

MANTRA-6™ "BRIMSTONE"

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Based on the novel by Russel Hutchings
"MANTRA-6™: BRIMSTONE"

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OVER BLACK:

Fate whispered to the SAS Warrior
'You cannot withstand the storm.'
The SAS Warrior whispered back to
Fate 'I am the storm.'

A moment of hesitation... a FULL MOON fills the screen. Lack of sounds.

SUPER: AFGHAN-TURKMENISTAN BORDER, 1990

INT/EXT. TRUCK - RUGGED TERRAIN - AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

A Turkmen DRIVER, at the wheel, singing along with his PASSENGER, his teenage son, while negotiating the rough moon-lit terrain in front of them.

A white Toyota HiLux, with four MEN, armed with AKs and RPGs, is driving behind them.

The Turkmen driver squints, intently watching something in front...

A flaming pyre barrier.

The driver stops. Gazes at the pyre. Sweating. Unsure what's going on. Unsure what to do. Looks at his son. Lack of sounds. A strange expression in driver's eyes.

In slow-mo the boy's face is sprayed with his father's blood. Explosion shudders throughout the truck as their accompanying car gets hit by an RPG.

At an instant, the boy pushes the door open, rolls out, crawls under the truck. Sees numerous LEGS in Pashtun pants bustling around. Shouts in Dari. An AK round is fired.

INSIDE the truck, on a cargo bed, another TURKMEN is gunned down, collapses over a load of unmarked bricks of plastic-wrapped corse brown heroin.

MUJAHIDEEN HIJACKERS push the truck driver's body out, and board the cabin.

The Turkmen boy, hidden under the truck, gazes at the corpse of his father. Hears the engine revving up. It drives off, leaving him exposed and alone on the Afghan soil.

ANGLE ON boy's face, reflection of burning cars in his eyes.

EXT. MOSCOW - RED SQUARE - DAY

A black S500 Mercedes' tyre splashes through a water puddle.

SUPER: RED SQUARE, MOSCOW

A BODYGUARD opens the Mercedes' rear door. SERGEI, 19, handsome, self-sure, a thick gold chain in his open shirt, leather jacket, Levi's jeans, majestically alights.

Contrary to his self-confidence, his look towards the top floor of the Gum shopping centre betrays him. He's anxious.

INT. CORRIDOR - GUM SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY CONTINUOUS

Sergei, followed by his BODYGUARD, nervously hastes through the corridor to a massive door, guarded by two armed THUGS, in leather jackets, dressy pants, heavy jewellery, tattoos.

SERGEI
(arrogantly)
Open the door!

INT. KOZLOV'S OFFICE - DAY CONTINUOUS

Opulent. Gold-and-timber. Antiques. Tattooed, armed BODYGUARDS in suits jolt to attention as Sergei bursts in.

SERGEI
Dedushka!

VLADIMIR KOZLOV, late 40s, hardened criminal, now boss of Solntsevskaya organised crime gang and true Vor, distinct tattoos on back of his hand-a rising sun and letters "CEBEP"-about to pour "Legend of Kremlin" vodka into his tumbler.

KOZLOV
What is it Sergei?

Sergei's arrogance is gone. Suddenly aware of who he is standing in front of, words can't come out.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)
What're you standing there for? Sit down.

Sergei is frozen to the spot. Too frighten to move.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)
Now, now, you're not a child
anymore. Have a drink with me.
Come.

Sergei reluctantly sits down, facing his grandfather.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)
Is Stoli alright with you?

Pours him a decent shot for courage. Raises his glass.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)
Na zdorov'ye!

Both drink up.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)
I always said to your mother, 'That
Sergei, he'll make the family proud
one day. He's big and strong, and
always tells the truth.' Isn't that
right?

SERGEI
(tight throat)
Yes, dedushka.

KOZLOV
So, now you've had your drink, be a
man, and tell me what you're here
for.

SERGEI
(stammers from fear)
They..They've..destroyed our
shipment.

Fearful eye on Kozlov who pours himself another shot, walks
around, leans on the edge of the opulent desk, faces Sergei.

KOZLOV
Who did it, Sergei?

SERGEI
(trembling)
The..Muja..Mujahideen. They took
it. Five hundred kilos just short
of Turkmenistan border. They must
have burned it.

KOZLOV
Burned? No, no, no. They'll resell
it my sweet boy.
(MORE)

KOZLOV (CONT'D)

They'll make millions, those
raghead mothafuckers. But we'll get
back at them, right?

Pats Sergei's, nervously smiling and nodding, cheek. Then,
unexpectedly, slaps him off the chair.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)

My grandson.
(to onlooking bodyguards)
Grand! Naive and so stupid.
This fucks up our supply lines for
foreseeable future. Very
inconvenient.

Sergei on the floor, his nose's bleeding from the slap.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)

Be of use! Where's Drozdov now?

Sergei, busy trying to control his bleeding nose, doesn't
reply.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)

I asked you a question.

SERGEI

(stammering)
Sy..Sydney.

KOZLOV

Then stop snivelling and get my jet
ready.

Sergei scrambles to his feet.

SERGEI

Yes, Dedushka.

Kozlov hands him a handkerchief.

KOZLOV

Here, clean yourself. And grow the
fuck up.

(to one of the bodyguards)
Clean this fucking mess.

Pre-lap, medley of various nationalities spectators voices.

EXT. SYDNEY HARBOUR - AC50 GP - YACHT RACE - DAY

High Performance catamaran yachts racing is on.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Sydney's Opera house and Bridge in the background. The Soviet Red coloured mainsail emblazoned with a large white "RUS" races to the lead.

An American yacht hot on its stern. The green and gold mainsail of Australia two boat lengths behind the Americans.

All yachts up on their foils. Helmsmen barking orders as they approach the finish. Sailors, crossing decks to take their opposite position. Hands on the helm, water sprays over crew.

EXT. SYDNEY HARBOUR - PLEASURE YACHT - SAME

Kozlov stands at the stern of his pleasure yacht, looking through binoculars, watching the race.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: at the helm of the Russian racer ALEKSANDR DROZDOV, 40s, hard-cut features GQ man with an aura of menace, former KGB.

The American yacht closes on the Russian racer, jibes late and crashes into the Russian stern, causing it to buck up, and plows its left bow into the water, cartwheeling the Russian racer as the American racer capsizes, allowing the Australian yacht to cross the finish line first.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: two yachts now capsized.

Kozlov lowers the binoculars, disgusted throws them overboard.

EXT/INT. PLEASURE YACHT ON SYDNEY HARBOUR - NIGHT

Seventy meter pleasure yacht, the "COCO CUBANO," cruises under the Sydney Harbour Bridge. A sophisticated dinner party is in full swing.

Kozlov excuses himself from two young ladies company, grabs two shots of vodka from a waiter. WE FOLLOW him to the upper-deck and into the BRIDGE.

He joins Drozdov, in an impeccable Savile Row suit, a beautiful woman by his side, at the wheel. Drozdov navigates the "COCO" past a Sydney Ferry and smaller pleasure yachts. Kozlov observes Sydney Opera house passing by.

KOZLOV

You haven't lost your touch. A master at the helm?

DROZDOV
(with a laugh)
This is a toy compared to an AC50
Catamaran Racer.

KOZLOV
You fucked up my Racer today. The
repairs will be costly.

DROZDOV
I fucked up your racer?

Kozlov downs one of the vodkas in his hand.

KOZLOV
Blame it on Americans...

DROZDOV
A deliberate jibe across our stern.
Nevertheless, I put money on the
Australian's, just in case.

KOZLOV
How much did you put on Russia to
win?

Drozlov smirks, keeps navigating.

DROZDOV
We were just lucky today.

Turns the wheel, as the "COCO" heads out, past other lit
boats, towards the Double Bay.

DROZDOV (CONT'D)
I put my money on the Aussies
because they're at their home town.
And the boat and crew are at the
top of their game. A knowledgeable
bet and I'm three hundred thousand
dollars richer.

KOZLOV
A solid wager. We spend our lives
looking for money, but it seems
money always finds you. Still,
three hundred thousand dollars is
just enough for the repairs to the
Racer. Walk with me.

Drozlov winks, whispers something to his stunning companion.
She politely leaves and joins other guests. Kozlov leads
Drozlov down through the crowd of guests toward the stern.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)
Aleksandr, my friend...

DROZDOV
Ah... the richest man of Russia.
With nothing to sell. And the man
who just wrecked your racer becomes
your best friend, whose help you
suddenly beg.

Kozlov scoops up a couple of vodka shots from a tray, hands
one to Drozdov.

KOZLOV
Na zdorov'ye!

DROZDOV
Na zdorov'ye!

They down the shots. Appreciating the strength of fine vodka.

KOZLOV
(in guttural Russian)
*Grebanyye modzhakhedy pokhitili
nashikh mulov, sovsem nedaleko ot
granitsy. YA otpravlyu etim
ublyudkam soobshcheniye.*
(Fuckin' Mujahideen ragheads
hijacked our load, just short of
border. I'm gonna make them
understand.)

Kozlov lights up a Gitanes cigarette.

DROZDOV
You like French cigarettes, wine,
Vladimir? Oysters? Why not good old
Russian products?

His piercing eyes scourge Kozlov.

KOZLOV
And you bet on Australians.
(takes Drozdov around
shoulders)
I know, I know Aleksandr, your
Riviera...

DROZDOV
My customers are waiting. And their
patience is not infinite.

KOZLOV
A message will be sent Aleksandr.

DROZDOV

A loud message. So there's no future misunderstanding.

KOZLOV

Use your connections at the SVR, find out what group it was, then send word out we've got another shipment coming.

DROZDOV

Friend in need... it's gonna cost you, Vladimir.

KOZLOV

(dismisses it with a wave)
I want the truck to be one fuckin' big VBIED.

DROZDOV

Why do I feel there's more?

KOZLOV

I need you in Bangkok, find a way to get product to cover our short fall.

EXT. POPPY FIELD - TRIBAL VILLAGE - THAILAND - DAY

A SCORING KNIFE slices the skin of an opium pod. White, latex-like opium oozes to the surface.

SUPER: MAE HONG SONG, KAREN TRIBAL VILLAGE, THAILAND

General SOMPON GETTI, late 50s, radiating dignity and imposing leadership, instructs his son CHATRI, mid-20s, in an olive drab army uniform, M16 slung across his back, on the process of harvesting, and the opium business.

GETTI

From the bottom. Bottom to top to get the most yield.
(observes Chatri slicing)
That's the way, Chatri. So, tell me, what's next?

CHATRI

It will dry in twenty four hours, father, then we can harvest it.

GETTI

What's the yield of opium from each pod?

CHATRI
I'm unsure, father.

GETTI
Eighty milligrams per pod. Remember
this for your production capacity,
son.

They walk through the field towards the village, stop to talk to the workers. Getti is asking, in Thai, "How's your family doing?" Each worker is given a wad of Thai Baht. They grab Getti's hand in appreciative gesture of thanks. Getti leans in, to a young woman with a crying baby in her arms, and kisses the baby on its forehead.

INT. HUT - DAY

An oar-like paddle carves its way through light brown opium "porridge" inside a large metal vat.

An old woman, DAO, mid-50s looking 70, wipes the sweat off her forehead. Her wrinkled face brightens, cracks a broad smile, nods to entering Chatri and Getti. Her opium stained teeth are noticed but not mentioned.

GETTI
(to Chatri)
Give me your rifle.

Chatri, without hesitation, passes his AK to his father.

GETTI (CONT'D)
Dao, a present, for you. Chatri,
take over from her.

Chatri takes the paddle, stirs the raw opium, while Dao admires her gift. Getti shows her the safety and how to reload it.

DAO
No one's gonna fuck with me now.

Swings the AK around, proudly hoists it over her shoulder.

DAO (CONT'D)
(corrects Chatri)
No, no, young mister Getti. Like
this.

CHATRI
(bows)
Thank you, Dao, for showing me.

GETTI

How is your health, Dao? Improving?
I'll be sending a doctor to visit
in a few days time. He will look
after you and your husband.

She takes his hands in gratitude.

GETTI (CONT'D)

(to Chatri stirring the
raw opium)
How's the color Chatri?

CHATRI

Light brown, so it's excellent.

Getti, satisfied, prompts Chatri over, to wooden tables,
partially stacked with one kilogram bricks in the silver
foil. A distinct RED NAGA logo stamped on a white sticker,
affixed to the foil.

GETTI

Ninety seven to ninety nine percent
pure. Better than anywhere else and
in high demand.

CHATRI

Will sell like hotcakes.

GETTI

So hot we struggle to meet the
demands.

(direct look at his son)
Quality, Chatri. Maintain the
purity and never take the easy way
out.

Chatri nods. Getti slaps his shoulder, "That's the way".
Chatri scans the tables.

GETTI (CONT'D)

You're looking at a hundred kilos.

CHATRI

That's... (*in disbelief*).

GETTI

A lot of money, son but our take is
only twenty percent.

Picks up one of the bricks, weighing it in his hand, his mind
wonders, pondering the margins.

CHATRI
That's over four million dollars
from this farm alone.

GETTI
Times five farms, son...

CHATRI
(turns eyes up to sky)
Thank you Mother nature.

They move on, past a car-jack, ingeniously used as a press to make the powder into solid bricks, another WOMAN, armed with a rusty, aged AK-47, weighs and pours the powder into a wooden mould.

GETTI
Your government position, is only a
stepping stone to greater wealth
and security for our family, son.
But what is the future here?

CHATRI
We have the Pacific. Europe next?

GETTI
Indeed. Cut the middle man, become
the middle man. Once we supply
directly, we will double our
profits.

FOUR MEN are packing the bricks into hessian bags and lashing them onto horses and mules. Getti prompts Chatri to join him for a walk around the village.

EXT. VILLAGE HUT - CONTINUOUS

GETTI
Tell me, what did you learn here,
Chatri?

CHATRI
The process...maintaining high
quality is key and...

They approach a young FAMILY. Getti chats with the husband and wife. Picks up their child, playfully lifts and turns her in the air. Leaves a bundle of baht in the husband's hand.

GETTI
(to Chatri)
Never forget your people. Without
them there is no quality.

Chatri looks around the Karen tribal village - what a vista - the poppy fields, surrounded by jungle and mountains, huts, the village people, and opium processing. Getti cracks a broad smile, takes his son around his shoulders.

GETTI (CONT'D)

In a month's time, this site will have another two hundred kilograms ready, Chatri.

CHATRI

Happy days, father.

One of the village guards, armed with AK47, hands Getti a sealed letter. Chatri observes his father's eyes, as he skims over it, his mood darkening.

CHATRI (CONT'D)

(cautiously)

What is it, father?

GETTI

Our financial controller called a meeting. Pailin safe house.

(hands letter to Chatri)

Get me intel.

VIEW FROM HIGH ABOVE: armed sentries outside caves, overlooking the village below, perched high in the mountains, accessible only from one side, through the dense jungle, where the leaving caravan can be seen.

Pre-lap, the sound of a beeper.

INT. BEDROOM - FAMILY HOME - DAWN

In blue dawn light a MAN and WOMAN making love. Passion, sweat-shiny bodies, groans. The pager keeps on beeping.

The man's hand gropes, finds the pager. On its LCD screen displayed a phone number "03 5258 2144" (AUS South-East Victoria, borough of Queenscliff, Point Lonsdale, Swan Island) and a code "101".

SUPER: POINT LONSDALE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

JOHN DEVEREAUX, 43, hard cut features, deep and tough, meets with ALESHA DEVEREAUX's eyes. The moment they shared is gone. It always ends like this. She turns away from him.

Pre-lap, coffee grinder.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Devereaux, wrapped in a towel, hair wet, wriggles his wedding band from his ring finger. Drops it, together with his dog-tags, into a draw. The sound of slapping bare feet over the floor behind him, as he calls the number on the pager.

ALEX DEVEREAUX, 5, in pyjamas, observes his dad, listening to someone on the other end, while making himself coffee.

DEVEREAUX
What up, buddy?

A mute question in Alex' eyes "When will you be back?"

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
Hot choc? Yeah?

Alex imperceptibly nods and grabs the coffee grinder, finishing his dad's job. Devereaux, shouldering the phone, takes out from the cupboard a "milo" tin, drops a heaped spoon into a cup. Heats up milk.

CONNOR (FROM RECEIVER)
I've got an assignment. Something
you were made for.

Alex pours water into the plunger and pushes it down. Devereaux pours milk over the milo chocolate powder, all under Alex's eye, while pouring the coffee into a cup.

DEVEREAUX
(into phone)
Good morning to you too.

INT. OFFICE - SWAN ISLAND - SAME

LOCHLAN CONNOR, a wiry frame, in his late-50s, biochemist and marathon runner, 30 years with ASIS, IO with a photographic memory, on the phone. There's a lightness and humour as antinode to his skill of persuasion.

CONNOR
Take it, or don't.
(smirks, he knows Dev too
well)
Don't stuff it up, ol'boy.

DEVEREAUX (FROM RECEIVER)
Who me? Be in as soon as I finish
my brew.

Connor lifts his brows, satisfied grins. Hangs up.

Lost in thoughts shreds a faxed document marked "Top Secret" and AUSTEO "Australian Eyes Only".

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Devereaux places Alex's milo on the table. They swap their drinks, and share a conspiratorial grin.

Small feet slap the floor. MADELINE DEVEREAUX, almost 4, rubs her eyes, tugs at Devereaux's towel.

MADELINE
Can I have milo, daddy?

Devereaux lifts her up.

DEVEREAUX
If you help me make it - princess.

MADELINE
I'm the elf princess.

Devereaux gently tugs at her ear.

DEVEREAUX
Your ears need to grow a little longer elf princess. So we need that milo, yes?

Madeline nods. Scrutinises him.

MADELINE
You could use a shave daddy.

INT/EXT. CAR - MOVING - CANBERRA - MORNING

Devereaux on the back seat of a government's car, taking in passing by scenery - the Lake Burley Griffin, Capital Hill...

STEVENS (PRE-LAP)
After the cock up in Melbourne Sheraton in 83', black-bag ops are no longer sanctioned, nor within the ASIS charter.

EXT. DFAT - MORNING

The Australian flag on a post flaps in the morning breeze.

SUPER: DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND TRADE, CANBERRA

STEVENS (PRE-LAP)(CONT'D)
 You're to achieve the desired
 outcome as a NOC (non-official-
 cover).

INT. DFAT - LOBBY/LIFT - CONTINUOUS

Devereaux crosses the lobby. Flashes his pass to a GUARD.
 Enters the LIFT.

STEVENS (PRE-LAP)
 You'll be given no support, while
 on the ground, disavowed if caught.

The door's about to close, as the Minister for DFAT, ANDREW
 MCNEIL, in his forties, a neatly dressed fence-sitter,
 squeezes in. The door closes. The lift moves up.

Regaining his arrogance and slickness McNeil smooths his
 suit, his suspicious eye on Devereaux, in jeans, sweater.
 Devereaux gives him a nod for a greeting, "Minister".

Both men fall silent. Uncomfortable. Facing the doors. The
 lift stops, the doors are opening.

MCNEIL
 Jack.
 (steps out)

DEVEREAUX
 (innocent smile)
 John.

MCNEIL
 John.
 (the doors close)
 John...? Who?

Inside the lift, Devereaux just smiles and rides on.

INT. STEVENS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

FLETCHER STEVENS, 64, the Director General of Australian
 Secret Intelligence Service (ASIS), looking out the window.

Devereaux stands by the door, studying him. Green eyes, red
 hair balding, sturdy figure in well fitting suit, showing a
 start of 'beer-gut' around his waist-line. Stevens notes
 Devereaux's look.

STEVENS
 A price to pay for a promotion.

DEVEREAUX
What you always wanted - Sir.

STEVENS
You might get there one day.

Waves to a sofa.

STEVENS (CONT'D)
Sit.

Devereaux remains standing.

STEVENS (CONT'D)
(self nod, sneer)
Ah... a tough sonofabitch still.

Keys a code into a safe. Pulls out a substantial dossier marked "Top Secret" and AUSTEO "Australian Eyes Only".

STEVENS (CONT'D)
I hear home life's been tough.
Complains that they haven't seen
more of you? Anything we can do to
help?

DEVEREAUX
Is this helping?

STEVENS
(hands him the dossier)
Very well. You're on your own -
Devereaux.

Devereaux observes the dossier's contents carefully.
Photographs of his next targets. Stevens watches him.

STEVENS (CONT'D)
A target interdiction mission.
General Pim, former Khmer Rouge
Commander and Financial Controller,
and General Sompon Getti, Commander
of Thai Special Forces.
(points at Getti in photo)
Now this chap's our primary target,
running his own private war in the
shadows, but their upcoming meeting
near Pailin is a godsend of an
opportunity.

DEVEREAUX
(poking)
Are we at war with Cambodia, Sir?

STEVENS

This war, this war in the shadows
is brought on us. Getti is the
biggest narco-trafficker and
supplier of heroin to Australia.
Imports are at an all time high.
If you care about the kids, and the
rest of the Australian population,
this is your man.

Devereaux is still at that last remark.

STEVENS (CONT'D)

If my intel serves me right, you
and Alesha almost took him out
before you both shackled up and
started a baby factory.

DEVEREAUX

Your point sir?

STEVENS

So - are you up to it? No one will
think worse of you if not.

EXT. VIEW FROM MOUNT AINSLIE - CANBERRA AIRPORT - DAY

Gum trees rustled by the wind. Trans Australia Airlines
Boeing 727 climbs into the air towards the mountain ridges.

INT. BOEING 727 - SAME TIME

Devereaux in the window seat, eyes on the ridges below, mind
elsewhere.

EXT. DEVEREAUX HOME - POINT LONSDALE - NIGHT

A government's fleet white Holden sedan pulls up into the
driveway.

INT. DEVEREAUX HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alesha Devereaux, 40s, smart attractive woman with a toned
physic under her slip-on nightie, sits up on the bed reading
a "Better Homes and Gardens" magazine. She doesn't look at
entering Devereaux.

ALESHA

All these years I've been doing it
wrong.

Devereaux sits on the bed next to her, unties shoelaces, takes off his boots.

ALESHA (CONT'D)

There's a seven week window. That's it. That's why they look so shit.

DEVEREAUX

Seven weeks?

ALESHA

When pruning roses you have a seven week window in winter to cut at least a third of the growth back if they are to stand a chance of being healthy.

Devereaux smirks in relief. Pulls off his jumper and t-shirt, tosses them. Leans in, kisses her.

ALESHA (CONT'D)

What, you thought I was talking about the kids? Where's your head?

DEVEREAUX

(smiles)

Our kids look beautiful. I was handed a new assignment today-

ALEISHA

I see. That's why you look so happy.

DEVEREAUX

(ignoring the remark)

And you'll never guess who...

Leans to her ear, whispers...

ALESHA

How in the world did that NARCO work his way back into ASIS interests?

Devereux swivels laying down, starts to fondle her breasts under her nightie. She lets him.

DEVEREAUX

Looks like everyone's been getting promotions...masquerading as a the Commander of Thai Special Forces.

ALESHA

That bastard has more lives than a cat. And slipperier than an eel.

Devereaux's hands slip inside her nightie.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CAMBODIA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SUPER: CAMBODIA, 1985

Devereaux in full SAS operational gear, he climbs up to an upper landing. Alesha in a "tourist" outfit hides behind industrial machinery on a mezzanine. They observe six scrawny soldiers in cammo filling small plastic bags with heroin. Another man zips up a bag full of money.

DEVEREAUX

(whispers, into comms)
Where is he?

ALESHA

(whispers, into comms)
Something's wrong.

DECLAN (V.O.)

(over comms)
We have movement from the rear,
heading your way.

DEVEREAUX

(softly into comms)
Stand by for confirmation.
(to Alesha, into comms)
Someone's coming, your seven
o'clock.

They watch. Another soldier appears pulling along five young girls in their early teens all tied together. He loads them into a Ute. The Ute starts up. Alesha pulls her weapon.

ALESHA

(into comms)
We can't let that Ute leave.
The intel is wrong.

DEVEREAUX

(into comms)
So what's new... Fox is out of the
bag, I say again, fox is out of the
bag.

Alesha takes out the tyres on the Ute. Soldiers scramble.

Devereaux and Alesha take out half of them, while the others run for it. More of rapid gun fire is heard. Then, silence.

Devereaux and Alesha assess the situation. Dead soldiers lay where they fell, others in a bad way. Alesha goes for the terrified kids, unties them. Three other SAS operators enter the building. The lead soldier, DECLAN, shakes his head.

ALESHA
(surrounded by crying
kids)
Getti was never going to be here.

INT. DEVEREAUX HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Devereaux is fondling Alesha.

ALESHA
Hmm...so...Getti...

Devereaux keeps on fondling her, yet his mind is busy.

ALESHA (CONT'D)
How many weeks there are in a year?

DEVEREAUX
Is this a gardening question?

Gently bites her chin.

ALESHA
Fifty-two. And how many of those
weeks have you been home?

Devereaux, kissing her cleavage, shakes head.

ALESHA (CONT'D)
Seven.

Devereaux probes under her nightie, pulls her panties off.

DEVEREAUX
The roses lucky number.

Alesha starts to be aroused.

ALESHA
Are you feeling lucky, Dev?

Devereaux smiles, unzips his jeans, pulls them off. She helps. He climbs on top of her. Thrusts in... from their moans... Pre-lap, hum of a C-130 aircraft getting louder.

EXT. SKY - TALON C-130 - NIGHT

A matte black silhouette of Special Operations aircraft cuts through the night sky. Interior illuminated infra-red.

SUPER: AIRSPACE THAI-CAMBODIAN BORDER

INT. TALON C-130 - NIGHT

Devereaux's eyes behind the clear visor of his helmet. He checks that his night vision goggles are locked in place, gives a thumbs up to a lone figure of a LOADMASTER in the empty viscera - he's good to go.

The loadmaster raises his index finger, "One minute".

The ramp opens, revealing nothing but a black hole. Devereaux gazes into the abyss, his HEART speeds up, willingly slows it down. Adjusts his gloves.

DEVEREAUX
Fuck it's cold.

INT. DARK ROOM - FLASHBACK

YOUNG DEVEREAUX, 17, hooded, naked, shivering, hands duck-taped to a chair. Someone's silhouette snaps his hood off. We get a glimpse of his drawn face before it's covered by a towel. Another silhouette lifts a four gallon bucket.

Water slaps the towel, battering young Devereaux's mouth and nose. He struggles. His arms yanking. The bucket is tossed. A pissed off voice booms out.

YOUNGER STEVENS (O.C.)
Bring'im up.
(and as the hands do so-)
Let's try again. What unit? Why are you here?

YOUNG DEVEREAUX
(struggles to catch
breath)
Devereaux Trooper 552706.

YOUNGER STEVENS (O.C.)
Not what I asked. Unit? Why are you here?

YOUNG DEVEREAUX
Devereaux Trooper 552706.

A man's silhouette steps into our view, bellows:

YOUNGER STEVENS
Not what I asked!

YOUNG DEVEREAUX
Devereaux Trooper 552706.

YOUNGER STEVENS
Water him.

Two masked MEN tilt the chair back. Water from the bucket keeps flowing over young Devereaux's mouth and nose under the towel. He's immobile holding breath.

The silhouette of the man who has been directing the others leans in, uncomfortably close.

YOUNGER STEVENS, here 38 and SAS Captain. Although his face is covered by a shemagh, we recognize his piercing green eyes and glimpse red hair under his cap.

YOUNGER STEVENS (CONT'D)
You think you're tough? I'll break
you mother fucker. Again.

And back goes the chair. Another four gallon water bucket is lifted, the water batters young Devereaux's face under the towel.

YOUNGER STEVENS (CONT'D)
Don't play games with me. What're
you? Seventeen? You're a bitch in
nappies. You're not a *real* soldier.

The bucket is thrown away. The towel is replaced by the hood.

EXT. OLD PRISON YARD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS

A couple of GUARDS strap naked, shivering, hooded young Devereaux into a tight harness, drag him to a water tank, yank the pulley up. Devereaux's body hangs above. Younger Stevens observes.

YOUNG DEVEREAUX
(muffled)
Devereaux Trooper 552706.

The guards release the pulley. SPLASH! Ice-cubes bob on the water surface. Younger Stevens glances at his watch.

YOUNGER STEVENS
Get'im up.

The guards operate the pulley, young Devereaux's body resurfaces. He gasps for air. His teeth chatter. Body shudders. Younger Stevens watches him with malevolent pleasure.

YOUNGER STEVENS (CONT'D)
Enjoying the pool of tranquility?
What unit?

YOUNG DEVEREAUX
(all might)
Go fuck yourself.

SPLASH!

INT. TALON C-130 - NIGHT

The Loadmaster looks from Devereaux into the darkness, and shakes his head in astonishment, "Crazy bugger".

Devereaux's wincing eyes smirk. CRACKLING from his radio. He glances over his shoulder, to a black curtain, a midway down the fuselage where - in a SQUARE CAPSULE sit two ANALYSTS.

Headphones on, surrounded by highly sophisticated electronic warfare equipment and satellite maps, showing the plane is traversing the Thai-Cambodia border.

RADIO CHATTER in Thai, Cambodian, English - INTERCEPTED, JAMMED, TRANSMITTED - (to Canberra Ops room).

The loadmaster indicates "Thirty seconds", and helps Devereaux, hurting under the weight of his equipment, to move to the edge of the ramp.

Devereaux turns around, facing into the aircraft. He edges his way backwards, balancing on the balls of his feet, his heels just over the edge of the ramp, teasing the darkness.

His wrist altimeter reads 37,000 feet. His own HEARTBEAT loud in his ears. Concentrates. The green jump light pierces the ramp area. The loadmaster points out into the dark, "Go!". And Devereaux steps back into the abyss.

EXT. TALON - SKY - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

The slipstream hits Devereaux as a baseball bat into his chest at the speed of 150 knots.

The matte black silhouette of the TALON disappears into the night sky. He's on his way, breaching the border undetected.

Passing through the first layer of clouds. Nothing but darkness. Eerie. Only a dim glow of his altimeters, 27,600' 26,000'... He pulls at the ripcord. It seems like eternity before the parachute opens above him and yanks him up.

He reaches down, maneuvering his hands through tight crevasses between his equipment, adjusts his harness to get a better sitting position for the long descent ahead.

Opens his NAV Console: GPS, flight plan, compass, altimeter, illumination cell.

DEVEREAUX

Track required 095°, altitude
24,000', the program's active.

The second layer of cloud engulfs him. He eases up on the toggles. The canopy gets buffeted by the colliding air temperatures, causing the turbulence.

Devereaux pulls down on the toggle into the half brake position, yet turbulence grows stronger. He eases up the toggle again, only to be rocked violently from side to side. Looks up. The right-hand side of his canopy has collapsed.

Spiralling to the right, he tries to counter the spiral by pulling hard on the chute's left steering toggle, yet the spinning becomes more violent. He is rapidly descending and rotating out of control. Falling into the abyss. His HEART POUNDING.

Devereaux pulls both of the rear risers down, bringing the canopy into a stall position, then releases the toggles, it rushes forward, forcing air back into the cells. It worked! All cells are fully inflated and he's flying again!

Looks at altimeters, 14,900'. His HEART RACING. Takes a deep breath, breathes out slowly. Checks altitude and bearing.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Lower than needed for the glide
slope to LZ.

Eases the steering toggles up into the full flight position. The canopy lifts him up.

Breaking out of the cloud Devereaux can make out scattered lights emanating from distant villages surrounding the Khmer town of Pailin. Lights from vehicles traveling along far off roads. Yet, the ground immediately below is black as a raven.

Altimeters, 12,000'. He releases his oxygen mask. Instant relief in his eyes.

Altimeters, 6,000'. Night vision down, in place and active. His view takes on a GREEN HUE.

Releasing a strap, his combat equipment lowers onto his feet. The ground rushes under.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Wind check. Downwind approach to the LZ.

From darkness appears a silhouette of the canopy.

POV Night Vision Goggles (NVG): alt 300'. Ground rushes under Devereaux's feet. Points toes. The equipment is dangling below. His gloved fingers pull down on the toggles.

Whooshing sound as the jumper glides across the ground and lands quietly on a rice paddy.

EXT. RICE PADDY - JUNGLE - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

The canopy collapses around Devereaux. He lays flat on the ground. EYES scanning. POV THROUGH NVG: field. No movement.

He removes his harness. Ever vigilant, breathes out with relief.

DEVEREAUX (UNDER BREATH)

Well, that was fucking interesting.

Readies his Heckler & Koch MP5-SD suppressed submachine gun. Takes off his helmet. Listens. Looks around, no movement.

DEVEREAUX'S POV NVGs his feet in hiking boots taking careful steps not to splash water or break a plant.

Suddenly, a bulky shape in front of him. He stalls. His MP5-SD at ready, cautiously resumes towards the shape.

A DYING WATER BUFFALO. It's eyes blood shot, glazed over. A faint BELLOW escapes its mouth. Devereaux bypasses it.

A SHOVEL's blade cuts through earth, undergrowth. HANDS press the parachutes valise into the hole.

Devereaux takes out a glass bottle, unscrews cap and covers his nose and mouth. Clear fluid SLAPS the valise. HISS as it goes to work, the chemical burns through the equipment.

DIRT hits the remains. GLOVED HANDS brush leaves, twigs over the filled in hole.

INT. DFAT - CANBERRA - MORNING

Along a passageway RESONATING FOOTSTEPS of two men. They turn into a stairwell and descend into the basement level.

SUPER: AUSTRALIAN SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE (ASIS)

One of them is Stevens. They are engaged in a muted conversation.

STEVENS

Back in the day when I was in the Regiment, I remember him from his SAS selection course, playing it tough.

WEBB

The youngest soldier to ever get badged, isn't he?

Stevens' Deputy, MAGNUS WEBB, early 50s, refined and classy, a shrewd veteran IO. His remark rubs against Steven's icy facade.

STEVENS

His skin isn't more valuable than the outcome. He's an old fuck now anyway.

Swipes his keycard across the scanner.

INT. ASIS OPS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They continue past rows of desks with computer screens ANALYSTS working on operations around the world.

WEBB

And you're not? Should have more confidence in your man, Fletcher.

STEVENS

(frosty look)
If he aborts he's a dead man.

WEBB

You. Me. All of us.

They enter through another door.

INT. LIVE-FEED MONITORS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Computer screens, glowing in the darkened environment.

A handful of ANALYSTS. Numerous wall screens with live-feeds.

WEBB

Ok listen up, if you're not working directly on DG Stevens' project, clear the room now. Thank you.

Analysts, except for a couple, get up and leave. Stevens hands MYRA, 20s, a document.

STEVENS

Morning Myra. Put the geo-sync up on screen one, please.

Myra keys in the info. The SCREEN flickers to life, the sat real-time imagery is grainy, hard to make out details.

STEVENS (CONT'D)

Can you clean that up?

MYRA

Working on it... seems we have a thin layer of clouds over the target area causing some interference... we should get a better image... it's clearing...

We see the imagery clearer: terrain of rice paddies, roads, jungle, town of Pailin near the Thai-Cambodian border.

Webb leans to DAN, an operations management specialist.

WEBB

Dan, what's the latest?

DAN

Morning' Sir. The latest...

Peers over the rim of his glasses at the computer screen.

DAN (CONT'D)

The Asset left the ramp of the Talon at 0500hrs "KILO" time, that's 0200hrs local time Cambodia. There was no hiccup with delivering the Asset. Now it's a waiting game. We expect his next scheduled contact in about 24hrs from now.

WEBB

Keep me updated on any changes.

DAN

Sir.

Myra checks her paperwork, turns to Stevens with concern.

MYRA

Excuse me, Sir... I seem to be missing the details of our asset's extraction or support?

STEVENS

There is none.

His comment turns everyone's attention to the wall-screen with the live-feed of the target area:

Pailin's lights glistening through the break-in cloud cover, a road leading to a farmhouse and to villages further along the way, paddy fields, hills, dense jungle, the winding river that borders Thailand-Cambodian.

EXT. JUNGLE - FARM HOUSE - PRE-DAWN/DAWN

Devereaux reaches the spot from where he can clearly see the target area: the farmhouse, and the immediate area around it. Soundlessly sets up his sniper's hide.

Takes in his surroundings: to the south a bamboo cluster, to the north-west, the contour of a ridge-line. His escape routes. Behind him sloping up jungle. His six. His weak spot.

Devereaux, laying behind a PSG-1 Heckler & Koch sniper rifle, overlooking the farm house.

Sweat beading on his brow. A drop slides, sucked up by his eye-fluid. Blinks. His mouth agape, breathing in the heavy humid air. The sweat is saturating his olive coloured shirt.

HIS POV THROUGH the range finder: a vertical line on the display matches the approach road, the target radicle is fixed onto the junction.

Devereaux's FINGER presses the button on the top of the range finder. "SCAN" is displayed, three dashes flash off, on, and solidify into digits, 934m, above it bearing. A tip of his pen enters the range, 934m, and bearing on a range card.

Other entries in the range card: the farmhouse, the paddy field shade-hut along the access road... the wind direction is indicated by an arrow in a blue-china-graph pen.

EXT. JUNGLE - FARM HOUSE - 24HOUR CIRCLE

The sun is well above the horizon.

Sweat drips from Devereaux's forehead, listening to the sounds of the jungle, no human sound. Then, another faint sound...

POV THROUGH Carl Zeiss 25x50 SCOPE: a two-stroke Honda MOTORCYCLE, billowing dark smoke reaches the junction, turns into the approach road.

A lone rider, black haired ponytail, baseball cap, dark blue trousers and tunic, white and red checked scarf. The Khmer TEEN GIRL hops off the motorbike. Leaves it on the stand running. She disappears inside the house.

POV SCOPE: the target radical over the motorbike, the range finder displays "SCAN", dashes flash off, on, and solidify into 518m. The tip of the pen enters 518m on the range card, circles it. [N.D. all Dev's self-talk is sotto voce]

DEVEREAUX

Range is good for two shots - cold bore.

The girl exits the house. Drives off.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

What were you doing in there?

TIME LAPSE MONTAGE

Devereaux, prone, dick on dirt, eye to the piece.

The sun traverses the sky. The clouds fly over the farm house and the approach road. No movement. Whirlwind of dust. Stillness.

A RIFLE'S SCOPE TRACKS over the area, searching for possible dead ground, enemy hiding places and escape routes.

Afternoon shadows lengthen. Clouds gather. Rain falling on leaves, making puddles.

Devereaux under the cover, battered by rain, peers through the scope of his sniper's rifle.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Best job I ever had.

The setting sun glints off water drops. The dusk creeps in. The evening jungle NOISES. Pitch black.

Devereaux's eye-whites.

CROSSHAIRS over the dark silhouette of the still farm house. In distance, lights flicker, no doubt other houses way off. Suddenly, a light comes on inside the farm house.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Who's in there?

CROSSHAIRS over the lit window, movement inside. One? Or more figures? Then, light's off, just as suddenly as it came on. Darkness. Night jungle noises.

Devereaux's EYE to the scope, eye-white, red veins spiderweb. His eyes closing... the noise of the jungle subdues.

INT. JUNGLE - FARM HOUSE - DAWN/DAY

Devereaux's eyes snap open. His watch reads 0400hrs. Starts his routine...

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)

Primary Escape route, directly
back up the hill due west.

Being as soundless as possible, kneels, urinates. His eyes scanning, ever alert.

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)

Alternate Escape route, left along
the spur for two hundred meters,
then cut back due west.

Drinks water from a bladder. Chews on a fruit-bar. Skews his face.

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)

Non-Official-Cover operative.
Disavowed if caught. Was never
here. Devereaux, who? Never heard
of'm.

Soundlessly sets up SATCOM, keys in a five-letter crack code 'QTNVE', ready to be sent, indicating that the mission is completed. Settles behind the rifle.

SCOPE CROSSHAIRS TRACK over the area: the rising sun illuminates the fields, and the house. Along the approach road the scope picks up the same girl on the motorbike.

She enters the house carrying food containers. A MAN in KR uniform, AK-47 over his shoulder, steps out on the porch, eating a banana, tosses the peel.

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)
 There you are... finally. How many
 of you? Pick it up, don't litter.

The KR goes back in. The girl leaves. The silent house.
 Devereaux behind the rifle.

POV THROUGH the scope: nothing moves, no wind. The sun well
 above the horizon, slightly overcast.

Sweat beads on Devereaux's forehead. A drop slides, burns his
 eye. Blinks. Suddenly, a HUM of an engine.

CROSSHAIRS TRACK a Toyota Hi-Lux, loaded with EIGHT armed KR,
 TWO with RPG, approach via the dust road.

The Hi-Lux parks in front of the farm house. The KR dismount,
 just as another TWELVE KR file out of the house.

INT. ASIS OPS - LIVE-FEED MONITORS ROOM - SAME TIME

The shapes of four people over the monitor that fills the
 screen, observing the same...

MYRA
 A pick up track approaching,
 movement from the house...

STEVENS
 How many?

WEBB
 Can we zoom in on that?

MYRA
 I can't get any closer.

BACK TO:

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)
 (eye to the glass)
 ..twenty-one, twenty-two..what the
 fuck..this shit just keeps getting
 better.

POV SCOPE: the men scurry around forming into a single rank.
 The SOUND of another car.

INT. LIVE-FEED MONITORS ROOM - SAME TIME

MYRA
 About twenty.

STEVENS
Our intel said six.

WEBB
Sure he'll be pleased with your
local source.

Stevens briskly turns back to the screen. Webb sneers.

MYRA
There's another car approaching...

EXT. JUNGLE - FARM HOUSE - MORNING CONTINUOUS

The CROSSHAIRS lift off the men, and onto the dirt road,
TRACKING an approaching white sedan.

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)
Welcome to the party gentlemen.

The sedan comes to a stop.

CROSSHAIRS over a soldier who races to open the sedan's door.
The target is exiting the vehicle...

SWEAT on Devereaux's brows drips. EYE to the piece.

A polished SHOE steps down on the dust, puffs it up. General
PIM straightens, smooths his uniform, puts on his sunglasses.

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)
Bloody intel.

The rifle butt snug hard into Devereux's shoulder, calming
his breath and his frustration, aware of his own HEARTBEAT.

INT. LIVE-FEED MONITORS ROOM - SAME TIME

Silence we could hear the pin drop. Stevens next to Webb,
aware of his own HEARTBEAT.

WEBB
Where's Getti?

Stevens exasperated, shakes head.

EXT. JUNGLE - FARM HOUSE - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Sweat beads on Devereaux's forehead. Safety-catch to fire.
BREATHING settles. TRIGGER pressure taken up...

CROSSHAIRS over Pim, shaking the hand of a senior soldier who, unknowingly, protects Pim's body from the exposure. And as Pim moves to the next soldier...

Devereaux's EYE to the scope, not a blink. BREATHING and HEARTBEAT pause. TRIGGER pressure maintained.

CROSSHAIRS OVER Pim's back.

FINGER squeezes the trigger, releasing the shot... The rifle's BUTT recoils into Devereaux's shoulder.

CROSSHAIRS back on the target. The round strikes Pim in the centre of his back, he hits the dust. His soldiers scatter, scramble for cover. Pointing their rifles in all directions.

DEVEREAUX's eye to the glass.

CROSSHAIRS over Pim, moving on the ground. FINGER taking up the TRIGGER pressure. Shot is released...

CROSSHAIRS Pim's head explodes, a pink mist of blood saturates the immediate area.

INT. LIVE-FEED MONITORS ROOM - SAME TIME

MYRA

Woah. One guy. Two shots.

DAN

Wrong intel.

MYRA

Either way, he's stirred the hornets nest now.

WEBB

(to Stevens)

Someone blew the whistle.

Steven sharply looks at him, unsettled.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - JUNGLE - MORNING CONTINUOUS

GUNFIRE erupts. Shots flying in all direction as the KR soldiers fire indiscriminately into the jungle.

Devereaux presses the send button on the SATCOM. The transmission sent he briskly collects the two spent cartridge cases, camouflages his LUP. Takes off, up the slope.

SOUNDS of gunfire and vehicles taking off.

Intermittent shafts of light through the thick canopy of foliage above, as Devereaux swiftly makes his way along the ridge line. Sporadic GUNFIRE behind him.

Ahead, foliage parts, wisps of rays create a curtain of light. Devereaux drops to one knee, observes a dirt track.

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)
This wasn't on aerial pics.

Pricks his ears...a HUM?

A faded red truck breaches the crest. TWELVE MEN with AK-47s and RPGs on its tray. A command rings out. In consistent intervals a couple of them dismount, cordoning the area.

Devereaux remains still. Two men pass by, checking both sides of the road.

No sudden movement, Devereaux cautiously takes off his backpack, pulls out his suppressed Heckler & Koch MP5-SD.

Removes the scope from his PSG-1 sniper rifle, slips it into the top of his backpack. Takes the bolt out, puts it in his black denims' pocket. Ditches the rifle in a hollowed log, a quick camouflage job.

The SOUND of cracking twigs. He freezes. TWO KR sweeping the edge of the track move in his direction.

Devereaux trains his MP5-SD, lets them close. Releases shots in quick succession. The first soldier is hit into the left cheek and eye. The other, before getting his AK ready, gets shot above his right brow.

AK rounds burst behind Devereaux as he races away, bullets fly by, bark of trees explode, debris shower him. SHOUTS of his pursuers. A WHISTLE blasts, signalling they found the shooter, summoning more pursuers.

BANG! WHOOSH! KABOOM! An exploding RPG throws Devereaux off his feet. Scrambles up, aims...

The RPG carrying KR, is hit in the thigh, reloads. Devereaux sprints away. KABOOM! The tree behind him explodes. WHISTLE blasts ring through the jungle, near and far, call to action.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

In a fading daylight, Devereaux sets up Laying Up Place (LUP). Scans possible escape routes.

Resting with his back to a tree, MP5-SD across his thighs,
drinks from a bottle of water, chomps on an energy bar.
Listens to the sounds of night jungle.

Ears pricked to any signs of movement, his eye-whites glow in
the dark. Cleans his weapon, silently reloads mags, while
recollecting past events. Noises of the jungle around him.

INT. CAPHS EATERY - MANUKA - CANBERRA - NIGHT

A decent chunk of a rare-done steak, pricked by a fork,
carried into... Stevens' mouth. We enter mid-conversation.

STEVENS

(mouthful)

Childish beliefs. Dreams. Decency.
Optimism. A safer country, a safer
world. It's a long road to Utopia.

WEBB

Better intel would have helped.

Steven pours more gravy over his baked potatoes.

STEVENS

Don't mind the intel, you'll get
your man in the end.

WEBB

We have our best asset on the case.

Stevens, "Hm". Forks another chunk of the steak. Webb
observes as he devours it.

WEBB (CONT'D)

If he survives.

STEVENS

Let me share something - there will
always be another best asset.
Anyone can be replaced.

WEBB

You've done a remarkable job
running the Service.

STEVENS

Spare me the compliments. I know
what's coming. I'm sixty four.
Are you the younger me? Are you up
to it?

WEBB
(avoidably)
I've got plans.

STEVENS
Plans are good, I had plans. But
never the fortitude, it wasn't in
me. I went for longevity over
change. I must seem so mediocre to
you.

WEBB
Not at all.

STEVENS
You're good at that. See, right
there. Say the right thing. And
you're ambitious. But are you
daring?

WEBB
I don't follow, Fletcher.

STEVENS
Well I did, and survived. But what
did I actually do to make a
difference or change?

WEBB
Is that a farewell piece of advice?

STEVENS
I'm not saying anything, never
have, never will. I just had those
dreams.

Sets his cutlery neatly side by side on his now empty plate,
only debris of his steak lunch remain. Wipes his lips.

Webb, as his attentive listener, cutlery in mid-air, forgot
all about his salad meal.

STEVENS (CONT'D)
You should get the steak next time
you're here.
(nods to a WAITER)
The usual, for me.

WEBB
Make that two.

EXT. JUNGLE - PRE-DAWN/SUNRISE/DAY/AFTERNOON - TIME SPEED

A loud crashing sound ECHOES through the jungle. Silence.

Devereaux's eyes snap open. His hand on his MP5-SD. Listens. Kneels, urinates off to the side.

The canopy of trees takes on auburn hue, the sun rises.

Devereaux follows the ridge line. Each step cautious not to create any sound. Freezes. Noise? Peers through the foliage.

THREE KRs moving along a trail, parallel to him.

Suddenly, CRACK! CRACK! A burst of fire from another direction as a fourth KR straggler spots him.

Two rounds strike the side of Devereaux's pack. Crouching, he breaks contact. In his peripheral he sees another soldier, aiming his AK at him. Devereaux pulls the pin, throws a grenade. KABOOM!

KR's cries ECHO through the jungle.

CRACKS of twigs. Devereaux, MP5-SD trained, moving around a tree lets his pursuer as close as possible, comes face to face with a young KR, only a teen, about 14-15. Devereaux grabs him at once, preventing him to raise his weapon.

They struggle in fierce hand-to-hand combat. Fall on the ground. The KR lands on top, attempts to strangle Devereaux. Devereaux's hand fumbles for a handle of his knife behind his belt on his back.

The knife's blade thrusts into the soldier's neck and heart. His eyes looking up at Devereaux, pupils dilating, blood frothing from his mouth and nose, the last breath.

Devereaux gazes at the boy's youthful face. A noise from behind snaps him to here and now.

Promptly collects the boy's webbing and AK. Breathing hard, crouching he moves silently away. With his back against a tree, takes a moment to calm down, listens. WHISTLE-blasts further away. Devereaux scrambles up. Scurries away.

Pauses to listen. The rustle of the pursuers is distancing, fading, only heightened sounds of the jungle. But he knows they will be back.

The sun low.

Food bars, water bladder, ammo, clothes, documents placed into a daypack. All weapons inside the main pack.

Devereaux prepares an anti-follow up device: a white phosphorus grenade taped to a Claymore Mine and positioned against the SATCOM, the fuse connected to a M60 igniter ready to go.

Through the foliage Devereaux sees a couple of motorcycles, parked, four KRs armed with AK-47s chat, start walking towards him. Devereaux takes his chance. Positions his pack in the centre of his LUP. Pulls the igniter attached to the WP grenade and Claymore.

Instantly empties the full mag from the AK, he took from the boy, into the four approaching KR, killing one, wounding another, and runs for his life through the jungle, dumping the AK in the process.

A massive amount of fire erupts behind him, as the LUP is torn to shreds.

Two KR, and their wounded, limping colleague, cautiously approach the LUP. No return fire. Maybe they killed the shooter. Entering the bamboo cluster, they spread, searching for the shooter's body.

KABOOM! A plume of White Phosphorus spreads throughout the cluster, sticking to the three KR, while 700 steel ballbearings from the Claymore tear through the LUP and the pursuers. Their agonising SCREAMS grow silent.

Devereaux, careful not to make a sound, reloads his MP5-SD with a new mag. Checks his pouch, the last mag left. Fuck!

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE VALLEY - SUNSET

Devereaux, looking through the SCOPE: at the bottom of the valley, a tributary flows into the border river. SIX KR patrolling along the river's edge. A MAN on a motorcycle bypassing them stops. Speaks to them. They move on, further south. Devereaux glances at his watch, 14:33.

He descends, closer to the tributary. Surveils the crossing point.

SCOPE SWEEPS north-south and finds: another SIX KR patrol. Dev checks his watch, 16:29. Two hours gap. The sun sets.

INT. ASIS OPS - LIVE-FEED MONITORS ROOM - NIGHT

Webb, pensive, reading through files of resent operations, and people involved, in the back of the room. Stevens, in foreground, having a muted conversation with Myra and Dan while drinking a steaming cup of coffee.

STEVENS
Any word on Getti?

MYRA
Negative. Never showed up.

STEVENS
And Devereaux?

DAN
No contact, since the crack code.

WEBB
(from background)
He's out there.
(files under his arm,
leaves)

EXT. OPPOSITE RIDGE OF BORDER VALLEY - NIGHT

Devereaux rests against the tree. His compass bearing reads N-W, distance to Thai border 0.3 miles. Down below flickering dim lights along the road and up the valley. No doubt candles of villagers, torchlights of patrols, headlights of vehicles.

His eyes close. In his mind-eye he sees the dilated brown pupils of the young KR as the life disappears from them. Stirs, opens his eyes, but the boy's eyes stay, vivid.

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)
Enough. Down that path lays only
madness. You're a warrior. There
was no other way.

Drops shoulders, takes a deep breath, slowly breathes out. But the knot in his stomach, reminder of that deed remains. Pre-lap, PRIMATE CALLING out dawn.

EXT. JUNGLE - BORDER RIVER - PRE-DAWN

Devereaux listens to the sounds of the jungle. His watch reads 0430. Camouflages his LUP. Moves off.

Every step deliberate, and as noiseless as possible. Crouching low, observes the river's bank.

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)
No mistakes, no hurry. So close.

Moves down the slope to the river. Lowers himself into the water, up to his neck. Swimming across, his dark silhouette nears the opposite bank...

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK! Rounds spray the water surface just behind him, tear up the bank ahead. "Fuck!" Submerges.

UNDER WATER. Projectiles darts around him. Torchlights scouring the surface above.

Cautiously resurfaces, further downstream. The opposite bank at his reach... CRACK, CRACK! More rounds burst behind him, but further away. Submerges.

UNDER WATER. Devereaux's hand lets go off his MP5-SD. It sinks to the bottom.

His head silently emerges, even further downstream. Draws his HS silent pistol. Slips up the bank and out of sight.

EXT. THAI LANDSCAPE - DAY

Devereaux in blue jeans, black t-shirt, sneakers, he throws his olive work shirt, black denims, pistol, knife, all equipment in a ditch. Buries it. Camouflages the site.

Slips a plastic bag, containing his passport, US dollars, and Thai Baht under his t-shirt. Checks his surroundings, no sign of his presence left behind.

WIDE on the Thai landscape and a moving dot. Devereaux. He made it.

INT. DEVEREAUX HOME - HALLWAY - BATHROOM - MORNING

The morning light falls in through a mosaic glass door making patterns on the floor. A child's finger traces the patterns. Suddenly, a full light falls in. Madeline squints into the blinding light. Then jumps up.

MADELINE

Daddy!

Devereaux drops his echelon bag, scoops his little angel into his arms. Glances at someone else standing at the background.

DEVEREAUX

Hey, buddy, here's a spot for one more.

MADELINE

You smell horrible.

DEVEREAUX

Thank you sweetheart. I fell in some mud. You could use a bath too.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
And you, I'm taking you down.

Scoops up pouting Alex.

ALEX
About time you came home.

DEVEREAUX
(carrying his children
into the bathroom)
Well I'm home now children.

BATHROOM. Through a steam we see Devereaux with Alex and Madeline inside a bath tub full of foam, their faces covered with bubbles, only eyes, mouths and noses protruding. Devereaux picks up the shower-head and blasts his children with ice cold water. Their squealing. His chuckles.

INT. DEVEREAUX HOME - KITCHEN/HALLWAY/KIDS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Devereaux in jeans and jumper, on his way out. Alesha is stacking dirty plates into a dishwasher. Devereaux throws his arms around her waist from behind.

ALESHA
Should I expect you to join me in
bed?

He kisses her neck. Lets go off her. Departs. Alesha stays immobile.

Devereaux tiptoes past the children's bedroom.

MADELINE (FROM INSIDE)
Where are you going?

Devereaux peeks in. Madeline under the blanket, ceremoniously holds out the Lord of the Rings book.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Read me this pleaaase.

DEVEREAUX
Mummy's turn tonight. She'd kill me
if I did it.

MADELINE
(pouts)
But you're better at it.

DEVEREAUX

Let's keep that between us. Yeah?
Be good.
(ruffles her hair, exits)

MADELINE

(pouts, crosses her arms)
You be good.

EXT. QUEENSCLIFF STREET - NIGHT

Victorian houses. Misty weather with incessant rain.
Occasional car passes by. Flickering street lamps filter
through the fog. A dog BARKING in the distance.

SUPER: POINT LONSDALE - QUEENSCLIFF

A plume of cold breath. Devereaux looks around. Steps inside
a phone booth.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Devereaux feeds coins in. Dials a number. Ringing tone.
Presses the fork, hanging the call before it is answered.
Coins fall through. He speaks into the mute receiver.

DEVEREAUX

Queenscliff bus stop. - Geelong
Hotel.
(glances at his watch)
Twenty minutes? - Thank you.

Hangs up. Collects the coins. Steps out.

EXT. QUEENSCLIFF BUS STOP - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Turns up the collar of his winter coat, sit down on the frost
covered bench. The dim street lights illuminate the mist
drizzle.

He sees a vehicle, a red Ford Laser, pull up, some distance
away. The interior light comes on. Its driver searches for
something. Then it takes off, approaches.

The window comes down. A driver, a young WOMAN, unbuckles,
leans over. INSERT: Devereaux's hand in his coat's pocket
activates a mini-recorder, sewn to the fabric.

RACHEL

Excuse me, sir. I think I'm lost.
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm trying to find the shortest way to the Geelong cinema.

DEVEREAUX

That's not surprising, these streets can be confusing at times. I'm actually meeting some friends in the Geelong Hotel, it's about fifty meters from the cinema. I'd show you but I'm waiting for my taxi.

RACHEL

In that case, I can save you cab fare, if you'd be so kind.

Devereaux gets up. Casually scans the street. Gets in.

INT. FORD LASER - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

DEVEREAUX

Right. Switch that fucking interior light off and pull slowly away from the curb. Take a left at the second intersection.

(shakes head)

Bloody amateurs.

The woman reaches up, flicks the interior light off. Engages the gears. The car takes off.

A pale green hue of the dash instruments. Intermittent flicker of street lights on her face.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you? Where's Dylan?

She glances at him, startled by the question.

RACHEL

Dylan had to return to Canberra on some urgent business. He asked me to do this meet. He said you're aware of such contingencies. You'd understand the importance of maintaining a rendezvous.

DEVEREAUX

(unfriendly)

Did he have a message for me?

RACHEL

The Blue Star Airlines are a good
buy - my name's Rachel.

Devereaux studies her profile. A young perfect face, long blond hair, red lipstick, colour matching her manicured long nails. Well formed breasts under her sheer blouse, her skirt rode up high.

At 22, RACHEL is exactly what the Service wants, highly intelligent, articulate, beautiful, confident. Knowing what she has and how to manipulate it to get what she wants. Something she had done, no doubt, all her life.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Were you shadowed?

DEVEREAUX

It looks clean but-

RACHEL

Before you go any further, if we
get pulled over our cover story is
the same as our authentication
phrase and counter phrase. Okay?

DEVEREAUX

Sounds reasonable.

Looks out. Passing by farmlands, woods. A headlights beam, in his side mirror, at some distance away.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Fuck! We have-

RACHEL

(glances at rearview)

Two vehicles working as a team,
I've got them, don't worry.

DEVEREAUX

You're gonna land me in jail, or
killed for this shit! Whattafuck
you gonna do about it?

RACHEL

Relax, I'll try to lose them at the
next turn and take an alternate
road.

She floors it.

DEVEREAUX

The fuck you will! We have a perfect cover story in place. You'll just arouse more suspicion and attract their attention.

RACHEL

Okay, okay!

Backs off the gas. Rechecks the mirrors.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Enough fun and games, let's get to business. What have you got for me?

Devereaux looks into the side mirror. The first vehicle peels off, the second one takes over the tail.

DEVEREAUX

Have you got my money?

She doesn't reply. He rechecks the mirrors. Discreetly produces two rolls of film.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Four hundred ISO shot at F-eight, contains photographs of documents of the Pakistani Government's agreement and intentions to supply uranium to North Korea in November this year. Signed by the Minister for External Affairs and dated three days ago.

RACHEL

(darts him a look)

Jesus! Great work! Dylan said you always came up with the goods. In fact, he said your product was first-rate, and your work is always very professional.

Devereaux smirks "Sunshine up my ass!"

DEVEREAUX

(unfriendly)

Keep your eyes on the road.

RACHEL

(eye on the road)

In the compartment between our seats is an empty drink bottle.

Nods to a box of tissues on top of that compartment, between their seats.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Wrap the film in that tissue paper.

Devereaux does so. Opens the compartment.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Put the rolls in that bottle.

Devereaux stuffs the rolls inside the bottle. Stuffs some paper on top, screws the lid on. Meantime, Rachel checks the rearview. The tail turns off.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Open the glove box.

Devereaux opens the glove box - the Time magazine inside.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
One hundred dollar notes, pages
thirty through to forty.

Devereaux rolls the magazine up, puts it in his coat's pocket.

DEVEREAUX
Where' the additional funds? I told
Dylan the price had gone up.

Rachel glances at him. Eye-wide. Uneasy.

RACHEL
Dylan didn't mention.

Turns to concentrate on the road, thinking hard.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'm sure he'll address an increase
with Canberra, as one of his
priorities, and will discuss it
with the Assistant Director.

Devereaux swivels to look at her.

DEVEREAUX
Am I a fucking asshole to you?
(watches her profile)
I'm putting my ass on the line
while you hide under your
diplomatic umbrella.
(noting her tugging cheek)
(MORE)

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Anything from me, it's five thousand each time we meet and I want the balance for this pick up. Okay?

She gives him an unsure look.

RACHEL

Okay. I'll message Dylan and ask him to address your requirements.

Devereaux snorts, "requirements", how neatly put, eye on the sign "Bellarine Highway Exit 500m".

DEVEREAUX

Take this turn off, it'll take us to town.

As she does so, she spots a vehicle, parked beside the highway. Its headlights come on, keeping some distance, follows. Rachel watches it in the rear view.

RACHEL

We have that tail again.

DEVEREAUX

Just keep your calm. Stick to the speed limit, obey all the road rules.

RACHEL

I need a follow up on the information you've given me. Dates of shipment, quantities, authorising bodies the who what where from Pakistani and North Korean Governments.

DEVEREAUX

(eye on the side mirror and the tail)

Nothing I can't do - but I'm not doing a thing until my fees are met. I want my answer by Friday, delivered into DLB (Dead Letter Box) Alpha. No negotiations, Rachel. Just do it.

She breaths heavily, annoyed by his demands.

RACHEL

Okay. I'll contact you at DLB on Friday.

(glances at side mirror)

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Meantime, chase up the information.
I'm sure Dylan will look after your
needs.

(checks the rearview)

Can we meet again? Monday, next
week?

DEVEREAUX

(looking out)

If I get my money.

RACHEL

The Geelong cinemas, screen one,
second row from the rear, far left.
Ten a.m. session. It's been on for
a while there won't be too many
people.

DEVEREAUX

What's the movie?

RACHEL

Jurassic Park.

DEVEREAUX

Sounds romantic.

RACHEL

No need for authentication phrases,
but we should have a safety signal.
I'll wear a baseball cap. If I'll
have it on when you approach, it's
safe.

DEVEREAUX

If no cap on, then I'll walk to the
front row.

RACHEL

I'll leave my bag on the seat
beside me, you can drop the product
there. Okay? Happy?

DEVEREAUX

(less than friendly)

You make sure my pay is there in
full, alright.

Looks into the side mirror. No tail. Tests her.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Okay, is the tail still there?

Rachel annoyed by his stubbornness glances at the rear vision.

RACHEL
Think they've dropped us.
(looks at him)
So, how's your family doing?
Anything you need for them?

Devereaux, clearly taken aback, asking him such a loaded question after he just demanded a substantial pay raise.

DEVEREAUX
My family's fine Rachel.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
We don't really need anything at
this stage. Thanks for asking.

Looks at the passing by Geelong Hotel. Rachel slows down the car.

RACHEL
When I pull over, get out of the
car, close the door immediately,
walk around the rear of the
vehicle, cross over straight to the
hotel, and stay inside for at least
half hour.

DEVEREAUX
Know the drill. With Dylan.

RACHEL
Whatever you do, stay clear of the
car when I pull away. I don't want
any accidents happen to you.

DEVEREAUX
How kind. Someone cares.

RACHEL
Ten seconds.

Devereaux gets ready. She pulls up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Hey, thank you.

Devereaux gives her a look, slips off the seat, gets out. She takes off, as he crosses behind the car.

About to enter the hotel he glances over. The Ford Laser turns the corner disappears.

INT. GEELONG HOTEL - NIGHT

SOMEONE'S POV: the wall clock clicks 9:59 pm. At this hour tipsy patrons and loners. A side door leading into an alleyway opens. Connor. His wiry frame huddled in a tattered coat that's seen better days, military style trousers. At the bar, he orders scotch. The bartender pours him a tumbler.

CONNOR
Keep going friend.

Bartender fills it up. Connor scoops up the tumbler, crosses directly over to Devereaux, lounging in a chair in the corner, sipping on a corona.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
(timid)
May I?

Pulls up a chair next to him. Devereaux, eyes on the room, slips a mini-tape into Connor's pocket.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Did you have fun, ol'boy?

DEVEREAUX
Nothing better to do on a shitty night like this.

CONNOR
Roll on summer. How did she go?

DEVEREAUX
With assets like hers? On a lone night ride, with a dog like me. Remember Andrea in Kiev?

Connor gives Devereaux a self-amused look.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
Seriously, she needs to be made aware of appropriate times for dressing up like this.

Connor throws leg over the leg, sighs.

CONNOR
Yes, Andrea... shame what happened to her. I'll chat to Rachel.

DEVEREAUX
She left the inside light on.
(off Connor's "Oh")
(MORE)

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

She failed to prepare for the pick up appropriately.

(off Connor's "Hm")

She was quick to move away from our cover story. They were on our tail, and she floored it.

Connor, "Oh". Takes an indulging sip of his scotch.

CONNOR

What was her manner like?

DEVEREAUX

I applied pressure, asking for a pay rise. She made no promises. She asked me on a date.

CONNOR

Oh. Really?

DEVEREAUX

Yeah, Jurassic Park. Patterns, mate, patterns. She set herself up to be compromised. Do your job better, will yuh?

(lounges back)

All things considered, by the end of the course, you may have an apt IO on your hands. If she takes it all on board.

Conner watches him downing his Corona.

CONNOR

Why wouldn't she? I chose her.

(beat)

As I chose Alesha. And she did. How is she? Kids?

Devereaux set the empty bottle down, wipes his mouth, looks directly at Connor.

DEVEREAUX

Don't beat around the bush, Connor.

CONNOR

Thanks mate. You still got it.

(lounges back)

Want another beer?

DEVEREAUX

If nothing else then I pass.

(gets up)

CONNOR

Alright... eleven hundred hours
tomorrow. Southern Cross Hotel. And
don't be late.

DEVEREAUX

(departing)

Don't stay up too late.

INT. DEVEREAUX HOME - BEDROOM/HALLWAY/KIDS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alesha in bed, reads James Ellroy's L.A. Confidential. RATTLE
of the keys in the lock.

In the HALLWAY, Devereaux hangs the coat on a hook. Peeks
into the CHILDREN'S BEDROOM.

Pulls up the slipping cover, tucks in sleeping Madeline,
Aragorn figurine in her arms. The Lord of the Rings book on
the bedside table. Devereaux watches her for a beat, turns to
peacefully puffing Alex.

In Alex's hands, clutching a framed pic of Devereaux in his
dress uniform with Alesha by his side. On his bedside table
figures from Lord of the Rings. A framed picture of him with
Maddie, say cheese in pre-school.

Devereaux looks around. Apart from these items, all other
toys, books, clothes, pictures packed in suitcases waiting by
the door.

Devereaux steps into the BEDROOM. Alesha absorbed in reading.
Feeling his presence.

ALESHA

What's going on?

Devereaux takes off his boots, jeans, jumper.

DEVEREAUX

To be honest, haven't got a clue.

He steps into the ENSUITE. Sound of pee.

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

Going to Melbourne.

Alesha lowers the book.

Devereaux washes his hands. Squeezes toothpaste on a
toothbrush.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
What's going on in here?

Brushing his teeth in the mirror. Alesha's reflection in bed.

ALESHA
I'm filing for a divorce Dev. We
both know its not good for either
of us.

That stops him in his tracks.

ALESHA (CONT'D)
I can't go on living like this. But
I understand what you do and why.

Devereaux finishes the brushing. Dries his face.

ALESHA (CONT'D)
You've tried, Dev, and heaven knows
I've tried.

Devereaux steps into the bedroom. At loss what to say.

ALESHA (CONT'D)
Come here.

She lifts the blanket. He lays down next to her. She prompts
him closer and to lay his head on her chest. She ruffles his
hair, caresses his back.

ALESHA (CONT'D)
We really tried...and it's not
working.
(off his eyes)
I cannot be a widow whose husband
maybe still alive, maybe not... So
I am heading back to Perth with the
kids in the morning. You know where
to find me when you are through.

He hugs her tight.

INT. HOLDEN - DAWN/MORNING - TIME SPEED

Windshield wipers. Constant rain. Oncoming headlights of
sparse traffic along Bellarine Highway.

Devereaux at the wheel. The weather fits his mood. Hurting
inside. Signs passing by, "Melbourne 157km." The rain eases.
Daylight creeps in. Signs, "Melbourne 43km."

Devereaux checks his rearview and side mirrors. At some distance away, a blue Ford sedan, swapping lanes, letting a white Ford sedan take his place. Devereaux accelerates. Both cars seem to speed up. Bypassing a sign, "Laverton 800m, Melbourne 14km", takes the exit ramp to Laverton.

INT/EXT. HOLDEN - LAVERTON - MORNING

Devereaux parks in front of a Greek Kebab shop. In the shop's windows he sees the blue Ford sedan edging into the carpark. Zips up his ivory anorak. Gets out. We stay behind, inside the car, watching him enter the shop, open the fridge, pull out a bottle of coke. Paying at the counter, he's asking something a chubby Greek OWNER, tending the Gyros on rotisserie. The owner tosses his head in the direction.

INT. RESTROOMS - DELIVERY AREA - KEBAB SHOP - MORNING

Devereaux's reflection in the mirror, turning his anorak inside out. Now in the dark blue colour anorak, he pulls a hood out, from the anorak's zip-up collar, slips it over his head. Exits the shop through the rear delivery door.

EXT. SHOPPING COMPLEX - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Devereaux makes his way through the back of the complex. Sneaks through a hole in a rickety wooden fence.

EXT. LAVERTON TRAIN STATION - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Devereaux hastes down the stairs, blends with commuters, as the train pulls onto the platform. Filing out commuters are barely given space, as the train waiting crowd pushes in.

Devereaux notices the blue Ford's passenger, a WOMAN in her 20s, wearing a pale-blue hoodie, jeans, sneakers, several meters behind him, forcing her way among the crowd.

Devereaux squeezes on the train. Its doors snap shut right in front of her face. Devereaux cannot help a smirk.

INT/EXT. TRAIN CAR - FLINDERS STREET STATION - MORNING LATER

P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT, "Flinders Street," and rush-out begins. Devereaux pulls the hood over his head, squeezed among commuters, exits the train car.

Devereaux exits the STATION'S BUILDING through a side door. Runs over to a crowded TRAM STOP.

Constant drizzle. Rolling his shoulders up and in, hands deep in his pockets, he rumbles, "What a shit hole." The yellow-and-green tram rattles to a stop, Devereaux, among others, climbs onto the tram car.

INT. TRAM - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Gloomy commuters. Devereaux observes faces, exits, streets going by. The tram pulls up. Devereaux exits.

EXT. MELBOURNE - VARIOUS - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Devereaux weaves his way among medley of Asian vendors in CHINATOWN. Slips through an arcade, turns the corner into the EXHIBITION STREET and sees...

The blue Ford sedan pulls up across the street, a couple doors down from the Southern Cross Hotel.

Devereaux sidesteps into -

INT. CAFE ON EXHIBITION STREET - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Sitting at the table, a little away from the window, drinking coffee, observes the blue Ford sedan. The woman passenger gets out, the car takes off, disappears behind the crest.

The woman purchases a newspaper at a newsstand. Leans against the wall, pretending to read, she scans the street. The rain gets heavier.

She abandons her vantage point, hides under an awning, filled with people, all seeking shelter from the rain. Devereaux finishes his cuppa. Sets a five-dollar note down next to it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Devereaux turns into an alleyway. Reaches the building's fire exit stairs. Climbs up the ladder to the third floor where the door is jammed-open by a waste paper bin.

INT. EXHIBITION STREET BUILDING - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Devereaux makes his way on the centre stairs. Peeps out the window of the second floor. Across the street is the entrance to the Southern Cross Hotel, on its corner stands a MAN, early-20s, in a heavy coat, casually looking around.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SOUTHERN CROSS HOTEL - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Devereaux climbs down the fire exit stairs. Hidden behind the corner, observes the man. And as soon as he looks away, Devereaux takes a cover behind a passing by truck and runs across to the service bay area, with cars entering and leaving. Disappears inside.

INT. SOUTHERN CROSS HOTEL - STAFF ENTRY - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Moving through the basement, Devereaux turns into a corridor. A huge bulk of a SECURITY GUARD blocks his way.

SECURITY GUARD

This is a restricted area. Please
use the front entry.

Devereaux shakes rain off his Anorak.

DEVEREAUX

Any other way mate? I'm soaked and
late.

SECURITY GUARD

(studies him)

Okay. Down here, and right. Take
the lift into the lobby.

(after departing Dev)

Might get a towel.

INT. SOUTHERN CROSS HOTEL - LOBBY CAFE - MORNING

Devereaux steps out of the lift and into the lobby. Bypasses the woman, the passenger from the blue Ford, now talking to another YOUNG MAN, about her age. And before they have time to register him...

Devereaux crosses over to Connor, sitting in one of the lounge chairs, away from windows and the main stream traffic, sipping on coffee, reading "Financial Review."

CONNOR

(without looking up)

Bit late for a sly dog.

(flips the page)

Devereaux sits down. The woman in the hoodie, only now notices him, her eyes widen, her shoulders slack in defeat. She nudges the man next to her to look. Devereaux gives them a wave. They feign a smile and half gesture defeated wave.

DEVEREAUX

A few hundred more exercises and they'll be ready for ops, don't you think? Anthony?

CONNOR

You've made your point.

Closes the "Review", gets up. Devereaux follows.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Last ten years, we've been monitoring the Thai Government's protection of Pol Pot at a camp, in the south-eastern sector along the Cambodian border.

They cross the lobby, busy with guests, porters, concierge staff. Enter the LIFT.

INT. LIFT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

CONNOR

They refused to hand him over, never made it to Hague.

Connor swipes a keycard, presses "P" (Penthouse) button.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

The US's been fence-sitting and unwilling to apply pressure on the Thai Government, as it needs them on the side for regional security reasons.

The lift moves up.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

On the other hand, the Thais maintain protective operations of Pol Pot. They want a soft instability in Cambodia, a buffer between its perceived enemy, Vietnam. The old animosities die hard in this neck of the woods.

(pauses)

Bush and Keating agree it's imperative we move to stabilise the country, before we send in a peacekeeping force to establish fair elections and return to an orderly society - if that's even possible.

The lift stops with a yank. They exit.

DEVEREAUX

Am I to pay the way for their election? I should get my own house in Cambodia by now, don't you think?

CONNOR

Second home. Cheaper than here. Not quite, ol'son. The issue isn't Pol Pot, word has it he's seriously ill. What's interesting is that the Thai Government has assigned the disarmament of all factions, as well as destroying the weapons, prior to the elections to one man.

DEVEREAUX

Old friend of ours?

As they walk down the CORRIDOR, Devereaux checks on all exits, along and at the ends.

CONNOR

(grimaces)

Our old friend General Getti is being very proactive. On the side, he intends to filter off the best of the weapons and redistribute those to the highest bidder.

He pauses at one of the doors.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

He's gonna offer them to the Karen guerrillas on the Burmese border, at a price. And the world is watching *Us*.

(swipes the keycard, green lights illuminate access)

Won't be good for Australia if the election's dead before it even started.

Pushes the door open. Devereaux re-checks the fire exits, follows Connor in.

INT. SOUTHERN CROSS HOTEL - SUITE - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Devereaux takes in the 70's style suite. By the window, covered by sheer curtains, stands a silhouette of a MAN.

MAN'S VOICE

Good morning, gentlemen. Coffee,
tea?

CONNOR

I'll be at the bar.

The man's hand parts the curtains, peers discretely out.

WEBB

Some things never change, Connor.

The parted curtain lets in just enough light for us to see that the man is Webb. Now, newly appointed ASIS Director General, in a well-tailored dark gray suit. He glances over at Devereaux, with a smile and raised eyebrows. Connor, his back to the men, pouring himself whiskey, makes a hand-wave gesture.

DEVEREAUX

Tea for me, thank you.

WEBB

(making tea)

I've heard a lot about you John.
Milk? Sugar?

DEVEREAUX

No thank you.

WEBB

(hands him the cup)

I understand you are up to date?

Devereaux, holding his drink, enjoying its warmth.

WEBB (CONT'D)

The task at hand is one we see
imperative for the success of the
UNTAC mission, commencing in
January of next year.

Devereaux watches him making himself coffee.

WEBB (CONT'D)

Australia must be seen on the
international stage as competent in
managing issues of great importance
in the region. And we must remove
every obstacle that may prevent our
success.

(takes a sip of coffee)

(MORE)

WEBB (CONT'D)

For the purpose of this mission,
you have been seconded to ASIS
until further notice.

Devereaux sits down on a leather sofa, takes a sip of tea,
absorbing the news.

WEBB (CONT'D)

The mission's code name -
"BRIMSTONE".

Devereaux catches Connor's eye on him.

WEBB (CONT'D)

You are to terminate General Sompon
Getti at the earliest possible
opportunity. As you are aware, you
were only partially successful last
time.

DEVEREAUX

You meant it was a sterling success
on my part and a total failure on
yours. Good tea by the way.

Connor, self-amused, glances at Webb, he seems taken aback.
Connor stirs ice in his tumbler.

WEBB

Point taken John. Yet, it turned
out well in our favor. Pim's and
Getti's people are at each others
throats now. And Getti's business
has struggled over the past months.

DEVEREAUX

That can't be good for our junkies.

WEBB

As you know, Getti wants to keep
the Western part of Cambodia a
lawless land, and create a front
for his illegal gems and logging
businesses.

This is news to Devereaux.

DEVEREAUX

One business down the drain, two
more taken up.

CONNOR

He'll claw back up, wicked heroin producer, gotta give him credit there.

DEVEREAUX

A bad apple.

WEBB

A well protected bad apple. Thai government, Royal family, he's got them all.

DEVEREAUX

So...this' an off the books sanction, right?

WEBB

Well, no offence, but you're not what I'd call the Special Forces stereotype. You're not buff, average height, ageing, more of a family man. Your demeanour oozes mediocrity, the average John Doe so to speak. You'll blend in perfectly.

DEVEREAUX

Why thank you.

Finishes his tea.

CONNOR

They won't even see you coming mate. You'll make a great tourist.

DEVEREAUX

I'll have that drink. Now.

Connor passes Devereaux a whiskey tumbler.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

I'll need passports, Australian, US, UK. Dollars, Thai baht. Equipment. I'll get back to you on that once I-

Webb stops him with a hand gesture.

WEBB

We won't be seeing each other after this meeting.

Devereaux downs his whiskey.

WEBB (CONT'D)

You report directly to Connor, and Connor alone. Whatever you'll need he'll provide. Good luck. John.

On his way out, without turning raises his clutched umbrella, exits. Devereaux twirls the ice in the tumbler.

CONNOR

Thoughts, ol'boy? Another one?

DEVEREAUX

What a nice man, wants to get me killed.

CONNOR

(smirks as he pours
another)

That's his way. You get used to it.

DEVEREAUX

What safe houses do we have operational in Bangkok?

CONNOR

One in Sukhumvit, one down in Hua Hin. Both stocked with escape and evasion grab bags as well as communications - the usual stuff.

(hands tumbler to Dev)

Anything I can do on the home front?

DEVEREAUX

Would you have a bachelor flat somewhere near the Island?

CONNOR

Oh? Family's sacred, never easy.

DEVEREAUX

Not with what we do.

(downs his whiskey)

It's been a long-time coming, Anthony. Maybe for the best. This is what's required now.

INT. BACHELOR FLAT - NIGHT/DAWN

A digital alarm clock clicks to 3:56 am. Devereaux gazes at it. Swivels, turns around on a single bed mattress. Tucks the pillow under his head, closes his eyes. Turns and tosses.

The alarm clicks to 4:17 am. Devereaux gazes at an ajar cupboard's door. At the bottom sit his echelon bag, on hangers his suit, dress shirts, dress uniform. On shelves t-shirts, underwear, socks... Swivels, turns to face the wall.

The clock ticks 4:48 am. Devereaux gazes up at the ceiling, a distant ocean's surf. The clock clicks 5:23 am. Devereaux sits up. Rubs his face.

His FEET SLAP the wooden floors. A SOUND of pee, flusher.

Wrapped in a bathrobe, Devereaux opens the kitchen cupboard. Near empty. A milo tin next to an instant coffee jar. He involuntarily shivers.

EXT/INT. ISLAND - VOLVO - EARLY MORNING

A dark blue Volvo 740 stops at a boom gate. A guard inside the post nods. And so does the Volvo driver Devereaux. The gate opens. The Volvo drives through, crosses a one-lane bridge into the Island, stops at the second checkpoint.

SUPER: ASIS TRAINING CENTER, THE ISLAND, VICTORIA

Devereaux leans out the window, swipes the card against the scanner. A BUZZING SOUND. The three meters high cyclone fence begins to open. The Volvo edges through. Devereaux watches in his rearview mirror as the gate closes behind him.

The Volvo winds its way along the narrow road, surrounded by thick coastal bushes.

Coming out of the curve are three RUNNERS. Devereaux recognises two of them, the woman from the Southern Cross Hotel and Rachel. She turns her head recognising him.

The Volvo stops at the third security checkpoint. Devereaux reaches out, presses the button on the intercom. Looks up at the camera. A METALIC CLICK of the unlocking gate.

The Volvo drives through, following the procedure, waits for the gate to close behind.

Passing by 50s buildings and warehouses, housing a fleet of cars, equipment, pulls up outside a brick admin building.

INT. ADMIN BUILDING - ASIS TRAINING CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

Devereaux enters through the double doors. Peeks into still empty classrooms. Spots Connor in the mess, placing items in a box.

CONNOR
Just in time, ol'son, got all of
Alesha's stuff - care for a coffee?

DEVEREAUX
Since it doesn't cost yuh.

CONNOR
White with one? How'd you sleep?

DEVEREAUX
Like a baby.

Connor, handing him a coffee mug, notices the bags under
Devereaux' eyes.

CONNOR
She was an astute Officer, one of
my best. Do you want me to post it
to her or you want to do it?

DEVEREAUX
You go ahead.

EXT. ISLAND - ANNEX - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Sipping from their mugs they walk up to a three-meter high
hedge. Behind it a well hidden old house, made of fibre board
with a tin roof. Connor places his eye against the scanner.
The green light flashes. He opens the door.

INT. ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

Worn carpet, sofas, 60s-70s style living area.

CONNOR
A bit of history. Stories these
could tell. Cold War shenanigans.
Secrets spoken. Lies told... take a
seat.

Sets a dossier, marked "TOP SECRET", "AUSTEO" (Australian
Eyes Only), across its centre stamped "BRIMSTONE", on a tea
table in front of Devereaux.

Connor lays six PHOTOS down: Getti, in his dress uniform,
emanating his upper class status, chiseled chin, strong
features, piercing eyes. Getti with his wife. Getti with his
wife and their children, a boy and a girl, in their late
teens, behind them the Thai Royal Palace.

DEVEREAUX

What a nice family. When was this taken?

CONNOR

Well connected and happy, I'm sure. Several years back.

DEVEREAUX

So he could be a grandfather by now.

Studies a more recent photo of Getti, with his daughter, in front of a gallery.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Art lover as well.

CONNOR

A front for his illegal gem business.

DEVEREAUX

(re daughter)

Very pretty.

CONNOR

That old dog in you cannot be denied.

DEVEREAUX

Then get that old dog some intel, will yuh? And please, a reliable source for a change.

CONNOR

Gonna buy some gems?

Devereaux studies another photo of Getti with Karen guerrillas, next to a taildragger type aircraft, shark teeth painted on the front, fuselage adorned with Thai military insignia. One European, two Thai men loading the plane with brick-like parcels, stamped with a distinct RED NAGA logo. Another man, tall, blond, a heavy set square jaw, possibly eastern bloc European, supervises the loading.

DEVEREAUX

Who's this guy?

CONNOR

Still working on that one.

Pre-lap, sounds of jungle, faint hum on an aircraft engine.

EXT. JUNGLE - THAI-CAMBODIAN BORDER - SUNRISE

Coming in, through a huge disk of the rising sun, a PC-6, just like the one on the picture. Getti, accompanied by Karen guerrillas and Drozdov, with his men armed with semi-automatics, shade their eyes. The aircraft lands.

DROZDOV

We've come a long way, General.
I'm impressed.

GETTI

I'm a man of my word. And I expect
the same from you.

DROZDOV

Costly, but you'll get them. Iran
is advancing fast. I promised them
first.

The men load the PC-6 with bricks of heroin, stamped with RED NAGA logo, while Getti with Drozdov enjoy Stolichnaya.

GETTI

You know my terms.

DROZDOV

Terms are I pay more than anyone
else.

GETTI

My product is the best. You could
pay more. I want to be on the top
of the list and price remains same.

Drozdov thinks it over. They clink glasses.

DROZDOV

To fair play.

GETTI

To loyalty.

They down their shots.

EXT. MELBOURNE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SUNRISE

The rising sun colours penned and taxiing Qantas, Thai Airways, and Lufthansa Boeings 747s orange red. The Melbourne CBD skyline dominates the far horizon, smog hovers over it.

DEVEREAUX (V.O.) (POST-LAP)

...Stage it as a payback.

CONNOR (V.O.) (POST-LAP)
Cambodia's close by, nice route out
of there. Your passports are ready.

DEVEREAUX (V.O.) (POST-LAP)
Finances?

CONNOR (V.O.) (POST-LAP)
Anything you'll need. Don't forget
your sunscreen.

INT. MELBOURNE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL - SUNRISE

Awaking into its busiest hours. Travellers. Business people.
Overhead, flights information boards. Check-in counters.

Devereaux, in jeans, t-shirt, and anorak, feeds coins into a
public phone. Dials. Receiver to ear, scanning his
surroundings. There's nervousness hidden under his relaxed
facade. A pick up on the other end.

INT. DEVEREAUX HOME - KITCHEN - SUNRISE - SAME TIME

Alex, in pyjamas, standing on a kitchen's dinning table
chair, the wall phone's receiver to his ear.

ALEX
(into phone)
Why you calling so early?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

DEVEREAUX
Watching planes. Gonna fly into the
big sky soon.

ALEX
We're playing with Maddie.

DEVEREAUX
Have you destroyed the Ring yet?

ALEX
Yes, we did. And Sauron's kingdom
fell and Aragorn's army won.

DEVEREAUX
Have you crowned him King yet?

There's a noise and some scuffle. Madeline climbs up on the
chair, next to Alex.

MADELINE
(into receiver, loud)
I'm Arwen, daddy.

Alex puts index over his mouth, "Shhh".

DEVEREAUX
So you an elf - immortal. And did
you marry King Aragorn?

MADELINE
Yeah.

DEVEREAUX
So Alex can't be King Aragorn.

MADELINE
Why?

DEVEREAUX
Cause - he's your brother.

ALEX
I'm Frodo.

MADELINE
He's Frodo.

DEVEREAUX
So you wanted power and lost your
ring finger.

MADELINE
Yeah, he's wounded.

Alex frowns, folds his arms.

ALEX
In body and spirit.

Devereaux eyes the flights board, "TG 466 Phuket" boarding.

MADELINE
What's spirit?

ALEX
Um...

DEVEREAUX
Could be a ghost, or a soul.

MADELINE
What's that?

DEVEREAUX
That's what's in your heart.

MADELINE
(unsure)
Aha.

DEVEREAUX
Frodo's heart - his soul is sad.

MADELINE
I'm sad too.

DEVEREAUX
Well, you have Alex, I mean Frodo
there so you cannot be sad too. You
need to make him cheerful. Is mummy
awake?

Madeline looks over at Alex, he shakes head, so she shakes
head also. Alex takes the receiver from her.

ALEX
Dad, Maddie says if you move away,
she's going to tell the bad men to
kidnap us so we need you to rescue
us.

DEVEREAUX
Good luck with that. Your mum will
kick any bad man's butt.

ALEX
Huh, she would too. I told Maddie
you have to go away, because who
else is going to keep the bad men
away, and she said you will forget
us. Will you still be our dad?

DEVEREAUX
I will always be your dad. And I'm
not going to forget you or Maddie
or your mum. I'll come to see you
after I finish work, ok?

ALEX
And when's that?

DEVEREAUX
Is Maddie still there?

Alex holds the receiver to Madeline.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
I'll come to see you when I finish
work over here, yes?

MADELINE
Okie. And even when I'm elf
princess?

DEVEREAUX
Even then. Can I talk to Frodo now?

Madeline nods, holds the receiver to Alex.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
Hey, Frodo. Love you, buddy.

ALEX
Yeah. And mummy too?

DEVEREAUX
Mummy too. See you soon, eh?

ALEX
(nods)
Yeah.

Hangs up. Devereaux hangs up also.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DFAT - CANBERRA - MORNING

McNeil opens a manila folder stamped "TOP SECRET". Stone-faced browses through B&W PHOTOS of utter madness: bodies, torn, twisted, hands tied behind their backs, filthy rags covering their eyes, some with plastic bags over their heads, the murderous assailants stand around their work.

A man's finger points one of them out.

WEBB (O.C.)
Abdurajak Janjalani. The founder of
Abu Sayyaf. This was taken at a
gravesite on Bitinan Island,
thirteen kilometers from his
training camp in Luuk. According to
our asset, Bitinan is Abu Sayyaf's
killing field for those who do not
comply with their doctrine.

McNeil browses through the rest of the pictures, showing
burial sites in the jungle, unmoved. Webb watches him with a
hardly hidden contempt.

WEBB (CONT'D)

This is a once in a life time opportunity, Minister. I advocate for the use of an F111 strike on Janjalani and his leadership meeting place.

MCNEIL

(snorts)

So, in your head, you'd like us to fly an F111 over the Philippines, drop a bomb, kill a bunch of loons, and somehow expect no recourse from them, let alone the UN. Am I saying that correctly?

WEBB

(bottling powerless fury)

What I'm asking of you Minister, is to make a call and discuss a joint operation to eradicate what's a clear and present danger to our region's security.

MCNEIL

(annoyed)

Anything else? Coffee, tea?

Webb scoops the file, seething, leaves. Pre-lap, a dialing sound.

INT. WEBB'S OFFICE - DFAT - MORNING

Webb, eye on the same photos of utter madness, receiver to ear. A pick up sound.

WEBB (INTO PHONE)

Need my morning brew badly. Your shout - ten minutes. (*hangs up*)

INT/EXT. CORRIDOR - FIRE EXIT - DFAT - MORNING

Webb, a rain coat over his suit, glances down the corridor. Takes the fire exit stairs. Exits onto the back street.

EXT. HIGH COURT OF AUSTRALIA - MORNING

Webb, passing by the High Court of Australia glass facade, looks up. Imposing, like a God's raised finger. He continues past cascading ponds, and under the International Flags display along the Queen Elizabeth Terrace.

EXT. LAKE BURLEY GRIFFIN - MORNING

Webb nears Dom's Coffee Bar on the banks of the Lake, scans his surroundings. Walkers and joggers. Pulls out his wallet.

WEBB
(to BARISTA)
Two large lattes, thank you.

BARISTA
Regular milk? One, two shots?
Sugar?

WEBB
Cows milk. Two shots. No sugar.

Two cups of coffee in hand Webb takes a seat on a wooden bench, overlooking the Lake.

Along a row of blossoming cherry trees approaches a familiar wiry man, his walk more like a fast shuffle, Stratford tweed flat cap, a Motorola mobile phone to his ear.

CONNOR
(loud, into phone)
Yeah I heard you the first time.
Pick up the steaks from the
butchers. I love you. - No, I love
you even more.

Webb gazes across the Lake, sipping on his coffee.

WEBB
You're late you cheap bastard.

CONNOR
And you fall for it every time.

With a broad smile, picks up his coffee, sits next to Webb.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Thanks mate. How did it go with
McNeil?

WEBB
How? Predictably. According to his
Filipino counterpart, any hit would
be counterproductive, now when
Corazon Aquino scheduled talks with
Abu Sayyaf. Eventually, she'll
concede the Philippines to those
fanatics.
(takes a sip)
(MORE)

WEBB (CONT'D)

McNeil's just endangered all of us
and our overseas assets as well.
Nothing will shake this fence-
sitter.

Connor slips a tippie in his cuppa, bitterly smiles.

CONNOR

Happy to sit until his pension
rolls in. They never disappoint.

WEBB

Do you remember what we've talked
about?

CONNOR

MANTRA-6?

Webb nods. Looks at Connor.

WEBB

Tell me, is there any other way?
When you see this inaction, this
overt political "correctness" at
any cost, from top to bottom in
that boomerang shaped structure on
the Hill?

CONNOR

(nodding)

So we're finally going to make a
difference...

WEBB

Yes, ol'chap. We're going to meet
the leadership of Terrorist and
Underworld organisations head-on.

CONNOR

A good plan... with extreme
results. Am I guessing right?

WEBB

I'm going to start a war in their
own backyards using Devereaux and
MANTRA-6 as the point of the spear.
(looks at Connor)
How'd you feel about him coming on
board with Mortimer Acquisitions?

CONNOR

I was about to say... recruit him
into the Service.

WEBB

No. Keep him solely as a NOC,
where he can be most devastating.

CONNOR

Hm, with Devereaux leading MANTRA-6
we could make some real noise.

WEBB

Just to remind you what we're about
to do Connor is highly illegal.

(look across the lake)

As I wondered down from my office
and passed the High Court, it was
like that imposing building was
looking down on me, judging me,
asking me if this course of action
is what I really wanted to do.
And the answer to that was... an
unshaken resounding "yes".

(glances at Connor)

How' bout you ol'son, are you up
for this?

CONNOR

Jesus Magnus, you really have to
ask? I have been waiting for over
twenty years for someone with balls
to take the role of Director
General. Now that you are here, and
Mortimer Acquisitions is coming to
fruition, I'm all in.

WEBB

(studies him, nods)

I want you on a plane to Bangkok
tonight, monitor "Brimstone" from
Pattaya and provide any support to
Devereaux, all from obscurity of
course, there must be no attributes
Connor.

CONNOR

I'll keep an eye, he's my boy.

Picks up the cherry blossom, twirls it in his fingers.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I'll send you a postcard.

WEBB

Stay safe pilgrim.

Watches Connor depart.

His shoes crushing fallen cherry blossoms, carried over by the breeze, streaming into the lake they float on the surface.

EXT/INT. KINGS AVENUE - PHONE BOOTH - DAY MOMENTS LATER

Webb a man of purpose strides down Kings Avenue. Pauses at the payphone. Enters. Fumbles around his pocket for spare change. Picks up the receiver. Feeds coins in. Dials. Pick up on the other end. A soft woman's voice from receiver "Hello?"

WEBB
(into phone)
Go secure...

WOMAN'S VOICE
(from receiver filtered)
Secure...

WEBB
Execute Mortimer Acquisitions.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Acknowledge - Execute Mortimer
Acquisitions.

Webb instantly hangs up.

EXT. BANGKOK - LUMPINI PARK - DAWN

SUPER: LUMPINI PARK, BANGKOK, THAILAND

The park is almost empty. Two RUNNERS. One of them, Chinese-Thai, 50s, carrying some weight, his cadence a fast shuffle, breathing and sweating heavily. The other 30s, fit, shorts and a lightweight tracksuit top, bulge under his left arm moving around as he runs.

The unfit runner, slows down even more, talking loud, arguing in Chinese into a 90s Motorola mobile phone.

BODYGUARD
Business good, Mister Zhang?

The drug lord ZHANG YE, catches his fit companion's arm for support, hangs up the phone.

ZHANG YE
Wish I was your age, but having
what I have now. A larger share of
our business is coming our way.
I'll make sure you get pay raise.

BODYGUARD

You just need a new girlfriend,
that's all, Mister Zhang.

Zhang Ye sighs dreamily, continues running.

Two shots in quick succession strike Zhang Ye's bodyguard in the head, at the base of the skull, bullets pass right through, and exit. Before he hits the ground, two shots strike Zhang Ye in the head.

Both men's skulls are torn apart, their contents spilled out on the running track.

A slim, well proportioned WOMAN runner, in black tights, a mauve tank top, matching black and mauve cross-trainers, a cap, dark hair, not missing a beat in her cadence, continues past the dead men, skirting the blood stained pathway.

Unscrews a silencer in her stride and together with a Glock, puts it into her pouch. Glancing at her watch, picks up the speed. Reaches the end of her trail, hits the stop button.

Mutters, "fuck, nineteen minutes". Exits the park. Walking along the sidewalk, waves down a taxi.

INT. BANGKOK - TAXI - EARLY MORNING CONTINUOUS

Waking up Bangkok. Traffic. Car horns. Heat. Pollution.

WOMAN

Stop here, please.

EXT. CHAO PRAYA RIVER - MORNING CONTINUOUS

She jogs along the laneways and up to the bank of the river.

INT. HIGHRISE - FOYER - MORNING

DANAI, the receptionist looks up from a morning papers.

DANAI

Good morning, miss Getti. How was
your run today? Did you beat your
best time?

ANCHALEE

Not today, Danai. I'll try harder
tomorrow.

INT. ANCHALEE'S HIGHRISE APARTMENT - MORNING

ANCHALEE GETTI, mid-20s, even without make-up stunningly beautiful, heads straight to the dining table. Pulls out the Glock. Strips it. Cleans it thoroughly.

From a valise takes out two plastic bags, containing a brand new firing pin assembly and barrel. Replaces both. Assembles the pistol. Cocks it several times, ensuring it functions. Puts the Glock in a leather holster.

Wipes down the used barrel, places it, together with the used firing pin assembly into the discarded plastic bags. Wraps them in tissue paper. Slips them inside a "Lady" Dior handbag.

BATHROOM. Anchalee steps inside the shower bay. Strips off her clothes. Stuffs them into a plastic bin bag, ties the top. Naked walks through her apartment to the front door, drops the bag there. Returns to the shower.

Washing her body, pays particular attention to her hands and wrists. Leathers her hair. Using a comb to secrete the shampoo thoroughly. Washes it off. Eyes closed lets water run over her perfectly shaped body.

INT. HIGHRISE - FOYER - MORNING

Dressed in a dark grey Dior skirt suit, a sheer white blouse, a single strand of pearls necklace, black high heels, hair loose, Dior handbag, Anchalee exits the lift into the foyer.

DANAI

Shall I call for your car, Miss Getti?

ANCHALEE

It's a beautiful day outside, Danai, I'll take a water taxi to work. Have a great day.

DANAI

You too ma'm.

EXT. CHAO PRAYA RIVER PRIVATE JETTY - WATER TAXI - MORNING

The long skinny boat edges away from the pier, builds up speed. Anchalee watches her apartment's high-rise, on the bank, distance. Opens her handbag. Inconspicuously drops the two plastic bags over the side of the boat. Watches it disappear into the murky, polluted river.

INT. HIGHRISE OFFICE - MORNING

Overlooking the Chao Praya River, Anchalee picks up the phone on her desk, dials.

MAN'S VOICE
(from phone)
Yes - Designator please.

ANCHALEE
(into phone)
Alpha Tango Three Six Seven Four.

MAN'S VOICE
Wait. Alpha Tango Three Six Seven
Four. Secure.

ANCHALEE
Secure. Connect Three Five Seven.

MAN'S VOICE
Connecting Three Five Seven.

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE
Hello.

ANCHALEE
Go secure.

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE
Secure.

ANCHALEE
Complete. Acknowledge.

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE
Acknowledge. Complete.

Anchalee hangs up instantly.

EXT. HIGHRISE OFFICE BLOCK - MORNING

Anchalee exits the building through the revolving doors. Crosses the road to Starbucks. We see her through the windows smile at a young assistant. He smiles back, sets immediately on making her order, she's regular.

EXT. PHUKET INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SUNSET

A Thai Airways Boeing docked at a tunnel.

PA

The direct flight TG 466 from
Melbourne has landed. The
passengers are to collect their
luggage at carousel three.

Through the airport glass windows we see passengers, among
them Devereaux, collect their luggage, proceed to customs.

INT. MERLIN HOTEL ROOM - CORRIDOR - DUSK

Devereaux in board shorts, T-shirt with the Singha beer logo,
a fearsome lion, a symbol of every cheap tourist in Thailand,
worn sneakers, saggy, near empty backpack, takes a look
around his room: queen-sized bed, silk decorations depicting
Thai history adorned walls. A rattan sofa. Memorising it all.

Hangs "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door handle. Wedges a
piece of paper between the door and the doorframe. Heads out,
down the corridor.

EXT. THAWEWONG ROAD - PATONG BEACH - NIGHT

Myriad of power lines crisscrossing the roads making the
street look like a cobweb filled with dazzling lights.
Bustling night traffic. Cafes, restaurants filled with
people. Brightly lit Go-Go bars. Tourist and vendors haggling
away.

The sweat beads on Devereaux's brows. Buys a bottle of water.
Downs it at once. Examines a store's display of Polo shirts.

VENDOR

Mister, how much you want?

DEVEREAUX

(holds up two shirts, in
Thai)

Thao Rai Krup? (How much?)

A VENDOR, Karen old lady with rotting teeth, challenges him.

VENDOR

Twenty dollar, mister.

DEVEREAUX

Paeng Maak. (Too expensive)

Starts to walk away.

VENDOR

(shouts)

Mai Dai. Mai Dai. (It's not)

(waves her hand)

Okay, okay... ten dollar, mister.

DEVEREAUX

Dai.

Reaches into his pocket, pulls out a twenty dollar note. With a cheeky grin walks away. The vendor realising, she laughs so hard that she bends over, slapping the table.

Devereaux leans against the trunk of an old coconut palm, checks out the Patong Police post. Two well-dressed, immaculate POLICE OFFICERS, badges, ribbons, revolvers in white holsters on their hips, stand the guard.

Diagonally across is "Cafe de la Cruz". A Latin Salsa, Buena Vista Social Club's *Candela* wafts from inside.

Devereaux observes patrons and his possible escape routes.

A GROUP of PARTYGOERS moves along the sidewalk. Devereaux joins the group. Bypassing the cafe, he peels off. Takes a seat at a table in the alfresco area. Studies menu.

INT/EXT. CAFE DE LA CRUZ - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

A FOREIGNER, mid-30s, shoulder length hair, fit, athletic, on his arms tattoos of tribal nature, muscles indicate heavy gym sessions, preparing drinks, facing a mirror behind the bar.

The foreigner looks up, at the mirror, spots something. Scans the line-up of order dockets, pockets one of them. Pours two shots of Johnny Walker into a tumbler filled with glass. A waitress, comes over to pick up her order.

DECLAN

Forget this one, I've got it.

Walks over to Devereaux.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Your order, sir.

DEVEREAUX

Ah, coffee must be a codename for whiskey over here. Tell me, can you turn water into wine too?

Declan breaks a smile, just in case anyone's watching.

DECLAN
Look what the cat dragged in.

DEVEREAUX
I missed your face. Couldn't spend
another moment without ya.

DECLAN
Bullshit. You'd have messaged in
advance.

DEVEREAUX
If anyone asks, your old high-
school crush came by to say 'Hi'.

DECLAN
You haven't changed a bit, Dev.
Always on the fucking job.
(mutters)
Are we going operational?

Devereaux smiles. Declan knows that look.

EXT. GETTI'S VILLA - VERANDA - DAY

Getti, having lunch with his children, Anchalee and Chatri,
while enjoying a traditional dance performed in their garden.
Getti and Chatri raise and clap, Anchalee stays sitting.
Getti thanks the performers.

GETTI
This is what I call a professional.

CHATRI
More tea, father?

GETTI
A class act is effortless, quick,
brilliant in its execution.
Disappears without a trace. True
art is flawless, do you not agree
Anchalee?

CHATRI
Father-

GETTI
Who is that speaking?

Chatri shuts up.

GETTI (CONT'D)

Anyone can kill. But we, we always
have to remain immaculate.

He finishes his tea. Chatri offers him a cigarette and lights
it for him.

GETTI (CONT'D)

Zhang Ye... were he fitter he might
still be among us. But he was a man
of respect.

CHATRI

Greedy, moving into our market.

GETTI

But an artist if you will, a class
act nonetheless.

(looks at Anchalee)

I expected more from you. Do you
not agree Chatri?

CHATRI

It was too public, someone could
have seen.

Getti raises his chin, anticipating a response from Anchalee.

ANCHALEE

There was no one in visual range.
Dear brother, a class act is
effortless, quick, brilliant in its
execution. Disappears without a
trace. True art is - flawless.

Gets up, jumps into a pool, her perfect body glides in, a
perfect execution, and so was her kill. Getti nods knowingly
to Chatri and smiles.

EXT. MERLIN HOTEL - POOLSIDE - EARLY MORNING

Tiered floor levels draped with tropical green foliage. Three
pools, surrounded with multi-level palms. Poolside bars
empty. Reclining deck chairs under green umbrellas empty.

A BARMAN sets a cup of coffee and a fruit bowl next to
Devereaux, in one of the chairs, reading "Bangkok Times".
Headlines: *Thai Special Forces Linked to Illegal Gem Trade.*

On the bar's TV, a newsreader reports on the same scandal.

NEWSREADER

Cambodia Summoned the Thai Ambassador today, alleging the trafficking of precious gems orchestrated by high-level Thai military personnel. According to the Cambodian Chief Prosecutor, Mok Sen, along with Reuter's journalist, Steven Quinn, General Sompon Getti, the Commander of Thailand's Special Forces Division based in Lop Buri, was responsible for orchestrating the embezzlement.

DEVEREAUX

(eye on the TV)

Fuck.

NEWSREADER

It is estimated that since 1988 to the present day, more than US \$18,000,000 of gems have been stolen via the sophisticated embezzlement operation. Thailand's Prime Minister Anand denied such allegations and labelled them as absurd and most disappointing. Diplomatic efforts are continuing.

Devereaux folds the paper. A shadow of a man falls over him.

DEVEREAUX

Morning mate.

DECLAN

Dev.

DEVEREAUX

Coffee? Fruit?

DECLAN

Yeah - keep healthy.

Sits down. Devereaux waves to the barman, points into the empty cup, holds up two fingers.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

You learn that at Harvard?

DEVEREAUX

Fuck you. Worked, didn't it?

DECLAN

How long you're here for?

DEVEREAUX
How're you doing for supplies?

Declan looks up at the approaching barman.

DECLAN
Kawp Khun Maak Krup. (Thank you
very much.)

Puts ten-dollar note on the tray. The barman sets coffees
down. Departs.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
What'd you need?

DEVEREAUX
Pages eight and nine.
(nods to the paper)
Essentially, AK-M with folding
butt, six mags, five hundred rounds
of ammo, AK ammo vest, the canvas
type, preferably aged with a lot of
wear on it, but still serviceable,
along with a pistol with a silencer-
9mm preferably, and a quantity of
ammo and mags. The rest is on the
list.

Declan softly whistles. Takes a gulp of his coffee. Looks
into the morning sun.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
One more thing - a four-by-four.
Something reliable, that's prepped
with some covert paneling for
storing weapons.

DECLAN
Are you taking over Thailand, or
just going fishing?

DEVEREAUX
D'you have access to a workshop?

Declan sits up, straddles the chair.

DECLAN
The weapons are doable. But they're
not here. They're over in Pattaya.
Same for the workshop. Heading
there in a week to check on my
other cafe. Is that too late, Dev?

DEVEREAUX
Time's on my side.

DECLAN
What a luxury. I have a cache in my house, on that side of the country. It's small but has it all. If I didn't know you better, I'd say there's trouble afoot...
(points finger somewhere away from them)

DEVEREAUX
(eyes fixed on some GUESTS, arriving)
Is it secure?

DECLAN
What, the house? Built it myself. No one knows the cache's there.

DEVEREAUX
Let me know the damage.

Gazes across the pool where new guests are being shown to their rooms.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
There, in a daypack in between our seats something to get you started. Anyone asks, a loan for renovating Cafe de la Cruz. It needs it.

Without looking at Declan, he gets up. Declan watches him walk away. Lays back in the chair.

Skims through the "Bangkok Times". Bends his knees. Resting the paper against them, slips a piece of paper Devereaux left there into his hand, rolls it up, slips it in between the lining of his wallet. Continues turning the pages.

Sets the paper aside. Closes his eyes, catching sun. Reaches for the daypack between the seats, casually hoists it over his shoulder. Gets up. Folds the paper. Walks away, past the pool. Smiles, winks, at some GIRLS, bathing. They giggle. Admiring his arms, abs.

EXT. BANGKOK - GRAND PALACE - DUSK

A black Mercedes 500 SEL drives through the arch gate into the court. Pulls up, next to a row of prestige cars. The Mercedes' DRIVER, gets out-

-a young captain KUCHAI, is immaculate. The brim of his peck hat perfectly angled, the gold braided lanyard signifies he's an Aide, not just a driver.

An olive-green uniform, three golden stars on epaulettes, golden paratrooper wings, a single row of ribbons, the golden buttons polished. Shine of his shoes.

He briskly moves around to the rear. Opens the door, salutes, as General Getti alights, then races around to open the other side door.

Getti offers his arm to his wife, BOONSRI GETTI, late-40s, a classy and beautiful woman, as her name suggests, dressed for the occasion, an elegant meeting of Thailand's elite.

ROAR of a motorcycle. All three look as a black Kawasaki 500cc pulls next to them. A driver, in a suit, removes his helmet. Chatri Getti. His passenger, high heels, a body to die for in a frog, removes her helmet. Anchalee Getti.

Getti's family passes the royal GUARD, standing sentinel between two elephant statues at the entrance, and ascend the stairs.

INT. GRAND PALACE - CHAKRI MAHA PRASAT HALL - DUSK/NIGHT

Entering, Getti's family cops looks from GUESTS. Mostly military and political leaders, among them, the current prime minister CHATICHAI CHOONHAVAN, the future PM ANAN PANYARACHUN, the minister for Foreign Affairs SIDDHI SAVETSILA, other ministers and CELEBRITIES with their SPOUSES.

Getti and Boonsri mingle, while their children disperse. The MP greets the couple.

CHOONHAVAN

What a pleasant surprise to see you here.

BOONSRI

We wouldn't miss the King's performance for the world.

CHOONHAVAN

Ah yes, we all need our hobbies. Something to keep us from work.

GETTI

I don't particularly have the time for them. Sadly.

CHOONHAVAN
Really, that's not what I heard.

GETTI
(lights a cigarette)
If you are referring to my smoking,
I do intend to stop one day.

CHOONHAVAN
Of course, it could land you dead.

The Foreign Minister with his drink slips by.

SAVETSILA
Don't mind him, he doesn't know how
to live. With his Harleys, he's a
dream organ donor.

Grabs Getti aside and whispers.

SAVETSILA (CONT'D)
Should I be worried?

GETTI
(good-humored)
About me? Never.

Taps out another cigarette, offers it to him.

SAVETSILA
Is there a problem?

Getti takes a long drag, under Savetsila's probing gaze.

GETTI
(puffs out)
No, there isn't.

Leaving Savetsila wondering, joins Boonsri, talking to Choonhavan.

CHOONHAVAN
(to Getti)
So forget about the paper, no
problem, no problem.

Getti indulgently inhales smoke, letting it out through his nose, making him look like a dragon.

CHOONHAVAN (CONT'D)
But if you like, I invited Mr Quinn
to join us for the festivities. I'm
sure you'll have a lot to talk
about.

He slaps his shoulders and leaves Getti, bewildered. Boonsri watches him closely. Getti nonchalantly glances around. Spots STEVEN QUINN, 40s, the Reuters journalist, talking to one of the ministers. Getti's blood boils.

Boonsri knows him too well. Turns him around, prompts him to dance as the music changes from lively Jazz to classical.

BOONSRI
(to Getti, while dancing)
Don't stare. Relax. No point to
make a fuss.

GETTI
(seething)
He's speaking with Savetsila.

BOONSRI
(looking into his eyes)
So what? Is he your wife?

GETTI
He's dangerous.

BOONSRI
Let him enjoy his night. There's
nothing older than yesterday's
newspaper.

GETTI
(eyes Quinn, calmer)
He's a clever man.

BOONSRI
And so are you. And I know you will
always protect our family. From
everything.

She leans her cheek to his. Getti draws her closer. Over her shoulder he sees Anchalee in the corner, alone drinking a glass of champagne, eyes on Choonhavan talking to Quinn.

EXT/INT. GETTI VILLA - GETTI'S MERCEDES - NIGHT - LATER

Getti's family arrives home, Chatri parking his motorcycle further down. Kuchai opens the door for Boonsri. Getti motions to Kuchai to close the door after her.

GETTI
We'll be out in a minute.

He prepares himself a drink. Anchalee sits next to him.

GETTI (CONT'D)

Did you enjoy yourself tonight?
 (Anchalee doesn't respond)
 Your mother is a terrific dancer.
 She always knows the right steps to
 take. Where would I be without her?

Downs his drink.

GETTI (CONT'D)

You know what needs to be done. See
 you at the gallery.

Pats his daughter's knee. Motions to Kuchai to open the door
 for him. Alights. Anchalee stays seated. Pours herself a
 glass of mineral water.

EXT. REUTERS HIGHRISE OFFICE - ANOTHER NIGHT

Quinn descends the red-bricked stairs onto the busy Rama IV
 Road. A brown satchel with his laptop, across his chest, the
 sweat beads on his forehead. Undoes top buttons of his work
 shirt. Hails a Tuk-Tuk.

The Tuk-Tuk's DRIVER forces his way into the traffic. A black
 Kawasaki 500cc maneuvers its way behind it. The light rain
 changes to a tropical downpour.

EXT. PATPONG ROAD - NIGHT MARKETS - SAFARI BAR - NIGHT

The Tuk-Tuk pulls up. The Kawasaki parks at a side street.

Quinn, holding the satchel above his head, dashes through the
 rain, takes cover under the markets' awning. Weaves his way
 through hustling vendors, past go-go bars, with their loud
 music, TOUTS beckoning passes-by in to experience illicit
 pleasures, reaches the SAFARI BAR.

Journalists' meeting place. Yellow facade and Zebra stripes.
 A blue curtain covers the entrance. Beside it sits a MAMASAN,
 eagle-eyes potential clients, next to her, TWO WOMEN in body-
 hugging dresses tout for business. Quinn enters.

INT. SAFARI BAR - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Long. Narrow. A massive wooden bar on one side. Booths in
 blood-red velvet on the other. At the rear, the bar tables,
 occupied by CLIENTS chatting to scantily clad WOMEN. Quinn
 looks around. A BARGIRL latches onto his arm.

BARGIRL
Hi Mister Quinn. Good to see you
again.

QUINN
(New York accent)
Have you seen Paul and Allan?

BARGIRL
(coquettish)
Seeing you Mister.

Quinn shakes her arm off, squeezes his way through a dancing CROWD. The DJ is pumping Bon Jovi's *Bad Medicine*. Mainly overseas tipsy clients sing along. Leaning on the bar Quinn shouts his order.

QUINN
Singha.

BARMAN
(over the noise)
In a glass?

Quinn nods, swivels the barstool around, scans the place. No sign of any of his colleagues. Turns back to the bar.

Later. Two empty Singha pints on the bar in front of him, Quinn is polishing off his third one when a WOMAN's hip, in a fine black silk hugging dress, bumps into him.

WOMAN
(US accent)
Oh, I'm so sorry, it's so crowded.

QUINN
(without looking at her)
It's ok.

Downs the rest of his beer.

WOMAN
Let me get you another.

QUINN
(surprised, looks at her)
That's nice of you.

The woman, Anchalee, leans on the bar.

ANCHALEE
(to a BARMAN, over noise)
Two Singha.

QUINN
A beer girl too.

ANCHALEE
(laughs)
A bad habit from college years.

Her laugh is infectious. Honey blond hair, flawless face, red lipstick. Tall, well-proportioned body in seemingly expensive little black number. The barman sets two Singha bottles in front of her. She hands one over to Quinn, picks the other one. Clinks.

ANCHALEE (CONT'D)
Cheers.

Takes a swig. Eyes Quinn. Quinn leans to her ear.

QUINN
(over noise)
Have we met?

ANCHALEE
Don't think so, just flew in from LA.

QUINN
Right. What's going on over there nowadays?

ANCHALEE
Dad owns a shipping company, I manage the containers, precious cargo. What?
(off Quinn's expression)

QUINN
(amused)
Like an arms dealer?

ANCHALEE
Exactly. How about you?

QUINN
(leans to her ear)
People trafficking.
(grins)
I'm a journalist at Reuters over here. Steven.
(offers hand)

ANCHALEE
(shakes)
Noi. Pleasure. You alone?

QUINN

Yeah, my friends bailed, must be somewhere else.

ANCHALEE

I missed mine too.

(to his ear)

Do you dance?

Disco lights strobe the dancing CROWD. Among the medley of hot moving bodies we find Quinn with Anchalee. Her movements are sensual, provocative, and Quinn lets himself go. She unbuttons his shirt. Glides her hands over his chest and down his six pack.

ANCHALEE (CONT'D)

Impressive. Hungry? Let's get out of here.

INT. MONTIEN HOTEL LOBBY ON CCTV SCREEN - NIGHT LATER

A security guard watches on the CCTV a young couple, whom we don't see clearly, just from the back, enter the lift. The woman is carrying a plastic takeaway bag, the man a satchel across his chest. The doors slide shut.

INT. MONTIEN HOTEL - LIFT - SAME TIME

Anchalee and Quinn waiting for their floor, eyeing each other. It's equally unnerving and sensual.

INT. MONTIEN HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Anchalee and Quinn sit on the bed, backs to the bedrest, eating noodles with chopsticks from takeaway containers, washing it down with red wine, a cracked bottle of red on the bedside table.

ANCHALEE

Best noodles in Bangkok.

QUINN

(mouthful)

Pretty good. Can't beat a Lombardi's New York slice though.

ANCHALEE

Why'd you leave?

QUINN
(playful)
Why did you come back?

ANCHALEE
Family needs me.

Chopsticks in mid-air, she watches him, waiting for his answer. Unable to hold her look any longer Quinn smiles.

QUINN
Got sick of the crime there, so
thought I'd find some peace and
quiet in Bangkok.

ANCHALEE
Truth.

Quinn stops eating, sits back.

QUINN
Writing obits, sports columns,
routine. Nothing was happening. It
was killing me inside. I wanted to
be actually useful. Write with
consequences.

With his chopsticks picks a chunk of beef.

QUINN (CONT'D)
And now I'm addicted.

She watches him slip the chunk into his mouth.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(um..mouthful)
What's this again?

ANCHALEE
Thai French Top Blade, good right.
Do you feel useful now?

He swallows - not to speak on full mouth.

QUINN
A little. And I like the company of
my words now.

ANCHALEE
Words rather than people?

QUINN
(pours himself wine)
Some people.

ANCHALEE
Do you go out much?

QUINN
A little. Hard to find time though.

Downs his glass. Anchalee watches him.

ANCHALEE
You seem to be busy.

QUINN
(puts glass down)
Exactly. And you need a little time
to find interesting people.

Looks at her, eyes connect. He fondles her bare thigh
revealed in a thigh-high slit of her dress.

ANCHALEE
Maybe you should see someone who
has as little time as you.

QUINN
(horny whisper)
I'd like that.

She sets her container aside, tops their glasses.

QUINN (CONT'D)
If you'll excuse me.

He goes to the bathroom. Meanwhile Anchalee pulls out of her
cleavage a tightly folded square of paper. Slips its content-
a white powder-into Quinn's glass, stirs it with a chopstick.
Sound of running sink water. Water off.

Quinn returns. She hands him a glass of red. They cheer.
Drink up. Quinn cracks a charming smile, finishes his glass.
Eying her. She pours him another glass. Hands it to him.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Must be nice to have a loving
family.

ANCHALEE
It's all just business. Cheers.

They clink, Anchalee watches him down his wine.

QUINN
I'm sure you love them very much.

ANCHALEE

What are you looking at?

He leans in to kiss her. She lets him. They kiss, passionately. She breaks off from the kiss, moves forward, to sit up on the edge of the bed. Unzips his fly. His pants drop to the floor.

Quinn, feeling dizzy, puts his hands on her shoulders for support.

QUINN

Not sure if it's the wine or your
kiss...

His head drops back, moaning with pleasure, as she fondles his private parts, teasing him with her moans.

His vision blurs. He tries to focus, but losing the battle, groggily shakes head... his eyes close. Anchalee grabs his hand, guiding him to fall onto the bed. He's immobile. Unconscious.

She slaps his face. Using her thumb to push back his eyelid, his eye rolls, out cold. Her demeanour changes.

As if on autopilot, she walks to the closet, pulls out a backpack, returns to Quinn.

Sitting next to him on the bed, she wraps a rubber tourniquet around his right arm, feels for his pulse. Takes out of the backpack two full syringes of heroin. Lifts Quinn's forearm, taps the skin, finds the vein, slides the needle in. Pulls back on the syringe plunger, the blood is drawn in.

Releases the tourniquet. Injects the syringe's content into Quinn's arm. Removes the needle. Wipes her fingerprints. Rolls the syringe across Quinn's fingers, and drops it onto the floor. Observes his chest expand more slowly. Takes off his shirt. Props him up on pillows, into reclining position.

Injects the content of the second syringe into the same arm. Leaves the syringe dangling. Watches his shallow breathing, and... gone. Opens his eyelid. His pupil fully dilated and fixed.

Anchalee takes out of the backpack rubber gloves, alcohol-based solution and cloth. Wipes Quinn's mouth. Dips her gloved finger into wine, rubs it over his lips and tongue. Puts the glass against Quinn's lips.

Wipes the needle and syringe, rolls it over his fingertips. Moves his left hand to his penis. Scatters child porno photos around. Checks her work.

Wipes everything in the room she might have touched. Picks Quinn's satchel from the floor, empties it. Puts his laptop, manila folder, and floppy discs into her backpack. Lays the satchel next to Quinn's lifeless body, slides a couple of incriminating photos partially in and out.

INT. MONTIEN HOTEL, CORRIDOR/LIFT/LOBBY - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Anchalee hangs the sign "Do Not Disturb" on the door handle. Gets into the LIFT.

We observe her, alone, waiting for the ground floor, standing in the same spot as before with Quinn.

Passes through the quiet LOBBY, and out of the hotel. Her last steps we see THROUGH A GUARD'S EYES on the CCTV MONITOR.

EXT. LANEWAY/PATPONG ROAD 2/SILOM ROAD - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

In the shadows Anchalee removes her blond wig, letting her natural black hair out. Puts on a baseball cap. Bags the wig, and other items from the hotel. Throws the bag into a dumpster.

Rain gets heavier as she dashes through, to the parallel Patpong 2 road, past the Club King Go-Go bar. Keeping her head low, the cap dipped to her eyes, reaches Silom Road.

A GLOVED HAND on the Kawasaki's handle revs the gas. In the MIRROR a reflection of approaching Anchalee.

CHATRI (O.C.)

Is it done?

Anchalee, takes off her cap, secures her helmet. Climbs astride, behind Chattri. Taps him on the shoulder. He eases on the throttle and the Kawasaki merges into Bangkok's traffic.

We PULL UP and OUT, watching the traffic and the Kawasaki riders THROUGH a CCTV cam above the road.

INT. PATTAYA - HOLIDAY INN ROOM - MORNING

SOMEONE'S POV THROUGH A PEEPHOLE: Devereaux's glass-distorted face and body.

DEVEREAUX

(through the peephole)

Police.

Connor unlocks the door.

Sweat drips from Devereaux's brow, bypassing Connor in.

CONNOR
 Bloody fucking hot, mate?
 (closes the door)
 Coldies in the fridge, officer.

Devereaux peeks into the bar fridge, pulls out Corona. On a radio is playing Nick Cave and Bad Seed's song.

CONNOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Just wanted to make it homely for
 ya, ol'son. Happen to read the Post
 this morning?

Devereaux, eye on a letter on the top of the minibar, stamped: "Leuven & Associates, Family Law".

DEVEREAUX
 Anything interesting?

Sets his icy-cold Corona down, picks up the letter, rips it open. Divorce papers.

CONNOR
 What's she asking for?

DEVEREAUX
 Nothing. I'm leaving her and the
 kids the house, the car, my coffee
 grinder, the dog, rose bushes...
 Will see kids whenever I'm home.

CONNOR
 Whenever you're home... Burn after
 reading?

Devereaux nods, suddenly the radio switches to breaking news:

...Steven Quinn, an American journalist working for Reuters, was found dead of an apparent drug overdose. According to police sources at the scene Quinn was viewing child pornography at the time of his death. Quinn's body was taken to the Bangkok Coroner's Office for further examination.

Connor turns the radio off. Pours himself a mini Tennessee whiskey into a tumbler. Inserts a floppy disk into a laptop on a tea table.

SCREEN. The arrow clicks open a file and subfiles. A familiar picture of Getti, in front of the PC-6 being loaded with heroin. Connor points out the tall Russian.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Aleksandr Drozdov, a former KGB,
now Avtoritet in the Russian
Bratva. *Rossiyskaya Mafiya*, "Vory V
Zakone." Reports to the *Krestniy*
Otets, "the Godfather" in Moscow.

DEVEREAUX

Nice accent mate.

CONNOR

(clicks open another file)
The boys in the office worked hard
on this one.

(Getti with his children)
Both Getti's children are
intelligence officers in Thailand's
NIA, Division-9.

Devereaux taking a sip of his beer swallows too fast, coughs.

DEVEREAUX

And I learn about it only now?

CONNOR

Don't give me that look.

SCREEN: surveillance photos of the Aran Gem Gallery, on some,
a woman in a business suit.

DEVEREAUX

Who's she?

CONNOR

No positive recognition.

Devereaux clicks through the photos.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Getti's been spotted there every
last Friday of the month. Could be
a buyers' event.

DEVEREAUX

Patterns, mate, patters. He needs
an ol' sonofabitch like you to
tell'im.

(finishes his beer)

That sets the date.

Connor smirks, hands him a bag. Devereaux peeks in. Full of
money. Devereaux nods appreciatively. Connor ejects the
floppy disk. Using Swiss army knife he pries open the plastic
housing, removes the magnetic disk. Clicks a lighter.

Both men watch it melt into a crumpled ball in an ashtray.

CONNOR
Stay safe, pilgrim.

EXT. PATTAYA-NA KLUEA ROAD - SIDE STREETS - DAY

POV from Yamaha XT-250 trail bike: passing by telegraph poles, strewn with hundreds of power and communication lines in a chaotic layout, shops, "7-Eleven" stores. Traffic ahead on a dual carriageway moves smoothly.

SIDE MIRROR VIEW: cars, bikes, Tuk-Tuks moving behind the Yamaha, people on pathways, are their looks lingering? One of the cars parked beside the road pulls out behind the Yamaha.

The Yamaha rider, Devereaux, takes a turn off, rides through a side street, comes around, back to the main road, checks his mirrors, no car follows. Turns sharply right, into Naklua-17 road, then left, to Naklua-19. He's clear.

EXT. SECURED COMPOUND - VILLA - DAY CONTINUOUS

The Yamaha pulls up outside an impressive highly-secured compound. A two-meter-high electronic gate. On concrete columns, beside the gate and along the entire compound walls are cast-iron lamps.

Devereaux looks around. Leaves the Yamaha on the stand. Presses the intercom. A camera pans down.

DECLAN (INTERCOM)
What the fuck d'yuh want?
Did you bring any beer?

DEVEREAUX
(into intercom)
Something better.

The gate slides open. Devereaux maneuvers the bike through, rides up to a Spanish design villa. Parks under a mango tree.

Declan steps out of his hacienda-like home, dressed as casual as an Aussie could be, shorts, singlet, flip flops, beer in hand.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
(taking his helmet off)
Where the fuck's mine?

DECLAN
Nice to see you too.

INT/EXT. DECLAN'S VILLA - DAY CONTINUOUS

Open living. Ceiling fans. Floor-to-ceiling concertina windows, open onto the back garden with a swimming pool. Deck chairs and tables, umbrellas. A guest house. Devereaux drops his backpack by a sofa. Gazes at a row of monitors.

CCTV cameras view of entire front and back yards, sides of the property and external walls, no sign of any tail.

DECLAN

(brings over two Coronas)
Modified lighting system on top of
the walls. Cheers mate
(clinks)

DEVEREAUX

(downs half of it)
Ahhh...just what the doctor
ordered.

DECLAN

Grab your bag and follow me.

EXT/INT. VILLA - CABANA - DAY CONTINUOUS

They pass the pool, step into the cabana. Declan walks behind the bar, sets his Corona on top of it, opens the bar's fridge. Presses a button, hidden behind the temperature gauge. The floor behind the bar slides open, revealing metal graded stairs. Declan descends the stairs ahead of Devereaux.

INT. CABANA - STAIRS - CONCEALED ROOM - DAY CONTINUOUS

Turns on the light at the bottom of the stairs. Pins a code on the iron door. The door opens, revealing the twenty-foot sea container. Arc mesh lines the walls. Hanging on it, an array of weapons, M16s, M203s, AK-47s, AK-Ms, RPDs, RPGs.

Pistols, revolvers, knives laid out. On the top of a workbench sits a brand new M60 machine gun. Under the bench, an array of munitions, thousands of rounds of ammo, RPG rockets, hand grenades, claymore mines.

Along the wall, boxes stamped with: "M-60 Machine Gun. Lot 23791-4, 2 each. RPG-7, 4 each." Overlooking this soldier's paradise, the same row of monitors with CCTV cams' feed.

DECLAN

(with pride, arms folded)
What d'yuh think?

DEVEREAUX

Fuck me. Now I know where all my money goes.

DECLAN

After today, I can add to my collection.

Devereaux takes hold of H&K USP pistol.

DEVEREAUX

I'll take this right now. Three mags and a silencer. You've got my baby?

DECLAN

You bet, baby's in the trunk.

Declan stands his empty Corona bottle on the workbench. Takes out from a drawer a silencer and three mags. From an ammo box pulls out two boxes of 9mm Parabellum.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Will a hundred do?

DEVEREAUX

(strips the pistol,
inspecting it)

Plenty.

DECLAN

(disappointment)

So that's it then?

DEVEREAUX

(reassembling the pistol)

Yep. You'll get your money. All of the serial numbers ground off?

DECLAN

Untraceable.

EXT. DECLAN'S VILLA - DAY

Devereaux inspects a Toyota Land Cruiser's modifications.

DEVEREAUX

Full tank of gas?

DECLAN

Fuck no. That's extra.

DEVEREAUX
So, what's the damage?

DECLAN
All up, eighty thousand.

DEVEREAUX
(hands him the money)
Gimme a receipt for this will you.

DECLAN
Sure. After you gimme a receipt for the toys.

DEVEREAUX
(smirks)
Making the tax-man happy.

DECLAN
(repays smirk, then)
How's Alesha? Kids?

DEVEREAUX
All good. You know.. Missing daddy.

DECLAN
Mate, she was... You bastard. I wanted to marry her.

DEVEREAUX
(inspecting the Cruiser)
Now is your chance. But knowing you mate, you have no intension to go back to Australia in million years.

DECLAN
How's my godson?

DEVEREAUX
Growing up fast. I want the Cruiser to be positioned at the Inn Pound Hotel in Aranyaprethet on Monday the 18th.

DECLAN
You kiddin' me?

DEVEREAUX
Stiff shit, mate. My schedule has moved up.

Locks the car. Drops the keys into Declan's hand. Puts his helmet on. Revs his motorbike.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
 (over the noise)
 We are now happily divorced, mate.
 But you stand no chance.

Lets off the brake. The Yamaha shoots off. Declan glances at the keys in his hand, tosses them into the air, catches, squeezes them hard. Mind busy.

EXT. ARANYAPRETHET - SUNSET/DUSK

Aranyaprethet's version of stretched limo, twice the length of a normal Tuk-Tuk, boasting 750cc Honda engine, handle bars like Peter Fonda's chopper in Easy Rider, pulls up, outside Kim Kim's Cafe. Devereaux pays the DRIVER.

Backpack, ragged jeans, t-shirt, a tourist exploring the border town, pretending to read Kim Kim's Cafe menu in the window, Devereaux observes reflection of his surroundings. Middle to upper class patrons come and go. A popular place. The reflection of the setting sun in the windows opposite.

Walking along Devereaux observes passing by people's faces, alleyways, possible obstacles. Unfolds a tourist map. Bypassing pedestrians pay him no attention. Occasionally someone glances at him, and continues.

The Tuk-Tuk "limo" driver is asleep, at the back of his pride, oblivious to the SOUNDS of the street.

Devereaux looks up from the map.

Ahead, the Aran Gem Gallery. A double glass doors. Tin roof. Above the entrance the sign in Sanskrit painted in gold. A stone water feature boast statue of Buddha. Lights inside. Tinted windows prevent to see the interior clearly. Vague impression of counters, doorways, silhouettes of people.

Non-existent street lighting outside. The only light casts a low watt fluorescent globe to the right side of the building. A restaurant, on the opposite side of the road.

INT. THAI BAAN RESTAURANT - EVENING CONTINUOUS

Plastic tables. Chairs. Concrete floor. Ornate Thai patters. Apart from TWO COUPLES busy eating, the place is empty. Devereaux sits down, three tables away from the windows.

From his backpack pulls out a Lonely Planet book, entitled "Thailand", sets it on the table. Reading through the menu observes the Gallery. A silhouette of a WOMAN moving inside.

The glass doors open and the woman steps out. Slim, athletic, long black hair, beautiful in the dim light. She crosses over, enters the Thai Baan.

Anchalee pauses at a front desk to pick up a menu. One of the couples pays to an expressionless old MAN at the counter. The second couple pays, leaves. Devereaux waves over a WAITRESS. Points at "Pad Thai."

DEVEREAUX

Pad thai. Pad thai. And a coffee, please. Coffee.

ANCHALEE

(perfect US English)
I think she got it.
(allures a warm smile)

DEVEREAUX

I don't think she likes me.

ANCHALEE

A charming tourist as yourself?
What brings you to Aran?

DEVEREAUX

Just touring around. On my way to Angkor Wat.

ANCHALEE

Sorry.
(to the waitress, in Thai)
Tom yum goong, Gaeng daeng, Pad krapow moo, Gaeng keow wan kai, læa Khao pad si can khap kha. (Spicy shrimp soup, red curry, stir-fried basil and pork, green chicken curry, and four serves of fried rice, please.)

Devereaux ponders on her substantial order.

DEVEREAUX

Hungry?

She turns to him with a smile that would melt any mortal. Offers a handshake. A firm grip of confidence, superiority.

ANCHALEE

All my friends call me Michelle.

DEVEREAUX

John.

ANCHALEE
May I join you, John?

DEVEREAUX
Sure. Do I hear a hint of a US
accent?

ANCHALEE
(flirtatious smile)
You're from New Zealand, right?

DEVEREAUX
Close. Sydney.

ANCHALEE
Have you been to Angkor Wat before?

DEVEREAUX
This is my first time, and I'm
excited to get there.

ANCHALEE
You'll love it. It's nearly a
thousands years old and the
architecture will blow your mind.
I wish I were going with you.

Devereaux's "Pad Thai" meal arrives.

WAITRESS
(to Anchalee, in Thai)
Po Kheh Nung na thi ok? (One
minute, okay?)

DEVEREAUX
Would you like to try?

ANCHALEE
How kind of you, but I think my
order is almost ready. How're you
finding Aran?

DEVEREAUX
Very different from Bangkok and
other tourist traps. People seem to
be very welcoming.

Anchalee studies him with a self-content smile. The waitress
sets her food in three plastic bags on the table.

ANCHALEE
Especially when you leave a good
tip. Pleasure meeting you.

She gets up, picks up the bags. Devereaux watches her figure in hugging business suit, just like a model on a runway, walking out. She pauses before crossing the road, glances back. A hint of a winning smile.

Devereaux smiles, digs into his meal. Casually glances up. Watches her cross the road, enter the Gallery.

A map in his hand, Devereaux pays to the old man.

DEVEREAUX
(poor Thai)
Sathani rut bai thini? (Where is a
train station?)

The old man motions to the right.

EXT. INN POUND HOTEL - NIGHT

The local "Limo-Harley Davidson" Tuk-Tuk pulls up. Devereaux looks up at the hotel, then over, at a parking lot. The white Toyota Land Cruiser is parked under an old Mango tree, in near darkness.

DEVEREAUX
(grins, under breath)
My man.

INT. INN POUND HOTEL - STANDARD ROOM - NIGHT

A queen-sized bed. Aged furniture. Unimpressive bathroom. Perfect for a tourist. Shower's on. Devereaux thrust his face in, eyes closed, mind busy.

Wrapped in a towel, Devereaux slips the USP pistol under his pillow. Lays his head down. Eyes open.

EXT. ISLAND - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY FLASHBACK

Devereaux with Alesha, some ten years younger, ear-mufflers over their caps, ready to fire H&K USP pistols at a target. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Looking THROUGH BINOCs they check their targets: his shot (deliberately) off centre, her shot dead on centre. Devereaux gives grinning Alesha a bewildered look. She laughs.

EXT. OUTDOORS CAFE - ARAN GEM GALLERY - MORNING

Devereaux eats his breakfast at one of the cafes.

Reading a paper, his eye scan the surroundings, and the rear of the Gallery: the alleyway, leading to a staff entry. STAFF comes and goes, no sign of "Michelle". A line of buildings behind the Gallery. One of them partially destroyed by fire.

Devereaux folds the paper, casually observes PATRONS' faces.

Leaving down the street, he observes the shops windows and sees a Thai man fold the paper. Leaving a Baht note on the table he leaves. Bypassing Devereaux, who pretends to study the shop's display, the man disappears among others further down the street. Devereaux steps into the SHOP.

EXT. ARAN SHOP - ALLEY - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Exits through its back door. Continues through a narrow ALLEY.

EXT/INT. BURNT OUT BUILDING - LOOK OUT TO GALLERY - DAY

Someone's sneakers cautiously step over the rubble of a burned lot.

Stepping over debris of the burned out building, Devereaux, draws his pistol, clears through downstairs fire-destroyed rooms and up the stairs, clears the first floor rooms. Deserted. Spare for rats.

Standing in the shadows of charred remains of what used to be a master bedroom and away from floor-to-ceiling windows with outlook at the rear of the Gallery Devereaux contemplates his upcoming hit from this perfect spot.

EXT. SURROUNDINGS OF ARAN GEM GALLERY - AFTERNOON

Devereaux strolls past shops, eyes on the windows' reflection of the Gallery. A vehicle drives up the alleyway and stops.

Devereaux takes a seat at one of the restaurants, looking at the menu, observes the vehicle. Military number plates.

INT. ARAN GEM GALLERY - ANCHALEE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A THAI special forces SOLDIER hands Anchalee a letter. She instantly steps into her office, drops the blinds. Reading the note, her expression steels.

EXT. RESTAURANT - ARAN GEM GALLERY - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Before Devereaux's meal arrives, the vehicle drives off, along the road with only one exit and entry point.

In a cafe near the Gallery, Devereaux sips *Cha yen* from a glass, observing the Gallery.

The afternoon shadows fall over the alleyway. Dusk creeps in. Staff leaving the gallery. No sign of "Michelle". Lights are coming on inside the Gallery.

INT. INN POUND HOTEL - NIGHT

Passing through the lobby, a towel over his shoulder, t-shirt and board shorts on, Devereaux notices a FUNCTION taking place. Thai MEN in military uniforms, others in traditional Thai dress, foreigners dressed in suits.

Devereaux sits on a pool chair observing the function through the glass. Music. Drinks. Finger food. Celebration of sorts.

Takes off his shirt, stands by the edge of the pool. Aqua blue water reflects shimmering lights. He dives in. Swims across and back.

Rests his forearms on the edge, lays head down, eyes closed, body partially submerged. Nearing footsteps, clip-clop of high-heels and pause. Devereaux looks up.

ANCHALEE

(her dangerous smile)

Hey you...

DEVEREAUX

Michelle...right?

She takes off her high heel shoes, pulls up her skirt, sits down on the edge. Sighs with relief at the soothing water. Her feet gently tap the pool's wall. She's rubbing her wrists together. Devereaux nods to the party close by.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Where's my invite?

ANCHALEE

You're not a buyer.

DEVEREAUX

Just enjoying the sights.

ANCHALEE

Beautiful, aren't they?

DEVEREAUX
What a lovely scent.

She ruffles his hair. Lets him smell her wrist.

ANCHALEE
Do you like it?

Leans closer. Her cleavage. Her perfume.

DEVEREAUX
I can't think of anything more
desirable... but my wife wouldn't
be amused.

ANCHALEE
She's a lucky woman.

DEVEREAUX
Your buyers will be missing you.
A woman of your stature...
I'm sure they're watching us now.

Anchalee gets up, scoops her high-heels, departs. Devereaux watches her slip the shoes on, mingle with guests. She glances over, catches his look. He pushes off, swims across, slow laps.

INT. INN POUND HOTEL - BATHROOM - ROOM - NIGHT

Devereaux shaves in the mirror. There's a knock at the door.

THROUGH PEEPHOLE: "Michele" in the corridor.

DEVEREAUX
Just a minute.

Cocks his USP pistol. Slides it under the mattress. Opens the door. Anchalee walks straight in. Devereaux closes the door, flicks the latch across the lock. Lingers by the door.

Anchalee smiles, backs him against the wall. He draws her close, kisses her hard. His hands explore her body, searching for weapons.

Her skirt falls onto the floor. She kicks it away, together with her high heels. Eyes on him she unbuttons her blouse, slips off her bra.

Devereaux lifts her up, carries her over to the bed. Lays her down. Kisses inside of her thighs. Her hands grip his hair, pulls him up to her crotch. Her back arches as she climaxes.

Devereaux watches her breast, trail of sweat between them, making its way to her stomach.

She recovers. Twists her wrists free. Straddles him. Undoes his belt. His hands grip her waist as she mounts him. She pushes his hands away, slaps his chest with the belt, ties it around his neck.

ANCHALEE

I didn't say you can touch me.

Devereaux flexes his neck muscles to counter the belt strangling him. She watches him as she rides him harder. Tightens the belt even more. Devereaux, short of oxygen, climaxes. She holds the belt tight around his neck, then, suddenly, she releases it. Devereaux gulps for air.

Anchalee gets up, picks up her skirt, blouse, bra... he watches her dress. She sits down on the edge of the bed, slips on her heels. Takes him by the hand, leads him, naked to the door. Leans in, kisses him. Opens the door, leaves. Devereaux closes the door, locks the latch.

Briskly moves back to his bed, retrieves the pistol. Sitting on the bed, still breathing heard, shakes his head.

DEVEREAUX

What the fuck!

EXT. INN POUND HOTEL - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Devereaux, eyes behind shades, steps out, glances around. No one seems to be paying attention, PEOPLE going about their business. Devereaux crosses the road.

Several cars and motorbikes parked around the parking lot. No one in sight.

In the shadow, cast by a mango tree, Devereaux squats behind the Land Cruiser, reaches under its diff. Retrieves the keys. Glances around. No-one is watching. Unlocks the car. Gets in.

EXT. ARAN STREET - LAND CRUISER - DAY

The Land Cruiser pulls up at the lights. A STREET VENDOR, wearing a cap, knocks at the window, startling Devereaux, at the wheel. The vendor grasps the peak of his cap, swings it around. It's a sign.

Devereaux winds the window down. The vendor goes through his sales pitch, offering bags of peanuts and bottles of water.

DEVEREAUX

Okay, okay, peanuts and water.

Hands the vendor twenty Baht. He gives him the goods. The traffic lights change to green. The Land Cruiser takes off.

EXT/INT. THAI-CAMBODIAN BORDER - LAND CRUISER - DAY

The Land Cruiser passes a border village. Drives past a compound of "Thai Aerial Survey" company.

Devereaux, eyes behind shades, rubbernecks - TWO Huey HELICOPTERS, leftovers from Vietnam War, painted in "Air America" blue and white, stand on the grass, one of them is being refuelled.

The Land Cruiser pulls up on the very bank of the border river.

Devereaux takes a sip of water from the purchased bottle. Turns the pack of peanuts. On a white sticker is a packing number: B2221c. A message from Connor.

BRIMSTONE. 22nd. 21:00 hours. Confirmed.

Devereaux pulls his trail motorcycle out of the Land Cruiser's hatch. Wheels it under the river bank shrubs. Camouflages it.

INT. LOP BURI - SPECIAL WARFARE COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

Getti, behind his desk, on the phone. On his ring finger the gold military class ring, Thai script surrounding a blue sapphire that reads "Class of 67".

His eye dwell on a photo of his wife and their two children, in a gold frame on his desk.

Behind him, on the wall, a portrait of Rama IX, King Bhumibol and Queen Sirikit. As if looking at him.

GETTI

(into phone)

Bring my car around, now.

EXT. SPECIAL WARFARE COMMAND HQ - NIGHT

Captain Kuchai salutes exiting Getti, holds up an umbrella for him. Together they descend the stairs. Kuchai promptly opens the door of a white pearl, late 60s Mercedes, military number plates. Getti gets in.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Heavy rain pounding the windows. Making himself comfortable in the back seat, Getti looks up into the rearview, makes eye contact with Kuchai.

KUCHAI
(on the weather)
It should pass soon, General.

GETTI
Everything passes, Captain.

INT/EXT. LAND CRUISER - ARAN SIDE STREETS - NIGHT

POV WINDSCREEN: the windscreen wipers do their best to battle the tropical downpour. Several people scamper to get out of the rain.

The Cruiser turns into a poorly lit side street, pulls up.

Devereaux reaches up at the interior light making sure it's switched off. Observes the street. Several cars parked at the curb. No occupants. A couple of people haste along the side walk, too busy with the rain to notice him.

He glances at his watch, 20:36. Fetches a substantial bag from the back seat, gets out.

EXT. ARAN SIDE STREET - BURNT OUT BUILDING - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Devereaux briskly turns into another side street. A cap low into his eyes, bypasses a wobbly COUPLE, holding onto each other, takes another turn into a narrow laneway.

Scans his surroundings. A stray dog sniffing at some garbage looks up at Devereaux, as he pulls back a section of broken mesh wire fence and slips through. Scurries through the rubble to the building.

EXT. ARAN GEM GALLERY - BACK LANEWAY - NIGHT

The pearl Mercedes pulls up. Kuchai holding up the umbrella, opens the passenger door. Getti alights.

INT. BURNT OUT BUILDING - LOOK OUT TO GALLERY - NIGHT

Devereaux cautiously peers into the darkened ground floor rooms. In the last one something moves. A cat? A rat?

Senses on alert, he stealthily ascends a staircase onto the first floor landing. Peeks into the rooms. All clear.

In the charred remains of the master bedroom he sets his bag on the floor, in shadows, a couple meters away from the window.

HIS POV THROUGH the window, Getti's Mercedes parked at the rear of the Gallery. Devereaux glances at his watch. 20:48.

INT. ARAN GEM GALLERY - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Getti with Anchalee and the Singaporean BUYER are wrapping up their business. They all stand, shake hands. Getti lights up a cigarette and places his gold cigarette case on the table.

INT. BURNT OUT BUILDING - LOOK OUT TO GALLERY - NIGHT

Devereaux swiftly unzips the kitbag, pulls out the RPG-7 and two PG-7VL Heat Grenades.

Screws two boosters to the sustainer motors that will launch the grenades out of the RPG tube. Hoists the RPG to his shoulder. Turns on the sight illumination system.

THROUGH EYEPiece: the Mercedes is perfectly visible, yet facing forward. A silhouette of a driver inside, smoking.

INT. ARAN GEM GALLERY - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Getti leaving the office, cigarette case still on table.

INT. BURNT OUT BUILDING - LOOK OUT TO GALLERY - NIGHT

OPTICS: a light from behind the Gallery comes on, illuminating the rain. Devereaux aware of his own HEARTBEAT.

The rear gate opens, Getti exits. Kuchai promptly gets out of the Mercedes, hold the umbrella up for him. Opens the rear door, Getti gets in. Devereaux wills his HEART to SLOW.

FINGER on the cocking mechanism. Lines up the SIGHTS.

At that moment, a person, a woman perhaps, darts from the shadows. Covering her head from the rain with a scarf, she gets in the Mercedes.

Devereaux's EYE to the PIECE. FINGER on the trigger. Mind racing.

The black Kawasaki 500cc rides up, idles in level with the rear door of the Mercedes. The window opens, a hand passes an envelope to the rider. The rain eases.

INT/EXT. MERCEDES - REAR OF GALLERY - SAME TIME NIGHT

Getti glances up into the rearview, connects with Captain Kuchai's eyes.

KUCHAI

Like you said sir, it's clearing.

Getti searches for his cigarette case.

GETTI

One minute.

Opens the door and gets out. Takes few paces towards the gallery...

INTERCUT - BURNT OUT BUILDING - MERCEDES - REAR OF GALLERY

Devereaux's EYE to the PIECE. A beat. Squeezes the trigger...

The grenade pierces the windscreen, explodes inside the MERC.

The Kawasaki rider is blown off. His body flies through the air, slams into a fence, lands on the ground, his left sleeve on fire.

DEVEREAUX

(mumbles)

What the fuck? Did the fucker get out?

Reloads the RPG. Aims, fires...

The explosion rocks the MERCEDES, lifts it off the ground. The fuel tank explodes. The car's engulfed in a ball of fire.

Devereaux's EYE to the PIECE, scans the area. Drops the RPG. Takes up the AK-M. Aims, fires 30-rounds...

EXT. ARAN GEM GALLERY - BACK LANE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

GUARDS, PEOPLE file out of the gate, just as the rounds drill through the burning car. They duck for cover. Shouts. Pandemonium.

INT. BURNT OUT BUILDING - LOOK OUT TO GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Devereaux changes the mag, fires another 30-rounds. There is return fire from somewhere outside the Gallery but fails to do any damage. Devereaux scans the area again.

EXT. ARAN GEM GALLERY - BACK LANE - SAME TIME NIGHT

Smoke billows. Getti lifts himself off the ground. He is injured, shrapnel to his leg, arm, left side of his face is burnt. Getti looks directly in Devereaux's direction.

INT. BURNT OUT BUILDING - LOOK OUT TO GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Devereaux spots him.

DEVEREAUX
Son of a bitch.

Fires again.

EXT. ARAN GEM GALLERY - BACK LANE - SAME TIME NIGHT

Getti, wounded, staggers toward an alleyway for cover.

INT/EXT. BURNT OUT BUILDING - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Devereaux zips up the kitbag. Crouched, moves out. Stepping onto the landing, rats disperse. He scurries down the staircase and out.

Slips through a hole in a wire fence, dangles a red and white Khmer scarf on the wire.

EXT. CANAL - ALLEY - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Devereaux makes his way to the alley using a canal as cover. Stealthy enters the ally and combs it for Getti. He spots a door to a back yard slowly swinging. He scans and enters. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Getti shoots wildly. CRACK! CRACK! Devereaux fires back twice as he charges forward. Getti drops.

Devereaux stands over Getti. Kicks Getti's pistol to the side. He can see the kevlar vest under Getti's suit.

DEVEREAUX
You lucky son of a bitch.

GETTI
(through pain, wheezing)
Who are you?

Devereaux leans down over him.

DEVEREAUX
I'm Death, I've come to collect.

He pushes his pistol under Getti's chin.

GETTI
No, no, please...wait. I can get
you more money than you have ever
dreamed of.

DEVEREAUX
Use it to pay the Ferryman.

CRACK! CRACK!

INT. LAND CRUISER - HIGHWAY - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Devereaux drives along the highway. In his rearview, dull glow of the distant fire. Flashing red lights from emergency vehicles nearing. He switches his headlights on. Several cars, heading in the opposite direction, bypass. He checks side and rear mirrors, several cars behind him.

Takes an exit. Another car takes the same exit. Devereaux, eye on the rearview and the car behind him, turns off into a dirt road. The other car continues past him, towards a distant town. Devereaux watches the car's rear lights distance. Pulls out. Drives a loop, back on the highway.

INT/EXT. LAND CRUISER - THAI-CAMBODIA BORDER - NIGHT

A piece of wood holds down the accelerator pedal of the Cruiser. All windows down. The seat belt is woven through kitbag's handles. Engine runs. Devereaux drives it up to the down-sloping bank, jumps out.

Watches as the Cruiser submerges, fills up. Air bubbles purge as it hits its watery grave.

Devereaux retrieves his Yamaha motorcycle from under the shrubs.

Suddenly, a PURRING engine, coming from downstream. A beam of light hits the water, searches the banks.

Devereaux boots the motorbike.

The searchlights from a military boat lick the Thai-bank, and find the speeding away motorcycle. A voice over a loudspeaker-

BORDER PATROL (V.O.)
Ni khun khwam mankhon chaydaen
tharthai ni khun hud thanti. (This
 is a Thai Military Border Security,
 you are requested to stop
 immediately.)

Devereaux accelerates, changing directions, trying to get away. The search light keeps on catching up to him. A burst of a machine gun tears up the ground just to his right. Devereaux opens the throttle, changes direction.

The search light illuminates the area behind him. He is past its reach for now. The loudspeaker's voice distances.

The motorcycle under Devereaux chokes up. His getaway machine is dead. He lowers it to the ground. The gearbox next to the pedals has a hole through it. What a lucky escape for his left leg. Listens. In the distance, SIRENS... nearing.

Devereaux dashes through the open, across the paddy field, rabbits, changing directions. The SIRENS are very close now. A burst of gunfire from the same direction.

Devereaux sprints for his dear life. Ahead of him, from the dark appears his saving grace, the "Arial Survey" compound and its two Hueys. Devereaux skirts around. Unleashes the rotor holds of one of the Hueys. Climbs in.

INT/EXT. HUEY - THAI-CAMBODIA BORDER - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Devereaux reaches up to the overhead console, pushes all the fuses on, battery on. SIRENS proximal now. Devereaux looks out the window. Red and blue flashing lights getting closer.

On the central console he flicks hydraulics on, the force trim on, fuel on. Reaches down to his left to a "Collective" lever, twists the throttle to fully open. Volts meter reads 24.5. Devereaux mumbles, "C'mon, c'mon". Presses the start ignition trigger switch. Engine kicks in, rotors turn. Devereaux breaths out with relief. Looks out...

Three police cars haste through the field towards the Huey.

CRACK! Devereaux ducks in the seat. A bullet pierces the co-pilot's window, comes out the windshield, inches from his head.

Devereaux rolls back the throttle to full power, pushes on the left pedal.

CRACK! The round hits the rear passenger door, passes through the cabin, just behind Devereaux's seat. Devereaux pushes on the control stick.

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD: the Huey rolls forward, no aircraft navigation lights on, climbs up.

A THAI POLICEMAN DRIVER, peering through the windshield, yells at his COLLEAGUE in the passenger's.

THAI POLICEMAN
(in Thai)
Start fucking shooting!

He stalls the engine. Grabs his rifle. Gets out.

Aims at the Huey. It banks right, left, right, flies across the border. The policeman lowers his weapon, defeated.

Glances at his colleague who only now starts shooting. The policeman shakes his head.

INT/EXT. HUEY - THAI-CAMBODIAN BORDER - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Down below, the three stationary police cars and flashes of gunfire. Another car pulls up next to them. Military police. They join the Policemen in firing at the distancing Huey.

Sweat beads on Devereaux's face, searches around for a map. Finds it shoved in the pilot's door by his right leg. Takes it out. It's stained with blood.

Pulls up his jeans. A bleeding graze from one of the rounds. Looks over his shoulder, a medkit. Bandages his wound, while steadying the helicopter in flight.

Looking periodically at the map on his lap, he commands the Huey, skimming treetops, contouring the mountain range.

Reaches inside his shirt, pulls out his USP pistol, strips it, slides the window open, throws its pieces out.

INT/EXT. HUEY - CAMBODIAN JUNGLE - DAWN

The dawning sky over the east.

Devereaux pushes down on the collective, lowers altitude. Skimming trees as low as possible. Ahead, a mountain pass.

He guides the chopper through. Heads for a grassland between the two rain forest covered hills. As he draws closer, he sees some secondary growth three meters high.

Looks at the fuel gauge - nearing empty - and the map - further up starts to be populated.

He banks the Huey steeply right, makes an approach.

POV FROM GROUND: the chopper hovers above, sinks lower, the skids set down.

Devereaux shuts the Huey down. Listens. The SOUNDS of the jungle. Closes his eyes.

His mind-eye has no escape, an image of burning bodies inside the Mercedes and the motionless Kawasaki rider.

Opens the chopper's door. Wipes the blood off it. Rubs soil over it. Washes it with water. Camouflages the Huey.

EXT. CAMBODIA - RAIN FOREST - WATERCOURSE - MORNING

Devereaux heads down the hill, towards the watercourse. Standing on a pier, watches an orange-blue river taxi approach.

EXT. RIVER TAXI - WATERCOURSE - MORNING CONTINUOUS

Devereaux, seated opposite a COXSWAIN, observes villages on the bank going past. The coxswain taps Devereaux on the shoulder, points to his leg, soaking blood.

DEVEREAUX
(over the engine)
Dog.
(off confused coxswain)
Big dog, woof-woof.

Mimics with his fingers a dog, biting his leg. The coxswain laughs, shakes head. Slaps Devereaux's shoulder, adds gas. The V-8 engine revs higher, the water taxi propels ahead at speed.

EXT. PHNOM PENH - DAY

Bustling city. Traffic. People. Devereaux at one of vendor stands, buying a pair of Levi Strauss and Polo shirt. Exits a chemist with a shopping bag.

INT. FRANGIPANI HOTEL - FOYER - DAY

Devereaux glances around the foyer. Heads to a front desk.

DEVEREAUX
Do you have a room with a bath?

A RECEPTIONIST looks up from his PASSPORT PHOTO.

RECEPTIONIST
(Cambodian accent)
One hundred fifty dollars a night,
sir.

DEVEREAUX
It's a bit steep, no?

Peels off three banknotes from a wad, in exchange for a key.

INT. FRANGIPANI HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Devereaux, soaking in a bath. His leg wound seeping trail of blood. Cleans the wound with antiseptic. Bandages it.

Puts on the new jeans and Polo shirt. The last check of the room. An antique bed with white linen, tempting.

INT/EXT. FRANGIPANI HOTEL - DAY

Makes his way out, past the reception, drops off the key. Exiting, hails a taxi.

EXT/INT. ROAD TO THE AIRPORT - TAXI DAY

The road to the airport is congested. Devereaux scans the cars around, ahead, rear.

INT. PHNOM PENH AIRPORT - DAY

A flight ATTENDANT peers at his computer screen while Devereaux scans the hall.

ATTENDANT

There's a Qantas flight to Sydney
at three...

Devereaux pulls out a wad of money.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Sorry sir, no seats available.

Devereaux pockets the money, sets off. A voice calls out.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Sir!

(to returning Devereaux)

A business class seat just freed
up. One thousand and two hundred
dollars one way.

DEVEREAUX

(pulls out money)

That includes booze?

The departures board, "FQ201 Sydney, boarding time 14:35".

Devereaux in the bar, sipping on Singha, observing faces. The
TV SCREEN catches his attention:

A reporter comments on the attack in Aranyaprethet. Behind
him, the images of the burning Mercedes, its glow reflecting
on a tin fence, beside it the Kawasaki and the motorcyclist's
body. Police and military personnel looking at the scene.

REPORTER

*A horrific attack on a senior
Defense Force member last night.
Three are confirmed dead, the
motorcyclist seriously injured...*

Devereaux raises his Singha - cheers to his own reflection,
cast over the TV images in the bar's mirror -

"Brimstone" is dead.

Down his beer at once. Pre-lap, an airplane engines gearing
for descent.

EXT. SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NEXT DAY

Qantas Boeing sets down on the runway. Shimmering hot air
above the runway, the big blue sky.

EXT. SYDNEY - DARLING HARBOUR - NIGHT

Neon signs reflect in the dark waters of the harbour. Music and voices boom out from myriad of bars and restaurants.

Devereaux, casually scanning his surroundings, makes his way through a Friday night CROWD, along the boardwalk. Crosses the intersection diagonally, heads up hill George street.

EXT. GRACE HOTEL - NIGHT

The iconic 1920s sandstone building. A BELLHOP opens the door for Devereaux.

INT. GRACE HOTEL - P.J.O'BRIEN'S IRISH PUB - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Devereaux crosses the art deco foyer to P.J.O'Brian's. Pulls on the brass door handles, the place is packed. An Irish band plays "Ode To My Family." Devereaux scans faces, exits, items he can use as weapons, pushes his way through to the bar.

DEVEREAUX
(over the noise)
Guinness.

Glances around. Over the heads of noisy patrons, he spots Connor, sitting near the street entrance, absorbed reading a newspaper. Without breaking his concentration, Connor lifts his index finger.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
You cheap bastard.
(to BARMAN)
Make that two, please.

Holding the two pints of Guinness above the crowd's heads, squeezes his way through to Connor.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
Great timing.

CONNOR
Hand on my heart, I had no idea you were there.

DEVEREAUX
Spare me.

Takes a gulp of his Guinness.

CONNOR
Welcome home, o'l boy.

Raises his pint. Indulgently sinks his lips into the foam.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Ahh, damn good. Glad you're in one piece.

DEVEREAUX

Glad I am. Good to be home, back to some sanity.

Scans the loud, beer-drinking crowd. This is what home feels like.

CONNOR

We've got a lot to chat about, ol'son.

(folds paper)

For you. - Magnus wants to meet tomorrow.

(downs rest of Guinness)

Page three. It's a good read.

Thanks for the drink.

Devereaux grimaces, watches him leave. Turns his attention to the band, sips on Guinness.

EXT. GEORGE STREET - MARTIN PLACE - NIGHT

Heading up the street Devereaux observes PEOPLE, oblivious to the world around them, blissfully unaware how much it takes to keep them safe. Do they deserve it?

INT. WESTIN SYDNEY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Devereaux tosses the paper on the bed. Disappears into the bathroom. A sound of pee. Shower's on.

Bathrobe on, Devereaux indulgently stretches out on the bed. Opens the paper.

A black business card, gold embossed lettering "Mortimer House" falls out, a neatly handwritten message in blue ink on white background, "10am. 127 George St. Wear a suit."

DEVEREAUX

Shit, a suit.

Flicks the newspaper to page three:

Thai General Murdered. Bangkok, (Reuters). An inquiry into the 22 February assassination of General Sompon Getti, Thailand's Special Forces Commander, was announced today.

Unknown assailants ambushed him and his daughter, Captain Anchalee Getti...the death of General's aide Captain Kuchai...General's son, Major Chattri Getti was wounded in the attack. The assailants are believed to have escaped.

The assassination is alleged to have been linked to the illegal gem smuggling trade associated with former KR members, headed by the, now deceased, General Dang Pim...

Devereaux sits up. Head in his palms, rubs his face.

INT. DEVEREAUX HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alesha still in her work suit, sets McDonalds takeaway family meal on the table. Alex with Madeline, screaming, run in. Eyes beaming, they instantly sit down. A ringing phone.

Madeline jumps up, moving her chair to the wall phone. Climbs up. Reaches for the phone.

MADELINE
(into phone)
Hello?

Alesha snaps the receiver from her.

ALESHA
I'll take that, go eat your dinner.

Madeline makes a long face. Alesha steps with the phone into the hallway.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

DEVEREAUX
Hey.

ALESHA
How's living in hotel rooms?

DEVEREAUX
Room service's lousy.

ALESHA
You're lonely huh.

DEVEREAUX
There's no good whiskey in the minibar.

ALESHA
Jeez. How's the view?

DEVEREAUX

Martin's place. There's a songbird.
He comes and sings sometimes.

ALESHA

Like that one last year.

DEVEREAUX

Yeah, woke us up at five every
morning.

ALESHA

Everyday. Before the kids rammed
the door.

(beat)

So you do have company.

DEVEREAUX

What're you up to?

ALESHA

Kids are having McDonalds.

DEVEREAUX

I'd kill for McDonalds.

ALESHA

I'd invite you but I don't think
there'll be any left.

DEVEREAUX

I might be doing some work in
Sydney.

ALESHA

Of course.

DEVEREAUX

I got the letter.

ALESHA

(beat)

Yeah.

DEVEREAUX

Yeah.

A receiver to his ear, glances out the window, at the
opposite building's lights.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

I'll sign it.

(silence between them)

Say hi to them, will ya?

ALESHA
 You can talk to them - if you want.
 (to Alex, Maddie)
 Dad's on the line.

Devereaux overhears, "Daddy!" and a scuffle to get to the receiver, and we CUT TO:

EXT/INT. ROCKS - GEORGE STREET - MORTIMER HOUSE - MORNING

A two-story colonial. A lion's head, a keystone of the arch above the entry, plaque reads "Mortimer House".

POV CCTV: Devereaux, wearing a suit, waiting outside.

MIRANDA KERSHAW, early 40s, opens the door. A body hugging skirt-suit, a string of pearls around her neck, sheer blouse, an upmarket touch. Curiosity and warmth in her welcome.

MIRANDA
 You must be John.

INT. MORTIMER HOUSE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

She leads him across the reception hall, swipes a card against an innocently looking wall, the heavy wooden door opens.

MIRANDA
 The library's down the hall, on the left.
 (looks into his eyes)
 Miranda Kershaw. Manager of
 Mortimer House. (*offers hand*)

INT. MORTIMER HOUSE - LIBRARY - MORNING

Devereaux looks around. Moves over to an impressive array of books on wooden shelves. He pulls out a book, "The Sun Also Rises" by Ernest Hemingway, first edition.

WEBB (O.C.)
 My most prized possession. You've got a good eye.

Devereaux turns around.

WEBB (CONT'D)
 You've done an outstanding job.
 Welcome to Mortimer, John.

Devereaux replaces the book, just as Connor enters.

CONNOR

Terribly sorry, sir. My tux didn't
come back from the dry cleaners...
terrible ordeal, really...

Devereaux smirks, pours himself coffee from a flask on an
antique Georgian sideboard, sits down in Chesterfield chair.

WEBB

With the success of "Brimstone"
UNTAC is on track, and heroin
imports into Australia are expected
to drop considerably. How you
feeling John?

DEVEREAUX

We had a loss of two non-sanctioned
individuals.

CONNOR

Don't let it dwell on you. Happens.

DEVEREAUX

One of them NIA. That's going to
stir the hornet's nest.

WEBB

Our Bangkok station will keep an
eye on that. I noticed you're
favoring your left leg...

DEVEREAUX

Twisted my ankle jogging this
morning.

Webb raises his brows, ah.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Maybe a 7.62x39. Most likely AK.

Connor exchanges look with Webb.

CONNOR

NIA believes the hit was conducted
by Khmer. But Getti junior
disagrees with that theory.

Opens the file. Moves three photographs in front of
Devereaux.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
From the Bangkok Montien Hotel
security feeds, on the night of
Quinn's murder.

Devereaux studies the first PHOTO: a woman, blond hair, black silk dress, carrying a plastic bag, accompanying Quinn, a satchel over his shoulder, entering the foyer.

SECOND PHOTO: the couple entering the lift, hand in hand. A tiniest tug in Devereaux's cheek. Connor observes his face.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
D'you know who that is?

Nothing from Devereaux, studying the other picture.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
From a CCTV monitoring an
intersection on Silom Road, not far
from the Montien Hotel, around the
time that Quinn was killed.

Webb and Connor watch Devereaux closely, as he scrutinises the THIRD PHOTO: two helmeted people on a motorbike.

DEVEREAUX
This could be anyone.

Connor pushes over a cut out from "The Tribute" newspaper: a burning vehicle outside the Aran Gem Gallery, by the fence a body of the rider, next to his Kawasaki 500cc. The same bike, same number plate.

In the silence that follows, Webb moves over to the book shelf. Observes his collection of rare first editions.

WEBB
Gentlemen... I'm tired of working
with one arm tied behind my back. I
have a proposition for you John.

His index finger pushes the Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" first edition slightly in, so it aligns with the other books. Pre-lap, sounds of their footsteps resonating in a hollow enclosed space...

INT. MORTIMER HOUSE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Industrial lights come on, triggered by their presence, and illuminate a PASSAGE, on each side, steel doors, the cells of the eighteen hundred's prison.

WEBB

It's time for a change. So, I have decided to implement a Deep Black program that Connor will head up, as its Director.

Followed by Connor, and Devereaux, he pauses at one of the doors, made of oak, with metal hinges. As the door opens, lights come on. Computers. Projectors. Screens. Sat comms.

WEBB (CONT'D)

A new clandestine cell, working on the fringes. Code name "MANTRA-6".
(looks at Devereaux)
And we hope that you, John, will accept the role as his Deputy, and Head of Mortimer Acquisitions.
(off Devereaux)

At the end of the passage, Webb pulls back a metal fire door. It slides open, revealing curtains of a heavy rubber conveyer belt, strips hanging from I-beams in the ceiling.

WEBB (CONT'D)

We did some redecorating.

Devereaux pushes through the rubber curtains, faces a wall. Walks past it, and into a KILLING HOUSE (KH).

WEBB (CONT'D)

You won't be recruited into the Service, John. You'll need to leave the military and work as a NOC.

Devereaux, observing his new toys, takes this in.

They enter a cell door, diagonally opposite KH. The lights illuminate a well stocked ARMORY. Rows of weapons in racks along the walls.

WEBB (CONT'D)

If you accept, you'll lead a small niche trading firm. President of Mortimer Acquisitions will be your cover. And this-
(motions around)
-would be your office.

Devereaux takes an M4 off the rack, scrutinises it. No serial number. Replaces it.

DEVEREAUX

A lot of first editions to go through, I see.

Looks around, at the rear of the room is a cage full of ammo, grenades, an assortment of explosives.

CONNOR
(pats him on shoulder)
You've set a pace. Now you have a
chance to make a real change.

They enter another, large room containing numerous types of doors and windows attached to metal frames on rollers. Devereaux wheels some around, checking their function, sets up a "house".

DEVEREAUX
Funding?

WEBB
Starting budget - fifty million.

Devereaux, "Okay." Inspects rows of locks, attached to frames and various alarm systems to practice silent entry skills.

WEBB (CONT'D)
Supplemented from your acquisitions
and sales, in order to keep the
distance, made offshore *only*.
And added to, as necessary, with
black funds.

Devereaux, ahead of Webb and Connor, enters the fully equipped GYM, and another room, full of tatami mats and figurines, for practicing unarmed combat.

WEBB (CONT'D)
Of course, your salary will
commensurate with the commercial
sector and the office you hold. Any
questions, John?

DEVEREAUX
(re: gym)
How's this for size?
(glances at Webb, okay)
MANTRA-6. The mission statement?

WEBB
To strengthen our foreign policy
objectives through clandestine
operations, using violent, deniable
covert action.

CONNOR
(self-musing eye on Dev)
Violent, deniable covert action.

DEVEREAUX
So gloves off.

CONNOR
Gloves certainly off, mate. And
wearing a pair of brass knuckles
just for good measure.

They enter a classroom for ops planning. Devereaux scans the room.

DEVEREAUX
The violence you speak of requires
a special kind of man... a man,
that unleashes hell, but in a
controlled disciplined manner.
(looks at Webb)
I want an agreement that I choose
my own team.

Connor exchanges look with Webb. Devereaux leans against the ops table. Crosses his arms. Looks from Connor to Webb.
"So... gentlemen?" Webb extends his hand in agreement.

WEBB
Welcome home, John.

They shake.

EXT/INT. MEDITERRANEAN - TRAWLER - NIGHT

The dark silhouette of the "Prince de la Mer" trawler cuts through the swell. On the bridge, a CORSICAN man at the helm.

CORSICAN
Captain, bearing two-seven-zero, at
ten knots.

The trawler's CAPTAIN watches a RADAR SCREEN: a steady blip nears the intercept line. Glances over, at a silhouette of a tall man, in the shadows behind him.

CAPTAIN
Sir, intercept in seven minutes,
off the port side.

Drozdov picks up a mic.

DROZDOV
(refined guttural Russian)
Podgotov'tes k transportirovke.
Levyi bort. (Prepare for haulage.
Port side).

CREW bustles, shouts in Russian "careful with that".

They attach the cargo hook to the net, housing FOUR olive drab colored wooden CRATES, marked "9K32 Strela-2, Qty 4". [N.D In the USA, and elsewhere, known as SA-7 Grail, Surface to Air Missiles.]

CORSICAN
(at the helm)
Left of the bow, two hundred
meters.

The Captain with Drozdov move to the bridge's windows, observe a dark silhouette of a trawler closing the distance.

CAPTAIN
(to Corsican)
Bring us alongside, match her
speed, hold course.

Drozdov steps on the deck. Bracing himself against the railing, with a red-filter torch signals an "R" in Morse code. The approaching trawler flashes a green "K".

The two boats come alongside. The crew of the "Prince de la Mer" maneuvers the boom over the port side and across to the deck of the other trawler.

Drozdov, observing the operation, lowers his hand.

The cargo lowers onto the deck. The other trawler CREW unhooks it, moves the hook to another cargo net with a pine crate. A DECKHAND snaps the hook on it, pushes the safety bar forward. A green light flashes from his torch.

The cargo lifts off the deck, and the other boat steams off into the darkness. The cargo net with the pine crate hangs from the boom arm, above the dark seas.

CAPTAIN (FROM MIC) (CONT'D)
Commence haulage back onto the
deck.

The BOOM OPERATOR maneuvers the boom, and the cargo lowers onto the deck of the "Prince de la Mer".

DROZDOV
Bring it down below.

CAPTAIN
(to Corsican)
Set course for Port de Plaisance at
Beaulieu-Sur-Mer, twelve knots.

CORSICAN
Course Port de Plaisance at
Beaulieu-Sur-Mer, twelve knots.
Running lights, sir?

Captain glances at Drozdov, following the cargo from the deck to below.

CAPTAIN
Activate running lights.

Drozdov descends the stairs onto the lower deck, where several CREW are transferring the content of the pine crate, bricks-like packages wrapped in foil, labelled with a RED NAGA, into waterproof valises. One of the crew steps next to him, drops voice.

CREW 1#
Five hundred. Aleksandr.

EXT. BEAULIEU SUR MER - PORT DE LA PLAISANCE - DAWN

A thin line of breaking dawn in the east as "Prince de la Mer" edges her bow into its pen. The crew briskly secures the bow and stern lines to the jetty.

SUPER: BEAULIEU SUR MER, PORT DE LA PLAISANCE, MONACO

While they are busy, bringing up from the hull below their catch of sardines in foam boxes, sending them via conveyer belt across the deck and onto the dock, Drozdov stands in the shadows on the upper deck, binocs to his eyes.

POV THROUGH BINOCES scanning the port: pleasure yachts resting in their pens, no activity along the dock's pier nor approach road, except a white Renault commercial van.

Drozdov raises his hand, and the van reverses along the dock. The crew loads the valises into the van.

EXT. PORT DE LA PLAISANCE - BOARDWALK - DAWN

The widening strip of daylight in the east. Drozdov, hands in pockets of his Armani overcoat, strides along the boardwalk to a parked black BMW. Glances around, opens the door, slips in the back seat.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

A MAN's hand, numerous scars on wrist and forearm in roll up sleeve of a business shirt, pours two shots of fine vodka.

MAN'S VOICE
(US accent)
I trust all went to plan.

DROZDOV
Your missiles are locked and
loaded.

Drozdoov takes a shot from the man's hand.

MAN'S VOICE
Next delivery will be ready in a
month.

DROZDOV
Warheads will be on their way to
you.

MAN'S VOICE
You know, Aleksandr, the most
important thing is to take care of
your people. Without them there's
no quality. No assurance. No
loyalty. Don't you agree?
(beat)
This is just a start, my friend, of
a very prosperous business venture.
We take care of each other, won't
we?

DROZDOV
My condolences for the loss of your
father. He was a fine man.

Chatri Getti takes off his dark glasses, his face scarred. He
lifts his shot.

CHATRI
He is greatly missed.

DROZDOV
Nah-zda-rovh-yeh!

Clinks with Chatri. Both down shots, sealing their venture.

CUT TO BLACK.

FROM BLACK. Sounds of tropical rain forest.

EXT. RAIN FOREST - BATOM VILLAGE - DAY

Sun-rays, like God's fingers permeate the canopy of foliage,
shimmer on mist of humidity.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER - PAPUA, INDONESIA, 1994

Beads of sweat on camouflaged skin. A drop falls, runs down the ridge of a nose. A man's hand holds binoculars to his eyes. His forefinger rolls the focus adjuster.

POV BINOCs - out of focus, becoming sharper - the village men huddled together, surrounded by 10-man Indonesian Kopassus Special Forces patrol. The soldiers' boots mercilessly kicking the men. They raise their hands, begging for the treatment to stop. A barrel of an assault rifle is pressed against the village chief's skull. Women wail, children cry.

The man's eyes peering through the binocs wince. His lips whisper.

PARKER

James, pass me the cam.

Another man's hand passes a camera to VINCE PARKER, 36, a career SAS, "Bravo-Three-Three" Patrol Commander, who has seen it all, has taken life, yet still affected by the carnage below. A single gun shot echoes up the valley.

POV CAM: the KOPASSUS COMMANDER squeezes the trigger. The chief's skull torn open, brain matter spills on dirt. Screaming villagers. SNAPSHOTS of this. Another shot echoes from the village, the body count is increasing.

PARKER (CONT'D)

(powerless fury, murmurs)

James, let's head back and get the rest of the lads... Time to unleash the dogs of war!

CUT TO BLACK.