

Dead Spy Running

Screenplay
by
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From the novel by Jon Stock

Abstract lights fill the screen. Moving. Blinking. Coalescing into SERATO INTERFACE, the DJ SOFTWARE. Slowly a deep BEAT fills. Begin Credits. Then MAD DESPOT spinning shows. Moscow with Mexican and Cuban gangsters. Brazil with after-parties in favelas and kids with guns. Ibiza at Amnesia, 6500 tranced-out dancers, video projections, sweating, physical, fans all over stage, girls everywhere, arms raised, fireballs--

INT. RIVINGTON HOTEL SUITE - LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

Blackout shades thrown open. New York bright outside. DANNY MARCHANT inside. The hotel suite obviously had a late night.

DANNY

I'm bummed. He didn't come to my show. He was supposed to come.

Now a cultured voice OS that we see belongs to STEM, a long leg, beautiful back, in fine sheets, she raises up, looks --

STEM

So now you'll have breakfast. Catch up properly.

He turns. Looks at her.

DANNY

I just wanted him to see me work, see what I do.

Danny dressed. A tattoo is visible. He buttons another button. Exactly 9% more propriety. Grabs his old napsack and skateboard.

INT. RIVINGTON LOBBY - DAY

A beautiful lobby. Morning light. Danny has friends in all walks of life. Then, a table set for breakfast. Japanese flowers and STEPHEN MARCHANT, his father, who is English, cool and bespoke. He takes in the scene, his son --

STEPHEN

Do you ever regret quitting?
Leaving The Fort. 67 days. Not much of a try really. You could still come back.

DANNY

Feels like a long time ago.

STEPHEN

Not that long. Call it a generous, extended adolescence.

His father glances at a beautiful woman and her beautiful friend taking seats. Stephen sits with his back to a wall, sight-lines to entrance and exit, near a speaker. It's habit.

DANNY

Dead letter box? Invisible ink?
Calisthenics? You guys are
completely ready for the Crimean
War. Maybe Spanish American--

STEPHEN

Crimean War?

DANNY

Technology is everywhere, available
to everyone. The world has
completely changed. It's fragmented--
different than the view from The
Fort--not this vertical logical
organized place; it's horizontal,
instant, all at once. Seriously.

STEPHEN

It's not facts, Daniel. It's
character. You can't live only for
yourself. It's a dead end.

Danny really didn't want to let his father down.

DANNY

It just wasn't my thing. And my
other stuff is really taking off.

STEPHEN

The music?

DANNY

Yeah, the music. *La la la*. I'm
doing pretty well with it. I have
been for a while.

STEPHEN

But it isn't really your music,
though is it? You just play it.

Danny looks at him and we see how much Stephen's approval means to him.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Now, I'm sorry. I don't really
understand it--music producing.
DJing--I admit, guilty. But listen,
I do have something else...

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Don't run in the London Marathon.

DANNY
What?

STEPHEN
Stay out of crowds. Particularly in London. Particularly for the next couple weeks.

DANNY
I'm not gonna live in a bunker.

Over which, the sound of KNOCKING--

INT. CELLAR OF SNEAKER SHOP - BROOKLYN - DAY

Danny pounds again on a heavy door. Door is opened by a fat dapper Persian named CLYDE who rolls away in an ergo chair. Clyde rolls back to his "command center" of various computer setups. Danny follows him in.

CLYDE
Let's review: Stem Tweets she's at your thing. *B still my heart--*
(draws heart in air)
Ding--

Clyde clicks, brings up PARTY PICS from the NIGHT BEFORE. See *Waris, Marc, Olivier, some Roitfields*, Danny in the mix.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
(reads)
Taittinger Pink Vodka Quicksilver
Pop-Up Surf Shop at The Bowery.
Wankerfest.

DANNY
They're my friends.

Clyde rolls his eyes. Expands a PHOTO. A beautiful WOMAN, Brit-Asian 24, with her arm around Danny. This is Stem.

CLYDE
Powers of deduction. Where do *models* lay their weary heads? *Why, The Rivington, of course.* Your first post today, 11:20 AM. And...

Clyde clicks. Security cam FOOTAGE of Danny crossing the Rivington lobby past various lobby layabouts.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
 I'm in the lobby cam just because I
 can --
 (re: the image)
Lobby people...

SECURITY CAM ANGLE - MAN APPROACHING DANNY --

CLYDE (CONT'D)
*Man in suit. Chat chat chat. Who is
 that anyway?*

DANNY
 That would be a father.

Side glance from Clyde --

CLYDE
 O-kay. Here's what's interesting:

NEW ANGLE ON MONITOR: Danny outside hotel with his deck,
 tearing off his collared shirt, revealing an old PIL t-shirt.
 Cobblestone. New Yorkers passing. Yellow cabs lined up.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
 I made a *motion algorithm*, a
 footprint. Call it: *Rolling Danny*.
 Then I'm in every camera in real
 time tracking the footprint.

DIFFERENT CAMERAS and ANGLES handing off as Danny rolls
 through the streets. Chinatown, Wall Street looming, then
 Lower East Side. ICONIC Danny CROSSES THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE ON
 SKATEBOARD. Brooklyn. Outside a hip SNEAKER SHOP. In the
 sneaker shop. Outside the door in the cellar. Knocking --

DANNY
 That is impressive.

CLYDE
 Exactly the kind of thing Mad
 Despot used to do. Before he became
 a human playlist. Before he became
Mr. Ibiza.

On Danny's neck, ink that reads: *MAD DESPOT.*

DANNY
 Don't knock the Dance Zombies. So
 what do you got?

CLYDE
 What do you got?

DANNY
I asked you first.

CLYDE
I got something great.

DANNY
So do I. And I brought you Tate's.

He pulls a bag of TATE'S COOKIES. Puts it in front of Clyde.

CLYDE
Aww... Does Guetta bring Clyde
Tate's cookies? No, he does not.

Clyde happily pops a cookie in his mouth, turns to another computer. Opens PRO TOOLS. The sound of RUNNING WATER fills the room. A shower. A VOICE flowing some HIP-HOP RHYMES --

VOICE
XXX

Authority. The voice familiar --

VOICE (CONT'D)
XXX.

DANNY
You bugged Jay-Z's bathroom?

CLYDE
Bugged? Danny, we're all swimming
in an ocean of dual-use technology.
You know that.

Danny leans over, replays the JAY-Z FLOW. He's excited. Pulls out his laptop. Brings up some BEATS. Remixing on the fly, mashing up the Jay-Z SHOWER. Danny loves this. They rapidly build a NEW TRACK. It's great and they're clearly having fun.

DANNY
This really is the new bro-down.
Can you get it ready for Corsica?

ON DANNY'S LAPTOP, a NEON INVITE for ON THE ROCKS 2012, CALVI, CORSICA. Danny EMBEDS VIDEO from 2011. GUEST LISTS.

CLYDE
How was it seeing your dad?

DANNY
He told me I can't live only for
myself. That it's a dead end.

CLYDE

I had an Obi-Wan dad, too. Only mine was a junky. And he'd have asked to borrow money.

DANNY

And you'd have lent it to him.

Clyde takes another cookie. Sees party pic of Danny and Stem.

CLYDE

Are you guys really running the marathon? Next you'll be doing yoga, saying things like, *you still eat gluten?* Personally I can't stand the English and I'm English.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON MARATHON - DAY

Noise. Feet. Sky. VIRGIN signs everywhere. And Danny running. Stem beside him, fleet, a natural, wild hair pulled into a ponytail. POLICE, CHOPPERS IN THE SKY. EIGHT MINUTE MILE BANNER FLUTTERING, runners bunched up.

DANNY

How did you talk me into this?

STEM

Think of the orphans.

DANNY

I'm dying.

ON A ROOFTOP a BENETTON ARRAY of PARTYING YOUNG PEOPLE --

CROWD

(cheering)

Mad Despot, Mad Despot...

The support bucks him up. He tweets: *THX MILE 10 FAMILY! MEANZ A LOT. 45K RAISED FOR MEX ORPHANS:) PRY 2NITE BOUJIS!!*

Danny fingers his iPhone. Changes PLAY LIST: *MILE 11*. Scrolls through six or seven possibilities, selects, *THE GASLAMP KILLER, "WHEN I'M IN AWE" FEAT GONJASUFI.* And music helps--

SUDDENLY HE'S SHOULDERED ASIDE

by a faster moving group, BURLY MILITARY LOOKING DUDES surrounding a DISTINGUISHED INDIAN MAN, GRAY-HAIRED RUNNER, squeaky clean, too fit, too happy to be running 26 miles.

DANNY
Yeah, don't mind me.

ANOTHER GUY passing - a YOUNG INDIAN RUNNER - eyes fixed with otherworldly focus. A second look. He's pacing the others.

RANDOM RUNNER
Hydrate. Most important thing.

Danny nods. *HYDRATE...* But something CLICKS -- HIS POV NOW TIGHTENING AGAIN on the INDIAN RUNNER -- HIS DRINKS BELT --

TIGHTER STILL -- SOFT BULGING CARTONS with ORANGE SCREW TOPS. ALL UNTOUCHED, though he is DRENCHED WITH SWEAT.

Danny realizing no one else noticed. Stem is changing music. The INDIAN is rapidly disappearing ahead.

Danny speeds up, following the Indian. CLOSER still. Danny sees that he wears a thick SAT RUNNER WATCH, which BEEPS, STARTLING him. He STUMBLES, SPEEDS UP, with desperation.

Danny, fully engaged now, looks around to see if anyone else noticed this oddness. No one did. And he's lost Stem.

See it on Danny's face, a moment of RELUCTANCE. He doesn't want to, but he will. He runs faster, catching up with DISTINGUISHED MAN. See Danny has CHANGED PHONE to CAMERA.

SURREPTITIOUSLY he SNAPS A PHOTO OF DISTINGUISHED GUY.

INSERT: EMAILS PHOTO TO CLYDE@CLYDEWORLD.COM with a message: WHO IS THIS PERSON?

Now Danny falls off so he's beside the INDIAN RUNNER.

DANNY
Hey.

The Indian ignores him.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Hey.

Nothing. Danny sees his T-shirt. It says, *ST. COLUMBA'S*. With a COLORFUL FIGHTING CHICKEN.

DANNY (CONT'D)
St. Columba. They're on Shah Rukh's label, right? I love them. Like totally blissed-out trance-funk.

Danny hums a song from a Bollywood epic, "My Name is Khan."

DANNY (CONT'D)
Jaipur, Jaipur, la la la. Jaipur.

FROM CLYDEWORLD: *INDIAN AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND. TTL DICKHEAD.*

The Indian keeps his gaze forward. Keeps running. Danny notices he's got some ink. A girl's name -- *DARSHANI*.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I've got one of those. *Lisa C.* --

He shows the *LISA C.* on his shoulder.

DANNY (CONT'D)
She had a tongue stud and listened to Fall-Out Boy. I said to myself, I gotta get off this website. Six weeks later her name's on my arm and she'd already ditched me.

Nothing from the Indian Runner.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Hey, could I have a drink?
(beat)
Come on, bro. Who else is gonna sing St. Columba's to you in the London Marathon? You ever heard the Chromeo Remix? Genius.

Still nothing from the Indian who appears to be trying to ignore Danny, who holds up his iPhone.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I bet I have fifteen hundred Bollywood tracks on this.

Nothing from the guy. Danny looks another beat, then --

DANNY (CONT'D)
No biggie, pal. My mistake --

Now without looking the Indian man speaks quietly.

INDIAN MAN
*I can't be seen talking to anyone.
I made a mistake.*

A chill runs through Daniel. Maybe he had an instinct but he never thought it would be true.

INDIAN MAN (CONT'D)
I can't slow down.

The Indian holds up his thick SAT RUNNER WATCH.

DANNY
Sat Runner?

He nods.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Let's move away from this crowd.

INDIAN MAN
I can't move away from him.

Danny sees ANOTHER SAT WATCH on the AMBASSADOR'S WRIST.

DANNY
You're linked?

A subtle nod. Danny's mind races. Looking around for help.
He's lost Stem. He's running much faster than he'd like.

DANNY (CONT'D)
What's your name?

INDIAN MAN
Umang, but people call me Pete.
From Mumbai.

DANNY
Pete from Mumbai, I'm Danny. What
happens if you slow down or move
away?

He touches his drinks belt.

PETE
Two beeps... We're gone. I'm
supposed to stay close until Mile
12. The Tower Bridge. Then--

He makes a gesture of explosion --

PETE (CONT'D)
I don't care anymore. So tired.

Danny brings up the MARATHON ROUTE on iMap. MILE 12 is CLOSE.
Danny looks for help. He's gotta dump this on someone. He
sees a CLUSTER OF POLICEMEN holding back crowds.

DANNY
You can do it. Don't slow down,
Pete. I'll be back.

PETE
Don't leave me.

Danny starts for the cops, who are now looking at him, not friendly. Pete is rapidly disappearing, looking back -- Danny bolts after him again --

DANNY
Okay, okay --

ON HIS PHONE: He's PULLING UP CONTACTS. Find *STEPHEN*. Dear *Old Dad*. Last thing he wants to do. Actually, second to last-- first being handling situation himself. He taps the number --

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Powdered Milk Corporation of Great Britain. How may I direct your call?

DANNY
Stephen Marchant.

OPERATOR
May I ask who's calling?

DANNY
Danny Marchant.

A beat, then a STRANGE FOREIGN RING TONE. BUZZ BUZZ. Danny sees a jazz band on a rooftop. Children holding out candy.

OPERATOR
He's away from the telephone at the moment. May I take a number?

DANNY
He has the number.

He catches Pete again. Tapping another number as he runs --

CLYDE (OVER PHONE)
Clyde's Haus-O-Delights! Press 1 for She-Male Undergarments --

DANNY
I need your help. I need you to locate my phone. Find my phone.

CLYDE
Uh, Danny, you're on your phone --

DANNY
Locate me --!

FLASH: CLYDE IN HIS ERGO CHAIR, WORKING THE COMPUTER.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And I need you to get to
NYResistor. Find out if they have a
back-door to the U.S. GPS network.

CLYDE

Well, this just got a little more
interesting.

DANNY

Do they have a back door? Can we
get in?

CLYDE

Danny, what the hell, mate?

DANNY

Are you on with NYResistor?

FLASH: CLYDE FINGERS FLYING ON THE KEYS --

CLYDE

Trying, Danny. Don't have
telekinesis here.

FLASH: SKYPE WINDOW RINGING AND RINGING -- THEN, AN IMAGE.

FLASH: STATUE OF LIBERTY -- BARGES PASSING FOREGROUND --

INT. NYRESISTOR HACKER COLLECTIVE - DAY

Red Hook, Brooklyn. STATUE OF LIBERTY visible. DECAYING
PIERS. And FIND CAMERA ON A SMALL ROBOT CAR ZOOMING --

REMOTE CAR POV -- INDUSTRIAL SPACE, dry erase boards filled
with code, half-built robots everywhere.

ZOOMING TOWARD ONE GUY, alone on a beanbag with noise
canceling headphones -- HE TURNS. This is FAB 5 FREDO --

FAB 5 FREDO

Danny, aren't you supposed to be in
Ibiza with the dance zombies?

CLYDE (O.S.)

He's saving Mexican Orphans --

BACK IN THE MARATHON

Danny running hard, sweating, panting as he speaks.

DANNY

Fab 5 Fredo? Hope you're getting out every once in a while.

FAB 5 FREDO

(Re: original Tron)

I fight for the user.

CLYDE (OVER PHONE)

Located your phone. You're moving --

DANNY

I'm running. What about the GPS?

CLYDE

Okay, GPS, right. Each of the thirty satellites has it's own atomic clock, I know that --

FAB 5 FREDO

Four clocks actually --

FLASH: FAB 5 FREDO now with a headset. OTHER HACKERS, GUYS in TEENS and EARLY 20's, huddled around.

FAB 5 FREDO (CONT'D)

2nd Space Operations Squadron in Colorado Springs sends out a navigational update once a day.

DANNY

If you accelerate the speed of the clocks, will it fool the Sat Runner into not realizing I'm slowing down? Could I stop and trick it into thinking I'm still moving?

FAB 5 FREDO (V.O.)

This is an interesting problem. You need to stop moving, but have GPS think you're still moving. Yes. Okay. Maybe. And I see planes crashing at Heathrow, test missiles going off course. Probably a hanging crime... *I like it.*

FLASH: PEOPLE AROUND FREDO ARE FURIOUSLY BANGING OUT CODE. One holds a laptop in front of Fredo --

FAB 5 FREDO

There is a back door to US GPS. And we are trying to get the key.

BACK IN THE MARATHON

Danny has never run so fast for so long. He is drenched. He looks ahead at the Ambassador. Then down at his iPhone.

He SWITCHES MUSIC ON HIS IPHONE. Going from 80 BEATS PER MINUTE to 120 BPM. Adrenaline kicking in --

DANNY
(to Pete)
Okay, you hang tight.

Danny now SPRINTS AHEAD, in RHYTHM with the FASTER MUSIC. He angles in near the INDIAN AMBASSADOR and his SECURITY. Danny approaches the LEAD SECURITY --

DANNY (CONT'D)
This is DefCon 1. DefCon 1.
Operation Xanadu.

He holds up his ID, totally bluffing.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm Daniel Marchant. I'm not
anyone, I mean, I'm not with
anyone, I'm a DJ, but --

SECURITY SERVICE
Hold right there. Easy does it.

Security Service SCRAMBLES, SURROUNDING Danny. MOVING the Ambassador away. Danny sees the Ambassador glance --

DANNY
DefCon 1! Operation Xanadu!

CLYDE (O.S.)
War Games and *Olivia Newton John*? I
like. Now, tell me what the hell
you're up to?

To the SECURITY SERVICE GUY GRIPPING HIS ARM TIGHTLY --

DANNY
Look at my ID.
(to Ambassador)
Do not slow down. Don't slow. I
need your Sat Runner. Give me your
watch and fall off. This is a
DefCon One situation. Do you
understand?

Danny may even have surprised himself with his authority. The Security Team Leader glances at the Ambassador.

TEAM LEADER
(re: id)
Says *Daniel Marchant*.

INDIAN AMBASSADOR
Marchant? What's a Marchant? What
the hell is going on here?

Suddenly NYRESISTOR PATCHED IN AGAIN --

FAB 5 FREDO (OVER PHONE)
I have the key.

DANNY
(to Ambassador)
Your watch --

CLYDE (OVER PHONE)
Danny, you hear that? NYResistor
has the key to the back-door.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(to Ambassador)
There is a man ten meters back with
explosives around his waist --

CLYDE/FAB FIVE FREDO (OVERLAPPING)
Whoa. Danny. Hey. What --?

DANNY (CONT'D)
(to Ambassador)
He is linked to your watch. There
is no time to think about this. If
it's a prank, you lose a plastic
watch; if it's not a prank...

The Ambassador thinks a beat, then hands his watch to Danny.

INDIAN AMBASSADOR
Okay, I understand. Good luck.

He's already reaming his men --

INDIAN AMBASSADOR (HINDI) (CONT'D)
Where the hell's Special Branch in
this. And you idiots? Answers, now!

They fall off rapidly as Danny gets the watch on his wrist
and slowly angles back to PETE who is still chugging stolidly
along having witnessed the whole exchange.

DANNY
How you doing?

PETE
It's too late. Mile 12. Tower
bridge. That's where the crowd is
thickest. That's where...oh, God --

CLYDE (OVER PHONE)
London Resistor? How's it going?
Because I'm completely freaking
out.

FAB 5 FREDO (OVER PHONE)
We're on it.

PETE
I'm too tired. Can't make it.

DANNY
Come on. You can do it, Pete.
(into phone)
Come on, guys. Running out of
runway.

FLASH: NY RESISTOR -- gathered around FAB 5 FREDO.

ON HIS SCREEN -- 4 SIMUL NUCLEAR CLOCKS INSIDE 32 SATELLITES.

SEE RAPID CODE INFORMATION -- PHONES, WATCHES, GPS IN CARS,
SCROLLING, CONNECTING WITH THE SATELLITE. Then one LOCKS ON --

FAB 5 FREDO
That's Danny's phone.

Another LOCKS. And ANOTHER.

FAB 5 FREDO (CONT'D)
And Sat watch I, Sat watch II.

He hits keys. 31 possible SATELLITES fall away.

FAB 5 FREDO (CONT'D)
Hello, my pretty --

INSERT: NEW GRAPHICS AS THE SATELLITE CONNECTS WITH MOVEMENT
TRANSMITTING ON THE MARATHON ROUTE.

FAB 5 FREDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And that's Danny's phone. And Sat
watch I... Sat watch II --

BACK IN THE MARATHON

Danny and Pete, increasingly fried by the pace, desperate --

DANNY
(into phone)
Clyde? Fredo?

FAB FIVE FREDO (OVER PHONE)
Working, Danny.

Danny sees faces of runners around them. The 8-Minute people.
And they may soon all be dead. His PHONE RINGS. STARTLING --

ANGLE -- UNKNOWN CALLER. He answers --

DANNY
Hello?

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Daniel, can you hear me? Raise your
right arm if you can hear me?

DANNY
Who is this?

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE
Raise your right arm, please.

Danny raises his right arm.

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE (CONT'D)
Thank you. In order: we have tapped
a live feed from a BBC helicopter
above you, so we can see you. We
also have Thames House, Cheltenham,
and Langley, Virginia on the line
with us. And all have been updated
by the American Secret Service.

Danny hits the "Conference" button on his phone. Unbeknownst
to the SPOOKS, the HACKERS are also on the line. Rapidly
CONTRAST DIFFERENT SETTINGS and AGES/LOOKS of the factions.

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE (CONT'D)
We are trying to clear Tower Bridge
of crowds. One half mile ahead
there will be a roadblock organized
by plain-clothed officers wearing
race marshal jerseys. They will
order runners to stop for safety
reasons, the unusual heat. There
will be a channel through the crowd
to the right. That's your right,
Daniel. You will announce that you
are a *medical doctor*. The two of
you will be able to pass.
(MORE)

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE (CONT'D)
MI5 is moving bomb disposal units
into position. Raise your right
hand if you follow.

He raises his hand as he runs. Then --

DANNY
Listen, I've got some friends and
they've gotten into the US Global
Satellite Positioning System. We're
going to accelerate the clock so
that the SAT watches are tricked
and we'll be able to stop --

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE
What? What did you say?

DANNY
We're in the GPS System. Friends of
mine. They're on the line -- Clyde?

FLASH: Clyde at his desk, FROZEN. And Fredo on his beanbag --

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE
Clyde?

CLYDE
(ultra hesitant)
Yeah?

DANNY
Do you want to explain how we're
going to speed the clocks on the
satellite to enable us to slow down
and eventually stop. Right?

CLYDE
...Right... That's... the plan.

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE
Who is this talking? Who else is on
this line?

DANNY
Some people... People I know. We
have a plan. Are you following me?

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE
(to others on line)
Cheltenham? Langley? Do you copy?
Is this possible?

OTHER VOICES

Not sure. Sounds possible. I don't know. This will take some time.

Suddenly UP AHEAD an enormous back-up of RUNNERS, like a cattle drive that can't fit into a chute. RACE MARSHALS yelling to the crowds, diverting them to the left.

DANNY

Can we slow down yet?

CLYDE

Fab 5 Fredo?

FAB 5 FREDO

Not yet.

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE

Who is on this line? Daniel?

FAB 5 FREDO

Let's all just *chill* for a moment.

Danny, still running really fast, doesn't see an opening. It's just a wall of people, yelling, crushing each other.

DANNY

There's no opening! There's no opening!

They have been falling steadily off their pace and suddenly both Pete's watch AND Danny's watch BEEP in WARNING --

PETE

Danny, where do I go?

They are full speed running at a wall of people. 20 yards. 10 yards. 20 feet. Crowds of runners all falling off. Only Danny and Pete continuing at speed.

DANNY

No opening --

Just then PLAIN-CLOTHES officers shoulder out of the wall of humanity, shoving runners aside, creating --

A NARROW PATH

through the mob. Danny and Pete hit the opening without breaking stride.

People crossing in front like an insanely dangerous video game -- They dodge, running full on, bodies flying past --

Then they're through the roadblock. The street completely EMPTY. The DIN of the CROWD FALLING rapidly AWAY --

SILENT but for the THWAP THWAP THWAP, their FOOTFALLS echoing on the pavement. It's almost peaceful.

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE

Daniel, listen to me. We have no quorum on this GPS stunt. So you will see bomb disposal units 300 yards ahead. You're going to run your man into a container. Do not enter the container. Raise your hand if you copy --

CLYDE (OVER PHONE)

Okay, we're ready --

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE

Do you copy, Daniel?

DANNY

Different plan --

INT. NY RESISTOR - DAY

Hackers on beanbags with laptops open in their laps. Someone says something quietly to Fab 5 Fredo who nods.

FAB 5 FREDO (INTO HEADSET)

This is going to profoundly affect airspace over Heathrow, Gatwick, Orly and CDG. So interested parties should start dialing up air traffic over there basically pronto.

(beat)

Danny? Danny M., right? Listen up.

EXT. EMPTY STREETS OF MARATHON - DAY

Danny now sees a BOMB SQUAD. A DETONATION CHAMBER with what appears to be a ramp. And men in those THICK PADDED MICHELIN-MAN SUITS walking like they're on the moon.

FAB 5 FREDO (OVER PHONE)

Theory is solid. This *should* work. You're going to watch the watch and take it down as I say. And we're gonna do it fast because I really think it's gonna mess up air traffic. With me?

DANNY

Do it!

FAB 5 FREDO
Let's go to nine minutes a mile.

Danny STARTS SLOWING. The WATCH DOESN'T BEEP. In fact it still shows that he's moving at an 8 MINUTE MILE.

He glances over at Pete who is drenched in sweat but looking at his watch and realizing they're slowing, begins to smile.

FAB 5 FREDO (CONT'D)
Ten minutes... You didn't blow up,
did you?

DANNY
Not blown up. Pete, you blown up?

PETE
I don't think so.

FAB 5 FREDO
Eleven minutes a mile. Twelve...

Danny and Pete slowing. Danny looking at the watch -- still showing 8 MINUTE MILES.

FAB 5 FREDO (CONT'D)
Fifteen... Twenty...

Danny and Pete, utterly exhausted, COME TO A COMPLETE STOP, away from the crowd, shielded by a stone wall.

DANNY
We're stopped!

FLASH: CLYDE, LONDONRESISTOR, NYRESISTOR, ALL CELEBRATING.

BACK WITH DANNY

Realizing THE BOMB SQUAD, in MICHELIN MAN PROTECTOR SUITS, is still coming at them like SLOW MOTION CALVARY --

A BULLHORN SQUAWKS from somewhere --

BULLHORN (O.S.)
ON THE GROUND! FACE DOWN! HANDS
BEHIND YOUR BACKS!

Danny and Pete looking at each other.

DANNY
Take the belt off.
(beat)
Pete, remove the belt. Come on,
hurry --!

Pete slowly shakes his head.

PETE
I can't. Back up, Danny.
(yelling)
BACK UP -!!

Danny starts backing up, but speaks calmly.

DANNY
Pete, no! Take the belt off!

MICHELIN MEN FROM BOMB DISPOSAL, FIVE IN ALL, BOUNCING TOWARD THEM ON PADDED BOOTS, moving around the Indian.

BULLHORN
ON THE GROUND. HANDS BEHIND YOUR
BACK.

DANNY
Pete, take off the belt --

Michelin men grabbing Danny. Diving on him.

As Pete suddenly DETONATES HIMSELF --!! EXPLOSION --

MICHELIN MEN TUMBLING -- Danny UNDER a PADDED MAN -- CHAOS and SIRENS -- OTHER UNITS move in --

Danny picking himself up, looking where Pete used to be, realizing he still has the iPhone on, one ear bud in.

CLYDE (OVER PHONE)
Danny? Danny?

DANNY
Yeah... I'm here.

Someone throws a CLOAK over DANNY, hiding him. Then a man is under there with him. Walking him firmly away --

SUIT
Daniel. Right here. Look at me.

DANNY
I'm okay. I'm fine.

SUIT
What's your birthday? Tell me your birthday.

DANNY
My birthday?

Danny struggling to think of it, clearly in shock, and we LIFT UP and AWAY to FIND RUNNERS COURSING OVER TOWER BRIDGE AGAIN as if nothing had ever happened.

And IN THE DISTANCE a GOVERNMENT BUILDING. TIGHTENING on one particular WINDOW in the ODD STRUCTURE.

INT. MI6 - LEGOLAND - DAY

MELANIE STOVER, 20's, an analyst, at a COMPUTER watching a TWITTER VIDEO. She signals to GRIMALDI, 50, hurrying by.

STOVER

Hey, Grimaldi. Take a look at this.

ON THE SCREEN: SOMEONE in a MOUNTBATTEN MASK walks and talks in India, strolling like Mr. Rogers in his neighborhood.

GRIMALDI

That's a mask, right? I'm a little busy today --

STOVER

It's Lord Mountbatten. The last Viceroy of India.

GRIMALDI

I know who Mountbatten is. Must be very popular during Mumbai Halloween.

STOVER

Just listen --

MOUNTBATTEN (ON COMPUTER)

We are the unseen. We wash your clothes. We clean your toilets. We take care of your children. We are everywhere.

The analyst looks around the pristine floor at MI6, cubicles and glass stretching as far as the eye can see.

GRIMALDI

Not everywhere --

Now Stover's phone RINGS. She answers. Scribbles notes.

STOVER

(into phone)

Okay. Oh shit. Right.

ON THE SCREEN: Mountbatten continues --

MOUNTBATTEN (ON COMPUTER)
*We demand reparations. Or this will
 happen again and again. The
 explosion at the London Marathon is
 your first warning.*

GRIMALDI
 (re: Mountbatten)
 Some joker. Credit taker. Although,
 I thought we kept it off the news.

Stover hangs up. She's scribbled down a time -- 12:55:28.

STOVER
 Video was uploaded via UberTwitter
 at 12:55:28 seconds.

GRIMALDI
UberTwitter?

STOVER
 Look at the time of the incident.

Military time scrolling beneath the footage of the explosion
 on the Tower Bridge -- 13:00:07.

STOVER (CONT'D)
 Mountbatten released this five
 minutes before the explosion.

While ON THE MONITOR Mountbatten continues --

MOUNTBATTEN
*The people of England owe a large
 debt to the people of India. You
 will now pay for your past.*

INT. THAMES HOUSE - MI5 HEADQUARTERS - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A LIGHT directly into the LENS. Pupil contracts. His eyes
 follow the light. A nurse pumps a blood pressure ball.

DANNY
 It was basically a coincidence, a
 fluke. I was a bit on edge, you
 know, because of what my father
 said, I told you already, *stay out
 of crowds, don't run*, and then
 someone said, *hydrate, it's the
 most important thing*. And I... I --

A DOCTOR finishes an examination of Danny while two MI5
 AGENTS -- a man, GOODALE, and a woman, ARMSTRONG, both late
 40's, interview him.

DOCTOR
 (finishing up)
 You'll be fine. A little shaken up.
 Fundamentally sound.

The doctor and nurse depart. Goodale looks at his notes --

GOODALE
 Your father's name is *Stephen Marchant*. How did *Stephen Marchant* know to warn you?

DANNY
 My mother always said he wanted everyone to think he's a spy, when really he's just a powdered milk salesman. *Dairy nutrition must be available even to those without electricity*. He definitely travels a lot. We lived in India when I was little.

A SUIT leans in, signals to ARMSTRONG, who steps out. Danny realizes there's a MIRROR PANEL in one wall of the room. He sees himself reflected. Goodale glances at his notes --

GOODALE
 You attended Sandhurst. Were you planning on a military career?

DANNY
 I'm a DJ.

Just then, Armstrong returns, clearly pissed.

ARMSTRONG
 He gets to go now.
 (to Danny)
 Come with me.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE - DAY

LAMBETH ARCH, august and marble. Danny escorted through. And then the agents are gone.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
 Yeah, they were gonna ask a lot of prying questions. And we don't really want to get into all that.

Danny turns. His father leans casually against the wall.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
They can't help it, of course. MI5.
Really sort of a cop mentality.

Danny recognizes again his dad is sort of cool.

DANNY
How does anyone on earth believe
you're in the powdered milk
business?

STEPHEN
You know I often wonder that
myself.

DANNY
You have "spy" tattooed on your
forehead. And I almost got killed
today.

STEPHEN
I told you not to run, to stay out
of crowds.

DANNY
You could have been a little more
specific.

STEPHEN
I didn't have specifics. I had only
what I told you. You handled the
situation quite well, although --

DANNY
Although what?

STEPHEN
Might have been nice to interview
that runner, but that's a quibble.

A slow smile on Danny. It almost rattles his dad.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
...What?

DANNY
Mom used to say you'd find fault in
a rainbow.

STEPHEN
I'm sorry she felt that way.

DANNY
So am I.

STEPHEN

We don't get credit for the successes, you know. No parades. No ribbons. Sometimes a nice letter is read at the funeral --

DANNY

What do you want?

STEPHEN

How about you admit there just might be some things you don't understand in the world, and maybe one or two things I could show you.

Danny shakes his head.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I was hoping you'd do me a small favor. I'm under a bit of a cloud just now and --

DANNY

A favor?

STEPHEN

You're going to be on Corsica. Someone will give you something. Someone you know. Something small. Just bring it back.

DANNY

Does this have to do with the Marathon?

STEPHEN

It might.

Danny sees his father's driver waiting. The London eye spinning. People just passing by.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

One other thing: there are no coincidences. You think you see one... Duck.

DANNY

(beat)

You're a very dangerous father.

EXT. CALVI, CORSICA - DAY

AERIAL. A MEDITERRANEAN ISLAND. Rugged mountains, pine forests, coves and beaches.

A high-walled, 15th century FORT-- THE CITADEL -- birthplace of Christopher Columbus, looms over the marina. Brightly colored fishing boats go in and out.

SUPERTITLE: "*CALVI ON THE ROCKS*" - *CALVI, CORSICA*

Slowly realize the entire town is taken over by HOUSE MUSIC FANS. Outdoor pavilions like Coachella, but a setting you'd love to be in. Beautiful KIDS from all over the world.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Realize the AERIAL is DANNY'S POV. With Stem and James Murphy of LCD SOUNDSYSTEM flying into the island. Stem is excited and she rambles over the HEADSET.

STEM

I'm dying for a smoke. You can't smoke on helicopters, can you?

JAMES MURPHY

(laconic)

Maybe we could start a little helicopter revolution.

PILOT (O.S.)

Absolutely no smoking on this helicopter.

Danny sees Stem and JM exchange a glance.

JAMES MURPHY

I've got Nicotine gum, if you want.

STEM

That would be brilliant.

And if you're paying attention Danny has already moved a half-step away from his friends.

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS - DANNY'S SHOW - NIGHT

A LARGE CROWD. Waiting. Watching HUGE PROJECTIONS ON SCREENS - images from SWEETS AND DUSTY MCGEE, a 1971 Warner's film.

VARIOUS ANGLES - BACKSTAGE.

INSIDERS hanging. Danny and Stem. Nightlife celebs abound. Danny getting his energy up, focusing. The CROWD SOUNDS just O.S. His POV, glimpses of faces. Last check with TECH. Swig of DOM P. A tunnel of EQUIPMENT, RISERS, noise BUILDING. People watching him -- and then --

ON THE STAGE

Crowd ROARS. Danny behind the decks. Cues up the first slow beats of the CLYDE TRACK we saw them creating. Danny charged, virtually confronting the people their fists in the air, taking them on --

DANNY

Music made by weirdos like you for
weirdos like you.

On the beat, he JAMS THE AMPLIFICATION and all of Corsica seems to vibrate as light boxes EXPLODE. And Danny has MIXING SOFTWARE on an IPAD. The beautiful SERATO INTERFACE COLOR PATTERNS, ever changing, tracking the beats --

Danny stalks around the stage. Changing PROJECTIONS. Scratching. Working the crowd. Seeing STEM dancing. WOMEN. WOMEN. WOMEN. People pushing up, overflowing.

THEN IT'S LATER

Headphones worn like Diplo. The stage crowded with fans all over him, his setup, the mixing board. Extremely physical.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Bun B, avatar of the dirty south,
mourning no doubt the loss of his
Pimp C to the mean streets of hot,
hot Port Arthur.

The crowd has no idea where Port Arthur is and doesn't care, because they know that Mad Despot knows and that's all that matters. Mad Despot works them into a higher gear.

He CHANGES PROJECTIONS TO: A BOLLYWOOD FILM starring Shah Rukh. He looks down; PRETTY GIRLS looking up.

MATTY (O.S.)

I told you Calvi loves Mad Despot!

Danny sees MATTY, 20's, his promoter, a French uber-hipster, nodding approval.

AND THEN LATER STILL

Danny seamlessly on his decks, manipulating the crowd.

DANNY

(to the crowd)

And if you're in London next
Thursday night you know where to
find the whole Mad Despot crew. And
if you don't know where to find us,
well, we probably don't want to see
you anyway.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Anyway, you know what I want, all I
 really want, I want to--
 (cues MICHAEL JACKSON)
 ROCK WITH YOU!

The MJ dance club classic. The crowd goes mad. Danny RAISES HIS ARMS triumphantly. FIREBALLS EXPLODE.

And Danny watching the crowd react to MJ the way they always react to MJ. And then there's Matty, completely tweaked, as usual, but sensing something different in Danny --

MATTY
 Look at all the happy people. Happy
 happy people being happy.

ANGLE - LATER

Danny's set is finished. Matty is looking at one of his open laptops, set lists, Serato paused --

DANNY
 Matty you know the rules, no touch.

Matty pulls his hand back like it was scalded.

MATTY
 Great set, amigo. What are you
 doing later?

Danny glances at a clock, 4:30 am. It is later. Matty has a PEZ DISPENSER that looks like GEORGE W. BUSH. He clicks out a pill, offers it to Danny.

MATTY (CONT'D)
 2C-E. E is for enlightenment. With
 Vitamins.

DANNY
 What kind of vitamins?

MATTY
 All the good kind, baby.

Danny waves it off. Matty is like *suit yourself* and washes the pill down with a drink.

MATTY (CONT'D)
 Calvi is off, baby!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Danny exits the stage, pausing to sign cds for fans. People telling him he's great in French, English, German, Japanese.

The last is a young Sri Lankan playboy, LAKSHMAN, who holds a CD. Danny starts to sign it --

LAKSHMAN
 Danny, no hello for your friend,
 Lakshman.

DANNY
 Double L. Hey. How was it?

LAKSHMAN
 You killed, Danny. The Despot has
 never been more despotic.
 (beat)
I have a present for your father.

Danny looks at Lakshman. Louche Lakshman. Some faux crest on his jacket.

LAKSHMAN (CONT'D)
 Are you in the game now, Danny?

DANNY
 What game?
 (beat)
 I'm not, Lakshman. I'm really not.

A roar as JAMES MURPHY and LCD SOUNDSYSTEM begin --

EXT. "ARTISTS' AREA" - NIGHT

Lakshman and Danny walk through the Artist Area. People everywhere. Loudspeakers on stalks.

INTERCUT LCD SOUNDSYSTEM ON STAGE

Trailers parked along a rocky cliff. Ultra bohemian.

LAKSHMAN
 Are you surprised I'm in the game?

Danny realizes two strapping INDIAN MEN follow. And Lakshman is flying on something or other, his pupils wide and black.

DANNY
 You know, actually I'm not. You
 seem to be enjoying yourself.

LAKSHMAN
 A good game. An old one.

In the walled, 15th century fort overlooking the harbor.
 MUSIC like a beast roaring from below.

Lakshman furtively checks to see if anyone's paying attention, then pulls a SMALL SQUARE ENVELOPE that is sealed. Holds it up for Danny.

LAKSHMAN (CONT'D)
 (re: the envelope)
 You know the effect curiosity has
 on cats. It's more common than you
 think.

Danny takes the envelope. Suddenly Lakshman pinches Danny's cheek between his thumb and forefinger.

LAKSHMAN (CONT'D)
 The Marchant line. God help us.

As Double L seems to consider the implications for a moment longer, Danny sees STEM has followed, is watching. Then Lakshman is walking away with a jaunty little step and Stem is beside him as he surreptitiously tucks the envelope away.

STEM
 He's a nutter. Harovians. I'll take
 the Wall Game any day.

She takes his hand.

A NEW ANGLE

Footlights. And their shadows thrown on a medieval wall.

STEM (CONT'D)
 This air feels so good. Come on,
 Danny. Dance with me.

He's looking out over the dark water, the hot whites of the festival. Down below LCD switches into "NEVER AS TIRED AS WHEN I'M WAKING. Bonfires in rocky coves. The last gasp of night, of youth, of life.

STEM (CONT'D)
 Okay then, tell me something about
 you, something you don't say to
 everyone.

The footlights throw shadows. He sees Stem looking up at him.

DANNY
 Wait, you're serious?

She is. He motions for her to come closer so he can whisper--

DANNY (CONT'D)
I like skinny girls with big
breasts. Call me crazy, but it's a
look that works for me.

She pushes him away playfully.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I love dogs.

STEM
Everybody loves dogs.

DANNY
I never had one. We moved too much.

STEM
You never had a dog and you like
porno girls.

DANNY
More like underwear models.

A beat.

STEM
And that's it?

He holds his arms wide as if to say, here I am. Then he
breaks into an infectious smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL - GOLDEN NECKLACE - MUMBAI - DAY

The INDIAN OCEAN. And curving sand of Mumbai's *Golden
Necklace*. White sand against a huge city. Dreamy, drifting.

SUPERTITLE: *MUMBAI, INDIA*

EXT. ROWS OF APARTMENTS ALONG WATER - DAY

Huge, interesting waterfront buildings. We tighten on one in
particular. A balcony. A MAN appears. Sets up a SMALL,
POWERFUL SATELLITE DISH. Disappears back inside the apt.

INT. MUMBAI APARTMENT - DAY

Cool and clean and efficient. A contrast to the chaos
outside. TV plays BBC NEWS. MOUNTBATTEN MASK watches.

Three or four ACOLYTES wait for him. One of these men, SUJIL
RAY, aka *SCARS*, for a skin condition he had as a child,
whispers to Mountbatten, who nods. Scars departs.

BBC ANCHOR (ON TV)
*India and Pakistan, with large
 nuclear arsenals, stand today on
 the verge of an historic arms
 treaty.*

ON TV: a quick MONTAGE of the history of NUCLEAR BRINKMANSHIP
 between India and Pakistan. Ballistic missiles pointed at
 each other across a narrow border.

BBC COMMENTATOR (ON TV)
*A final round of shuttle diplomacy
 in London involving both English
 and American diplomats...*

In the shack Mountbatten stands, incensed by the TV report.

MOUNTBATTEN
*London? India and Pakistan make an
 accord and it will be signed in
 London?*

ON TV: THE PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA, DR. MANMOHAN SINGH, a
 PEACEFUL MAN IN HIS EARLY SIXTIES WEARING A TURBAN.

MOUNTBATTEN (CONT'D)
 (to the TV)
 England is the enemy, the USA is
 the enemy, you petty puppet
 bureaucrat.

DR. MANMOHAN SINGH (ON TV)
*It is my solemn hope that India and
 Pakistan can together move forward
 to write a new chapter in the
 history of the South Continent.*

MOUNTBATTEN
 (to the TV)
 Yes, so go to England to write that
 chapter. Why is there a Pakistan at
 all? England. Why are we a divided
 continent? England.

(to the room)
 Do you know what London looked like
 in the 15th century? A shanty-town
 in a swamp. While Calcutta,
 Benaras, Delhi were models of
 tolerance, industry, art, music.

MOUNTBATTEN goes outside. An acolyte with a camera follows.

EXT. "GATEWAY" OF INDIA - DAY

A huge STONE ARCH like the Arc de Triomphe only much larger. Various shots of MOUNTBATTEN in his city, his element.

MOUNTBATTEN

(into camera)

...We demand reparations: One - the closing of the British and American military complex on the island of Diego Garcia in the Indian ocean; two - the release of 100 inmates from Tihar Prison; three - payment of one pound sterling to the Children's Educational Assistance Fund of Uttar Pradesh.

As the camera is shut off Mountbatten sees a FATHER BEGGAR with ONE LEG sitting in the dust, two ONE-LEGGED BEGGAR BOYS hold signs next to him, hands outstretched. In the distance HUGE SKYSCRAPERS reflect the light.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - LONDON - NIGHT

As Stem and Danny enter, he pulls her toward him, leaving the lights off, they're kissing, backlit by INDUSTRIAL WINDOWS, hands everywhere, he sits on an edge, her chest against his, hair a silhouette, they tumble backwards, sliding down the smooth surface -- a SKATEBOARD RAMP -- and she's on top of him, he shoves a skateboard away, it rolls away across the floor in the dark, up to SOMEONE'S FOOT where it stops --

A THROAT CLEARING, a VOICE --

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Are there any lights in this place?
I can't find any lights.

Danny and Stem freeze on the convex of the ramp.

STEM

Who is that?

Danny rolls onto his back. Brings up HIS PHONE. FINDS LIGHTS. PRESSES - "HOME." LIGHTS come UP -- REVEALING --

STEPHEN MARCHANT across the unfinished space now putting grocery bags on a rolling steel cart by a large sink.

STEPHEN

I'm his father. Hi. Stephen Marchant. Quite a skill entering a room without checking it first.

DANNY

Never thought of it as a skill.

Stem bounds up to meet Stephen. Danny brings up another screen on his phone, "MUSIC," and there's music. On DANNY as he hears the inanities of Stem meeting his father.

STEM (O.S.)

So nice to finally meet you.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

I brought very good wine and everything we need for Mescuuf.

DANNY

(calling out)

This feels weird to me, if anyone's interested.

Still on his back, Danny sees them upside down. The place is nearly bare. A Prouvet desk. Huge Mike Kelly. MacIntosh tube amp. His girlfriend and father now in the kitchen area.

STEPHEN

Iraqi trout traditionally prepared. We'll need an open fire.

STEM

That sounds wonderful.

This is really happening. Danny sits up. World rights itself.

A NEW ANGLE - A FIRE IN A FIREPLACE

STEPHEN

Most people fail to realize how exciting the non-refrigerated dairy business truly is.

STEM

Modeling is the same way! It seems really boring, but then all the little details add up and can be really interesting.

Danny rolls his eyes at this.

Stephen has TROUT spread over a latticework of sticks. He cooks the fish over the fire while talking about business.

ANGLE - LATER

Bottle two is down. They've eaten. There's a small fire in a fireplace. Stem is new girlfriend effusive --

STEM (CONT'D)

That was so amazing! Delicious.

Danny looks at her. Who are you? *Loyalty, please.*

STEPHEN

The best Mescuuf of course will soon be in Sweden. Sweden has taken in over 150,000 Iraqi refugees.

Stephen is talking to Stem, watching her. She yawns. Covers her mouth. Apologizes.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

The culinary possibilities boggle. Oryx with Lingonberry sauce. Date-flavored meatballs. A generation from now there will be the most striking looking people, dark skin with piercing blue eyes.

Stem is extraordinarily TIRED. She yawns again.

STEM

I'm afraid the weekend is catching up with me.

She yawns again. Excuses herself. Goes unsteadily to a sofa. Lies down. Is immediately OUT.

DANNY

She's really tired.

STEPHEN

I drugged her.

DANNY

You what?

He pulls a small vial from his pocket. Holds it up.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You drugged my girlfriend?

Stephen walks to Stem. He slides up one leg of her jeans, revealing AN ANKLE HOLSTER and a SMALL PISTOL.

STEPHEN
 Special Branch. Indian
 Intelligence.
 (beat)
 Obviously you don't have to let her
 know you know.

DANNY
 How did you know?

STEPHEN
 A beautiful woman. Understands
 Hindi and Arabic, hides it. Clearly
 intelligent and yet spends her time
 following you around.

DANNY
 Maybe she likes me?

STEPHEN
 Doesn't entirely track. No offense.

DANNY
 We're not that serious.

FLASH: ROOFTOP OF AN INDUSTRIAL BUILDING NEARBY

A SCOPE POV FROM ACROSS SEVERAL BUILDINGS - DANNY'S WINDOWS
 LIT UP - FATHER/SON TABLEAU.

An INFRARED BEAM from a LASER MIC, invisible to the eye, hits
 the glass of the window 200 meters away and suddenly I CAN
 CHANGE by LCD SOUNDSYSTEM is audible through a HEADSET.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
 A useful degenerate, Lakshman. In
 his absence of principle he is
 perfectly consistent.

OVER THE SCOPE in the dark night, a black GLOVE picks up a
 LEAF, tosses it, checking the wind. Looks through scope.

Then the MUSIC VOLUME RISES obscuring the voices. COME AROUND
 and find the MAN aiming the SNIPER RIFLE.

It's Sujil Ray, SCARS, who we saw with Mountbatten in Dharavi
 slum. He wears the I.T. UNIFORM of COMPUTER FIX-IT COMPANY.

POV -- DANNY GETTING HIS DJ BACKPACK. PULLING OUT A LAPTOP.
 REMOVING THE BATTERY. EXTRACTING THE SQUARE ENVELOPE --

MATCH: BACK IN THE APARTMENT

Danny slides the SQUARE ENVELOPE toward his father. It appears to be sealed.

STEPHEN
You weren't curious?

DANNY
I photographed it, sent it by secure server to a randomly generated e-mail address with a randomly generated password. Smoke signals, carrier pigeons are cool, too, but I won't fax on principle.

STEPHEN
It's actually the commitment and consistency principle. If I can get you to do one thing, you're 1000 times more likely to do the next.

DANNY
You're just not going to be the dad I want, are you? No matter what.

STEPHEN
What kind of dad do you want, Daniel?

DANNY
Danny. I go by Danny.

STEPHEN
In my experience, Danny, trying to turn a leopard into a house cat never quite pans out.

DANNY
What's the second thing? The one I'm 1000 times more likely to do.

Now Stephen opens the envelope. Slides out a PHOTOGRAPH. On the back is STAMPED A CODE IN BLOCK TYPE: **EZ16U**. It's clearly who Stephen was expecting, but also hoping it wouldn't be -- an INDIAN MAN, mid-30's, technocratic in rimless glasses.

STEPHEN
Help me find this man. Salim Dhar.

Stephen is about to say more, when TWO THINGS HAPPEN AT ONCE: A WINDOW SHATTERS; A SLUG HITS A BODY --

And Danny momentarily confused. He sees a HOLE in the window, his own REFLECTION.

His FATHER STAGGERING, BLOOD SPREADING across his CHEST. He falls. Danny dives to him AS --

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Lights --

ON A DISTANT ROOF -- ANOTHER MUZZLE FLASH.

The BULLET TRAVELING through NIGHT through GLASS at the BACK OF DANNY'S HEAD as he's MOVING just GRAZING his SKULL moving his HAIR and SLAMMING into Stephen again.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Dial 55.55.55.55.

Danny feels on the table, gets his phone. Kills the lights. Dialing as he sees a LASER DOT moving across the floor, TRYING TO FIND HIM.

Danny pulling his father clear as BULLETS IMPACT around THEM.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Code 6... Or 16.

Over the phone, no ring. Just a VOICE --

VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Operator --

DANNY

This is Daniel Marchant. Stephen Marchant's son. Code 6 or 16. Code 6 or 16. One of them.

OPERATOR

Slow down --

DANNY

Did you hear me? My father's been shot --

OPERATOR

Code sixteen, is that correct?

DANNY

He's been shot. Stephen Marchant has been shot. Chest. Twice.

Danny has his father's head up, in his lap, holding him.

OPERATOR

I'm showing an address on Shearing Road. Is that correct?

DANNY

Yes.

OPERATOR

Are you at the location now?

DANNY

Yes, I'm at the location --

STEPHEN

Oh, this is rather bad.

DANNY

No, no, no --

STEPHEN

Hide... hide the photo. Find Dhar first. Don't trust anyone.

Stephen's struggling to stay conscious now. Blood all over the floor. Life draining out unremittingly. He focuses on Danny, all his effort to say two words--

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Dhar is--

And he seems to realize he's not going to say any more words. He looks at his son and then his face relaxes. His eyes go far away and then even farther. He turns his head deeper into his son's lap and stops breathing.

DANNY

What? What? NO --!

Danny makes a sound he doesn't realize he's making, holding his father.

From far away the OPERATOR is still BUZZING in his ear --

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

Sir, is there a helipad at this location?

DANNY

A what? No. There's no helipad.

Danny holds his father's lifeless body even tighter.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Dad... come on... oh, dad --

And then LIGHTS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. HOVERING. A HELICOPTER. Men on the roof. Men at the door. Daniel reaches and picks up the photo of Dhar, shoves it in his pocket.

And then MEDICS at his father. And Danny backing away. They try everything. And none of it works. And then they stop.

And we're on Danny as his father is put on a stretcher and it's up and moving out. And then the CHOPPER lifts away. And AGENTS snap flash photos. FLASH. FLASH. And then there's a SENIOR AGENT saying something to him. And he sees Stem is sound asleep through all of it.

And they're gone, door closing as if people and air have been sucked out of the space, as if everything is back to normal and there never was a crime, except there was and it's not. He realizes the lights are all on and music is still playing. The endless play-list.

He kills the lights. Sits out of sight of the windows. Watches Stem sleeping. Takes out the PICTURE OF DHAR and looks at it. Something about the eyes. He looks closer. He relaxes for a moment.

He wakes SUDDENLY. He hears SOMETHING. A scraping sound. SOMEONE is at his door, trying to get in.

He tries to wake Stem. Nothing. He slaps her face.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Come on. Come on, wake up.

Closer on the door. The BOLT LOCK is quietly slipped open. One lock to go. More scraping sounds.

Danny picks Stem up. Carries her down a hallway where there is an industrial style FIRE DOOR. He opens it, revealing a back stairway.

IN THE STAIRWAY

Danny hears HIS FRONT DOOR OPENING. He quietly shuts the heavy fire door and uses a key to lock it from his side.

ON DANNY'S PHONE

He brings up an INTERFACE to his HOUSE. Same one that controls the lights. Only now it's CAMERA.

And SUDDENLY there's a DARK NIGHT VISION IMAGE OF THE MAIN ROOM where TWO FIGURES move through, a long knife and gun glinting, BOTH INDIAN, looking for Daniel.

Their FEET pass QUIETLY in the hall on the other side of the door. Danny sees them approach his bedroom. Then they check the bedroom.

Then their FOOTSTEPS come back down the hall. They are whispering HINDI. Suddenly they try the service door. It will not budge. Shadows of their feet through the door and watching them on the phone simul.

Then they move away. Danny lets out his held breath.

ON HIS PHONE he sees back in the living room they look through DANNY'S DESK bringing them close to a camera connected to his monitor. SCARS refracted in the wide lens.

SECOND MAN sees the PHOTO OF DHAR on the floor.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Idiot.

ON CAMERA the man shows it to SCARS, who crumples the photo in his hand. And then as quietly as they came, they depart.

CUT TO:

INT. JOINT INTEL MEETING HALL - DAY

A room designed by Ken Adam for Louis XIV where MI6 hosts various intel factotums. INDIAN and PAKISTANI DIPLOMATS across the table and their mistrust is palpable.

INDIAN AMBASSADOR TO UK
If England cannot guarantee the
safety of Dr. Singh, India will
unfortunately have to withdraw.

PAKISTAN AMBASSADOR TO UK
Any excuse to further marginalize
Pakistan is a good enough excuse,
isn't that right?

Intel back-benchers surround the table at discrete distance. SIR DAVID CHESWICK of MI6 uses HAND SANITIZER then offers it to JAMES SPIRO of the CIA who declines.

INDIAN AMBASSADOR TO UK
Pakistan needs no assistance in
marginalizing itself.

SOMEONE'S tapered, cuffed trousers reveal fun socks, bright stripes and a bunny smoking a cigarette. This is FIELDING.

FIELDING

In 72 hours we will host the signing of a treaty of great importance for South Asia. We will host it; it will be signed.

INDIAN AMBASSADOR TO UK

Pakistan is a failed state. How do you sign a treaty with a failed state? Who signs? Mullah Omar? Some corrupt Bhutto?

PAKISTAN AMBASSADOR TO UK

The glass house of Ghandi should not throw stones, my friend.

SIR DAVID CHESWICK

Gentlemen, I remind you our purpose here today is to share information and coordinate efforts to insure the safety of our leaders.

Fielding signals to a backbencher who cues a VIDEO.

MOUNTBATTEN appears on MULTIPLE SCREENS ON THE WALLS.

MOUNTBATTEN (ON VIDEO)

The people of England owe a large debt to the people of India. You will now pay for your past.

FREEZE IMAGE --

FIELDING

A man capable of putting powerful explosives on the waist of a jogger and inserting him in the middle of the London Marathon. Needless to say we are quite anxious to locate this man. And since we're all here in one room I want to ask directly:
(to India and Pakistan)
Do you know the identity of the man behind the Mountbatten mask?

INDIAN INTEL

Clearly a radical Pakistani trying to sabotage this treaty, like they sabotage everything else in their corrupt lunge backwards to the 9th century.

PAKISTAN INTEL

A convenient theory ignoring the rapid rise of Hindu extremism. This man speaks of *reparations owed to India*. No mention of Pakistan.

INDIAN AMBASSADOR

We don't come into your country and slaughter innocent people in their hotels.

PAKISTAN AMBASSADOR

Yet --

SIR DAVID CHESWICK

Gentlemen, traditional English tea will be served... I'm sure we can all agree on the value of a scone just out of the oven, with clotted cream and fresh preserves.

Carts and silver salvers through an archway. James Spiro of the CIA catches Fielding's eye --

EXT. CEREMONIAL PLAZA - LONDON - DAY

Fielding assessing the entrance to the treaty signing location. Big Ben, Parliament are nearby.

SPIRO

Christ, Marcus, I'm old enough to remember the Cold War. We'd want to subvert some place and invariably you guys would own an island nearby.

FIELDING

There really is a sort of clarity to nuclear detente. Brilliant really --

Armstrong approaches, mid-thought --

ARMSTRONG

If this Mountbatten wants another large crowd, this plaza is nearly indefensible--six major points of entrance and egress. A percentage of London's 850,000 Brit-Asians queuing up--a real shit-show.

Spiro catches Armstrong's eye. Then to Fielding.

SPIRO

(beat)

Marcus, we'd like to pick up Daniel Marchant and conduct a more thorough interview. I realize Stephen was a friend of yours but --

FIELDING

Pick him up or follow and see where he goes?

SPIRO

Marcus, level with me. Is Daniel Marchant one of yours?

FIELDING

No. No, he's not.

Spiro looks at Fielding questioningly for a beat, then shows a PHOTO to Fielding who is genuinely surprised.

SPIRO

You recognize him, right?

THE PHOTO: CORSICA -- DANNY AND LAKSHMAN. CONSPIRATORIAL.

SPIRO (CONT'D)

Our India Bureau keeps track of him out of Mumbai. He's one of ours. At least that's been the assumption.

FIELDING

Okay. Okay. I believe we're up on Marchant's phone. Harriet?

ARMSTRONG

We'll bring him right in.

INT./EXT. TAXI - DAY

Danny in the cab. Slumped down. Through the windows CAMERAS EVERYWHERE, on buildings, on light posts. He's paranoid.

DANNY

Pull over for a second.

LOW ANGLE. CAB STOPS. DOOR CRACKS OPEN. The CELL PHONE bouncing out into a storm drain. CAB PULLS AWAY.

INSERT: SNAP ZOOM THROUGH GRATE FINDING PHONE STUCK ON LEDGE. DING. LIGHTS UP. SMS. HEY, WHERE ARE YOU? I WAS SO SLEEPY ALL OF A SUDDEN. DID YOUR FATHER LEAVE? HE'S VERY FLIRTY.

Driving past a small park. Danny scanning the sides of buildings, posts, and looking at the verdant trees overhead.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Drive around to the other side.

The cab circles the park and then stops. Danny pays the driver. Heads for a phone booth.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Danny listening to a phone ring and ring, then --

VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Oui, bonjour.

Drifting away, seeing Danny exhorting someone. Then he's leaving the booth, crossing the street and entering the park through an old-fashioned gate.

EXT. BRUNSWICK PARK - DAY

Danny follows a path into the leafy green confines.

He sees two people walking DOGS toward one another. The dogs, seemingly friendly, suddenly ATTACK EACH OTHER in a vicious way as the owners pull on leashes.

EXT. STREET NEXT TO PARK - DAY

Danny exits through a gate. A line of cars parked on the street. He approaches an old, lime green four-door JAGUAR with tinted windows. He taps and gets in the backseat.

INT. OLD JAGUAR - DAY

MATTY, the young French promoter, is behind the wheel. He glances back at Danny.

MATTY

So this is how it goes now? I'm
your chauffeur? Matty the driver.

Danny ducks low. Matty pulls out.

DANNY

Cameras everywhere. Obey traffic
laws.

(beat)

Thanks for helping me.

Matty is glancing in the rearview at Danny --

DANNY (CONT'D)
It's better I don't tell you
anything.

MATTY
I don't want to know anything.

DANNY
It's better that way.

MATTY
I'm just driving. Look at me drive.

EXT. GRAVESEND - DAY

A working class industrial hood. The Jag pulls up at a house.

MATTY
Algerians. I don't even know how I
know them. Most of the time wish I
didn't.

They get out and walk up to the house. The door opens,
revealing BASSAM, 25, sporting an Afro in a headband. A small
child in a Zidane jersey rides his hip.

INT. GRAVESEND HOUSE - DAY

Moving through the place Bassam calls out to his GIRLFRIEND
in the kitchen cooking something or other. Bassam is one of
these hairy guys with lots of hot girls around.

BASSAM (FRENCH)
Look, baby, it's the King of Les
Caves Du Roy.

MATTY (FRENCH)
Rex to you.

Matty gives the girlfriend a kiss on both cheeks, grabs a
beer, and sits in front of a TV. Bugs Bunny dubbed in French.

INT. CELLAR - GRAVESEND HOUSE - DAY

Danny's hair is now cut and dyed a different color. His skin
tone is darker, Algerian. Someone tosses him a ZIDANE JERSEY.

BASSAM
You speak French?

DANNY (FRENCH)
I've had some French girlfriends.

BASSAM (FRENCH)
 Okay, so now you speak it like
 you're from Diar Echams. Algiers.
 You got it? You speak it like this?

Danny slips into a pretty good French imitation.

DANNY (FRENCH)
You got it? You speak it like this.

Matty watches from the stairs as Bassam puts Danny in front
 of a background for an ALGERIAN PASSPORT.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 You know that guy, Lakshman?

MATTY
 Double L, the Gay Indian. I love
 Lakshman.

Bassam operates a special camera. FLASH. Takes a picture.

DANNY
 He's Sri Lankan. Will he be at
 Paris Techno Parade?

MATTY
 A million gay techno fans. That's
 affirmative, Sherlock.

Bassam has the FINISHED PASSPORT. A well-aged, authentic
 cover with REPUBLIC OF ALGERIA stamped across the front. He
 flips it open, shows it to Danny --

BASSAM
 It's your birthday, *Abbot Cassis*.
 What are you gonna do on your
 birthday? Me, I like to go to Euro
 Disney and ride the rides.

INT. SLEEK BOATHOUSE ON THAMES - NIGHT

Architectural. Lights and glass. And a VERY FAST BOAT. Bassam
 opens a smuggler's hatch on the deck. Danny looks down into
 the tiny space, like you gotta be kidding me. Bassam shrugs.

Danny takes out his NANO. Earbuds. Cranks music. Gets down in
 the space. Bassam chuckling to himself as he shuts Danny in.

BASSAM
 England, baby! An island nation.
 Things come in, things go out.

The hatch SLAMS as DANNY'S NANO becomes the SOUNDTRACK --

EXT. THAMES - NIGHT

The fast boat out on the river, through the HEART OF LONDON. Iconic waterfront images, the cigarette boat slicing through, heading for the channel.

Then past TANKERS and CARGO SHIPS heading into The Channel.

INT./EXT. FAST BOAT - ENGLISH CHANNEL - NIGHT

Bassam opens the boat up, pulling away into the night until it's the dark coastline of England on one side and France on the other, a widening frosting of wake in between.

INT. MI6 - TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

SURVEILLANCE VIDEO OF DANNY GETTING INTO A TAXI. TECHNICIANS, AGENTS, including GRIMALDI and STOVER, pull LIVE FEEDS from all over the city as Fielding and Armstrong observe.

FIELDING
Is that Marchant?

ZOOMING ON IMAGE. MOVING TO ANOTHER TAXI.

GRIMALDI
He took a taxi toward Hampstead,
switched to another taxi, crossed
back over the river.

ON THE SCREEN - DIFFERENT ANGLES - CONFUSION IN TRAFFIC. Then a STREET CAMERA. Danny exiting the cab next to a park.

GRIMALDI (CONT'D)
Brunswick Park.

STOP MOTION STILLS OF DANNY passing into the park.

GRIMALDI (CONT'D)
There are no cameras on the other
side of the park. We lost him.

FIELDING
Satellite?

SWITCH TO SATELLITE IMAGERY. Thick FOLIAGE OF TREES.

GRIMALDI
Trees.

TIGHTER. SNATCHES of STREET. CARS. BUT MOSTLY TREES.

FIELDING
Clever young man, wouldn't you say?

GRIMALDI

Or lucky.

Fielding looks at Grimaldi, smug, nearing fifty. He sees Stover, 20's, looking on, wanting to say something, but not wanting to overstep. She sees Fielding looking, looks away.

INT. FIELDING'S OFFICE - DAY

Fielding at his desk, Stover across from him.

FIELDING

When Boris Yeltsin became Premier of the USSR he looked around and saw a dusty collection of old men whose last good idea was how to avoid Stalin in the hallways. So what did he do? He called in his daughter, who was in her last year at Moscow University. He asked her to name the five smartest people she knew. Then he gave each one an industry -- timber, oil, banking, shipping and tin -- and told them to catch the West.

She just looks at him a moment, processing.

STOVER

I think he's in Paris.

FIELDING

Why?

STOVER

It's Techno Parade. Huge crowds. Easy to disappear. And he'll know everyone. That's where I'd go if I were him.

Fielding considers for a moment.

FIELDING

Take two tactical teams, one MI5. Scramble some helicopters and go get him before he gets hurt.

(beat)

One other thing, Stover. Marchant was at The Fort.

STOVER

I knew that, Sir.

FIELDING

He did the first couple months of training, then quit. Said we were--
(reading Danny's file)
Hopelessly, quaintly, outdated.

STOVER

I had the privilege of meeting his Grandfather once. A true legend.

FIELDING

That's true.

STOVER

Danny and I were at The Fort at the same time.

(beat)

Sir, if you were looking for your "five," I'd say he's one of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

The EIFEL at night. Moving away, across the SEINE, past the Ferris wheel at the Tuileries Palace, accelerating past Notre Dame, night spires, 10,000 rooftops, and SACRE COEUR glowing.

But we leave all that and DROP RAPIDLY into the back streets to a tourist-free zone, picking up DANNY in MEMBERS-ONLY jacket and Algerian scarf, heading toward --

EXT. HOTEL AMOUR - NIGHT

A small 18th century hotel redone in hipster cognoscenti. 200 people waiting to get in, not realizing they'll never get in. ANDRE, graffiti artist and owner, behind the ropes deciding--

ANDRE

Mr. Big Football star, sorry you are not my friend, you can't come in. And Mr. Big Money Banker with your models and bottles, sorry, you are not my friend --

He sees Danny and lights up.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Danny! *My friend --*

Andre hugs him, the ropes and crowd parting --

INT. HOTEL AMOUR - NIGHT

It's a scene--the prettiest girls, most interesting people. Many DJs spinning in a corner. Danny sees OLIVIER and A-TRAK arguing about something. English with French accents.

A-TRAK

A robot can do it just as well --

OLIVIER

You make people feel sexy which a robot cannot do --

DANNY

Hey guys, anyone seen Double L?

A-TRAK/OLIVIER

Danny --! Didn't know you were here. Are you spinning?

Suddenly TWO INCREDIBLE GIRLS encircle Danny.

SIREN 1

Danny, where have you been hiding?

DANNY

Surprise. Right here.

SIREN 2

We know where to find Double L.

#2 takes Danny's hand, leading him and he follows two striped mini-dresses through the crowd.

A-TRAK (O.S.)

130 beats per minute, even the dead will dance.

INT. SUITE - HOTEL AMOUR - NIGHT

Black walls. French windows, diaphanous curtains, a balcony. Paris lit up, but no sign of Lakshman.

Danny turns and the women are in their underwear, jumping from modern couch to chair to bed and back --

SIREN 1

Hot lava. The floor is hot lava.

Danny starts to go but they jump and pull him down on the wide bed. And there's a moment where he's lying back, looking up and it's so tempting just to stay.

DANNY
I gotta go.

SIREN 1
Danny... Come back--

DANNY
Do you know where Double L is?

Siren 2 clambers from the bed, comes closer, her lips beside his ear, whispering --

SIREN 2
*Ronson. He loves Ronson. Musee de
Montmartre...*

EXT. NARROW MONTMARTRE STREET - NIGHT

Thousands of techno fans. The basilica of Sacre Coeur lit up at the end of the street. Danny falls in next to pretty Polish aristocrats who look like homeless children and/or key cast from Sat Night Fever as they buy FUN DISGUISES.

POLISH ARISTOCRAT (POLISH)
It's Flash Robot, it's Techno
Parade. RONSON. Come on. RONSON --

Danny buys a SLASH WIG, big hat, and oversized glasses. One of the POLISH ARISTOCRAT GIRLS clearly LIKES DANNY. He buys her a WIG AND GLASSES. Fetching. Danny is unrecognizable.

INT. MUSEE DE MONTMARTRE - NIGHT

MUSIC pounding. A hundred dark corners. HD projections. People in costumes of artists who lived in the Quarter: *Toulouse Lautrec, Matisse, Van Gogh, Dali, Terry Richardson.* Only it is Terry. Shirtless. Fit. Throws an arm around Danny, smiling at the Polish girls.

TERRY
Danny! Missed you, man. Who are
your friends?

Danny shakes free, leaving the Poles in Terry's capable hands, and continues into an open air courtyard.

EXT. MUSEE COURTYARD - NIGHT

SAM RONSON SPINNING on a DJ platform. Her lithe, curvaceous GIRLFRIEND does a druggy dance beside her. Strobes firing.

Danny SEARCHING the crowd, sees... DOUBLE L. His eyes closed, listening to the music.

A NEW POV ON DOUBLE L from behind. But then Danny, in the hat and glasses, ENTERS THE POV -- PANNING TO REVEAL SCARS watching DOUBLE L from behind.

LAKSHMAN IS THE BAIT GOAT.

But it's clear Scars doesn't recognize Danny under his hat and glasses.

Danny slides up next to Double L.

DANNY
Who is Salim Dhar?

His eyes pop open. Nervous.

LAKSHMAN
Whoa. Danny. No *hola, hello, hiya*--

DANNY
Where is he? How do I find him?

Lakshman looks around nervously --

LAKSHMAN
This is how it is with you people:
I give and give and get nothing in
return?

DANNY
I don't know what I could tell you.

LAKSHMAN
Really? Because I heard a tasty
rumor you perhaps witnessed
something, something rather
interesting--
(beat)
Is he dead, Danny Boy?

DANNY
You're talking about my father.

LAKSHMAN
I'm talking about the Wicked Witch
of the West.

Danny looks at Lakshman, considers, then nods slightly.

LAKSHMAN (CONT'D)
Confirmed with your own eyes.
Bleeds out, DOA on the ground.

Danny grabs Lakshman, slams him up against a wall.

DANNY
That's my father --!

LAKSHMAN
In other circumstances, Danny, a
bottle of amyl nitrate, we'd call
it a party. Would you like that?

Danny lowers him. ACROSS THE CROWD Scars now recognizes
Danny. It's Danny he's waiting for.

LAKSHMAN (CONT'D)
Filial loyalty duly noted.
(beat)
Dhar's in Mumbai.

A KNIFE IS MOVING THROUGH THE CROWD. SERPENTINING. It finds a
back. And PRESSES. It's Danny.

LAKSHMAN (CONT'D)
Although it doesn't appear you'll
be visiting any time soon--

Scars looks at Lakshman with distaste, signals for him to
come closer.

SCARS (HINDI)
You know what happens to the bait
goat.

Like a MONGOOSE STRIKING, loops an EVIL WIRE NOOSE over
Lakshman's head. He pulls tight.

ON LAKSHMAN realizing what's happened, CLUTCHING AT HIS NECK--
The WIRE NOOSE IS LOCKED SOMEHOW--CUTTING ALL AIR FLOW, BLOOD
WHERE LAKSHMAN SCRATCHES AND DIGS AT IT.

DANNY TRYING TO SEE WHO IS BEHIND HIM as he's marched away.

The music is building. The crowd oblivious. Lights.
Projections. Mayhem.

Danny suddenly TURNS so he's FACE TO FACE with SCARS. Scars
wasn't expecting this. Realize Danny has gotten hold of his
knife hand and is holding it back.

Danny doesn't wait, he PUNCHES Scars in the FACE. A quick jab
-- which knocks Scars back, staggering him, but HURTING
Danny's hand. He jumps back.

Now Scars moves for Danny and, knife held low in one hand,
the noose in the other. And Danny who could run suddenly
decides he'd rather not.

Scars lunges and Danny dodges. Scars feints. Lunges. Danny narrowly avoids the knife. They're circling. A crowd has backed away. Danny picks up a bottle, swings it at Scars head, misses, slips and falls hard, wind knocking out of him. Scars immediately on him --

Danny blocks Scars arm, the KNIFE SLAMMING INTO THE STONE FLOOR. Cutting SCARS' HAND, knife flying away.

Scars slams Danny in the throat with an elbow, and as he's staggered, WE SEE another WIRE NOOSE in his hand. He almost gets it over Danny's head.

Danny shoves him away. And swings the bottle again, this time catching Scars sloppily in the ribs. Scars tries for the knife, Danny kicks it away.

Then they are just slugging each other. Increasingly sloppy, like the bar fight in Mean Streets. Danny has somehow lured Scars to his level of non-professionalism and it's personal.

IN THE MAIN SPACE

MUSIC POUNDING. Lakshman stumbling, hands scratching at where the cable bites into his neck, unable to make a sound --

Lakshman's EYES starting to BULGE, his FACE APOPLECTIC RED. Suffocating SLOWLY. LURCHING THROUGH the thick DANCING CROWD.

ON THE STAGE

Ronson spinning. Her GF dancing. Reaching a CRESCENDO. Music peaking --

BEHIND THE DARK SCRIM

Both Scars and Danny now exhausted. But a growing respect --

SCARS (CONT'D)
Somebody taught you.

Danny CHARGES UNEXPECTEDLY ducking inside the noose and TACKLING SCARS. They crash into a tranced-out dance fans.

As they fall, Danny twists so Scar's head hits stone as they fall, stunning him. He lies on his back, a schoolyard TKO.

Danny, wiped out, sits hard for a moment. Then staggers up.

IN THE MAIN SPACE

Dancers PEAKING, Lakshman WHIRLING, desperate, face blue. Then THRASHING wildly, people look away...

And then Lakshman is SLOWING and SINKING... DOWN... Down among the shuffling feet, writhing, the PEOPLE ABOVE and the lights and the lights and the lights and oblivion.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE CROWD

Danny pushing through, searching. Fighting his way through ecstatic revelers. Finally seeing Lakshman on the ground. LAKSHMAN IS DEAD. His unseeing eyes.

RONSON WINDS UP HER SET, the LIGHT SHOW and PYRO going CRAZY.

A crowd encircling, realizing OH MY GOD there's a dead person and Danny over him --

FRENCH POLICE
(French)
FREEZE. DON'T MOVE.

Danny sees the POLICE with GUNS TRAINED ON HIM. Just then --

RONSON
Hopefully we'll see some of you in
Agra, at Taj Solstice 2012! Good
night, Pablo. We love you.

The LIGHTS GO OUT. THE COURTYARD IS SUDDENLY BLACK.

And as the LIGHTS SLOWLY COME BACK UP -- DANNY IS GONE.

And DEEPER IN THE CROWD, a TOO-BUFF TECHNO FAN WITH EAR-PIECE SIGNALS -- And REVEAL MI6 COVERT TEAMS. TEAM #1 standing over the body. TEAM #2 moving in pursuit. On their ear-pieces --

INT. MUSEE DE MONTMARTRE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sodom and Gomorrah. TRIPPY COSTUMES. MEN and WOMEN doing their thing in all imaginable combinations.

Danny sees a guy in a BEAR SUIT with CAPTAIN FANTASTIC SHADES making out with WONDER WOMAN.

Danny sees there are two high windows that open up to the street. Pedestrian feet moving past.

INT. MUSEE - NIGHT

SURVEILLANCE TEAM A has pushed down into the bunker, spread out, methodically searching for Danny.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND "THE BUNKER" - NIGHT

Danny, in his hat, Slash wig, and big shades, hurries down the alley, moving away as fast as he can into the crowds.

INT. THE BUNKER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The MI6 team goes through the front entrance of the bathroom, clearing stalls, surprising one and all.

Seeing the open windows to the street. On their headsets --

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

Find the unwieldy Dr. Suess-esque hat, Slash wig and shades, moving fast now, crowd thinning, hitting Boulevard VOLTAIRE --

Where a BUS is just PULLING OUT heading for REPUBLIQUE. Hat and Wig barely make the moving bus, conductor holding the door as it pulls away.

And SEE THE SECONDARY MI6 TEAM pick up the bus getaway.

EXT. BOULEVARD VOLTAIRE - NIGHT

MI6 TEAM ONE and TWO are now met by VEHICLES. They head out after the bus.

HELICOPTER suddenly in the sky as well, above the Paris Bus.

INT. PARIS BUS - NIGHT

As the bus bounces along, Crazy Wig and Hat makes his way down the aisle finding a seat between two attractive female folk in equally outlandish garb.

EXT. RUE CHARLOT, BEHIND MUSEE DE ALTERNATIVE - NIGHT

SAM RONSON, adrenaline faded and all business, heads toward the ubiquitous black limo with waiting PARKING LIGHTS.

Ronson makes GF carry the gear. The Serato setup in crates on a travel dolly. Stickers commemorating the different parties and locations: GOA, WARSAW, ST. PETERSBURG, I AM ROCKSTAR...

EXT. PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE - NIGHT

The bus trundles into the roundabout at Republique. MI6 vehicles following, closing quickly.

IN THE SKY -- A HELICOPTER tracking the procession --

INT. MI6 - NIGHT

A REMOTE HELICOPTER VIEW - The PARISIAN BUS below on the wide, populated square at Republique. MI6 vehicles behind --

FIELDING

All right, let's bring him in.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

MI6 PILOT tracking the city bus. Clearly GETTING INSTRUCTIONS over their headsets.

EXT. REPUBLIQUE - NIGHT

THE BUS is SUDDENLY LIT UP like it's the middle of the day. Vehicles ROAR UP, cutting it off. The bus IS SURROUNDED and the MI6 TACTICAL GUYS are out of their vehicles --

INT. STREETCAR - NIGHT

MI6 boards the street car -- finding -- MR. STOVEPIPE AND CRAZY WIG who slowly RAISES HIS ARMS. CLOSER... It is NOT DANNY MARCHANT. IT'S MR. BEAR SUIT who was in the bathroom with Wonder Woman.

STOVEPIPE (DUTCH)
Don't shoot me, please.

INT. MERC LIMO - NIGHT

Ronson and GF settle into back.

DANNY (O.S.)
Hey, Sam.

Ronson jumps, sees DANNY sitting there in a BEAR SUIT and Captain Fantastic Glasses.

RONSON
Marchant! Shit --!

DANNY
You're going to Taj Solstice,
right? Can I catch a ride?

RONSON
Marchant, what a mess you are.
(beat)
Love the bear suit.

GF
Me, too.

GF has a Swedish accent. Danny smiles winningly.

EXT. PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE - NIGHT

BUS SURROUNDED. Glare of the helicopter lights. BUS PASSENGERS corralled in the street. French STUDENTS holding PROTEST SIGNS stare.

STOVER (INTO HEADSET)
We lost him.

INT. MI6 - NIGHT

ON FLAT PANEL DISPLAYS - THE PARISIAN SQUARE IN A RIOT AS SEEN FROM THE CHOPPER.

FIELDING
Who are those people?

GRIMALDI
The rabble, out rousing.

STOVER (O.S.)
What? I'm sorry. It's getting a little hectic here just now.

SOUNDS of BOTTLES BREAKING and PEOPLE SHOUTING.

FIELDING
Thank you. Clear out of there.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

A nice small jet on a runway. Danny settling in. This is better. The plane taxis. He closes his eyes -- FLASH: HIS FATHER BLEEDING ON THE FLOOR. FLASH: THE PHOTO OF SALIM DHAR. FLASH: TIGHTER ON SAME PHOTO. TIGHTER STILL.

EYES OPEN AGAIN -- He sees Ronson looking at him with a questioning expression.

DANNY/BEAR
Wake me in Mumbai, Sam.

He looks out at private airport passing, then dark fields and his face in reflection.

The plane LIFTS UP into the sky. Ronson takes GF's hand, looks at the lights of Paris disappearing below.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - INDIA - DAY

A sewing machine NEEDLE firing through cloth. Tiny hands working the cloth forward. Endless rows of children working endless sewing machines. And MOUNTBATTEN ON VIDEO CAMERA --

MOUNTBATTEN (INTO CAMERA)
We must ask why England sends her armies to Asia and not the other way around?

A child LABORER in a VIRGIN COLA shirt.

MOUNTBATTEN (CONT'D)
 There are eight hundred million of
 us, yet..
 (his western suit)
 I am wearing your clothes. I speak
 your language. I watch your films.
 And today is whatever date it is
 because you say so.

TIGHTENING ON MOUNTBATTEN even as we pull out and reveal he's
 on a MONITOR, inside --

INT. MI6 - NIGHT

MOUNTBATTEN is on a COMPUTER SCREEN at AN ANALYST'S DESK.

MOUNTBATTEN
 But this too will change.

WIDENING to SEE MOUNTBATTEN on a LONG LINE OF MONITORS AT
 MANY DESKS, ANALYSTS all watching --

MOUNTBATTEN (CONT'D)
 Oh, by the way, have you had a
 sniper *incident* lately? A sniper
 loose in London with a night scope.
 That's scary. 800 million...

The CAMERA SPINS to FIND the SWEATSHOP OF CHILDREN working on
 piece goods. CLOSER on an INDIVIDUAL NEEDLE firing through
 cloth, expertly worked by small hands.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Danny wakes with a start. Sees Sam Ronson looking at him. The
 plane flooded with light.

RONSON
 We're landing.

He sees the Indian ocean in bright cobalt and aquamarine.
 Then India burning white out the windows of the jet.

EXT. MUMBAI STREET - DAY

The HOT SUN. Chaos of the Indian street as a PAINTED ELEPHANT
 with writing on its forehead that reads, *AVAILABLE FOR PARTY
 RENTALS*, PASSES REVEALING - *THE MUMBAI APPLE STORE*.

INT. APPLE STORE - MUMBAI - DAY

Sam Ronson DEMOS DJ HERO II. YOUNG INDIAN APPLE/DJ FANS in the seats of the open theater. Find Danny on a Macbook.

He takes a COIN out of his pocket. He PRIES the COIN APART. Inside is a FLASH DRIVE. He plugs it into the laptop. UNPACKS an ANONYMITY PROGRAM called "TOR." Opens SKYPE through TOR and calls CLYDE WHO suddenly APPEARS --

CLYDE

Man, they came down like the Roman legions. I mean, I'm talking black helicopter time. Deeply religious moment for old Clyde.

DANNY

I sent you a couple of things.

FLASH: Clyde and his LAPTOP, incongruously at an NYC PHONE BOOTH connected to the old style phone. He's paranoid.

CLYDE

I know that, Danny. *Danny?*

DANNY

Untraceable.

CLYDE

Says you.

DANNY

I used Tor. You use Tor. No problem. Now what do you have on *Salim Dhar?*

FLASH: Clyde in the phone booth. ON HIS LAPTOP is the photo of Salim Dhar from Corsica.

CLYDE

I tell you what I have on Salim Dhar. Basically zilch is what I have. On you however I have Tweets and a Google Alert telling me you're in an *Apple Store in Mumbai*. Gawker is nothing but an intel org, am I right? I mean, if I want to whack Mad Despot and a Victoria's Secret model under the High-Line look no further.

(re: the background)

Is that the Genius Bar? *Steve Jobs is Satan. Children beware...*

In the BG Indian school kids in uniforms test IPADS.

DANNY

Clyde --

CLYDE

No birth certificate. No diplomas.
No work history. Nothing. Except a
parole number from Tihar
Penitentiary. And this --

Clyde holds up a 3x5 CARD, a PHONE NUMBER HANDWRITTEN on it.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

*Merry Christmas or should I say,
Happy Diwali.*

Danny copies down the number.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Remember Fez1993? Go see him in the
physical world. Oh, *hey Stem --*

Just like that STEM has APPEARED in the VIDEO CHAT SCREEN.
MEANING -- as Danny turns -- she's BESIDE HIM. Still a
beautiful young woman, but now with a really interesting
secret life, and, per usual, exceedingly cool eye-wear.

DANNY

(to Clyde)

That's not her name.

(to Stem)

How did you find me?

STEM

The truth?

Danny stares. Clyde stares, too. Loving this.

STEM (CONT'D)

I knew Stephen had drugged me. I
mean, obviously. So as I stood up --

FLASH: DANNY'S APARTMENT. Stem standing drunkenly from the
table, moving toward the couch.

STEM (IN FLASHBACK) (CONT'D)

Weekend catching up with me --

She steadies her hand on the back of Danny's chair. Where his
Jacket is hanging. She reaches under the collar for the
slightest moment, then makes it to the couch and is out.

BACK IN THE APPLE STORE

STEM (CONT'D)
I put a little, you know, *device*,
under your collar.

Danny feels under his collar, finds a sticky little piece of tape with sophisticated electronics. He looks at it closely.

STEM (CONT'D)
Anytime you're near Wifi, you pop
up. I've been running after you
ever since. I saw the flight
manifest: *Algerian in a bear suit*.
I think I like you as an Algerian,
Abbot Cassis.

ON CLYDE ON THE SCREEN --

CLYDE
I love him as an Algerian --

STEM
We have to get out of here now.

Through the front WINDOWS we see THREE UNMARKED INDIAN POLICE CRUISERS ROLL UP. And BIG SWAT-LIKE OFFICERS FANNING OUT.

STEM (CONT'D)
Too late. Come on. Don't run.

They head out through a door in the rear of the store past Apple DROIDS fixing laptops and downloading data. Cheery HINDI POP gets louder. All pristine and Apple-like.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND STORE - DAY

Chaotic INDIAN street. Stem and Danny ducking up the street. She grabs two colorful INDIAN SCARVES and ties one around Danny. A fetching Indian Lady. They walk past the COPS the other way. And catch a "TUK TUK" taxi.

INT./EXT. TUK TUK - DAY

An open air three-wheeled taxi. The DRIVER has pictures of his guru taped to the dash. Beads hang everywhere. They are ALONG THE HARBOR. HUGE BATTLESHIPS docked. ENGLISH. INDIAN. RUSSIAN. USA. Enormous SPECTACLES OF POWER.

STEM
I can help you. Stephen would want
me to help you.

DANNY
Stephen didn't trust you. Which is
why he drugged you.

STEM

Stephen didn't trust anyone. That's a given.

DANNY

What's your name?

STEM

You don't like *Stem*? It's so hopeful, like shoots in spring. I chose it myself in a kind of sacred model-naming ceremony. Okay, full disclosure: I'm the girl in her underwear getting her picture taken AND the girl on a Vespa outside state events with an Uzi under her jacket.

DANNY

You're a *spy*.

STEM

And a model. Don't forget that. Everyone always wants to forget modeling once they learn about the other thing --

DANNY

You mean, the gun in the ankle holster thing --

STEM

Oh, you saw that? And what exactly are you doing in Mumbai? Spinning an after-hours?

DANNY

Someone's trying to kill me, if you really want to know. And I'm trying to stop him.

STEM

The same person who killed Stephen?

He stares, but she has her answer. She's good.

STEM (CONT'D)

And how exactly are you planning to do that? Danny? Seriously --

DANNY

(to the cabbie)
Stop here. Let her off.

STEM
(to Cabbie, loud Hindi)
Keep going. Speed up.

The cabbie follows her orders.

STEM (CONT'D)
There's going to be another attack
on London. When and where are what
I care about. And if the person or
people who killed your father are
behind it, we should help each
other. You do get that, right?

Chaotic SIDE STREETS, stalls of electronics, shoes, video
games, old records. The cabbie pulls up and stops.

DANNY
I don't trust you.

STEM
And I don't trust you. Now, where
are we going?

INT. ELECTRONICS STALL - DAY

A NAME TAG reads, "HELLO MY NAME IS FEZ." Fez is a precocious
17 year-old. He speaks rapid fire English with a Punjabi
accent and drinks strong tea with enough sugar in it to make
the spoon stand up straight. His T-shirt says, "BE THE
TROUBLE YOU WANT TO SEE IN THE WORLD."

FEZ
I thought you'd forgotten all your
old friends. You're shorter than I
imagined.
(re: Stem)
And you one hundred percent were in
a lingerie catalogue in our
bathroom. I love your work.

DANNY
Now, now, Fez. Masquerading as a
visiting professor at Cal-Poly when
you were twelve --

FEZ
(to Stem re: Danny)
This guy. Oh man. The real old
school hacker. Did you tell her
about sanding down the microchips
in the Berlin metro cards.

(MORE)

FEZ (CONT'D)

Entire world still wonders how he
went one micron with plain old
sandpaper. So how did you do that
anyway?

Danny ignores the question but says --

DANNY

People should be aware when they
use a fare card their movement is
being tracked. Not that it's
necessarily wrong, but that it's
happening. Then it's a choice.

FEZ

It's wrong.

Fez, Danny, and Stem pass into the rear of the stall. Fez has
many computers in various states of disrepair.

FEZ (CONT'D)

So Clyde tells me you need a crypto
phone?

STEM

Crypto-phone?

Fez rummages around, finds a simple-looking flip phone.

DANNY

Works on fax lines. Doesn't alert
GSM towers when it powers up.

FEZ

One thousand US dollars.

DANNY

Five hundred.

FEZ

Seven fifty.

DANNY

How about free and I explain the
Berlin subway trick?

FEZ

Clyde already paid for it. But you
can tell me the trick.

DANNY

No way.

(beat)

I need to get into the SS7 Network.

Fez perks up. Opens another laptop, passes it to Danny who accesses a parallel phone network. Danny pulls out THE NUMBER Clyde gave him, shows it to Fez.

FEZ

That's a Kashmir exchange.

STEM

What are you doing?

DANNY

The last words my father said to me were "find Salim Dhar." And this is sort of a pre-internet system. We're making a query.

FEZ

It makes a map from the telephone network to the human world. This is all high-end sous-veillance stuff, stuff he used to be one of the kings of before he sold out to become a human playlist.

Danny looks at Fez like *gimme a break already*.

DANNY

Friends of ours in Italy wrote an app that exploits a vulnerability in your telephone system that is almost impossible to fix.

Danny has been working on the laptop. Not the magical Hollywood operating system, but a real pre-internet, telephone network, the SS7.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Vulnerability is that no matter what you do to the phone in terms of security, if it's in the SMS world, the place that's passing on that message can't help but let us know where you are.

Danny pulls out her STICKY ELECTRONIC TAPE and LOOKS CLOSELY AT IT. Maybe tinkers with it, adjust it.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I could adjust this to respond to SS7. Much better than WiFi.

STEM

What's *sous-veillance*?

FEZ
 Sous-veillance. Like the French.
 (beat)
 Sur-Veillance, over-veillance, is
 what the State does to you. Sous-
 Veillance, or *under-veillance*, is
 what we do to the state.

ON THE SCREEN -- A PHONE NUMBER. And a GRID appears. And then
 they're waiting...

FEZ (CONT'D)
 (trying to flirt)
 So... you're a model... what
 agency? Ford? Elite?

DANNY
 Try *Special Branch* --

Fez tenses, looks from Danny to Stem, back again.

FEZ
 Are you shitting me, man?

DANNY
 Spy. One hundred percent.

FEZ
 Uh... Danny, while we're waiting on
 that SS7, let me show you this
 Ghetto Boyz 7 inch I got. Mint
 vinyl.

They step away. Old Vinyl. Fez watches Stem in the distance.

FEZ (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Dude, okay, I get it, when The
 State looks like that, oh man, but
 Special Branch. *Special Branch*.
 Okay maybe they're not NSA, who is?
 But they're German Intel at least.
 Better than MI6. Follow me?

DANNY
 I follow you.

Fez grabs his arm.

FEZ
 Danny, I don't know what you're up
 to here, man, but you can't enhance
 state power and fight state power
 simul.

(MORE)

FEZ (CONT'D)

You can't shill for the man and
defy the man. Those fluids move
both directions you know what I
mean --

DANNY

Thanks, Fez. I appreciate you
helping us.

Danny goes back to the laptop. The GRID IS STILL BLACK --

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's either an old number or it's
turned off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Danny and Stem leaving Fez's, back out on the busy road.

DANNY

Salim Dhar was paroled from Tihar
Penitentiary. Can you get us in?

STEM

I don't just work for the man,
Danny. I am the man.

Stem pauses by an UNMARKED TRUCK in a line of parked cars.
She taps. The DOOR SLIDES OPEN. She PULLS DANNY INSIDE.

INT. SPECIAL BRANCH SURVEILLANCE TRUCK - DAY

Very high-tech. A mobile surveillance unit/command post.
Three INDIAN SUPPORT AGENTS, at monitors with headsets, have
all turned and stare at Danny.

SURVEILLANCE COMMANDER (HINDI)

There goes the undercover element.

STEM (HINDI)

I need you to get us credentialed
for Tihar. And show Danny the
Mountbatten messages.

(to Danny, English)

These are the guys: Adit, Rohit,
and Vilas. Guys, Danny --

SURVEILLANCE COMMANDER

(to Stem)

We know who he is, Mala.

(Hindi)

What are you doing?

STEM

Show him.

She's formidable and in charge. They reluctantly cue up a MOUNTBATTEN GREATEST HITS. Strolling. Issuing threats. Danny looks closely, listens --

MOUNTBATTEN

Have you had a sniper incident lately?

STEM.

Is this Salim Dhar?

DANNY

I don't know. I'm sorry.

(beat)

How long have you guys been following me around?

STEM

SAPI is a big deal for us, Danny.

He doesn't know what that is.

STEM (CONT'D)

The *South Asian Peace Initiative*. Our PM, all top diplomats, are traveling to London as we speak.

DANIEL

So why waste your time with me?

STEM

You were part of a check on Stephen. You seemed clean. Well, you're not a pro anyway. So we hung out a bit--I'm not a spy *all the time*--but then there's Corsica--and you seemed to be working for your dad. So I think: Did I miss something? Did I? There had been irregularities with Stephen. Wire transfers from his front company, *Lucky Dairy*, to offshore accounts controlled by a group that has made threats against the PM, against India; his name mentioned in cable intercepts where it shouldn't be mentioned. What am I missing? Is this a family business, Danny?

He looks at her, at her team.

DANNY
Did you say *cable intercepts*?

She doesn't say anything.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Just so I'm clear, that's email,
right?

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER OF GOVERNMENTAL LONDON - DAY

A BANNER UNFURLS ACROSS A BUILDING. IT READS: *SOUTH ASIAN
PEACE INITIATIVE* -- S.A.P.I.

WORKERS readying, cleaning, creating stanchions to hold back
crowds, and of course, colorful bunting. And find ONE AGENT
in the middle of the walkway, looking around with a spotting
scope while on a phone.

AGENT
If we think 600 yards is enough.

FIELDING (O.S.)
I think it must be.

SNAP ZOOM -- A FAR ROOFTOP -- MATCH --

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

FIELDING on the roof looking at the entrance to the hall in
the far distance, the tiny agent in the middle.

FIELDING
Lock down every sight-line within
this radius. 180 degrees out from
your position.

Fielding sees other AGENTS on other rooftops.

FIELDING (CONT'D)
On the day, every building cleared
by our people. Our people on every
one of these rooftops. Guards out
front. I count eleven buildings.

AGENT (OVER PHONE)
Affirmative. I have the same count.

FIELDING
Okay, thank you. Any problems,
issues, contact me directly.

Fielding's phone is ringing. He checks ID. Answers --

FIELDING (CONT'D)
Yes. I understand. Right away.

EXT. SIR DAVID CHESWICK'S CLUB - DAY

A cocktail fork extracts a snail drenched in garlic and butter from it's shell. The snail travels to the mouth of the MAN FROM LANGLEY, 55, a top CIA ADMINISTRATOR, who sits at a table in a men's club with Cheswick and Spiro.

MAN FROM LANGLEY
I've asked for bread three times.

They look around. No waiters to be seen.

CHESWICK
I'm sorry to report the servant class has disappeared from our country. No idea where they went.

Fielding arrives. Cheswick nods, brings him up to speed.

CHESWICK (CONT'D)
Marcus, we are discussing certain events, seeing if they declare a course of action. Was Daniel Marchant responsible in the death of this Lakshman fellow, who turns out to be a prized asset of our friend in Virginia.

FIELDING
There was a gap. It's possible someone intervened in that moment.

The Man from Langley forks another snail.

MAN FROM LANGLEY
Most unlikely. You know it is.

SPIRO
(re: a waiter)
There's your man. No, no. Don't let us disturb you.

The old waiter disappears. Langley looks at Fielding.

MAN FROM LANGLEY
What I would explain to the waiter were I to have the opportunity is that the bread is essential to eating snails.
(MORE)

MAN FROM LANGLEY (CONT'D)
 Snails are a garlic butter delivery system and the bread allows you to sop up the good part, the tasty part, to clean it up if you will.

(beat)
 There is enormous pressure to resolve this situation.

FIELDING
 What situation would that be?

MAN FROM LANGLEY
 The situation where your top South Asian hand has been training the other team, recruiting his own son to help him, who is now throwing our playbook back at us.

FIELDING
 That has simply not been proven.

MAN FROM LANGLEY
 Oh, I believe it has. In two days the eyes of the world will be on London. My orders are to address loose ends.

FIELDING
 Now, wait a moment. I need an explanation here --

Fielding looks to Sir David who gives away nothing, then at the Man from Langley.

MAN FROM LANGLEY
 The explanation is you've sat here many times making exactly the same decision, but now it's your mess and I'm sorry to say it's fallen on us to sop it up.

(beat)
 Mr. Spiro?

SPIRO
The Gray Wolves?

MAN FROM LANGLEY
 That is the suggestion.

INT. MUMBAI HOTEL - DAY

A lobby. Men playing backgammon. A phone is RINGING and RINGING. A BOY finally answers. He writes something on a slip of paper.

The BOY crosses the lobby. He finds a BACKGAMMON PLAYER in a lightweight suit with a STRAW BOATER

BOY
You have a message.

STRAW BOATER
Oh, yeah and what's that?

BOY
(reading)
Check your phone.

He passes the slip of paper to the man who gives him a tip. Straw boater takes out his phone. Dials a code. MSG appears.

TIGHT ON PHONE SCREEN -- DANNY MARCHANT. Straw Boater DELETES the IMAGE.

EXT. TIHAR PRISON - DAY

Establish the largest prison in Asia, a huge facility.

INT. TIHAR PRISON - DAY

Stem and Danny are shown around the largest prison in Asia by a DIRECTOR. Ahead is a BILLOWING RED TENT in a courtyard.

DIRECTOR
As the Lieutenant knows, we have
12,500 inmates in a prison built
for 2500, but with the complex
situated on 400 acres we have had
room and opportunity to try
different approaches.

Danny looks at Stem, mouths *Lieutenant*.

UNDER THE BILLOWING RED CANOPY prison OFFICIALS sit cross-legged with hundreds of PRISONERS, all MEDITATING IN SILENCE.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
For instance we have introduced
Vipassana meditation.

Guards doze while the chant-master's MANTRA buzzes in the hot air like the sound of flies. None of the guards has a gun.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)S
Bandits, poisoners, embezzlers all
finding the peace that comes from
staying silent for 10 days and
giving up smoking, sex and eating
meat.

IN THE DISTANCE - A CAMERA CREW

Follows a slick, handsome young INDIAN ACTOR. Even the Prison Director is excited, showing off a valued guest.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Very famous. Very honored to have
Mr. Neil Mukesh researching a role
for his new film called, "Jail."

DANNY
I know Neil.

TIGHT ON THE ACTOR, NEIL MUKESH, 20's, looking up wondrously
inside a giant cage filled with colorful birds.

THE ACTOR (HINDI)
(over PA)
*I have requested that I be allowed
to free these birds personally.*

He opens the door. Birds flutter around his head. He swings
his arms and gradually the colored birds fly away.

THE ACTOR (CONT'D)
*This is the most gratifying
experience I have ever had.*

His voice echoes. The MEDITATING CONVICTS are undisturbed.

STEM
(in rapid Hindi)
We want to see the file of a
prisoner who was paroled from
here... *Salim Dhar. Now.*

DIRECTOR
Yes, yes, but we still must walk to
that building, yes? We must travel
on our feet across space. Is this
how you say it?

Ahead is an L-shaped cell block, BUILDING "J," the size of a
football field, holding THOUSANDS of INMATES, some of whose
faces appear out tiny windows.

EXT. TIHAR PRISON - DAY

NONDESCRIPT PANEL VANS pull into the prison through a back
gate. They drive down prison lanes.

And pull up -- the VAN DOORS SLIDE OPEN -- STRAW BOATER
emerges.

And TWO PARAMILITARY TEAMS IN COMPLETE DEEP COVER MODE. They are INDIAN. They are in the garb of GUARDS and CUSTODIAL WORKERS.

They have sophisticated communications. Weapons. Straw Boater gives instructions. They fan out across the prison grounds.

INT. BUILDING "J" - ADMINISTRATIVE AREA - DAY

Danny and Stem waiting just outside an administrative office. Through a glass partition THOUSANDS OF FILES.

He sees the PRISON DIRECTOR talking with AN ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICIAL. A bit of back and forth. Some gesticulating. Then they emerge with files.

DIRECTOR

I'm afraid we have bad news. We have no record of a prisoner named Salim Dhar.

DANNY

Are you certain?

DIRECTOR

Quite certain. No one by the name of Salim Dhar has been a prisoner in Tihar Penitentiary. I have checked the records. Please feel free to look yourself. We have an excellent records system.

Danny and Stem look at the thousands of old file folders. Danny goes to where the name DHAR would be. No folder. He pulls one next to it. Looks inside.

THERE is a PHOTO of a RANDOM PRISONER. ARMITRAJ DHILANI. It reminds us of the PHOTO DANNY PICKED UP IN CORSICA. SAME LIGHT. SAME LENS.

Danny flips the photo over and finds: A STAMPED NUMBER in BLOCK LETTERS: **RB12U**.

He shows it to the prison director.

DANNY

What is this number?

DIRECTOR

Cell block - RB. Cell - 12. Upper bunk.

FLASH: And Danny remembers the PHOTO OF DHAR. And turning it over. The STAMPED NUMBER IN BLOCK LETTERS -- **EZ16U**.

EXT. CELL BLOCK "EZ" - DAY

Danny, Stem, and the Director and a guard enter a squat PRISON BUILDING. A sign outside is stamped: BLDG EZ.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

They walk down the hall of cells. Finding #16.

DANNY

This is it.

The director signals to the guards who open the door to the CELL 16 in the EZ block.

INT. CELL 16 - DAY

There is an OLD PRISONER with a BEARD who sees Danny --

PRISONER

Hello, Danny. I wondered if I'd ever meet you.

DANNY

How do you know who I am?

Danny catches Stem's eye. They both look at a wall where there's a sort of mural. Inside the picture is an image of Danny DJing.

PRISONER

No one in this section of Tihar has ever been released, except one person. Your father got him out.

DANNY

Why would he do that?

PRISONER

Salim Dhar would tell you it's because he *knows things*, because he has *secrets*, because he's an *asset*, but I know the real reason.

(beat)

He's lucky. A lucky bastard. You can see them miles away. Shining.

STEM

What was he in here for?

PRISONER

Political Acts Against The State, which in his case was blowing up things.

(MORE)

PRISONER (CONT'D)

And then an Englishman shows up...
And out he goes with all record of
him erased. Where's my Englishman?

STEM

Where is Dhar now?

The prisoner shrugs.

PRISONER

Somewhere else being a lucky
shining bastard I'm sure.

(beat)

There is one thing, though--

He gets off the bunk, pulls a milk crate from under the bed.
Pulls an envelope, shakes out a few OLD PRESS CLIPPINGS.

PRISONER (CONT'D)

Pretty fancy, aren't you? What's
that like? Come on. I've got time.

TIGHT: "MAD DESPOT. PARTY PICS-- WARIS, MARC, ROITFELDS,
OLIVIER, ANDRE. OPENINGS. ROYALS.

PRISONER (CONT'D)

Mountbatten was fancy. Tell me
about Prince Harry --

DANNY

What did you say?

PRISONER

Mountbatten. That's what I called
Salim. His *nickname* --

STEM

You called him, *Mountbatten*?

PRISONER

You heard me. Lord Mountbatten,
RAS. Royal Arse-Sniff. The shiny
bastard.

Stem and Danny exchange a glance. Then Stem signals and the
door clicks, unlocking by distant remote. As they leave --

PRISONER (CONT'D)

Is Harry wild? A racist? Come on,
you can tell me. It's just us. What
about that "Paki" quote? And the
Nazi uniform? Did they do real
military service?

(MORE)

PRISONER (CONT'D)
 Are they out every night? Hey, wait
 up. You forgot me.

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

CUSTODIAL MEN rake a gravel drive. MEN clip fragrant bougainvillea. We recognize these men as GRAY WOLVES. They motion to each other.

IN THE FAR DISTANCE the actor has the prisoners singing a SONG, "SIKANDAR," from a Bollywood film called "PAGE 3."

The GRAY WOLVES begin collapsing toward "EZ" building.

INT. BUILDING "EZ" - TIHAR PRISON - DAY

Danny and Stem are exiting. They walk down steps and into a hallway on the ground floor. Just then Danny sees --

OUT A WINDOW -- A STRAW BOATER FLOATING BY.

An unusual sight in an Indian prison. Danny motions for Stem to be quiet. Goes quickly to the WINDOW.

DANNY'S POV -- GRAY WOLVES dressed as guards now pulling MICRO-UZIS WITH SILENCERS, definitely not standard issue for Tihar Prison Workers.

Stem is beside him. She immediately pulls a weapon. Signals silently -- THREE SETS OF ATTACKERS. THREE LOCATIONS --

TWO AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR. Suddenly AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE in the hallway. SOLDIERS collapse in the doorway.

STEM YANKS DANNY DOWN A HALLWAY AND OUT A DOOR --

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

Danny and Stem sprint across an open area and into a SQUAT, FORBIDDING BUILDING.

INT. SQUAT "COERCION" BUILDING - DAY

A different, more fortified, DUNGEON LIKE ENVIRONMENT. PRISONERS ISOLATED AND "QUESTIONED." The guards here are more sophisticated, all military.

Stem speaks to a SOLDIER in fast, low Hindi. A TERRIBLE MOAN FROM A CELL. MEN IN AGONY.

The CELL DOOR opens a crack. Stem throws open the door and Danny follows her in.

INT. COERCION ROOM - DAY

Stem SLAMS the HEAVY DOOR. BOLTS IT. Danny pulls a metal bar and wedges it in the door. Takes in the cell, the PRISONER, FACED SWOLLEN FROM BEATINGS, CUFFED TO THE TABLE. He clearly knows Stem. He speaks through bloody mouth --

PRISONER
Hello, Mala.

BULLETS BEGIN SPLINTERING THE DOOR. There is a drain in the center of the room.

STEM
Give me a hand.

They pry open the heavy drain cover. The DOOR IS GIVING WAY. The COERCION CENTER sits on a cheap raised foundation and blood and effluvia can fall into the dirt below.

Stem, then Danny disappear through the floor. Danny pulls the heavy cover back into place.

The DOOR EXPLODES INWARDS. The CHAINED SUSPECT stares at the AMERICAN ASSASSINS.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE COERCION CENTER - DAY

Danny and Stem crawl under the foundation. They can see BOOTS going ONE DIRECTION. They go the other. Then BREAK FOR IT --

EXT. TIHAR PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

Stem and Danny sprinting across the prison grounds --

ANOTHER "GUARD" reaches into his waste can and extracts a BIG GUN which he FIRES at them AS THEY RUN.

Changing direction, they head for the MEDITATION TENT.

INT. MEDITATION TENT - DAY

The CHANT LEADER CHANTS at the front of the space. Billowing RED TENTS, cool red light. HUNDREDS OF PRISONERS with their eyes shut OMMING AWAY in the midday.

Danny and Stem ENTER. Get their bearings.

CHANT-MASTER
Omm... Padi... Omm...

Danny SIGNALS to find a space in the rows of MEDITATORS.

WIDE IN THE TENT -- 1200 PEOPLE CHANTING IN UNISON, DANNY AND STEM COMPLETELY ANONYMOUS.

EXT. MEDITATION TENT - DAY

STRAW BOATER SIGNALS to TWO OF THE GRAY WOLVES. WHO HIDE THEIR WEAPONS AND ENTER THE TENT --

INT. MEDITATION TENT - DAY

The GRAY WOLVES going up and down the rows looking for Stem and Danny. Every Western prisoner they find is YANKED to their feet. Slowly the meditation is disintegrating.

CHANT-MASTER

Omm. Padi... Omm...

One of the gray wolves is heading down the aisle toward where Danny sits in imitation of Vipassana serenity.

The GRAY WOLF comes across a BRIT SMUGGLER and yanks him to his feet. The SMUGGLER is HUGE. He looks at the GRAY WOLF. SMILES.

BRIT SMUGGLER

Hello, luv --

He PICKS the GRAY WOLF UP and TOSSES HIM INTO A GROUP OF SITTING CHANTERS. ANOTHER GREY WOLF PULLS HIS MICRO-UZI AND SHOOTS THE BRIT SMUGGLER.

The first WOLF gets to his feet pulling his weapon. FIRING IT INTO THE SKY -- SHREDDING THE TENT -- TO COMMAND ORDER -- WHICH HAS THE OPPOSITE EFFECT.

NOW PRISONERS STAND AND RUN HELTER SKELTER, SHOVING PAST THE GRAY WOLVES -- GRAY WOLVES TRYING TO STOP THE PRISONERS -- BUT IT'S TURNING INTO A RIOT.

AND THE CHANT-MASTER REMAINS IN LOTUS POSITION CALMLY CHANTING AS PEOPLE STORM PAST HIM --

FROM THE DISTANCE STRAW BOATER IS WATCHING.

DANNY AND STEM FINDING EACH OTHER IN THE MELEE -- PUSHING AFTER THE PRISONERS --

EXT. MEDITATION RIOT - PRISON GROUNDS -- DAY

The "MEDITATION RIOT" spills across the prison grounds.

INT./EXT. ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING, EZ CELL BLOCK - DAY

SEE PRISONERS OVERRUNNING the ADMINISTRATIVE BLDG. Hitting the central LOCKING CONTROLS. PULLING LEVERS that open whole cell blocks.

INT. CELL 16 - DAY

THE PRISONER, Dhar's EX-CELLMATE, turns to realize his door has clicked and OPENED. He looks around. Steps through into the hallway and hurries away.

EXT. MEDITATION RIOT - PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

DANNY SEES ALONG THE PRISON PERIMETER THAT ALL IS NOT BUCOLIC PRISON REFORM - GUARDS NOW MANNING FIRE HOSES - TEAR GAS CANNONS - GATES ARE DROPPING. BARRICADES RISING.

The FIRST PRISONERS head for FREEDOM and are BLASTED BY WATER CANNONS. TEAR GAS CANNISTERS EXPLODE.

Danny sees STRAW BOATER conversing with the PRISON DIRECTOR.

And then DANNY sees the BOLLYWOOD STAR, *MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS*, running with his PERSONAL SECURITY, entourage in tow, heading for THEIR VEHICLE -- THE EVER-PRESENT TATA SAFARI --

And DANNY GRABS STEM and they fall in just behind as ONE OF MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS' GUYS IS HIT BY A FLYING BRICK and FALLS -- KEYS SPILL FROM HIS HAND --

DANNY reaches for the keys, as THE PRISONER, Dhar's EX-CELLMATE, reaches down and grabs them. He holds the keys just out of reach.

PRISONER

Take me with... I'll tell you more.

DANNY

Come on.

He tosses the keys to DANNY. MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS is the first one in --

MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS

Hurry. Come on. Come on --

He sees Danny JUMP BEHIND THE WHEEL. And the PRISONER leaps into the backseat, next to Mr. Free-The-Birds.

INT./EXT. TATA SAFARI - DAY

MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS

Danny! What the hell, man?

(to the prisoner)

Who the hell are you?

DANNY REVS THE ENGINE -- HE WHIPS IT AROUND, WHEELS SPINNING IN LOOSE DIRT AS STEM AND ENTOURAGE JUMP IN.

THE ENTIRE PRISON IS RIOTING. THE SAFARI PICKS IT'S WAY THROUGH THE CHAOS. PEOPLE SLAMMING ONTO THE HOOD. HANGING ONTO THE CAR. JUMPING ON THE ROOF.

PRISON GUARDS see BOLLYWOOD'S CAR HEADING FOR A TUNNEL THROUGH THE PRISON THAT LEADS TO AN EXIT, THE LAST EXIT STILL OPEN.

GUARDS SIGNAL FRANTICALLY -- THEY LOVE MR. FREE-THE-BIRDS -- AND THEY SLOW THE FINAL CLOSING GATE -- DANNY FLOORING IT -- HEADING FOR THE LAST OPEN GATE --

PRISONERS ARE FLOODING INTO THE STREETS. FIREHOSES KNOCK THEM BACK. WAVE AFTER WAVE OF PRISONERS GONE MAD WITH THE POSSIBILITY OF FREEDOM --

DANNY WEAVING THROUGH -- HIS POV -- SMOKE AND PEOPLE LURCHING EVERYWHERE --

THE GATE SHUDDERING CLOSED --

DANNY FLASHING THE LIGHTS AND HONKING AS HE ACCELERATES ANGLING FOR THE TINY OPENING IN THE GATE --

THE GUARDS SYCOPHANTICALLY WAVING AT THE YOUNG BOLLYWOOD STAR WHO IS PETRIFIED -- and NEXT TO HIM, the ESCAPED PRISONER SMILING BEATIFICALLY.

DANNY SHOOTING THE GAP AS PRISONERS RICOCHET OFF THE CAR. FIREHOSE DRENCHING THE WINDSHIELD --

AND THEN THEY'RE FREE -- IN THE STREETS OUTSIDE THE PRISON --

AND AS MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS REALIZES THEY MADE IT OUT, HE TURNS AND SHOOTS A HEROIC SALUTE BACK TO THE GUARDS ON THE TOWERS WHO ARE WATCHING HIM GO --

THEN THE GUARDS ARE BACK TO FIRING THE WATER CANNONS --

BEHIND THEM THE PRISON IS BURNING AND THOUSANDS OF PRISONERS BATTLE THROUGH FIREHOSES AND TEAR GAS, INTO THE STREETS.

MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS (CONT'D)

(chuffed)

It's one thing to play a prisoner
no matter how authentically; it's
another to actually experience the
feelings of isolation inside.

STEM

Shut up --

MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS

You can't talk to me like that. And
this is my car --

DANNY

Shut up.

PRISONER

I love your movies. Your
authenticity. It's beautiful.

MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS

Thank you.

AT THAT MOMENT, MOTORCYCLES APPEAR FROM SIDE STREETS CLOSING
FAST -- THE DRIVERS LIFTING THEIR MICRO UZIS, LASER DOTS
SEARCHING ALONG THE SIDE OF THE CAR FOR DANNY --

DANNY

Hold on --

SUDDENLY HUNDREDS OF ROUNDS LET LOOSE -- AS DANNY SLAMS ON
THE BRAKES -- THE MOTORCYCLES FLY PAST, ONE OF THE WOLVES
TAKING FRIENDLY FIRE -- INDIAN ACTOR, ENTOURAGE SCREAMING --
DANNY SPINNING THE WHEELS HEADING DOWN AN ALLEY --

MORE MOTORCYCLES APPEARING FROM SIDE STREETS FALLING IN AFTER
THEM. The TATA BLASTS THROUGH AN INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT ZONE.
UNDER AN ARCHWAY -- HUNDREDS OF GIRLS IN UNIFORMS -- A
CONVENT SCHOOL --

And then REALIZE it's NOT A CONVENT SCHOOL, but A BOLLYWOOD
SET OF A CONVENT SCHOOL --

HUNDREDS OF "SCHOOLGIRLS" IN LITTLE GRAY UNIFORMS DOING A
COMPLEX DANCE ROUTINE FOR A CHOREOGRAPHER -- And THEN THEY
ARE BURSTING THROUGH IT --

LITTLE GREY UNIFORMS FLYING EVERY WHICH DIRECTION -- ANOTHER
ARCHWAY - INTO AN EMPTY SCHOOL COURTYARD -- BACKGROUND NUNS
PASSING WITH BELLS -- THE BUILDINGS ARE PLYWOOD SCRIMS --
DANNY ACCELERATING -- A FAR ARCH AND BACK ONTO THE STREETS.

MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS

Get out of my car.

Stem pulling her gun --

STEM

Shut up --

She lowers the window, and FIRES at the NEAREST MOTORCYCLE.
THE FRONT TIRE EXPLODES AND THE RIDER DOES AN END OVER END --

DANNY HITS A ROUNDABOUT WHERE HUNDREDS OF CRAZY INDIAN
VEHICLES CONVERGE -- BUSES, SCOOTERS, TRI-SHAWES, THREE-
WHEELED OPEN TRUCKS -- PEOPLE PUSHING TWO WHEELED WOODEN
CARTS LOADED WITH HUGE SACKS -- PEOPLE CROSSING THE STREET
WITH HUGE LOADS ON THEIR HEADS -

Danny WHIPS AROUND PEDESTRIANS and FOLLOWS SIGNS FOR THE
TRAIN STATION --

MR-FREE-THE-BIRDS

Help. Help. Let me out. Let me out.

DANNY

Shut up.

Danny gets a little running room and opens it up, avoiding
oncoming traffic, baling down another side street then
another side street. And another. Past AVIARIES, ELEPHANTS,
MARKETS. And THEN --

THE STREET OF SACRED COWS. Holy CATTLE. Skinny. Tails
swishing. Walking down the center of the street. At least
THIRTY. The TATA weaves through the cattle. Who COALESCE
behind it's wake forming a wall. MOTORBIKES SKID.

EXCEPT ONE. A MOTORBIKE pulls next to the TATA. Gun out.
LASER DOT on GLASS. On DANIEL'S CHEST. DANNY swerving into
him as GUN FIRES. Follow BULLET through glass, through MUSCLE
ON DANIEL'S ARM and out the other side of the TATA.

As DANNY RUNS the TATA into the MOTORBIKE, sending it off the
road. SACRED COWS filling in, tails swooshing.

IN THE DISTANCE -- THE TRAIN STATION -- A MASS OF PEOPLE
knotted up around it.

DANNY RACES ACROSS SIDEWALKS, THREADING THROUGH PEOPLE, SKIDS
TO A STOP, JUMPS OUT, STEM JUMPS OUT --

DANNY (CONT'D)

Thanks for the lift, Neil.

Danny grabs the prisoner and starts bringing him with them.
MR. FREE THE BIRDS STARTS TO CRY--

PRISONER
Oh, shut up.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Danny and Stem and the prisoner trying to disappear into the crowds. GRAY WOLVES arriving on MOTORCYCLES. FANNING OUT.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Fifty tracks. Thousands of people. Danny and Stem and the prisoner trying to blend, not hurry, but hurry, through the platforms -- SUDDENLY BULLETS HITTING NEAR THEM -- they leap from the platform.

DANNY AND STEM BEGIN HOPPING TRACK TO TRACK, DUCKING BETWEEN THE TRAINS COMING IN AND TRAINS PULLING OUT.

AHEAD THE FANCIEST PLATFORM WHERE THE LAST CHIMES RING FOR A BULLET TRAIN getting ready to pull out. Danny pushes the prisoner up and they jump on the train after him.

PRISONER
Who are those people?

DANNY
I don't know.

GRAY WOLVES fanning out down the platform, guns concealed.

INT. BULLET TRAIN - DAY

Danny, Stem, and the prisoner running from car to car. THROUGH THE WINDOWS see GRAY WOLVES like MACHINES passing, getting ready to enter the next train car and cut them off.

Danny hitting the gap between the cars -- GRAY WOLVES bounding into the car -- AS THE FINAL WHISTLE BLOWS --

AND DANNY, STEM, and finally the prisoner LEAP FROM THE SPACE BETWEEN THE CARS -- AS THE TRAIN DOORS SHUT, SEALING PASSENGERS INSIDE - TRAIN STARTING TO ACCELERATE AWAY -- they PICK THEMSELVES UP. TURNING TO SEE --

THE SLOW SOUTHERN LOCAL. HUNDREDS OF INDIANS ON THE ROOF ALONG WITH GOATS AND OTHER LIVESTOCK. IT'S PULLING OUT THE OTHER WAY -- SLOWLY -- THE OPPOSITE OF BULLET. YES --!

THEY MAKE FOR IT. WHEN THEY REALIZE -- ONE GRAY WOLF MADE IT OFF THE BULLET TRAIN - MR STRAW BOATER HIMSELF -- AND HIS GUN IS LEVELED AT DANNY --

STRAW BOATER

This is over --

And as his finger starts to squeeze -- A HOLE APPEARS IN HIS FOREHEAD -- DANNY TURNS TO SEE STEM'S GUN OUT -- Danny reeling. He looks between Stem and the dead man, then again.

STEM

Never talk before you shoot.

DANNY

Noted.

Danny goes to the man, searches his wallet. Finds NO ID. Then Finds his PHONE, switches it on, goes inside the SIM CHIP --

DANNY (CONT'D)

(reading)

*Michael Burk. Falls Church,
Virginia --*

STEM

CIA --

PRISONER

Well that violates I don't know how many international treaties.

The prisoner is still with them. Danny turns to him.

DANNY

You said you had more. What is it?

Trains continually move in the big yard.

PRISONER

What you must understand about Salim Dhar is that he has a gift, a gift for insinuating himself into the darkest corners of prison life, for reading groups and individuals, and picking up the choicest bits of information. And then he and your father used it, building a network, which Dhar is using to carry out his reverse crusade against the West.

This is what Stem has suspected all along. Danny sees it. And the prisoner sees him seeing it.

PRISONER (CONT'D)

There you have it. You're welcome.
A pleasure doing business.

The prisoner starts away.

DANNY
Where do you think you're going?

Prisoner ignores him, jumps a SLOW TRAIN just pulling out.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Where is he? Where is Dhar?

Danny and Stem moving along with the train and Prisoner --

PRISONER
How should I know? Ta ta...

The SLOW TRAIN slowly pulls out leaving Danny and Stem standing there. Stem realizing that Daniel is bleeding. Danny looks and sees blood soaking his shirt.

STEM
You're hurt.

INT./EXT. LOBBY - MUMBAI HIGH-RISE - DAY

Estab. The most sane, sterile, secure apartment building in Mumbai. Doormen. 24 Hour Gym and Concierge Service.

INT. APARTMENT - 36TH FLOOR - DAY

A dizzying view. Construction cranes everywhere as the New India rises above the old. Stem pulls AWAY Danny's shirt revealing a nasty wound where a bullet has passed through.

STEM
Okay, that needs stitches.

DANNY
Why is the CIA trying to kill me?

She roots around in drawers, finds Hydrogen Peroxide and a complimentary sewing kit labeled, "Aman Resorts."

STEM
They believe Dhar and Stephen were working together, and that you're in with them too, which I have to admit, if I hadn't been with you, I probably would as well.

She pours HYDROGEN PEROXIDE into the wound. It bubbles.

STEM (CONT'D)
It's less than 24 hours until the treaty event in London.
(MORE)

STEM (CONT'D)

We have to find Dhar. Hold still.
This is going to hurt, but I want
to close that up.

She runs the needle through the edge of the bullet hole.

DANNY

Oww!

STEM

Hold still --

Danny watches Stem carefully and with great skill stitch him up, checking periodically to make sure he's okay. And when she's finished she puts a HELLO KITTY BANDAGE on it and a little kiss like you would a child.

DANNY

I did some time at the Fort.

STEM

I knew it --

DANNY

67 days... But I quit. I couldn't
do it. Training to lie, to keep
secrets, to spot liars and secret
keepers.

He takes a moment. It's clear despite the defiance with his father that he feels a bit of guilt over it, feels the tug of duty, but there are mitigating factors.

DANNY (CONT'D)

My dad was always gone, gone my
entire childhood. Where? Who knows.
Why? Who knows. My mom finally
moved back to the states. Took me,
too. Was she starting over?
Quitting? Getting some air? She
deserved it, that's for sure. Then
a tiny miniscule thing happened. A
blood vessel. Up here. Pop.

(points to side of head)

Aneurysm. They had it "under
control," then they didn't, then
they did then they didn't. Then my
dad showed up. That was weirder
than my mom dying. Just seeing him
there in daylight. Then we both
went in and were with her. And he
told her how much he loved her and
asked her if she knew how much he
loved her. And she said she did.

Danny turns away for a moment. Out the window India is almost sprouting up before his eyes, into the same dystopian vision of, say, Houston in the 1980's.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You wanted to know something I've never told anyone? Wherever my dad went and whatever he did, my mother thought it was worth it.

STEM

And you?

Just then a FOREIGN BUZZING SOUND. Exactly like the RING when DANNY tried his father during the Marathon. Only it's IN DANIEL'S POCKET. He pulls the CRYPTO PHONE --

FEZ

(over phone)

Salim Dhar's cell just popped up on the SS7. He's in London. A building on Limehouse Basin --

DANNY

(for Stem)

Dhar's in London? Limehouse Basin--

(turning)

OWW!

Danny realizes there's a needle sticking in his ass. He looks at Stem who's given him a shot of something.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. You people --

Things start to go very blurry for Danny.

STEM

I'm sorry.

Then he's on his back looking up at the ceiling. He sees her leaving. Fez is still on the phone.

DANNY

Whoa.

FEZ

Danny? Danny?

Danny hangs up. Takes all his effort to dial another number.

MATTY (OVER PHONE)

Oui, bonjour --

Danny has the vial of the drug Stem shot him up with. It blurs in and out. He reads the label -- PROPOFOL.

DANNY

I'm on--someone gave me a shot of--
Propofol... what do I do?

MATTY

Propofol. Oh, man. I know a guy.
But you have to stay awake. Here's
the killer part... if you stay
awake, you're gonna be so high.
Seriously, I am jealous, man. Stand
up. Danny? Danny, are you standing
up? Is there Excedrin? Take five
Excedrin. How are you feeling? Tell
me, man. I'm jealous.

DANNY

Whoa --

Danny staggers to his feet. Tries to stay awake. It's like the apartment is a ship and the ship is in a storm. Danny makes it to the front door, unlocks it, wedges himself in the door, and passes out. BLACK.

SNAP. A light in his eyes. AGAIN. Vision slowly focuses. He's looking at an INDIAN DUDE with LONG HAIR and LENNON glasses.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Imagine there's no heaven.

INDIAN JOHN LENNON

They got you good, my friend.

NEEDLE. ANOTHER SHOT. BLACK. SNAP. Danny's awake. Sitting on Stem's couch seemingly alone. Then reveal the INDIAN JOHN LENNON sitting nearby watching cable. He looks over --

INDIAN JOHN LENNON (CONT'D)

So you're friends with Matty?

(beat)

Dude is crazy.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Tight on MOUNTBATTEN walking and talking, his background is different than India. He talks for the camera --

MOUNTBATTEN

When history finally judges the 500 year experiment in Western primacy, it will reveal a trail of errors, of petty, greedy, short term goals etched across the surface of the earth...

INT./EXT. TRUCK - LONDON STREET - DAY

FOLLOWING A TRUCK through the streets. IN THE CABIN looking over the driver's shoulder straight through the windscreen. We come to a BARRICADE. PAPERS come out the window. ID'S ARE CHECKED. See on the truck's side panel is a PICTURE of a COMPUTER the words, "I.T. FIXIT."

MOUNTBATTEN (V.O.)

Of course there is India and Pakistan, but what about Tenochtitlan? The largest and most sophisticated city in the world before Cortez wiped out 90 percent of the population.

Another TURN and a MORE ELABORATE BARRICADE. MIRRORS rolled under the carriage. Grey underbelly reflected. PAPERS thrust out the window, checked again.

EXT. TREATY SIGNING PLAZA - LONDON - DAY

THE PANEL TRUCK waved to THE REAR of a huge, official BUILDING, to A LOADING BAY.

MOUNTBATTEN (V.O.)

Or Cahokia, in central Illinois? Largest city in America. *Cahokia*? It's now a cornfield. Home to the world's largest ketchup bottle.

INT. CEREMONIAL BUILDING - DAY

SLAM. BOXES OF COMPUTER EQUIPMENT loaded onto ROLLERS and INTO X-RAY MACHINES. X-RAY images of LAPTOPS and WIRES and HARD DRIVES and WIFI STATIONS trundling past.

MOUNTBATTEN (V.O.)

And the Chinese? The Chinese invented printing, gunpowder, the toothbrush, diabetes treatment, restaurant menus, suspension bridges, and toilet paper, all before the Europeans carved them up in less than two decades.

Reveal the COMPUTER GUYS from *I.T. FIXIT*, are INDIAN. They smile good-naturedly while retrieving their goods. They don't attract the least bit of notice as they begin unpacking the high-tech stuff that will allow everyone to Google one another, communicate across languages, file stories.

A SPOOL of ETHERNET cable rolls from a TRUNK to a ROUTER --

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Mountbatten still talking tight to the lens but slowly widening out to reveal he's in London, holding up a newspaper from this day --

MOUNTBATTEN

We will strike a symbolic blow for all. And as real power shifts eastward again hear the collective sigh as the world relaxes, as if a handgun has finally been pried loose from the hands of a toddler.

See ICONIC CITY OF LONDON behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. MI6 "LEGOLAND" - DUSK

Flags fluttering atop the building, whipping in the wind.

INT. FIELDING'S OFFICE - DUSK

Fielding at his desk. Tired. Spiro is there. And Stover. They're finishing the same MESSAGE FROM MOUNTBATTEN.

MOUNTBATTEN (ON COMPUTER)

You did not close the British and American military complex on the island of Diego Garcia. You did not release the 100 inmates from Tihar Prison.

You did not even send the symbolic payment of one pound sterling to the Children's Educational Assistance Fund of Uttar Pradesh. This is your last warning.

They pause it.

FIELDING

He's here. That's today's paper.

Fielding's PHONE starts RINGING. He ignores it. Stover looks at Fielding. Sees how tired he is.

SPIRO

I want to talk about Daniel Marchant.

FIELDING

Oh, for God's sake.

SPIRO

He entered Tihar Penitentiary under false pretenses. Instigated a riot which he used to liberate a known associate of a man named Salim Dhar, who we now know was released from the same prison into the custody of Stephen Marchant. And the leader of our clean-up crew --

FIELDING

The Purple Foxes--

SPIRO

Gray Wolves --

(beat)

Dead. Bullet to the head.

(points)

Here. Execution style.

Phone rings again. Again Fielding ignores.

FIELDING

I wish I had more to help you.

Stover is looking at her watch.

STOVER

Sir. We have to leave.

SPIRO

This guy has to be working for somebody, if he's not working for you.

FIELDING

He's not. He's really not.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUTH OF THE THAMES - DAY

Where the river meets the sea a VERY FAST BOAT comes into FRAME, and find Bassam throttling down, looking AHEAD at a BARRICADE of COAST GUARD VESSELS checking every boat wanting to head up the Thames.

SUDDENLY a large VESSEL pulls alongside Bassam's fast boat.

BASSAM
Hello fellow professionals in
Import-Export.

TWO OFFICERS well-known to Bassam look down. They've done this drill many times.

OFFICER
(bored)
Bassam, you're not bringing
anything dangerous into England,
are you?

BASSAM
Define dangerous, my friend.

Smiles all around as Bassam passes a fat envelope of cash up the ladder to the officers and they wave him through.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Bassam REVEALING a SMUGGLER'S HATCH. He helps DANNY up.

BASSAM
Next time we gotta wedge in a few
thousand hits of something
interesting.

DANNY
Bassam, you are what they refer to
as a recidivist.

BASSAM
Damn right. Need a lift?

DANNY
Take me to Primrose Hill.

BASSAM
Where?

Danny is already on the move out of the boathouse

CUT TO:

EXT. RITZ CARLTON - DAY

Outside the London Ritz, a MOTORCADE pulling up. Crowds watching the PRIME MINISTER of INDIA arrive at his hotel.

And in the crowd, a HOT GIRL ON A VESPA, with an UZI under her jacket -- STEM weaves away. Makes a loop.

EXT. TREATY SIGNING PLAZA - DUSK

The *SOUTH ASIAN PEACE INITIATIVE* BANNER flutters in the winds, along with the flags of the countries signing the treaty. CROWDS are forming behind barriers, surging and shifting in a barely controlled chaos: INDIAN with INDIAN and across the plaza PAKISTANI with PAKISTANI.

Fielding checks his SNIPER TEAMS on THREE ROOFTOPS. He coordinates with the K-9 UNIT, whose animals are jittery.

Fielding looks out over the crowds, speaks to Stover --

FIELDING

Three hours, three hours and the
South Asian Peace will be signed
and this whole damn circus will be
done and dusted. And Stover I swear
I might seek some other occupation.

Stover and Fielding follow the DOG GUYS and DOGS inside --

INT. CEREMONIAL HALL - DUSK

Fielding and Stover enter a beautiful hall like only the English know how to do: august enough for a major international treaty, yet comfy.

There's a CENTRAL TABLE with HIGH-BACK CHAIRS. Chandeliers with thousands of lights. Support areas for each delegation.

Fielding watches the DOGS and HANDLERS work their way through the chairs and tables. They pass long lines of computer cable, routers. One of the SHEPHERDS puts his paws on the table and SNIFFS REPEATEDLY at a LAPTOP at a signee's spot.

HANDLER

Jim, portables were scanned, yes?

JIM THE SUPERVISOR

Yes, they were.

HANDLER

Come on, Biscuit. Let's go, boy.

Biscuit hops down and follows a scent on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL - DAY

Danny and Bassam at the front door of an imposing house, "PRIMROSE HILL." Danny rings. A BUTLER answers.

INT. PRIMROSE HILL - DAY

Danny and Bassam follow the butler across a huge room toward closed double doors. The butler indicates that Bassam will wait. He lets Danny in through the doors and stays behind to stare stolidly at Bassam who is uncomfortable.

BASSAM

Do you mind if I smoke?

BUTLER

Yes.

INT. STUDY - PRIMROSE HILL - DAY

A MAN is backlit at the windows overlooking the garden. He is seated in an old rolling chair. This is Danny's GRANDFATHER, the most famous spy in the world. Danny hasn't seen him in a while. Danny approaches respectfully, then --

DANNY

Stephen arranged the release of a man from an Indian prison. He trained him, financed him. This man appears to be Mountbatten, who attacked the London Marathon --

In the room are mementos of a long, storied career. Various forms of "pocket litter" -- powdered milk conventions, dehydrated dairy awards. And photos with kings, prime ministers. Margaret Thatcher. Richard Nixon in China.

Finally, a VOICE we all recognize--

GRANDFATHER

What is his name? The man's name.
Tell me.

DANNY

Salim Dhar.

GRANDFATHER

You're certain?

Danny nods. His grandfather is deeply saddened, as if a heavy weight pulling him down.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

I'd like to tell you a story,
Daniel. If I could trouble you for
a moment.

He crosses to his desk, the kind of desk upon which treaties are signed. He opens a drawer. Rummages. Finds a folder.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

There was once a young officer in India Branch. As I'm certain you can appreciate, young officers are also young men and he meets a woman. There is an affair. For many reasons, some cultural, some political, the officer breaks it off. And soon after he is assigned to another station. He's in that stage of career where one has no control over where one is sent or what one is sent to do. This doesn't ever really change. But this affair produced a son. And the son doesn't find out the identity of his father until he is already in his twenties, by which point he is already hardened, already in trouble, already in jail, with a world-view that by any reckoning would be considered extreme. In jail and in trouble, but now with name of his real father, a man of some influence, he reaches out.

The truth is beginning to dawn on Danny. His grandfather nods, slides the folder toward Danny, as he continues.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

And so the father, learning of this for the first time, visits, comes to believe he can make it up to him, save him, and maybe even utilize him, bring him into the family business.

The slots drop, falling into place.

DANNY

Salim Dhar is my brother.

GRANDFATHER

Yes.

His grandfather spins the folder toward Danny. Who opens it, revealing photos from late 1970's India. His father, Stephen, with a pretty Indian woman. Happy. Croquet. Cricket matches.

DANNY

And my father... my father never told me, because... because...

This is hard for Danny.

GRANDFATHER

Once Dhar was an asset Stephen
wouldn't have been able to tell
you, except under two
circumstances.

DANNY

If I'm in the family business, too.
MI6 --

GRANDFATHER

(nodding)
Or if your life is in immediate
danger.
(beat)
Daniel, he was coming to tell you,
that night, at your apartment.

A lot for Daniel to take in. His grandfather sees it.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

He loved you. But we're Marchants.

Danny takes a moment.

DANNY

(beat)
I loved him, too.

INT. HIGH-CEILINGED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny emerges from the study. He and Bassam cross the room.
Now hear his grandfather's voice behind him. See Bassam
recognizes this voice immediately --

GRANDFATHER

Daniel, what will you do now?

Danny turns, feels Bassam staring in awe at the famous spy.

DANNY

Me? I'm gonna go find my bro.

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL - DAY

Danny and Bassam exit the house, the butler closing the door
behind them, as we hear a voice we recognize OS --

FEZ (O.S.)

How's your GF, Danny-boy. The hot
Instrument of State. Has she
screwed you over yet? Dumped you
for some repressive dictator. I
hear Pinochet's single?

MATTY

And I hope you brought the rest of the Propofol.

FEZ

We're set up at London Resistor. If you're through swanning around.

(beat)

Whose pad is this anyway?

DANNY

My Grandfather's.

FEZ

Place's all right. If you like this sort of thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNEAKER SHOP - EAST LONDON - DAY

Multi ethnic street. Pop up shops. Art galleries. Comic book stores. And another sneaker shop similar to the one in NY.

INT. CELLAR OF SNEAKER SHOP - DAY

Underground scene. Banks of computers. Home of LONDONRESISTOR. A hacker collective. They're up on many laptops. And find CLYDE, the heavy-set Persian, Danny's friend, has arrived from New York.

CLYDE

Danny, have you heard the new 2Pac basement tracks. It's like finding the Dead Sea Scrolls. Hail Mary a capella.

FEZ

It's the bizzy bomb.

(on screen)

Okay. Here's the SS7. Here's your boy. Limehouse Basin.

INT. WAREHOUSE - WATERFRONT - LIMEHOUES BASIN - NIGHT

Danny, Bassam, and Fez finding the warehouse where Dhar prepped his plan. He's recently cleared out. They find the remnants of toy importation. They find a loose crate of "Miss Sillypants" dolls. They find COMPUTER IT stuff.

They pull surveillance footage. And there is Dhar.

They send it to Clyde who begins making a "motion footprint" like he did of Danny in the beginning only now it's of Salim Dhar.

And then FEZ tinkering with Miss Sillypants and some old computer routers, has an AHA MOMENT. He holds up a router.

FEZ

(re: router)

Made from a completely undetectable, pressure-molded explosive material, a PETN derivative, which I'm betting you seen in liquid form at the London Marathon.

(beat)

The bomb isn't "in" the case. The bomb "is" the case.

He picks up a DOLL, freckle-faced with ribbon-braids --

DHAR

Personal favorite: *Miss SillyPants*. Passes through scanners, dog sniffing, crotch grabbers, swab tests. And can bring down a plane.

DANNY

Or destroy a peace process.

MAYBE THE GRAY WOLVES HAVE TRACKED THEM HERE and ATTACK. And USING CLYDE back at THEIR COMMAND UNDER THE SNEAKER SHOP, while CRANKING THE NEW 2pac BASEMENT TRACK, MIXING A NEW SONG, THEY ELUDE THEM.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. PANEL VAN - NIGHT

Another DELIVERY TRUCK turning through night streets. A bit abstract as it passes lights and barricades.

The SIDE PANEL reads EAST LONDON LIQUOR DISTRIBUTORS, "FINE WINES AND CHAMPAGNES," with a GRAPHIC of a CROWN POPPING OUT OF A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE.

The van pulling to a stop at a SERVICE ENTRANCE.

The DOORS SLAM OPEN. CRATES OF BOOZE. DOLLIES wedged under.

Down a ramp. Another ramp. Both DOLLIES PUSHED BY BRIT-INDIANS. They disappear UNDERGROUND.

EXT. TREATY PLAZA - VARIOUS - NIGHT

A MOTORCADE through the streets, FLAGS FLUTTERING on the CORNERS OF HOODS. Thousands of BRIT-ASIANS cheer as the armored LIMO arrives.

INDIAN POLITICIANS exit their CARS and head up the RED CARPET in a HAIL OF FLASHBULBS.

CAMERA SPINS and FINDS one PARTICULAR MAN and though he has died his hair, wears black glasses, is heavier and looks ten years older, it is SALIM DHAR.

Dhar waves a small UNION JACK FLAG. He sees STEM zipping around on her Vespa, doing crowd security. He smiles.

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

A dancing computer graphic on the navigation pulsing with the LOUD TECHNO MUSIC. Then realize we're in a Range Rover and Bassam is driving fast.

BASSAM
(yelling re the music)
It calms me down!

He leans over and opens the glove box, revealing the handle of a gun, offering it to Danny. Danny closes the box. Then changes his mind, opens it and TAKES THE GUN.

They blow through lights, wheeling within sight of the CEREMONIAL PLAZA.

INT. SERVICE KITCHEN - NIGHT

CASES OF BEVERAGE wheeled into a giant SERVICE KITCHEN.

The cases are stacked with other cases of wine and soda water. Huge bags of ice.

PUSHING THROUGH THE EXTERIOR CARTON OF ONE OF THE CASES see that inside the bottles are ALL CONNECTED via an ADVANCED DETONATION SYSTEM.

INT. CERMEMONIAL HALL - NIGHT

DELEGATIONS OF INTERNATIONAL POTENTATES filing in, MILLING ABOUT. The ROOM is BUZZING.

EXT. CERMEMONIAL PLAZA - NIGHT

LONG LENS POV of FIELDING AND STOVER moving around the PERIPHERY OF THE CROWD. Checking in with various SECURITY PERSONNEL.

EXT. PLAZA SECURITY CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

Danny approaches a security checkpoint. Peels away and moves down the line of people CROWDING THE BARRIERS craning for a view. There are food carts of EXOTIC DELICACIES. SATAY HAWKERS. People speaking four languages and ten dialects.

AT THE EDGE OF THE PLAZA

Stover has conferred with A SECURITY CHIEF. Who turns back to his crew. Stover is looking across the road to where bleachers are filled with IMMIGRANT FAMILIES --

OUT OF THE CROWD BEHIND HER -- AN ARM GOES AROUND HER NECK -- and pulls her back. And then a VOICE is in her ear.

VOICE (O.S.)

I have information you have to hear.

STOVER

Danny?

She turns, sees BASSAM there. He holds up the DOLL'S HEAD, MISS SILLYPANTS, from the warehouse.

EXT. ACROSS THE PLAZA - NIGHT

On a TOUCHSCREEN PHONE IS THE BLACK SS7 GRID with a FLASHING HOT SPOT. Danny holding the phone, navigating through crowds.

He SCANS THE BLEACHERS. Looking for, but not SEEING --

DHAR waving his UNION JACK. Dhar sees Danny and begins moving down the steps.

He moves quickly through the crowd away from the plaza.

ANGLE - DANNY'S PHONE

The MAP SHIFTING, REVEALING THE PLAZA via SATELLITE. The HOT SPOT is a hundred yards away, but now MOVING.

Danny looks again. Sees a figure crossing a street against TRAFFIC. The man is older, but SOMETHING ABOUT HIM --

Danny RUNS --

As the PAKISTAN DELEGATION ARRIVES to MUCH FANFARE!

EXT. CROWDED LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

One of those NIGHTCLUB AREAS that OVERFLOWS with DRUNKEN PEOPLE four nights a week and there's always some SOUVLAKI joint lit up all hours and people speaking NORWEGIAN pouring out of BOUTIQUE HOTELS. Exactly the part of town where DANNY would feel most comfortable, his home turf.

Danny pushing through the crowds. HIS POV following the GRAY-HAIRED INDIAN --

Some PUSHY PEOPLE recognize DANNY --

DRUNKEN CLUB PEOPLE
Mad Despot! No way! Hey, it's Mad
Despot! What's on tonight?

And they're in front of him, offering drinks from go cups, and he's trying to push past --

DRUNKEN CLUB PEOPLE (CONT'D)
You're spinning Boujis'
Anniversary, right? It'd be cool if
you'd get us in. Will you get us
in? Come on, what's your problem?
Just asking a favor. What an
asshole.

Danny realizing that Dhar is GONE.

ON THE PHONE the HOT SPOT is further away. Danny bolts around the corner --

VELVET ROPES. A BIG NIGHTCLUB. The WRONG CROWD, but the DOOR GUYS recognize DANNY. It's like the RED SEA parting.

INT. THE WRONG CLUB - NIGHT

Bad clothes. Bad music. Over-crowded. Drink specials. Danny WHIRLING, DESPERATE. PHONE SIGNAL going in and out. But the flashing light seems to be leading him toward the REST ROOMS.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WC - NIGHT

Black walls. People staggering. Drunken glances at the DJ.

INT. WC - NIGHT

Danny into the WC. THROWING OPEN DOORS. No sign of Dhar.

ON HIS SCREEN -- HE'S RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM. He whirls, looking, frantic. Where is he?

There's a BANK OF PAY PHONES. And ONE OF THE PHONES RINGS.

Slowly Danny focuses on the phone. RINGING AND RINGING. As he ANSWERS, REVEAL DHAR on the other side of a wall --

DANNY

Hello?

DHAR (OVER PHONE)

You didn't think it would be that easy, did you?

DANNY

Where are you, bro?

Danny whirls. Dhar is close. A silent beat. Then --

DHAR

What are nations, Danny? I mean, really? People, right? If you want to hurt people, what do you do?

(beat)

Hurt their children.

DANNY

WHERE --?

Dhar has already hung up. Danny looking around all the young people. Every face now having resonance.

INT. CEREMONIAL HALL FOYER - NIGHT

FIELDING looking at the DOLL'S HEAD. Miss SillyPants.

FIELDING

Miss Sillypants?

Bassam pulls a piece of paper. On it is a note from Danny, in Danny's handwriting, which slowly he reads aloud --

BASSAM

Constructed of pressure-molded PETN. Can be activated with any low level electric pulse. Anything inside the hall made of this material, particularly cables, computers, WiFi stations, routers, assume it is an undetectable explosive. Rip it all out. Do you have bomb containment units on site? Use them.

EXT. LONDON STREET - CLUB AREA - NIGHT

Danny let back out through the velvet ropes. SCANNING EVERYWHERE. But this is a POPULAR place.

Maybe six more CLUBS within a stone's throw. Every entrance a different crowd, tribal like different nations.

He pulls up his phone. GETS UP ON TWITTER. "MAD DESPOT FAMILY." Types: *hey it's MD been dark for a few days. Anyone in central London?* He hits SEND.

INT. CEREMONIAL HALL - NIGHT

DIPLOMATS and DIGNITARIES rapidly herded out of the room as Security TEAMS pull out computers and cable and routers as quickly as they can.

EXT. LONDON STREET - CLUB AREA - NIGHT

Danny hurrying, searching, but also glancing at his phone.

TWITTER MESSAGES FIRING IN.

Danny writes, *"Hey Mad Despot Fam, anyone seen an Indian man, mid-forties, gray hair, black glasses, it's my half-bro and it's his birthday!! I want to surprise him with a set!*

And SUDDENLY in comes a TWEET from STEM. "I'M PICKING YOU UP." He ignores it.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

In a sub-basement SERVICE KITCHEN a CRATE of BOOZE, with the CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE and the CROWN FOR A CORK logo, is loaded into a service elevator and the doors close.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - MAIN BAR - NIGHT

DIPLO IS SPINNING. ENORMOUS SIGNS READING, "PEACE AND POSSIBILITY PARTY WITH AR RAHMAN, DIPLO, SWIZZ BEATZ..."

A BRIT-ASIAN BAR BACK carries the CRATE OF BOOZE behind the bar. Reveal there are MANY OTHER SIMILAR CRATES.

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

THE FAMOUS HALL on HYDE PARK. It's the AFTER-TREATY EVENT. The biggest party in London tonight.

The DOOR SCENE is crazy. Cars arriving. Letting off the kind of people a club hopes to attract. ROYALS. PRETTY GIRLS. SOCIALITES. ROCKERS. CRICKET STARS.

The paparazzi go crazy as KATE MIDDLETON enters. As one they shout "KATE KATE KATE OVER HERE" as she slips quickly inside.

INDIANS in SIKH TURBANS ENTER. The Paparazzi yell, "WARIS, WARIS, WARIS, over here. Who's your friend? Waris?"

Waris, well-known SOCIAL LION, calls out cheerfully --

WARIS
His dad runs this country called
India, perhaps you've heard of it.

And they disappear inside the hall.

EXT. CEREMONIAL PLAZA - NIGHT

Fielding's TEAM heaves COMPUTER EQUIPMENT into EXPLOSION
CONTAINMENT UNITS. Every arm-load could explode.

They're running. Drenched with sweat. Fear in eyes.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

And Danny on the streets, searching, as Danny's phone starts
lighting up. TWEETS FROM EVERYWHERE. "DUDE, ARE YOU HIGH?
It's PEACE & POSSIBILITY. EVERYONE IS HERE. COME ON!"

AS SIMUL: A VIDEO TWEET FROM DIPLO COMES IN --

DIPLO (ON PHONE SCREEN)
*Yeah, this is Diplo. Straighten
your ties. It's PEACE & POSSIBILITY
and it's on tonight. Diplo, A-Trak,
Swizz Beatz, all the family...*

AND ANOTHER: "DANNY IT'S DARL AT R.A.H. YOUR BRO IS HERE. I
LET HIM IN."

AND AT THAT MOMENT - the SOUND of a VESPA - and STEM appears
racing up. She stops, pulls off her helmet. Looks at Danny.

DANNY
I still don't trust you.

He hops on.

STEM
And I don't trust you. I am however
increasingly impressed by you.

DANNY
Royal Albert Hall. Dhar is there.

They FLY THROUGH THE STREETS, RACING THROUGH HYDE PARK TOWARD
THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

And then -- VELVET ROPES. PAPARAZZI. The ANOINTED being RE-
ANOINTED. DANNY and STEM know everyone. "DARL" unhooks the
ropes for the VIP area and they disappear inside --

DARL

Right this way. The Despot returns.

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

A big, celebratory party. PACKED. Celebs. Nightlife celebs. Children of the rich and powerful. A stew of the aristocrat/music/fashion demimonde. Princes Harry and William.

Danny moving through the crowd, searching. People calling out his name. And the MUSIC is CRANKING.

Danny's POV -- ON STAGE -- DIPLO in a MORNING COAT, wearing his headphones DIPLO STYLE. Introducing --

DIPLO

(to the crowd)

My very good friend, A.R. RAHMAN!

Crowd GOES MAD. A.R. Rahman takes the stage. MUSIC CRANKS.

Danny SEES AN OCEAN OF HANDS RAISED, LIGHTS, an image he's seen 10,000 times. He SEES ARISTOCRATS, SEES Prince Harry laughing with his GF.

DANNY

(to Stem)

Clear the hall. Now. He's not in here. This is the target. Not the treaty. The party --

Danny SEES INDIAN-ENGLISH BAR BACKS disappearing to the storage room. He runs, separating from Stem.

He SEES the boxes with the CROWNS EXPLODING FROM CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES logo. A logo he's seen at Limehouse Basin.

Danny runs behind the bar, grabs one of the crates. Rips open the top.

LIQUID EXPLOSIVES WIRED TOGETHER just like at THE MARATHON. And many other SIMILAR CRATES. Danny pauses, rapidly tweets THE MAD DESPOT FAMILY: "BOMB IN ROYAL ALBERT HALL" --

And as he runs SEE PHONES in PEOPLE'S HANDS LIGHTING like FIREFLIES across the FLOOR --

Danny PULLS a FIRE ALARM. It's LOUD. LIGHTS UP. Music FADING as Danny hits the stairs three at a time.

People are PANICKING, CRUSHING to REACH EXITS.

With DANNY. HIS PANTING. He REACHES A DOOR and as he passes through, ROYAL ALBERT HALL BEGINS TO EXPLODE --!!

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

Danny catching the briefest glimpse across the street, SOMEONE ELSE casually watching, a SILHOUETTE almost, but a POSTURE HE RECOGNIZES, WOULD RECOGNIZE ANYWHERE --

As the EXPLOSIVE FORCE lifts DANNY OFF HIS FEET and PINWHEELS HIM through the air.

As an INCREDIBLE SLOW MOTION RUMBLING FOLLOWS FROM UNDER THE STREET. A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS --

DANNY HITS A PARKED CAR. BOUNCES and SEE THE EARTH HURLING AT HIM and --

EXT. CEREMONIAL PLAZA - NIGHT

The EXPLOSIVE CONTAINMENT CONTAINERS BEGIN TO ROCK AND JUMP. EXPLOSION AFTER EXPLOSION SHAKING THEM, SHAKING THE FOUNDATION OF THE EARTH.

THE CROWDS ARE SCREAMING.

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL - NIGHT

The SIDEWALKS ARE BUCKLING. A FIREBALL ERUPTS. FROM THE ROOF OF THE NIGHTCLUB.

And find Danny among the fallen. He tries to get up. Falls. Tries again. He's SINGED, staggered, disoriented --

He stands. DHAR IS GONE. And Danny doesn't see that SCARS is nearby. We see a NOOSE drop from his sleeve.

Back with DANNY'S POV. The RINGING IN HIS EARS. The FIRE. The injured.

And DANNY TOTALLY UNAWARE of SCARS IN THE CROWD coming closer and closer. The NOOSE getting ready to slip over his neck and pull tight forever, when --

STEM (O.S.)
Hey Commander --!

Scars turns. Danny can't and doesn't hear.

STEM (HINDI) (CONT'D)
The marathon. You knew exactly
where we'd be.
(to Danny)
(MORE)

STEM (HINDI) (CONT'D)
 He was with Special Branch. My
 superior --

SCARS
Was?

And Stem is there, holding an UZI and as Scars goes for his gun, she sprays him with tightly packed bullets and he dances across the pavement.

Danny heard that. He sees Stem. She's saying something he can't hear.

STEM
 Was --

DANNY
 You are one murderous vixen, yes
 you are.

Danny is already up on his phone, with Clyde on.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Clyde, I've lost Dhar. Use the
 algorithm. The motion footprint.
 (his voice too loud)
 I can't hear. Talk to Clyde.

CLYDE
 Okay. I've got him. He's heading
 toward the river.

STEM
 He's heading toward the river.

And Danny RUNS. And as he runs, subtly but clearly, we realize all in performance that he's a new person, he's ALIVE, and he's RUNNING FULL TILT.

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS - LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

Stem tries to keep up, but she can't. Danny catches sight of Dhar. He's gaining. Dhar is fast. Danny is picking up speed, shaking it off.

Objectively HEAR the THWAP THWAP THWAP of Danny's feet, with him it's GHOSTLY SILENT. AHEAD is the DARK RIVER THAMES. Danny running and slowly, from far away, the SOUND RETURNING as the RINGING FADES. And then JUBILEE GARDENS.

EXT. JUBILEE GARDENS - NIGHT

Danny in the middle of the park. And he can't find Dhar. Stem comes up. She has the phone. He takes it.

DANNY

Clyde? Clyde, I don't see him.

CLYDE (OVER PHONE)

You're on top of him.

The LONDON EYE is slowly SPINNING. GLASS PODS suspended on the OUTSIDE of the SUPERSTRUCTURE.

And Danny realizes, turns, sees--

DHAR ENTERING AN EYE CAPSULE WITH A TOURIST GROUP. Shuffling just like the others, now the perfect tourist.

He and Stem both bolt for it. But Danny is faster. He leaps a fence, slipping through just as the POD DOOR is CLOSING. Danny WEDGING THROUGH. The DOOR SLAMS, LOCKS behind him.

INT. LONDON EYE CAPSULE - NIGHT

SILENT. ALL EYES on Danny. A full pod, TWENTY PEOPLE, mainly FAMILIES, CHILDREN and SENIORS.

Danny and Dhar look at each other across the space as the wheel turns and London falls away below.

DHAR

I never knew my father. And when he appears, the heroic Englishman, his first move is to exploit, to use me. And so he did, only he didn't know what he was using me for. And that's always the case with the West. You think you're achieving one thing but you're achieving the opposite.

DANNY

You killed him.

Glances from tourists from Minnesota.

DHAR

I ordered it.

Their POD is now HIGH IN THE SKY. The lights of LONDON spread out. Dhar looks out for a moment, takes it in.

Dhar looks over and sees that Danny has Bassam's GUN OUT.

In the car, MINNESOTANS see it too and all start backing away from Danny toward Dhar.

Who then shows Danny that UNDER HIS COAT is --

A BELT HOLDING LIQUID EXPLOSIVES. Like in the Marathon. And on his wrist is a SAT NAV WATCH. Now everyone in the pod, mute with terror, shift away from Dhar toward the middle.

Dhar looks at Danny, as his free hand moves toward the button on the watch --

DHAR (CONT'D)

(beat)

This will be a symbolic blow, a
flash point for all oppressed,
advanced cultures --

A HOLE appears in Dhar's hand, blowing it away from his watch.

DANNY

No. No, it really won't be --

Then another hole appears in his chest. And another in his stomach. He's surprised. He staggers. Falls to his knees.

DHAR

I didn't think you had it in you.

And he falls forward onto his face, eyes unseeing.

And the PEOPLE FROM MINNESOTA begin to clap and CHEER DANNY. Who also sinks down, completely overwhelmed.

He looks out over the darkened city of London, certain spires lit up, and buildings, too. And now the EYE is coming closer to the earth.

EXT. LONDON EYE - NIGHT

Danny steps off the pod. There are police. And shocked spectators. And MINNESOTANS telling their story. And in the crowd, Danny sees Stem watching him, watching police and assorted officialdom surround him. He sees her wave subtly and, as she slips back into the crowd, he calls out --

DANNY

I still don't trust you.

He sees her smiling, saying the same words, but then adding the exactly what he's thinking.

STEM

But I might someday --

And she's gone, swallowed by the crowd. And Danny hears CHEERING from FAR AWAY.

EXT. CEREMONIAL PLAZA - NIGHT

The delegations are gathered outside. The crisis seems to be over. Someone brings out the long table. And the chairs appear. And the thick documents of the treaty.

And there under the stars, with their countrymen watching, the DIPLOMATS and PRIME MINISTERS begin signing the South Asian Peace Treaty.

The crowds are CHEERING as men of good will against long odds clasp hands in solidarity if only for an instance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE DISTRICT - MORNING

An aerial shot of English countryside in the Lake District.

EXT. FUNERAL - SHORES OF LAKE GRASMERE - DAY

A country graveyard on the shores of Lake Grasmere in the Lake District. A crowd gathered. There's a casket and an open grave.

BEREAVED LOCAL FRIEND

If you knew my friend Stephen
Marchant as I knew him, then you
know of his love of rare books, of
Medieval churches, of Lake
Grasmere, his passion for his work,
for extemporizing on the nutritive
value of dehydrated dairy for
growing bones.

Polite chuckles in the crowd. Find Danny among the crowd. Danny glances over and sees Stover looking at him. He glances again. Her look is uninflected.

FIELDING (O.S.)

(sotto)

Things turn quickly. We're always
falling behind; they're always
accelerating.

Fielding is next to Danny. He seems to pay attention to the eulogy, but speaks quietly --

FIELDING (CONT'D)

We need unorthodox solutions. We've
always needed unorthodox solutions.

Danny glances over. It's hard to tell if the man is even talking to him.

Danny's Grandfather is now at the front. He finds his reading glasses as he unfolds a letter handwritten on fine paper.

GRANDFATHER

I have a letter here, written about
Stephen, about my son, by Her
Majesty Queen Elizabeth.

Danny's Grandfather opens the letter.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

*Though there are the loud amongst
us who call attention to their
slightest achievement, we are a
nation that has long extolled the
virtues of quiet service.*

FIELDING

(sotto)

You have a knack for the work,
Danny. All the Marchants do. It's
rarer than radium.

He passes something to Danny.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

*Today let us all recall the spirit
of a man who gave many years of
service to his country, who
regularly risked his life for his
country, who died in service of his
country.*

And see that Danny is deeply moved.

Danny glances down. It's a business card. It reads: *THE
POWDERED MILK CORPORATION OF GREAT BRITAIN, LLC.*

As Danny looks up slowly TIGHTEN ON HIS EYES --

CUT TO:

THE END