to find her --
(mind all over the place)
Can you find out who he was calling?

COLIN
GCHQ’s running a backtrace.

MALCOLM
She’s wearing a tracker.

ADAM
WHAT?

MALCOLM
She asked for it. I thought you knew --

ADAM
Run it and keep me posted --
(to Zaf, rushing out)
Let’s go.

INT. BARZALI’S HOTEL. MEETING ROOM - DAY

JO and the AGENTS burst into the room to find Barzali’s dead body.

INT. CAR BOOT - DAY

Fiona, tied and mouth taped, eyes darting around, bouncing around as the car drives on.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY

Ruth, watching Fiona’s BLINKING tracker trace ON SCREEN.

RUTH
She’s heading West.

Harry picks up a phone --

HARRY
Get me armed response.

INT. ADAM’S MI5 CAR - DAY

Adam drives, Zaf with him --

RUTH (O.S.)
They’re on the Uxbridge Road.
Heading West.
ZAF
What was she thinking?

ADAM
(pissed off about it)
I don’t know.

INT. CAR BOOT – DAY

FIONA, bundled up -- and we FLASHBACK to:

INT. LONDON DEPARTMENT STORE – DAY

Fiona, with Joumana, at the store’s cafe. Joumana’s having a very hard talking to her, Fiona’s all ears --

JOUMANA
They came for us. After you left. Me, Leena... They knew where you were. But we didn’t know. We didn’t know...

FIONA
What did they do to you?

Joumana looks at her. She can’t bring herself to say it, but it’s obviously horrible. She shakes her head, sobbing.

FIONA (cont’d)
What about Leena...?

Joumana shakes her head. It’s not good.

JOUMANA
She couldn’t live with the shame.
(beat)
She jumped off her balcony. Killed herself.

FIONA
Who was it, Joumana? Who wanted to find me?

JOUMANA
Who else?

OFF FIONA: a shocking realization hits her --
And SMASHCUT back to:

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID – DAY

Frantic, chaos, AGENTS scurrying in the background as --

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
(into speakerphone, to Adam)
Adam, they just found Barzali’s
body at the hotel. No sign of
Fiona.

RUTH
She’s just turned off Wormholt
Road.
(beat)
She’s slowing down. She’s stopped.

108 EXT. GARAGE – DAY

The car comes to a SCREECHING stop in a run down garage.
Kareem and Ali rush out, pop the boot open, and lift Fiona
out. They untie her and untape her mouth. She cringes with
pain. One of them throws a pair of sweats and some trainers
at her feet.

ALI
Change into these. Now.

She just stands there, defiant. He reaches for his gun and
chambers a round, holds it up to her face.

ALI (cont’d)
You can do it yourself. Or we can
do it for you.

She knows she doesn’t have a choice. She starts to take off
her shirt.

ALI (cont’d)
Everything.

109 EXT. LONDON STREET – DAY

Adam’s car streaks past --

110 INT. ADAM’S MI5 CAR – DAY

Adam, driving like a maniac, Zaf hanging on.

RUTH (O.S.)
We’ve got armed response teams
converging on them. ETA two
minutes.

ADAM
(shouting into mike)
Make sure they know she’s with us.

111 EXT. GARAGE – DAY

Fiona’s pulling on the trainers she’s been given. Not exactly
rushing.
Faster.

She does it, and straightens up. She arranges her hair --

CLOSE ON HER NECK: her fingers feel for the tracker -- only its tape has peeled off. It’s barely hanging from one end.

Fiona controls her panic.

INT. ADAM’S MI5 CAR - DAY

Still zooming across the city --

ADAM

Talk to me, Ruth.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - DAY

Back to scene --

RUTH

She’s still there. You’re five blocks away.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Ali moves over to the other car and pops its boot. Fiona’s hand is still on the back of her neck.

ALI

Get in.

CLOSE ON HER NECK: her fingers desperately grope for it, trying to pick it off and get rid of the tape without getting noticed, but it’s stuck -- she can’t do it.

She heads for the new car -- cautiously, towards the open door. Trying to keep them in her eyeline, but they’re spread out and it’s impossible to keep the back of her head away from both of them -- but manages it.

ALI (cont’d)

Quickly.

She starts climbing into the boot -- it’s an awkward manoeuvre. Heart pounding, she does it --

She’s about to bend down when Ali spots something --

ALI (cont’d)

STOP.

INT. ADAM’S MI5 CAR - DAY

Almost there --
RUTH (O.S.)
You're coming right up to it on your left. One hundred yards.
Fifty.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY
Adam's car charges in, stops by the first car, TWO POLICE CARS close behind. They all bolt out, the cops with guns raised --
Only there's no one there.
Adam and Zaf fan out, check out the abandoned car, looking around.

ADAM
They're gone.

Zaf finds Fiona's clothes, thrown in a corner.

ZAF
Adam.

But Adam's spotted something himself. He kneels down to pick it up.

CLOSE ON HIS HAND: the discarded tape and the tracker.
He looks up. This is not good.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT
The Arabs' new car glides along, unnoticed and unchallenged.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT
Adam, mind racing, on the phone, Zaf watching.

ADAM
Ruth, find me Shalhoob.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT
Ruth starts working her screen immediately, looking for the information --

RUTH
Let me see if --

Harry LEANS IN and takes over --

HARRY
Adam, no. This is a serious diplomatic breach and there are protocols to be followed.
INTERCUT GARAGE/GGRID

ADAM
(livid)
Screw the protocols. They’ve got Fiona.

HARRY
We’re initiating an all ports alert --

ADAM
(interrupting)
They don’t need to leave the country to harm her, they can do it anywhere. You know what they’re capable of, Harry. COME ON!

Ruth looks at Harry, clearly gagging to tell Adam. Harry thinks for a nano-beat, and nods.

RUTH
(picks up headset)
He’s booked on a flight out of Heathrow in three hours. We think he’s still at the embassy.

ON ADAM

ADAM
(to Zaf)
Let’s go --

Adam jumps into the car --

EXT. M3 HEADING SOUTH - NIGHT

Night falls as the Arabs’ car drives along anonymously --

EXT. SYRIAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

Adam’s car arrives just as Shalhoob, in an embassy car, is leaving the gate --

INT. ADAM’S MI5 CAR - NIGHT

Adam and Zaf see it --

ZAF
That’s him --

EXT. SYRIAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

Adam pulls over in front of the car, blocking him --

Adam leaps out of the car and pulls Shalhoob out of the car as Zaf intercepts the driver --

(CONTINUED)
SHALHOOB
Hey -- HEY!!!

Adam punches Shalhoob to the ground, grabs him and KICKS DOWN on his knee, SHATTERING IT backwards. Shalhoob YELLS --

ADAM
Where is she? WHERE’S MY WIFE?

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT

Colin rushes over to Ruth and Harry with news --

COLIN
GCHQ’s got Shalhoob’s conversation on tape. He called someone in Damascus.

HARRY
Do we know who he was talking to?

COLIN
No. They’re running the voice through the database. But I just ran a trace on the number. Whoever he called is here. In the UK.

HARRY
Where?

COLIN
The phone sends out positioning signals every ten minutes. The last one I got was in Wandsworth.

HARRY
When’s the next lock?

COLIN
(checks his watch)
Just over six minutes.

EXT. SYRIAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

Zaf HEARS some POLICE CAR SIRENS approaching.

ZAF
Adam...?

Adam grabs Shalhoob and takes him in a hold --

ADAM
I’ll snap your neck right here, so help me. Where is she?

Shalhoob looks at him, defiant --
SHALHOOB
You’re too late.

Adam’s oblivious -- he SNAPS Shalhoob’s shoulder backwards -- the man SCREAMS out in huge pain as Adam pulls it again --

ADAM
WHERE IS SHE?

SHALHOOB
Farnborough.

A POLICE CAR appears and pulls over, two OFFICERS rushing over to the scene of two men assaulting a diplomat --

ZAF looks at them, back at Adam --

ZAF
Go. I’ll hold them back.

Adam nods, darts into the car as Zaf heads towards the cops.

INT. ADAM’S MI5 CAR - NIGHT

Adam hits the ignition, on the phone with Harry --

ADAM
They’re flying her out of Farnborough. I’m on my way there.
Get the airport locked down --

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT

HARRY
(to Ruth, urgent)
Get me the airport’s tower.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SYRIAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

In the background, Zaf arguing with cops while Shalhoob, bloodied, is on his phone.

SHALHOOB
(Arabic, in subtitles)
They’re married. He’s her husband.
He was just here.
(beat, scared/ashamed)
I had to tell him where you are.

INT. JET CABIN - NIGHT

The Arab boss with the Kuwaiti passport, climbing into the plane, phone to his ear, getting the bad news. He CLICKS off, mind racing. Calls to the PILOT --

ARAB FROM PLANE
Get us ready for take-off.
EXT. FARNBOROUGH AIRPORT - NIGHT
The car drives past a sign for “FARNBOROUGH AIRPORT” --

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT
Harry’s screaming into the phone --

HARRY
I want all flights locked down right now. Nothing moves, you understand?

Colin’s on the phone, turns to Harry and Ruth urgently --

COLIN
They’ve got a match on the voice.
And from the look on his face, it’s obviously not good news.

EXT. FARNBOROUGH AIRPORT - NIGHT
The car drives up to the waiting jet, its engines SCREAMING --

EXT. ADAM’S MI5 CAR - NIGHT
Adam, driving like a maniac, SIREN wailing, rushing --

RUTH (O.S.)
Adam, GCHQ just got a hit on the voice Shalhoob was talking to.
(beat)
You’re not going to like it.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO FARNBOROUGH AIRPORT - NIGHT
Adam’s car ZIPS past the same sign announcing the airport --

INT. JET CABIN - NIGHT
Ali and the underling push a blindfolded and mouth-taped Fiona into the jet whose engines are SCREAMING, ready to taxi off, and throw her into a big leather seat.

The Arab boss looks angrily outside, thinking. Wants to wait, a huge temptation. But decides against it.

ARAB FROM PLANE
(Arabic, with subtitles)
We go. NOW.

Ali pulls the cabin door in as --

The Arab boss moves to Fiona and turns her over, ripping the tape off her mouth. She looks at him, slightly thrown at first -- then it sinks in:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FIONA
(subtitles)
I like the new nose. Not sure about the cheekbones though.

The Arab nods, impressed that she’s not surprised. And we realize it’s Farook -- only with no moustache and some subtle plastic surgery, just enough to make him unrecognizable.

ARAB FROM PLANE
(subtitles)
They’ll grow on you, darling.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT

Harry, Ruth, Colin -- urgent --

HARRY
If they didn’t hang him, it can only mean one thing.

INT. ADAM’S MI5 CAR - NIGHT

Rushing --

ADAM
He was a double agent. He was really working for the Syrians all along.
(beat)
She knew he was still alive. Somehow, she found out.

INTERCUT WITH THE GRID

HARRY
Why didn’t she tell you?

ADAM
She said she was tired of hiding.

INT. JET CABIN - NIGHT

The engines are now screaming at FULL THROTTLE --

MAIN ARAB FROM PLANE/FAROOK
Hang on. We wouldn’t want that pretty face damaged.
(beat)
Not yet anyway.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO FARNBOROUGH AIRPORT - NIGHT

Adam’s car RUSHES past the airport sign --
140  **INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT**

Colin gets the LOCK from Farook’s phone --

    COLIN
    I’ve got a new lock on Farook’s mobile.

He watches the screen, then looks up, stunned --

    COLIN (cont’d)
    It’s in Sussex.

ON RUTH: she can barely bring herself to say the words:

    RUTH
    They’ve taken off.

141  **EXT. RUNWAY, FARNBOROUGH - NIGHT**

Adam gets out of the car, livid, staring up angrily at the night sky.

    HARRY (O.S.)
    They couldn’t shut the airport down in time. We’re trying to get a couple of jets out to Brize Norton to --

    ADAM
    (interrupting)
    I’m going after her.

    HARRY (O.S.)
    Adam, we can’t --

    ADAM
    (interrupting)
    I’m going after her, Harry. Get me a goddam plane.

142  **EXT. SKY - NIGHT**

The jet streaks into the clouds.

143  **INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT**

Harry, Ruth --

    RUTH
    The plane flew in from Milan three days ago carrying two Kuwaitis.

    HARRY
    Fake Kuwaiti passports are a dime a dozen since the invasion. We should have caught it. Where are they now?

    (CONTINUED)
COLIN
They’re crossing the coastline East of Portsmouth.
(beat)
They’ll be out of British airspace in less than three minutes.

HARRY
Get me a live radar feed.

INT. JET CABIN – NIGHT
Farook looms over Fiona, studying her, touching her hair.

FAROOK
What have you done to yourself?
This short hair... And you look so pale.
(beat, sniffs her)
And what’s that horrible perfume you’re using?
(beat)
This won’t do. We’re going to have to change all that.

Fiona looks at him with fear and hatred.

FIONA
Leena. Joumana. Why did you have to come after them like that.

FAROOK
I wanted to find you.

FIONA
Leena killed herself. Because of what your men did to her.

FAROOK
She wasn’t as strong as you’ve turned out to be. I’m impressed. Working for MI5. Helping traitors.

FIONA
Barzali isn’t a traitor. He wanted to save your country.

Farook laughs, ridiculing her.

FAROOK
Barzali wanted to save his pride.

Fiona looks at him like “...what?”

FAROOK (cont’d)
The head of the Mukhabarat he wanted you to kill?
(more)
He’s been humping Barzali’s wife for over a year. That coward... He just needed you to do his dirty work.

(beat)
You still have so much to learn about our part of the world.
(beat)
You have a lot to make up for, Amal. I’ve had to live in hiding for ten years because of you and your husband.

Which REALLY SHOCKS and FLOORS Fiona -- it’s the last thing she wanted him to discover.

FAROOK (cont’d)
(beat, OFF her surprise)
Is bigamy allowed in England now?

FIONA
(trying to regroup, find some strength)
They know I’m here. They won’t let you get away with this.

FAROOK
Let me worry about that. You should be more concerned about your own future. And your husband’s.
(beat)
You’ll be locked up somewhere safe. I’ll come visit whenever I feel like it, and... We’ll have fun.
(beat)
And we’ll send your dear husband pictures of our little encounters. How long do you think he’ll last before he comes out to Damascus to find you?

He watches her. She’s shivering. REALLY looks bad now. All is lost. She curls over, clutching her belly.

FIONA
I need to use the bathroom.

FAROOK
Don’t be silly.

FIONA
I’m... going to throw up.

Farook studies her. She really looks like a wreck. He looks at Ali. Ali nods like she’s been thoroughly checked.

Farook nods to her. Ali gets her up and walks her to the small toilet. He stands by the door as she goes in.
Fiona closes the door behind her. She holds onto the sink unit, stares into the mirror. Lost. Broken. Hopeless. A tear trickles down her cheek. What have I done?

She stares at her face. Mind in turmoil.

FLASHBACK to Joumana crying as she tells her about what happened.

FLASHBACK to Adam being beaten half to death by Farook and his men.

She looks at herself. She shuts her eyes. Like someone who’s lost all hope.


Nothing.

She looks back at her broken self the mirror.

Then she gets an idea. Her expression changes. A wave of determination surges over her.

She stares into the mirror -- and LOCKS the door before SMASHING the mirror with her fist.

Ali, the Arab and Farook react to the sound of the locking door and the shattered glass -- first surprised, unsure of what it is, then realizing it could be something. They rush to the door --

Fiona, in a panic, the door getting pounded from outside and about to be kicked in, sitting on the toilet, using a long shard of mirror to CUT into her wrists -- NOT THE UNDERSIDE that one expects in a suicide attempt, but the UPPER SIDE, and SMEARING BLOOD down to the palm side to simulate the suicide cuts --

Ali KICKS the door in to reveal --

FIONA, sitting on the loo, BLOOD oozing down from her wrists--

FAROOK looks at her in shock --

FIONA
You’ll have to land. I’ll never make it to Damascus if you don’t.

(CONTINUED)
And you’ll have nothing to use against Adam.

Farook, in a panic, shouting at ALI --

FAROOK
(in Arabic, with subtitles)
GET ME THE MEDICAL KIT!

Farook lifts her up -- carries her out into the main cabin --

CLOSE ON FIONA’S HAND -- as she SLIPS OUT a long, pointed SHARD OF GLASS from her shirt -- and holds it FIRMLY --

Her hand WHIPS UP quickly -- expertly STABBING the shard deep into FAROOK’s jugular vein --

He tumbles back, grasping his neck from which BLOOD erupts --

ALI and the THIRD ARAB, at the back of the cabin, react, grabbing their weapons --

She SPOTS Farook’s gun in his belt, grabs it and pushes Farook back at them while firing --

She hits the underling in the chest, he goes down, but --

In his panic and unbalance from Farook’s body, Ali lets rip a long BURST OF SILENCED GUNFIRE --

Bullets bite into the cabin’s interior, including the partition leading to the cockpit --

Before he’s hit by Fiona’s bullets and slumps --

She stands up, then drops down in pain. She looks down at her side -- she’s been hit, a blood patch swelling to her side.

In pain, she looks at the cockpit door. SEES the bullet holes through it.

**INT. PRIVATE JET, COCKPIT – NIGHT**

Fiona staggers into the cockpit to find the PILOT dead at the controls, BLOOD splattered on the windshield.

She collapses to the floor, barely conscious --

And we HEAR the plane’s engine noise change -- it’s going down --

**EXT. FARNBOROUGH AIRPORT – NIGHT**

Adam’s rushing across the tarmac, heading for some parked jets --

ADAM
I don’t care, I’m doing this --
Harry, on the phone --

HARRY
Adam, listen to me --

RUTH looks up at him from the radar feed on her screen --

RUTH
Harry. The plane.
(beat)
It’s dropping.

HARRY
Where are they? Are they coming in to land?

RUTH
No.
(beat, horrified)
They’re over water.

Colin shouts over from another position --

COLIN
I’ve got Fiona. She’s on the plane’s radio.

Adam, running --

RUTH (O.S.)
Adam, it’s Fiona. She’s on the radio. I’m patching her through.

Adam stops in his tracks, hears the CLICKS --

FIONA (O.S.)
(weak)
Adam?

ADAM
Are you alright?

INTERCUT WITH FIONA IN COCKPIT

FIONA
No.
(beat)
Farook’s dead. So’s the pilot. I’m also hit. I don’t have much time.
(beat)
I’m sorry...

Adam shuts his eyes in pain.

(CONTINUED)
FIONA
I baited him, Adam. I wanted him to find me. But I couldn’t tell you.
(beat)
I didn’t want to spend the rest of my life looking over my shoulder.
And I didn’t want us to have to re-invent our lives again.
(beat)
I just wanted a normal life.

ADAM
Why couldn’t you just let it go?

FIONA
After we left Damascus... He came looking for me... He took it out on my friends...
(beat)
It had to be him. I knew he was still alive. And one day, he would have found us.

ADAM
I would have found him first.

FIONA
That’s why I couldn’t tell you. He almost killed you once, because of me. I couldn’t risk it again.

ADAM
You should have told me...

FIONA
No...

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID - NIGHT

Ruth, Harry, Colin, eyes glued to the radar feed --

RUTH
It’s dropping too fast. It’s dropping way too fast!

ON SCREEN: We can see the green RADAR BLIP of the plane, with its MARKINGS flashing next to it, and the ALTITUDE READING scrolling down vertiginously, crashing through 15,000 feet, then 10,000, then 5,000 --

INT. JET. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Fiona, on the floor, hanging on against the NOISE of the plummeting plane --
CONTINUED:

FIONA
Keep Wes safe. Promise me you’ll keep him safe.

EXT. FARNBOROUGH AIRPORT – NIGHT
Adam -- alone under the dark sky --

ADAM
Don’t --

FIONA (O.S.)
Promise me.

ADAM
I promise.

INT. THAMES HOUSE. THE GRID – NIGHT
All eyes are on the screen -- watching as
THE BLIP’s altitude reading hurtles down towards zero.

FIONA (O.S.)
I love you. Always have, always will.

ADAM (O.S.)
Don’t --

FIONA (O.S.)
(screams in terror)
ADAM!

And the reading scrolls down to ZERO and the BLIP disappears. Just like that. In silence. Like it never existed.

Ruth looks at Harry -- stunned.

EXT. FARNBOROUGH AIRPORT – NIGHT
ADAM’s phone line goes into a dead HISS.
CLOSE ON HIS HAUNTED FACE
And we FREEZE FRAME and go to white.

End of episode.