Black. Then the faint glow of hot embers.

ON SCREEN: EASTLEIGH, NAIROBI, KENYA - 06h00

A scraping sound as the door of a small brick oven opens.

FATIMA MO’ALLIM, early 30's, slender, Somali, reaches in and places loaves of unbaked bread into the wood-fire oven.

A worn blue headscarf - a hijab - is wrapped around her head to cover her hair but still reveals her beautiful face.

FATIMA runs a small home bakery business within the walls of the family compound.

The bakery opens onto a sandy courtyard that surrounds a small rough brick home with a corrugated sheet metal roof and a separate, small roughly constructed bicycle workshop.

There are bicycles and bits of bicycles everywhere.

FATIMA’S husband, MUSA (30's) sits on a crate amidst the bicycles he repairs putting the finishing touches onto a home made “hula hoop” made of black PVC tubing.

His young daughter, ALIA, 10, watches with impatient excitement as he inserts a plastic connector into the tube to join the two ends in a hoop.

ALIA
Is it done, Papa?!

ALIA (CONT’D)
Weli ma dhameyn miyaa Aabe?!
(Welli mah dah-main meeyah Ah-be?!)  

MUSA
Patience, Alia...

MUSA (CONT’D)
Dulgaado, Alia...
(Dul-gaar-doh, Alia...)

She fidgets with anticipation.

ALIA
Do you like the colors I used?

ALIA (CONT’D)
Maka heshay kalarka aan isticmaalayo?
(Maka heh-shay kalarka aan iss-tih-maa-la-yo?)

The tubing has been decorated with bright twists of electrical tape that form rings of colorful patterns.

MUSA
Very pretty...

MUSA (CONT’D)
Aad iyo Aad La’Jaacleey...
(Aad iyo aad lah-gel-lay...)
Scattered around the yard are half a dozen discarded hoops of different sizes and colors.

ALIA
This is my best one ever!

ALIA (CONT’D)
kani waa midka aan weligeeyga
jeelaandoono!
(Kani waa midka aan weli-gay-
ist-ti-male-donno!)

MUSA smiles, and hands her the hoop. ALIA takes it. She swings it over her body and around her waist - and SPINS it.

She swings her hips, making the hoop swirl around her body.

ALIA
Look, Mama!

ALIA (CONT’D)
hooyo, fiiri!
(Hoy-yo Fee-ree!)

FATIMA looks out into the yard at her and smiles.

As ALIA continues to spin the hoop, the CAMERA RISES UP over her and continues to rise, higher and higher, until we are seeing:

A BIRD’S-EYE VIEW of the compound within the surrounding neighbourhood setting.

Their home is in a Somali Militia controlled neighbourhood of Nairobi. The sun has just risen, but people are already on the move.

Beyond the safety and privacy of the walled family compound, militia hang out on street corners and guard unofficial checkpoint barriers on neighbourhood entrances, making it a no-go area for the Kenyan police.

Within this no-go area they stop cars and search anyone they suspect of being a Kenyan security police collaborator.

Four YOUNG MEN drive past Alia’s compound in a pickup truck with a machine gun bolted on to the back. They set the neighbourhood tone.

As we rise higher we reveal that the whole area is a rabbit-warren of streets, shops and market stalls.

We FADE IN our TITLE:

EYE IN THE SKY

Over this we become faintly aware of the low pulse of deep bass music...

CUT TO:
INT. BEDROOM - POWELL’S HOUSE - SURREY - NIGHT

COLONEL KATHERINE POWELL lies awake in bed. Her husband SIMON sleeps beside her in an eye mask.

ON SCREEN: SURREY, ENGLAND - 03h15

The thud of music is coming from another room: Quiet, but loud enough to be irritating once one becomes aware of it. POWELL has become aware of it and it is now irritating her. She gets up.

INT. LANDING - POWELL’S HOUSE - SURREY - NIGHT

POWELL, in her pyjamas, exits her bedroom, crosses the landing and stops at the bedroom from where the monotonous bass is emanating.

She stands for a moment, wondering whether to enter the room. She decides against it.

INT. KITCHEN - POWELL’S HOUSE - SURREY - NIGHT

POWELL, still in her pyjamas but now also in slippers and a dressing gown, enters the kitchen.

A Labrador dog, Jesse, gets up out of a basket.

POWELL pats the dog’s head, goes to the kitchen tap and drinks some water. A routine.

INT. ALIA’S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - DAWN

ALIA swings her hips as the hoop whizzes around her body.

EXT. GARDEN - POWELL’S HOUSE - SURREY - NIGHT

POWELL, with Jesse following, exits the house. She walks across the garden to an office ‘shed’ and unlocks a bolted door. She goes inside.

EXT. ALIA’S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - DAWN

ALIA, laughing, swings her hips. The hoop whizzes around her.
POWELL withdraws a secure dongle from a pocket in her gown and plugs it into a USB port in a computer on a desk.

*Jesse* knows the routine: he has a basket in here too and he lies down in it.

The office is full of military books, files, mementoes and photographs: her entire military career is in this room - and we immediately understand that this is where she lives out her life. The house is just where she sleeps.

While her computer boots up, POWELL glances at a large pin board on a wall beside her desk:

It is covered in hand-written notes and SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPHS taken in various foreign locations of WANTED HVI’s - High Value Individuals.

The faces are mostly Somali, but we also notice a young British Muslim student named RASHEED HAMUD, and a young American named MUHAMMAD ABDISALAAM. (Note: It does not matter whether we know their nationality at this point, but their dress is clearly western.)

One photograph in particular stands out from the rest:

A WHITE WOMAN wearing a deep blue head scarf (a hijab) which covers her hair. The name SUSAN HELEN DANFORD appears beneath the picture, as well as the name “AYESHA AL-HADY.”

Another picture shows Danford without her hijab. She’s an attractive woman in her early thirties.

In yet another she is with a man named ABDULLAH AL-HADY - who we will learn is her husband.

Still other pictures of her show her in various foreign locations. A few copies of different PASSPORTS show her image with different names: ALLISON WEST, REBECCA SUTTON.

Below the images of Danford and Al-Hady are dozens of other YOUNG FACES - some Western dressed, some local Somali fighters with weapons.

Some have been inked out in red.

POWELL stares at the image of Danford for a moment.

Then her computer BLEEPs and she turns to check her in-box.

An email message comes up with A PICTURE OF A YOUNG ARMY CORPORAL in a wheelchair wearing PROSTHETIC LEGS. We read:
Dear Colonel Powell

The new legs are good. I can walk to the shops, but I don’t see the point in doing that, or in doing anything.

Captain Kirby has suggested...

She scrolls to the end:

... to be honest, I wish I had died.

Corporal Shane Allen.

Powell sits staring blankly at the picture of the crippled soldier. She is, for a moment, lost. Then she begins to type a reply.

Dear Corporal Allen

Do not lose hope. Once you recover, I promise to assist in reassigning you...

As she types, an INCOMING EMAIL ALERT pops up on her screen.

Subject: “More news on Ben.”

Powell stops writing her reply to the first email.

She hesitates, then opens the new one.

We READ:

This was posted an hour ago.

http://www.al-news.org/watch_now/

Still can’t believe we lost him.

Good luck this morning.

Talk later.

Frank

POWELL steels herself. Then reluctantly clicks on the link in the email.

A NEWS VIDEO CLIP opens.

It shows HAND HELD FOOTAGE of a young, dead, AFRICAN MAN in plain clothes lying in filth in an alley. He has been shot in the back of the head. Blood pools around his shoulders.
The VOICE of a REPORTER plays over the footage, which cuts to various images of Al-Shabaab Militants chanting with weapons raised, and graphics of the geographical area described.

REPORTER’S VOICE
Somali Al-Shabaab militants have posted this picture of an unnamed man they say they have executed in Nairobi. The group claims he was working for British military intelligence attempting to infiltrate their international recruitment networks. Al-Shabaab want to impose their strict version of Sharia law across the horn of Africa. They bitterly resent the role of Britain and the Kenyan military in propping up the UN backed Somali government in Mogadishu. The Ministry of Defense has declined to comment, but denounced the execution as “sickening.”

Affected, but stoic, POWELL watches in icy silence.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - NEVADA - EVENING

FROM HIGH IN THE SKY we drift ominously over suburbs of tract homes that pattern the Nevada desert at last light.

ON SCREEN: LAS VEGAS, NEVADA, USA - 20h44

INT. BEDROOM - STEVE’S HOUSE - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Dark. A large digital alarm clock reads: 20h44

A sleeping body is dimly visible with covers over its head.

The clock clicks to 20h45 and the radio comes on: Indie rock.

STEVE WATTS, 25, reluctantly moves the covers aside and flips on a side lamp.

He lies staring at the ceiling for a moment, listening to his music, still half asleep, not wanting to get up just yet.

The room is sparsely decorated. On his bedroom wall is a single, large framed aviation art painting by Randy Green of “The Boys from Richmond” fighter jets against a striking sky.
On a small desk is a framed picture of Steve graduating from University in Nevada, a plaque from a Reserve Officer Training Corps showing him commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant, and an Undergraduate RPA (Remotely Piloted Aircraft) training certificate. Finally there is a photo of Steve himself posing in a flight suit next to a training aeroplane.

11  EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - SURREY - DAWN

We drift over beautiful English countryside as dawn breaks.

ON SCREEN:  SURREY, ENGLAND

12  EXT. COUNTRY LANE - SURREY - DAWN

POWELL, now in Wellington boots and a weatherproof jacket, walks with Jesse. There is a weariness about her. A profound sadness lurking just beneath her tough exterior.

She tosses a stick for her dog. There’s an edge of aggression, of unexpressed anger in the throw.

Jesse chases it, happy.

13  INT. BEDROOM - STEVE’S HOUSE - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

(NOTE: This scene was formerly scene 21.)

STEVE, slim and fit, listens to indie music as he runs a good pace on a treadmill.

14  INT. KITCHEN - POWELL’S HOUSE - SURREY - DAWN

POWELL walks in with Jesse.

LIZZIE - a pretty late-teen girl wearing T-shirt and knickers - looks inside the fridge. She reaches for a bottle of expensive bottled water. POWELL is not amused.

    COLONEL POWELL

    Hello?

    LIZZIE

    Oh, I’m sorry.

    COLONEL POWELL

    Who are you?

    LIZZIE

    Lizzie.
COLONEL POWELL
What are you looking for?

LIZZIE
Some water.

COLONEL POWELL
Try the tap.

LIZZIE
Oh, okay. Sorry.

POWELL watches LIZZIE close the fridge door, go over to the sink, look for a glass, find a mug and fill it up.

COLONEL POWELL
Are you with Robert or Andrew?

LIZZIE
Robert.

She walks toward the door - with her water.

LIZZIE (CONT’D)
Thank you. Sorry.

She walks out.

INT. ALIA’S HOUSE - EASTLEIGH -NAIROBI - MORNING

ALIA has a well-used school mathematics book open in front of her and some spare paper.

MUSA, is helping her with an exercise. She concentrates hard. Looks to him for approval as she completes a problem.

MUSA
Good! See, not so difficult!

MUSA (CONT’D)
Wanaagsan! Bal eeg, ma si adag!

INT. KITCHEN - POWELL’S HOUSE - SURREY - DAWN

POWELL pours milk into a bowl of cereal at her kitchen table, claiming her space back.

ROBERT, 19, walks in, lazy and bleary-eyed. He looks dishevelled and weedy in his boxer shorts.

COLONEL POWELL
Who is she?
ROBERT
Um, her name’s Lizzie.

COLONEL POWELL
I know her name.

ROBERT casually goes to the fridge and opens the door.

ROBERT
She goes to St. Ada’s.

COLONEL POWELL
Does she. You should have asked me if she could stay.

ROBERT
Dad said she could.

ROBERT takes a bottle of water out of the fridge.

COLONEL POWELL
She’s already got water.

ROBERT
She doesn’t like tap.

ROBERT walks out.

17
EXT. SINGAPORE - DAY
We drift over the magnificent high-rises of Singapore.

ON SCREEN: SINGAPORE - 13h00

18
INT. ARMS FAIR - SINGAPORE - AFTERNOON
A huge hall filled with a maze of stands showcasing MILITARY HARDWARE: Missiles, machine guns, armored vehicles...

IBS (Integrated Battlefield Solutions) operate on Stand B59.

FOUR COMPANY MANNEQUINS demonstrate military clothing. One wears undergarments, the second fatigues and the third is in full operational military body armour.

JAMES WILLETT, British Foreign Secretary, pale and sweaty in the heat, stands in front of the company name and slogan - Soldier Safety First - as he speaks to a small audience gathered around the stand.
JAMES
On behalf of the British government, I am proud to introduce Integrated Battlefield Solutions, a UK company leading the field in the production of life-saving, lightweight military clothing. Protecting our soldiers in the field of battle is at the core of my government’s commitment to our armed forces. Soldier safety first is why we are in partnership.

IBS director, NIGEL ADLER, beside him, nods vigorously.

JAMES (CONT’D)
And so I am very pleased to introduce you to IBS managing director, Mister Nigel Adler.

A ripple of applause from the BRITISH REPS - but most of the people watching are invited FOREIGN BUYERS and they wait in silence for ADLER to speak.

Also watching are KATE BARNES (25), PR to the Foreign Secretary, and TOM BELLAMY (28), his aide.

ADLER
Thank you very much, Foreign Secretary. We feel extremely honoured that you have taken time out of your hectic schedule to open our stand this afternoon. Thank you.

JAMES smiles bravely - but he is struggling with what turns out to be food poisoning.

KATE
(a whisper to Tom)
He’s going to throw up.

TOM
I told him not to eat the prawns.

ADLER
Today we are introducing three new ranges: the Adamant Assault Body Armour System, the Personal Camouflage System and our light, fast-wicking underclothing range...

JAMES is struggling to keep his insides under control.
EXT. POWELL HOME/COUNTRY LANE - SURREY - MORNING

A car drives away from a modest, secluded country home and heads off down a quiet tree-lined road.

INT. CAR - COUNTRY LANE - SURREY - MORNING

POWELL, tense, drives. Now wearing the military uniform of an Army Colonel, she is on her car-mounted cell phone.

    COLONEL POWELL
    Simon, I will not have the boys bringing friends back for the night without asking me.
    (a beat)
    I’m not having it.
    (a beat)
    If they want to do all that, they can do it away from home.

She’s still so angry about it, she can’t finish the call:

    COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
    It’s not right - and I’m not having it.

That hasn’t calmed her down either.

INT. LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - STEVE’S HOUSE - NIGHT

(NOTE: This scene was formerly scene 13.)

STEVE, showered and wrapped in a towel, enters an open-plan living room / kitchen area from a hallway.

He crosses to a kitchen counter where A HOME COOKED MEAL on a simple plate has been covered and set aside for him.

STEVE uncovers the food, looks at it for a moment, then places it into a micro-wave and presses a RE-HEAT button.

EXT. PERMANENT JOINT HEADQUARTERS - LONDON - MORNING

We establish a low, modern building backlit by a pale sun. SOLDIERS with ATTACK DOGS patrol a perimeter fence.

POWELL drives in and parks in an “OFFICERS ONLY” lot.

ON SCREEN:

"PERMANENT JOINT HEADQUARTERS, LONDON"
POWELL comes out of a lift, walks along a windowless corridor to a steel door, punches in a code and walks through.

POWELL enters a windowless bunker where several military personnel work on computers. They come to attention as POWELL enters the room.

Among them is SERGEANT MIKE GLEESON, 28, an OPS WATCHKEEPER and SERGEANT MUSHTAQ SADDIQ, 27, a targeteer.

They hold permanent positions here and so have a few personal mementoes beside their computers: baby photos, wives, children’s drawings.

POWELL’S workspace is temporary – so there is nothing personal here.

There are whiteboards with flip-charts and large TV screens suspended from the ceiling.

On these screens are various high angled surveillance images and graphics. We do not focus on any details yet.

SERGEANT MUSHTAQ hands POWELL a report.

MUSHTAQ
Morning Ma’am. Version 3 on Operation Egret is ready. Ahmed’s house data is included on Slide 3.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you.

She looks at it.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
Only two Hellfires? Where are the GBU-12’s?

MUSHTAQ
Ma’am, given the mission brief we thought we should decrease the gross weight and increase the loiter time...

COLONEL POWELL
So, I have just the two Hellfires?
MUSHTAQ
Yes, ma’am.

COLONEL POWELL
Sergeant, next time, you clear it with me before you change the loadout, understand?

MUSHTAQ
Yes, ma’am.

POWELL drops the report back on Mushtaq’s desk.

EXT. AIRPORT - NAIROBI - MORNING

A commercial airliner touches down in early light.

ON SCREEN: NAIROBI, KENYA - 09h30

INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

MUHAMMAD ABDISALAAM (20), the clean-shaven American student whose image we saw on Powell’s office wall, comes out of arrivals with a trekker’s rucksack.

He seems on edge but smiles when he sees a Man, DRIVER ONE, holding a card with ‘Kenyan Student Exchange Services’ on it.

DRIVER ONE
How was the flight?

MUHAMMAD
(100% American accent)
Yeah, it was good. Thank you.

A CAMERA SHUTTER clicks and the IMAGE OF MUHAMMAD freezes as a still frame on screen.

A REVERSE ANGLE reveals an athletic looking Kenyan man, AGENT ATIENO, 35, casually shooting a long lens, covert surveillance image of Muhammad from across the airport lobby.

ATIENO lowers his camera and watches as MUHAMMAD is escorted towards the airport exit by the DRIVER. He speaks into a small radio mike:

AGENT ATIENO
Showman50, Bravo27: Sea Hawk has arrived...
A26  INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING

A text pops up on SERGEANT GLEESON’S screen:

“Showman50: Sea Hawk has left the airport.”

SERGEANT GLEESON
Ma’am... Sea Hawk is in and traveling.

POWELL looks up from signing paperwork at her desk that outlines Rules of Engagement etc. for the day’s mission.

COLONEL POWELL
Is the Reaper following?

A WARRANT OFFICER at another desk responds:

WARRANT OFFICER
Yes, Ma’am. Patching us in.

He works his keyboard and a VIDEO IMAGE appears on a large TV screen at one end of the bunker...

The image on screen is a HIGH ANGLED SHOT filmed by a REAPER DRONE flying unseen at 20,000 feet of an old SUV driving down a main road bustling with hawkers and Matatu taxis.

COLONEL POWELL
Headed for Parklands?

A YOUNG FEMALE CORPORAL at another station watches a screen that tracks the route of the SUV on a map of Nairobi.

YOUNG FEMALE CORPORAL
Looks that way, yes, Ma’am.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

27  EXT. BEACH - HAWAII - SUNSET

AIRMAN 1st CLASS LUCY GALVEZ, tall, fit, Latino American, paddles a stand-up board toward towards a perfect beach.

Across the bay we see a LARGE NAVAL DOCKYARD with WARSHIPS starkly silhouetted against the setting sun.

ON SCREEN:  HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE, HAWAII  20h45
As LUCY steps off her board and onto the beach, three young American AIRMEN jog past her.

    AIRMAN
    Hey, Lucy, you coming to Jimmy’s tonight?

    LUCY
    No. I’m on duty.

    AIRMAN
    Too bad!

    LUCY
    Yeah.

LUCY lifts her board as the sun dips into the ocean.

30 INT. ROOM - ALIA’S HOUSE - MORNING

ALIA is struggling with an equation. MUSA sits with her.

    ALIA
    This is too difficult, Papa!  

    ALIA (CONT’D)
    Xisaabta aad bay u adaptaahay Aabe.  
    (Hisaab-ta adbay oo adak ta hay aah be.)

    MUSA
    Just do your best.  

    MUSA (CONT’D)
    Si fiican oo wanaagsan u Samey. (Si fee u o wanaksan oo Samay.)

FATIMA calls from outside.

    FATIMA
    Customer!  

    FATIMA (CONT’D)
    Macaaamis! (Ma-a-mee-shaa!)

Immediately ALIA shuts her textbook - and HIDES IT under the seat cushion of a chair.

Before he opens the door, MUSA looks back to make sure ALIA is not seen with the book. Then he exits and greets a male customer (OMAR) waiting in the yard with a damaged bicycle.

The door swings closed on ALIA, leaving her sitting alone.

31 EXT. SUBURB - PARKLANDS - NAIROBI - MORNING

A street of middle income houses within walled compounds.

The SUV with MUHAMMAD inside approaches one of the houses.
EXT. HOUSE - PARKLANDS - MORNING

Now, from an angle at wall height (that may seem like a security camera POV) we PAN with the SUV as it drives through the gates and pulls to a stop in front of a two storey house.

SECURITY STAFF rapidly close the gates as the SUV door is opened for MUHAMMAD.

OWNER
Welcome my friend, welcome!

MUHAMMAD exits the car and is warmly greeted by the OWNER.

CUT TO - What looks like a SMALL TROPICAL BIRD perched high on a wall of the compound.

We push in on the bird and see that it is in fact A MICRO-RPA - a drone designed to look like a small bird, with a small glass lens embedded in its chest.

This ‘bird’ is what has been filming the arrival of the SUV.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING

On one of the screens is the image from the micro-RPA bird of the Owner escorting MUHAMMAD into his home.

COLONEL POWELL
(into a headset)
Hawaii5, North20, looks like we have Sea Hawk, but I’d like a positive ID.

IMAGE ANALYST
(on another screen)
Hawaii5, copy that. Running PID confirmation.

On yet ANOTHER SCREEN is a much more high angled image of the same action from a Reaper drone flying unseen at 20,000 feet.

POWELL switches channels:

COLONEL POWELL
Showman50, North20. Good morning
Moses - how are you this morning?
INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - MORNING

MAJOR MOSES OWITI, Kenya National Intelligence Service (NIS), has the image from the bird on his secure laptop.

MAJOR OWITI
Showman50, copy. Good morning Colonel! Very good!

COLONEL POWELL
Confirm Sea Hawk is in the blue zone but Condor is still in flight?

MAJOR OWITI
Sea Hawk is in the blue zone. We expect Condor to land in an hour.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you. Are your troops in place and ready to move in?

MAJOR OWITI
(looks out at his troops)
Yes. Briefed and ready.

OWITI’S POV:

EXT. COMPANY D BASE - MORNING

In a high-walled loading area are a number of military trucks and FIFTY KENYAN SOLDIERS of Kenya’s elite D Company, dressed for action, each with their weapon and gear beside them.

Some smoke, some drink cans of soda, some quietly chat, others just sit and wait. It’s a strangely calm scene.

INT. KITCHEN - MOM’S HOUSE - NIGHT

STEVE washes his dinner plate. He is now dressed in smart casuals.

The front door opens and STEVE’S MOM, 45, wearing a waitress uniform, enters. She’s tired from a long shift.

STEVE
Hi, Mom. Work okay?

MOM
It was alright. Tips are better than Kansas.

STEVE smiles.
MOM (CONT’D)
Did you like your dinner?

STEVE
Yeah, thanks, it was great.

He picks up his car key.

MOM
You’re off early? Thought your shift was much later?

STEVE
I’m going to Sammy’s birthday.

MOM
Oh... They let you drink before...?

STEVE
I’m not gonna drink. I’m just gonna stop by and say a quick happy birthday.

He kisses her cheek and heads for the door.

MOM
Stevie...

He turns back.

STEVE
Yeah?

A beat. She’s obviously going through a tough time.

MOM
I won’t stay forever, I promise.

STEVE
You stay as long as you want, Mom.

He smiles briefly. She does too, grateful.

EXT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - LONDON - MORNING

HIGH ANGLE view establishing the imposing building of the British Ministry of Defence from the air.

ON SCREEN: MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, LONDON 08h00

COLONEL POWELL (O.S)
General. Good morning.
INT. OFFICE - MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - LONDON - MORNING

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL FRANK BENSON (Deputy Chief of Defence Staff), in military service dress, is on his office phone.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
You got my email...

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING

POWELL is on her phone.

COLONEL POWELL
Yes, I did. Made me sick. His family will need our support.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Leave it with me. Do you have everything in place for today?

COLONEL POWELL
Yes.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Good. I’ll be at COBRA in an hour.

COLONEL POWELL
That should be fine.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

We drift over bright night Las Vegas from a HIGH ANGLE.

LAS VEGAS STRIP - 00h45

INT. NIGHTCLUB - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

STEVE walks into a glitzy club with loud music, flashing lights and pole dancers.

The place is packed with people dreaming of and selling sex. It is the epitome of Vegas excess.

STEVE crosses to A BAR. He reaches over the counter and grabs himself a MARTINI GLASS.

A BARTENDER catches his eye and comes over.
STEVE
(to the bartender)
Just some water please - but throw
in an olive and make it look
alcoholic...

INT. HALL - ARMS FAIR - SINGAPORE - DAY

JAMES hurries down a trading aisle escorted by three
BODYGUARDS as KATE and TOM struggle to catch up.

TOM
The meeting with the Malaysian
Trade Minister is now at four-

JAMES
You’ll have to do it for me.

TOM
But the...

KATE
Perhaps if you take an “Eezi Tum?”

JAMES
I need to go back to the hotel!

He gets to his destination, the mens, and hurries inside.

TOM and KATE stand with their coffees.

TOM
Why appoint a Foreign Secretary who
always gets ill?

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - UPSTAIRS PRIVATE AREA - NIGHT

STEVE, with his “water only” Martini in hand, comes up some
stairs and enters a private party area.

He recognizes his birthday group, including SAMMY, 26. They
are all drunk. THREE DANCERS are entertaining the party.

SAMMY
Stevie!!! So good to see you! You
got a drink?

STEVE
I got one, Sammy.

STEVE raises his fake Martini with the olive.
SAMMY
Man, I didn’t think you would come!

He bear hugs STEVE.

STEVE
Happy birthday, buddy.

SAMMY
My best friend, man. My best - you know that right?

STEVE stands smiling, trapped in SAMMY’s drunken embrace.

STEVE
Right. I know.

SAMMY releases STEVE from the hug.

SAMMY
Come on, sit down.

STEVE
Sam, seriously, I can’t stay long.
I’m on duty from three...

SAMMY (imitating him)
Steve, seriously, I’m on duty from six. Sit down.

He turns to one of the DANCERS.

SAMMY (CONT’D)
Shelley! A lap-dance for my best friend!

STEVE
No, no...

SAMMY
Yes, yes... Over here, please! Over here...


SAMMY (CONT’D)
There ya go!!!

Despite the bravado there’s an edge of darkness to Sammy. As if he has seen more in his 26 years than he’d ever let on.
STEVE blushes as SHELLEY lowers her long hair over his face.

45 INT. BAKERY - ALIA’S COMPOUND - MORNING

FATIMA looks in at the bread she’s baking in her wood-burning oven and removes hot loaves with a paddle.

She sets the loaves on a table with others already baked.

FATIMA
Alia!

46 INT. HOUSE - ALIA’S COMPOUND - SAME TIME

ALIA looks up from a travel book she is reading.

ALIA
Yes, mama!

ALIA (CONT’D)
Haa, Hooyo! (Haa Hoy-yo!)

FATIMA (O.S)
The bread is ready!

FATIMA (CONT’D)
Rootiga waa diyaar!
(Rooti-ka wad diyaar!)

She closes her book and hides it under the cushion.

47 EXT. AIRPORT - NAIROBI - MORNING

A commercial flight touches down in midday heat.

ON SCREEN: NAIROBI AIRPORT, KENYA – 11h45

48 INT. AIRPORT - NAIROBI - MORNING

RASHEED HAMUD (20) is the clean-shaven British student we saw in POWELL’S office. He carries a rucksack.

He comes out of Arrivals looking anxious. He has instructions to act normally - not to look around him as if expecting something - but he’s so focused on doing the right thing that he looks anything but normal.

He’s relieved to see a driver (DRIVER TWO) holding up a placard with ‘Kenyan Student Exchange Services’ on it.

He approaches DRIVER TWO and they shake hands.

RASHEED
(a south London accent)
Hello.
DRIVER TWO
How was the flight?

RASHEED
It was okay, thank you.

DRIVER TWO
Follow me.

RASHEED
Yes. Thank you.

Across the hall, AGENT ATIENO, unseen, watches Rasheed leaving with DRIVER TWO. Rasheed has his cell phone out and it looks like he is typing A TEXT MESSAGE.

ATIENO talks quietly into his radio.

AGENT ATIENO
Showman50, Bravo27: Condor has landed... He’s texting...

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - MORNING

MAJOR OWITI
Showman50, copy that. Proceed to the Blue Zone.

OWITI leans forward and types a text message into his laptop.

(NOTE: A surveillance image of the suburban house in Parklands is visible in another window on his screen.)

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING

A message from OWITI (Showman50) pops up on GLEESON’S SCREEN.

SERGEANT GLEESON
Ma’am, Condor is texting.

COLONEL POWELL
Yes. And?

SERGEANT GLEESON
It reads... Uh... “Hi sis, arrived safely. Give Mom a big hug for me.”

COLONEL POWELL
dry as hell
How sweet...
EXT. STREET – EASTLEIGH - NAIROBI – MORNING

ALIA, with a basket of her mother’s loaves, walks to a table already set up on the sidewalk alongside a compound wall.

She puts down her basket of bread, takes out a cloth and begins to carefully lay it on the rickety table.

SHE HEARS RAISED VOICES – and looks up to see a POOR WOMAN being questioned by THREE MILITIA MEN about her attire, which does not cover her wrists.

MILITIA LEADER
You need to cover yourself properly!

MILITIA LEADER (CONT’D)
Waxaad u baahan tahay inaad si sax ah naftaada dabooli!

The MAN slaps at her exposed wrists with a short whip.

MILITIA MAN #2
Go home! Now!

MILITIA MAN #2 (CONT’D)
Tag guriga, hadda!

Humiliated the WOMAN walks away.

The MEN look back and see ALIA glancing at them. TWO OTHER MILITIA MEN guarding a nearby compound watch her too.

ALIA quickly lowers her gaze, afraid to be seen watching and concentrates on laying out her bread on the table-cloth.

EXT/INT. STEVE’S CAR – ROAD OUT OF VEGAS – NIGHT

It’s a beautiful, starry night. Music on the radio.

STEVE drives a deserted road, headed into the desert.

INT. TOY SHOP – THE STRAND – LONDON – MORNING

BENSON stares nervously at rows of toy dolls. He looks for a SHOP ASSISTANT – but she’s with another customer. He takes out his phone. Punches a number. Leaves a message:

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Darling it’s your dad here. I’m looking at a whole shelf of these Annabell dolls. You didn’t tell me there are different types. I’ve no idea what to buy her. Can you get back to me asap? Otherwise...

He picks up one of the dolls. Squints at the packaging.
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT’D)
I’m holding a... um... An Annabell Time To Sleep Doll and it says here ‘you will hear her babbling when it is beddy-byes’. Call me as soon as you can.

He puts away his phone. Stressed, he stares at the doll.

EXT. KENYAN MARKET AREA - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY
A STALL OWNER slops stew from a pot into take-away cartons.
JAMA FARAH, a Kenyan of Somali origin, in his hat, jeans, shirt, glances about while he waits for his food.
He eyes a PRETTY WOMAN in a tank-top and shorts crossing the street. (This neighbourhood is not governed by Sharia law.)
We may also notice a STREET VENDOR selling plastic BUCKETS amidst dozens of other vendors.
JAMA slaps hands with the STALL OWNER, pays him and heads off down the street with three cartons of stew.

EXT. QUIET SIDE STREET - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY
JAMA rounds a corner and approaches a battered commercial van marked “Ruaka Engineering Services” parked on a quiet street.
He pulls open the passenger side door.

INT. JAMA’S VAN - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY
JAMA enters the van with the food he has just bought. He hands a carton of stew to a DRIVER in the front seat and moves into the back of the van.
Seated in the darkened interior, DAMISI, an indigenous Kikuyu Kenyan woman, also in jeans and T-shirt, sits in front of a secure laptop.

DAMISI
We’ve got Condor in the Blue Zone.

JAMA
Who the fuck’s Condor?

He looks over DAMISI’s shoulder at the computer screen.
ON HER SCREEN: ANOTHER CAR is entering the compound. The OWNER opens the car door and RASHEED gets out.

The image on DAMISI’S screen is from the micro-RPA bird we saw filming the arrival of MUHAMMAD earlier at the same house. DAMISI controls the filming using a mobile joystick device.

JAMA
I can’t keep up with these names.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING

POWELL, seeing what DAMISI and JAMA are seeing displayed on her screens, speaks into her headset:

COLONEL POWELL
Showman50, North20, can we get a view into the house?

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - MIDDAY

MAJOR OWITI speaks into his headset.

MAJOR OWITI
Yes, Ma’am. Peg90, Showman50, can you try and look into the house?

INT. JAMA’S VAN - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY

DAMISI and JAMA watch on the secure laptop.

DAMISI
Showman50, Peg90, moving now.

EXT. HOUSE - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY

We see, perched on the compound wall, the micro-RPA bird. It takes off from its perch and flies around the house.

INT. JAMA’S VAN - PARKLANDS - MIDDAY

JAMA and DAMISI look at the image from the bird flying around the house on their screen.
They can’t get a view inside. All the shutters are shut.

DAMISI
Showman50 do you want us to bring in Ringo?

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - MIDDAY
MAJOR OWITI, continuing...

MAJOR OWITI
Negative, not worth the risk yet.
Wait for number 3 to arrive.

EXT. WHITEHALL - WESTMINSTER - LONDON - MORNING
An aerial view of London and the Cabinet Office building.
ON SCREEN: BRITISH CABINET OFFICES, WHITEHALL - 11h15

INT. RECEPTION - CABINET OFFICES - MORNING
BENSON, carrying the doll he bought peeking out of a too-small plastic bag, speaks to a RECEPTIONIST.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
General Benson. Here for COBRA.

A young civil servant in a suit, JACK CLEARY, 30's approaches from across the lobby, offering an outstretched hand.

JACK
General Benson... Jack Cleary. I’m coordinating today.

INT. HALLWAY - CABINET OFFICES - MORNING
A hallway off which we can see numerous rooms. A calm atmosphere as a few politicians chat.

JACK is asking people to go into the Briefing Room.
BENSON is on his cell phone.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Hold on a minute. Hold on a minute.

He takes the doll from its bag.
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT’D)

Annabell Care for Me? What have I got?

He sees that he has the Time To Sleep doll.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT’D)

Does it matter? I mean...

We watch him as he listens: it plainly does matter.

His AIDE-DE-CAMP appears by his side.

AIDE-DE-CAMP

General, they are asking for you.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

(sighing)

All right, darling, I’ll try. Yes. Bye-bye.

He shuts down his phone and looks at his AIDE-DE-CAMP anxiously.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT’D)

I bought a Time To Sleep doll when I should have bought a Care For Me. Apparently there is an important difference.

He hands his AIDE-DE-CAMP the doll in her bag.

AIDE-DE-CAMP

I’ll see what I can do, sir.

BENSON walks into the room.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - MORNING

COBR(A) - Cabinet Office Briefing Room A - is the Government committee that meets in response to crises at home and elsewhere in the world that have implications at home.

Eight VTC screens are at one end of the low-ceilinged room and there are two more screens, one along each side.

One of the screens has images from BBC News 24. Another has the live stream from the Reaper RPA, a third has images from the bird.

There is a large conference table in the middle of the room, around which are leather chairs – but this is an ‘informal’ meeting to watch the attack on the house in Nairobi.
(Remind yourself of the image in the White House Situation Room as they watched the attack on Bin Laden’s house.)

A small group of politicians are gathered in the room along with JACK CLEARY, the coordinating civil servant.

BENSON shakes hands with GEORGE MATHERSON, Attorney General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Good morning, Attorney General.

GEORGE
Morning, Frank.

ON SCREEN - “GEORGE MATHERSON MP - UK Attorney General.”

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Minister.

WOODALE
General.

ON SCREEN - “BRIAN WOODALE MP - Minister of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs.”

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Ma’am. Congratulations on your new appointment.

ANGELA
Thank you.

ON SCREEN - “ANGELA NORTHMAN MP - Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State responsible for Africa.”

BENSON is at the head of the table. Already open in front of him is a secure laptop computer from which he will be able to hold a text messaging conversation with POWELL. Beside that there is also a secure telephone.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
I am going to talk you through the capture of Susan Danford aka Ayesha Al-Hady...

INT. CORRIDOR - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY GALVEZ, now in uniform and carrying a large takeout coffee, strides down a busy corridor of uniformed personnel.

ON SCREEN: JOINT BASE PEARL HARBOR-HICKAM, HAWAII - 00h15
INT. ROOM – HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE – CONTINUOUS

LUCY enters a cramped room with her coffee.

An IMAGE ANALYST, bleary-eyed, sits in front of five screens. On one is the live feed from the Reaper above the Parklands house. On another is the live feed from the bird.

IMAGE ANALYST
Hi. Did you go to the party?

LUCY
I was busy. You might still make it. What have we got here?

IMAGE ANALYST
We’re tracking some extremists in Nairobi. One of them is from my home town.

LUCY
You’re kidding, really?

Her colleague brings up an image of MUHAMMAD ABDISALAAM on the screen as Lucy prepares to take over the shift.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Is that him?

IMAGE ANALYST
Yeah. Muhammad Abdisalaam. Somali. We’ve got a lot of them there.

LUCY
Well, let’s hope he’s not coming back.

EXT. CREECH AIR FORCE BASE – NEVADA DESERT – NIGHT

Steve’s car crosses a desert runway, passing open hangars with fighter jets and Reaper drones visible within.

He pulls up outside a small collection of low buildings.

ON SCREEN: CREECH AIR FORCE BASE, NEVADA – 02h30

INT. CHANGING ROOM – CREECH – NIGHT

STEVE zips into his flight suit in front of a locker.

There are several RPA crews here, dressing for a new shift. Most are so young it looks like a military training school.
COLONEL WALSH (O.S)
Alright, listen up.

INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - CREECH - NIGHT

STEVE, MATT (24) and CARRIE (22) listen to LT. COLONEL ED WALSH, a senior operations supervisor at Creech.

COLONEL WALSH
I’m going to introduce you to Colonel Powell in London.

He presses a button on his desk console and COLONEL POWELL appears on a wall mounted Video Conference Screen.

COLONEL WALSH (CONT’D)
Good morning, Ma’am. Are we coming through clear?

COLONEL POWELL
Loud and clear, Colonel, thank you. It’s good to see you again.

COLONEL WALSH
And you, Ma’am. I have your crew ready. Introduce yourselves please.

STEVE
Morning, Ma’am. Aircraft Commander Steve Watts. Pilot.

CARRIE
Airman First Class Carrie Gershon. Sensor Operator.

MATT
Senior Airman Matt Levery, Mission Intel Co-ordinator.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you. Today you will be flying a joint operation over Nairobi, Kenya. Code name: Operation Egret.

As POWELL proceeds with the brief she clicks on relevant images that appear on a second screen in the room.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
(showing a map)

(MORE)
We have intelligence of a meeting of key members of Al-Shabaab in the suburb of Parklands - in this house here.

Over a Reaper image of a house in the suburb of Parklands:

It belongs to a man named Shahid Ahmed, an Al-Shabaab facilitator.

She puts up the image of Ahmed with Al-Shabaab leaders:

Due to visit the house is this man, Abdullah Al-Hady, a Somali...

She puts up an image of Al-Hady.

... and his wife Ayesha Al-Hady, formerly Susan Helen Danford.

She flips through images of Danford, some as a troubled teen in the UK, the rest, intelligence pics of her as a jihadist.

British national. Troubled childhood. Converted at fifteen. Radicalized in a west London mosque where she met and married Al-Hady. Intelligence has them connected to the most recent suicide bombing in Kenya.

We see SHOCKING IMAGES of the carnage caused by a SUICIDE BOMBING in Kenya.

We’ve been tracking them for six years. Last seen in Addis Ababa two months ago.

We see images of DANFORD and AL-HADY in Addis Ababa.

They’re numbers four and five on our East Africa Most Wanted List. We have information that they will be in Nairobi today, using the Parklands house as a transit point for two new recruits:
POWELL puts up an image of an American dressed boy: MUHAMMAD
ABDISALAAM, taken in a mall somewhere in the USA.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
Muhammad Abdisalaam, American - the
CIA have him connected to
extremists in Minnesota.

She puts up another image: RASHEED HAMUD at a protest in
London with a charismatic ISLAMIC SPEAKER.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
And Rasheed Hamud, British.

She puts up the image of the house again.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
Once all suspects are in the house,
Kenyan special forces will launch a
cordon and search. This is an
operation to capture, not kill. You
are tasked to be their eye in the
sky.

EXT. CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE, relaxed, walk out into the night and head
for what looks like one of a dozen beige shipping containers:
These are the Ground Control Stations (GCS) for RPA crews.

CARRIE
So, Sir, how long have you been
stationed here?

STEVE
About six months now. You?

CARRIE
I just got here.

STEVE
Wow. Okay. How do you like Vegas?

CARRIE
It can get a little wild.

CARRIE and STEVE walk into the Ground Control Station.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE enter the narrow, windowless world. The
previous shift are at their stations.
STEVE
Hey, guys. Seen any giraffes?

FIRST CREWMAN
Matter of fact, yeah...

CARRIE
Oh wow.

SECOND CREWMAN
A whole bunch of them 'bout thirty miles east of the city.

FIRST CREWMAN
The LR crew saw a whole herd of elephant on take off.

CARRIE
No kidding?

STEVE
Makes a change from staring at goats.

The guys laugh. On one of the screens, we see the Parklands house and its neighbourhood. This image is fed from the MQ-9 Reaper UAV flying 20,000 feet above Nairobi.

FIRST CREWMAN
The aircraft is established in the orbit at Flight Level two zero zero, running covert. Aircraft and GCS are in the green with no write ups.

He gets up and STEVE settles into the seat.

SECOND CREWMAN
(to Carrie)
All cameras checked good. Here is the target... Ground forces are two streets away, in an old factory, over here.

He pulls back on the throttle that controls the camera zoom and the image snaps out to a wider area. He points out the location of the fifty soldiers of D Company concealed in their compound.

CARRIE
Okay, thanks.

CARRIE settles into her seat.
FIRST CREWMAN
Weapons all spun up good. Ten hours
time on station remaining. You
still have two Hellfire missiles.
Secure radio checked good.

STEVE and CARRIE, now seated, look so young to be in control.

STEVE
(into radio)
You guys strapped in?

INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

MATT and COLONEL WALSH wear headphones and watch the same images.

COLONEL WALSH
We’re here.

MATT
Comms good.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - EARLY AFTERNOON

ALIA is still selling her bread. She only has a few loaves left. A woman in a hijab approaches.

WOMAN
How much?

ALIA
Fifty shillings.

WOMAN (CONT’D)
Meeqa waaye? (Meh-ko why ye?)

ALIA (CONT’D)
Konton shilling.
(Konton shill-ling.)

WOMAN
Forty?

ALIA
Forty-five?

WOMAN (CONT’D)
Afartan? (Affar-tan?)

ALIA (CONT’D)
Afartan iyo shan?
(Affar-ton eeyo-shun?)

The deal is done.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE sit at the controls. On the screen in front of them, they watch A MAN COME OUT OF THE HOUSE.

CARRIE
We have movement.
CARRIE zooms in as A SECOND MAN comes out of the house - but they are limited to an 'above head' shot and identification is not clear.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MORNING

We see in detail the big bank of screens. On one is the Reaper live feed. On another is the bird live feed.

POWELL watches the live image from the bird of the two men exiting the house. It’s a wide shot, but the two look like RASHEED and MUHAMMAD.

COLONEL POWELL
(into headset)
Hawaii5, North20, confirm PID.

INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - HAWAII - NIGHT

Lucy, speaking into a headset, is now settled in front of her screens. Her colleague waves good-night from the door.

COLONEL POWELL
Peg90, go closer for PID.

INT. JAMA’S VAN - PARKLANDS - AFTERNOON

JAMA watches DAMISI zoom the bird closer in. On their screen:

The two young men look tense. They are clearly Rasheed and MUHAMMAD. They turn as the Owner of the house comes out.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MIDDAY

POWELL watches her screens like a predator: Rasheed and MUHAMMAD are talking to THE OWNER. He seems very grateful to them for something - and to be wishing them well.

LUCY (O.S.)
North20, Hawaii5 confirms positive ID’s on Muhammad Abdisalaam and Rasheed Hamud.
COLONEL POWELL
Roger that.

She hasn’t taken her eyes off her suspects. Then she sees:

A DRIVER open the rear doors of the SUV.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
Damn it, they’re leaving. Where are Danford and Al-Hady?

SERGEANT GLEESON
Ma’am, our intelligence only has them arriving in another half hour.

COLONEL POWELL
(not happy)
Well then our intelligence is bad!

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - MIDDAY

BENSON looks at the screen, alarmed.

The others, eating sandwiches and drinking tea and coffee, see his reaction, uncertain what to think.

EXT. COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON

MAJOR OWITI watches the live feed. He calls to his men:

    MAJOR OWITI
    Load up!

His men respond, hurrying to their trucks. Tension is high.

OWITI talks to POWELL on his mike:

    MAJOR OWITI (CONT’D)
    North20, Showman50, I have my men ready. Do we go in?

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - MIDDAY

POWELL hesitates, but only for a brief moment.

    COLONEL POWELL
    No, hold your men. I want Danford and I’m hoping they will lead us to her.

She’s taking a calculated risk here and she feels it.
INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON

MAJOR OWITI watches the same live feed.

MAJOR OWITI
Roger that.

A tense CAPTAIN waits for the order to deploy his troops.

MAJOR OWITI (CONT'D)
Tell them to hold.

Disappointed, the CAPTAIN reluctantly nods.

MAJOR OWITI (CONT'D)
(changing channels)
Bravo27, Showman50, follow if they leave.

INT. AGENT ATIENO’S CAR - STREET - AFTERNOON

ATIENO, who we met at the airport taking covert photographs of Muhammad and Rasheed, hears the message on his earpiece.

AGENT ATIENO
Bravo27, ready to follow.

He starts up his engine.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE watch the live Reaper as the OWNER of the house hugs RASHEED with a long, affectionate embrace.

CARRIE
Looks like they know they’re not meeting again.

STEVE
We don’t read into things.

CARRIE
Haven’t we gotta think?

RASHEED and MUHAMMAD get into the SUV with the DRIVER ONE.

STEVE
(over radio)
Movers, say intentions.
INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - HAWAII - NIGHT

LUCY in front of the screens:

    LUCY
    Stay on PAX.
    Copy.

SUDDENLY: A WOMAN in a long flowing dress, her head wrapped in a hijab, exits the house and gets quickly into the SUV.

We see this from the high shot of the Reaper. The bird is too slow to catch her.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON

POWELL is watching the image.

    COLONEL POWELL
    Who is that? Is that Danford?! I need a PID!

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON

MAJOR OWITI is frustrated as he speaks into his headset.

    MAJOR OWITI
    Peg90 you missed her! Look in the vehicle.

INT. JAMA'S VAN - PARKLANDS - AFTERNOON

DAMISI and JAMA watch the image from the bird that shows the side of the SUV - windows dark; just a shadowed outline of the woman in the back.

    DAMISI
    Sorry, sir. Windows are tinted.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON

    COLONEL POWELL
    Damn it, is that her, or does Ahmed have a wife?!

    SERGEANT GLEESON
    I’m sorry, we don’t know, Ma’am.
COLONEL POWELL
Not good enough people! It has to be her. Why didn’t we know she was already in the house?!

There’s an embarrassed silence. The image from the bird shows the SUV move as the gates to the compound are opened.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE watch the Reaper feed as the SUV drives out into the street.

INT. AGENT ATIENO’S CAR - PARKLANDS STREET - AFTERNOON

AGENT ATIENO sees the SUV turn into another street and pulls into traffic to follow it.

AGENT ATIENO
Showman50, Bravo27, they’re heading east on route five... to Eastleigh.

From his expression we sense that is not good news.

MAJOR OWITI
Damn it... Copy that.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the Reaper live feed of the SUV driving towards the Eastleigh Market Area.

COLONEL POWELL
Hawaii5, I want a PID on that woman as soon as we get a visual.

INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY, tense, in front of the screens.

LUCY
Yes, Ma’am.
INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION – NIGHT

STEVE pilots the Reaper to follow the SUV as it turns right.

    STEVE
    Zoom out.

CARRIE pulls back the image.

STEVE and CARRIE watch the Reaper image of AGENT ATIENO following the SUV.

INT. PJHQ – LONDON – EARLY AFTERNOON

POWELL is alarmed as she watches the Reaper feed of the vehicles turning again.

INTERCUT with OWITI checking a route on his secure laptop.

    MAJOR OWITI
    North20, Showman50, it looks like they’re heading toward Eastleigh.

    COLONEL POWELL
    That’s a no go area.

    MAJOR OWITI
    Yes, Ma’am...

    COLONEL POWELL
    How do we launch a ground assault if she’s going in there?

    MAJOR OWITI
    We can’t... It would trigger a massacre.

    COLONEL POWELL
    (to herself)
    Shit...
    (to Owiti)
    Alright, just stay with her.

She watches the SUV slow down, turn into a side road and then stop at AN AL-SHABAAB MILITIA CHECKPOINT.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A – WHITEHALL – EARLY AFTERNOON

BENSON and the others watch the screen nervously.
AGENT ATIENO slows and stops at an intersection. A left turn will take him right into the militia controlled neighborhood. He can see the heavily guarded CHECKPOINT guarded by ARMED MILITIA a short distance away.

AGENT ATIENO
(tense)
Showman50, Bravo27... do you want me to try and go in?

MAJOR OWITI (O.S.)
No. Return to base.

AGENT ATIENO, relieved, drives on.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

CARRIE does. She and STEVE watch as a MILITIA LEADER - surrounded by a small posse - walks up to the SUV.

The posse try to get a look at the people in the SUV.

CARRIE and STEVE watch a respectful exchange between the militia leader and the Woman in the back passenger seat. But all they can see from their high angle is her covered arm as it extends out of the window.

The arm waves as the SUV pulls away and drives into the militia controlled neighbourhood.

STEVE and CARRIE follow the SUV as it turns into another street.

The Militia seen driving around earlier with a machine gun bolted to the back of their pickup have parked on a corner.

Another fifty yards up the road, two armed guards with AK47s open the gates to a compound, and the SUV pulls in.

There is another SUV already in the compound.

The gates are immediately closed.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON

POWELL, watching the Reaper image.
COLONEL POWELL
Showman50, do we know this house?

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON

MAJOR OWITI has the same Reaper image.

MAJOR OWITI
(into his headset)
It belongs to Amadu Mukhtar. He’s a Somali trader but there is no other intel on him.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the live feed as RASHEED, MUHAMMAD, the WOMAN covered in the hijab and DRIVER ONE get out of the vehicle.

RASHEED, MUHAMMAD and the WOMAN walk into the house. The DRIVER stays outside.

COLONEL POWELL
Hawaii5, North20, did you see anything there?

INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY analyses images frame grabbed from the Reaper video feed as the WOMAN walked into the house. Her eyes scan them rapidly. She zooms in. But the woman has kept her covered head down and LUCY can’t see anything helpful.

LUCY
No, Ma’am.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON

POWELL reacts, frustrated.

COLONEL POWELL
Showman50, we need an eye inside that house.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON

MAJOR OWITI watches the Reaper image.
MAJOR OWITI
Ma’am, that could risk the operation.

We cut between the two:

COLONEL POWELL
I have to know if Danford is inside and who is with her.

MAJOR OWITI
It will mean putting a man on the street. He will have to be close to fly the beetle and he could easily raise suspicion.

COLONEL POWELL
Even if you use a Somali?

MAJOR OWITI
Al-Shabaab controls that neighbourhood. Every stranger is suspicious. Even a Somali.

POWELL paces for a moment.

COLONEL POWELL
Major, we both believe we have Danford in that house, do we not?

MAJOR OWITI
Yes, Ma’am...

COLONEL POWELL
And I cannot authorize a strike without a Positive ID...

MAJOR OWITI
I understand that...

COLONEL POWELL
Then I believe we need to accept the risk and send someone in. Can you do it?

A beat.

MAJOR OWITI
Yes, Ma’am.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you. I appreciate what you are doing.
INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON

OWITI draws a breath and talks quietly into his headset.

    MAJOR OWITI
    (to JAMA)
    Peg90, Showman50, I need you to
    engage Ringo at the target house.

INT. JAMA'S VAN - PARKLANDS - AFTERNOON

JAMA, seated with DAMISI, looks shocked for a moment.

    JAMA
    Showman50, Peg90, you want me to
    enter the militia controlled area?

    MAJOR OWITI
    Yes... We need a positive ID.

A beat.

JAMA looks nervously at DAMISI. Then summons his courage.

    JAMA
    Showman50, Peg90... leaving now.

DAMISI looks at him, alarmed.

    DAMISI
    What if you are recognised?

JAMA just looks at her. The question lingers.

    DAMISI (CONT'D)
    You better have a good story for
    where you’ve been this last year.

EXT. AMADU’S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA walks past Amadu’s compound and turns into the
passageway leading to her own house.

EXT. ALIA’S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

MUSA is talking to OMAR:
OMAR
Since the boys have taken over, nobody is stealing any more.

OMAR (CONT’D)
Tan ilaa iyo wiilashii wax Xadaayey in badan uu san wiil danbe wax Xadeyn.
(Tan illa-yo weel-la-shee wah haadaayay, in badan oo san will dambe wah hadeen.)

MUSA can’t risk saying anything other than agreeing with him.

MUSA
Yes, it’s a good thing.

MUSA (CONT’D)
Haa waa fikrad aadiyo aad u fiican.
(Haa wafikrad aa-diyo aad oo fee aan.)

ALIA walks into the compound. OMAR looks up and sees her.

OMAR
Now you can leave your door open and no one will steal your bikes.

OMAR (CONT’D)
Hadda Al-baab kaaga oo furan waad dhaafi kartaa ma jiro qof baaskill kaaga xadayo.
(Haad-dah Al Baab kaaga afuran waad dhaafi kaarta majjeero kof baaskeel kaagah haa da yo.)

ALIA drops her empty basket in the bakery.

OMAR reaches into his pocket and pays MUSA.

ALIA exits the bakery and picks up her hula hoop. As OMAR is exiting the gate with his repaired bicycle, she starts swinging it on her hips.

OMAR glances back disapprovingly at ALIA, forcing MUSA to immediately admonish her.

MUSA
Alia! What are you doing?

MUSA (CONT’D)
Al-liya, Maxaad Sameyneysaa?
(Al-liya mahad samen-ney-sa?)

ALIA immediately stops.

MUSA
What were you thinking of?

MUSA (CONT’D)
Maxaad ka Fikreysa?
(Mahad ka fik-ray-saa?)
ALIA
I don’t know papa.

(ALIA (CONT’D)
Ma Agaano Aabe.
(Ma Akaano Aah be.)

She stands still, awaiting more punishment.

MUSA
Never again!

(MUSA (CONT’D)
Mardan be yaan arkin adigo fikraaya!
(Mardum bear yaan arkeen adeego fik raa ya!)

ALIA
Yes papa.

(ALIA (CONT’D)
Haye Aabe. (Haa yay Aah be.)

OMAR smiles insincerely and wheels away his bicycle.

As the gate swings closed behind him, MUSA turns to ALIA.

MUSA
You must learn to be more careful.

(MUSA (CONT’D)
Waa inaad si fiican wax u barataa iskuna badnaataa.
(Wa innad siffee un wah u barataa iskoo nah budnaa tah.)

ALIA
Yes.

(ALIA (CONT’D)
Haye. (Haa yay.)

MUSA
I don’t know whether he supports the militia or if he is just pretending to because he thinks I do - but we take no chances. We trust no one.

And you never ever do that in front of a man.

(MUSA (CONT’D)
Aniga Ma agaano mana taageerayo maleeshiyada iyo Haddey si Qalden ila hadlaan ama ila dhaqmaan laakin waxaan gaadanaya fursad. Mana Aminayo gof walbo, adiganah weligaaga. Mardanbe, haku ciyaarin nin hortiisa ama dadka ii imaanaya hortooda.

ALIA
No, papa.

(ALIA (CONT’D)
Maya Aabe. (May ya Aah-be.)
MUSA
Never again, okay?

MUSA (CONT'D)
Marnaba ha isku deyin haye dheh?
(Mar-nabbah-haa-is-koo day in haa yay dheh?)

ALIA
Yes, papa - but I can do it in front of you?

ALIA (CONT'D)
Haye Aabe, laakin adiga hortooda waan ku ciyaari karaa soo maahan?
(Haa yay Aah bay, laakin adeegah hortoodah waan ku iyaaree karaa so mahaan?)

A beat. MUSA puts his arms around her and hugs her close.

MUSA
Yes, of course.

MUSA (CONT'D)
Haa, waad ku ciyaari kortaa horteyda.
(Haa, wad koo ee yaa ree kartaa hortoodah.)

ALIA picks up her hoop again and starts to swing her hips.

The hula hoop soon whizzes around her body. MUSA smiles. Now ALIA has the rhythm going - faster and more expressive - her whole body and soul determined to be free.

Her defiance is exhilarating.

EXT. KENYAN MARKET AREA - PARKLANDS - AFTERNOON

JAMA’S VAN pulls up beside a STREET VENDOR selling stacks of coloured plastic buckets.

JAMA
How much?

JAMA (CONT’D)
Meego waaye? (Merko why yay?)

STREET VENDOR
One eighty each.

STREET VENDOR (CONT’D)
Halka xabo waa sided shilling.
(Halka haabo wa deed shilling.)

JAMA
One thousand five hundred. For all of them.

JAMA (CONT’D)
Kun iyo shan bogol dhamaantooda.
(Koon ee-yo-shan bokoll dammaan-toodah.)

STREET VENDOR
(eyes popping)
Yes sir!

STREET VENDOR (CONT’D)
Haye Mudane!
(Haai yay Moo dan-nay!)
112  INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

The Reaper image hovers over Amadu’s house.

We now see that Alia’s compound borders this house – and in the corner of the image, we make out ALIA twirling her hoop. MUSA watches her as he repairs a bicycle.

   STEVE
   Look at that little girl.

A long beat as he and CARRIE look. CARRIE tightens on ALIA a bit, without losing the house next door.

   CARRIE
   Isn’t she great.

   STEVE
   Yeah, she’s beautiful.

   CARRIE
   Makes me smile.

113  EXT. ALIA’S COMPOUND - AFTERNOON

ALIA twirls and twirls her hula hoop with a passion.

114  INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY watches as ALIA twirls her hoop. She smiles.

115  OMITTED

116  OMITTED

117  EXT. ALIA’S COMPOUND - AFTERNOON

ALIA twirls and twirls.

118  OMITTED

119  INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the image from the Reaper too. Then talks into her mike.
COLONEL POWELL
Showman50, how long before you have your man in the area?

120 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON 120
The soldiers are still on stand-by as MAJOR OWITI talks.

MAJOR OWITI
He’s on his way, Ma’am. I can also get agents into positions outside the militia controlled area to cover as many exits as possible in case they leave.

COLONEL POWELL
Good. Do that. Thank you.

POWELL is also, for a few moments, distracted by ALIA.

A120 EXT. ALIA’S COMPOUND - AFTERNOON A120
FATIMA looks out from inside her house.

FATIMA
Tea’s ready. Come!

ALIA drops her hoop and heads into her house with her father.

121 EXT. EASTLEIGH - MILITIA CHECKPOINT - AFTERNOON 121
JAMA walks across the street towards the MILITIA MEN at the entrance to the militia controlled area of Eastleigh.

He looks convincing as a poor trader selling buckets - but one MILITIA MAN has an idea to check him out.

MILITIA MAN
Hey, show me.

MILITIA MAN (CONT’D)
Waryaa iTusi.
(War ya e too see.)

JAMA walks over to him. The MILITIA MAN checks that the buckets aren’t concealing anything.

MILITIA MAN
What are you hiding?

MILITIA MAN (CONT’D)
Maxaa qarineysaa Adiga?
(Maha qar nay sah aa-dika?)

JAMA
Hiding? Nothing sir.

JAMA (CONT’D) Maya waxbo ma Qarinaayo? (Maa ya wah bo maqara-nay- yo?)

The man RAISES HIS WEAPON and points it at Jama. Jama, tenses and backs up slightly.
MILITIA MAN

Give me one.

Jama frowns, confused.

JAMA

What? A bucket?

MILITIA MAN

You have anything else?

Jama swallows briefly. Does the man want a bribe? Afraid the man may search him he speaks very politely.

JAMA

Please sir, if I give you one, all my profit will be lost. Please sir.

A tense beat. Then the MILITIA MAN smiles as if Jama has passed some test.

MILITIA MAN

I’m joking, fool. Go! Go!

Jama draws a relieved breath, smiles politely and moves quickly through the checkpoint.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

JAMA walks towards Amadu’s compound. He stops at a distance. With a narrow view of the house, he is far enough away to avoid the suspicion of the armed guards.

He puts down his buckets and sits on one of them.

Then he surreptitiously takes a small box out of his pocket and opens it.

In the box is a live ‘AFRICAN FLOWER’ BEETLE.

JAMA places it gently on one of his overturned buckets.
The beetle flies into Amadu’s compound.

It searches the outside of the house and eventually finds an opening in a back door. It hovers, looking in.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - EARLY AFTERNOON

MAJOR OWITI (O.S.)
We are in. Transmitting now.

POWELL watches a second screen flicker as an image from the Beetle sputters to life:

Through a crack in the back door we see:

INT. KITCHEN - AMADU’S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

AMADU has his back to us. He is carefully placing seven dates onto a small intricately patterned plate.

He places the plate onto a silver tray, which already has two small ornate glasses of “zam zam” (holy water) on it.

He doesn’t see the beetle hovering just outside the door.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

JAMA controls the beetle. Watching the image on his cell-phone, he notices a BOY, KHALID, 12, staring at him.

KHALID
Is that a game?

KHALID (CONT’D)
Game miyad ciyaareysaa?
(Game mee-yad ay-yaar-ay-sah?)

JAMA
Yes.

JAMA (CONT’D)
Haa. (Hah.)

KHALID
Which one?

KHALID (CONT’D)
Nooce waaye?
(No-ay why-yeh?)

JAMA
Nothing for a boy.

JAMA (CONT’D)
Ma’ ahan midki ciyaalka.
(Ma-ahaan mid-key ee-yal-kah.)
KHALID
A shooting game?
Makula ciyaaraha?
(Ma-koo-la ee-ya-rah?)

JAMA
Do you want a job?
Fiiri shago ma Rabtaa.
(Fee-ree shak-koh ma rub-tah.)

KHALID
Yes sir!
Haa Mudane! (Haa Moo-dan-ay!)

JAMA
Stay here and sell my buckets. I will give you half my money.
Inta Joog iiGad Aaaabteyda waxaan ku sinayaa haaf lacagtaa.
(Inter joog ee-gut ab-tay-dah wa-haan koo sinayah half la-ak-tay-dah.)

KHALID
One half?
Hal haafay? (Hal haa-fa?)

JAMA
One half.
Haa, hal haaf. (Haa, hal half.)

KHALID
Yes sir!
Haye, mudane!
(Haa-yeah Moo-da-nee!)

JAMA
Ask one fifty for each bucket - but you can take one twenty.
Gad konto shilling baa-kat kii laakin ma gadi kartid lawaatan shilling bakaat kee.
(Gad konto shilling baa-kat kee laa-kin hag gadin car-tad la-waa-tan shilling baa-kat kee.)

KHALID
Yes sir! Yes sir!
Haye Mudane! Haye mudane!
(Haa mood-dan! Haa mood-dan!)

JAMA
And don’t talk to me, I am busy.
Tankale ha ila hadlin aniga waxaan ahay mashgool.
(Tan-ka-lay haa illah had-leen ar-neekah wah-haan ahay mush-gool.)

KHALID
Yes sir!
Haye mudane!
(Haa-yay moo-dan-ay!)
AMADU picks up the tray and exits the kitchen.

POWELL watches her screen as Amadu leaves the kitchen.

COLONEL POWELL
Follow him.

POWELL watches the image as the beetle enters the kitchen and rises quickly into the wooden rafters.

The house has no ceilings, and from up in the darkened rafters the beetle follows AMADU out of the kitchen and into:

The beetle in the rafters watches AMADU as he enters the living room with the tray of dates and glasses of zam zam.

There is a carpet and a small raised dias in the centre of the room. On the wall is a large framed sura (verse) from the Quran in ornate calligraphy.

RASHEED and MUHAMMAD are sitting crossed legged on velvet cushions. There is no other furniture. Both look anxious.

AMADU sets the tray on the dias before RASHEED and MUHAMMAD with great reverence.

The woman, who may be Danford, is sitting opposite them with her back to the camera.

AMADU sits on a cushion himself.

The woman gestures to the dates and water, prompting the young recruits to help themselves.

The young men reach for the dates, taking one each and eating with small bites.

POWELL stares at the live feed from the beetle.

COLONEL POWELL
Get Ringo around the other side to identify the woman.
The beetle moves position.

The live feed shows the unidentified woman looking up, having seen or heard something.

Her look is almost directly into camera.

A terrifying moment for POWELL...

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

... And a terrifying moment for JAMA as he sees the same image on his cellphone: A white woman’s face.

KHALID selling the buckets catches JAMA looking concerned.

KHALID
You okay? You lose the game?

KHALID (CONT’D)
Caadi ma tahaye muu kaa
badiyey game ka?
(Aah-dee ma ta-hay moo cub-bud-ee-ay game ka?)

JAMA
No, still in it. Leave me alone.

JAMA (CONT’D)
Maya, weli waaye iska key dhaaf.
(Maa-yah well-ee why-yay iska kay daff.)

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

The WOMAN looks down, no longer interested.

POWELL sighs with relief.

COLONEL POWELL
That’s Danford. Hawaii5, confirm PID please!

INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY matches library images of Danford with a frame grab from the beetle. She works quickly to identify her.

LUCY
PID, Susan Helen Danford.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL looks at the image from the beetle on her screen.
COLONEL POWELL
Hawaii5, thank you!

She types a secure text at her desktop to BENSON:

POWELL: We have her!

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

BENSON and the others look at the image from the beetle.

Benson has a secure laptop in front of him via which he receives text updates from PJHQ. He responds to POWELL'S text:

BENSON replies: Well done.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
We have Danford.

WOODALE feels the tension. As the senior politician in the room responsible for Africa, he will now be on the spot to approve a new course of action - or to refer a decision to a higher authority.

WOODALE
But we cannot enter the militia controlled area.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
No...

WOODALE
Then what is the plan, General?

BENSON draws back his shoulders.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Well, using the Reaper, we have the ability to strike a target with considerable accuracy...

There's shock on the faces in the room.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT'D)
If you agree, Minister... we could eliminate her.

Before WOODALE can answer:

ANGELA
Absolutely not!
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Ma’am, she is a member of Al-Shabaab and number four on our East African most wanted list...

ANGELA
I don’t care about your “list” General. I came here to witness a capture, not a targeted assassination!

BENSON eyes her coldly. WOODALE looks to GEORGE, the Attorney General, for advice, putting him on the spot.

WOODALE
George?

GEORGE
Frank, I’m sorry, but I agree with Angela. The idea was to capture Danford, not kill her. That is the mission approved by the P.M. And as Attorney General, that is what I came here to witness. We want her brought back to this country to stand trial.

A beat.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Right... I will put that to Colonel Powell.

He types into his secure text message service on his laptop.

POWELL sees the INCOMING TEXT on her desktop from Benson:

BENSON: Be aware COBRA is not inclined to eliminate her.

POWELL: Understood.

BENSON: Need a capture option.

POWELL: Not possible - until they leave.

BENSON: Understood.
STEVE and CARRIE watch the only image they have, from their own Reaper.

CARRIE
What’s happening?

STEVE
Don’t know. Matt, what’s going on?

WALSH and MATT have the beetle image on their screens.

MATT
We have a beetle inside the house and we’re seeing some people in there we don’t like.

They see an UNKNOWN MAN enter the room. RASHEED and MUHAMMAD rise to greet him.

MATT (CONT’D)
Hey, another raghead...

COLONEL WALSH
What did you say?

MATT
I said... there’s another “extremist” sir.

COLONEL WALSH
Watch your language, Airman.

MATT
Yes, sir.

STEVE (O.S.)
Who is he?

MATT
Don’t know yet. Stay cool.

POWELL sees the UNKNOWN MAN. He greets the young RASHEED and MUHAMMAD with a quiet respect and gestures for them to sit. He turns to smile gently at DANFORD and then sits beside her.

COLONEL POWELL
That’s him. That’s her husband. Hawaii5, confirm.
INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY grabs a still frame of JAMA’S image of AL-HADY.

She matches it to another image of him taken somewhere in Africa and runs it through a face recognition programme.

Then types into her chat: “Confirm PID - Abdullah Al-Hady.”

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

SERGEANT GLEESON
Ma’am, Hawaii5 confirms Positive ID on Abdullah Al-Hady.

POWELL smiles.

COLONEL POWELL
Excellent.
(into her mike)
Showman50, we have them both.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON

OWITI stares at the beetle’s image of AL-HADY on his lap top.

MAJOR OWITI
Yes, Ma’am. This is wonderful.

COLONEL POWELL
I need Peg90 to take me into the other rooms. Let’s see who else might be coming for tea.

MAJOR OWITI
Yes, Ma’am!

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

JAMA, tense, controls the beetle. KHALID sells a bucket.

KHALID
One hundred and forty!

KHALID (CONT’D)
Bogol iyo afortun shillin!
(Bogol eeyoh af-for-ton shilling!)
That’s a good sale. I must use you more often!

Yes sir. If I sell one more can I play your game?

If it’s a shooting game...

It’s not. Sell the buckets.

If it’s a shooting game...

It’s not. Sell the buckets.

Disappointed, KHALID turns away.

JAMA focuses on his “game.”

The beetle leaves the living room and flies down a corridor.

POWELL closely observes the image from the beetle as it looks into a bedroom.

The room has basic furniture. There is no one here.

POWELL watches as the beetle exits this room, goes back into the corridor and enters a second bedroom.

AN OLDER SOMALI MAN is bent over the bed.
He is unpacking something from a suitcase and laying it out carefully on the bedspread. As he steps back, we see:

Two garments neatly laid out on the bed.

POWELL watches as the beetle zooms in closer on the garments. They are suicide vests. Packed with explosives.

COLONEL POWELL
Shit...

She raises a hand to her mouth.

INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

COLONEL WALSH leans in, tense.

MATT
Fuck man! Fuck!

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE watch the Reaper image, concerned.

STEVE
Matt, what’s going on?

MATT
We’re seeing suicide vests and a whole bunch of fucking explosives, right inside that house.

STEVE
Fuck.

COLONEL WALSH
Stay calm, Airman. Don’t wind up the pilot.

MATT
Yes, sir.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

BENSON and the politicians with him watch the image from the beetle in shock.

BENSON
(dry)
Well, this changes things...
Angela looks pale.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL calls to Sergeant GLEESON.

COLONEL POWELL
I want legal in here now!

SERGEANT GLEESON
Yes, Ma’am.

He types a message rapidly into a chat room.

POWELL watches as the beetle image shows the older Somali Man cross the room to adjusts a CAMERA ON A TRIPOD. It faces a BLACK Al-Shabaab BANNER hanging on a wall.

MUSHTAQ
They’re gonna make a suicide video.

COLONEL POWELL
Sick bastard.

SERGEANT GLEESON
Who is that, Ma’am?

COLONEL POWELL
Looks like Osman Abade. He supplied the explosives in the Lamu bombing. We tried to capture him in Mombasa last August and lost two men in the process.

INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

Lucy scrolls quickly through a file on OSMAN ABADE.

ON HER SCREEN we see ABADE’S face as photographed by a surveillance camera IN THE LOBBY OF A HOTEL. Beside this footage we see images of the hotel AFTER A BOMBING ATTACK.

Lucy matches the hotel surveillance image with the image from the BEETLE and then types into the mission chatroom: “Confirm PID - Osman Abade.”

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL stares at ABADE as he tests the video camera.

A secure phone rings on her desk. She answers it.
BENSON is on his cell phone, trying to keep his voice down.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
What’s the plan, Katherine?

POWELL, on the secure phone, hesitates, then speaks firmly.

COLONEL POWELL
We need to put a Hellfire through that roof - right now.

We cut between the two:

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
I told you, they came to witness a capture, not a kill. Give me a capture option.

COLONEL POWELL
I no longer have a capture option. Any action on the ground will lead to an armed confrontation we will not be able to contain.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
They’re watching. Even with the vests, we will need their approval for a strike.

COLONEL POWELL
Tell them we have Danford in our sights. That alone should be enough to justify using the hellfire. The vests are a bonus.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Danford is a British citizen. They want her alive.

COLONEL POWELL
They cannot have her alive. Six years I’ve tracked her, Frank. We need to expand our rules of engagement right now if we want to protect the civilian population. A hellfire through that roof is our most effective option.

A beat. BENSON paces.
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
We have to know that we are legally
in the clear.

POWELL hides her frustration.

COLONEL POWELL
Of course. I’m getting into that
now.

152 INT. HALLWAY - CABINET OFFICES - AFTERNOON
BENSON turns and walks back into Cobra.

153 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
For a moment POWELL feels alone with her perilous decision.

HAROLD
Colonel?

POWELL is jumped out of her private moment. She turns and
sees MAJOR HAROLD WEBB, military lawyer, aged about 40.

COLONEL POWELL
Major, you’ve been following?

HAROLD
Yes, Ma’am.

COLONEL POWELL
The plan is to put a Hellfire
through the roof of this house. I
need legal clearance and I need it
now.

HAROLD
A missile from the Reaper?

COLONEL POWELL
Yes.

HAROLD
So this is no longer a capture
situation?

COLONEL POWELL
No. We have two suicide vests with
explosives inside that house. Can
you clear me a higher CDE?

HAROLD looks anxious and needs a moment to think.
COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
This is a time sensitive target. Do I have authority to strike?

HAROLD
The Rules of Engagement you are operating under only allow for a low CDE.

COLONEL POWELL
Yes, and my weapons only invoke a low CDE. It’s the explosives inside the house that bring it to a potentially high CDE.

HAROLD
And since you know the explosives are there, it is incumbent upon you to take account of them. I can see a potential legal objection.

COLONEL POWELL
Jesus, we have two suicide bombers and three very High Value Individuals inside that house!

HAROLD
And you want them off your list, I understand that. But the Rules of Engagement you are operating under envisaged a capture not a kill scenario... I think it would be wise to refer up.

COLONEL POWELL
Are you telling me that, or just debating with me?

HAROLD
To refer up? Yes. I am telling you that. For your own protection. Just to be on the safe side.

POWELL is angry. She picks up the secure telephone.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

ABADE has finished checking his video gear. He exits the room. The beetle camera follows him as he heads down the corridor to the living room.

BENSON answers a secure phone on his desk.
INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL on her secure telephone.

COLONEL POWELL
Sir, legal has advised me to refer up to the Attorney General. I need a quick answer.

She watches the image from the beetle as the young RASHEED and MUHAMMAD rise to greet ABADE with great respect.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
(on phone)
Okay, I will put that to him.
(he turns to George)
George, those explosives mean there is an imminent threat of serious harm to the civilian population. Can we strike?

George draws a breath.

GEORGE
Well given the new circumstances...
I would say yes. Brian?

WOODALE hesitates. As the senior politician, it’s his call.

GEORGE (CONT’D)
There is a political as well as a legal call to be made here.

WOODALE
(an edge of irritation)
Yes, I’m aware of that George...

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
(to Woodale)
We need a decision now, Minister.

WOODALE
Legally we don’t have a problem?

GEORGE
No. We don’t.
Angela looks far less sure.

WOODALE

Politically...

A beat. WOODALE feels the weight of the decision to be made.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Do we have permission to proceed?

WOODALE

Well... it seems George is implying that, yes.

George is about to object, but Benson seizes the moment to respond immediately.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

Thank you.

ANGELA

Hold on a minute, this is a change of mission from a capture to a ‘shoot to kill’ - isn’t it?

GEORGE

Yes... It is.

ANGELA

Are we all right with that?

A beat.

ANGELA (CONT’D)

I am sure we are not. There are two British nationals – and an American – as targets.

INT. PJHQ – LONDON – AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the image from the beetle.

COLONEL POWELL

(to Mushtaq)

Generate new damage rings for this compound with an assessment of the payload in those jackets.

MUSHTAQ

Yes, Ma’am!

COLONEL POWELL

Let’s have it now.
Continuing...

GEORGE
Angela, we have a Memorandum of Understanding between our two governments that covers us in a situation where a citizen chooses to align themselves with a terrorist organization.

ANGELA
What of the Kenyan government?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
This mission has the full support of both Kenya and the United States...

ANGELA
For a drone strike?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Yes! A missile fired from an RPA is part of an agreed contingency plan in circumstances like this.

WOODALE
Well, it does seem we have all bases covered.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Do I have permission to proceed?

ANGELA
No! Such a “plan” should not have been signed off by the PM without the authority of Parliament.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Operational issues are not generally discussed at Cabinet and certainly not in Parliament.

ANGELA
(snapping back)
I know the protocol. I’m talking about what should be happening.
INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL is on her phone.

COLONEL POWELL
Colonel, may I speak to your pilot directly?

Walsh hesitates for just a moment.

COLONEL WALSH
Yes, Ma’am...

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

COLONEL WALSH (O.S.)
(on speaker)
Steve, Colonel Powell wants to talk to you directly. Pick up.

A light indicates for STEVE to answer. He tenses. Then presses the button. He’s on speaker. Carrie hears it all.

STEVE
(answering)
Ma’am?

We cut between them:

COLONEL POWELL
Lieutenant, you are now our best option to take these HVI’s out. Prepare to launch a single AGM-114 Hellfire on the target house.

STEVE
Yes, Ma’am.

COLONEL POWELL
This is a friendly city. Collateral damage must be kept to a minimum.

STEVE
Yes, Ma’am.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

Continuing...
GEORGE
Angela, in my view all the legal criteria for an attack have been met, namely: This is a military necessity, there is no reasonable alternative, and the force to be used is in proportion to the threat. That should answer your question.

ANGELA
It does not, George! Has there ever been a British led drone attack on a city in a friendly country that is not at war?

WOODALE now looks uneasy again.

WOODALE
General?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
(reluctantly)
I do not believe so. No.

ANGELA
Then how can we sanction it?

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE, checking his screens, is on an open line to POWELL.

STEVE
(anxious)
Ma’am?

COLONEL POWELL
Yes?

STEVE
I have an ROE question. Is my Government aware that we are targeting a person with a US passport?

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

COLONEL POWELL
Yes, it is Lieutenant.
STEVE
I didn’t see anything in the SPINS about that.

(SPINS are special instructions for a particular mission.)

COLONEL POWELL
Lieutenant, we have new rules of engagement. You are covered.

STEVE
Yes, Ma’am.

COLONEL POWELL
Expect strike details shortly. This is going to happen fast so be ready to shoot.

STEVE
Yes, Ma’am.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION – NIGHT
CARRIE and STEVE have tensed up.

He puts down the phone.

CARRIE
Have you ever shot a Hellfire?

STEVE
No.

CARRIE
Or anything?

STEVE
No.

(a beat)
I’ve only ever been the eye.

(a beat)
You?

CARRIE
Me too.

They fall into silence as they both look at what is on the screen: their target.
A message comes in on the mission chatroom: Sky45, North20, prepare to launch missile.

COLONEL WALSH
(on headset)
Looks like it’s your lucky day today, guys. Stay cool.

STEVE and CARRIE glance at one another briefly.

The discussion continues:

GEORGE
Angela, I agree we are at risk of being perceived by the press as embarking on a ‘shoot to kill’ policy. But since all the legal criteria are sound - I believe we must allow this military action to continue.

ANGELA
Legally we may be safe, but politically, we are walking into a minefield. Especially with an American citizen involved.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Do I have permission, Minister?

They again all turn to WOODALE. He sweats:

WOODALE
Well, given the situation - that it is a change of mission - that it is now a missile attack on a British subject - in fact two British subjects, and an American, and in a friendly country - I think it is right and proper for me to refer up to the Foreign Secretary.

BENSON can’t believe WOODALE is passing the buck.
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
(annoyed)
With respect, Minister, you have
heard the arguments and he hasn’t.

GEORGE
And the rules of engagement mean
that the Prime Minister has already
approved it - and therefore the
Foreign Secretary’s input should
not be relevant...

WOODALE
(interrupting, annoyed)
No, the point is, I have not been a
party to previous discussions with
the PM on such matters and the
Foreign Secretary will have been!
So... I do have a duty to refer the
matter to him.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
What am I telling Colonel Powell?

WOODALE
Tell her to wait.

A beat. BENSON types a text into his laptop.

167
INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL, sees the text pop up on her screen:

BENSON’S TEXT: They’re referring up...

COLONEL POWELL
Christ Almighty...

She turns to MUSHTAQ, at work on his computer.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
Do we have that CDE?

MUSHTAQ
Yes, Ma’am.

MUSHTAQ uses his computer to put up an image of Amadu’s house
and compound on another of the large screens. Concentric
‘collateral damage’ circles are superimposed on the image.

He uses a laser pointer on his diagram of the layout of the
house and compound:
MUSHTAQ (CONT’D)
If the men stay in this room - and this here is the target area - we would expect a one hundred per cent mortality rate in the room, an eighty-five to ninety-five per cent mortality rate within this area and anything outside the building - this area here in the street - a sixty-five to seventy-five per cent rate. That is just the Hellfire. If we factor in the explosives in the vests... We are looking at even more extensive damage - way out to this area here - but I can’t accurately estimate that payload.

COLONEL POWELL
But we would be containing that payload in the vests within those walls, right? Far less collateral damage than them going off in a crowded shopping mall.

MUSHTAQ
Yes... Of course.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you. Obvious to anyone not trying to avoid making a decision.

MUSHTAQ watches POWELL walk back to her station - not entirely comfortable with her fixation on using the missile.

CARRIE and STEVE are charged with adrenalin as they begin the process of preparing to launch. STEVE reads from a 5 x 7 inch well thumbed binder - his Dash 34 (-34) checklist:

STEVE
Running the ‘dash thirty-four’ checklist. Carrie, call when ready.

CARRIE
Ready.

STEVE
Slant range, 22,000 feet, high impact angle. Standby for targeting brief.
INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL looks at the live feed: Danford has stood up.

COLONEL POWELL
Showman50, North20, when we attack, you will need to extract your man on the ground in a hurry. Prepare him to leave the area.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON

MAJOR OWITI
Understood.

He begins to type a text on his laptop.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

KHALID is selling a bucket to a passerby.

JAMA sees a text from Owiti on his screen: ‘May need to extract soon. Be ready to leave.’

JAMA
(to the boy)
Okay, I’m going soon! You should leave now.

JAMA (CONT’D)
Haye, mardhow waan baxayaa, waa iska bixi kartaa hadda!
(Haa-yay mar-dough wan-baa-hah-yah, wa iska beh-hay kar-tah ha-dah!)

KHALID
Just five more buckets, sir!
Please sir!

KHALID (CONT’D)
Shan xabo baakat keliya qadayaa waaku baryaa! Mudane waku baryaa!
(Shun haa-bo baa-kat ke-lee-yah gah-dah-yah waa-koo barr-yah! Moo-dan-ay waa-koo barr-yah!)

JAMA
Give me three, keep the other two.

JAMA (CONT’D)
Seddex xabo isii haay lawada kale.
(Sah-deh haa-bo ee-see hi lah-wah- dah kah-lay.)

KHALID
Keep two?

KHALID (CONT’D)
Labo keliya?
(Lah-bo key-lee-yah?)

JAMA
And go.

JAMA (CONT’D)
Soco. (So-oh.)
KHALID
Yes sir!

KHALID (CONT’D)
Haye mudane!
(Hah-yay moo-dan-ay!)

JAMA
Now.

JAMA (CONT’D)
Hadda. (Hah-dah.)

A little confused, KHALID takes his two buckets and heads off down the street.

JAMA sits quietly, watching the POV of his beetle, waiting for the order from Major Owiti to leave.

172
INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE continue the process of preparing the Hellfire, firing it up to test it.

STEVE
We’re greened up. Missile State Status is Ready. Left selected for single fire, coded and ready.

173
INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the live feed on her screens.

COLONEL POWELL
(into her mike)
Standby.

174
INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE continuing:

STEVE
You are clear to test the laser.

Carrie types a code to match her laser to the correct Hellfire missile.

175
INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

JACK is dialing a number from a console on the table in front of him.

WOODALE
Jack, what’s the hold up!?
JACK
I’m sorry, sir, I’m trying to reach him...

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Minister, the consequences of delay may be fatal to scores of civilians. These men could leave that house at any moment.

WOODALE
I understand that, General! But it is proper procedure that I seek his approval.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
If these men leave now, in separate vehicles – there are two vehicles outside – we have the ability to follow only one. We have only one eye in the sky.

ANGELA
Surely you have agents on the ground who could intercept...

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Intercept a suicide bomber on a city street?! We are trying to minimise collateral damage...

176
INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION – NIGHT
STEVE and CARRIE, both extremely tense and focused.

STEVE
Checklist is complete. Safety checklist complied with. Desired Point of Impact is captured.

STEVE watches the live feed from the Reaper.

177
INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM – NIGHT
MATT and COLONEL WALSH.

COLONEL WALSH
ROE is pending. We are standing by for clearance.
MATT
Come on, we need to go. They won’t
be in that house forever.

COLONEL WALSH
* Hey, keep it together, alright?
* Matt’s really on edge.

COLONEL WALSH (CONT’D)
* Alright?!
* MATT
* Yes, sir...

178 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
STEVE’s phone rings. He picks it up.

179 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
POWELL on the phone.

COLONEL POWELL
Lieutenant, we are clarifying our
strike approval. Sit tight and be
ready to shoot.

180 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
STEVE and CARRIE, tense.

STEVE
(on phone)
Yes Ma’am.

He puts down the phone. Looks at CARRIE.

STEVE (CONT’D)
It’s going up the kill chain.

181 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - HOTEL - SINGAPORE - NIGHT
KATE sees JAMES’ cellphone vibrating on a sideboard.

KATE
Hello? ... He’s not available at
the moment... Yes, I understand
but he’s... I can’t interrupt him
right at this minute... He’s on
the toilet... Okay, I’ll see what
I can do.

She knocks on the toilet door.
KATE (CONT’D)

It’s Brian on your phone.

JAMES

Brian who?

KATE

Woodale.

JAMES

What does he want? I can’t speak to him now.

KATE

He’s at Cobra and it’s urgent.

A moment - then JAMES grabs the phone from behind the door.

182 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

On a screen we see MUHAMMAD, RASHEED, DANFORD and AL-HADY getting up.

POWELL watches, tense:

183 INT. AMADU’S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

ABADE leads MUHAMMAD and RASHEED, chaperoned by DANFORD and AL-HADY, down the corridor and into the bedroom.

The young men are nervous. DANFORD and her husband are used to this. Taking one each gently by the arm, they talk quietly to keep the young men calm, steady and focused.

184 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the live feed from the beetle in the bedroom:

ABADE lifts an unarmed suicide vest over MUHAMMAD’S head. He and AL-HADY begin to carefully fill a dozen pockets in the vest with cylinders of EXPLOSIVES.

DANFORD watches, like a caring mother.

POWELL texts BENSON: They’re arming up. I need an answer. Now!

185 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

BENSON, watching the feed from the beetle, sees the text.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

We need a decision Minister. Right now.

WOODALE is about to speak but Jack bursts back into the room.
JACK
I have the Foreign Secretary...

He hurries to his seat and patches the call through onto the central speaker phone on the table.

INT. BEDROOM SUITE - HOTEL - SINGAPORE - NIGHT

JAMES is on the toilet, clutching the phone, unaware of what everyone else is seeing on the screen.

JAMES
Gentlemen, I cannot authorize a missile attack on an American citizen without the approval of the US Secretary of State.

Cut between the two:

JACK
Sir, the Secretary of State is in China.

JAMES
Then track him down.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Foreign Secretary, General Benson here. With respect, this has already been cleared at American Presidential level. We have a situation that could result in massive loss of life in the next ten minutes.

JAMES
Then use those ten minutes - and get the Secretary’s approval. That is my decision, General.

JAMES throws his phone back at KATE.

BENSON looks at JACK.

JACK
I’ll get onto the Embassy in Beijing.

JACK hurries from the room.

Back in Singapore:
JAMES
(to Kate)
Get me linked in on my laptop.

KATE nods. JAMES slams the toilet door closed as his stomach cramps again.

INT. HALL - SCHOOL - BEIJING - NIGHT

Rows of table tennis tables fill a large hall. Dozens of Chinese adolescents in red training shirts are crowded around a central table where KEN STANITZKE, the US Secretary of State, is playing a friendly match with a CHINESE JUNIOR OLYMPIAN PLAYER.

Despite the fact that he looks totally out of place the students applaud his efforts to return the ball. As STANITZKE lunges to return a shot, an aide - ESTHER ALVAREZ - hurries toward him with a phone.

ESTHER
Mr. Secretary...

STANITZKE swipes at the ball. A good return! Students cheer. He's pleased with himself.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Mr. Secretary, I have Jordan Ricardo on the line.

She whispers in his ear.

STANITZKE
Who?

ESTHER
Jordan Ricardo... From our Embassy here in Beijing. It’s urgent.

ESTHER hands him the phone.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE watch the live feed from the Reaper.

STEVE, his finger on the trigger, is more and more anxious.

INT. HALL - SCHOOL - BEIJING - NIGHT

KEN STANITZKE talks on the phone, trying to conceal his anger from his hosts.
STANITZKE
Why the hell are you wasting my
time referring this to me? ... No,
his citizenship does not protect
him. By joining Al-Shabaab he has
declared himself an enemy of the
United States... What?... Well, the
suicide vests are a bonus! Listen
to me! Tell the British that if
they really do have two, four and
five on the East Africa list in
their sights they have our full
support to strike... Yes, all three
are on the President’s kill list.
Tell them to take them out now!

He snaps off the phone and turns back to his Chinese hosts
with a smile.

190 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

JACK comes back into the room. He glances at the screen and
sees MUHAMMAD, in his suicide vest, stepping aside to watch
as ABADE takes the second vest and begins preparing RASHEED.

JACK
The Secretary of State has given
his permission.

WOODALE
Thank you.
(a beat, to Benson)
You may proceed.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Thank you, Minister.

ANGELA has run out of arguments for objecting: ON SCREEN, she
can see that ABADE has almost done wiring MUHAMMAD’S vest.

BENSON types a secure text to POWELL: “You have clearance.”

191 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL sees BENSON’S text pop up on her screen:

COLONEL POWELL
(to herself)
Thank you...

She reaches for her secure phone to STEVE as she watches
RASHEED standing to begin having his suicide vest fitted.
COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
Lieutenant, you have clearance to prosecute the target.

192 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE draws a breath. He’s tense but ready.

    STEVE
    Yes Ma’am.

He clicks off the speaker phone and turns to CARRIE.

    STEVE (CONT’D)
    Prepare to launch a hellfire.

CARRIE is tense too, but through months of training she has run simulations like this many times and knows what to do.

193 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - HOTEL - SINGAPORE - NIGHT

JAMES exits the bathroom, pale and drained. TOM has fired up a secure laptop via a mini satellite dish. He and KATE are watching the live feed from the Reaper and the beetle.

    JAMES
    What’s happening?

    KATE
    (tense)
    The Secretary gave his permission.

JAMES stiffens.

    TOM
    (getting up for James)
    They have a Reaper at twenty thousand feet and a micro RPA inside the house.

JAMES watches the Reaper image and the Beetle feed as MUHAMMAD steps aside in his fully armed vest, and AL-HADY encourages RASHEED to step up and be fitted with his.

RASHEED is nervous. DANFORD watches in silence.

194 INT. ALIA’S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

ALIA is curled up on the couch reading a children’s picture book about London. She lovingly looks at the photographs.
FATIMA (calling from outside)

Alia! The bread is ready!

FATIMA (CONT’D)

Aa-liya rootiga waa diyaar!

(Aa-liya rooti-gah waa deeyaar!)

ALIA is not happy about it, but covers it.

ALIA

Yes, mama!

ALIA (CONT’D)

Haye, hooyo!

(Hah-yay, hoo-yo!)

She slips her book under a couch cushion.

FATIMA hands ALIA a new basket of bread.

FATIMA

Not so many. Off you go.

FATIMA (CONT’D)

Ma’ahan wax badan. Soco quad.

(Ma-ah-hahn wah badan. So akat.)

She kisses ALIA on the forehead.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE go through the final preparations in the ‘countdown to weapons’.

On their Reaper feed we see the Guards outside the compound.

And in the neighboring house, ALIA heads out of her gate.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA, with her basket of bread exits her compound and walks off down the passageway toward the street.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the Beetle and the Reaper live feeds:

RASHEED seems afraid. He moves past DANFORD and enters a small bathroom. DANFORD follows and hovers at the door.

Powell watches as RASHEED paces nervously in the bathroom. DANFORD seems to be talking to him through the door.

POWELL

Trouble in paradise...
SERGEANT GLEESON
He’s having second thoughts.

COLONEL POWELL
Bit late for that.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON
MAJOR OWITI watches the Beetle and the Reaper live feeds.

INT. JAMA’S VAN - PARKLANDS - AFTERNOON
DAMISI watches the live feed from the Beetle.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
ALIA walks past the target house with her basket.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
STEVE and CARRIE continue their preparations.

STEVE
Weapon is armed, all green, good laser. DPI is in the centre of the roof.

CARRIE
Copy. Cross hairs on it now.

The image pulls back to check that no one is within collateral damage range.

STEVE has his finger on the trigger.

STEVE
Standby. Confirm pax status.

CARRIE
Good luck...

STEVE
Three - two -

ALIA appears on the edge of the screen.
A beat.

STEVE (CONT’D)
Is that a kid?
STEVE holds from pressing the trigger.

    STEVE (CONT’D)
    Zoom in.

CARRIE zooms in on the image.

    CARRIE
    It’s that little girl with the hoop.

STEVE is intensely anxious as he watches ALIA.

    STEVE
    I’ll give her time to walk through.

203 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL stares hard at the Reaper image.

    COLONEL POWELL
    You are cleared to engage, Lieutenant.

204 INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY watches ALIA on the live feed.

205 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE still hesitates, his finger on the button.

    COLONEL POWELL (O.S.)
    I repeat: you are cleared to engage.

STEVE is desperately tense. CARRIE, frightened, looks at him.

    CARRIE
    We can wait, can’t we?

206 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

For a few seconds POWELL stares at ALIA on the screen, lost in the thought of her and her fate.
INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE watch as ALIA stops at her corner spot table beside Amadu’s compound.

STEVE
(to Alia, a whisper)
What the hell are you doing?

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA puts her basket on the ground. She unfolds her tablecloth and places it on the table, sweeping her hand neatly across it. She puts her bread basket on the table.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

BENSON and the others watch ALIA setting out her bread in shocked silence.

ANGELA raises a hand to her mouth in disbelief, then looks to BENSON for a reaction or response, but he remains staring at the image of Alia on screen, at a loss for a moment.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL recovers from the place she has been in her head.

COLONEL POWELL
We have this one opportunity, let’s not lose it.

STEVE
Ma’am, she’s selling bread.

CARRIE
Oh, Jesus...

COLONEL POWELL
These men are about to disperse. Engage now.

A beat. STEVE is desperate to delay - but he also doesn’t want to let down the team and the mission.

STEVE
(bravely)
Ma’am, I understand we have clearance.

(MORE)
STEVE (CONT'D)
I will fire if I see the HVIs moving or when this girl is out of the frag radius - but I want to give her a chance to get out of the way.

COLONEL POWELL
Lieutenant, you have clearance. There is a lot more at stake than you see here in this image.

STEVE
(firm but nervous)
Ma'am, I need you to run the Collateral Damage Estimate again, with the girl out front.

COLONEL POWELL
The situation has not changed Lieutenant. You are cleared to engage.

CARRIE, keen not to disobey orders, anxiously looks at STEVE.

CARRIE
What do we do?

COLONEL POWELL
I repeat, you are cleared to engage!

STEVE is terrified by the presence of ALIA.

STEVE
Colonel Powell, Ma'am, I am the pilot in command responsible for releasing the weapon. I have the right to ask for the CDE to be run again. I will not release my weapon until that happens.

A long, tense beat. POWELL is seething. But these are the rules regarding a pilot's rights and she has no option but to respect the request:

COLONEL POWELL
Re-run CDE.

STEVE
Do I understand we are now on 'weapons hold'?
COLONEL POWELL

Weapons hold.

Despite her irritation, POWELL shows a moment of relief.

STEVE eases his finger off the trigger.

210 INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

MATT

Fuck!

COLONEL WALSH

(in his state of anxiety)

Steve, what the fuck are you doing?
You just threw the rulebook at a Colonel?

211 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE is trying to keep it together. To keep it professional.

STEVE

Sir, I am safing up the weapon
until you read me a new clearance
with a new CDE.

STEVE and CARRIE watch ALIA laying out her bread.

CARRIE

(almost a whisper)

Well done.

He nods his thanks. Both know he’s in big trouble now.

212 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the same Reaper image: ALIA looking small and vulnerable as she lays out the bread. On her other screen, RASHEED is still in the bathroom.

COLONEL POWELL

Sergeant, re-run CDE!

MUSHTAQ

Yes, Ma’am!

COLONEL POWELL

Showman50, North20, get your man
with the beetle to buy this girl’s bread and get her out of there.
INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON

MAJOR OWITI on his headset:

MAJOR OWITI
North20, Showman50, copy that.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

A text from BENSON appears on SERGEANT GLEESON’S screen.

BENSON: “What’s going on?”

SERGEANT GLEESON
Colonel, General Benson is asking for an update.

POWELL looks at her own screen. Sees the text:

COLONEL POWELL
Tell him we’re on weapons hold.

SERGEANT GLEESON
Yes, Ma’am.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

A text appears on JAMA’s mobile screen:

Text: Can you buy her bread?
JAMA replies: Very risky for me.

Text: Buy it. She will leave. Then get out.
JAMA replies: What about beetle?

Text: Leave it there.

JAMA, tense... then he texts: Going now.

INT. BEDROOM - AMADU’S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The beetle settles on a high roof beam, with a wide angle view of the bathroom, corridor and main bedroom.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the image from the Beetle and the Reaper.

MAJOR OWITI (O.S.)
He’s going in.
COLONEL POWELL

Thank you, Major.

POWELL watches the Reaper screen as JAMA approaches ALIA.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

JAMA walks along the street with his few remaining buckets towards ALIA. He is anxious but tries not to show it.

The ARMED GUARDS are suspicious of everyone and everything and so the way they are eyeing up JAMA is not unusual.

JAMA approaches ALIA.

JAMA (CONT’D)

How much?

Meeko waaye?

(Meek-oh why-yay?)

JAMA (CONT’D)

Fifty.

Konton. (Konton.)

JAMA (CONT’D)

Give me all of them.

Isii ayaga dhamaantooda.

(Iss-see ay-yay-gah dum-maan-too-dah.)

JAMA (CONT’D)

All of them?

Kuliggoodaa?

(Koo-lee-goo-dah?)

JAMA (CONT’D)

Yes. All.

Haa. Dhamaan keen.

(Hah. Dum-maan ken.)

As JAMA gets out the money, another armed guard - ABDI - comes out of the compound.

JAMA gives the money to ALIA and scoops up the bread.

ABDI

Hey?

JAMA flinches, but doesn’t look up.

*ABDI (CONT’D)

*ABDI (CONT’D)

Hey! I know you.

Waryaa waan ku garanayaa!

*Jama backs up slightly.

*
JAMA
Yes, I used to live here.

ABDI (CONT’D)
What are you doing here now?

JAMA
I am a trader now. Selling buckets.

ALIA, slightly nervous, starts to put away her tablecloth.

ABDI (CONT’D)
Where have you been?

JAMA
I have come back my friend!

ABDI (CONT’D)
I asked where you have been!

JAMA
I went back to Somalia. My mother was ill...

JAMA (CONT’D)
Haa, Waan ku noolaan jiray inta.

ABDI (CONT’D)
Halkaan Maxaad Ka Sameyneysaa?

JAMA (CONT’D)
Waxaan Ahay hadda ganacsade iib geeya baakadaha.

JAMA (CONT’D)
Waxaan usoo laabtay saaxibadeyda.

JAMA (CONT’D)
Waxaan ku weediyay xagee baad ku maqneed!

JAMA (CONT’D)
Waxaan dib ugu laabtay somaliya hooyadeyda ayaa xanuun-saneed...
ABDI (CONT’D)
No, no, I remember, you tried
to dance with my sister...
You took her into the city. I
remember... You have no
honor!

JAMA
I don’t dance anymore...

ABDI (CONT’D)
We chased you out!
(to his friends)
Hey, this guy likes the
Kenyans!

Alia listens, confused and a little tense.

ABDI (CONT’D)
(to the others)
Search him.

Jama starts to back up.

ABDI (CONT’D)
Do it now!

ABDI’s weapon is raised.
Two militia GUARDS approach to search him.
JAMA THROWS the bread and buckets at them and RUNS.
He dashes for an alley between houses.
ABDI and the two other GUARDS give chase.
ALIA pulls back, frightened for a moment.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
CARRIE and STEVE watch JAMA as he runs away.

STEVE
Fuck!

Instinctively CARRIE pans the Reaper’s Camera with JAMA.

EXT. EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
JAMA runs. ABDI, in pursuit, fires a round after him.
A BULLET barely misses JAMA as he clears a wall.
He lands in a yard where a barking dog lunges at him - but it comes up short on a chain that tethers him.

INT. P J H Q - LONDON - AFTERNOON

Powell watches with despair as Jama runs for his life.

EXT. EASTLEIGH BACK STREET - AFTERNOON

Jama scrambles over a fence and dashes through a compound.

An owner yells at Jama as he scrambles over a car and disappears round a corner.

Owner

Hey! What the hell are you doing?!

OWNER

Hey! Maxaa ka cadaabta u samaynaysaan?!

Abdi drops into the yard and points his gun at the owner.

Abdi

Where did he go?!!!

ABDI (CONT’D)

Xagee buu qaaday?!!!

Frightened, the owner waves vaguely in the direction Jama took.

EXT. EASTLEIGH STREET NEAR MOSQUE - AFTERNOON

Head down, Jama walks quickly across a street near a mosque, trying to look like he belongs in the area.

He ducks into an alley behind the mosque.

He runs down the alley, rounds a corner, vaults another wall, and -

Lands badly on a pile of building rubble:

His leg buckles as his ankle twists horribly.

In real pain he sees nowhere to hide.

He pushes through clothes lines, hobbles to another fence and drags himself over into -

AN ABANDONED LOT -

Across the lot, he sees a place he can hide beneath a pile of rusted metal sheeting - and he crawls under it.

He lies still, breathing heavily, eyes wide.
Not far away, out in the alley, he can still hear ABDI shouting and asking people where he went.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL, watching the Reaper feed, sees ABDI and two other MILITIA MEN arguing on a street not far from where JAMA has hidden. But for now Jama is safe.

COLONEL POWELL
Get me back to the house.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

CARRIE seems momentarily frozen at her controls, frightened, as she and STEVE watch the armed militia shout and point in different directions close to where JAMA is hiding.

INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

MATT
Carrie, forget him. Get back to the target.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE
Carrie...

CARRIE snaps out of her reverie. She leaves the injured JAMA and brings the image back to the outside of Amadu’s house:

ALIA is picking up the loaves JAMA dropped in the street. She dusts them off and takes them back to her stall.

CARRIE
Jesus, she’s going to sell them again...

CARRIE looks at STEVE. He’s pale.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA cleans the dust off the bread with the tablecloth and starts laying the loaves back out on the table.
BENSON and the others grimly watch the Reaper feed of ALIA. On the Beetle screen, RASHEED exits the bathroom. ABADE * ushers him back into the bedroom.

POWELL watches the Beetle feed as RASHEED returns to the * bedroom and sits back on the bed. *

On the Reaper feed, Alia is again trying to sell her bread.

MUSHTAQ
(small voice)
Who else can we get to buy the bread?

COLONEL POWELL
Forget the bread, Sergeant. We will be lucky if our man hasn’t blown the whole operation.
(to Harold)
Harold, where are we legally?

HAROLD
With the girl?

COLONEL POWELL
Yes! Are we clear?

HAROLD
Again, I would refer up...

COLONEL POWELL
No, I am asking you! We cannot hold up this operation any longer.

HAROLD
We need to take all reasonable steps to minimize collateral damage. If we’re buying her bread...

COLONEL POWELL
We’re not! It’s over. Dozens of civilian lives are at risk. Children’s lives are at risk.
(MORE)
COLONEL POWELL (CONT'D)
This girl is just one. Are we clear to engage? Yes or no! Make a decision!

HAROLD
With respect, Ma’am, I don’t make these decisions. I advise you on the law. And the law is not here to get in your way. It is here to protect you and your target...

COLONEL POWELL
Don’t lecture me, Harold!

HAROLD
Ma’am, the legal questions of necessity and proportionality are almost certainly met. But for the protection of you, and of that child, I would refer up to the Attorney General. That’s my advice.

COLONEL POWELL
Bloody hell...

On her Reaper Screen: Alia sells her bread. Unknown to her, ABDI appears in the yard and begins an animated discussion with a GUARD. After a while, the GUARD enters the house.

On the Beetle feed she sees RASHEED arms clasped across his chest, while ABADE moves MUHAMMAD into a kneeling position in front of the video camera.

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INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

BENSON and the others are also watching the Reaper feed of ALIA and the Beetle feed of Muhammad making his recording.

WOODALE
Jesus, they’re making a video...

BENSON’S SECURE PHONE RINGS.

He answers. Listens briefly. Lowers the phone.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
(to George)
Mission Command has a question on the legality of continuing the operation whilst this girl remains at the scene... Connect us, Jack.

JACK activates a screen and POWELL appears on it.
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT’D)

Go ahead, Colonel.

COLONEL POWELL

Sir, our lawyer says the girl’s presence has not necessarily altered the legitimacy of our operation, but he needs that confirmed.

POWELL is still keeping an eye on all her screens.

GEORGE

Do we have an assessment of what might happen to her?

COLONEL POWELL

The targeteer assesses a 65 to 75 percent chance of fatal injury should we proceed. But he has also assessed a projected loss of life of between thirty and eighty men, women and children if the vests are detonated in an urban area. It’s a guess of course. But we should assume they intend to target a crowded location.

No one knows quite what to say. On the Beetle screen, ABADE’S recording of Muhammad’s suicide video continues.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE wait anxiously.

CARRIE

What’s happening?

MATT (O.S.)

We’re going up the kill chain again.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE watch Alia.
INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the Beetle feed: MUHAMMAD still making his video but is suddenly interrupted by DANFORD saying something to ABADE and gesturing for him to come outside. ABADE, not happy, seems to tell AL-HADY to continue the recording.

On the Reaper screen, Alia is still trying to sell her bread, while in the yard of the compound behind her, ABADE appears and begins an animated debate with ABDI.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE watch as A WOMAN walks up to ALIA.

CARRIE
Come on, just buy the bread.

They watch as the WOMAN puts one loaf into her bag. There are now seven loaves on Alia’s table.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the Reaper feed as ALIA and the WOMAN talk.

The Woman walks away from ALIA.

On the Beetle feed, Muhammad finishes his suicide recording and stands looking lost, waiting for ABADE to return.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

ALIA is on one screen. On the Beetle feed RASHEED and MUHAMMAD wait for ABADE...

GEORGE
A sixty-five to seventy-five per cent fatality assessment - it could be argued - requires us to do whatever we can to enable her to be removed from the scene.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
We have done what we can for her in the time available to us.

GEORGE
There is no law covering a situation quite like this.

(MORE)
It is one thing to release a missile doing everything in one’s power to minimise collateral damage: In other words to release a missile whilst the street is clear, but in the hope that it will remain so... It is quite another thing to release a missile knowing that this girl will, at worst, be fatally injured and, at best, severely injured. So, I disagree with the assessment of your lawyer at Northwood.

ANGELA

Agreed...

GEORGE

I would be uneasy if we did not at least consider the option of delaying and giving her every chance to walk away.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE stares at ALIA. She is haunting him.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

ALIA’S presence is haunting this room too, disturbing everyone, whatever their point of view.

WOODALE continues to sweat through his indecision.

COLONEL POWELL is on a screen.

COLONEL POWELL

Sir, if we wait and they leave, we will no longer have control of the situation. Nairobi is a busy, crowded city. We must strike now.

The room is silent for a moment. BENSON fills the silence.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON

It is generally understood that it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice the one in order to save the many.

ANGELA

If the one is not oneself.
COLONEL POWELL

Secretary, this is an ethical argument we cannot get into at this moment.

ANGELA

Colonel, perhaps you should address that comment to the little girl selling her bread! The ethical argument is precisely what we must “get into.”

BENSON

Ma’am, I hope the fact that she is a sweet “little girl” is not clouding your judgement. Dozens of other “little girls” lives are at stake if these men leave.

Before Angela can respond, JACK’S laptop bleeps.

JACK

(to the room)
I’m sorry, a Ms. Jillian Goldman from the White House is asking to be patched through.

BENSON

Who?!

JACK

Jillian Goldman...

GEORGE

She’s the senior legal adviser on the US National Security Council.

JACK

She’s been briefed by the Secretary of State.

WOODALE

(without enthusiasm)
Put her on.

GOLDMAN’s face comes up on the VTC screen. Her image is on the screen next to the image of ALIA and her bread stall.

GOLDMAN

Good afternoon and thank you for allowing me to comment.

WOODALE

Thank you for joining us.
GOLDMAN
Our point of view here at the White House is that we should attack this target immediately. As the military members of your committee know, we have a points system that takes into account collateral damage to deduce what is, and what is not, a legal strike. And let me tell you, categorically, that the existence of this new circumstance does not push us beyond a legitimate military action. We are way off what we would consider a dispute in this matter.

GEORGE
Ms. Goldman, we have a somewhat different approach to the question of collateral damage...

GOLDMAN
(interrupting)
Sir, you must act NOW. You have two men about to embark on a suicide mission; you have number two, four and five on the President’s East Africa kill list in your sights - and you are putting the whole operation at risk because of one collateral damage issue?! I realize this mission is your call, but there will be some mighty angry people here in the White House, and at the Pentagon, and out there in the world, if you allow these people to leave and blow a shopping mall to kingdom come.

JACK
I’m sorry, we have the Foreign Secretary wanting to join.

WOODALE
Right... We appreciate your thoughts, Ms. Goldman. Thank you.

GOLDMAN
Thank you.

GOLDMAN is cut from the screen.
EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA stands beside her bread stall waiting.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE anxiously watch ALIA on the live feed.

In the AMADU’S yard they see the TWO GUARDS who chased JAMA with ABDI return. The GUARDS shrug and appear to be telling ABDI and ABADIE that they cannot find JAMA.

INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY also watches ALIA on the live feed.

INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT

JAMES, drained of all colour and in his pyjamas and dressing gown, sits watching his laptop. TOM and KATE are behind him.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

JAMES comes up on the screen vacated by Goldman.

JAMES
Good afternoon, everybody. Excuse my appearance, it’s night here and I have a bout of food poisoning...

WOODALE
(brushing it aside)
We’re very sorry to drag you off your sick bed...

JAMES
That’s quite all right.

WOODALE
... but thank you for joining us.

JAMES
George, do I understand this correctly: that there is a legal argument for waiting and giving this girl an opportunity to sell her bread?
GEORGE
Yes there is, but, conversely, it does not mean that there is not also a legal argument for releasing the weapon now.

JAMES
Forgive me, I’m not sure that helps me.

GEORGE
(awkward)
James, given the developing situation... there is a very persuasive argument that the decision to act now could be construed as legitimate.

JAMES
Is that “Yes”?

GEORGE hesitates. Tense, BENSON steps in:

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Foreign Secretary, there is a military necessity for acting now. In our view they will be making a move from the house at any moment.

JAMES
Gentlemen, what action is being legally recommended to me?!

GEORGE sweats. WOODALE steps in:

WOODALE
James, the legal argument is that we could wait but that we need not wait. The military argument is that we should not wait.

GEORGE
Exactly.

JAMES sweats on a decision, watching the live feed of ALIA in front of him on his computer.
Everyone watches the screen image of JAMES as he stares down at his own computer. Beside the image of JAMES is the Reaper image of ALIA and her loaves of bread.

In the compound yard, ABADE turns back into the house. *

JAMES stares at the Reaper image of ALIA, frozen by his inability to act as her executioner.

BENSON and the others watch JAMES.

WOODALE looks at ALIA. His face is drained of color. He draws a breath. He has finally made a most difficult decision.

On the Beetle screen, ABADE, frustrated, re-enters the bedroom. He moves RASHEED into a kneeling position on the floor and pulls the suicide vest over his head.

WOODALE
(to James, with real empathy)
James... My recommendation is that we do not delay in proceeding with this mission.

JAMES still hesitates.

COLONEL POWELL
Sir, if we do not act now we risk losing the lives of up to eighty people. Many will be children.

ANGELA
With respect, you can only assume those deaths - but what is certain is that, if we do act now, this one girl will suffer.

JAMES
And would you save her and risk killing eighty others?

ANGELA
Yes. I would save her and take that risk. That is what I would do.
JAMES
Angela, is it you or me who will be invited on to the Today programme to explain why we knew of the attack on a mall that killed eighty people but chose to do nothing to stop it?

ANGELA
(quietly, respectfully)
You, James... But frankly... politically... I’d rather point to Al-Shabaab as murderers of eighty people shopping than have to defend a drone attack by our forces that kills an innocent child.

A beat. Everyone is wrestling with the dilemma. GEORGE shifts awkwardly, perhaps persuaded by Angela’s new argument.

GEORGE
James, Angela makes a compelling point. If Al-Shabaab kill eighty people, we win the propaganda war. If we kill one girl, they do.

JAMES
So we don’t do it?

A beat. Unlike WOODALE and Angela, GEORGE, ever the lawyer, just won’t commit to a decision.

JACK
She’s got another customer.

They all look at the screen and see that A WOMAN is buying two of the loaves. There are now five left.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
I suggest you keep your eye on the other screen.

The beetle sees that RASHEED’S vest is slowly and carefully being wired with explosives by ABADE.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (CONT’D)
With respect, Foreign Secretary, are the lives of eighty people, including innocent children, really worth the price of winning the propaganda war?
JAMES, caught in a terrible dilemma, stares at the screen, watching as ABADE and AL-HADY wire RASHEED. The painstaking process will take time, but it is chilling to watch.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA sits by her bread stall, waiting. A mangy dog comes up to the stall and sniffs the bread.
ALIA talks to the dog - and the dog eventually wanders off.

INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT

JAMES is haunted by ALIA - and doesn’t know what to do.

JAMES
General, if we go ahead... might footage of our attack be leaked?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

They stare at James on the screen.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Sir, the footage from the Reaper is completely secure.

JAMES
But we’ve seen it happen before. There are many people involved in this operation. It will surely be recorded on many computers.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Foreign Secretary, I assure you...

JAMES
(interrupting)
General, I would feel uncomfortable if we did not at least wait a little longer.

BENSON bites his tongue.

JAMES (CONT’D)
If we go ahead... and footage is leaked... and this girl is... killed as a result... Then... I think the country would be most disturbed.
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Foreign Secretary, it is our task to make the right military decision. We cannot engage in an argument about possible future postings on You Tube.

JAMES
With respect, General, revolutions are fuelled by postings on You Tube.

251 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT

JAMES stares at ALIA, tormented by her image.

252 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

The room watches and waits, becoming increasingly impatient with James’ indecision. He can’t make himself ‘condemn’ the girl – and so he looks up to the camera and says:

JAMES
I think the consequences are such that we need clearance from the PM.

Just about everybody in the room wilts at another decision-maker passing the buck.

WOODALE
Foreign Secretary, you have the authority to make a decision without returning to the PM.

BENSON looks hard at WOODALE: ‘And so do you.’

JAMES
No, I am telling you that you need to take it to him.

JACK
Sir, the PM is making a speech in Strasbourg this afternoon and may not be easily interrupted.

JAMES
I will leave you to sort that one out, Jack.

JACK
Yes, sir... I’ll track him down.
JAMES cuts his camera and disappears from the screen.

Jack leaves the room in a hurry.

INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT

JAMES, is now off camera at COBRA, but he can still see and hear everyone in the conference room on his laptop screen.

He is horrified at the situation, and at his own lack of ability to decide, as he stares at ALIA in another window on his laptop.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

COLONEL POWELL

For God’s sake.

Her phone rings.

STEVE (O.S.)

Ma’am, what is happening?

COLONEL POWELL

You are on stand by, Lieutenant.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT (08.15)

STEVE and CARRIE watch ALIA.

STEVE

(to Carrie)

It’s still in the chain.

INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

MATT and COLONEL WALSH.

MATT

What the fuck are these guys doing in the chain anyway?

COLONEL WALSH

Hey, keep it together, alright?

MATT is really on edge.

COLONEL WALSH (CONT’D)

Alright?!

MATT

(reluctantly)

Yes, sir...
EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
The WOMAN buys three loaves from ALIA and walks away.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT STEVE looks at ALIA and her table.

STEVE
Two loaves left.

CARRIE
We’ve gotta wait now.

STEVE
Yeah.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
POWELL watches the feed from the beetle - ABADE is progressing well with the wiring of RASHEED’s vest - And then: THE SCREEN FLICKERS - AND DIES.

COLONEL POWELL
What’s happened to the feed?!

SERGEANT GLEESON
Checking, Ma’am.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON
MAJOR OWITI has the same dead screen.

MAJOR OWITI
North20, Showman50... The battery has died.

COLONEL POWELL
What?

MAJOR OWITI
I’m sorry, Ma’am. It’s a very small battery...

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
COLONEL POWELL
Christ...
She has lost control of the situation.
She stares hopelessly at the dead screen. And then at the Reaper image of the exterior of the house:

Nothing is happening outside.

Her phone rings.

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INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

Irritation is replacing tension in the room.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
What happened?!

COLONEL POWELL
Battery...

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
For God’s sake, now we have no idea when they might leave the house.

POWELL talks discreetly, away from the room.

COLONEL POWELL
I might have a solution. If my targeteer can calculate us coming in under fifty per cent for the collateral damage on the girl then do you think we will get approval at your end?

A beat. BENSON can only speak with others listening.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Yes. I do. Thank you.

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INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL puts down the phone. She looks at ALIA on the screen.

She feels a sickening personal relationship with her now - because she is in a position to manipulate her fate.

A beat, then she walks over to MUSHTAQ who is at his station.

She bends down to have a quiet word with him.

COLONEL POWELL
We are looking to present the collateral damage in the street, in this area here, as forty-five to fifty per cent fatality.

MUSHTAQ tenses up.
COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
Is that possible?

MUSHTAQ
I’ve calculated a sixty-five to seventy-five...

COLONEL POWELL
If we can put the payload here or here, if we can still guarantee target fatality but reduce the collateral...

A tense pause.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
Perhaps we can target the missile here... or here...

MUSHTAQ
Yes, Ma’am.

COLONEL POWELL
Do whatever you can to save this girl’s life.

MUSHTAQ
... Yes, Ma’am.

264 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
STEVE and CARRIE anxiously watch the image from the Reaper.

265 INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON
The meeting continues.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
If we have to announce to the people of Nairobi that we knew everything but we did nothing...

GEORGE
We do not have to announce that we knew anything, General. Let’s wait to hear from the PM.

BENSON is shocked at George cutting him short.

JACK comes in.
JACK
The PM asks that we do what we can
to minimise casualties.

ANGELA
(under her breath)
Bloody coward...

WOODALE
Is that all he said?

JACK
Yes.

WOODALE
How would you interpret that,
George?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Minister, we cannot have military
decisions dictated by government
committees! Nor can we put on hold
a military operation at every stage
for legal clarification. You tell
us when to go to war, we conduct
the war and you deal with the
aftermath.

WOODALE
(ice cold)
If only it were that simple.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL stands over MUSHTAQ as MUSHTAQ shows her his new
calculation with concentric circles over the target area.

MUSHTAQ
Adjusting the target to here...
there is a forty-five to sixty-
five percent possibility of
fatality.

COLONEL POWELL
Sixty-five?

MUSHTAQ
Yes.

COLONEL POWELL
I need that calculation to be
below fifty per cent.
A long pause.

MUSHTAQ

Well I...

COLONEL POWELL
Perhaps there is an adjustment in the assessment on the impact here?

MUSHTAQ
That calculation is already at the lowest limit of what I believe is possible.

COLONEL POWELL
Or if you target the missile here?

MUSHTAQ
I would still have to make that a sixty-five per cent possibility on the upper limit.

COLONEL POWELL
I need you to make this work, Sergeant.

A beat. MUSHTAQ looks cornered.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
Do you understand?

MUSHTAQ
Yes Ma’am.

MUSHTAQ is sweating at what he is being asked to do.

COLONEL POWELL
We are locked into this kill chain and a decision has to be made. There are many lives at stake.

MUSHTAQ
Ma’am... I think... I think that if the target is here then... then I could, I think, predict a forty-five per cent possibility of fatality. That might be possible.

COLONEL POWELL
Forty-five per cent?

MUSHTAQ
Possibly. Yes.
COLONEL POWELL
I will put that to Cobra.

MUSHTAQ
Ma’am, it’s...

COLONEL POWELL
It is my understanding that, in these circumstances, your calculation can only be speculation. That puts you beyond any culpability.

MUSHTAQ
Thank you, Ma’am.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you, Sergeant.

POWELL goes back to her desk. Looks at ALIA on the screen. She knows that she will be her executioner.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

POWELL appears on the screen.

COLONEL POWELL
Sir, I have a revised assessment from the targeteer.

A diagram appears on one of the other screens.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
If you look at the diagram... By targeting the missile here, there is an estimated forty-five per cent chance of collateral fatality in this area here, where the girl is positioned.

Suddenly everyone can see the get-out.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
We have now done everything in our power to give this girl a chance to survive.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Thank you Colonel.
(to Woodale)
Minister, do we have authority to prosecute the target?
Everyone now looks to him.

WOODALE
Forty five percent?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Yes. Minister, you recommended earlier that we do not delay in proceeding with this mission. With a lower CDE there is surely now no need to consult the PM. Or the Foreign Secretary. May we proceed?

WOODALE is skewered.

WOODALE
... Yes.

BENSON picks up the secure phone.

268 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT

JAMES, watching WOODALE and the group on his screen, covers his mouth with his hand. Though he now appears to be off the hook legally, he is horrified by what is about to unfold.

269 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL on the secure telephone.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON (O.S.)
You may proceed.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you, sir.

She puts the phone down.

270 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

CARRIE and STEVE watch ALIA.

CARRIE
(a whisper, a prayer)
If we can hold a few more moments and allow the grace of God - perhaps the grace of God - to intervene.
STEVE
(tense)
Talking like my mom.

CARRIE
I know. Mine too.

271 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
POWELL picks up the telephone to Mission Control.

COLONEL POWELL
Lieutenant, we have re-run the CDE. You are authorised to prosecute the target. Engage now. Am I clear?

272 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
STEVE watches ALIA with her two loaves of bread.

STEVE
(a long beat)
Yes, Colonel.
(to Carrie)
Cleared to engage.

An unbearable beat before he restarts the process to engage.

STEVE (CONT’D)
Running the ‘dash thirty four’ checklist. Carrie, call when ready.

Carrie can’t believe the order, but now she must obey.

273 EXT. ABANDONED LOT - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
JAMA emerges from his hiding spot. He takes off his jacket and hides it in rubble so he is less recognizable.

His twisted ankle is causing him great pain. He hobbles to a broken metal sheeting fence and looks through a gap into:

274 EXT. ALLEY - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
A boy, ALI, 10, is playing with a ball. Trying to look casual, JAMA steps bravely into the alley and calls to Ali.
JAMA
Hey, boy, what’s your name?

ALI
Ali, sir.

JAMA
Ali, I want you to buy me some bread. The girl selling it is on the corner of 147th and Parker, near the market. It is special bread - so only buy it from her. You must buy all of it.

He gives ALI some money.

JAMA
This is plenty of money. Bring it to me here. If you come back in five minutes, I will give you another two hundred shillings.

ALI
Yes sir!

JAMA
Go like the wind!
JAMA keenly watches him run around the corner.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - COMPANY D BASE - AFTERNOON
MAJOR OWITI’s phone rings. He answers.

Cut between:

JAMA
(on his cell phone)
I have sent a boy to buy the bread.
He will be there in two minutes.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
STEVE, now sweating profusely, continues to prepare the firing of the missile. He is being professional - but he cannot stop his emotion coming through.

Every so often he breaks off to glance at - but only for a second - the image of ALIA on the screen. He keeps his focus but is collapsing inside.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
POWELL is looking at the live Reaper feed.

MAJOR OWITI (O.S.)
We have sent in a boy to buy the bread.

COLONEL POWELL
We’ve been up and down the chain enough, Moses. We’re not taking any more delays.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
ALI runs down the road, weaving in and out of traffic.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON
Everyone watches the live Reaper feed on the screen.
Nothing is happening - just ALIA at her table and the occasional passerby.

280  EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
CLOSE ON ALIA - by her table, whispering, trying to recall what she has learnt from her book earlier in the day.

281  INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
STEVE and CARRIE continue their preparations to fire. The pressure of ALIA not selling her last loaves is unbearable.

282  INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
POWELL, tense.

283  EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
ALIA now turns off the street and runs down a passageway.

284  EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
A PASSERBY comes over to ALIA and talks to her.
We watch him as he walks on.
ALIA looks up and down the street.

285  INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
CARRIE pulls back the image to see if there is traffic - cyclists, pedestrians, motorists - approaching.
Two pedestrians walk towards the compound.
STEVE keeps his eye on ALIA.

286  EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
ALIA watches the TWO PEDESTRIANS approaching. She is hoping they will buy her last two loaves.
Further down the street, ALI emerges from an alley and runs towards Amadu’s compound.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the screen.

COLONEL POWELL

When they pass the house, we go.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE watches tensely as the pedestrians approach the stall - and walk past it.

ALIA now stands alone on the street. There’s a long pause.

STEVE knows he has to release the missile - but he can’t do it. Perhaps he is also waiting for that miracle, an angel, the grace of God, anything...

But he is getting no help.

He knows he is alone.

A beat.

STEVE

Three... Two... One.

He presses the button.

STEVE (CONT’D)

Rifle! Rifle! Rifle! Weapon away.

Time of flight, fifty seconds.

For fifty long seconds:

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE waits, watching ALIA and the house and the compound.

ALI comes into view, running down the street.

CARRIE

There’s a boy!

STEVE is too stunned to comment, as he glances at ALI and then fixes back on ALIA.
INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
POWELL, MUSHTAQ and HAROLD watch the screen.

   COLONEL POWELL
   He’s buying the bread...

She looks at her stopwatch.

   COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
   Forty seconds.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
STEVE and CARRIE watch ALI arrive at the bread stall.

   STEVE
   He’s buying that bread! Come on!

ALI buys the last two loaves, gives ALIA the money, runs off.

   STEVE (CONT’D)
   Put the money away! Put the fucking money away!

A beat.

   STEVE (CONT’D)
   Fuck! Put the money away! Come on!
   Put the money away!

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
ALIA takes her time to count her money.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
POWELL, MUSHTAQ and HAROLD watch in tense silence.

INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT
JAMES, ashen, KATE and TOM watch on James’ laptop.

INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT
LUCY, leaning forward, anxiously watches ALIA on the screen.
INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

Everyone watches the screen.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA folds her money. Then carefully puts it in her pocket.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE wait as they watch ALIA. She is now carefully folding her tablecloth.

    CARRIE
    Come on! Come on! Come on!

    STEVE
    Fifteen seconds.
    (with quiet dread)
    Come on...

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA’s in no hurry as she neatly continues to fold her cloth.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL again looks at her stop watch.

    COLONEL POWELL
    Nine seconds.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE watch ALIA as she finishes her folding.

STEVE watches her pick up the basket.

_Soundless, the missile goes through the roof of the house._

All we can see on the Reaper live feed is a dust cloud, obscuring everything around the compound.

ON THE GROUND -

ALI looks back in horror as secondary explosions from the two suicide vests rip the house apart.

IN ALIA’S COMPOUND -
FATIMA and MUSA react as the house next door detonates.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches, waiting for the dust to settle and the picture to become clear.

INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT

JAMES looks like he will throw up.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE stares at the smoke and dust where ALIA was standing.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

Alia’s table has been blown thirty yards away.
She has been blown over by the force of the blast.
She is bleeding and has internal injuries.
She doesn’t know what has happened or what is going on. She has entered another world: she knows nothing but an instinct to try and move away.
She gets up to move but her body - her legs - won’t propel her, they just won’t go with her.
She keeps trying to crawl forward - but no part of her body is actually able to achieve it so she rocks forwards and backwards, going nowhere.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

The dust cloud clears. STEVE can see ALIA. He can see that she is moving. He stares, horrified.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL grimly watches the same image.

COLONEL POWELL
Sky45, North20. Zoom in for BDA when able. We need to know that we have hit our targets.
309  INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE look at the image from their live feed.

    CARRIE
    Going in.

The camera pushes in on the ruins of the house and ALIA goes out of frame.

310  INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY is already analysing the Reaper imaging of the strike.

311  INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL and MUSHTAQ see what looks like a woman in another part of the house, crawling away.

    COLONEL POWELL
    Is that a body?

    MUSHTAQ
    It’s moving...

    COLONEL POWELL
    Sky45, close in.

312  EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA still tries to move herself away - but the strength is draining from her.

313  INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE look at the image from their live feed as it closes in on the remains of AL-HADY, ABADE and AMADU.

RASHEED and MUHAMMAD, who were wearing the vests, have been blown to bits and are not identifiable.

It tightens in on DANFORD, who is in another part of the building crawling away, unable to walk.

314  INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY works fast, watching the live image of DANFORD from the Reaper and matching it to a pattern-of-life image of her.
LUCY
Suspect crawling away identified
with high probability as Susan
Helen Danford.

315 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
POWELL, HAROLD and MUSHTAQ watch the image from the Reaper.

316 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
ALIA has stopped trying to crawl to safety. She is running out of strength.

A316 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
POWELL, HAROLD, MUSHTAQ, their eyes still fixed on the image.

   COLONEL POWELL
   Re-engage target.

   HAROLD flashes her a look...

   HAROLD
   Colonel...

   COLONEL POWELL
   (ignoring him)
   We’re going again.

317 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
STEVE briefly looks at ALIA on the screen.

   COLONEL POWELL (O.S.)
   Target the moving body.

STEVE and CARRIE take a deep breath. They have fallen into their own hell.

   STEVE
   Re-engaging target.

318 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
ALIA is alone. Fading away.
EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

JAMA hobbles round a corner and looks down the street to where the explosion took place. He can see the dying ALIA. He stares in horror as people push past him to see what has happened in their neighbourhood - curious, afraid, shocked...

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE go through the same routine as they prepare to fire again.

INT. ROOM - HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

LUCY takes a moment off analysing the pictures to try and recover from having to watch ALIA fighting for her life.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL, grim, as she looks at the image of ALIA.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA alone.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

Everyone watches ALIA, a small helpless figure on the screen. She moves slightly. No one is capable of taking their eyes off the screen.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE pulls the trigger and releases the second missile.

STEVE
Rifle! Weapon away. Fifty seconds.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA alone. Several long seconds. Then we hear an anguished cry.
MUSA

ALIA!!!!

ALIA strains to turn and sees:

Her mother and father running towards her.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

STEVE and CARRIE are shocked as they see MUSA and FATIMA coming into view.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches the scene play out on the screen.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA lies in the street.

MUSA and FATIMA run towards her.

*Boom!*

The second missile explodes in the compound.

INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

The same dust cloud obscures the view of the compound - and again STEVE and CARRIE have to wait to see anything.

As the dust clears, they see Musa and Fatima lying flat on the ground in the street.

Musa struggles up, covered in blood. Fatima rises too. Her one arm hangs limply, bloodily by her side.

STEVE watches ALIA: she is not moving.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL watches. MUSHTAQ and HAROLD watch. No-one in the room moves.

EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON

ALIA lies on the ground. Now we see that she is still alive.
She looks up - and sees MUSA and FATIMA stumbling toward her. MUSA comes to ALIA. He picks her up. No one else is coming near the scene. MUSA and FATIMA stagger away from the bombed house with ALIA. It’s a terrible image as they stagger down the street. Someone reverses a pickup truck towards them. It’s the one we saw earlier with the YOUNG MILITIA MEN and the machine gun bolted onto the back. The MILITIA MEN jump down to help MUSA and FATIMA put ALIA into the back. They rapidly dismount the machine gun and toss it to another man on the street to make room in the back. The DRIVER gets back into his cabin and drives off.

333 INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON
POWELL watches as the pickup truck drives out of the image.

334 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT
STEVE and CARRIE watch the screen in horror.

335 INT. BEDROOM SUITE - SINGAPORE - NIGHT
JAMES, doubled over with stomach ache, and in shock - with KATE and TOM watching from behind him - stares at the Reaper image on his laptop.

336 EXT. STREET - EASTLEIGH - AFTERNOON
JAMA watches helplessly as the pickup truck roars past him. He looks around him. No-one is paying attention to him now. Everyone is focused on the site of the missile attack. Devastated, he stares blankly back at the destroyed house as shocked neighbours begin to gather in the street.
EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - EASTLEIGH STREET - AFTERNOON

We are with MUSA and FATIMA cradling ALIA as they are driven fast down the road. They race towards the checkpoint. Shocked Militia move aside as the vehicle speeds through.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL - AFTERNOON

They are all still staring at the screen.

INT. PJHQ - LONDON - AFTERNOON

POWELL looks at the live feed. She’s grimly realistic that she has done what had to be done. She picks up the phone.

COLONEL POWELL
Lieutenant, are you okay?

We cut between them:

STEVE answers on the phone.

He is not okay. And neither is CARRIE.

STEVE
Yes Ma’am.

COLONEL POWELL
You have done your job well.

STEVE
Thank you, Ma’am.

COLONEL POWELL
We have eliminated three high value targets.

A beat. STEVE is silent.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
And we have saved a lot of lives.

STEVE
Yes, Ma’am.

STEVE is desolate.

CARRIE is pale and in shock.

POWELL hesitates a moment longer. Then hangs up the phone.

She notices MUSHTAQ sitting in silence, just looking at her.
COLONEL POWELL
I’m sorry, Sergeant, I couldn’t see any other option.

MUSHTAQ
Yes, Ma’am. I understand that.

But MUSHTAQ doesn’t understand it. POWELL’S military intelligence career has been reduced to lying about percentages in order to complete her mission.

MUSHTAQ stares at her, numb.

COLONEL POWELL
You will file your report as a 45 percent CDE.

Silence from MUSHTAQ.

COLONEL POWELL (CONT’D)
Sergeant?

A beat.

MUSHTAQ
45 percent. Yes, Colonel.

POWELL can’t hold MUSHTAQ’S look.

340  EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - NAIROBI CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON  
MUSA cradles ALIA in his arms in the back of the pickup as it speeds its way - horn blaring - through the streets...

341  INT. SQUADRON OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT  
COLONEL WALSH is looking at the Reaper image. It’s just sitting still.

      COLONEL WALSH
      Steve you need to get us close in on the remains of Danford.

342  INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT  
STEVE and CARRIE glance at each other.

In stunned silence, CARRIE starts to zoom in as STEVE pilots the Reaper slowly back over the destroyed house and they hone in on the scattered parts of a dead body in the rubble.
LUCY, unsettled, but still professional, matches the image of the dead body parts, of the clothing, to the image of Susan Danford taken when she was alive earlier.

CARRIE and STEVE both stare silently, numbly at the screen. They see the chatroom message: “Based on the footage I am seeing, body confirmed as Susan Helen Danford.”

POWELL picks up the secure telephone.

COLONEL POWELL
(quietly, sombre)
Mission accomplished.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Good job. Well done, Katherine.

COLONEL POWELL
Thank you, Frank.

For the first time we see the MQ-9 Reaper UAV. It is 20,000 feet up in the sky.

We see Nairobi far, far below.

The Reaper turns around and heads back home.

The meeting is over. GEORGE and BRIAN leave quietly, briefly, awkwardly, shaking Benson’s hand.

As the room empties, ANGELA looks across the table as BENSON begins packing his things.
ANGELA
In my opinion, that was
disgraceful. And all done from the
safety of your chair.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
I have attended the immediate
aftermath of five suicide bombings.
On the ground. With the bodies.
What you witnessed today, with your
coffee and biscuits, is terrible.
What these men would have done
would have been even more terrible.
That is how it is.
(almost killing her with
the line)
Never tell a soldier that he does
not know the cost of war.

He takes his briefcase and walks out.

349  INT. CORRIDOR - COBRA - WHITEHALL - LATE AFTERNOON

As BENSON exits the room, his AIDE-DE-CAMP hands him the
Annabell Time To Care doll. He is momentarily confused, then
manages a half smile.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BENSON
Thank you, Captain.

He takes the doll and walks away down the quiet hallway.

350  INT. CORRIDORS / OPERATING THEATRE - HOSPITAL - DUSK

MUSA, carrying ALIA, and FATIMA - in bloody clothes and with
bloodied faces - alarm everyone as they burst through doors
into a busy hospital corridor.

Moving down the corridor, they shout for attendance.

A NURSE rushes forward.

Seeing the extent of Alia’s injuries, she rushes them into a
rudimentary operating theater.

MUSA lays ALIA onto an operating table.

A DOCTOR approaches quickly and takes a look at her.

But it doesn’t take him long to realize that ALIA is dead.

He looks at FATIMA and MUSA.
An agonising silence. And it slowly dawns on them that they have lost her.

CLOSE ON ALIA - lying there, very still.
And then MUSA lets out the grieving roar of an animal that echoes into the next scene -

A350 EXT. CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - DAWN
CAMERA PANS across a vast, empty desert, and finds the isolated airforce base shimmering in early morning heat.

351 EXT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - MORNING
A METAL DOOR is shoved open hard. STEVE and CARRIE step out into the blazing sun and blinding light of the Nevada desert.

They stop as they see COLONEL WALSH standing alone in the harsh light a short distance away, silently waiting for them.

STEVE holds a canned drink. His hand shakes. Adrenalin has kept him going. Now he is drained. A mental wreck.

CARRIE looks confused. Can't process what has just happened.

WALSH eyes them both, then tries awkwardly to offer comfort:

COLONEL WALSH
You did well. Both of you.

They stand in silence for a moment.

STEVE
Will you let me know what happened to the girl?

COLONEL WALSH
I will find out.

STEVE
I need to know that.

COLONEL WALSH
I know you do.

STEVE
Text me or something.

COLONEL WALSH
I’ll do that.
STEVE
Thank you.

Silence again. Then -

COLONEL WALSH
We should get you home... I need you back here in twelve hours.

STEVE and CARRIE stare at COLONEL WALSH blankly. Lost.

352 EXT. ALIA’S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - DAWN (FLASHBACK)

ALIA, laughing, swinging her hips, her hula hoop whizzing around her.

353 INT. CAR - A ROAD - ENGLAND - NIGHT

CLOSE ON POWELL, as if she is seeing the image of ALIA, driving in silence for a while, lost in thought.

Then she snaps out of her reverie and taps the screen on her car’s inboard computer. She selects ‘check messages’.

COMPUTER VOICE
You have one unheard message...

Her husband’s voice comes on.

SIMON (V.O.)
Katherine, I want you to know that I don’t appreciate your angry calls first thing in the morning. Neither do the boys want to be humiliated in front of their girlfriends. Robert is under a lot of stress with his exams so you back off.

This is just about the last thing she wants to hear. As she drives on, she is as tense as she was in the morning.

We pre-lap the rising SOUND of an angry crowd...

354 EXT. AMADU’S COMPOUND - EASTLEIGH - DUSK

A large crowd has gathered in the street outside the bombed house. Placards denouncing America and Britain are waved. Weapons brandished.

Some of them set fire to a United Nations flag - and angrily wave the burning emblem.
Camera rises up, slowly leaving the crowd below.

As we rise higher, clouds slowly move in, until the view below disappears completely and we -

FADE TO BLACK

END