

**A MOST WANTED MAN**

Screenplay

by

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Based on the novel

by

John le Carré

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Second Draft

1 INT. A CAR - DUSK

1

A clock is ticking.

Close on the face of GUNTHER BACHMANN at the wheel of a parked car, the engine running - stubble on his chin, lines around his eyes, his gaze alert.

Through the windscreen... a woman, ANNABEL RICHTER emerging through the fading light as she approaches the car.

She looks back over her shoulder at something and then back to Bachmann. Their eyes meet. And then her face changes.

She has seen something... her mouth opens to scream a warning.

On Bachmann... tick tick

Black.

Fade in

2 EXT/S. THE CITY OF HAMBURG - DAY

2

The prow of a huge ship cuts through the water of the River Elbe; its decks stacked high with shipping containers. It sounds its horn boldly announcing its arrival into Hamburg.

The mansions of Blankenese line the cliffs of the river's edge; each one grander than the next, homes to the shipping barons and bankers who own this city.

Trucks bearing shipping containers clog the freeways and bridges which sweep across the port below.

The cranes and hoists work on the busy harbour docks.

The sun reflects off the modern glass towers of Hafften City as the sparkling new opera house reaches for the sky.

The city of Hamburg stands at the forefront of Europe's wealth; modern, confident... and unsuspecting.

3 EXT. A BUSY SQUARE - DAY

3

Fashionably dressed PEOPLE browse in shop windows and sit at cafe tables; some laughing in conversation, others reading newspapers, talking on their mobile phones, working on their laptops.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

CHILDREN are running through the square. A WOMAN is feeding the pigeons. A YOUNG MAN plays a haunting violin. All is well and as it should be in the city of Hamburg until

A TALL, YOUNG, MUSLIM MAN appears and furtively surveys the square. He wears a dark coat, a skull cap and an unkempt beard. He clutches a dirty backpack.

He is noticed immediately. It is almost imperceptible; a glance here, a glance there, a surreptitious look to check if anyone else has noticed the dark and unwashed stranger.

He finds a chair and sits. He hears the violin and seems to take a moment's pleasure in the music before he lowers his head. He looks at his hands in his lap... they are shaking.

His eyes close and he begins to rock gently back and forth as his lips start to quiver in a mumbled prayer.

People watch him. The violin player stops playing. For a moment everything is still - as it moves through the square; this prickling of heat on the brow, this tightening in the stomach, this moment of decision.

A WOMAN is the first to break as she tucks her magazine into her bag and rises from her table. A YOUNG MAN snaps his laptop closed and rises. A WOMAN leans into her COMPANION and whispers before they move to gather their things.

The Violin Player packs his instrument away. A MOTHER reaches for her child and pulls him closer. The child screams out in protest.

A MAN alarmed by the child's cry rises from his chair but the strap of his bag is caught around the chair leg causing it to fall with a bang like a gun shot.

The pigeons take flight.

People rise in alarm, moving now, fearful, with children wailing and shop doors closing. A WOMAN screams as she trips and falls. Somebody breaks into a run. Somebody takes it as a sign, that something is wrong, that something unthinkable is about to happen.

ANOTHER WOMAN screams, people push, chairs fall, a child is pushed to the ground... As the young man rocks and prays oblivious to the mayhem around him.

ABDULLAH (V.O.)

Are you afraid, my friends... of us?

4 INT. HAMBURG UNIVERSITY LECTURE THEATRE - DAY

4

DOCTOR FAISAL ABDULLAH, a dignified figure in clerical white sits before an attentive audience of academics, students and journalists.

ABDULLAH  
Of Islam?

His passes a benign look across his audience knowing the use of a well placed pause.

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
People are suffering all through the  
Muslim world; in Gaza, in Bahgdad, in  
Palestine, Lebabon, Somalia, Afghanistan.

Among the audience we find GUNTHER BACHMANN, once handsome, not that he would have noticed or cared, now with a face that wears every one of his forty plus years.

ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
The security the West demands cannot be  
attained whilst such suffering continues.  
You know this. One people cannot continue  
to prosper at the expense of another. Not  
without consequence.

A MAN rises from the audience... he still has the microphone in his hand from a previously asked question.

THE QUESTIONER  
The question was simple Dr. Abdullah. Do  
you support terrorism?

ABDULLAH  
And the answer is also simple. No. Of  
course I cannot accept violence against  
the innocent. This is not the way of  
Allah.

5 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. TRAVELLING - DAY

5

Rain on the windscreen. The passing lights of traffic in the fading light. BACHMANN at the wheel.

ABDULLAH (V.O.)  
However, it is the definition of  
innocence that remains a matter of some  
debate between us.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

Bachmann turns on his car cd player - something dark and moody, like him. Johnny Cash maybe, "I See A Darkness".

He stares at the road ahead.

6 INT. THE STABLES. BACHMANN'S AND IRNA'S ROOM - DUSK

6

Surveillance photographs of Abdullah spill from a file onto a desk strewn with paper, ashtrays and empty coffee cups.

We are in an office in two parts. It looks like a bomb has gone off in one whilst the other is in immaculate order. IRNA FREY, 40's is at her desk, as neat and well put together as the half she occupies.

NIKI enters with a folder.

NIKI  
(placing it on her desk)  
Dr. Abdullah's speech.

IRNA  
Should I read it?

Niki is not sure of what answer she should give.

IRNA (CONT'D)  
Will I learn anything I don't already know, Niki.

NIKI  
Probably not... It's more of the same.

IRNA  
What do you think of him... our Dr. Abdullah?

NIKI  
He's vain. He likes the sound of his own voice. He likes to be right.

IRNA  
Heavens! Sounds just like Gunther.

The phone rings. Irna takes it as Niki leaves.

IRNA (CONT'D)  
Yes Maxi?

7 INT. THE STABLES. THE RESEARCHER'S DEN - CONTINUOUS 7  
MAXIMILIAN, late 20's has his eye on the screen before him.

MAXIMILIAN  
Can you take a look at something?

8 INT. THE STABLES. A CORRIDOR - A MOMENT LATER 8  
KARL and RASHEED, mid 20's, two of the foot soldiers of the operation are throwing a tennis ball to each other along the length of the corridor as

IRNA steps from her office and catches it mid throw... and pockets it. She silences their imminent protests with a look before disappearing through another door.

9 INT. THE RESEARCHERS DEN - A MOMENT LATER 9

And descending the stairs into MAXI'S dark den where she finds him crouched over a computer screen.

He tilts the screen to IRNA to reveal a head shot of a young man - unshaven, emaciated, desperate, the same young man from the square. The word WANTED is plastered across the image.

MAXIMILIAN  
His name's Issa Karpov. He's on the international watch list.

IRNA  
And?

MAXIMILIAN  
He's in Hamburg.

10 EXT. O.P.C COMPOUND. ENTRANCE - NIGHT 10

BACHMANN swings his car onto an approach road. His headlights pick out a guard house, a boom gate and a discrete sign identifying the compound as the Office for the Protection of the Constitution.

11 EXT. O.P.C COMPOUND. CARPARK - MOMENTS LATER

11

BACHMANN pulls up and gets out of his car. He looks over to an austere building. It is ablaze with light. Hamburg's arm of the domestic intelligence service is still at work.

He lights a cigarette and moves off in the opposite direction across a courtyard toward the more shadowy and humble quarters of the Foreign Acquisitions Unit, known simply as The Unit by the dozen or so hand picked foreign intelligence operatives who belong to it. The Unit is housed in an ex-SS riding stables and Irna who has a nose for such things insists that the smell of horses still pervades the building.

12 INT. THE STABLES. THE RECREATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

12

KARL and RASHEED are eating Chinese take-away beneath a wall plastered with the photos of the wanted and lost of Europe, when BACHMANN enters with his cigarette.

RASHEED

We got you some food.

KARL

And then we ate it.

IRNA

(as she enters)

Don't worry. Gunther's on a diet.

KARL

Can we have our ball back?

IRNA

No. (to Bachmann) Maxi needs you, Dear.

Bachmann looks to her for an explanation.

IRNA (CONT'D)

(leaving)

Let him tell you. He's terribly excited.

BACHMANN

(as he goes)

What's that?

As Karl looks to where he is pointing Bachmann stubs his cigarette out in his dinner. Karl stares at his food, his mouth open in disbelief.

13 INT. THE RESEARCHERS DEN - MOMENTS LATER

13

BACHMANN and IRNA descend the stairs into the den.

MAXI and NIKI are watching a bank of screens. Each one reveals a series of different stills of Issa Karpov in the square, shot on different mobile phones.

MAXIMILIAN

Around one p.m police start receiving reports of someone acting suspiciously in a square in St Pauli. Three sets of images turn up taken from different mobile phones. Quality not great as you can see.

Maximilian zooms in on a still of Issa.

MAXIMILIAN (CONT'D)

But good enough.

Maximilian manipulates his keyboard to produce the police wanted photograph - full face and both profiles.

IRNA

Turkish police issued a search notice two weeks ago. Our Maxi was bright enough to cross check.

A nod is all the approval Bachmann gives. But it's all Maxi needs.

MAXIMILIAN

Karpov. Issa. Born Grozny. Chechnya. Twenty Four. Described as an escaped Muslim militant. Violent. Approach with caution.

Bachmann stares at the screen, giving nothing away.

KARL and RASHEED descend the stairs and join them as Maxi operates the keyboard.

MAXIMILIAN (CONT'D)

We cross checked CCTV footage from the train and bus stations. Niki spotted him first.

CCTV footage appears of ISSA walking through the human traffic on the station concourse and then curled up on a bench at the Hamburg Railway Station.

(CONTINUED)

NIKI

It was the coat. And his height. He's tall. He can't get comfortable on the bench... You see he keeps moving.

The image switches to ISSA as he is approached by A FAT MAN wearing a sailor's cap.

BACHMANN

Who's the fat bastard?

The footage shows Issa and the man in conversation. After a moment Issa takes the man's hand in both his own as if to shake it. Bachmann sees something.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

The hands... give me the hands.

Maxi works the keyboard to zoom onto his hands. There in the blurry image, something is being passed between them.

NIKI

A note?

IRNA

Maybe currency.

Issa then walks out of frame.

MAXIMILIAN

That's our last sighting of him.

BACHMANN

Who else knows he's out there?

MAXIMILIAN

The police. They've issued a general alert. But I don't think they know who they've got.

BACHMANN

And our idiot protectors on the other side of the car park?

IRNA

If not yet... they will soon.

Bachmann is silent as he considers what he has heard. They wait on his word.

BACHMANN

Right. What do we know? Anyone?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

They are all silent.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

We know this boy has friends. How do we know that? Because you do not escape Russian security or a Turkish gaol for that matter without help. So who is helping him?... Rasheed... Where the fuck is Rasheed?

IRNA

Behind you.

BACHMANN

Start with the mosques... ask around, low profile stuff, alarm no one. Niki... find out what Moscow will tell us and Karl... find out who the Fat Bastard is.

Karl, Rasheed and Niki move off as Bachmann and Irna stay focussed on the image of Karpov on the screen.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

And Karpov? Who is he? What is he? A Muslim first name. And a Russian last name. But no patronymic. Is he the son of nobody?

IRNA

Issa. Jesus, no less.

BACHMANN

Perhaps he is the son of God and he has come to save us.

14 EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

14

Close on the face of ISSA KARPOV as he stares at the dark water of the river. Behind the intense gaze and lines of worry around his eyes we can see the darkly handsome man that he once was. But something has happened to this young man. Something has hurt him.

He looks up at the sound of drunken voices to see THREE YOUTHS approaching along the dock. He starts to walk away. He hears their voices fall silent behind him.

He climbs some stairs and turns into a alleyway that winds up to the streets above the river. He hears the sound of their boots on the cobble stones behind him.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, he feels the sharp sting of a rock on his back. He looks back to see their laughter.

A Second Youth throws another rock. It strikes him hard in the face. He holds his hand to his nose and sees the shine of blood in his palm as they approach.

Issa turns away... He doesn't want the fight. The light of the street at the end of the alley shines ahead but they are upon him, pulling him by the backpack to the ground. He hits it hard and curls into a ball against their blows as they kick him... again and again until he lies still. They move away... their work done, their fun had.

He raises his bloodied face from the stones to see one of his attackers pick up his backpack. They laugh as they move away.

Issa rises. His eyes scan the ground. He sees an iron bar leaning against the wall.

His hand takes it.

He runs and brings it down onto the First Youth's head sending him to the ground. Issa swings again, landing it across the face of the Second Youth. Blood gushes from the slice across his forehead. Issa faces the Third Youth who backs away and then runs.

The First Youth is trying to get to his feet. Issa takes him and rams him hard against the wall. He wraps his huge hands around his neck and tightens. The boy's eyes widen in terror.

Just as we think Issa will kill him he steps back. The boy falls to the ground. Issa takes his backpack and staggers on.

15 EXT. A DOORWAY - NIGHT

15

ISSA reaches the shelter of a doorway. He searches through his backpack and finds a leather pouch on a strap. He ties it around his neck and conceals it beneath his clothing before continuing.

16 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. TRAVELLING - NIGHT

16

BACHMANN is at the wheel as he moves down the Reeperbahn in the Muslim Quarter of St Pauli. The sidewalks teem with the night crowd. His mobile rings.

(CONTINUED)

BACHMANN

Bachmann.

KARL

(on phone)

The Fat Bastard. His name is Mueller but they call him The Admiral. He drinks at a bar called Hampelmanns. Do you know it?

BACHMANN

Better than I should.

17 INT. HAMPELMANNS - NIGHT

17

KARL, on watch sits on a beer at a table in the corner as BACHMANN descends the stairs into the basement bar. He takes a moment as his eyes adjust to the darkness as KARL rises and slips past him and into the night.

He ignores the hopeful smile of A WOMAN propped at the bar and moves deeper into the darkness past FOUR YOUTHS naked to the waist playing billiards watched by TWO DEAD-EYED GIRLS.

He finds what he's looking for in a booth at the back of the bar - The Fat Bastard also known as Mueller also known as THE ADMIRAL, asleep with a line of drool hanging from his mouth.

BACHMANN

Mueller?

He nudges him in the shoulder, nothing from the old guy.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

Admiral?

Something rouses deep in the man... a memory perhaps of other times, of when he was someone else. One eye opens and then the other. He wipes a hand slowly across his mouth and looks up at Bachmann.

18 INT. HAMPELMANNS - A SHORT TIME LATER

18

BACHMANN pours THE ADMIRAL another shot of vodka as the old man enjoys a dinner of bread, gherkins, salt herring and Tilsit cheese.

He wipes his mouth and fingers with a bunch of napkins before casting them aside and continuing to eat.

(CONTINUED)

THE ADMIRAL

I saw him at The Mission first. Strange boy. Nervous. Then you would be.

Beat

THE ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Not as if he came in on the Lufthanza flight.

He wipes at his face again and then eats some more.

THE ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

He's a liar, of course but who isn't? As natural to the human condition as... well, farting.

He farts... naturally.

BACHMANN

A liar?

THE ADMIRAL

Says he's Chechen. Chechen my ass. The boy is Russian. Educated. An aristocrat.

BACHMANN

Didn't they kill all their aristocrats?

THE ADMIRAL

Yes... and then they invented new ones. He wanted to know if I knew a banker. I said, yes, all my friends are bankers.

The Admiral laughs through a mouth full of gherkins.

THE ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

I don't think he understood my joke.

BACHMANN

A banker?

THE ADMIRAL

Maybe he has some cash to invest.

BACHMANN

It would seem so. How much did he give you?

A beat - The Admiral wipes his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

He gave you money. I'm guessing US  
currency.

THE ADMIRAL

A fifty dollar bill. Peeled it straight  
off a pile of unused notes.

Bachmann takes this in.

THE ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

I ask you. How does a boy like that come  
to be carrying US dollars?

BACHMANN

This banker. Has he got a name?

THE ADMIRAL

He mentioned something. I can't quite  
recall it.

Bachmann throws fifty Euro on table.

BACHMANN

Does that help?

THE ADMIRAL

Brue. A Mr. Tommy Brue.

BACHMANN

And he paid you to find this Brue?

THE ADMIRAL

That's right.

BACHMANN

Did you?

THE ADMIRAL

Do I look like someone's errand boy?

19 EXT. A COBBLED LANE - NIGHT

19

BACHMANN steps out of the ill-lit entrance of the bar and  
moves down a cobbled lane. He glances at a A WOMAN, her age  
hard to tell, on her knees in a doorway giving head to a  
pimple-faced boy.

He meets Bachmann's eye... caught between his shame and his  
need to come. He chooses the later and looks away. Bachmann  
continues on. Just another night in Hamburg.

20 EXT. A VACANT YARD - DAWN

20

ISSA wakes from a restless sleep in an unloved yard at the back of an abandoned building. He blinks once, twice, not wanting the night to be over.

He rises and coughs causing him pain somewhere deep behind the ribs. He retrieves his skull cap from the ground where it has fallen during the night and replaces it on his head.

Then he takes a threadbare prayer mat from his backpack and lays it on the ground. He faces the sun in the south, where he imagines Mecca to be, kneels and begins the morning prayer.

21 EXT. THE RIVER - DAWN

21

The traffic on the river has already begun. A pilot boat guides a massive container vessel away from the docks.

Ferries pull in at Landungsbrücken wharf.

22 EXT. THE SAILOR'S MISSION - MORNING

22

The Mission is located down by the river. It offers a soup kitchen to the homeless. A group has already gathered; the usual mix of junkies, clubbers and the old men who have lost their way in the world.

RASHEED and KARL look the part as they blow into their hands to keep the morning chill at bay. They are unshaven and wear tattered coats, enough not to stand out in this company.

Karl indicates something to Rasheed with a nod. Rasheed looks to see ISSA approaching.

Issa keeps his head down as he takes a position in the queue.

23 INT. BACHMANN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

23

A mobile phone is ringing in the hastily furnished apartment - packing boxes seem to be the theme and suggest a man with an ambivalent relationship to all things domestic.

A near-empty whiskey bottle stands beside the overflowing ashtray and the half eaten take away on the kitchen bench.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

BACHMANN enters from a bedroom... unshaven, in his shorts. A glance at the whiskey bottle suggests a moment of remorse before he finds his phone among the debris on the bench.

BACHMANN

Bachmann...

He looks out the window into a weed strewn courtyard below.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

Give him plenty of room. Nothing to alarm him.

24 EXT. ST PAULI - DAY

24

ISSA moves along a crowded sidewalk past Turkish vegetable stores, sex shops and liquor stores.

BACHMANN (V.O.)

I want to know where he goes, who he talks to, where he sleeps.

He stops at a crossing and watches the passing traffic.

25 INT. BACHMANN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

25

BACHMANN stands at the window.

BACHMANN

I want to know what the fuck he's doing in Hamburg.

26 EXT. ST PAULI - CONTINUOUS

26

ISSA sees TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN on their beat and quickly merges into the crowd.

27 INT. A TURKISH KEBAB SHOP - DAY

27

MELIK OKTAY is a gentle giant, in girth and height. Twenty years old. Turkish. He wears a track suit and carries a sports bag. He hands over his money and takes the proffered kebab from the MAN behind the counter.

28 EXT. A TURKISH KEBAB SHOP - A MOMENT LATER 28

MELIK is peeling back the paper from his kebab as he steps out of the shop and into the path of ISSA. Their eyes meet.

MELIK  
Sorry Brother.

Issa steps aside. He watches him as Melik walks away.

29 EXT. A BACK STREET. ST PAULI - DAY 29

MELIK turns into a back street. He finishes his kebab, screws up the paper and drops it into a bin. He looks at his hands and then wipes them on his tracksuit pants.

ISSA watches from a safe distance as Melik crosses the road and disappears into a low-rent building.

30 INT. SANCTUARY NORTH. WAITING ROOM - DAY 30

The waiting room is already full as MELIK reaches the top of the stairs. WOMEN in Hijabs nurse restless infants. Stoic MEN in worn suits wait patiently to be called.

ANNABEL (O.C.)  
Melik Oktay.

He looks up at the sound of his name to see ANNABEL RICHTER, early 30's, a lawyer. Jeans. Boots. Not much make-up.

31 INT. SANCTUARY NORTH. OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER 31

The atmosphere is all bustle in the open plan office where the half dozen COUNSELLORS and LAWYERS work with their first clients of the day. It's business as usual; work visas, residency applications, deportation notices.

We find ANNABEL and MELIK at her desk. She looks up from the letter she is reading.

ANNABEL  
There's nothing to worry about. It's a letter explaining that your application for citizenship is being considered.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

Annabel is smart enough to hold a position in any of the city's top law firms but still has enough ideals to believe that her pro-bono work here can make a difference.

MELIK

When will they decide?

ANNABEL

We don't know. It's a bureaucratic process.

MELIK

It's my mother... She worries.

Annabel smiles to reassure him.

ANNABEL

Try to reassure her. You meet all the requirements. You just have to wait.

32 INT. AN ALLEY. ST PAULI - DAY

32

MELIK walks along the broken pavement of a back alley and disappears through a heavy door.

ISSA approaches. Arabic writing on the door reveals it to be an Islamic Sports Club. A few drops of water strike his face. He looks up to see that it is starting to rain.

33 INT. THE STABLES. BACHMANN'S AND IRNA'S ROOM - DAY

33

BACHMANN contemplates the rain on the window as IRNA looks up from her desk to see NIKI at the door.

NIKI

I've translated the Russian police report.

Bachmann looks over.

NIKI (CONT'D)

Karpov is a member of a militant Salafi group made up largely of disaffected Chechen jihadists. They are connected to terrorist acts dating back to 2005. Transport infrastructure, gas pipelines, police stations.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

NIKI (CONT'D)

The group has supposedly gone underground since the arrest of their leader, a radical Islamist by the name of Dombitov. Karpov escaped Russia but was later arrested in Turkey. The Russians were negotiating his return when he disappeared from custody.

The phone on Irna's desk is ringing. She takes the call.

BACHMANN

Thank you, Niki.

NIKI

There's more.

BACHMANN

There always is... with the Russians.

IRNA

Gunther... OPC know who he is. They've issued an arrest order.

34 EXT. THE COURTYARD - DAY

34

BACHMANN crosses the courtyard in the rain.

He pushes through the entrance of the Office for the Protection of the Constitution.

35 INT. THE OPERATION ROOM OF THE OPC - MORNING

35

Heads look up from desks and computer screens as BACHMANN enters the well-equipped offices of his nemesis, Head of Domestic Intelligence, Arni Mohr.

BACHMANN

(to the room)

The Chechen... he's mine.

MOHR is flushed out of his office by Bachmann's unannounced arrival. The redness in his cheeks and the press of his belly against his shirt suggest a man gone to seed.

MOHR

Gunther... how nice of you to visit.

BACHMANN

No one is to touch him until we do.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

MOHR

Do I take it that you've located him?

Bachmann is silent.

MOHR (CONT'D)

I remind you that your license to operate in Hamburg is contingent on your cooperation with this office.

BACHMANN

I'm cooperating, Arni. I'm telling you to leave the kid alone.

MOHR

And if the kid lets off a bomb?

Beat - Bachmann is tested.

MOHR (CONT'D)

It's in your hands, Gunther.

BACHMANN

Well thank Christ it's not in yours.  
Because if it was you'd fuck it up.

Bachmann turns and walks away leaving Mohr fuming.

36 INT. ISLAMIC SPORTS CLUB - DAY

36

YOUNG ARAB MEN work on the gym equipment as MELIK works with ULEK, his sparring partner in the ring. Sweat pours from his body as he lands several punches. He is surprisingly nimble given his size. They clinch and break.

37 EXT. A BACK STREET. ST PAULI - DAY

37

ISSA stands in a doorway behind a curtain of rain. He sees MELIK emerge from the sports club across the street and raise his umbrella as he moves away.

Issa pulls his collar up and steps into the rain to follow.

38 EXT. A BUSY STREET - DAY

38

ISSA follows MELIK who walks some twenty metres ahead. He breaks into a run every ten or so steps in order to keep up.

39 EXT. MELIK'S STREET - DAY

39

MELIK moves down the sidewalk to the door of a modest house. He removes his key when he sees a figure standing in the rain across the street. ISSA.

There is something familiar about him but Melik can't place him. He dismisses it and hurries into the house.

40 INT. LEYLA'S AND MELIK'S HOUSE - DAY

40

MELIK enters and closes the door on the rain behind him.

LEYLA (O.S.)  
Is that you?

MELIK  
Who else?

Melik's mother, LEYLA comes down a narrow staircase into the small hall that leads to the front door.

LEYLA  
What did they say?

Melik is struggling with his shoes and umbrella. He is too big for this house.

MELIK  
That we have to wait. I told you.

LEYLA  
(Turkish)  
But you told them you are born here?

MELIK  
They know that. It's on the forms.

Leyla sniffs.

LEYLA  
You've been eating.

Melik looks guilty.

LEYLA (CONT'D)  
(disappearing into the kitchen)  
A kebab, Melik. My nose is never wrong.  
Why should I cook if you eat before you  
come home.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

A tentative rap on the door.

Melik looks at it. Leyla appears in the hall. They are not used to visitors. Melik looks to his mother for instruction.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

Answer it!

He opens the door to reveal ISSA standing in the rain.

ISSA

Please... I am good Muslim. I am tired. I ask for shelter in your house.

Leyla peers around Melik's bulk. They both stare at the stranger.

41 EXT. LEYLA'S KITCHEN - DAY

41

ISSA eats from a bowl of lamb and rice at Leyla's table. His eyes slip from side to side lest somebody snatch his food.

LEYLA exchanges a brief glance with Melik as she places a bowl of vegetables in front of their guest.

MELIK

What did you say your name was?

Issa stops eating.

ISSA

Issa.

He resumes eating.

MELIK

And why have you come to Hamburg?

Again he stops. It is impolite to eat and talk but he is starving. He stares at his food.

ISSA

If it is will of Allah I will study medicine and become doctor.

MELIK

You will need money to study. Do you have money?

Issa is silent.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

MELIK (CONT'D)

And you must have the correct papers. Do you have the right papers, Issa?

LEYLA

That's enough, Melik. It's rude to ask a guest so many questions.

MELIK

(Quietly)

It's rude to give a stranger a man's dinner too.

Issa rises...

ISSA

I would like to use bathroom.

42 INT. LEYLA'S HOUSE - DAY

42

MELIK leads ISSA down the narrow hallway and opens the door to the bathroom. He stands aside to let him pass.

ISSA feels MELIK'S eyes watching him with suspicion as he enters the bathroom and closes the door. He turns and sees his reflection in the mirror.

It is a shock... to see what he has become; the drawn face, the sunken eyes, the beads of sweat on his brow.

43 INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

43

MELIK comes back into the kitchen.

MELIK

Why have you let this stranger into our house?

LEYLA

Because he needs our help.

MELIK

He is a criminal.

LEYLA

Keep your voice down.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

MELIK

You have seen the way he eats. He has been in prison.

LEYLA

Not everyone in prison is a criminal, Melik.

MELIK

He followed me, Mum.

LEYLA

That is because you have a kind face and he knew you would help him. When he has recovered his strength he will move on.

MELIK

When my father died I became the head of this house and I decide who comes in here.

LEYLA

If you are the head of this house then ask what your father would have done.

Melik is silenced.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

We are good Muslims, Melik. We do not close the door on someone who needs us.

They stop at the sound of a crash coming from within the house.

44 INT. HALL/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

44

MELIK moves down the hall with LEYLA behind him.

MELIK

Issa?

There is no answer. Melik opens the door. ISSA lies collapsed on the bathroom floor, his body covered in sweat. Melik touches him.

MELIK (CONT'D)

He's burning.

He looks at Leyla wanting her to tell him what must be done.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

LEYLA

Take him to your bed.

Melik lifts Issa.

45 INT. MELIK'S BEDROOM - DAY

45

MELIK lays ISSA on his bed. He is moaning, half conscious, delirious. His arm hangs over the side. Melik gently lifts it to reveal a bracelet of fine gold on his slender wrist and dangling from it a tiny gold replica of the Koran and a gold pipestem key.

He lays Issa's hand on his chest as Leyla comes in behind him with a poultice and a bowl of water.

LEYLA

Take off his wet clothes.

Melik nods. He notices the leather pouch tied around Issa's neck. He gently lifts his head, slips it off and puts it aside. Leyla turns away respecting Issa's modesty as Melik unbuttons his shirt.

As the shirt falls open Melik sees something that shocks him. He reaches and touches his mother.

Leyla looks. Her hand goes to her mouth.

Issa's torso is crisscrossed with angry scar tissue, deep bruises and suppurating wounds. Melik looks at her, not comprehending what he is seeing.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

He's been tortured, Melik.

46 INT. THE STABLES. THE RESEARCHER'S DEN - DAY

46

MAXI and NIKI work their computers as BACHMANN looks on.

MAXIMILIAN

The house belongs to a Leyla Oktay. A Turkish national. German resident. One son. Citizenship application pending.

A phone is ringing. NIKI takes it.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

MAXIMILIAN (CONT'D)

The husband was granted political asylum  
in 1990. Leftist. Worker's rights. Three  
stints in Turkish custody.

Niki holds out the phone to Bachmann.

NIKI

Mr. Axlerod in Berlin.

Bachmann takes the handset.

BACHMANN

Michael.

AXELROD

(on phone)

You've upset Arni.

47 INT. AXELROD'S CAR. BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

47

MICHAEL AXELROD, 60's, immaculately dressed and always calm  
sits in the back of his vehicle as it moves through the  
streets of Berlin.

AXELROD

He phoned Keller in Cologne and Keller  
phone me.

48 INT. THE STABLES. THE RESEARCHER'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

48

BACHMANN

And said?

AXELROD

(on phone)

That Bachmann is unstable. That Bachmann  
is a liability. That Bachmann allows a  
known terrorist to walk the streets of  
Hamburg. All of which are true. Except  
the last, I hope.

BACHMANN

We're on a wait and see approach.

AXELROD

(on phone)

And what are we seeing?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

BACHMANN  
Not enough yet.

AXELROD  
(on phone)  
We need a scalp, Gunther.

BACHMANN  
We need good intelligence on the ground  
that leads somewhere. If I bring him in  
now all we've got is a mixed up kid and  
two frightened Turks.

AXELROD  
(on phone)  
You've seen the report?

BACHMANN  
There's a report?

49 INT. AXELROD'S CAR. BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

49

AXELROD  
There's always a report, Gunther, to come  
and bite you on the back of the neck when  
you least expect it. This one's written  
by Arni. But it seems to have got Keller  
in a lather.

50 INT. THE STABLES. THE RESEARCHER'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

50

AXELROD  
(on phone)  
And by the way. Expect some heat. The  
Americans have taken an interest.

The line goes dead leaving Bachmann wondering about this last  
revelation.

51 INT. LEYLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

51

LEYLA moves up the stairs carrying new cloths and a bowl of  
water. She hears the murmur of MELIK'S voice.

52 INT. MELIK'S BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER

52

MELIK is reading to ISSA from the Koran. He lies beneath a blanket. LEYLA comes to the door and watches him.

LEYLA

You're a good boy, Melik. Allah knows this, even if you don't go to the mosque as often as you should.

Melik carefully closes the Koran, touches its cover to his forehead and lays it down with two hands. He takes the water and cloths from Leyla and she leaves the room.

He wets a cloth and tenderly wipes Issa's brow. His fever is still high. Melik lays the cloth aside and as he goes to pick up the Koran his eyes fall upon Issa's leather pouch.

Melik takes it and checking that Issa's eyes are closed he carefully opens it. His eyes widen at a wad of crisp U.S currency held together by a money clip.

He takes a piece of paper, fragile from handling and unfolds it to reveal a letter. He scans it and puts it aside.

Finally, he takes a newspaper clipping and unfolds it to reveal a photo of a man in uniform, Colonel Grigori Borisovich Karpov. He stares at us with a ruthless gaze. It is a memorial notice decorated with orthodox crosses and military insignia. Ruthless as his photo suggests, he is at least dead.

Suddenly Melik's arm is gripped by Issa's hand. Melik looks... Issa stares at him with the Colonel's accusing gaze.

MELIK

I'm sorry, Issa. I looked at your things.

Issa's gaze softens.

ISSA

Never confess, Bother. If you do... they break you.

53 INT. THE STABLES. BACHMANN'S AND IRNA'S ROOM - MORNING

53

A grim IRNA enters holding a report. She places it on Bachmann's desk... The surveillance photographs of Faisal Abdullah are spread across a debris of paper and hand-written notes. She switches off the desk lamp and notes the half drunk bottle of whiskey with concern as

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

BACHMANN emerges from an adjacent room buttoning yesterday's shirt. He has obviously not been home and slept on the small bed kept for such nights.

IRNA  
(emptying his ashtray)  
Mohr's report is on your desk. Read it.  
Keller's here. There's a clean shirt in  
the cupboard.

BACHMANN  
This one's fine.

IRNA  
I doubt that very much, Gunther but as  
you please.

He opens the cover of Mohr's report.

BACHMANN  
How much do they know?

IRNA  
More than we want them to.

He senses her tightness. He knows her moods as she knows his.

BACHMANN  
What?

Beat - She holds on him. Then leaves.

Bachmann's eyes drift to the whiskey bottle. He slides it  
into his open drawer and closes it.

54 EXT. THE COURTYARD - MORNING

54

BACHMANN moves across the courtyard in a filthy mood when he  
sees the approach of a dark vehicle with regulation tinted  
bullet proof windows.

A woman gets out of the rear seat. At 42 MARTHA SULLIVAN is a  
woman on the ascent. Smart. Beautiful. Political. A Democrat.  
She looks over.

MARTHA  
Herr Bachmann?

He nods as he takes her outstretched hand.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Martha Sullivan. US Embassy. I know you by reputation.

BACHMANN

That can't be good.

MARTHA

It's not. But men with good reputations usually aren't much use to me.

They move toward the entrance.

BACHMANN

What's your interest here? This is a German investigation.

MARTHA

Are you sure about that?

55 INT. OPC MEETING ROOM - LATER

55

OTTO KELLER, a senior intelligence officer from the Cologne Office for the Protection of the Constitution stands by the window and stares into the courtyard below.

KELLER

You have read Herr Mohr's report?

He turns and faces BACHMANN, who has been given the dunces chair at the end of a long table. MARTHA and MOHR sit either side of the same table. Bachmann nods.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Your comments?

BACHMANN

Herr Mohr writes very good reports. But that's about all he does.

MOHR

You see what I must put up with.

KELLER

Your attitude wins you no favour here, Bachmann.

BACHMANN

I don't seek any.

(CONTINUED)

KELLER

Why have you not apprehended this Karpov?

BACHMANN

We are not policemen. We are spies. We do not arrest our targets. We watch them. We follow them. We determine who they are and what they want.

KELLER

You've seen the Russian security report?

BACHMANN

Since when does German Intelligence base its operations on what the Russians tell us? They tell us what they want us to know. Most of it is untrue.

MOHR

The target is on an international watch list. An escaped terror suspect. We are obligated to apprehend him and return him to Turkey.

BACHMANN

The target is seeking to make contact with a banker. British national. Name of Tommy Brue of Brue Fre'res. A private bank based in Hamburg.

Bachmann sees Martha make a note of the name.

MOHR

This is outrageous. We have had no briefing on this.

BACHMANN

If you were doing your job, you wouldn't need one.

MOHR

Why do you refuse to cooperate with this office?

BACHMANN

Because while you were chasing pimple-faced Neo-Nazis and ex-Stasi working for the return of the good old GDR that we all love and miss so much, Mohammad Atta and his friends... yeah remember them...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

were preparing to carry out the most evil  
fucking act of terror known to human  
kind, here in Hamburg, right under your  
nose. And I am here to make sure that  
never happens again.

Martha watches him, impressed.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

You lost your mandate, Arni. I'm on the  
terror watch now. And we do it my way.  
Without interference.

He looks at Martha... meaning this for her.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

From anyone.

MARTHA

Hey... I'm just as an observer.

BACHMANN

Yeah?... I've been observed by Americans  
before.

KELLER

It may please you, Bachmann to think that  
you are a lone operator here. But this is  
not the back streets of Beirut. You have  
48 hours to bring this to a resolution.  
Otherwise we will.

On Bachmann... tick, tick, tick

56 EXT. SANCTUARY NORTH - DAY

56

ANNABEL RICHTER emerges from Sanctuary North, struggling with  
her bike through the door. She hoists her ruck sack onto her  
shoulder when she sees MELIK standing across the street.

The flash of a truck passes between them. He's still there.  
She can see the worry in his face.

57 INT. MELIK'S BEDROOM - DAY

57

LEYLA holds a spoon of her special restorative brew to ISSA's  
mouth. His fever has abated and he is sitting up in bed. She  
hums the tune of a child's song.

(CONTINUED)

LEYLA

Do you know this song, Issa?

Issa lowers his eyes.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

It is a song the Chechen women sang to their children. There were Chechens in our village. I remember the tune but not the words.

She watches him, trying to reach him.

She hears the sound of the front door opening downstairs. She puts the soup aside, rises and moves to the door.

We hold on Issa... as he runs the gold bracelet through his fingers. His lips move searching for the words, searching for a lost childhood. He remembers and sings a few bars from the song.

58 INT. LEYLA'S SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

58

LEYLA enters to see MELIK with ANNABEL. She meets Melik's eye with a reproach.

MELIK

This is Annabel, Mum. She's a lawyer.  
From Sanctuary North.

Leyla acknowledges her with a suspicious nod.

LEYLA

(Turkish)

Why have you brought her here?

MELIK

He can't stay here. It's not safe. For him... or us.

ANNABEL

He's right, Mrs. Oktay. This could cause problems with your citizenship.

Leyla considers this. Then she takes a scarf and gives it to Annabel.

LEYLA

Please... our guest is devout.

(CONTINUED)

MELIK  
(Turkish)  
Don't make her wear that. This is  
Germany.

Annabel doesn't speak Turkish but Melik's meaning is clear.

ANNABEL  
I don't mind.

Melik gives up and leaves the room. Leyla moves to help  
Annabel tie the scarf in the correct way.

LEYLA  
Terrible things have been done to this  
boy. But Allah has brought him to Hamburg  
where he is safe.

ANNABEL  
I hope that's true.

She looks to see ISSA at the doorway. The first thing she  
notices is his height as he bends to get through the door.

His slender frame is wrapped in Melik's dressing gown. His  
gaze is averted. She waits a moment before speaking.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
My name is Annabel Richter.

He looks at her. She is struck by the haunted look in his  
eyes and already knows that she will do everything she can to  
save him.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
I work for an organization called  
Sanctuary North. We help people in your  
situation... Are you asking for asylum in  
Germany?

ISSA  
God willing I come to Hamburg to make new  
life.

ANNABEL  
I understand that you have been tortured.  
Are you prepared to give a statement  
detailing those events?

Issa is silent... cautious.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Issa... You have entered the country illegally. Unless you can prove your status as a political refugee they will send you back.

Issa removes the letter from within the folds of his gown and holds it out to her.

ISSA

Mister Tommy Brue will help me.

She takes the letter and carefully unfolds it. She takes a moment to read it and then looks up at Issa.

59 INT. THE BANK OF BRUE FRE'RES. BRUE'S OFFICE - EVENING

59

In his mahogany lined office TOMMY BRUE opens a liquor cabinet and pours himself what he expects to be the first of several Friday evening tumblers of fine scotch when he is interrupted by the discrete cough of his long time devoted assistant FRAU ELLI ELLENBURGER.

BRUE

Still here, Elli.

ELLI

There is someone to see you, Mr. Brue.

Brue's eyes move to the face of an ornate wall clock.

BRUE

At five forty on a Friday evening, Elli?

ELLI

Well precisely... but she did insist.

BRUE

Did you suggest that she might make an appointment for Monday morning?

ELLI

Of course but as I said the young lady insisted.

BRUE

A young lady! Well, why didn't you say?

He winks at Elli who can't help but smile at this old game. Brue is all of sixty and Elli would have a few years on him.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

BRUE (CONT'D)

Tell...

He looks to her for a name.

ELLI

Miss Richter, Annabel Richter.

BRUE

Tell Miss Richter I shall be with her  
shortly.

60 INT. BRUE FRE'RES. RECEPTION - EVENING

60

ANNABEL studies the ornately decorated Brue Family tree which adorns a main wall. At the very end of the tree is the last in line, the current THOMAS BRUE.

She moves on to track a series of three grandly framed portraits of the line of Brues to head up the august Brue Fre'res; Tommy's grandfather, Duncan Brue, his father, Edward Amadeus Brue and himself.

She hears the steady approach of footsteps across the marble floor but does not turn to meet him, studying him in portrait instead. She waits for the footsteps to cease.

ANNABEL

They say the first generation begins it.  
The second builds it into an empire only  
to see the third throw it all away.

She turns to face him.

BRUE

I have heard that said. Let's hope it is  
not the case.

She nods toward the family tree.

ANNABEL

The line seems to end with you.

BRUE

There is a daughter. Georgie. Alas.  
Banking is not her thing.

ANNABEL

What is her thing?

(CONTINUED)

BRUE

The last time we spoke it was Buddhism.  
But what can a father do? You wished to  
see me, Miss Richter? Insisted. I think  
Frau Elli said.

She holds out her card. He takes it and studies it.

BRUE (CONT'D)

And what exactly is Sanctuary North?

ANNABEL

I was hoping you may have heard of our  
work. Perhaps that was expecting too  
much.

Beat

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

I'm a lawyer. I represent what Franz  
Fanon described as "The Wretched of the  
Earth" Are you familiar with the book?

BRUE

Heard of, but not actually read, I'm  
afraid.

ANNABEL

My clients are people who for reasons  
beyond their control have been forced to  
flee their place of birth. They are  
effectively stateless. And usually  
traumatized. They have lost their homes,  
their belongings, even their sense of  
self. Some have been tortured.

BRUE

What is it that you want, Miss Richter? A  
donation?

Beat

BRUE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That was insensitive.

ANNABEL

I'm here on behalf of a client. He  
possesses a letter written by your father  
to his father giving certain assurances.  
It makes reference to a Mr. Lipizzaner.

Annabel gauges his response. Brue gives little away.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

As in the Spanish horses which are born black but gradually turn white with each passing year. This is a process, I believe with which your bank is familiar.

Brue gives her nothing.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

The letter contains a reference number.

She removes a piece of paper from her pocket and hands it to him. He looks at the number written on it.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Does it fit?

BRUE

Does it fit what?

ANNABEL

Is the number a reference in use at this bank?

BRUE

Well, I'm sure you understand the nature of client confidentiality. My bank doesn't broadcast the nature of its business or the manner in which it is done.

ANNABEL

I'm sure that suits your clients very well.

BRUE

If this number does pertain to an account held by this bank, it would have been established some time ago. I will need to consult our records. Once I have done so ... I will call you.

ANNABEL

When?

Beat.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

My client's situation in Hamburg is sensitive.

BRUE

I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL

He trusts you... as, judging by the contents of the letter, his father trusted yours.

Brue considers this.

BRUE

Would later tonight be early enough?

She nods then picks up her ruck sack and leaves.

Brue does not move. He stands in the marbled silence and then slowly looks up at the portrait of his father, with his full title beneath EDWARD AMADEUS BRUE, OBE.

61 INT. BRUE FRE'RES. THE STRONGROOM - EVENING

61

The heavy door of the strongroom opens. BRUE enters the musty confines of the fortified room, a remnant, like Brue himself of a banking practise from a bygone era.

He passes rows of safe boxes until he reaches an inner safe room of impressive proportions. He enters a code and places his palm on a recognition pad and waits for the locking device to react. He turns the wheel and pulls back the door.

He steps inside and scans shelves of file boxes until he locates the box he is looking for.

He carries it back into the main strongroom, places it on a table, opens it and proceeds to work his way through the hanging folders. He checks the reference number supplied by Annabel and matches it with a file which he removes and places on the table.

He opens the file and proceeds to scan the documents it contains. He then returns to the safe and removes a small metal box.

He places this on the table and removes a single key from the inside pocket of his suit jacket and unlocks the box to reveal a set of reference cards. He fingers through the cards until he finds one that matches the reference number.

He removes the card to reveal the identity of the account holder. KARPOV. GRIGORI BORISOVICH, COLONEL RED ARMY. 1982.

62 EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

62

ANNABEL is cycling at the edge of a road.

A vehicle slows as it passes and travels in parallel for an intimidating moment.

It suddenly veers toward her forcing her to pull up sharply before it speeds into the night.

She watches it go... her heart tight with fear. Someone's bad driving or a warning?

63 INT. SANCTUARY NORTH. OFFICES - NIGHT

63

ANNABEL sits in the semi-dark of the office, waiting. A lamp illuminates the desk before her.

URSULA (O.S.)

Annabel?

She looks up with a start. URSULA, the Director of Sanctuary North approaches from her office.

URSULA (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

Ursula wears her greying hair swept back from her weary face. She is the kind of woman who has fought an unwinnable fight for too long and yet chooses to keep fighting all the same.

ANNABEL

Yes... I'm waiting for a call.

URSULA

Don't forget to lock up.

Annabel nods as she watches Ursula leave. She listens to her footsteps echo in the stairwell as she descends the stairs.

Suddenly her mobile rings. She snaps it up.

BRUE

(on phone)

Miss Richter?... Tommy Brue.

ANNABEL

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

BRUE

(on phone)

I can confirm that the reference number  
you supplied does pertain to an account  
held at Brue Fre'res.

ANNABEL

Can we meet? ... I'd prefer not to  
discuss this on the phone.

64 INT. BRUE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

64

BRUE stands at his window looking out at the waters of the  
Alster Lake below.

BRUE

(He jokes)

Why? Is somebody listening?

ANNABEL

(on phone)

I prefer to be cautious, Mr. Brue.

Beat - As Brue takes this in.

65 EXT. BRUE FRE'RES BANK - NIGHT

65

The bank is located on the shore of the lake. We see BRUE  
standing at an upstairs window, holding a phone. He hangs up  
and draws the heavy curtains.

66 INT. THE ATLANTIC HOTEL - NIGHT

66

ANNABEL enters and scans the once plush but now faded lounge  
of The Atlantic. Among the rich American tourists she sees  
BRUE at a table located beneath an oil painting of Hanseatic  
ships ploughing through wild seas.

He rises as she approaches and indicates the chair opposite  
his. THE WAITER approaches.

BRUE

Something to drink? A glass of wine,  
perhaps.

ANNABEL

Water. Still. No ice.

(CONTINUED)

Annabel casts an eye around, checking they are alone. There is a smattering of people throughout the lounge. A woman occupies a nearby table. She is busy writing postcards. Just a tourist, perhaps. Except the woman is IRNA FREY.

BRUE

Do you frequent The Atlantic?

She shakes her head.

BRUE (CONT'D)

My wife likes it.

She stares at him. She has no interest in his wife or anything beyond the business at hand.

BRUE (CONT'D)

Straight to business then.

ANNABEL

So what now?

BRUE

That depends on your client.

ANNABEL

He intends to claim.

BRUE

Then tell him to bring a large suitcase.

Beat - he smiles at Annabel.

BRUE (CONT'D)

Of course he will need to establish his identity.

ANNABEL

He entered the country illegally and in difficult circumstances. It's not as if he's travelling with his passport and driver's licence.

They wait as the waiter places the water on the table and retreats as silently as he came.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

He has the letter.

BRUE

I will need to see it.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNABEL

Of course.

BRUE

And even then... he will need to provide  
a certain instrument.

ANNABEL

Which is?

BRUE

I'm afraid I can't say. But if your  
client is legitimate he will know what  
I'm talking about.

Irna packs up her postcards, rises from her table and passes  
on her way out.

ANNABEL

Will you meet him? Tomorrow?

Brue nods. She writes something on a piece of paper.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

The address. Nine a.m. Don't park in  
front of the house.

BRUE

Is that it, Miss Richter? Do you have  
what you want?

ANNABEL

My client's safety is what I want. And  
no. I don't have that yet.

He watches her leave wary of what she is drawing him into and  
yet strangely willing to follow her.

67 EXT. THE ATLANTIC HOTEL - NIGHT

67

ANNABEL comes out of the hotel entrance.

BACHMANN and IRNA watch from a safe distance. They lean  
against a parked car.

IRNA

Attractive.

BACHMANN

You think so?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

Annabel steps into a waiting taxi from the line at the hotel rank.

IRNA  
You don't?

BACHMANN  
Not my type.

IRNA  
What's your type?

BACHMANN  
You are, Irna. You know that.

He suddenly pulls her into an embrace and kisses her as Annabel's taxi passes.

68 INT. ANNABEL'S TAXI - CONTINUOUS

68

ANNABEL looks out the window and sees a couple's embrace before staring ahead.

69 EXT. THE ATLANTIC HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

69

BACHMANN breaks the embrace with perfect timing. He knows all the tricks. A moment on Irna... a thought perhaps of what could never be.

IRNA  
Here's our Banker.

BRUE emerges from The Atlantic as a well timed taxi pulls up. He gets in. It pulls away from the curb before doing a U-Turn and pulling up sharply beside Bachmann.

70 INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

70

BACHMANN opens the door and gets in the rear seat. BRUE stares at him as the taxi pulls into traffic.

BRUE  
And you are?

BACHMANN  
No names, Tommy. Not mine anyway.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

Brue glances at the driver. RASHEED sits at the wheel.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

He's with me. We're government. An anti-terror unit... that not many people know about and even less like. But we have a job to do, Tommy and you're going to help us.

71 EXT. A DOCK - NIGHT

71

The taxi cruises along the river front past the shells of abandoned warehouses and pulls up at a disused dock.

RASHEED gets out and opens the door to let BRUE out. BACHMANN gets out the other side.

BACHMANN

Let's walk.

Brue casts an eye around the deserted dock before reluctantly following. They move along the wharf. The river slaps on the concrete pylons beneath them.

The flare of a match illuminates Bachmann's face as he lights a cigarette.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

Smoke?

BRUE

I don't.

BACHMANN

Smart... At your age.

Beat

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

The lawyer?

BRUE

Lawyer?

BACHMANN

Annabel Richter. The one you just met at The Atlantic. The one you'd like to fuck.

Beat

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

What? Not true? Of course it's fucking true. A man like you only knows one way to look at a woman.

BRUE

Miss Richter represents a client with financial interests with my bank.

BACHMANN

Karpov.

BRUE

I believe that's the name.

BACHMANN

Your bank does a lot of business with the Russians, right?

BRUE

It did... Before my time.

BACHMANN

Mafia?

BRUE

All sorts, actually. What's to stop me just walking away from this... whatever this is?

BACHMANN

The gun in my pocket.

Beat

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

I'm just kidding. I don't carry a weapon. I need you, Tommy. To help me save Fraulein Richter... From herself.

72 INT. BRUE'S HOUSE. BLANKENESE - NIGHT

72

BRUE enters - a house fit for a banker. A portrait of a beautiful woman dominates the entrance hall.

He moves through to an adjacent room to find the subject of the portrait, MITZI, his wife, pouring him a scotch. She is fifty perhaps but Brue's money and Hamburg's best plastic surgeon ensures that nobody knows it.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

MITZI

I wasn't expecting you.

BRUE

No? Who were you expecting?

She passes him a scotch.

MITZI

Bad day?

BRUE

A few surprises. Yours?

MITZI

Lunch with the Von Essens and then  
Bridge. Bernhard cheats.

BRUE

At cards... you mean?

She lets that one pass with a tight smile.

MITZI

Enjoy your scotch, Tommy. Try not to fall  
over on your way to bed.

She goes leaving Brue with his whiskey.

73 EXT. BRUE'S HOUSE. TERRACE - NIGHT

73

BRUE emerges onto the terrace, whiskey in hand and stares over the river below. His house stands on the Blankenese river front. The lights on the opposite shore shine in the darkness.

74 EXT. LEYLA'S HOUSE - DAY

74

BRUE picks his way over the broken pavement in what for him is an unfamiliar part of town. He checks the number on a piece of paper and stops outside Leyla's house. He approaches the door and knocks.

75 INT. LEYLA'S SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

75

BRUE sits in the best chair nursing a tea cup. ANNABEL is on the settee opposite. She wears her scarf. LEYLA hovers nervously. She passes the plate of biscuits.

BRUE

Very nice but no, thank you.

MELIK arrives in the doorway.

MELIK

He will be down soon... He's praying.

BRUE

Perhaps I could read the letter whilst I wait.

Annabel removes the letter from a file in her briefcase as Leyla picks up the tray and leaves the room. He takes the letter and begins to read.

ISSA comes to the door and watches him for a moment.

ISSA

My Dear Karpov.

Brue looks up.

ISSA (CONT'D)

As discussed please accept this letter as assurance from one friend to another, that in the unfortunate circumstance of your death, I should be pleased to acquaint your own dear son, Ivan Grigorevich Karpov with our friend Mr. Lipizzaner.

76 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

76

A small van belonging to a cleaning company is parked in the street.

77 INT. THE VAN - CONTINUOUS

77

The interior of the van has been fitted out as a mini surveillance unit. BACHMANN, NIKI and MAXI monitor the conversation taking place inside the house.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

ISSA (V.O.)

He need only present this letter together with the necessary instrument, currently in your possession for me to act.

78 INT. LEYLA'S SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

78

ISSA

I will, Sir treat him as I would treat my own dear son. Indeed you may also be assured that in the case of my own death, my son Thomas will fullfil my promise to you. Yours with affection. Edward Amadeus Brue. OBE.

Brue rises from his chair.

ISSA (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Sir. I carry this letter in my head. As precaution.

BRUE

Like the poet, Anna Akhmatova.

ISSA

Such things are necessary in Russia. Is correct signature of your father?

BRUE

Yes, it is... Should I address you as Issa or Ivan?

ISSA

Issa. It is my Muslim name and the one I revere.

Brue nods and indicates a chair for Issa beside ANNABEL before resuming his own chair.

ISSA (CONT'D)

I will stand.

BRUE

Very well. (*Brue remains standing*) It seems I am being asked to fulfill one father's promise to another.

ISSA

I wish, Sir with your help, to make an honourable life in Hamburg.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

ISSA (CONT'D)

I wish to live a life of order and assist all mankind for the glory of Allah.

BRUE

That's very admirable and I'm sure we'll come to that. First, you understand, I need to establish certain matters of fact.

Issa nods his agreement.

BRUE (CONT'D)

I bring your attention to the matter of the instrument referred to in the letter. Without it, I'm afraid, we can go no further.

Issa opens his hand to reveal the gold key from the bracelet in his palm. Brue stares at it, thwarted.

A slight smile on Annabel's face.

BRUE (CONT'D)

So you claim to be the son of Colonel Grigori Borisovich Karpov?

ISSA

It is true that he did what was necessary in nature to secure that title.

BRUE

You weren't close?

ISSA

Karpov was rapist and murderer. He has Chechen blood on his hands.

BRUE

And yet you seem willing enough to take his money.

Issa is silent.

Annabel looks at Brue angered by his bluntness.

BRUE (CONT'D)

It's unfortunate that we can't determine the kind of men our fathers will be. This much we have in common. I understand you came here from Turkey. By an informal route shall we say. May I ask what you were doing in Turkey?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

ISSA

I was in prison.

Brue looks at Annabel, wanting to know if she knew. She did.

ISSA (CONT'D)

And before that I was in prison in  
Russia. In Turkey they starve me. In  
Russia they torture me.

BRUE

Why were you in prison?

ISSA

I am Chechen. This is reason enough for  
the Russian barbarians.

BRUE

But presumably you had committed some  
sort of crime. Broken the law.

ANNABEL

You don't need to answer that, Issa.

BRUE

Why doesn't he need to answer that?

ANNABEL

It's immaterial.

BRUE

To what, Fraulein Richter? Your client  
lays claim to a substantial amount of  
money. And yet he cannot prove his  
identity and by his own admission has  
been involved in criminal activities in  
two countries.

Annabel rises from her chair.

ANNABEL

We need to talk... outside?

79 EXT. THE REAR OF LEYLA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

79

ANNABEL steps into the small courtyard at the back of the  
house, followed by BRUE.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL

We trust our clients, Mr. Brue. We believe what they say. Because nobody else does. That's us. That's who we are.

BRUE

Then you are naive.

ANNABEL

What is it? Did you hope no one would show up to claim the money. I imagine it's a blow for the bank.

BRUE

Don't insult me. The money is filthy, stripped from the assets of a crumbling empire. I'd be glad to be rid of it. But I am not going to hand it over to some angry and unstable Chechen zealot. I doubt it's legal to do so, anyway.

ANNABEL

The law didn't stop your father dealing with the Russian mafia.

BRUE

I am not my father.

ANNABEL

I wonder how the regulatory authorities would view your German banking licence if they knew.

BRUE

Blackmail doesn't suit you, Miss Richter. And nor does that scarf, I'm afraid.

Annabel angrily removes her scarf.

ANNABEL

He has nothing. No future. No hope. You can change that.

She holds on Brue with the full courage of her convictions.

BRUE

He's playing you. He's picked it... your guilty conscience and he's playing it for all he can get.

ANNABEL

Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

MELIK stands at the rear door of the house.

MELIK

Issa wants to say something.

80 INT. LEYLA'S SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

80

BRUE and ANNABEL have returned to the room. Annabel once again wears the scarf.

ISSA

Please... I must speak with my heart.

81 INT. THE VAN - CONTINUOUS

81

Tight on BACHMANN listening.

ISSA (V.O.)

It was Karpov's people who got me out of Russia..

82 INT. LEYLA'S SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

82

ISSA

And Karpov's money that got me out of Turkey. You are right, Sir to scold me for this. But then I have no choice. Now I do. I no longer wish to be beholden to this man. I will accept no more of his blood money. I withdrawal my claim. Praise be to Allah.

ANNABEL

Issa... as your lawyer I must advise you against this.

ISSA

No... I will not discuss this further.

Issa leaves the room. Bachmann meets Annabel's eye before she looks away and follows Issa from the room.

83 INT. LEYLA'S HOUSE. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

83

ANNABEL reaches the foot of the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

ANNABEL  
Issa... please.

ISSA looks down from the top of the stairs.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
If you don't claim the money, how will  
you study medicine? ... How will you  
survive in this country?

ISSA  
Allah will provide, Annabel.

ANNABEL  
Your father is dead. What does it matter?

Beat - Then Issa turns and continues up the stairs leaving  
Annabel thwarted.

84 EXT. A STREET - A SHORT TIME LATER

84

BRUE is walking when BACHMANN'S car pulls up alongside. He  
reluctantly he gets in.

85 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

85

BACHMANN pulls the car into traffic as BRUE pulls the "wire"  
from his clothing and throws it on the console.

BRUE  
You heard?

Bachmann is silent.

BRUE (CONT'D)  
What if he means it? What if he just  
wants the chance to start again?

BACHMANN  
Have you considered that might be what he  
wants you to think?

BRUE  
You weren't in the room.

Bachmann pulls up at a red light.

BACHMANN  
How much are we talking about?

(CONTINUED)

BRUE

I can't tell you. Exactly. The investment is held in the form of shares in a trust fund managed from Liechtenstein. The Lipizzaner accounts are deliberately opaque. That is how black money turns white.

BACHMANN

Can't you just phone someone?

BRUE

No. I just can't fucking phone someone. To claim I must present a series of bearer's bonds.

BACHMANN

Which are?

BRUE

Which are held in a safety deposit box at my bank.

BACHMANN

So open it.

BRUE

I can't. There are two keys. I have one. Issa has the other.

The lights turn green. Bachmann shifts into drive.

BACHMANN

A ball park figure? Ten thousand? One hundred thousand?

BRUE

Upwards of ten million. At least.

On Bachmann... his mind working fast... tick, tick, tick.

Lights in an apartment, three floors up. We see ANNABEL moving through the room from one window to another. She stops and looks into the darkness outside.

87 INT. ANNABEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

87

ANNABEL draws the blind.

CUT TO:

Annabel scans the bookshelf... international law, people smuggling, Islamic culture, contemporary politics dominate. She finds a slender volume and opens it to reveal

Several photographs of a young man, Arab in appearance, smiling. He is at the zoo. He is unbelievably happy.

She stares at the photos. And then makes a decision.

CUT TO:

Annabel thinks fast as she packs a carry-all; soap, towels, toilet paper, candles, food... She stops. What else? Music. Her portable CD player.

She scans her selection of CDs. What music would he like? How would she know? She grabs a selection.

Books. Again. Who is he? Does he read? She searches for the Russians; Tolstoy, Dostoevski and as a last thought Akhmatova.

88 EXT. ANNABEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

88

Annabel emerges from her apartment building with the carry all. She walks, her eyes scan the cars parked in her street wondering which one, if any are watching.

She looks up at the sound of the wind in the trees. The weather is building.

89 INT. THE STABLES. THE RESEARCHER'S DEN - NIGHT

89

BACHMANN'S face is illuminated in blue... as he makes his own kind of weather deep in the bowels of the Unit's research section.

ABDULLAH (V.O.)

It is our religious obligation as well as  
our human one that we give.

We cut to the screen... a recording of Abdullah; one of several guests on a TV panel of religious experts.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

ABDULLAH

(on screen)

For a Muslim these cannot be separated.  
This is the practise of Zakat... the  
Muslim act of giving. It is one of the  
five pillars of Islam.

He freezes the frame tight on Abdullah - a moment capturing  
him looking deep into the camera.

Bachmann rises and flips a whiskey quart from his inside  
jacket pocket. He finds an empty coffee cup and pours himself  
a shot. As he raises his cup to his lips his eyes fall upon

A surveillance photo of Annabel pinned to "the case" wall.  
She is seen emerging from Sanctuary North in an unguarded  
moment, pushing the hair back from her face.

90 EXT. THE STREETS - NIGHT

90

The wind is picking up. Rubbish blows across the street as  
ANNABEL slips through an archway and down a cobbled path into  
Leyla and Melik's street. As well as the carry-all she now  
carries a plastic bag from a clothing store.

91 INT. MELIK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

91

MELIK enters with the clothing store bag... ISSA is asleep.

MELIK

Issa.

92 INT. LEYLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

92

ANNABEL and LEYLA wait at the foot of the stairs.

LEYLA

Where will you take him?

ANNABEL

It's better that you don't know.

LEYLA

I'll prepare food.

ANNABEL

We don't have the time.

(CONTINUED)

LEYLA

He needs care... Will you care for him?

ANNABEL

I'll try, Leyla.

MELIK leads a bewildered ISSA down the stairs. He wears the new clothes... jeans, a crisp new shirt, new leather boots. Only the dirty backpack reminds us of the fragile young man in the square.

In a huddle of confusion at the door Melik takes him in a brotherly embrace.

MELIK

You are a hero to me, Issa. There will always be a home for you here.

Issa thanks him with his eyes. Leyla is too upset. She turns away. Issa goes to her and folds the US bills into her hand.

ISSA

For your grandchildren.

Leyla shakes her head in protest and tries to give it back.

ISSA (CONT'D)

Allah will bless this house for its goodness.

Then he turns and he's gone with Annabel. Leyla and Melik are left alone in the sudden silence.

93 EXT. LEYLA'S AND MELIK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

93

ANNABEL leads ISSA along the street. She turns at the sound of an engine starting. She sees the headlights of a car flick on before she and Issa slip into the arched passage.

94 INT. KARL'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

94

KARL dials his phone as he pulls away from the curb.

95 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. TRAVELLING - NIGHT

95

BACHMANN is at the wheel. He answers his mobile.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

KARL  
(on phone)  
They're moving.

96 EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

96

ANNABEL and ISSA emerge onto a main road. Annabel hails a taxi. She opens the door. Issa gets in and she follows.

97 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. TRAVELLING - NIGHT

97

BACHMANN is at the wheel. His eyes search for a route between heavy traffic.

98 EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

98

BACHMANN'S car turns in front of oncoming traffic and heads up a narrow street.

99 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. TRAVELLING - CONTINUOUS

99

BACHMANN faces an oncoming vehicle. He maintains his course forcing the other car onto the sidewalk.

100 INT. TAXI. TRAVELLING - NIGHT

100

ANNABEL looks back over her shoulder to check if they are being followed. She looks back to catch

The DRIVER watching them in his rear vision mirror.

ISSA  
Where are we going?

ANNABEL  
Somewhere safe.

She leans forward.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
Pull over.

101 EXT. A MAIN ROAD - NIGHT 101

The taxi pulls to a curb on the busy street. ANNABEL and ISSA get out. She leads him along the crowded sidewalk. She walks fast. He has to run a step to keep pace.

102 EXT. U-BAHN STATION - NIGHT 102

ANNABEL reaches the entrance to the station and looks back to make sure ISSA is with her. She leads him down the stairs.

103 EXT. THE PLATFORM - NIGHT 103

ANNABEL and ISSA arrive on the platform as a train pulls in. They board.

104 INT. U-BAHN TRAIN - NIGHT 104

ANNABEL and ISSA take separate seats in the near empty carriage as suddenly a man makes it onto the train just as the doors close. KARL.

Annabel checks him but Karl is a professional. He finds a seat and plugs in his Ipod. His head moves to the music as he begins to send a text on his phone.

105 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. TRAVELLING - NIGHT 105

BACHMANN reads his text as he drives. He thinks fast, calculates. He now knows what line they are travelling on.

106 INT. U-BAHN - NIGHT 106

ANNABEL stares out the window at the passing darkness, her mind racing ahead, making a plan.

She sees ISSA reflected in the glass as he stares out his own window. She looks away, confused by feelings she doesn't want to have.

107 INT. U-BAHN STATION - NIGHT 107

The train pulls into the platform. ANNABEL rises.

ANNABEL

Come on.

ISSA follows her off the train.

108 INT. PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS 108

ANNABEL sees KARL get off through the other doors.

Beat - A moment's decision. She takes ISSA by the arm and forces him back onto the train.

Karl is thwarted.

109 INT. U-BAHN TRAIN - CONTINUOUS 109

The doors close. ANNABEL stares at KARL as the train pulls away from the platform.

110 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. TRAVELLING - NIGHT 110

BACHMANN has the phone to his ear.

BACHMANN

What's the next station?

KARL

(on phone)

Baumwall. Near the Speicherstadt.

He throws the phone onto the front seat. He swings the car in a dangerous U-turn to be met with the blast of horns from oncoming traffic.

111 EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS 111

His car accelerates away.

112 EXT. BAUMWALL STATION - NIGHT 112

ANNABEL leads ISSA out of the station entrance. He reaches out and takes the carry-all from her as they continue.

113 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT 113

BACHMANN'S car takes a corner at speed.

114 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. TRAVELLING - CONTINUOUS 114

BACHMANN'S eye's search the sidewalk. He sees them ahead weaving through the sidewalk traffic. He searches for a place to pull over.

115 EXT. STONE STEPS - NIGHT 115

ANNABEL leads ISSA down the stone stairs that lead to the waterfront district.

A group of TEENAGERS are gathered at the foot of the stairs. They are drinking and listening to music. TWO GIRLS are dancing together.

Issa watches them as they pass. One of the girls raises her top and flashes her breasts at him.

He looks away.

116 EXT. SPEICHERSTADT (WAREHOUSE DISTRICT) - NIGHT 116

Light reflects in the still water of the canals that run between the red brick counting houses. The old warehouse district is silent and beautiful as

ANNABEL leads ISSA across an arched bridge.

She looks back to see him on the crest of the bridge staring at the canal.

ANNABEL

Magomed.

He looks... they hold on each other. She realizes her mistake.

117 INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRWELL - NIGHT 117

ANNABEL leads ISSA up the winding wooden stairs.

118 INT. TOP FLOOR LANDING - MOMENTS LATER 118

They reach the landing and approach a heavy door.

ISSA  
What is this place?

ANNABEL  
They're called the Counting Houses. They  
stored the spice from the far east here.  
You can still smell it in the wood.  
Cinnamon. Cardamon.

Annabel takes a set of keys from her bag - gaoler's keys.

Issa sees them. She reads his face, looks at the door and the  
keys in her hand. She holds the keys out to him.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
It's not a prison, Issa. No one is going  
to lock you away.

He takes the keys and opens the door. He stands back and she  
enters first.

119 INT. THE LOFT - MOMENTS LATER 119

ANNABEL lights a candle. Shadows dance across stone walls.

ANNABEL  
We won't use the lights.

ISSA watches her as she moves through the loft lighting more  
candles, each revealing more of the large space.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
This is my apartment. Or it will be. It's  
not finished yet.

She lights a candle revealing a large arched window.

ISSA  
You live in other house?

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

ISSA (CONT'D)  
With husband?

ANNABEL  
I'm not married.

ISSA  
Why?

She shrugs the question off.

ISSA (CONT'D)  
How old are you, Annabel?

ANNABEL  
In Germany a woman doesn't have to get married.

ISSA  
In Russia too but then she is alone.

ANNABEL  
But that might be her choice.

ISSA  
Who would choose to be alone. No one chooses this, Annabel.

Issa moves to the arched window and stares out over the lights of the city.

ISSA (CONT'D)  
When I am doctor in Hamburg I will marry.  
And have many children.

Annabel unrolls a small mattress on the floor.

ANNABEL  
I hope so.

ISSA  
But I will have better house than this.

She finds some linen in carry-all and makes up a bed.

ANNABEL  
You can sleep here.

ISSA  
Who is Magomed?

Beat

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNABEL

He was someone like you. Someone who  
needed help.

ISSA

Did you help him?

ANNABEL

I tried.

She turns away and disappears into a small kitchen area.

120 EXT. SPEICHERSTADT - NIGHT

120

A cobbled roadway runs between the counting house. The sound  
of footsteps.

BACHMANN walks along the road. He looks up at the windows on  
the top floor of a building. Candle light flickers within.

121 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

121

ANNABEL unpacks the food from the carry-all.

ANNABEL

I will bring more food tomorrow. Are  
there some things you like to eat?

There is no reply.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Issa?

122 INT. THE LOFT - NIGHT

122

ANNABEL comes back into the main room. ISSA is lying on the  
bedroll. She approaches and sees that he has fallen asleep.  
She finds a blanket and places it over him.

She watches... a moment too long. She walks through the loft  
and blows out the candles. Darkness falls across the room.

She finds a chair and sits in the darkness ... and waits.

123 INT. LEYLA'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

123

The mindless blue light of the television flickers across MELIK'S face. He cannot sleep. He hears a knock at the front door.

124 INT. LEYLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

124

MELIK comes tentatively into the hallway. LEYLA appears at the top of the stairs... she wears her dressing gown, her hair is loose.

LEYLA  
(Turkish)  
Don't answer.

MELIK  
It could be Annabel... and Issa. Maybe it  
wasn't safe where she took him.

He opens the door a crack when it is slammed back and armed OFFICERS charge into the house.

Another group enters at the rear door and moves through the house, weapons at the ready.

Melik is seized and pinned against the wall.

Leyla is screaming. She moves down the stairs and starts hitting at the men holding Melik.

She is subdued with a crack across the head with the butt of a rifle.

Melik sees his mother fall and the blood running from her wound. His face darkens and he loses it. He struggles against the restraint, kicking and lashing out at his captors until a rain of truncheons force him to the floor where he is kicked brutally into submission.

125 INT. THE LOFT - DAWN

125

ANNABEL wakes with a start.

Her eyes search for something to tell her where she is. She gains her bearings and her eyes settle.

ISSA is watching her.

(CONTINUED)

ISSA

You will please leave now, Annabel. It is dawn and I wish to pray.

Annabel looks at the arched window as the pale light of dawn seeps into the loft.

126 INT. OPC INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

126

MELIK'S face is unrecognizable. His eyes are swollen shut, his nose broken, his lip split and hanging loose. His hands are bound behind his back.

ARNI MOHR circles him. A HERR WARNER maintains a position by the door. Mohr throws a pile of US dollars on the table.

MOHR

Would you care to explain how you come to have this money in your house?

Melik is silent.

MOHR (CONT'D)

Then we must assume it is payment from your terrorist friend, Karpov. For what purpose do you intend to use this money? Hmm? Explosives? Weapons?

Melik is silent. Mohr picks up a file.

MOHR (CONT'D)

Do you know what this document is?

Melik shakes his head.

MOHR (CONT'D)

Your application for citizenship. Tell me, please, why I should not tear it up?

Melik is silent.

MOHR (CONT'D)

Come now, Melik. Your choice is simple. You cooperate or you and your mother will be deported as undesirables.

127 INT. OPC OPERATIONS ROOM - MORNING

127

BACHMANN bursts through the doors and moves directly for Mohr's office. An OPC OFFICER blocks his way and BACHMANN manhandles him back against the wall.

MOHR emerges from his office.

MOHR

No need for that, Gunther.

Bachmann steps away from the man he has pinned.

BACHMANN

I had forty eight hours.

MOHR

So, now you want to play by the rules.  
It's too late... We have seized the  
initiative. The young Turk has proved  
very useful.

Every impulse in Bachmann's body wants to ram Mohr's head through the floor. But the numbers and time are against him.

He turns and walks... and upends a desk that was thoughtless enough to get in his way before disappearing out the doors.

128 EXT. THE COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

128

BACHMANN crosses the courtyard - the phone at his ear.

BACHMANN

What's going on, Michael?

129 INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

129

MICHAEL AXELROD stands at a large window looking over the city of Berlin below.

AXELROD

Your capacity to make enemies, Gunther  
even exceeds your capacity for espionage.

130 EXT. THE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

130

AXELROD

(on phone)

I suggest you take the necessary action  
to protect the integrity of your  
investigation.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

BACHMANN  
What are you telling me I can do?

131 INT. AXELROD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 131

AXELROD  
You will have to interpret my words as  
you see fit.

132 EXT. THE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 132

BACHMANN  
Will you back me? When the time comes?

AXELROD  
(on phone)  
Of course, Gunther. If it's prudent to do  
so.

Bachmann disconnects.

133 INT. SANCTUARY NORTH. OFFICES - DAY 133

ANNABEL comes to the top of the stairs and moves through the  
crowded waiting room to the offices. She senses a tension in  
the office immediately.

She searches A COLLEAGUE'S face. The woman glances at her,  
worried but is occupied by a client.

URSULA  
(at her office door)  
Annabel... Can I speak with you?

134 INT. URSULA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 134

ANNABEL enters.

URSULA  
Close the door please.

Annabel does and sits with Ursula around a low table.

URSULA (CONT'D)  
The OPC have been here. They're asking  
about your involvement with an Issa  
Karpov.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL  
He's a client.

URSULA  
Why don't I know about him?

She is silent.

URSULA (CONT'D)  
What's his status?

ANNABEL  
He's illegal.

URSULA  
Are you protecting him?

ANNABEL  
I can't talk about this.

URSULA  
Annabel... We have been in this situation  
before.

Ursula takes her hand.

URSULA (CONT'D)  
We must conduct our work within the  
confines of the law.

ANNABEL  
The law sent Magomed back to a place  
where he was tortured and eventually  
murdered. I have no faith in that law.

Ursula holds on her.

URSULA  
They've arrested a Turkish couple for  
harbouring him. (*she checks her notes*) A  
Leyla and Melik Oktay.

Annabel closes her eyes against it.

ANNABEL  
They are not a couple... They are a  
mother and son. And they did not harbour  
him. He was sick and they cared for him.

135 INT. THE LOFT - DAY

135

ISSA is folding a square of paper into a paper aeroplane.

He climbs the high ladder. He teeters on the top rungs trying to achieve maximum elevation and gently lays the paper plane on the still air.

He watches delighted as it glides the length of the loft. He hears the door open.

He sees ANNABEL'S face and the delight in his own falls away.

136 INT. THE LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

136

They are silent... ISSA standing adrift in the room, ANNABEL with her back pressed against a wall by the door.

ANNABEL

I need you to claim your father's money.

ISSA

Karpov's money will not help Leyla and Melik.

ANNABEL

It will help you. It will save you. Only money can buy you the protection you need.

ISSA

It's in the hands of Allah.

ANNABEL

No. It's in yours.

Issa kneels and picks up the plane. He starts to unfold it. Annabel watches him.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

We have to leave Hamburg. I'll come for you tonight. Please be ready.

Issa concentrates as he refolds the plane refusing to face reality. He looks up at the sound of the door.

She has gone.

137 EXT. SPEICHERSTADT - DAY 137

ANNABEL crosses the arched bridge. She angrily wipes at the threat of tears hardly noticing the man she passes standing on the bridge looking at the canal.

BACHMANN watches her walking away. He could reach out to touch her, to stop her.

138 EXT. CENTRAL TRAIN STATION/PUBLIC PHONE - DAY 138

ANNABEL stands stranded at a public pay phone within the sea of commuters. She has the phone to her ear.

ANNABEL  
I need to see you... Somewhere safe.

139 EXT. THE BARLACH MUSEUM - DAY 139

Barlachhaus sits in the landscaped gardens of Jenischpark.

140 INT. THE BARLACH. A GALLERY - DAY 140

ANNABEL stands rigid before a painting by Ernst Barlach. BRUE enters and approaches. He senses the edge she is on.

ANNABEL  
Leyla and Melik have been arrested.

BRUE  
And Issa?

ANNABEL  
He's safe for now. But it's a question of time.

Beat

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
Tell me about your daughter.

BRUE  
Georgie? She is a free spirit. Alas, we are estranged.

ANNABEL  
Why?

(CONTINUED)

BRUE

Nobody tells you how to be a father.  
You're just meant to know. I suspect I  
wasn't a very good one.

ANNABEL

Tell me what to do. I don't know what to  
do anymore.

She stands before him unarmed. He dares to reach for her, to  
find a way to console her. She flinches at his touch.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Don't touch me, Mr. Brue. If you touch me  
now I will break. And I can't break.

She moves away.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

I grew up in a house of beautiful  
paintings. I asked my father once where  
they came from. So many paintings. He  
told me I was never to ask that question  
again. How did I know that they didn't  
rightfully belong in our house? It was  
the silence. They were never mentioned.  
They hung on our walls but we never  
talked about them. Because if we did we  
had to acknowledge that they were stolen  
from murdered Jews. We placed the law  
above life in this country once before. I  
don't want to live in that country. I  
refuse to live in that silence.

BRUE

If I can help.

ANNABEL

Help how?... Please, don't offer help  
unless you have something to offer.

Beat

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

He needs secure housing. Out of Hamburg.  
I know a place. A private sanatorium. No  
questions asked. For the right amount of  
money. And he'll need lawyers. Better  
lawyers than me. If you could organize a  
loan? Against his future expectations? An  
advance?

(CONTINUED)

BRUE

It doesn't work like that. It's not like  
a bank account he can draw on.

ANNABEL

Then what? He has this money. Or he  
doesn't.

BRUE

He must make a formal claim. He must  
present the key.

ANNABEL

He won't do that.

Beat

BRUE

How much do you need?

He removes a cheque book from his jacket pocket.

BRUE (CONT'D)

Would fifty thousand Euros be enough?

ANNABEL

You would do that?

BRUE

Well... one would hope that it would be  
repaid, in time. But if it wasn't, it  
wouldn't be the end of the world.

He writes out a cheque.

ANNABEL

Is it that easy for you?

BRUE

I don't know if easy is the right word  
but in the circumstances it seems right.

He hands her the cheque. She takes it and startles him by  
kissing his cheek in thanks. He closes his eyes as if it  
could make the moment last and when he opens them she is  
gone.

141 EXT. BICYCLE PATH - DAY 141

A mist rises from the Elbe as ANNABEL cycles along the bike path. She rides with a sense of hope now, a sense that she may succeed.

142 EXT. HAMBURG INTERSECTION - DAY 142

ANNABEL alights from her bike as she approaches an intersection. She waits to cross when she hears her name.

GRETCHEN(O.S.)  
Annabel...

She looks as GRETCHEN slides up beside her.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)  
It's good to see you... How's Ursula?

ANNABEL searches her face, trying to place her.

ANNABEL  
She's well... busy as always.

A second woman, ARNA, arrives on her other side, her face full of smiling recognition.

ARNA  
We should call in to see her soon.

Gretchen's strong hand closes around the wrist of her hand that holds the bicycle. Another takes hold of her left arm and forces it behind her back as Arna takes charge of the bicycle. Annabel stiffens in resistance as she is ushered toward a waiting van.

GRETCHEN  
You will get quietly into the back seat,  
no fuss. My friend will look after your  
bike.

143 INT. A WAITING VAN - CONTINUOUS 143

ANNABEL is lowered into the back seat. GRETCHEN gets in beside her. She hears her bike being loaded into the back. She sees A MAN at the wheel. She looks left at the empty space and the door before Arna gets in and blocks her escape.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

She hears a click and looks down at the handcuff on her wrist. She looks out the window and sees the flash of traffic as the van begins to move.

144 INT. THE LOFT - NIGHT

144

ISSA stands before the door holding his backpack... ready... waiting... for the sound of Annabel's footsteps on the stairs.

He starts to rock gently on his feet, his lips moving, searching for the words of his childhood... as he starts to sing the Chechen song.

145 INT. ANNABEL'S CELL - NIGHT

145

Issa's song continues over

A low steel cot. A toilet. A basin. No windows except the dark glass allowing observation from the next room.

ANNABEL sits at a wooden table, rigid, knowing she is being watched. GRETCHEN enters. Issa's song stops. She places a meal tray on the table and leaves.

Beat

Annabel wipes the table clear with her hand. The tray is flung across the room.

146 INT. OBERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

146

BACHMANN watches her through the one-way mirror. A hand arrives on his shoulder. IRNA stands above him.

IRNA

It's time, Gunther. Don't you think?

147 INT. ANNABEL'S CELL - NIGHT

147

Annabel hears the sound of the door opening. She looks and sees BACHMANN. She rises to the attack.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL

Who the hell are you? You can't do this.  
I am a German lawyer.

BACHMANN

Is that it? Is that all the fight you're  
going to give me?

She flings herself at him and strikes him once, twice. He takes those blows. He thinks he owes her that. But on the third he dispatches her with a sharp crack across the face sending her to the floor.

She raises her head still feeling the sting of his blow and then his face is right there in hers.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

Lawyer! Don't make me laugh. You're a  
fucking social worker for terrorists.

She crawls away from the force of his voice. He comes at her with a raised fist. She backs herself into a corner and covers her head from the expected blow.

Instead, there is the sound of the door closing. She looks. He's gone. The room is empty.

148 INT. ANNABEL'S CELL - LATER

148

ANNABEL remains in the corner. Her arms wrapped around her knees in a tight knot. She stiffens at the sound of the door. She steals a look. It's IRNA.

IRNA

Don't be frightened, Dear.

Annabel is silent. Tight. Irna approaches and kneels down close to her.

IRNA (CONT'D)

I want you to listen carefully because we  
don't have much time.

149 INT. OBERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

149

BACHMANN watches from the darkness of the observation room.

150 INT. ANNABEL'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

150

IRNA  
Issa is safe.

Annabel looks at her.

IRNA (CONT'D)  
For now. We know where he is. In your apartment in the Speicherstadt. We have known his whereabouts almost since he arrived in Hamburg. We've been watching over him. And you in a way...

Irna tucks Annabel's hair behind her ear in a gesture of motherly concern.

IRNA (CONT'D)  
But there are people who want to arrest him. You too. And for all the wrong reasons and none of them to do with Issa. To shore up their position. To impress their superiors. To convince the world that they know what they're doing. Which they don't... But we don't think Issa's a threat. He could be, left to his own devices but not yet. He's just a damaged young man who got in with the wrong crowd. So there you have it. Your choice is between us and nobody. We are not your enemies. We are your solution.

151 EXT. THE RIVERFRONT DOCKS - NIGHT

151

BACHMANN walks the riverfront, calculating the angles, building his case. He stops and stares over the water. He takes his phone and dials.

BACHMANN  
You want to let an old spy buy you a drink?

152 INT. HAMPELMANNS BAR - NIGHT

152

MARTHA SULLIVAN descends the stairs to see BACHMANN waiting at the bar. She approaches.

MARTHA  
Is this the best you could do?

(CONTINUED)

Bachmann casts an eye around the late night drinkers stretching out the last inch of booze in their glasses.

BACHMANN

Nobody cares here. Nobody's listening. They don't give a shit about when the next bomb will rip through the U-Bahn or take out a couple of kids from Kansas on detail in Iraq. That's our load, Martha. Is all they care about is where the next drink is coming from. And don't you envy them that?

153 INT. HAMPELMANNS - LATER

153

BACHMANN and MARTHA are seated in a booth. She with a glass of wine... he with whiskey.

BACHMANN

I want you to get Keller's dogs off. I need the lawyer to move freely.

MARTHA

I don't have that kind of influence.

BACHMANN

You have whatever influence you choose to use.

MARTHA

Then you need to let us in. If you don't want us to get in the way then tell us which way you're going.

BACHMANN

Why don't I trust you?

MARTHA

Because old habits die hard.

BACHMANN

That's what worries me.

MARTHA

I was talking about yours. Way I see it Germany gets to occupy the high moral ground because America is prepared to do what you don't want to do.

BACHMANN

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

MARTHA  
Kill terrorists.

BACHMANN  
I've killed terrorists, Martha. Have you?  
My finger's been on the trigger. Not the  
pen.

Bachmann holds on her.

MARTHA  
From what I hear Karpov senior ran big  
money through Brue Fre'res. Care of the  
British. He was on MI6's payroll.

BACHMANN  
You have to respect the British. They did  
it so much better than the rest of us.

MARTHA  
The point is we can't let a kid with his  
record handle money like that.

Bachmann is silent.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
You have to work with us on this,  
Gunther.

BACHMANN  
Put Keller on a leash and we'll see.

Bachmann rises and he's gone. Martha watches him, curious  
about the nature of the man she's dealing with.

154 INT. THE STABLES. BACHMANN'S AND IRNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

154

IRNA sits in the semi-darkness sipping camomile tea as  
BACHMANN enters.

BACHMANN  
How is she?

Irna nods to a monitor.

IRNA  
Sleeping.

Bachmann watches Annabel on screen, she is asleep on the  
metal cot.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

BACHMANN

Is she ours?

IRNA

Not yet.

155 INT. BACHMANN'S SLEEPING ROOM - NIGHT

155

BACHMANN moves into the room and lies down on the bed.

IRNA comes to the door and watches him. He sees her and makes room for her beside him.

Irna lies down and nestles into the crook of his arm. He kisses her forehead. She lays a hand on his chest feeling the rise and fall of his breath.

156 INT. ANNABEL'S CELL - NIGHT

156

ANNABEL lies on the cot... her eyes are open staring at the wall. Her eyes close.

157 INT. GAOL COMPLEX - NIGHT

157

We move down a dark corridor. Stone walls. Oozing moisture. Drag marks of blood across the floor, hand marks on the wall.

A heavy door before us. It swings open to reveal

ISSA, lying on the floor in his underwear, his hands and ankles bound, his body flayed, raw, bloody.

He raises his head to reveal a beaten face, barely recognizable.

158 INT. ANNABEL'S CELL - MORNING

158

ANNABEL wakes screaming.

IRNA enters and is at her side, wrapping her arms around her in a protective embrace, gently rocking her until she settles and finally she breaks and weeps.

159 INT. ANNABEL'S CELL - LATER

159

ANNABEL is seated at the table. IRNA sits opposite her.  
BACHMANN prowls the room.

ANNABEL

What do you want?

BACHMANN

The same thing you do. But for different reasons. We like to think we make the weather here. We hang loose. We wait as long as we can. And we see what Allah provides.

ANNABEL

(she laughs)

You sound like Issa.

BACHMANN

If Allah comes through, the way we hope, then maybe your boy

ANNABEL

He's not my boy.

BACHMANN

Yeah, he's your boy. Just like Magomed was your boy. Your cause. But you lost that one. This time you can win. You play this right, you play this with us, then Issa ends up the free soul he wants to be, studying medicine at Hamburg University or fuck knows what. If not then it's back to where he came from. Unless the Americans want him. In which case we won't know where he is and nor will he.

ANNABEL

I want protection for Leyla and Melik.

BACHMANN

If the son has talked, they're fucked. If not, they've got nothing on them.

ANNABEL

I want their citizenship guaranteed.

BACHMANN

We don't do citizenship.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL

Then we have no deal.

Beat

IRNA

We will try.

Annabel is silent for a long moment. She nods her acceptance.

IRNA (CONT'D)

Thank you. We won't tell you all the truth, Dear. We can't. But whatever we do tell you will be true. We think that you and Issa can help us deal with some very bad people.

160 EXT. LEYLA'S HOUSE - DAY

160

A taxi pulls up outside the house and MELIK gets out. His face is still badly swollen. And something has been taken from him. His dignity.

ANNABEL

Melik?

He looks to see her cautious approach.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Are you ok?

He shrugs.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Leyla?

MELIK

In hospital... Is Issa...

ANNABEL

He's safe.

Melik smiles through his broken mouth.

MELIK

Tell him I did not break. Melik Oktay did not break.

161 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. PARKED - CONTINUOUS 161

BACHMANN watches ANNABEL as she turns from MELIK and walks back to his car.

She gets into the passenger seat. He starts the car and pulls away.

ANNABEL

Tell me why you are any better than the men who did that to him?

Bachmann does not answer... because he knows that he's not.

162 EXT. SPEICHERSTADT - DAY 162

BACHMANN'S car travels down the cobbled road and pulls up near the Counting House.

ANNABEL gets out of the car... and moves toward the entrance. She carries a canvas bag with some food.

Bachmann gets out of the car... he wants to say something to her but what... He lights a cigarette instead and walks away.

163 INT. STAIRWAY/LANDING - DAY 163

ANNABEL climbs the stairs onto the landing. She hesitates at the heavy door... uncertain what she will find beyond it.

BACHMANN (V.O.)

Give him as much of yourself as you can.

164 INT. ANNABEL'S CELL - DAY 164

ANNABEL is seated at the table. BACHMANN and IRNA facing her.

BACHMANN

Flirt with him, remind him that you're a woman.

165 INT. THE LOFT - DAY 165

ISSA is perched on the ledge beneath the arched window staring over the rooftops of Hamburg.

(CONTINUED)

BACHMANN (V.O.)

His decision, when it comes, will be more emotional than rational.

He turns at the sound of the door. ANNABEL enters. She sees the hurt child in his face and then sees

The scattered paper planes across the floor. Hundreds of them. A carpet of them. She picks up a plane and casts it into the air. It falls in a pathetic dive.

Issa jumps down from his perch. Suddenly a child ready to play.

166 INT. THE LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

166

ISSA steadies the ladder as ANNABEL climbs. She wobbles uncertain on her feet. He steadies her then snaps his hands back... it is not proper for him to touch a woman... and yet to touch a woman...

Annabel reaches the top of the ladder and lets a plane fly. It soars across the loft.

They watch entranced... He looks up at her, seeing her face filled with the simple pleasure of it. She looks down at him and smiles.

BACHMANN (V.O.)

Get him outside. We will need half an hour. Take him up onto the rooftop.

167 EXT. THE ROOFTOP - DAY

167

ANNABEL leads ISSA onto the rooftop garden.

BACHMANN (V.O.)

Let him smell freedom.

They move to the edge and take in the commanding view of the river and port.

The wind fills their ears and plays with their hair. Issa turns his face to the sun. He closes his eyes as he feels the promise of its warmth.

168 INT. THE LOFT - DAY 168

RASHEED and KARL work on ladders to install a series of cameras in the loft.... they are fast, efficient, well practised as they position a camera in a discrete position.

169 EXT. THE ROOFTOP - DAY 169

A sea bird flies high in the sky.

ISSA points to it... his face breaking into a smile. ANNABEL stares over Hamburg, heavy with the sense of betrayal.

But Issa stares at the bird... unaware.

170 INT. THE LOFT - DAY 170

ANNABEL lays out food on a table, a salad, bread, some cold meats, fruit, a jug of water. She looks over to see ISSA searching through the collection of CDs.

He makes a choice, inserts the cd and presses play - something cool and mellow. Annabel is surprised by the unexpected choice.

171 INT. THE LOFT - MOMENTS LATER 171

ISSA and ANNABEL eat in silence... achingly beautiful music in the background.

ISSA

Why did you not come for me last night?

ANNABEL

The plans changed, that's all.

ISSA

How long must I stay here?

ANNABEL

Not long. I hope.

ISSA

Are you lying to me, Annabel?

ANNABEL

Of course not.

172 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 172

ANNABEL is flanked by KARL and RASHEED as the elevator rises.

173 INT. SAFE APARTMENT. HAFFEN CITY - NIGHT 173

ANNABEL enters an apartment high above the port in a modern complex in Haffen city.

IRNA and BACHMANN are there to meet her. Bachmann sits at the window contemplating the endless stretch of the river and port below.

IRNA

You did very well, Dear.

Annabel looks at a television screen revealing the interior of the loft. On screen ISSA is praying.

IRNA (CONT'D)

Just remember, you are doing this to save him.

Annabel looks across at Bachmann, wanting something from him. He remains looking out the window, refusing to give it.

Annabel walks out of the room.

174 INT. ANNABEL'S BEDROOM. SAFE APARTMENT - NIGHT 174

ANNABEL sits in silence on the single bed.

IRNA (V.O.)

Encourage him to talk about his childhood... the things he cares about.

175 INT. THE LOFT - DAY 175

ANNABEL and ISSA are bent over a chess board.

IRNA (V.O.)

You're building a relationship. It's important that he thinks he can trust you with the intimate details of his life.

Issa shifts his Queen. Annabel notices the gold bracelet at his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

ANNABEL

I like your bracelet, Issa.

He concentrates on the board.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Is it special?

ISSA

It belong to my mother.

ANNABEL

Is she in Chechnya?

ISSA

She is dead.

They hold on eachother.

ISSA (CONT'D)

She died many times. She died on day Karpov's troops seize her from village and take her to barracks for Karpov to defile. She died the day men of her tribe say she collaborate with enemy by being raped and order her brother to kill her. She died every day she waited to bear me, knowing that the day I am born into this world is the day she will leave it. On this day she is fifteen.

ANNABEL

You never met her.

ISSA

No. I only have bracelet. Not even picture.

Annabel is silent.

ISSA (CONT'D)

Do not be sad, Annabel. This is story of Chechnya.

176 INT. THE LOFT - LATER

176

ANNABEL puts on some music... soft, emotional. ISSA looks over from the window.

She starts to move... a slow and sad sort of dance.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL

Do you like to dance?

He shakes his head, a little shy.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Would you like to try?

ISSA

It is not correct, Annabel.

ANNABEL

We don't have to touch.

Issa approaches, cautious but drawn by the music, by her. They stand close, he moves with her, a little awkward.

Their feet are bare. They move in a slow rhythm.

She moves in to him, even closer. He can hear her breath, feel it on his face as their bodies move together, not touching but so close they can feel one another's heartbeat.

177 INT. SAFE APARTMENT. HAFEN CITY - CONTINUOUS

177

BACHMANN is watching them on the screen... his eyes drawn to her.

He moves away and stands at the window, looking out, suddenly angry... at himself for feeling something.

178 INT. THE LOFT - CONTINUOUS

178

ANNABEL raises her hand as if she might lightly place it on his hip. Then he stops.

He turns away and crosses the loft and turns off the music.

They stand in the silence. Saying nothing.

179 INT. SAFE APARTMENT. HAFEN CITY - NIGHT

179

In the still quiet of the safe house... ANNABEL and BACHMANN stare into the night.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL

I hate it that people like you always  
think the worst of people like Issa.

BACHMANN

I hate it that people like you don't.

Beat - they hear music. Annabel looks.

On screen ISSA has turned on the same music from their dance,  
reliving the moment with Annabel.

She looks away.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

This thing with the mother. We can use  
it.

Annabel stands and leaves the room. Bachmann senses the heat  
of Irna's disapproval. He sees her standing at the door.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

Don't go soft on me. There's no room for  
it.

IRNA

When has it ever not been so, Gunther.

He rises, takes his car keys and leaves the room.

180 INT. ANNABEL'S BEDROOM. SAFE APARTMENT - NIGHT

180

IRNA finds ANNABEL in her room.

IRNA

Don't think too badly of him.

ANNABEL

Are you in love with him?

IRNA

Not in the way you might think. We were  
lovers once. Of course. A man and a woman  
working so close. It's inevitable.

ANNABEL

What happened?

IRNA

In our work sex is a tool. Genuine  
feeling must be put aside...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

IRNA (CONT'D)

Gunther closed the door on feeling many years ago.

181 INT. HAMBURG MOSQUE - NIGHT

181

The beautiful rise and fall of the rhythm of Muslim men at prayer.

182 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. PARKED - NIGHT

182

BACHMANN is parked in the darkness of the street outside the mosque watching the Faithful leave.

IRNA (V.O.)

He has a difficult job. He must know the terrorist before the terrorist knows that's what he is.

He sees DR. FAISAL ABDULLAH flanked by two men approaching a waiting car. The door is opened and Abdullah gets into the rear seat.

Bachmann watches as the car drives away.

183 INT. BACHMANN'S CAR. PARKED - DAY

183

BACHMANN and ANNABEL sit in silence.

BACHMANN

Use your instincts. What you know. What you believe in. What you care about. Make him angry if you have to. Ask him how many people he has killed.

She gets out of the car abruptly leaving him in the silence.

184 INT. THE LOFT - DAY

184

ISSA is seated in his customary position on the ledge beneath the arched window. ANNABEL with her back pressed against the wall. The length of the loft stretches between them.

ANNABEL

There was a bomb in a Baghdad market today. Eighty three dead.

(CONTINUED)

ISSA  
It is God's will.

ANNABEL  
I don't understand that God.

ISSA  
Do you have faith?

She shakes her head.

ISSA (CONT'D)  
Then do not judge God.

ANNABEL  
Have you killed, Issa?

ISSA  
You should not ask me that.

ANNABEL  
Why not? Why can't I ask that?

He slides off the ledge.

ISSA  
You don't know where I have come from.

ANNABEL  
Then tell me. Tell me about this place  
where it is alright to kill another human  
being. What was it, Issa? A bomb on a  
train. At a bus station. A market place.

ISSA  
You must go.

ANNABEL  
Who is this man who I have risked  
everything for?

ISSA  
This is who I am.

Issa removes his shirt and turns his back to her to reveal  
the marks of torture. He stands naked before her.

She turns away.

185 INT. SAFE APARTMENT. HAFFEN CITY - CONTINUOUS

185

BACHMANN and IRNA watch on the screen.

IRNA  
She's in trouble.

BACHMANN  
She's stronger than you think.

186 INT. THE LOFT - CONTINUOUS

186

ISSA buttons his shirt.

ANNABEL  
Tell me... about the Five Pillars of  
Islam.

Beat

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
I need to know what you believe in, Issa.

ISSA  
Shahada... Accepting Muhammad as God's  
one true messenger. Salat... the practice  
of the five daily prayers. Sawm...  
Fasting during Ramadan.

He hesitates... reminded of all that separates him from  
Annabel.

ISSA (CONT'D)  
Hajj... the pilgrimage to Mecca.

He hesitates... as if to name the final pillar will end  
something. She does it for him.

ANNABEL  
And Zagat... the giving of alms.

She wipes the sting of tears from her face.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)  
You told me that your father's money is  
stolen. That he has Chechen blood on his  
hands. What if we can give this money  
back? To Chechnya? Not for political  
reasons, not to fight the Russians. But  
to rebuild the hospitals and the schools  
that they have destroyed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

And not just to Chechnya but to wherever  
there is suffering in the Muslim world.

And now she delivers the final blow.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

Would not such an act cleanse you of your  
own wrongs and honour your mother's life?

Issa is silent.

ANNABEL (CONT'D)

In Hamburg there is a respected Muslim  
scholar. His name is Dr. Faisal Abdullah.  
With your permission we would seek his  
guidance.

ISSA

This Doctor is devout?

ANNABEL

Yes... He is a good man. A man of God. He  
is connected to many Muslim charities.

ISSA

Perhaps he would also become my spiritual  
guide.

ANNABEL

If that's what you're seeking.

ISSA

I wish to live a pure life, Annabel. To  
do only good and to follow the teachings  
of Mohammed.

He looks at her. There are tears on his face. It almost  
throws her.

ISSA (CONT'D)

Please... you will speak to him.

She nods.

ISSA (CONT'D)

You must go now... You have become a  
provocation to me.

He retreats to the ledge at the arched window and pulls his  
knees into a tight embrace.

A moment... Then she rises, takes her ruck sack and leaves  
the loft without a word.

187 INT. ELEVATOR. RISING - DAY 187

ANNABEL is silent. RASHEED and KARL stand as sentinels at her side.

188 INT. THE SAFE HOUSE. HAFEN CITY - MOMENTS LATER 188

BACHMANN and IRNA wait for her return. The door opens and ANNABEL enters.

ANNABEL

There... your goat is tethered.

She leaves the room.

189 EXT. O.F.C COMPOUND - DAY 189

The thunder of rotor blades as a German government helicopter lands and DIETER BURGDORF, from the Interior Ministry and OTTO KELLER get out to be met by ARNIE MOHR. Handshakes and greetings all round.

190 INT. THE STABLES - CONTINUOUS 190

BACHMANN watches the performance from his window as the three conspirators move toward the O.P.C building. IRNA joins him.

IRNA

Are we ready?

191 EXT. O.P.C COMPOUND. COURTYARD - DAY 191

BACHMANN, IRNA, MAXI and NIKI move across the courtyard toward the OPC building. Official black cars and suited security crowd up the car park.

192 INT. AN ANTE-ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 192

The chatter of the gathered crowd quietens as BACHMANN and his team enter the room. The main players; BURGDORF, KELLER, MOHR, MICHAEL AXELROD and MARTHA huddle in a tight circle surrounded by ADVISORS, MINIONS and INTELLIGENCE PERSONNEL.

(CONTINUED)

Martha looks over and gives Bachmann a hard-to-read nod. If she's on his side she's being careful.

Axelrod approaches.

AXELROD

Work on Burgdorf. The decision is ultimately his. Keller's already been in his ear, of course.

Close on BACHMANN as he eyes his audience around the table. No one is making it easy for him. Burgdorf has his head buried in a document, KELLER frantically fiddles with his phone, AXELROD and MARTHA bend their heads together in conversation. MOHR flicks his eyes around the room wondering whose side to be on.

NIKI moves around the room placing a dossier before each person as BACHMANN rises to his feet... IRNA and MAXI are seated at his end of the table.

BACHMANN

Maxi... if you will.

Maxi operates a control to bring up a projected image of Abdullah on a large screen. He works through several images of Abdullah as Bachmann begins.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

I give you the venerable Dr. Faisal Abdullah. Everything we want him to be and a little bit more; tolerant, enlightened, engaged with the West. But every good man has a little bit of bad. And in his case the little bit might just kill you.

The opening gambit has them. Bachmann knows it. He moves around the room forcing them to follow him from their chairs.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

The ninety five per cent of him that's good raises money in the West and directs it to orphanages and hospitals throughout the Umma. If the guy was Christian he would be a saint. But that's the problem. He's not. He sees things from a different point of view.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

He sees that his people are being and have been for eternity fucked over and fucked over again. So the little bit of him, the little five percent wants to return the favour. How's he do it, Maxi?

Maxi rises to his feet.

MAXIMILIAN

At it's simplest... the wretched of Djibouti, let us say, are crying out for a hundred tons of sugar. One of his charities will ship it using a company out of Nicosia. On its way to Djibouti the mercy ship pulls in at the humble port of Berbera on the north coast of Somalia. Here, it transpires that ten of the one hundred tons is unloaded by mistake.

BACHMANN

So? Happens all the time. Even here in Hamburg.

MAXIMILIAN

The ship goes on before the mistake is realized. And the starving in Djibouti are so grateful for ninety tons, they don't ask questions.

BACHMANN

Meanwhile the missing ten tons are buying detonators, land mines, handguns and shoulder-held rocket launchers for Somali militants whose aim in life is to spread mayhem and slaughter at bargain basement prices.

BURGDORF

Why don't we know about this?

BACHMANN

Because 9/11 cast the world in black and white and we all stopped looking at the shades of grey in between. That's where a guy like Abdullah crawls... in the shadows creaming five percent from the top and directing it wherever he sees fit and nobody's been looking.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

Certainly not German Intelligence because our god damn war complex, our poor fucking damaged post-war national psyche won't let us see the little bit of bad in a good man who preaches tolerance and love for all mankind. And we want to believe in that. We want to believe that the man means us no harm. And maybe he doesn't. Maybe he thinks his five percent funds what he calls acts of resistance on Muslim soil.

MARTHA

Those "acts of resistance" end with American soldiers being dead.

BACHMANN

Yeah. But they shouldn't be there. It's Muslim soil. They're fair targets.

Off her look.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

Hey, it's his logic. I'm not saying I agree with it. I'm saying I understand it. The point is he wouldn't know if his 5 per cent buys explosives that end up back in the West. Or perhaps he doesn't want to know. Remember, this guy is 95% good. And that's what we want to exploit.

BURGDORF

And this financier of terror is not in a German gaol for what reason?

Bachmann can see that the subtlety of his argument escapes Burgdorf but he presses on.

BACHMANN

Arrests don't lead anywhere. They merely create a space for someone else to fill. He does six years in a German gaol and meanwhile we've lost an opportunity to have someone on the inside. Exactly what we didn't have in 2001. I don't want to arrest him. I want to turn him.

BURGDORF

Using what leverage?

BACHMANN

Irna.

(CONTINUED)

IRNA

On the negative; threat of prosecution, gaol, public humiliation, discrediting of his charities, deportation of his wife and children. On the positive. Amnesty. The promise of citizenship, which he has applied for half a dozen times. The opportunity to remain Germany's most venerated Muslim plus the trappings.

BURGDORF

He's susceptible?

IRNA

The man enjoys being who he is.

BACHMANN

All I need is to catch him in the act and a few hours in a room with him.

KELLER

So now Herr Bachmann is offering passports to terrorists.

BACHMANN

I'll need one for Karpov too.

KELLER

Out of the question.

BACHMANN

It's for the lawyer... that's the deal. Her cooperation for his freedom. I gave her my word. And contrary to what you might think... my word is good. She also wants a guarantee that the Turks won't be touched.

MOHR

They harboured Karpov. They have contravened the terms of their residency.

BACHMANN

They looked after a sick boy. A boy who is now our bait for a bigger fish.

KELLER

You are in no position to demand guarantees or to offer passports.

AXELROD

No... but I am. With the right pressure placed in the right places.

(CONTINUED)

BURGDORF

We will confer... Thank you, Herr  
Bachmann.

And with that he is dismissed.

BURGDORF (CONT'D)

Martha... if you will remain to give us  
the American perspective?

Bachmann searches for her eye across the table. She doesn't  
give it. He has no idea which way she will fall.

194 INT. HAMPELMANNS - NIGHT

194

BACHMANN sits on a whiskey at the bar waiting when MARTHA  
arrives at his side.

MARTHA

You've got the green light.

Beat

MARTHA (CONT'D)

On the proviso that you'll share  
intelligence... Are you ok with that?

He holds on her... a silent thanks and something more. The  
ache of attraction. The well of need. He kisses her.

195 INT. THE LOFT - NIGHT

195

ISSA is alone in the semi-darkness of the loft. He undresses  
removing his western clothes... revealing his shattered body.

He kneels and performs the ritual washing for the Isha'a, the  
evening prayer.

196 INT. THE SAFE HOUSE. HAFEN CITY - NIGHT

196

ANNABEL sits in the darkened room staring at the screen - at  
the live feed from the loft as

ISSA washes and dresses in his Muslim clothes... He lays his  
mat on the floor and begins the prayer.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

Annabel watches... hating herself for this intrusion but compelled by it... punishing herself with it... a voyeur.

197 INT. MARTHA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

197

Discarded clothes lie scattered across the floor leading to the bed where

BACHMANN and MARTHA make love... their eyes locked, searching one another's face for the person that lies within.

198 INT. MARTHA'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

198

BACHMANN finishes dressing and looks back at the sleeping MARTHA before he slips quietly from the room.

199 INT. SAFE APARTMENT. HAFEN CITY - NIGHT

199

BACHMANN enters... he finds ANNABEL asleep on the couch.

He lifts her and carries her through the apartment.

200 INT. ANNABEL'S BEDROOM. SAFE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

200

BACHMANN lays her on the bed and covers her with the quilt. He finds a chair, sits and watches over her.

201 INT. BRUE'S OFFICE. THE BANK - DAY

201

ELLI appears anxious at the door.

ELLI

Someone to see...

But BACHMANN has walked into the room unannounced.

BRUE

It's alright, Elli. Can you close the door on your way out?

She backs out of the room and closes the door. Bachmann throws Brue's cheque on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

BACHMANN

What did you think that was going to buy  
you, Tommy?

BRUE

Perhaps a little self-respect.

BACHMANN

Or the favour of an attractive young  
woman. What did you think she would do?  
Drop her knickers? Or maybe just a dinner  
at The Atlantic every now and then.  
Sometimes that's enough, hey? The  
company. You poor old bastard. Your  
wife's off fucking her Bridge partner and  
you're left paying the plastic surgeon  
and cleaning up your Daddy's mess. Not  
how you thought it would all end up.

BRUE

My God! What hell produced you?

BACHMANN

A tower block in the wrong part of East  
Berlin.

BRUE

Well I wish you would fucking well go  
back there.

Bachmann laughs.

BACHMANN

I just might. When all this is done.

BRUE

What have you done with Annabel?

Bachmann indicates the window. Brue moves to it and sees  
ANNABEL standing on the grassed terraces below, looking over  
the Alster Lake.

202 EXT. THE TERRACE - LATER

202

ANNABEL looks over the water as BRUE joins her.

ANNABEL

I'm sorry for dragging you into this.

BRUE

Do you think this is the best course?

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

ANNABEL

I think it's the only course, Mr. Brue.

BRUE

Perhaps you might call me Tommy.

Beat

ANNABEL

Will you do it?

BRUE

If you're asking me too.

They stand looking over the water.

203 INT. BRUE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

203

BRUE enters... and stands in the miserable silence of his house.

204 INT. BRUE'S HOUSE. STUDY - A SHORT TIME LATER

204

BRUE enters with a tumbler of whiskey. He sits at his desk and drinks.

His eyes fall upon the photograph of Georgie.

He searches through his drawer and finds a well worn little black book. He flicks through its pages until he finds Georgie's page.

His finger runs down the many crossed out numbers until he finds the only number without a line through it. He hesitates... can he bare her rejection... and dials.

GEORGIE

(phone)

Hello.

BRUE

Georgie?

A terrible silence.

BRUE (CONT'D)

Don't hang up... I just wanted to hear your voice.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIE

(phone)

How's the second Mrs. Brue?

BRUE

Busy making plans to leave me... no doubt considerably wealthier than when she arrived... You can say it?

GEORGIE

(phone)

I don't think I need to, do I?

BRUE

It was a lonely man's folly, Georgie. I see that now... And the first Mrs. Brue?

GEORGIE

(phone)

I haven't spoken to her for a while. I'm sure she's fine.

BRUE

We're not much of a family... are we? We Brues.

They both sit in the sadness of that.

GEORGIE

(phone)

I'm going to have a baby.

Tears bite at the back of his eyes.

BRUE

That's wonderful...

And roll down his face.

BRUE (CONT'D)

I'm so happy for you.

GEORGIE

(on phone)

Thank you, Dad.

BRUE

Is there...

GEORGIE

(on phone)

Yes. He teaches yoga. His name is Kevin.

(CONTINUED)

BRUE

Brilliant. Well, good for Kevin. And good for you, Georgie. Would you... could I send some money... I mean for the baby. There must be...

GEORGIE

(on phone)

I don't need anything.

BRUE

A pram or cradle... or something. Please.

GEORGIE

(on phone)

Maybe something later... if it's not sent instead of love.

And with this she has summed up the father he has been... and it pains him to hear it. His face is wet with tears.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

(phone)

Maybe you could come... to California... once the baby is born.

BRUE

I would like that very much, Georgie.

He sits with this one moment of hope.

205 EXT. THE AUTOBAHN - DAY

205

A black sky hangs over flat countryside.

The autobahn shines like glass after recent rain. BRUE'S black Mercedes travels at speed.

206 INT. BRUE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

206

Headlights from oncoming cars lunge at him. He blinks. And sees a sign for a roadside stop ahead. He checks a name on a piece of paper on his console. And indicates to turn.

207 EXT. ROAD SIDE STOP - MOMENTS LATER

207

BRUE'S car pulls off the autobahn. BACHMANN and NIKI wait by the "Cleaning Company" truck.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

208 EXT. ROAD SIDE STOP - LATER

208

BRUE stands with BACHMANN beside the truck.

BACHMANN

You'll be searched by his men... Abdullah  
is big on security.

BRUE

With reason it would seem.

NIKI slips a pen into the top pocket of his suit.

BACHMANN

It's just an ordinary fountain pen. It  
looks like a pen, writes like a pen,  
listens like a pen. Take it apart, it's  
still a pen. Clear?

BRUE

Is Annabel here?

BACHMANN

Are you clear, Tommy?

He nods.

BACHMANN (CONT'D)

The ground has all been laid. You are  
acting on behalf of a wealthy Muslim  
client...

BRUE

We have been over this.

BACHMANN

(relentless)

You are acting on behalf of a wealthy  
Muslim client...

BRUE

Several times.

BACHMANN

... who has come into a considerable  
inheritance. The source of the money is  
questionable and he seeks to distribute  
these funds in a spiritually correct  
manner...

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

BRUE  
For Christ sake!

Brue moves to his car. He stops.

BRUE (CONT'D)  
Where am I going?

BACHMANN  
Can you do this?

BRUE  
Yes.

BACHMANN  
Tommy...

BRUE  
Yes! Yes!... I just need the address.

NIKI  
It's in the briefing file on the front  
seat.

BRUE  
Thank you.

Bachmann watches as Brue gets into his car and pulls away.

209 INT. BRUE'S CAR - DAY

209

BRUE drives down a street in a small town somewhere north of  
Hamburg... squat red brick houses on either side.

His eyes search for the house number in the briefing file.

210 EXT. ABDULLAH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

210

The Mercedes pulls over to the curb and BRUE gets out of the  
car to be met by an ARAB MAN in a baggy suit. ANOTHER eyes  
Brue from the door as he smokes a cigarette.

SECURITY  
You permit, Sir?

He gestures for Brue to prepare for a search. Brue raises his  
arms ready; shoulders, lapels, armpits, side-pockets, back,  
hips, crotch, calves, ankles.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

The man leads him to the door. Brue recoils at the stench of the other man's cigarette but he tries not to show it.

The door is opened and he steps into the house.

211 INT. ABDULLAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

211

To be met by a smiling BOY wearing a skull cap and white robe holding a New York Nick's basket ball. BRUE is momentarily thrown. He wasn't expecting this... children, family, basket balls. Somehow the words don't go with terrorist.

BRUE

Hello.

The boy covers his mouth with his hand to contain his laugh. For some reason he finds Brue hilarious. He scatters at the firm voice of someone approaching.

ISMAIL

(Arabic)

Go... now!

Brue watches him as he scoots away down a hall and through a door where he glimpses a veiled woman holding a small child before the door closes on the familial scene.

ISMAIL (CONT'D)

Mr. Brue, Sir. I am Ismail, private secretary to Dr. Abdullah... I am also his eldest son.

Brue takes his hand. Ismail ushers him up a flight of stairs.

ISMAIL (CONT'D)

This way, please.

212 INT. DOCTOR ABDULLAH'S OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

212

DOCTOR ABDULLAH turns from the window at the sound of the door and meets BRUE with his hand held out.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH

Mr. Brue.

He wears a black suit with a white shirt buttoned at the neck. Brue takes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR ABDULLAH (CONT'D)

Your name is not unknown to me, Sir. You have met my son, Ismail?

BRUE

I have... and another at the door, I think.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH

I am blessed by Allah with many sons. Do you have children?

BRUE

One. A daughter. (*with new found pride*)  
First grandchild on the way, actually.  
May I ask in what context you are familiar with my name?

DOCTOR ABDULLAH

Your bank has Arab connections. Not necessarily good ones. Perhaps you have forgotten. The British are good at that.

Brue looks, not understanding.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH (CONT'D)

Forgetting, Mr. Brue. The victim never forgets. Ask an Irishman what the English did to him in 1920 and he'll tell you the day of the month and the name of every man who was killed. Ask an Iranian what the English did to him in 1953 and he'll tell you. And his son will tell you. And his grandson will tell you. You see, the victim never forgets. But the English? 'Move on'. They say. 'Move on. Tomorrow's another day.' But tomorrow was created yesterday, Mr. Brue. To ignore history is a mistake. Please. Sit.

Brue does as a young woman enters with a tea tray, wearing a Hijab.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH (CONT'D)

This is Fatima, my daughter.

FATIMA

Hi.

As she places the tea things.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
God willing she will leave soon to study  
at the London School of Economics. I will  
be a lonely fellow then but a proud one.

213 INT. REAR OF THE VAN - DAY

213

The cleaning van is parked in a side street. NIKI and  
BACHMANN listen with head phones.

214 INT. DOCTOR ABDULLAH'S OFFICE - DAY

214

BRUE takes an envelope from his brief case.

BRUE  
As explained to you on the phone, my  
client's situation in Germany is  
delicate.

He passes Abdullah the envelope.

BRUE (CONT'D)  
These are the details of his account, the  
amount etc.

Abdullah opens the envelope. He takes in the amount.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
Is this a joke?

BRUE  
No. My client regards it as an entirely  
serious matter.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
This is a significant amount of money.

BRUE  
A portion of it will be reserved for his  
medical studies and a living allowance.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
(Arabic)  
God is great!

A moment... then Abdullah looks up to Brue.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

DOCTOR ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
I wonder if you can comprehend the  
difference such a sum would make to the  
lives of the people our charities assist.

Brue is silent

DOCTOR ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
Where did the money come from?

BRUE  
The source is unclear. But it's probably  
not entirely reputable. It has come to my  
client in the form of an inheritance. A  
deposit made at my bank some decades ago.  
He regards it as unclean and seeks your  
guidance in disposing of the money in a  
manner befitting his religion.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
What am I to say? Yes? No? Thank you?

BRUE  
My client is hoping you will say yes.

Abdullah is silent for a moment.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
You're an honourable man. I believe that.

Brue is silent.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
A father like me.

BRUE  
Yes.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
Then tell me as one father to another,  
why I should trust you?

215 INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

215

BACHMANN listens... wondering if Brue can handle this.

BRUE  
(on mic)  
We must trust each other, surely.

216 INT. DOCTOR ABDULLAH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

216

BRUE

I am willing, on my client's instruction to arrange for significant funds to be transferred according to your direction. I am placing those funds in your hands because you are known as a religious man, a trusted man. I must accept that you will direct this money to the purpose my client intends. This I am willing to do, Sir. If you will trust me.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH

Why the urgency?

BRUE

He is on borrowed time, Doctor. Accept this gift now because he may not be in a position to offer it for much longer.

217 INT. REAR OF THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

217

BACHMANN listens... He looks at Niki.

BACHMANN

The English, I tell you, are the best liars in the world.

218 INT. DOCTOR ABDULLAH'S OFFICE - DAY

218

Abdullah considers his options.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH

Then I place myself in your hands.

Beat - Brue feels the sense of responsibility.

BRUE

We will need to make the transfer of monies at the bank. After hours. My client will be present with his lawyer.

Brue rises.

BRUE (CONT'D)

If you could fax through the names and credentials of the suggested charities.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

BRUE (CONT'D)

My client would like to consider the list. As discussed previously he has a particular interest in Chechnya. Meanwhile, I will make the necessary arrangements and let you know.

Abdullah meets his eye and seems to look into his soul... until at last he nods an acceptance of these terms and takes Brue's hand.

ABDULLAH

May your grandchild bring you much joy.

219 EXT. SIDE OF A ROAD - DAY

219

The Mercedes is pulled over at the side of the road. BRUE stands at the side of the car retching.

The van pulls over behind his car. BACHMANN gets out and approaches. Brue rights himself and gives Bachmann a long look.

BRUE

The man has children.

BACHMANN

And once this is done... he'll be back with them.

BRUE

Are you sure?

BACHMANN

I don't plan to touch a fucking hair on his venerable head.

220 INT. BRUE FERES. ELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

220

A faxed document emerges from a fax machine. ELLI takes it and leaves the office.

221 INT. BRUE FERES. BRUE'S OFFICE - DAY

221

BRUE is seated at his desk as ELLI enters and places the fax in front of him. He picks it up and looks at it.

It is a list of charities from Dr. Abdullah.

222 INT. THE STABLES. RESERACHER'S DEN - DAY 222

The faxed list lies on the work desk.

NIKI and MAXI work the computers

BACHMANN, IRNA, RASHEED and KARL are waiting.

Maxi finally looks up from his work.

MAXIMILIAN

Each is bona fide. CIA cleared.

NIKI

Orphanages, hospitals, schools. Mainly in  
Chechnya. Palestine. Gaza. Lebanon.

BACHMANN

Shipping companies based out of Cyprus?  
Moroccan Transport firms?

MAXIMILIAN

Nothing.

All eyes are on Bachmann as he considers this.

IRNA

Gunther.

She indicates a screen. A security camera covers the entrance  
of Brue Fre'res Bank. A taxi pulls up and ANNABEL and ISSA  
get out.

223 EXT. BRUE FRE'RES BANK - DAY 223

BRUE meets ANNABEL and ISSA at the entrance of the bank. He  
shakes Issa's hand and shows them inside.

224 INT. THE BANK STRONGROOM - DAY 224

The door of the strong room opens and BRUE leads ISSA and  
ANNABEL into the fortified room.

The safe boxes are stacked along one wall, two keyholes  
apiece. Brue removes the appropriate box and places it on the  
long wooden table.

ISSA

Is the money in there?

(CONTINUED)

BRUE

The box contains your father's ...  
Colonel Karpov's instructions and a  
series of bearer's bonds. Once you have  
signed the necessary papers I will be  
able to access the money overnight and  
transfer it into a holding account. Is  
that satisfactory, Issa?

He nods.

BRUE (CONT'D)

Do you have your key?

Issa removes his bracelet and slides the key from the chain.  
Brue places his own key in one lock. Issa places his in the  
other. They turn their keys simultaneously.

The locking mechanism opens.

Brue opens the box and removes the papers. As he sorts  
through them he finds an envelope with the name Ivan written  
on it.

BRUE (CONT'D)

This is for you.

He gives it to Issa.

Annabel watches him as Issa stares at the envelope and then  
finds the courage to open it. He withdraws a single  
photograph.

He turns it over to reveal a fifteen year old Chechen girl;  
his mother standing in front of a house.

Issa brings it to his lip and kisses it.

225 INT. SAFE APARTMENT. HAFEN CITY - NIGHT

225

ANNABEL and BACHMANN sit in silence watching the boats on the  
river.

BACHMANN

I don't say thank you.

ANNABEL

I'm not asking you to.

They are silent.

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

Then Bachmann takes her hand and brings it to his face. He kisses it. Then he leaves the room.

Annabel stares at the water.

226 EXT. HAMBURG - DAY

226

Boats work on the river.

227 EXT. O.P.C COMPUND. COURTYARD - DAY

227

BACHMANN moves toward his car when he sees MARTHA approaching.

MARTHA

I missed you at breakfast.

BACHMANN

I don't do breakfast.

MARTHA

Nor do I.

She kisses him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Good luck today.

BACHMANN

Never wish a spy good luck.

She smiles then walks away. Bachmann watches her go.

228 INT. THE BANK. WAITING ROOM - DAY

228

BRUE, ANNABEL and ISSA sit in silence.

229 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

229

IRNA, NIKI and MAXI monitor a series of screens covering the interior and exterior of the bank. On one a taxi enters through the gates to the grounds.

230 EXT. THE BANK. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 230

And pulls up at the entrance of the bank.

231 INT. TAXI - DAY 231

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
You will please wait.

BACHMANN, in the driver's seat nods his ascent. He watches ABDULLAH as he gets out of the taxi and approaches the door.

232 INT. THE BANK - DAY 232

BRUE opens the door and meets ABDULLAH on his approach. He shakes his hand and leads him across the marbled entrance foyer.

233 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 233

BRUE and ABDULLAH are tracked through the bank.

234 INT. THE BANK. WAITING ROOM - DAY 234

ISSA and ANNABEL rise as BRUE leads ABDULLAH into the room. Issa bows his head in deference to Abdullah.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
Brother.

He opens his arms and takes Issa into an embrace. He kisses both his cheeks in the Muslim manner. Then he raises Issa's bowed head so that he must look into the older man's eyes.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
Allah smiles upon you, Issa Karpov. I  
thank you for the children of your  
homeland. I thank you for the families of  
the martyrs.

Issa is overcome with emotion until Abdullah notices the glint of gold at his wrist. Abdullah takes his hand and pushes back his sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
Is this gold?

Issa nods uncertain.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
And the trinket... does this represent  
the Holy Koran?

ISSA  
Yes, Sir

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
Such display is forbidden, Issa.

Issa lowers his head in shame.

ANNABEL  
It was his mother's.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH  
(ignoring her)  
Please take it from your wrist.

Issa removes his bracelet and wraps it in his hand.

DOCTOR ABDULLAH (CONT'D)  
There are men in the world, Issa who care  
only for the *dunya*. By this is meant  
money and material status. And there are  
men in the world who care nothing for the  
*dunya* but everything for the *akhira*, by  
which means the eternal life that we lead  
afterwards, according to our merits and  
failures in the eyes of God. By virtue of  
your gift you are choosing the *akhira*.  
Tell me now, Issa what is it that you are  
renouncing and for whom.

ISSA  
I am renouncing my father's sins  
(*conscious of Annabel*) and my own, Sir.  
For God.

Annabel watches him until Brue steps into the silence.

BRUE  
Shall we proceed?

235 INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 235

NIKI and MAXI monitor the screens... IRNA stands behind. They watch BRUE leading ABDULLAH, ANNABEL and ISSA down the corridor and into a cashier's office.

IRNA  
(into her head mic)  
They're about to begin.

236 EXT. THE BANK - CONTINUOUS 236

BACHMANN leans against the taxi... he wears a discrete headpiece linked to the surveillance van.

He looks around, checking the scene. The day is fading into dusk.

237 INT. BMW - DUSK 237

RASHEED and KARL wait in a BMW, strategically parked on the approach road to the bank. They also have an audio link to the van.

238 INT. THE BANK. CASHIER'S OFFICE - DUSK 238

BRUE works at a terminal in the high tech cashier's department - he is transferring details from a printed sheet; name of charity, bank details, amount... and manually depositing each amount into the receiver's account.

ANNABEL ticks off each deposit as they work down the list. ABDULLAH keeps a sharp eye on the proceedings as ISSA stands back against the wall watching.

239 INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DUSK 239

As Brue types on the computer in the cashier's office the details appear on the screen in the surveillance van. IRNA supervises and NIKI and MAXI check each one against the list supplied earlier by Abdullah.

240 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE BANK - DUSK 240

A dark vehicle glides to a stop in the street opposite the bank.

241 INT. BMW - DUSK 241

KARL and RASHEED watch.... as its headlights dim. Rasheed picks up the phone.

242 EXT. THE BANK - DUSK 242

BACHMANN removes his ringing mobile from his top pocket. He listens to what Rasheed is telling him. He hangs up, looks back at the entrance gates to the bank and then moves down the approach road.

243 INT. THE BANK. CASHIER'S OFFICE - DUSK 243

BRUE hesitates as he sees something on the list.

BRUE

I don't remember this particular  
reference from the original list? *The  
Seven Friends Navigation Company,  
Nicosia.*

244 INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DUSK 244

NIKI looks up from the screen to IRNA.

IRNA

Gunther...

245 EXT. THE BANK - DUSK 245

BACHMANN stands at the gate entrance... he sees the BMW and further down the unidentified car when Irna's voice comes through on the mic.

IRNA

Seven Friends Navigation Company.  
Nicosia.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

245

Bachmann moves back toward the bank to be in position. He's nervous. They are being observed. He can feel it. His eyes scan the grounds of the bank.

246 INT. THE BANK. CASHIER'S OFFICE - DUSK

246

DOCTOR ABDULLAH

You can have all the aid in the world, Mr Brue. But it is worthless unless you can get it to the people who need it.

BRUE

Annabel?... Happy?

She hesitates and then nods. Brue proceeds to type. Abdullah watches. Brue's finger hovers over the "GO" key.

ABDULLAH

A moment, please.

247 INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

247

IRNA stares intently at the screen.

248 EXT. THE BANK - CONTINUOUS

248

BACHMANN checks his watch and looks anxiously at the door to the bank.

249 INT. THE BANK. CASHIER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

249

ABDULLAH nods.

Brue presses the "enter" key.

250 INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DUSK

250

IRNA allows herself a slow smile of satisfaction.

IRNA

We've got him.

251 EXT. THE BANK - DUSK 251

BACHMANN waits... he won't smile, not yet. Not until he has the man in a safe room and under interrogation... and perhaps not even then.

He sees BRUE emerge from the bank leading ANNABEL, ABDULLAH and ISSA.

He gets into the taxi and starts the engine.

They move in a group toward the taxi. Annabel walks ahead.

252 INT. THE TAXI - DUSK 252

A clock is ticking.

Close on BACHMANN'S face - stubble on his chin, lines around his eyes, his gaze alert.

Through the windscreen... ANNABEL emerges through fading light.

253 EXT. THE BANK - DUSK 253

ANNABEL looks back over her shoulder to ISSA. He looks at her and smiles. He is happy. Safe. Unburdened.

She looks back to Bachmann.

254 INT. THE TAXI - DUSK 254

He meets her eye. And then her face changes. She has seen something... her mouth opens to scream a warning.

On Bachmann... tick tick.

SLAM as his body flies forward and hits the windscreen.

255 EXT. THE TAXI - CONTINUOUS 255

A shatter of glass as BACHMANN'S body flies through the windscreen and bounces on the bonnet and lands on the road in front of the car.

A heavily fortified SUV has rammed the taxi from behind. It reverses from the wreck of the taxi.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABEL turns and runs. She reaches Issa and pushes him back toward the bank.

The SUV screams around the crushed taxi to a halt in front of the huddled group. Hooded men are streaming from its open doors screaming "Down Down Down". The accents are unmistakably American.

A bloodied BACHMANN rises to see a horrified ABDULLAH being dragged toward the SUV. Bachmann's attempt to intervene is violently rebuffed.

BRUE and ANNABEL are sheltering ISSA from the onslaught as FOUR HOODED FIGURES are upon them. She is separated from Issa.

He reaches for her. She takes his hand. It is the first time they have touched. One second. Hand in hand. And then he is ripped from her.

And bundled into the back of the truck along with Abdullah and the men who abducted them.

The doors are slammed shut.

Annabel looks in the palm of her hand to reveal Issa's gold bracelet.

Bachmann is bashing at the side of the truck. Annabel runs at it too and bashes at the cold hard metal.

She screams his name. "Issa... Issa".

The truck screams away.

256 INT. BMW - DUSK

256

KARL turns into the approach road and must violently swerve to avoid a head on. The BMW slams head on into a tree.

257 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE BANK - DUSK

257

IRNA and NIKI are running toward the bank. They see the accident. They run for the car.

258 EXT. THE BANK - DUSK

258

BACHMANN runs uselessly after the truck until he sees its red tail lights disappear into darkness. And it has gone.

Silence... stillness.

Brue... on his knees.

Annabel slumped in the dirt where she has fallen.

Bachmann looks back to see KARL and RASHEED crawling from the BMW. IRNA and NIKI examine them for signs of injury.

Bachmann stands at the gates to the bank grounds until he is caught in the headlights of the unidentified vehicle as it slowly approaches and passes.

He peers through the tinted glass... the profile of a woman. MARTHA. She stares straight ahead... she doesn't even acknowledge him with a look.

The car moves into the darkness of the night.

Irna arrives and stands by Bachmann's side.

They are still.

We hear Issa singing his song over

259 INT. HAMPELMANNS - MORNING

259

BACHMANN in a booth at the back of the bar... his arm in a cast, his face bruised and beaten... making the last inch of whiskey last.

260 INT. THE LOFT - MORNING

260

ANNABEL sits on the arched window... running Issa's bracelet through her fingers staring over the city of Hamburg below.

261 EXT/S. HAMBURG - MORNING

261

The cranes and hoists work on the busy harbour docks.

Trucks bearing shipping containers clog the freeways and bridges which sweep across the port.

(CONTINUED)

The prow of a huge ship cuts through the water of the River Elbe; its decks stacked high with shipping containers. It sounds its horn boldly announcing its departure from Hamburg.

Issa is still singing.

The End