

"ASSASSINS CODE ONE"

Based on actual events

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ASSASSINS CODE ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MILITARY TRAINING GROUND - DAY

Artillery shells explode in the distance. Icy wind blows across the iron faces of TEN SOLDIERS marching as a squad.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Military Training Area, Sennelager, Germany 1973"

"ARROW", 30, white, leads the squad. 220lbs of flint-hearted paratrooper and Military Intelligence Officer wearing the beige beret of the SAS. *Geronimo incarnate.*

With chiselled good looks and piercing green eyes, Arrow looks back at the men - steel cut confidence on each face.

He looks at MESSTIN, 32, a Combat Engineer, another big guy with blonde hair under his beret. Violence is just a wrong look away.

They march along the trail into a forest toward a complex of wooden huts, hidden and protected from the wind by trees.

SERGEANT MAJOR GALE, 45, AKA, "WINDY" awaits them. Arms akimbo. His facial expression alone can kick your ass.

WINDY

I can't hear your fucking boots!
Left, right! Dig your heels in...

Windy falls in step with the squad. Lowers his voice.

WINDY (CONT'D)

You lot take the piss. Strolling along like a bunch of fucking handbags. Wake up! The fucking general is here today! Farra the fucking Para is here... Now fucking brace up! Sqa-a-ad halt!

The squad halts; not a movement or a sound. They wait.

WINDY (CONT'D)

Fall out!

Messtin barges through men, muttering to Arrow.

WINDY (CONT'D)

Stand still!

All ten men stand to attention; motionless, solid.

Windy points his pace-stick at Messtin's nose.

WINDY (CONT'D)
 You fucking great lump of elephant
 shit! I oughta shove this right up
 your fucking arrogant arse.

Messtin's eyes narrow, giving him his Great White look.

Windy stares right back - harder.

Neither man intimidated by the other.

WINDY (CONT'D)
 You are not allowed to speak to
 each other. You are not allowed to
 know each other. You are here to be
 trained as a secret squirrel. But
 you, you big twat, are more like a
 secret fucking elephant with a
 bull's-eye on your fucking arse...
 And I don't fucking trust you.

Total silence as Messtin locks eyes with Windy.

MESSTIN
 Lucky for you, Sergeant Major, you
 don't have to... nor do any of
 these fucking handbags, but I spent
 years in the jungle with
 Arrowsmith, and I can't odds that.
 I *know* him.

WINDY
 No you fucking don't! You don't
 know any fucker... no one!
 Especially any fucker in this
 fucking squad. You don't know me.
 You don't even know your fucking
 self, you shifty bastard... Get
 inside and take your seats!

The soldiers double-time into the -

INT. TRAINING WING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Arrow, Messtin and the eight others sit front row.

FARRA THE PARA, or "FARRA" paces the stage in front of them.
 His Parachute Regiment cap badge glints in the light of the
 lectern. Serious, stern. Probably pisses paint stripper.

FARRA
 You are all aware the Geneva
 Convention does not apply to any of
 you should you be captured. You
 will die a most atrocious death and
 be disposed of like a dead dog. No
 priest;

(MORE)

FARRA (CONT'D)

no last rites, just a hole in the ground, or a bonfire in an Irish backyard or bog.

Farra looks down into the iron faces one by one. As each pair of unblinking eyes meet his, he studies them - *Warriors*.

FARRA (CONT'D)

You are nearing the end of your training, so you can all feel good about surviving this selection course...

Farra's words fade into silence. Only moving lips. Arrow's eyes glaze over as he loses interest... another pep talk.

INT. TRAINING WING OFFICE - DAY

Windy sits behind his desk looking into Arrow's face. He shuffles papers, scoops them up, reads them.

WINDY GALE

I'm fucked if I know why you're going to Berlin. Above my pay grade. Anyway, fuck off and good luck; you're gonna fucking need it.

Arrow pockets the papers, heads for the door. He turns back.

ARROW

Why'd you pick on Messtin?

WINDY GALE

'Cause he's a prick.

ARROW

(snarls)

Who picks on you, then?

INT/EXT. MAIN RAILWAY STATION (BERLIN) - NIGHT.

The British Military Train pulls into the platform and the passengers; some in uniform, some in civvies, rush for taxis as others head for the bars and cafes.

Arrow stands in the carriage doorway looking over the heads of the crowd to the exit.

ARROW'S P.O.V. - OVER THE HEADS OF THE MOVING CROWD

A lone figure standing in the shadows near the exit. Their eyes meet - a slight nod of the head and he's moving -

Hard-assed, through the crowd, following the figure into the falling rain and across the car park.

He dodges cars as he sees the figure get into a black saloon. He pulls the passenger door and gets in. A silent handshake. This is Q, Chief of British Secret Service, Berlin.

INT/EXT. CAR - (BERLIN) - NIGHT

The big square jawed guy starts the car and windscreen wipers clear the wet glass. The car moves. Arrow pulls the handbrake and stalls the car.

ARROW

Hold it right there, pal. Tell me who you are and where we're going.

Q harrumphs and restarts the car, eyeballing Arrow.

Q

You call me Q and we're going to hospital if you do that again.

(looks through windscreen)

We're going to your digs in Spandau, so relax... Arrow.

Arrow lets go the handbrake and they move off.

ARROW

Okay, Q, but I've just spent six months intensive training with blokes I still don't know and--

Q

--Too much info already... Shtum's the word around here, so until you become established, be careful what you say... *verstehen*?

ARROW

Ich verstehe, but getting established in Berlin seems out of sync with my job description and--

Q

--What might that be?

ARROW

A Military Intelligence Operator, especially trained for Northern--

Q

--No, you are not! You are seconded to the British SIS, MI6 to you, which means you belong to me. Tonight you will meet friends from the past, so relax and enjoy Berlin while you can.

In the lights of oncoming traffic, Arrow studies the chiselled features of Q as he drives and talks.

Q (CONT'D)

We'll check your digs are okay and you can freshen up, ready to meet your handler, or should I say, your controller.

ARROW

Don't you mean my contact should I need anything? Nobody can interfere once I'm in situ.

Q

In situ? In bloody situ! You're in situ now! You have started a long, arduous, dangerous journey that will take you around the world before you get in the situ you're thinking of. You are the arrow aimed at the heart of terrorism in our land... A most dangerous quest, so you need to toe the line until your probation ends.

ARROW

Probation! And when will that end?

Q

When I say you're good enough.

INT. 'MUNCHENER HOFFBRAUHAUS' (BERLIN) - NIGHT.

In the busy, noisy bierhalle, Arrow and Q sit near the end of a packed row of tables as an Oompah band plays kraut boozing songs accompanied by hundreds of singing men and women.

Barmaids with arms like Popeye's carry frothing glasses of bier to the tables. Arnie, in drag, plonks five giant glasses of bier on the table and Q gives a DM20 note and she's gone.

Q slides a bier to Arrow, takes one for himself and slides the other three across to a man and two women just about to sit opposite them across the table. Q stands to introduce...

Capt. LILY SQUIRES; Major. KATE MULCAHY and WO2. NICK CARTER.

Kate Mulcahy steps back as Arrow throws his arms around Lily Squires and Nick Carter in a Long-time-no-see threesome hug.

Kate Mulcahy grins at Q as three old pals celebrate their reunion. Spirits are high. Arrow is buzzing - he is human after all - this is a night to remember, great joy.

ARROW

Bloody hell, Nick. I haven't seen you since the jungle... and you, Lily, not since Belfast in '71. Aww, this is bloody great...

Q harrumphs loudly over the noise of the band.

Q

Okay you lot, calm down... Arrow, meet Kate Mulcahy, a team player... Kate, meet Arrow.

Kate grasps the hand and pumps it like a bloke; Arrow gets the message instantly - she's a fucking lezzie...

KATE

How do you do? Nice to meet you at last. Lily has told me all about you... well - stuff from years ago.

Arrow grins naturally, as his eyes soften with the memories.

ARROW

(charming, smiling)

Ah, I've changed, but only a wee bit... no grey hair yet... You look great, Lily... So do you, Kate... (still holding her hand) Aren't I the lucky one; such gorgeous company...

NICK

(thick Australian accent)

Still a smooth bastard, Arrow... The only bloke I know uses WD40 as a mouthwash... But I am so glad he's on our side... Good to see you again, cobber.

LATER it gets noisier and the krauts are more tipsy so it's time to split. Q downs the last of his glass and stands.

Q

I'm off... great night. See you all in the morning.

Q disappears through the laughing singing crowd. Arrow watches him go. Turning to the others, he finds himself alone with Lily; Nick and Kate melt into the crowd unseen.

LILY

Get used to it... happens all the time. One minute they're here and the next--

ARROW

--Smoke and mirrors, Lily... They'd disappear up their own arses if they could.
Well, what are we gonna do? Have a late one somewhere, or what?

LILY

Actually,
(checking her watch)
I'm supposed to drive you home...

INT. ARROW'S APARTMENT (BERLIN) - NIGHT

They lie in bed, Lily smoking a cigarette.

LILY

--and Kate Mulcahy is here because of you. You have been selected for a special op and--

ARROW

--Because of me! Where the hell would she be otherwise?

LILY

Century House, MI6 HQ... That rank of major is honorary, she is a senior member of the SIS and--

ARROW

--What about, Q? I thought he was the boss?

LILY

He is. He is senior to Kate and he is Head of Station, Berlin, and holds the rank of colonel because this is a military establishment, but he is also a senior SIS officer... very senior.

Lily puts out the ciggie and cuddles up to Arrow. Hmmm.

LILY (CONT'D)

Remember that night in Belfast when the bomb blew us out of bed and the fire bobby's face when he opened the door and found us in bed?

ARROW

Yeah, the miserable git wouldn't lend me his helmet... ha, ha, ha...

INT. OP'S ROOM HQ BERLIN - DAY

Surrounded by monitor screens and computers, Arrow gets familiar with the layout of the operations room.

Huddled over an illuminated glass topped map table, Q and Kate Mulcahy look worried about a tiny light blinking on the table. Arrow sees their concern and strolls over.

ARROW

Whassup... tilted it?

Q

You'll wish we had... this one's for you; your debut with death.

ARROW

Debut? You haven't read my file?

Q

Of course you've killed before... but not one of our own. And this one is a skilled assassin.

ARROW

One of our own? One of our fucking own! What the fu--

Q

--He's a traitor... and you need to get used to big boys rules - you are going into East Berlin to kill him... tonight.

Nick, Kate and Arrow study the glass topped map table.

NICK

--and that light is the safe house where you'll meet VON PETROV... He thinks he's coming in from the cold but he ain't mate; you're gonna fuckin' kill him.

The BRIXMIS car is coming shortly?

(Kate nods affirmatively)

CHARLOTTE, the in-going agent is hiding in the trunk; you will hide in the back seat with blankets over you till you get through Checkpoint Charlie.

(points to blinking light on map)

At the drop off point Charlotte will take you to the safe house. In the morning the BRIXMIS car will pick you up at the drop off at 6am. You must be there, on the dot.

ARROW

Who is Charlotte?

KATE

She is the only agent left out of Von Petrov's group. He thinks she's dead with the rest of the group so he must not see her. Charlotte discovered he is a double agent and got out quick before the round up. Now, that brave girl is going back in to start a new group.

NICK

Von Petrov thinks he's going to London... Uh, he's going to Hell.

EXT. COVERT CAR COMPOUND HQ BERLIN - NIGHT

In the darkness a Mercedes saloon with British Military Mission number plates purrs quietly as Arrow gets in back and dark figures cover him with blankets. He's on the floor.

A uniformed CAPTAIN and Warrant Officer get in the front seats and the car drives out of the compound to join busy Berlin traffic and heads for Checkpoint Charlie.

INT/EXT. BRIXMIS CAR/CHECKPOINT CHARLIE (BERLIN) - NIGHT

DRIVER'S P.O.V. - CHECKPOINT CHARLIE BARRIER

Guards raise the bar to allow them in. Machine guns are pointing right at him. Hard faced soldiers show no emotion.

BACK TO SCENE

The Captain swiftly gets out with papers and passports and dashes through the rain into the cabin with the guards.

Surly East German guards block the Captain's path as he returns from the cabin to the car in the rain. They jump when the driver toots the very loud horn to distract them.

Sidestepping around them he gets in and the car wheels spin away, narrowly missing the rising barrier into East Berlin.

CAPTAIN

Sorry, old chap, it's going to be a bumpy ride to the drop off... they'll have at least two cars following us, so hang on.

The warrant officer driver hurls the speeding merc along cobblestone back streets and slippery tram lines, distancing themselves from Checkpoint Charlie.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Get ready to move, old chap. We'll be there shortly... Please slam your door and the boot lid when the girl gets out and run like hell to the shrubbery... Remember, we pick you up at the same spot tomorrow.

Satisfied they've lost the following headlights, the driver hangs a left and heads in a different direction and enters an area of high rise apartments dotted about the landscape.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Sit up, old chap. You get out in one minute.

The car stops abruptly next to a single metal pole with a bus stop sign. Arrow is out of the car and racing around to the trunk, but Charlotte is already out and slamming it shut.

EXT. OPEN GROUND - APARTMENT BLOCKS - (EAST BERLIN) - NIGHT

The car screeches away leaving them dashing across the grass to a shrubbery where they crouch hidden from view.

A car races past them and another car slows, but doesn't stop as it shines a spot light across the open ground between the apartment blocks. The light goes out as the car races away.

Drenched, the agents eyeball each other; a pretty woman, her eyes wide with fear, his eyes cunning and confident.

ARROW

You had better be Charlotte.

A small pistol appears in front of his nose, the hammer back.

CHARLOTTE

Who might you be, pretty boy?
Nobody told me I had company.

ARROW

You've gotta be fucking joking. Put that away... mine's bigger than yours... Look...

The muzzle of a 9mm Browning kind of dwarfs the Walther as it clinks metallically when he forces it down on her pistol.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Arrow, call me Arrow. You are to take me to the safe house now... and then you can get lost.

CHARLOTTE

I'm not getting lost; I'm staying till 10 o'clock tonight and then I'm out of here. I don't care what you do.

(she half crouches and scans the area)

All clear. C'mon, let's go.

She flicks open one of those telescopic umbrellas and arm in arm they quickly walk along the concrete winding path between apartment blocks - a courting couple.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK/GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Scurrying in through the porch they head for the stairs and walk up to the next landing and stop to listen and look -

ALL QUIET, they creep back down the stairs and across to the ground-floor apartment. Charlotte silently inserts the key and opens the door. Soundlessly they creep inside.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the dark; weapons drawn, they separate. Arrow sneaks down the hall to the living room as Charlotte creeps to the kitchen tactically pointing her pistol into dark corners.

ARROW

Silently checks out the living room. What's that? A door in the corner. Carefully, he opens it - steps, leading down into the darkness. Creeping down into a cellar he hears a scuffling noise above him - What the fuck's that?

Like a ghost, he slinks back to the hall to see light from the kitchen and a scuffling noise and harsh whispers.

CHARLOTTE

is fast losing consciousness as a BIG MAN chokes her from behind with a garrotte. He missed her throat because the wire is in her mouth; the wire so tight it has cut right through her cheeks and blood flows from her hanging jaw. Her pistol lies at her feet.

BIG MAN

(stage whispers in Russian)

You bitch... on your way to tell the Brits about me eh?

The big man's pistol, fitted with a silencer is on the table behind him. He pulls Charlotte backwards so he can reach it. Arrow gets it first, but the big man grabs Arrow's hand and squeezes it, firing a bullet into Charlotte's head.

'Phut!' The pistol fires again and the big man drops with a bullet through his chest. With a heavy heart, Arrow checks Charlotte; she's dead. His eyes reflect the loss of a heroin.

Frisking the big man, Arrow pockets everything on his person. He finds a passport and opens it.

INSERT - RUSSIAN PASSPORT

"YURI VON PETROV" written beneath a grainy photo of Von Petrov.

BACK TO SCENE

He frisks Charlotte and scoops up her weapon, taking all means of I.D., he puts Von Petrov's weapon in Charlotte's hand. That should confuse the bastards.

LATER IN THE LIVING ROOM

Arrow gets off the sofa and prepares to leave. He checks his watch - 0540 - time to go. Opening the umbrella, he steps out into the poor light of dawn and the pouring rain.

EXT. OPEN GROUND - APARTMENT BLOCKS - (EAST BERLIN) - DAY

Skipping over puddles along the concrete path, he studies the bus stop and surrounding area - not a soul to be seen.

Checking his watch and adjusting his stride so as not to be too early, he approaches the shrubbery... What the fuck!

The noise of a speeding car makes him look right along the road. The BRIXMIS car hurtles into view without lights.

Arrow ditches the umbrella and dashes to the bus stop as the car screeches to a halt... he opens the rear door as the car wheel spins for traction... he's in and on the floor as the Captain covers him with blankets.

CAPTAIN

Sorry, old chap, the sods are right
behind us, but not to worry, we'll
soon be in the Mess for breakfast.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE DRIVE ACROSS EAST BERLIN

- A) BRIXMIS car skidding around cobblestone streets.
- B) DRIVER'S P.O.V. - Approaching Checkpoint Charlie.
- C) Arrow shaking Captain's hand through car window.

INT. OP'S ROOM HQ BERLIN - DAY

Sitting around Nick's desk, Kate Mulcahy questions Arrow as Nick scribbles notes. The atmosphere is tense.

ARROW

Shit happens, she went to check the kitchen while I checked the living room. She must have walked past him because he attacked her from behind. His gun was on the table, not in his hand.

KATE

Okay, so why did you leave his weapon behind?

ARROW

To confuse the commies... keep 'em guessing. Why... are we short on weapons here? Have I gotta count my rounds after each op?

KATE

Stop taking the piss. You act like you've never been debriefed before.

Arrow looks at the 'SAS Wings' on Kate's track suit.

ARROW

Not by a lady wearing SAS Regiment parachute wings on her trackies.

KATE

Lay off the 'lady' shit, Arrow. All SIS department heads go through an SAS course specially tailored to MI5 and MI6 needs.

ARROW

Okay, I'm impressed. Now how about some grub? I'm starving.

Nick stops scribbling and looks expectantly at Kate.

KATE

Okay, Nick. Type it up and file it.
(off Arrow)
Freshen up, I'm taking you out to lunch. We have much to talk about.

INT. 'KOLK RESTAURANT' - BERLIN - DAY

Kate and Arrow sit facing each other across a table. Arrow pushes the flowers to the side as a waitress serves drinks. Arrow gives the waitress a knowing wink. She smirks.

ARROW
How'd you know about this place?

KATE
The vetting team dig deep; this place and Heerstrasse sauna club are your favorite haunts when you're in Berlin.

ARROW
Gotta list of my Frauleins?

KATE
Of course.
(furtively checking over her shoulder)
We know everything about you; that is why you were selected. You are about to join the most secret arm of British security; your life is about to change... dramatically.

ARROW
And here's me thinking Ulster's gonna be my stamping ground.

KATE
It is... but not before you've been half way around the world and back.

ARROW
Okay, fill me in and leave nothing out like you did with Charlotte; she didn't know I was going with her... BIG mistake.

KATE
I didn't brief Charlotte; she wasn't my agent, but you are and you will be fully briefed over the next few weeks.

Arrow's hard eyes peer at her as he drinks.

ARROW
WEEKS! Where am I going - to the fucking moon?

Kate chuckles and sits back as the food arrives. The waitress places the plates, smiles sweetly and departs.

KATE
You are funny, but now just eat and listen. Now the real fun begins.

Arrow attacks his food and Kate stage whispers as she picks at her food. His eyes flash around at other diners - nothing.

KATE (CONT'D)
Your friend, Abdullah Habibullah,
is key to this op and you need--

ARROW
--Fuck! How do you know about him?
You really are digging deep.

Kate pooh-pooh's the question with her fork and stabs a pea.

KATE
We know you met as kids when his
father sold Persian carpets and
lived next door to you... You've
remained life long friends even
when they returned to Afghanistan.

ARROW
So what?

KATE
We both know he is a top Mujahideen
warlord and major heroin grower.

ARROW
So what?

KATE
You are going to visit him when you
finish here... soon.

Motionless, Arrow's eyes narrow wickedly - staring.

ARROW
I would kill you rather than him.

Realising her faux pas, Kate grabs his hand across the table.

KATE
Oh, no! I didn't mean it like
that... No, he is key to the plan.
Oh, God! Bloody hell, no, he is to
supply the heroin and safe passage
for you across Afghanistan and
Pakistan... to seal the deal.

Arrow's angry eyes flash around the restaurant - red alert -
everything's changed - THROUGH GRITTED TEETH...

ARROW
Smack! Fucking smack! You think I'm
gonna be a fucking smack mule?

Kate angrily shoves his hand away as equilibrium returns and
her haughty assertiveness takes over.

KATE

I would sack you now, but Q selected you so I must be patient. You volunteered for this work and it takes a very special character to become a Knight Assassin, which is the next step of your journey... if you've got the guts to--

ARROW

-- Knight Assassins? Heroin? My friend, Abdullah? I can't wait to hear this shit. C'mon, spill 'em!

LATER, finishing the last of their lunch Kate dabs her mouth with a napkin and looks hard at Arrow.

KATE

--and that is why you have the key role because without you the IRA will not get their weapons; the Mafia will not get their heroin and ETA will not get their money.

ARROW

You are prepared to do all that just to get me into the IRA?

KATE

You will be dealing with the top men... The High Command; so yes, we'll get you in there hook or by crook... Scout's honour.

INT. OP'S ROOM HQ BERLIN - DAY

Q enters the Op's room and strides over to Nick.

Q

I've informed the west wing about tonight's initiation ceremony for Arrow. You get around the rest of them and check the crypt is ready.

INT. 'KOLK RESTAURANT' - BERLIN - DAY

Kate pays the waitress as Arrow stands to leave. He notices the large tip. Kate and the Fraulein give each other lingering meaningful looks as Kate pats her incredible rump.

KATE

Auf Wiedersehen, Liebschen.

ARROW

You two old pals then, Kate?

KATE

Yes, I met her when I recce'd the place a couple of weeks ago... why, jealous are we?

Arrow turns and walks to the exit. Smug.

ARROW

Nah, but she is a good shag.

Holding the door open for Kate, Arrow grins...

ARROW (CONT'D)

Where to now, Kate? Another of my regular haunts?

KATE

I'm taking you to a gym that I use; I want to see your jujitsu skills before we get ready for tonight.

ARROW

Tonight? What's on tonight?

KATE

Your initiation into the most secret of the Secret Service groups... the VRKSS, better known as the C-club amongst members, nobody outside the group know it exists... not even the Queen.

ARROW

Hmm, sounds kinky; what's the VRKSS stand for?

KATE

Very Restricted Knowledge Secret Sect and that's why we call it the "C-club". Tonight you become a member... a Knight Assassin.

ARROW

Will I have to roll up my trouser leg again?

KATE

You will sign a declaration in your own blood and a tooth will be removed to install a cyanide implant, you will die rather than suffer torture or be administered with Truth serum. Do you have a problem with that?

ARROW

Just the tooth bit. The ceremonial pulling of a tooth doesn't quite sit right with me.

KATE

That happens next week in the British Military Hospital with a very senior dental surgeon. C'mon, let's get to the gym.

INT. GYMNASIUM (BERLIN) - DAY

Both dressed in black karate gi, Arrow and Kate face off for a jujitsu technique. Kate attacks with a mawashi geri (round house kick). Arrow ducks under the kick and takes Kate down with a leg sweep.

Kate is up in a flash and attacking with kicks and punches but with a flurry of blocks and osoto gari (reaping throw), Arrow flattens Kate into the mat. She's up again... THEY

SPAR FURIOUSLY, an incredible demo of skill on both sides.

ARROW

Yame! Now we do some knife defence techniques... I'll get the knife.

Arrow unrolls a towel at the edge of the mat and produces a flick knife; presses the tit and a glittering blade appears.

Turning to Kate, he approaches menacingly then smiles as he retracts the blade and tosses the knife to Kate.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Slash or stab... choice is yours. C'mon, move it... *Hajime!*

Kate slowly circles Arrow and smirks as a CLICK and the glittering blade appears. She moves fast and lunges...

Arrow parries the strike; closes with a palm heel to the ear and a wrist lock take down and removes the knife from Kate.

Kate gets up, adjusts her gi and pushes her hair back.

KATE

You pulled your punch... I won't be pulling mine.

ARROW

You couldn't pull a pint! C'mon, this is a training session.

An audience is fast gathering around the mat as Arrow and Kate demonstrate fast and furious take-downs. Enough: they stand erect and bow to each other, ending the session.

INT/EXT. KATE'S CAR - BERLIN - DAY

Kate drives into busy Berlin traffic as Arrow reads an old worn book.

ARROW
I've got to learn all this by tonight? Bloody hell!

KATE
You are about to become a Knight Assassin. Bloody read it.

INT. CRYPT (BERLIN) - NIGHT

Twelve tombs are built into the walls of the crypt. Next to each candlelit tomb stands a sinister figure dressed in black robes and wearing a tall black conical hat (Klan style).

In the centre of the crypt is an altar, illuminated by the fire of a nearby forge.

Standing in front of it is another figure similarly dressed but with silver braid on the hat.

This is KNIGHT #1. In a baritone voice he cries out.

KNIGHT #1
Brethren, assist me in initiating the Master into Knighthood.

Out of the darkness steps Arrow. He kneels before Knight #1, who again calls out.

KNIGHT #1 (CONT'D)
Knights Chaplain.

A figure moves slowly from the furthest right hand tomb carrying a long cross topped staff and a large ornate book.

The staff thuds into the stone floor with each right step.

KNIGHT #1 (CONT'D)
Knights Physician.

The figure at the furthest left hand tomb moves slowly to the altar and places a gleaming silver dagger on a white cloth. The flames from the forge reflect on the shimmering blade.

KNIGHT #1 (CONT'D)
Knights Assassins, take post!

In unison, the remaining figures slowly form an open ended square in front of the altar, surrounding Arrow.

The firelight from the flaming forge glints on the silver dagger now held in the hands of Knight #1

In the eerie silence, the dagger slowly descends and cuts Arrow's earlobe. Blood trickles into a silver thimble held by Knights Physician, who stops the flow of blood with a tab.

A figure brings the ornate leather bound volume to within reach of Arrow's right hand and opens it.

The Knights Physician holds a silver tray with a quill and the thimble of blood next to Arrow.

Slowly, Arrow dips the quill into his blood and scratches his name on the parchment.

KNIGHT #1 (CONT'D)
Do you, Master, Knight Elect, swear
to uphold the ancient laws that are
privy to you this day?

Arrow thumps his right hand into his left breast with his thumb pointing up to his chin and utters.

ARROW
I devote my allegiance and fealty
to God, Queen and Motherland.

The Knights Scribe turns each page for Arrow to touch and cry out for all to hear.

ARROW (CONT'D)
I pledge my life! May the eye of
Osiris thwart all evil.

EXT/INT. KATE'S CAR - BERLIN - NIGHT

Kate revs the engine as Arrow dashes through the rain at the Berlin HQ. Hurriedly climbing in beside Kate, his eyes widen as she leans over and kisses him full on the lips.

KATE
That's for being a good boy
remembering all your words.

ARROW
If you could read my mind right now
you wouldn't think I'm a good boy.

KATE
That's why I am taking you home.

ARROW
Hmm, and here's me thinking you
have a penchant for young ladies.

INT. ARROW'S APARTMENT (BERLIN) - NIGHT

The moonlight shines on Arrow and Kate lying in bed.

KATE

I wondered why Lily Squires drooled when she heard you had arrived... Now I know; that velvet truncheon of yours is going to be famous.

ARROW

Yeah, you can compare notes now with your waitress friend. Ha ha.

KATE

You bastard!

INT. OP'S ROOM. HQ BERLIN - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Kate points to locations on a wall map of Afghanistan and Pakistan as they speak in FARSI.
- B) On a big screen a CUTTER RIGGED 48' YACHT is the subject of discussion in FARSI. CLOSE ON "NAUTCHEE LADY"
- C) On a big screen an ORBAT of IRA High Command faces and those of ASU's (Active Service Units). CLOSE ON FACES.
- D) Display of photos on desk. CLOSE ON FACES OF ARAB TERRORISTS as Arrow and Kate speak Arabic O.S.

INT. INDOOR FIRING RANGE HQ BERLIN - DAY

A blue haze of cordite fumes hangs in the air as Arrow empties his 9mm magazine and snap loads a fresh mag and continues firing at the illuminated Fig: 11 target.

Nick Carter hurriedly enters and stands patiently behind him waiting for his moment... silence as the mag empties.

NICK

Make safe, mate... you're wanted upstairs pronto. Q is back from London and things are happening fast. You're leaving tonight.

Arrow checks the Browning 9mm and makes it safe.

NICK (CONT'D)

C'mon, matey, Q is gonna brief you and I've gotta get you some rupees.

Nick puts his friendly hand on Arrow's shoulder as they head upstairs... Arrow, hard-assed. Nick trying to keep up.

INT. OP'S ROOM HQ BERLIN - DAY

Arrow, Kate, and Nick sit looking at Q, sitting on the corner of his desk as he finishes the briefing.

Q
 --And that's it... Basically, we're buying weapons with drugs just to get you into the high echelons of the IRA... Your friend, Habibullah is in the loop so his man will meet you in Peshawar and take you to Herat. Any questions?

KATE
 What about the dental implant?

Q
 Too late now...
 (off Nick)
 You're slipping!

SERIES OF SHOTS (JOURNEY TO PESHAWAR)

- A) Heathrow BA desk. Arrow booking in.
- B) Peshawar; plethora of turbaned taxi drivers screaming for business. Arrow chooses taxi and splits from the bedlam.
- C) Taxi arrives Khyber Intercontinental; Arrow enters hotel.

INT. KHYBER INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL/FOYER (PESHAWAR) - DAY

At the reception desk Arrow clocks several pairs of eyes observing him as he signs in - those two in grey suits are Ruskies; gotta be KGB, or I'm Joe Stalin.

The others are Paki Int; look at them, stuck out like Ghandi's nappie... Fuck, where's my room?

Shouldering his bag, Arrow runs the gauntlet of shifty bastards as he heads for the stairs - hard assed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, a figure enters the room and quietly ransacks Arrow's bag... Arrow watches him, feigning sleep.

In a lightning fluid movement, Arrow is choking the shit out of the intruder. Unconscious, the man lies there as Arrow frisks him - nothing, no ID, no weapon - zilch.

Arrow delivers two face changing punches to each eye just to remind him: Blessed is he who isn't caught. Then drags him out and chucks him down the stairs... Fuck you - Paki Int.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Arrow eats breakfast of tea and toast to the sound of the call to prayer - a knock at the door - he's off the bed.

ARROW
Who is it?

He hears a muffled reply - sounds like 'MOTHERLAND'.

Arrow removes the chair from the door handle and opens the door. In strides IBRAHIM, 6 ft. 4 in. of Afghan warrior resplendent in bandoliers of polished ammunition draped across each broad shoulder.

The bullets shiny with the rubbing of the sheepskin worn beneath the bandoliers. Fuck! Ghengis Khan, look at him!

His gnarled face looks not unkind as the dark eyes gaze from beneath magnificent shaggy eyebrows... 'Cool' isn't enough.

ARROW (CONT'D)
Speak English?

IBRAHIM
Perfectly...
(back-heels the door)
Whassup?

ARROW
I see the 7.62's, but not the AK?

IBRAHIM
In safe hands across the
frontier... with yours.

Ibrahim notices the sigh.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
Don't worry; I have this.

He pulls out the biggest fuck off dagger he's ever seen.

Arrow grabs his bag and heads for the door.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
Turn left out of the door; you'll
see the Land Rover, throw your bag
in the back. I booked you out.

INT/EXT. LAND ROVER (DOWNTOWN PESHAWAR) - DAY

Arrow throws his bag over the tail-gate and dives into the passenger seat. Ibrahim swiftly secures the tail straps.

The battered Land Rover lurches forward with a crunch of gears as Arrow coughs in the cloud of dust and shit.

IBRAHIM

My name is Ibrahim, I am of the mujahideen tribe, Habibullah, of which our Lord is your friend.

ARROW

Okay, Ibbie, fucking slow down.

The fierce expression on Ibrahim's face translates to: Never call me Ibbie ever again.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. Ibrahim it is... You can call me Arrow.

IBRAHIM

Very good, Mister Arrowsmith.

The L/R hurtles through dirty crowded streets narrowly missing flip-flop pedestrians and street shitting livestock.

They careen into a courtyard and screech to a stop as urchins close the gate behind them.

Ibrahim cut the engine as they sit there in a cloud of choking dust. Grinning, Ibrahim beams at Arrow.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

This is one of the many houses of our Lord Habibullah, may the light of Allah shine on him always--

ARROW

--I'm fucking choking here! Do we get out or what?

IBRAHIM

Into the house, follow me.

INT. PESHAWAR RESIDENCE - DAY - TRACKING

Following Ibrahim as he strides through the house, Arrow glimpses rooms on either side of the dark passage.

Ibrahim opens a door and they enter a large ornate dining room complete with Punkah.

At the end of a long ornate table they take seats opposite each other as a caftan clad crone places cups and dishes before them and disappears into an adjacent room.

Female voices drift in from the room next door as another billowing caftan appears wearing a chador hung with tiny silver coins dangling over the most beautiful dark eyes.

Her name is LEILAH and behind that chador is great beauty.

LEILAH

Welcome, Mister Arrowsmith, we have prepared a meal for you... you need to eat well before your journey.

With a swirl of billowing caftan she leaves the room as Arrow, open mouthed, watches her depart - Fuck! I'm in love.

IBRAHIM

Her name is Leilah and she spent much of her time at Oxford with your Major Mulcahy.

Surprised, Arrow stops eating, anticipating more info.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

She also works in government offices in Kabul and whatever she tells you is what you might call "Gospel"... Listen well to Leilah.

Ibrahim leaves the room as Leilah returns, gliding like a masked swan. She quickly removes her chador revealing the most beautiful face in all of Asia. Breath taking beauty.

She removes her veils to expose her most elegant neck and reaches behind to unclasp a hidden scarab from between her breasts.

She draws it out from her silk blouse and holds it in front of Arrow's mesmerized face.

He is momentarily hypnotised by the scarab and its precious stones and polished gold; a most startling object of art, which captivates the eyes like magic. An enchanting talisman.

Silently, she stoops and places it around Arrow's neck.

LEILAH

This is the Suf of my ancestor, Amir Ali Sher Khan. I am a direct descendant of the man you probably know as the infamous Sher Khan. The scarab is known by all mullahs and mujahideen lords who should recognise it and allow you safe passage. Use my name, Leilah Amir Ali Sher Khan, when you reveal it.

Arrow presses his hand to his chest and feels the warmth of Leilah's scarab on his flesh... his face says it all.

LEILAH (CONT'D)

Your guide, Ibrahim, will take you now to the chief of the Hezb, this side of the frontier... he needs to see you. Also, you must trust Ibrahim. He is of the faith and his life is forfeit should anything happen to you. This is his final task before retirement. When he delivers you to Lord Habibullah, he is released from all duties and is free to go where he will.

ARROW

Chief of the Hezb? What for?

LEILAH

He will sign this letter... your safe passage through the tribes.

She hands him a sealed envelope, he takes it.

ARROW

So the chief of the Hezb is the King of Afghanistan?

LEILAH

Not quite, but near enough.

ARROW

(feeling the Suf)

Do I get to keep this?

LEILAH

Take it off at your peril. You do not believe in wizardry, we do.

(steps back in goodbye posture)

Goodbye, Mr Arrowsmith, bi-nam-i Khuda, we will meet again.

She departs in a billowing of silk and bouncing black hair as he touches the Suf through his shirt and pockets the letter.

INT/EXT. LAND ROVER - DAY - TRAVELLING

Hurtling along a road strewn with potholes, Ibrahim adroitly avoids various beasts of burden and humans.

IBRAHIM

We are approaching the frontier but first we must stop at the stockade ahead to visit the Hezb.

Ibrahim toots the horn and hangs a tyre screeching right off the road onto a dirt track heading for a massive wooden gate that opens just in time... What the fuck!

ARROW

Did you learn to drive in a tank?

They screech to a halt in a cloud of dust, surrounded by happy laughing tribesmen all smaller clones of Ibrahim.

IBRAHIM

As a matter of fact, I did. When I was at Sandhurst, I did a tank driving course at Bovington.

ARROW

Sandhurst! YOU at Sandhurst?

Ibrahim shot him a most inscrutable glance and got out of the car to much back slapping and tribal shouting.

INT. HEZB COMMAND POST - DAY

Peering through the murk, Arrow enters followed by Ibrahim.

At a large table sit four men; three are mullahs, dressed in black and grey and a big man dressed just like Ibrahim but somehow more elegant. This is ABDUL AZIZ, Chief of the Hezb.

ABDUL AZIZ

Ahh, come in, Mr Arrowsmith. Your presence gives me joy and esteem with the venerable trio at my table... Please, show your Suf.

Arrow delves into his shirtfront and pulls out the thong with the scarab attached. Like magic, the light from the oil lamps seek out the Suf and reflect into the faces of the men... WHO

ARISE from their seats and salaam gracefully. MOVING TOWARD

ARROW, they sweep by him staring at the scarab and his face on their way out. He watches them go and turns back to Abdul Aziz, he sees the AK, which wasn't there before.

ABDUL AZIZ (CONT'D)

You have something for me to sign?

ARROW

This paper, Mr... er... hmm...
(fishing for a name, and
the paper)

ABDUL AZIZ

Abdul Aziz, Mr Arrowsmith. There are many men with that name but when it is signed on that paper, they all know it is I...

(as he signs it with a flourish.)

Arrow stuffs the Suf back into his shirt and holds out his hand for the good bye hand shake.

ABDUL AZIZ (CONT'D)

SIT... down, Mr Arrowsmith. There is a change of plan... You are not going to the house of Abdullah Habibullah, at least not directly.

ARROW

Who the fuck changed it?

ABDUL AZIZ

Profanity robs you of respect. Please, a holy man was in that chair a moment ago.

ARROW

Okay, I'll sit in yours. Now tell me about the change in plans.

ABDUL AZIZ

Our great friend and warrior does not wish to compromise you in any way and especially does not want your face captured by an infidel camera... A Russian camera.

ARROW

OK, so what's the change of plan?

Aziz face changes from concern to interest and enthusiasm as he unfolds a map on the table and stabs it with his finger.

ABDUL AZIZ

You must go to Herat, to the Shar-i-Nau, the new town on the outskirts of the city where our friend has much property. Transport is already planned for you, and your faithful guide, Ibrahim, will get you there safely, inshallah.

Arrow pulls out his hip flask and offers it to Aziz.

ARROW

Single malt Scotch whisky...

ABDUL AZIZ

I oft times wonder why Allah rewards the unbeliever with so many blessings that are denied his own children... No, thank you.

ARROW

I'm glad you call it a blessing...
(takes a swig)
I can't call your heroin a blessing.

Arrow pockets the flask as Aziz hands him the letter.

ABDUL AZIZ

I hope all doors open for you, Mr Arrowsmith.
(gripping Arrow's right hand)
Allah be with you.

ARROW

And with you too.

INT/EXT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING - DAY

Rounding a bend in the road, Ibrahim slows as they approach a group of horsemen... he pulls over and stops.

IBRAHIM

Make room for a passenger.

A small man appears at Arrow's window wearing a military style cloak and side arm. He pulls open the door and squeezes in next to Arrow, who has to put his arm around his shoulder to make room. He looks at Ibrahim with daggers.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

Meet SALIM, our passport across the frontier and our friend's brother-in-law.

ARROW

What about the Hezb letter?

IBRAHIM

Emergencies only. C'mon, shove up, let him in.

With a little difficulty, Salim closes the door as Ibrahim guns the motor and the horsemen part for them to pass.

SALIM

A great honour to meet you, Mr Arrowsmith.
(MORE)

SALIM (CONT'D)

My name is Salim of the PINTISI and servant of my brother, Lord Habibullah... May the bright light of Allah shine on him always.

ARROW

PINTISI! Bloody Paki Intelligence, and you know my name!

SALIM

In all of Pakistan Intelligence, only I am honoured to know you by name... the border guards will not see your passport, so relax.

The horsemen clatter away to the west as the Land Rover rounds a bend and approaches the frontier barrier and overtakes the long queue of vehicles and horsemen.

EXT. PAKI/AFGHAN FRONTIER POST - DAY

Ibrahim pulls in front of the red and white horizontal pole as uniformed men approach them. Salim pops his head out of the window and they all halt; stand to attention and salute.

Energetic soldiers raise the barrier and Ibrahim guns the old protesting Land Rover into Afghanistan and off they go.

INT/EXT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING - (AFGHANISTAN) - DAY

With a cloud of dust behind them the Land Rover converges with a band of horsemen approaching from the west.

They all halt at the trail junction. Salim gets out and grabs two AK's and ammo from a horseman and passes them to Arrow.

SALIM

Take care, Mr Arrowsmith, we will meet again. Inshallah!

Salim went as he came; disappearing with a group of raghead horsemen, clattering away across the dasht (uncultivated land) and out of sight in a cloud of dust.

ARROW

C'mon, move it... the flies are starting to bite.

IBRAHIM

There are no flies on me.

ARROW

No, but I can see the marks where they've been... get your boot down.

Swaying with the lurching Land Rover, Arrow fills both AK magazines; locks and loads and stows them by his feet.

Hurtling along the pot-holed road they pass camel trains, horsemen, herdsman and sheep... and the day rolls by.

As the light fades, Ibrahim is alert and looking intently to his right. Arrow follows his gaze...

ARROW (CONT'D)

Whassup! What are we looking for?

IBRAHIM

It nears the hour of Sham, the time for evening prayer and supper.

ARROW

OK, so we're looking for a church and a motorway caff? I don't fucking think so... But look there, to the East... That's a sandstorm coming our way - not good, Ibrahim.

Through the windscreen they see a light in the distance.

IBRAHIM

Ahh, there it is! My cousin's chaikhana [teahouse cum dosshouse]. We sleep well tonight... We must race to beat the storm. My cousin is expecting us.

ARROW

What the fuck! Does every chip shop and curry house know I'm coming? Do they know I like salt and vinegar on my fucking chips?... Fuck me!

IBRAHIM

Relax, Mr. Aroowsmith, my cousin expects myself and a companion. He knows nothing of you or your liking of salt and vinegar.

A bullet ricochets off the bonnet. They see movement on the road to their front. Another muzzle flash in the waning light and the ping as the bullet clips the fender.

Everything happens fast as Ibrahim brakes and grabs his AK.

Arrow is out of the car and empties half a mag of 7.62's into the shapes to his front as Ibrahim takes cover by the car.

Arrow moves tactically forward to discover two dead men alongside two dead horses lying in the road. Ibrahim follows, scanning the area as he approaches Arrow.

The wind is howling now as the great wall of sand approaches across the dasht. Arrow pulls his shemag across his face and shields his eyes from the first wave of driving grit.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

Bandits.

ARROW

Dead bandits... Sorry, horses.
C'mon, let's fuck off before this
sand buries us.

Hurtling along the trail with the great wall of sand closing on them, Ibrahim's face shows no sign of panic as he narrowly misses a galloping camel train going their way.

With the sandstorm buffeting them, the Land Rover loses a bit of paint on the massive gate post of the chaikhana as they careen through and into a barn-like structure - safe.

INT. CHAIKHANA - (TEAHOUSE) - NIGHT

Oil lamps provide the murky light as groups of travellers: tribesmen; herders, merchants and kids eat their food as Arrow and Ibrahim hunch over their supper in the canteen.

ARROW

Any talk of the bandits yet?

IBRAHIM

They will have been stripped of
their weapons, clothes, everything
and pulled off the road by now, so
forget them because there will be
more bandits waiting for easy
pickings along these roads.

ARROW

We shoulda took the scenic route.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE JOURNEY TO HERAT

- A) The Land Rover weaving through busy lines of camel trains and herds of sheep.
- B) Loading kit from the Land Rover onto pack horses and riding horses over rough terrain... AK's at the ready.
- C) Chance meetings with colorful warriors, inspecting the Hezb letter then chatting and pointing the way.
- D) On horseback through remote villages with camel-shit streets and inhabitants living in dire poverty.
- E) Loading kit from mules into another Land Rover.
- F) Driving across terrain scorched by the cruel sun.

- G) The landscape changing and the road improving as they near the greater habitation of Herat.
- H) On the outskirts of the city they approach a walled villa. Ibrahim toots the horn and enormous wooden gates open and they drive into a cobbled courtyard.

INT/EXT. HERAT VILLA - DAY

Two warriors; clones of Ibrahim, warmly greet them. All smiles, bandoliers of polished ammo and slung AK's; these guys look the business. Arrow meets WALI and ZANDA.

Wali grabs Arrow's outstretched hand and pumps it... hard.

IBRAHIM

Wali.

WALI

Salaam Alaycum, Sahib.

ARROW

Alaycum Salaam, Wali.

IBRAHIM

Zanda.

Arrow repeats the greet with Zanda - big handshake.

INT. HERAT VILLA - DAY

Arrow and Ibrahim sit cross-legged around a massive table laden with food. Wali and Zanda sit on either side of Arrow while younger men surround Ibrahim.

Burkha clad women serve the food as excited teens chatter around Ibrahim - their legendary hero. Chatter CEASES AND

THE BURKHAS SCURRY to the kitchen as a big man enters wearing a black mandil (Afghani turban) and monstrous beard.

Folding his black robes around him, he sits at the head of the table - the silence is deafening.

The mullah reaches for bread and starts to eat, which seems to be the signal for normality as the chatter continues.

LATER AT THE END OF THE MEAL

Arrow sips the last of his mint tea and places his glass on the table. Instant silence as Ibrahim harrumphs.

IBRAHIM

Please, show the holy man the Suf.

Arrow digs into his shirtfront and pulls out the amulet, which draws a collective gasp as it catches the light from the oil lamps and glitters bewitchingly on its thong.

The mullah gathers himself to his feet with his arms full of robes; salaams deeply, one last look at the Suf and leaves.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

The holy man is a very important person. He is the brother of the Shahbandar at the port of Karachi, the most senior Customs Officer in the region and you need his help.

LATER with the food all cleared away, Arrow and Ibrahim study a map spread across the table. They turn as Zanda enters.

ZANDA

The master is here.

Ibrahim's big hand grabs Arrow's shoulder with a 'stay there' gesture as he briskly marches out of the room.

Arrow hears a laugh and shoulder slapping - two seconds later in comes ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH all teeth and turban, just like Omar Sharif in Lawrence of Arabia.

He grabs Arrow's shoulders with outstretched hands and holds his head back in a mock inspection of his face.

The grin impossibly widens showing the happiness of reunion as they embrace in a manly back slapping grapple.

Ibrahim's happy granite face in the doorway says it all.

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH

It is so good to see you again, my brother... and I wish you were coming to stay with me for a long holiday instead of this mysterious mission you have undertaken.

(then, in a piss taking Lancashire accent)

How's yer Mam, Olive an' Jack 'n' Ann 'n' John?

(they collapse into laughing nostalgia)

C'mon, let's have supper and then we can discuss your mission and see how I can help you in your quest.

Turning swiftly to face Ibrahim in a swirl of cloak and bandoliers of polished bullets, he barks an order in Farsi as he exits and the burkhas return with food for the supper.

Ibrahim quickly folds the map and gives Arrow a rare grin.

LATER the table is cleared by the burkhas and Ibrahim unfolds the map as Abdullah and Arrow discuss the operation.

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH (CONT'D)

... And all of this is to get you into the IRA! Suicide; that is what it is. Even when you succeed, you will be in constant danger from your own armchair warriors, glory hunters who will abuse any information you give them. They will compromise you and your contacts simply to appease your British Establishment, which is nothing more than a bucket of dung anyway... Mark my words.

ARROW

Your insight into the workings of Northern Ireland intelligence is refreshing and morale boosting, because neither MI5 or MI6 are in the loop. Nor are Special Branch or the intelligence community. Only you and three others know of my ultimate goal and I trust you and the others with my life.

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH

Your plan is fraught with danger and I know you are an adrenalin junkie so I will offer you an alternative death wish...

(Ibrahim joins them)

Stay in Afghanistan with me and Ibrahim. The Russians are coming and the jihad will provide you with lots of Russians to kill and you'll have more adventure than Sinbad the sailor... and wealth.

ARROW

Thank you, but I have signed an oath in my own blood, but I promise you I will join you if the Russians come... regardless where I am.

Nodding resignedly, Abdullah gets up and goes to the map.

They join him at the table as he slides his finger across the map down to 'Karachi' and looking meaningfully at Arrow.

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH

I will give you the heroin and safe passage to Karachi on condition you will take my faithful servant

(MORE)

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH (CONT'D)
 with you, all the way. Both of you
 return when the Russians come.

Ibrahim's face is like the Hindu Kush; craggy and unfathomable. His hard grey eyes soften as Arrow nods his approval. They all turn back to the map.

TIME CUT

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOURNEY TO KARACHI.

- A) Arrow and Ibrahim load Land Rover and drive out of villa.
- B) Land Rover driving through hamlets and dusty trails.
- C) Soldiers raising the barrier at Pakistan frontier.
- D) Driving into Quetta airport for Karachi flight.
- E) Exit Karachi airport to waiting car.
- F) Car pulls into a big house with walled perimeter.

INT/EXT. SHAHBANDAR HOUSE - (KARACHI) - DAY - TRACKING

Ibrahim jumps out of the passenger seat and opens the rear door for Arrow. Two burkhas appear to take the luggage.

IBRAHIM
 (patrician accent)
 This way, Mr Brown. Please follow
 me into the house. Leave the bags.

The driver opens the trunk for the women to grab the bags.

Entering the house, Arrow stops Ibrahim in his tracks.

ARROW
 What's this Mr Brown shit and you
 talking like the MP for Bradford?

IBRAHIM
 'Mr Brown' was for the benefit of
 the chauffeur who will undoubtedly
 be questioned in the near future.
 And my adopted accent serves the
 same purpose... confusion.

ARROW
 OK, fine, but who am I now?

IBRAHIM
 Mr Brown to everyone except the
 master of the house who is the
 Shahbandar of Karachi who will be
 here presently.

ARROW

OK, Jeeves, get me a clean shirt, I need to freshen up.

IBRAHIM

Jeeves?

The women carrying their bags struggle past them and on into the house. Ibrahim and Arrow follow them to their rooms.

INT. ARROW'S ROOM - (LATER)

Arrow flexes his six-pack as he shucks into a fresh shirt.

Ibrahim enters looking debonair in smart slacks, fresh white shirt and regimental tie.

ARROW

I thought we were dining in?

IBRAHIM

We are, the Shahbandar is waiting in the dining room... Please, go along with whatever he says because he is essential to your safe passage out of Karachi and he is under the impression this is a practice run for when the Russians invade. That is why the mullahs are supporting you.

ARROW

I keep hearing about invading Russians... Okay, I'll play the game. I doubt anyone is stupid enough to invade Afghanistan.

INT. DINING ROOM

The massive table is laid with colorful salads and the burkha clad women hustle out at the sight of Ibrahim entering.

A tall elegant man in expensive English clothes welcomes them with an outstretched hand for Arrow. This is ZARAK KHAN, the Shahbandar of the port of Karachi.

ZARAK KHAN

Gentlemen, welcome to my humble home... Please, I am Zarak Khan.
(the Masonic handshake is acknowledged by Arrow)
How do you do, Mr Arrowsmith?

ARROW

Very well, now that we are here, thank you... erm... mister Khan--

ZARAK KHAN

--Zarak, please call me Zarak.
Please sit and enjoy our food.

SLIGHT TIME CUT

Finishing the last of their food, Arrow studies Zarak's face as he speaks and Ibrahim studies Arrow.

ZARAK KHAN (CONT'D)

--And I can guarantee safe passage through Karachi port and an escort out to sea, but I need two weeks notice of your arrival so I can arrange logistics for each cargo.

Arrow clocks the tension on Ibrahim's face and watches it fade as he nods agreement.

ARROW

Why two weeks?

ZARAK KHAN

I need time to arrange the mooring of your vessel, which, by the way, is here already, moored in my private dock.

ARROW

Bloody hell! That was quick... when can I see her?

ZARAK KHAN

Within the hour. The delivery crew flew back to Formosa yesterday but a single crew member is on board awaiting your arrival. Your third crew member is another Englishman.

(the meaningful look he gives Ibrahim isn't missed by Arrow)

A big man; not given to talking much, quite surly, a philistine.

ARROW

I thought you said he was English. What's his name?

ZARAK KHAN

You can ask him yourself presently.

EXT. DOCK AREA - (KARACHI) - DAY

In the maze of warehouses, sheds and docks is a quiet wharf where *Nautchee Lady*, a cutter rigged 48 footer with a galleon stern sits beautiful and silent moored to the bollards AS THE

CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN CAR pulls away leaving Arrow and Ibrahim alone staring at the beautiful new yacht shimmering in the evening sun. Ibrahim sees ARROW FLINCH AS

A BLONDE HEAD on broad shoulders emerges through the cockpit hatch. It's MESSTIN, the big guy from the training camp.

IBRAHIM
 Something wrong, Mr Arrowsmith?
 (his big hand on Arrow's
 shoulder)
 Who is he?

ARROW
 The philistine Zarak mentioned.

MESSTIN

Weaves his way around the deck and stands at the stern where the gangplank is positioned. He waves and shouts...

MESSTIN
 Fucking hell, Arrow! We were told
 you'd been dumped off the course--

ARROW
 --Shush! Wait till we're aboard
 before you say another fucking
 word... You loud-mouthed prick.

Ibrahim follows Arrow up the gangplank as Arrow pumps Messtin's hand and steps aside to introduce Ibrahim.

ARROW (CONT'D)
 This is Ibrahim, he is--
 (Messtin abruptly turns
 away, ignoring Ibrahim's
 outstretched hand and
 disappears down the
 companionway)
 --You thick ignorant twat...
 (following him below)
 Stop right there, you racist prick!

INT. NAUTCHEE LADY - DAY

Arrow and Ibrahim clamber down the companionway into the beautiful leather clad and cherry wood saloon where Messtin is already sitting at the expertly crafted dining table.

ARROW
 How the fuck did you get through
 that course and be part of my op?
 You fucking numbskull.

MESSTIN

I don't like fucking wogs and that one looks particularly nasty. What the fuck's he doing here?

Sitting opposite him and indicating Ibrahim sit next to him, Arrow eyeballs Messtin across the table.

ARROW

Let's find out what you're doing here first... what are your orders and how much do you know about Mother...?

(Ibrahim's 9mm Browning effortlessly appears at Messtin's temple)

Answer the challenge now or die--

MESSTIN

--Land! Now get that fucker out of my face before I gut you.

Underneath the table Arrow sees the blade of a samurai sword.

MESSTIN (CONT'D)

(off Ibrahim)

You didn't cock that weapon.

ARROW

Mujahideen warriors don't usually apply safety catches either.

Messtin slowly drew out the sword and placed it on the table. Ibrahim slowly withdrew the Browning but aimed at Messtin.

ARROW (CONT'D)

That's better, now down to business... Because you are part of the Motherland thread and under my direct command--

(off Ibrahim)

--Like him. You will now tell me your orders and all you know about Motherland... We got beer onboard?

LATER IN THE SALOON

Messtin concludes his sitrep.

MESSTIN

... mines are along each bank of the Suez canal so we have to stay in the middle for a hundred miles.

ARROW

And then you went to Taiwan to sail
this yacht back here to Karachi,
and you know nothing about this
operation?

MESSTIN

Just like the proverbial mushroom -
fed on shit and kept in the dark,
so maybe you can enlighten me?

The noise of a car pulling up and footsteps on the gangplank
sends Ibrahim beneath the companionway with the sword and his
Browning at the ready as two pair of feet patter above them.

The posh voice of HAMILTON-COX calls out in the cockpit.

HAMILTON-COX (O.S.)

Hello on board, British Embassy
staff here, ahoy there!

A polished leather brogue steps onto the companionway to the
saloon and slips on the shiny wooden step.

Hamilton-Cox plummets down rattling his arse off each step
until he comes to an abrupt halt in a sitting position.

Pulling himself to his feet he runs his hand through his fair
hair as he straightens his jacket in awkward embarrassment.

HAMILTON-COX (CONT'D)

Sorry about that chaps: Hamilton-
Cox is the name, how do you do?
(holding out his manicured
hand for Arrow to shake)
The Shahbandar is here with me;
bloody good job, I'd never have
found this little ship amongst all
these big ones. What? Oh, I have a
message for you.

The Shahbandar elegantly descends the steps to join them.

Glancing at Messtin, all his diplomatic training couldn't
prevent the look of mistrust that flickered across his face.

ARROW

Where are the messages?

HAMILTON-COX

I say, old chap, doesn't one get a
bit of respect and possibly a glass
of whisky around here?... What?
(his eyes pop as he sees
Ibrahim under the stairs)
What the fuck--

ARROW

Sit down!
OK Ibrahim, put that away.

The Shahbandar took Hamilton-Cox's elbow and showed him to the table.

ZARAK KHAN

Give Mr Arrowsmith his message please, then I can take you back to the embassy.

Arrow eyeballs Messtin.

ARROW

Do we have scotch?

MESSTIN

Which would you like; single malt or plain old Cutty Sark?

ZARAK KHAN

I prefer Cutty Sark please. I need something sharp on my palate... ice if you please.

Messtin points to a beautifully crafted drinks cabinet.

MESSTIN

In there, you'll find all you need.

ARROW

You pour our guests some whisky now, you ill-bred wanker. Don't be an ungenial twat all of your life.

MESSTIN

Yeah, I could do with a large one myself... I'm beginning to feel like Yasser Arafat sneaking a piss on the synagogue steps.

ARROW

Just the guests, we have much to do when they leave.

The sulking Messtin pours the drinks, each with ice.

Hamilton-Cox gulps his whisky and fishes out an envelope from his money belt and flattens it on the table, wax seal up.

HAMILTON-COX

I am to witness the burning of that letter when you have read it.

Arrow checks the seal on the letter then breaks it and pulls out the single sheet of paper. Expressionless, he reads it.

INSERT - LETTER FROM Q

DISPOSE MESTON AFTER SUEZ PASSAGE - TRAITOR - NO REMAINS.
ZARAK KHAN TO INFORM HABIBULLAH CARGO READY IN 2 WEEKS.
FRIENDS WAITING AT SHANNON AIRPORT. Q.

BACK TO SCENE

Beckoning Zarak to join him on deck; in a stern voice says

ARROW

We won't be a moment, stay there.

IN THE COCKPIT

Arrow folds the letter and eyeballs Zarak.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Please tell Habibullah the cargo must be ready in two weeks time.

ZARAK KHAN

That means you will be coming through here in three or maybe four weeks from now... Bloody hell!

ARROW

That's right... and there's a couple of things I'd like you to do for me please, if you can?

ZARAK KHAN

I can do anything, what is it?

ARROW

I want a 24-hour guard on this yacht and can you electronically scan it from stem to stern; and please scan the mast and spreaders. They are the favorite spots for hiding transmitter bugs.

ZARAK KHAN

I'll take care of that but what do you want the guard to do?

ARROW

Photograph anyone near the yacht and I need to have that crewman, Messtin, followed and document everything he does and photograph every person he speaks to.

ZARAK KHAN

Consider it done, Mr Arrowsmith; if there's nothing else, I'll go to the car and wait for Hamilton-Cox. Bon voyage, bi-nam-i khuda. [In the name of God, Persian]

Zarak Khan leaves the yacht as Arrow calls below.

ARROW

Time to go, Mr Hamilton-Cox.

Hamilton-Cox clambers into the cockpit as Arrow ignites the letter with a cigarette lighter.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Witness this, H-C, your car awaits.

HAMILTON-COX

I don't know what you are up to, Mr Arrowsmith, but I'll have you know you have just been served by the highest ranking messenger boy this side of Buckingham Palace!

ARROW

Thank you, you will never know how crucial you have been to this op. Perhaps one day we'll have a drink in less stressful surroundings.

Hamilton-Cox walks down the gangplank and calls back...

HAMILTON-COX

Pigs might fly!

INT. SALOON

Arrow joins Ibrahim and Messtin at the table.

ARROW

Listen carefully, these are your orders. Have this vessel provisioned and ready to sail three weeks from now. I've arranged for an electronic scan of the yacht so when the technicians leave you must pull up the gangplank and ease her away from the quayside so nobody can come aboard... No women, no little boys... No fucker!

MESSTIN

And what are you gonna do? Where will you be if I need anything?

ARROW

What might you need?... Money?

MESSTIN

I've got plenty of money for the job. It's just the mushroom aspect that bugs me. I don't know what the fuck I'm doing here.

ARROW

Okay listen, you know very well that everything we do is on a need to know basis, but I'll tell you. We are going to Gibraltar with a cargo of rice in which is hidden secret electronic equipment; Russian kit, destined for the Royal Navy in Gib. That's why you recce'd the Suez Canal, because we're sailing through it. So now you know, so no more mushroom shit, just do your job - and make sure we have all the sea charts.

INT/EXT. KARACHI AIRPORT - DAY

Dressed in smart European suits, Arrow and Ibrahim look on as the chauffeur loads their bags onto porters trollies.

The chauffeur drives away as they disappear into the guts of the airport. Arrow doesn't miss the beady eyes of the onlooking Russians as they follow the porters.

EXT. SHANNON AIRPORT - DAY

Heading for the line of cabs outside the airport, Arrow and Ibrahim are intercepted by a grinning young bloke wearing a cheese-cutter cap. This is EUGENE, a short-arsed Mick, followed by OWEN, another short-arse.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Shannon Airport, Ireland"

EUGENE

Over here, Sor!

(pointing at a big
American saloon car)

The big Yankee job by the railings.

He stoops to grab the bags as Owen tries to take Ibrahim's bags. The Hindu Kush was just about to crush the Blarney Stone when Arrow asks--

ARROW

Who the feck are you?

EUGENE

I'm Eugene and that fella der is Owen. C'mon, Sor, we're to take ye to Limerick.

ARROW

Who said? And how do you know me?

EUGENE

Mr Cahill pointed you out and told us to follow him to the pub up the road a ways... he's gone on ahead. He didn't tell us about your big darkie fella. Be Christ! He's feckin big, ain't he.

They get in the big Buick and drive away.

EXT/INT. COUNTRY PUB - (IRELAND) - DAY

The big Buick crunches to a halt outside the remote country pub and the Micks open the doors for their passengers.

EUGENE

OK, Sor, into the pub wit ye. It's not opening time yet but sure, nobody around here cares a feck about that now.

ARROW

Where's your boss?

EUGENE

T'be sure, he's in the pub, Sor. Now go into the pub, Sor, please, they're waiting for ye.

Arrow and Ibrahim walk into the pub. The Micks wait outside.

INSIDE THE PUB

They walk across ancient flagstones in the poor light of the noiseless saloon bar... Creepy.

Motes of dust waltz in the highlight, increasing the camouflage between them and the shadowy figure in the far corner who stands up. This is JOE CAHILL.

JOE CAHILL

Over here, Christopher.

As they step toward Cahill, another figure steps out of the shadows aiming a pistol at them. This is BRIAN KEENAN, the Chief-of-Staff of the Provisional IRA - no less.

The scowling face of Brian Keenan roared...

BRIAN KEENAN
Get that feckin wog outta here!

Arrow about turns and heads for the door with Ibrahim.

BRIAN KEENAN (CONT'D)
Not you, Arrowsmith, come back.

Arrow gave him the finger behind his back as they walk through the door...

OUTSIDE THE PUB

... into the sunshine and into THE MUZZLES

OF SUB-MACHINE GUNS aimed at them by men disguised as painters and decorators leaning on a battered van.

Ibrahim steps in front of Arrow as Joe Cahill comes out.

JOE CAHILL
Come back inside, Christopher...
your friend will be fine out here.
(off Ibrahim and pointing
to an old wooden bench)
Sit down there and wait.
Get yer man a drink willya. Where's
yer feckin manners? Look after him
a minute willya.
(off Arrow)
Come on, back inside, we haven't
got all feckin day. C'mon.

Arrow nods at Ibrahim, turns and strides toward Cahill with a spleenful look and murmurs...

ARROW
This better be fecking good, pal, I
don't like being diverted then
treated like a twat by some peat-
bog arshole with a brain drowned in
fecking Guinness.

JOE CAHILL
Never mind him, Christopher. He's
pissed off because we were told you
worked solo. We didn't expect the
big black fella. Feck, he's big.

ARROW
I normally work alone, but in my
line of business circumstances can
change to one's advantage. I am
truly fortunate to have that man.

INSIDE THE PUB

Keenan is still scowling as they join him.

JOE CAHILL

This is Brian, Christopher. You need not know his last name.

ARROW

I already have a name for him... fecking ignoramus.

BRIAN KEENAN

Have a feckin drink, Christopher, yer man doesn't care a feck what I says about him - wogs is like that.

ARROW

That man you call wog is a mujahideen warrior who speaks more languages than you've got fingers and has killed more men than you've got in your tin-pot fecking army. You are not fit to lick his fecking boots, so state your business and I'll feck off.

Keenan's grin disappears and his face fills with rage.

BRIAN KEENAN

Who the feck do you think you're talking to, you cunt!

Arrow leans forward into his face - fearless.

ARROW

I guess you are the Provisional IRA and some bastard has fingered me to get you some weapons. The gun-toting paperhangers outside indicate that. It won't be the first time I've been shanghaied for weapons and it probably won't be the last, so come on, let's have it, what the feck do you want?

JOE CAHILL

You best calm down and listen to our proposals... but first you must pledge your allegiance to the Provisional IRA. You are a feckin Irishman and you shoulda done this years ago.

BRIAN KEENAN

You best do that right now, or--

ARROW

--Okay, okay. I pledge my allegiance to the Provisional IRA from this day on... Now, what's the fecking deal?

Silence, as an old crone arrives with a tray of drinks.

LATER they huddle over the table with pints of Guinness and glasses of whiskey. Arrow fakes his look of resignation.

ARROW (CONT'D)

--Okay, so the *Claudia* takes the heroin off me in the Med and takes it to the Mafia while I arrange the consignment in Tripoli.

JOE CAHILL

Make sure everything is in order so the *Claudia* can come in fast, load and get out fast. You be at the RV in the Irish Sea to transfer the cargo and bring it ashore... In the meantime you'll attend the explosives course in Algiers and meet the other players from ETA and the PLO.

BRIAN KEENAN

Yer man stays here. You feck up and he's dead.

JOE CAHILL

Don't worry, he'll be well looked after on our farm in Doon, just up the road from here.

ARROW

Okay... finances?

JOE CAHILL

How does yer man want it?

ARROW

Paid into a Dublin-based lawyer's office, I'll write down the details later... so we're all agreed - £2000 per kilo, plus my expenses and commission of 10%... Right?

BRIAN KEENAN

That's a lot of money, 500 kilos.

ARROW

It's fecking peanuts in this game. I deal in tons and when it comes to armaments, I deal in millions... and don't forget - this is your plan... not mine.

BRIAN KEENAN

Dead on, and you gotta make it feckin work else yer darkie friend is dead... and so will you be.

ARROW

Make sure my man is well looked after while I'm in Algiers else you will certainly be fecking dead.

LATER OUTSIDE THE PUB

Arrow and Ibrahim stand by the Buick surrounded by IRA gunmen. Cahill and Keenan listen as Arrow explains the situation to Ibrahim.

ARROW (CONT'D)

--I will be back from Algiers in a few days time so relax and enjoy the farmhouse holiday. We fly back to Pakistan when I return.

EXT/INT. ALGIERS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Dressed in jeans, T-shirt and desert boots, Arrow strides through the concourse carrying his travel bag after clearing customs and immigration. Out of the crowd, A UNIFORMED

POLICEMAN wearing mirrored Aviators joins him and POINTS

TO A POLICE CAR waiting at the airport entrance.

SUPERIMPOSE: "ALGIERS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT"

The policeman opens the passenger door, picks up Arrow's bag and chucks it in the rear and gestures Arrow to get in.

Wordlessly, both men get in the car and drive away.

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Arrow studies the route through downtown Algiers and occasionally checks the expressionless face of the POLICEMAN.

WHO coughs, spits out the window and speaks French.

POLICEMAN

You are a day late and have missed the induction and RPG-7 class.

ARROW

Thank fuck for that.

POLICEMAN

(in French)

You had a visitor last night; very disappointed you hadn't arrived, he is returning tonight so stay in your room... you speak French, yes?

ARROW

Only when I'm in France, so you better practice your English.

POLICEMAN

Fuck off, asshole!

ARROW

Your English is good.

The driver hangs a right and drives through the big gates of the Algerian Police Training Academy, a high walled area of incongruous buildings hidden from the outside world.

EXT/INT. ALGERIAN POLICE TRAINING ACADEMY - DAY

The car drives through the complex of classrooms and training areas along dusty alleyways to an accommodation block. Stops.

POLICEMAN

Grab your bag: follow me.

INT. ACCOMMODATION BLOCK

Arrow follows the cop into the building and up the stairs.

The sounds of splashing water and gurgling screams drift up the stairwell. Arrow looks down over the bannister but can see nothing. A sinister, ominous fucking dump this is...

Reaching the top floor they walk along a corridor of adjoining rooms to the end room where the cop turns the key and enters, he gives Arrow the key.

ARROW'S ROOM

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Only lock the door when you leave the room. NEVER lock yourself in.

ARROW

I might want to lock people out.

POLICEMAN

Your visitors must not be heard knocking on your door... savvy?

ARROW

That door will be locked at midnight, regardless visitors. I don't like late callers when I'm sleeping. Also, I'm hungry, where's the fucking canteen?

POLICEMAN
Next floor down - end of corridor
and one more thing... never leave
this building alone.

ARROW
Who said?

POLICEMAN
I said; didn't you fucking hear me?

ARROW
Who the fuck is "I said"?... I've
never heard of him.

POLICEMAN
Chief Inspector of International
Training... ANWAR WADOUD - ME. And
what I say goes around here,
Arrowsmith, because you and the
other trainees are my
responsibility in this dangerous
place full of dangerous people.

ARROW
Says the man who wants me to leave
my fucking door open.

The screams from below fade as Anwar Wadoud, the policeman quietly closes the door behind him as he leaves Arrow to unpack and freshen up.

Arrow shoves a chair under the door handle - that'll do for now. He pulls out his army clasp-knife and stabs a hole at head height in the door with the pig-stabber (splicing spike). He looks through it into the corridor: that's better.

LATER wearing fresh clothes and combing his hair in the mirror, Arrow stiffens as the door rattles. Cautiously, he peeps through the hole and sees a turbaned head. He pulls away the chair and in steps an ARAB

WARRIOR, dressed as a Bedouin in the blue and black robes of the Berber with a white turban style headdress that is wrapped around his neck and drops loosely down his front.

Enter MOHAMMED BOUDIA, wearing a curved dagger on one hip and a pistol on the other. His bright flashing eyes shining behind the shadow of the turban. Arrow's mind races as:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BERLIN HQ - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Arrow studies mug-shots. He's holding a photo...

INSERT - GRAINY PHOTO

LEADER BLACK SEPTEMBER TERRORIST GROUP.

... of Mohammed Boudia.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ACCOMMODATION BLOCK. ARROW'S ROOM - DAY (DUSK)

Boudia's handsome face breaks into a wide grin as he steps toward Arrow, hand outstretched. Fuck, look at him, this guy puts the Cahill mob in the junior league. They shake hands.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA
Salaam Alaycum, Christopher... You
are a day late.

ARROW
Alaycum Salaam, Mister... er...

MOHAMMED BOUDIA
Mohammed, call me Mohammed.
(turning in a swirl of
black and blue robes he
says over his shoulder)
Follow me.

INT/EXT. ALGERIAN POLICE TRAINING ACADEMY - NIGHT - TRACKING

Arrow follows Boudia down the stairs, hard-assed along dark corridors and out into a dimly lit alley, turn left along a dirt track and out through a gate in the perimeter wall.

Across the road from the gate is a busy cafe - in they go.

INT. ALGERIAN CAFE - NIGHT

Arrow follows Boudia in the packed cafe to a table in the far corner. They sit opposite each other in the smoky room.

A big man dressed in the same garb as Boudia moves in behind Boudia as three others take post at the front and rear doors and the toilet door - bodyguards dressed as Berbers.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA
Necessary security, Christopher.
You know about the Wrath of God
squads, formed to kill the heroes
of the Munich Olympics operation?
Of course you do... Well, I am
their number one target.

ARROW

So I can be shredded in a hail of Mossad dum-dum bullets any minute now can I? Those guys don't give a shit about collateral damage.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

Relax, my friend. My men are all around the area; no one moves without me knowing about it.

A huge man moves nimbly around tables bringing a tray of food and mint tea. Stooping to place the tray, his blue robe opens and Arrow clocks the big automatic clipped to his belt.

A platter of prawns and salad lands in front of him as he gingerly pushes the sprigs of mint aside to swig his tea.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA (CONT'D)

Eat up, the food over there is camel dung and you will never set foot in here again... so enjoy.

Arrow scoffs his food and checks the exits and other diners; all Arabs, nobody looks at him as he swigs his tea, scanning.

ARROW

Looks like you've brought your tribe with you tonight, Mo. Mossad will need a bomb to get you.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

Hmm... they've already tried that; killed the wrong Mohammed.

(he swigs his tea)

Mr. Cahill tells me you are a valuable member of his group. He says also that you have influential friends dealing with rare merchandise, Such friends could well be of use to me.

I can also put at your disposal the very latest of firearms, explosives and explosive devices. But first you must prove yourself worthy by bringing success to your IRA group with this current project.

ARROW

Mr Cahill talks too much; my influential friends, as you put it, are my business... nobody else's.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

Not when you are purchasing weapons from my people in Tripoli; they are now MY business... Your merchandise can't be linked to Colonel Qadhafi.

ARROW

Wrong! The trade is not on his territory; the hardware is paid for by ETA after the heroin goes to the group in Italy. There is no drug connection to Colonel Qadhafi.

Boudia visibly relaxes as the tension leaves his face.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

Very good, Christopher, now I must tell you that there is hardly a group on the planet that is not contaminated by Mossad.

ARROW

Ah, so my worries begin in Tripoli because Mossad has no infiltrators in my mujahideen... my crew are proven warriors, loyal to me.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

I am pleased you mentioned your trusty crew; as a mark of your loyalty to the cause of freedom, you will sacrifice one of them before you leave Tripoli. You must execute one of them with your own hand. I would normally insist you kill all your crew but I realize the difficulties in sailing your yacht without a crew.

Arrow clocked Boudia's index finger raise slightly from the table and the bodyguard's hand eases over the hilt of his dagger. Swiftly scanning, he sees the others have braced up.

ARROW

You ask much of me, Mo, and it will be done, but my fee has just increased because finding loyal skilled seamen costs time and money and I'm thinking how you would feel if I ask you for a loyalty test?

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

Fair comment, Christopher... Now down to business; give me your list of requirements, I will have it ready on the dockside in Tripoli.

ARROW

(confused)
Cahill placed the order?

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

You are the trader, you place it.

ARROW
What is available?

MOHAMMED BOUDIA
My man will give you a list of hardware tomorrow. Select items and quantity and he will collect your order the day after tomorrow... Be ready to move because you will not finish the course; time is not on your side my friend. Come, I will take you back to the training wing.

INT/EXT. ALGERIAN POLICE TRAINING ACADEMY - NIGHT - TRACKING

In the dark, Arrow follows Boudia across the road and through the little gate into the academy grounds.

Fleeting shadows of Berbers guard their chief along the dark alleys leading to the accommodation block. They melt into the night. Arrow, alone heads into the light of the lobby...

Swiftly, up the stairs and into his room - what the fuck!

ARROW'S ROOM

Two men, dressed in fatigues rummage his kit. Arrow, moving hard... SLAM! A tremendous downward punch into the Arab jaw.

The other intruder lunges with a stiletto blade; Arrow parries with his left as his right knocks him flat.

The stiletto clatters across the floor and slides under the bed as the lithe Arab comes in hard - knee up into the guts - catching Arrow hard - that really hurt - breathing hard...

Like lightning, the Arab slips around, he's got Arrow in a choke-hold. Arrow's hips swing left, his elbow smashes into the Arab's bollocks and his head drives backward into the Arab's face, knocking out the front teeth.

The close-quarter fight to the death ensues with kicks, blocks and punches... mayhem - the knife under the bed -

The Arab dives for it - Arrow lands on top of him - both men throttling each other's throats - eyes popping - death looming... Arrow pushes himself up away from the Arab...

Arrow releases his hand to drive his elbow into the Arab's Adam's apple with all his weight. CRUNCH - instant death.

Arrow throws open the window and heaves the corpse through it to drop to the concrete below - just to make sure.

Grabbing the other Arab he hauls him to the window and is about to chuck him out when the door flies open and in strides Boudia. What the fuck does he want?

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

Very good, Christopher. Your fighting skills tell me you are not merely an arms and drugs dealer, but also a trained warrior.

Surprised at Boudia's attitude, the penny drops.

ARROW

These are your fucking men! What the fuck are you playing at?

He reaches out and pulls the broken jawed Arab back in and lets him crash to the floor - still out cold.

Two large men rush in and carry the lucky bastard out. Two more big guys appear in the doorway. Boudia is apologetic.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

In the world of international freedom fighting, all veils must be drawn and puzzles and riddles solved. Mossad's tentacles are everywhere - we don't take chances.

ARROW

What did you expect to find in my kit... my Mossad fucking Union Card? I deal in drugs and weapons; what you see is what you get. LOOK!
 (he pulls out his cock)
 My foreskin has more folds than your fucking turban! You prick!
 (their eyes pop at his magnificent cock)
 Don't be so disrespectful by associating me with Zion. Fuck you and your Jews! Now fuck off!

Grinning all over their faces all the big guys fuck off.

SLIGHT TIME CUT

A barely audible rap on the door. Arrow is off his bed in a flash. Peeping through the hole he sees two young men dressed in smart KD fatigues with matching short sleeve pilot shirts.

Each have close cropped hair and bulging muscles... tasty. He can tell an ETA man from twenty paces; he opens the door.

DANIEL and JAVIER are Basque terrorists. Daniel speaks first.

DANIEL

Ola amigo... Buenos Tardes.

ARROW

(Irish accent)
 Horl feckin right.
 (MORE)

ARROW (CONT'D)

Why all the feckin whispering? An'
if yers can't speak English - Feck
off!

The two men fall about laughing and Javier chortles...

JAVIER

You are so funny, you Irishmen; you
all say the same things. Fuck off
is feck off in your speak.

(laughing like hell now)

We Basques speak English but we try
not to say fuck off or feck off.

(serious now)

Can we come in?

ARROW

OK, Pinky and Perky, make
yourselves at home...

(Daniel has a back-pack)

An' if there's no booze in that bag
yers can feck off.

The ETA men smirk as Daniel pulls bottles of beer out of the
bag; digs deeper and out comes a bottle of Scotch.

JAVIER

We couldn't find Irish whiskey so--

ARROW

--Who are you - why are you here?

JAVIER

We are part of the ETA team. There
are six of us here. I am Javier and
he is Daniel; you will meet the
others tomorrow--

ARROW

--Why?

JAVIER

We don't yet know why... we are to
make your acquaintance. We are
seamen... and women--

ARROW

--Women - what feckin women?

JAVIER

We are a trawler crew; four men and
two women, and we are on this
explosives course just to meet you.

ARROW

Who the feck sent you?

JAVIER
We were told to mention Mr Cahill
should you become difficult.

ARROW
Open that feckin bottle!

SLIGHT TIME CUT

Arrow yawns - it's been a long day. The ETA men stand up.

JAVIER
Hasta mañana, amigo. I will send
coffee in the morning.

Arrow locks the door behind them and hits the sack.

ARROW'S ROOM (MORNING)

Arrow lying naked; dreamlike, hears a tinker-bell voice--

Off the bed like lightning, over to the door, hand on key,
peeping through the hole... it's an ETA girl called BELAN.

ARROW
Who is it?

There's the tinker-bell voice again.

BELAN
Javier sent me with coffee.

Arrow's face - remembering last night - shit - right - OK...

Turning the key and handle simultaneously the door opens as
he realizes - too late - he's bollock naked... and she's in.

BELAN (CONT'D)
Oh my...
(eyes descending)
Putá Madre! Me queda grande... Good
morning, Mr Arrow, your coffee.

Arrow grabs a towel and hides his manhood as the beautiful
green eyed blonde, modelling the latest in khaki drill,
stoops to place the tray - her eyes riveted to the bulge.

BELAN (CONT'D)
Spoilsport... Breakfast is in ten
minutes; next floor down, I'll save
you a seat... Hasta luego, guapo.

Never has he seen fatigues hiding such a beautiful arse.

Dressed in Legionnaire's desert kit and floppy cotton jungle
hat, Arrow locks his door and heads downstairs for breakfast.

CANTEEN

The canteen is large with tables and chairs for about forty people. Noisy groups chatter in umpteen languages. Belan stands and beckons him over to the ETA table.

There is a place set for him next to the most beautiful woman with a face that could launch a million rockets to scorch the heavens - surely she's a movie star; not a fucking terrorist.

Arrow takes the seat next to NERIA, the beauty. They shake hands as Belan places croissants and coffee in front of him.

NERIA

I am Neria, so pleased to meet you,
especially after Belan told me
about your... erm... about you.

Her voice; accented English with a French lilt, enticing...

Arrow's face - faint smile - eyes scanning shifty bastards all around him - Arab; Irish, Spanish and French voices...

ARROW

Christopher... Nice to meet you.
(off Belan)
Careless talk causes problems.

Belan blushed slightly as four men join the table.

Daniel takes a seat as Javier introduces two lean tough guys: JOSE and MIKEL. Handshakes and respectful nods. They tuck in.

The atmosphere is that of a Channel port cafe; the din of breakfasting foreigners all getting to know each other before the business of training begins: networking terrorists...

Discussing killing methods without talking through the side of the mouth.

Arrow goes to recharge his coffee cup; surreptitiously scanning the room, the room surreptitiously scanning him.

He clocks thirteen Europeans and twenty Arabs; some of them Moroccan types, some Palestinian and in the far corner sit a group of Afghans, possibly Mujahideen.

A large man wearing fatigues and a leather wristband with the polished brass badge of a British SERGEANT MAJOR walks in like he owns the place.

SERGEANT MAJOR

(Irish accent)

Five minutes please, and don't be
late for the next RPG-7 class.

Chairs scuff as they all get up to follow the Sgt. Major.

LATER IN THE CANTEEN (THAT EVENING)

Brushing dust off as they enter, the terrorists form a queue for the evening meal. Friendly banter fills the room.

Neria coaxes Arrow to the ETA table and sits next to him.

NERIA

We have wine in our rooms and you are invited for a drink tonight.

ARROW

Party time eh. I've got some writing to do after dinner so I'll be along later.

LATER IN ARROW'S ROOM

Arrow checks his watch - it's 8 p.m. - a slight knock on the door. He's off the bed and at the door in a flash. Opens it.

Standing there is a blue and black robed Arab dressed as a Berber. His face causes an instant flashback in Arrow.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. BERLIN HQ - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Arrow studies mug-shots of Arabs. He's holding a photo...

INSERT - GRAINY PHOTO OF

MAHMOUD YUSSUF NAJJER: AKA, ABU YUSSUF.

BLACK SEPTEMBER OPERATIVE WITH LINKS TO KGB.

END FLASHBACK

INT/EXT. ALGERIAN POLICE ACADEMY - NIGHT

ARROW'S ROOM

ARROW

Camels are next floor down...

ABU YUSSUF

For you, Mr Arrowsmith...
(thrusts an envelope)
From Mohammed Boudia. I am his servant... I will return this time tomorrow for your reply. Inshallah.

And there he was gone - in a flurry of black and blue.

Arrow opens the envelope as he sits on the bed. He reads the first page of a document.

INSERT - DOCUMENT HEADING

"ARMAMENTS AVAILABLE NOW - TRIPOLI."

BACK TO SCENE

Arrow glances furtively at the door and flicks the pages.

His mind full of bullets and guns, he jumps as the door rattles. Looks through the Judas hole, it's Neria.

NERIA

Javi sent me to bring you for drinks... I want you to come too.

Fluttering eyelashes and ample cleavage doesn't work on him.

ARROW

Oh, I'll come alright, but it'll be later when I finish my letters.

Pouting, she sashays out, leaving the door wide open.

LATER - ARROW'S ROOM

Tidying his papers and putting them in the envelope, Arrow looks up as the door rattles. Neria is back.

Sultry and gorgeous; she uses that Jezebel accent layered with feline intent, just one sentence is jaw dropping.

NERIA

I hope you have finished your letters... big boy.

Closing his mouth, Arrow stuffs the envelope under the bed and opens the door straight into the arms of Neria as she kisses him. Locked in an embrace, they ease slowly onto the bed and into a more intimate position. SHE BREAKS

AWAY and in a frenzy gets her clothes off - she's naked before Arrow has his socks off - she attacks his shirt then his belt as he coolly rests back on his elbows as she RIPS

OFF HIS trousers... her eyes wide in awe as she ogles his manhood - like a tigress on all fours she covers him... and gasps huskily into his ear...

NERIA (CONT'D)

Thinking about what Belan said about your chimbo (*slang: penis*), and playing with that Russian gun all day has got me all fired up.

ARROW

And now you've got one up the spout.... Ready to fire.

LATER AS DAWN BREAKS

Arrow checks his watch - 0600hours, as Neria gets dressed.

With a meaningful look she blows him a kiss and quietly leaves the room as he shaves in the wash hand basin naked.

Moments later, a light rat-at on the door and in comes Belan carrying a steaming mug of coffee - her face lit up.

BELAN

Ah, such a wonderful start to my day. Some people rise to see the beautiful dawn colours preceding the glint of gold on the horizon giving birth to the new day... But I am greeted by the waving schlong of the sunrise pork cutlass, resplendent in the first blush of the morning... Good morning.

Grabbing a towel, Arrow covers his genitals and sits on the bed as Belan puts down the coffee on the bedside cabinet.

The smile disappears as she looks deeply into his eyes.

BELAN (CONT'D)

You're in grave danger Christopher. Mossad is perplexed by your presence here and because--

Arrow grabs her and pulls her into a choke hold to stifle any screams. He snarls into her ear...

ARROW

Mother.
(releases the choke slightly)

BELAN

Land.
(releases the choke)

ARROW

Explain... right now.

Turning her so he can see into her eyes he sees no fear or resentment, just pools of caring blue.

BELAN

I have been with ETA since my student days seven years ago, but I became a friend of Kate just before I joined ETA; she helped with my contacts.

ARROW

Kate who?

BELAN
Kate Mulcahy - Motherland.

ARROW
How do you know about Mossad?

BELAN
I cannot tell you about the girls I know; only that their information is always reliable.

(she takes a swig of his coffee)

Spend as little time as possible with Arabs, especially Black September and the PLO because Mossad are killing them like flies since the Munich Olympics.

ARROW
Why are you here?

BELAN
We are the crew that will take your cargo off your yacht when you reach the Mediterranean. We are on this weapons course just to see your face... If you are not on board your yacht when we rendezvous we will kill everybody onboard and sink her.

ARROW
What else do you know?

BELAN
Apart from meeting and taking your cargo, we know nothing.

A lewd smile flits across her face as she turns to go.

BELAN (CONT'D)
Neria will want to tell me all the lurid details of last night.

He ogles her gorgeous bottom doing a fandango under the cloth of the fatigues as she walks out - he winces ruefully.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TERRORIST TRAINING

- A) Stripping RPG-7 in classroom.
- B) Firing RPG-7 on firing range.
- C) Classroom situation with explosive devices.
- D) Detonating explosive devices in the desert.

INT. ALGERIAN POLICE TRAINING ACADEMY - ARROW'S ROOM - NIGHT.

A soft knock on the door and Arrow is off his bed and across the room in a flash. Releasing the chair from the door handle he lets in Abu Yussuf, dressed in his Berber rig.

Yussuf nervously fumbles in his robes as he speaks...

ABU YUSSUF
Salaam Alaycum, Mr. Arrowsmith.
(pulls out a bottle of
Scotch)
With the compliments of Mr. Boudia.

ARROW
Take a swig; you look like you need
it, you're fucking shaking mate.

Yussuf can't hide his fear, he thrusts the bottle.

ABU YUSSUF
Take it! Give me your list of
requirements quickly.

Arrow puts the bottle on his bed and grabs the envelope.

ARROW
This lot weighs about four tons--

ABU YUSSUF
--It will be on the dockside in
Tripoli waiting for you.
(snatches the envelope)
You are leaving here tonight; your
escort will collect you in one
hour... Farewell, my friend.

Arrow stage whispers as he closes the door...

ARROW
Watch out - Mossad's about!

Arrow starts packing his kit. Neria enters, sultry. Arrow checks his watch and smiles... Hmm, an hour eh.

INT/EXT. SHANNON AIRPORT (IRELAND) - DAY - (TRACKING)

After clearing Customs Arrow walks through the arrivals corridor to the main exits. He clocks Ibrahim's hard face amongst the waiting crowd. Ibrahim turns and walks away.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Shannon Airport, Ireland"

Keeping twenty paces behind him, Arrow follows to a waiting car. Ibrahim opens the passenger door then gets in back as Arrow sits next to the driver - Joe Cahill.

IN THE CAR

JOE CAHILL

Top o' the mornin' Christopher.
Good trip?

ARROW

I'll answer that when I sail out of
Tripoli in a few weeks time.
(turning to see Ibrahim)
You okay? Been treated well?

Ibrahim shrugs indifferently.

JOE CAHILL

To be sure, he's been well looked
after... better than living in a
mud hut in the feekin' desert.

Giving each other their resigned idiot look, Arrow snaps...

ARROW

What now?

JOE CAHILL

Get some breakfast and then back
here... yers're going back today.
(he gives him a briefcase)
Open it, yer tickets are there and
twenty-five grand expenses. Check
the note-pad for coordinates,
locations and timings.

ARROW

Who knows about this?

JOE CAHILL

Just me, but the coordinates to
meet the *Claudia* will be given to
the skipper when I go onboard.

INT/EXT. KARACHI AIRPORT (PAKISTAN) - DAY

Arrow and Ibrahim walk through customs and immigration
unheeded. Through the crowds of travellers, bums and beggars.
Ibrahim clocks the Shahbandar. He nods at Arrow.

IBRAHIM

Over there... the Shahbandar.

Hard assed through the crowd, they heave their bags into the
trunk and pile into the car. The car joins traffic heading
for the exit.

IN THE CAR

ZARAK KHAN

Nice to see you, Mr Arrowsmith, I hope your journey was fruitful.

ARROW

Banana skins everywhere, Zarak, but yeah, my end is arranged. All that remains now is to collect our cargo and get it safely through your port and out to sea.

ZARAK KHAN

Your cargo is in Kandahar. Ten 50kg rice sacks... Ready and waiting with an escort.

(off Ibrahim through the rear view)

There's an internal flight to Quetta this afternoon - you are on it and my man will meet you and take you through the frontier.

ARROW

Is the yacht okay?

ZARAK KHAN

Apart from the debugging team no one has been near it, but your crewman is a mystery. He was seen with a girl who we know to be a Mossad agent called HANNAH COHEN, who seems to be blind to the KGB agents following her... strange.

INT/EXT. QUETTA AIRPORT (PAKISTAN) - DAY

Arrow and Ibrahim stroll through the airport with the crowd of fellow travellers. Marching towards them is the familiar figure of Salim in his military cloak and wide grin.

SALIM

Welcome again to my land, Mr Arrowsmith.

(handshake)

Your carriage awaits.

The three men stroll over to a battered Morris Minor sporting a roof rack, a boot rack and bald tyres... a deathtrap.

Loading their gear in the trunk and on the roof rack, Arrow scowls at Ibrahim.

IBRAHIM

Have faith, it is only an hour or so drive from here to the frontier.

SALIM

More! Many camel trains today.

ARROW

This jalopy is gonna die any minute now. Oh fuck it, I'm in the back; wake me at the next curry house.

EXT. PAKI/AFGHAN FRONTIER POST - DAY

The Morris Minor drives past queueing vehicles and camel trains right up to the barrier where uniformed soldiers raise the barrier and salute as they recognise Salim.

They pull in alongside a block house where a waiting OFFICER salutes as they get out to stretch their legs.

OFFICER

Refreshments are inside, Sir. My sergeant will fill your tank.

LATER Soldiers salute as the three men drive away from the frontier post into Afghanistan.

INT/EXT. CAR - ROAD TO KANDAHAR - (AFGHANISTAN) - DAY

Salim is in the rear seat as Ibrahim drives.

SALIM

My men will be waiting around the next bend - then I must leave you.
(horsemen ahead)
Here they are - Stop!

In a cloud of dust and surrounded by a group of mujahideen horsemen, a real wild bunch - Salim gets out of the car.

In the noise and dust, a prancing horse comes forward and Salim jumps right into the saddle. A horseman stoops to pass two AK47's to Ibrahim. Salim shouts over the din...

SALIM (CONT'D)

Pay my respects to my brother, Mr Arrowsmith; I will see you again soon, inshallah!

Salim and his rough-riders clatter away along the ancient track and disappear in a billowing dust cloud as Ibrahim slams into gear and off they go along the trail to Kandahar.

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOURNEY TO KANDAHAR

A) Ibrahim blasting horn passing camel trains.

B) Groups of horsemen with rifles wave as they pass.

- C) Their car weaving around potholes and broken roads.
- D) Approaching "Kandahar" signpost on the outskirts.
- E) Driving through gates of a villa, which close behind them.
- F) Armed men appear from the shadows - mujahideen warriors.

INT/EXT. KANDAHAR VILLA - DAY

Surrounded by grinning warriors, Ibrahim cuts the engine and gets out to much back slapping and manly hugs - great joy.

Younger men standing in the background show due deference by remaining silent in wide-eyed awe of Ibrahim - their legend.

Arrow gets out and is immediately welcomed with vigorous handshakes all round. The younger warriors step forward for a closer look at the strange white guy in their midst.

They all turn to look at the gate as it flies open and in gallop a wild bunch headed by Wali and Zanda who clatter to a halt and dismount to greet Ibrahim and Arrow - more joy.

The grins fade as Wali tells Ibrahim the bad news. Sensing a major problem, Arrow butts in...

ARROW

Whassup?

IBRAHIM

Rival tribesmen are in the area...
they shoot first, then rob us if--

ARROW

--Wrong! We shoot first, so tell
the men to put one up the spout and
safety catch ON...

(for all to see he loads
one up the spout and
checks the safety)

NOW!

Instant reaction and working parts clatter as bullets slide into the breech... Fuck! That was noisy.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Tell 'em to line up and unload, I
want to check their weapons.

A word from Ibrahim and they unload and line up - Wali first.

Arrow moves along the line quickly checking each weapon.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Sit and strip your weapons, empty the magazines, clean the bullets and working parts, reload and stand when you've finished.

INT. KANDAHAR VILLA/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Arrow and Ibrahim finish their meal just as Abdulla Habibullah marches into the room. They get up to greet him.

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH

Ah, good to see you're all in one piece. There is much unrest in the region with brigands and hostile tribesmen...

(hugs Arrow and guides him to a map table)

Look here, this is your trail to the frontier...

(his forefinger follows a line across the map)

You will cross north of Chaman on this remote trail and enter Quetta from the north-west...

My men will leave you here at Qila Abdullah where you will meet my brother-in-law, Salim.

ARROW

Fresh horses?

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH

Salim has a nice new military truck waiting for you... and uniforms. Come, your cargo is ready, we load it at dawn in time for the camel train. Follow me.

They head out of the room and along dark passageways.

INT. STOREROOM

Arrow looks at ten 50kg sacks in the murky room. He can just about see the word "RICE" stencilled on each sack in black.

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH

Two sacks to each pack-horse; two men guard each horse, outriders on each flank and four lead scouts to clear the way.

ARROW

Tail-end Charlie?

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH
 You, if you like... but the camel
 train has its own rear guard. Your
 pack-horses will be interspersed
 between the beasts in the caravan.
 You leave them before Chaman
 because they cross the frontier
 there; you take the other trail.

EXT. KANDAHAR VILLA - DAY

In the bedlam and chaos of dozens of animals; camels, horses
 and mules, Arrow watches as his precious cargo is
 interspersed between the other beasts of burden.

His own horse seems also to be nervous. He pats its neck...

ARROW
 Shhhhit happens mate, but not now.

Abdullah Habibullah approaches and rides alongside him, his
 mere appearance seems to calm everything. Standing in his
 stirrups, he waves and cries out and the caravan snakes away
 from the villa just as the sun peeps over the horizon.

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH
 Ahh, my brother, I feel sad at your
 departure. Promise you will return.

ARROW
 Even if Ibrahim brings me back as a
 jar of ashes - I will return.

ABDULLAH HABIBULLAH
 You realize Ibrahim will be in the
 jar with you... someone else will
 bring it.

EXT. ON THE TRAIL (AFGHANISTAN) - DAY

Turning in the saddle, Arrow gives a final wave to the
 distant figure who turns and gallops away.

Ibrahim joins Arrow, his face grizzly and hard.

ARROW
 Someone pissed on your fireworks?

IBRAHIM
 A scout reported seeing Badakhshani
 mujahideen up ahead. They live in
 the north so they're up to no good.
 We should go forward to the scouts.

ARROW
 Bad-ass-shiny, eh. Let's go!

They set off at a gallop along the trail.

Arrow and Ibrahim ride up to the four lead scouts who watch them approach. Ibrahim shouts and points ahead to a river crossing. The scouts unsling their weapons.

The scouts are stone-faced veterans and know an ambush spot when they see one - this river crossing fits the bill.

Arrow leads the men across the ancient stone bridge. Ahead of them along the trail is an outcrop of rock.

A shot rings out from their right from the rocks along the river bank - a puff of blue cordite hangs in the air under the midday sun.

A big UGLY man, too big for his horse clatters out from the rocks ahead of them onto the trail. Behind him comes two equally ugly riders; all three holding Lee-Enfield .303s.

Ugly points his weapon at the rocks on the river bank.

UGLY

They are my men aiming at you! You will now--

Three men and three horses die instantly in the hail of 7.62 ammo fired simultaneously by Arrow and his men whose arcs of fire change to 90 degrees firing into the riverside rocks.

Turbanned heads disintegrate in their turbans as they are perforated by AK47s. Empty magazines clatter around prancing horses feet as mags are changed. A few more shots. Silence.

Only the sounds of hooves as beasts of burden tread through pools of blood on the trail. The scouts are ahead, scouting.

ON THE TRAIL - DAY

The camel train snakes along the trail as the sun comes up.

Arrow shades his eyes as he peers ahead with Ibrahim.

ARROW

I can't see the scouts. There should always be one in sight of us... Convoy discipline, tell 'em!

Ibrahim stands tall in the stirrups gazing forward.

IBRAHIM

The trail follows the escarpment around the rock face and forms a ridge wide enough for just one beast to pass in single file.

ARROW

So where's the fucking scout?

IBRAHIM

Up ahead, they'll have gone along
the ridge. Its the only way through
the mountains.

Arrow and Ibrahim ride into the bottle-neck first as the camel train moves into single file and follows them.

The ridge path leads into a gorge with high ridges on each side and a long drop into rocks below on the left side.

Further into the ravine the path widens and up ahead Arrow spots four men sitting with backs against the rock wall.

A large bearded man dressed as a mullah steps out of a hidden cave and faces them, arms akimbo. Arrow clocks Ibrahim's face, anger all over it. What the fuck! Ibrahim shouts...

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

(in Farsi)

Out of the way - horses can't stop
on the ridge path - they'll fall!

The mullah points up to the ridges above and laughs like a mad man as dozens of heads appear with rifles aimed at them. The MAD MULLAH stops laughing and points at the four sitting men who Arrow now sees are the scouts.

MAD MULLAH

(in Farsi)

They did not stop and now they are
dead. Pay the toll for my mountain
pass or you die with them.

Arrow fishes out the Suf from his shirt and dangles it high so all can see it - dazzling bright in the harsh sunlight.

The Suf catches the sun's rays and manifests itself into a myriad of shimmering diamonds illuminating the shaded areas and dazzling the eyes of the onlookers. Much muttering.

ARROW

(in Farsi)

Leilah, Amir Ali Sher Khan, demands
safe passage for the keeper of the
Scarab of Ahura Mazda.

MAD MULLAH

You speak my tongue well so tell
your men to sling their weapons on
their backs now... You dismount and
come here. Give the big man your
weapon.

Arrow dismounts and hands the AK to Ibrahim - whispers...

ARROW

Leave this to me - I'll pay him.

IBRAHIM
I will still kill him.

ARROW
Not if I kill him first.

Arrow looks at the four scouts as he walks over to the mad mullah. He sees their throats have been cut. He puts the Suf back around his neck. Fists clenched, he walks to the mullah.

In the darkness of the cave other brigands aim rifles at Arrow - that's Plan A fucked - now for Plan B.

MAD MULLAH
You must place great value on those burdens to leave the popular trail. What do you carry?

ARROW
Rice and carpets, but I will pay the toll with money, not goods.

MAD MULLAH
I can take everything you have.

ARROW
Maybe, but you will lose many fees for I must use this pass many times.
(reaches in his shirt and pulls out a wad of bank notes)
How much is the toll?
(the Suf is visible)
This is more than enough.

The sun glints off the Suf and illuminates a vivid horseshoe shaped scar on the mullah's right cheek... Won't forget that.

The mullah snatches the bundle of notes and pockets them.

MAD MULLAH
When will you return?

ARROW
In one month.

MAD MULLAH
You must enter the pass first - not your patrol men.

ARROW
Okay, but what about my four dead men? They must be buried.

MAD MULLAH
Take your camel train now, I will bury your men... Now go!

Stepping out of the mouth of the cave the mullah waves his arm, signalling his men that we are leaving.

Arrow mounts his horse, takes his AK off Ibrahim and slings it behind to hang down his back. Standing in his stirrups he signals the camel train to move out.

Ibrahim looks daggers at the mullah as they pass the cave mouth. He sees the hidden snipers relaxing now the tension has passed.

Up ahead he sees more snipers as the trail widens into a basin shaped gorge that narrows to another bottleneck about 100 yards further into the ravine - a slaughter house with more snipers in dugout firing positions.

He looks at Arrow with much respect, who turns his head.

ARROW

I don't know if it was the Suf or the baksheesh he respected, but we haven't seen the last of him.

IBRAHIM

True - we are going to kill him.

ARROW

That is also true, but not now.

IBRAHIM

When then?

ARROW

Soon, but first we must find the house of the mullah...

(off Ibrahim's puzzled face)

He doesn't live in the cave; that is his office. He lives somewhere ahead of us because there were no dwellings along the way we came and no mention of a scar-faced mullah.

IBRAHIM

Good, that is enough to find him; he killed four men, stole four horses and four Kalashnikovs. Your money does not matter; this is a blood vengeance and his death will be slow. Pashtunwali.

Arrow stands in his stirrups and beckons Wali and Zanda.

ARROW

Ride ahead to Spin Boldak. Tell your uncle we will be later than expected.

(MORE)

ARROW (CONT'D)

Ibrahim, I will have his head for you.

Iron faced, the warriors ride hard ahead of the column.

INT/EXT. CHAIKHANA - (TEAHOUSE) - DAY

In the waning light the animals are being settled for the night; some in the barn, some outside in the corral.

Ibrahim's warriors make defensive positions around their pack horses as others bring hot food from the chaikhana. Gulping his tea, Arrow beckons Wali and Zanda. Ibrahim is agitated.

ARROW

Tell Wali and Zanda to recce the frontier crossing at Chaman. I'm gonna recce the other crossing to the west. You stay here.

IBRAHIM

I cannot let you go alone - take Ahmed, he knows the trail.

Four horsemen gallop out of the chaikhana, two heading north the other two head west in the waning light of the evening.

EXT. PAKI/AFGHAN FRONTIER POST - (CHAMAN) - NIGHT

From the rocky high ground, Wali and Zanda look down on frontier guards rummaging camel trains and trucks as angry drivers and horsemen shout and complain about the delay.

A long queue of vehicles and camel trains form the rapidly growing bottle-neck on the road. Wali's face says it all - the guards have been tipped off about something big - them?

EXT. ON THE TRAIL - (WEST) - NIGHT

At a crossroads Arrow and AHMED slow to a trot as they overtake a dark robed figure on the trail.

Passing the slow trotting donkey they turn left for the frontier and break into a gallop. Ahmed calls out a greeting.

AHMED

Salaam, monda nabashi sayyid.

In the darkness a familiar voice replies.

MAD MULLAH

Barikollah!

Galloping on for a quarter mile, Arrow reins in and Ahmed looks at him puzzled.

ARROW

You ride on - check the frontier post and meet me here. Go - now!

Ahmed gallops away as Arrow reins his steed around and trots back toward the crossroads. He slides his AK to his front.

Halting the horse, he sits in silence looking ahead into the darkness; listening, listening - "clip clop" here he comes.

A break in the clouds allows the moonlight to illuminate the approaching donkey.

ARROW'S P.O.V. - THE MAD MULLAH

Emerges from the shadows, the moonlight glinting off the pistol, jolting with the clopping of the donkey.

The donkey's head disintegrates as the burst of 7.62s stitches upwards across the Mullah's chest and into his throat practically decapitating him. They crash down.

BACK TO SCENE

Arrow dismounts, walks over and fires two rounds into the Mullah's heart. Bending to frisk him, Arrow clocks the horseshoe shaped scar - Pashtunwali, you foul bastard.

He pulls the saddlebags off the donkey and slings them on his horse. He heaves the donkey off the trail and draws his dagger and cuts off the Mullah's head.

Stuffing the soggy end into the turban and wrapping it in the dark robe, he stuffs it into a saddlebag.

Going back over to the cadaver, he pulls it off the road and positions it so it looks like the mullah's head is up the donkey's arse.

Arrow remounts and trots along the trail in search of Ahmed.

They meet on the trail and Arrow beckons Ahmed to about turn - he wants to see the frontier for himself.

INT/EXT. CHAIKHANA - (TEAHOUSE) - NIGHT

Apart from the guards and Ibrahim, everyone is sleeping as Arrow and Ahmed eat their supper by the fire.

IBRAHIM

It looks like the frontier guards are expecting us. Wali reported--

ARROW

--I have a gift for you.

Ibrahim shoots daggers at Ahmed, who simply shrugs.

IBRAHIM

What kind of gift? There are no bazaars where you have been.

ARROW

Your heart is dark with grief and I try to keep my promises - I don't make promises I can't keep, so what did I promise you?

In the firelight, the craggy face looks into Arrow's.

IBRAHIM

You can't possibly have his head - Ahmed would have told me.

Firing a hostile glance at Ahmed - who simply shrugs, Ibrahim hangs his head in sad anger and disappointment.

ARROW

It is on my horse, gift wrapped in a saddlebag - just for you.

Like a genie coming out of a bottle, Ibrahim rises and disappears into the night.

The mountains echo to the cry of triumph and the sleeping mujahideen awake to their warlord's cry.

IN THE CORRAL

Peels of laughter and grunts of effort spew from the group of kicking tribesmen as the head spins through horseshit on its way to the goalposts at the far end of the corral.

Arrow lies sleeping by the fire.

IN THE CORRAL - DAWN

The lead scouts gallop out to the west as the camel train prepares to move out. Ibrahim is vibrant, geeing them up.

EXT. ON THE TRAIL - (WEST) - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOURNEY INTO PAKISTAN

- A) The camel train snakes out of the chaikhana.
- B) Arrow clocks the blood on the trail where he killed the Mullah. The cadavers have gone. No other evidence exists.
- C) The column moves through the unmanned frontier post into Pakistan.
- D) Dismounted trekking along tortuous trails and inhospitable wilderness.

- E) Converging with a busy road, sign-posted "Quetta".
- F) The camel train enters a corral with chaikhana as the sun dips between the mountains and the tribesmen settle the animals before darkness descends.

INT. CHAIKHANA - (TEAHOUSE) - (PAKISTAN) - NIGHT

Arrow brushes the dust off his clothes as he enters the canteen followed by Ibrahim, They take their seats as food is brought to the table. Others drift in behind them.

ARROW
What about the guards?

IBRAHIM
This lot will eat first then
relieve the others. All's well.

In the din and haze of the canteen, Arrow's eyelids droop and he yawns - fuck, I'm shagged.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
Go find a bed in the dormitory,
I'll wake you at midnight.

INT. DORMITORY - (DAWN)

Arrow is stirring just as Salim, dressed in his military cloak comes marching in.

SALIM
So bloody good to see you again, Mr
Arrowsmith, enjoy your bloody
breakfast and welcome a great day.

An urchin enters with a tray of hot tea and fried eggs on naan and puts it on Arrows bunk. He disappears smartish.

ARROW
Nice to see you too Salim, how'd
you know I was here?

SALIM
Bloody hell, don't I know
everything?

Arrow attacks the egg butty and swigs the tea.

ARROW
I'm not supposed to meet you until
tomorrow - why the fuck are you
here now?

SALIM

Change of plan... and it *is* tomorrow - look, the sun is rising. I have a lorry outside, one of your ex-British army Austin one-tonners. The cargo is loaded already and there are six jerry-cans of petrol in the back so you need not stop for fuel until you reach Hyderabad.

Arrow swallows his mouthful and grins broadly.

ARROW

That means the men can go back home. I'll go and see them before they go... I've got something for--

SALIM

--They have departed already. Eat your breakfast my friend.

Ibrahim enters wearing a military uniform and carrying the same for Arrow. He dumps it on the bed and picks one of the two bottle green berets and puts it on. Arrow laughs.

ARROW

Wet it and shape it to your head.
(grabbing the other beret
he puts it on - perfect.)
No cap badge?

SALIM

Correct, and no military markings on the lorry either - but good enough to drive straight through any checkpoints.

ARROW

Okay, let's go before it gets light... You shoulda woke me before the men left, I wanted to see them.

Ibrahim's iron face says nothing as he picks up Arrow's kit and heads out to the truck.

EXT. CHAIKHANA - DAY - (DAWN)

Arrow looks over the tail-board and checks the cargo of sacks are secure in the back of the truck and the canopy is taught.

He gives Salim a manly hug and handshake, gets in the passenger side and they drive away into the dawn light.

EXT. DOCK AREA - (KARACHI) - DAY

Ibrahim steers the truck through the maze of sheds and soaring warehouses until they enter the desolate basin where *Nautchee Lady*, the yacht, is moored. Still and beautiful.

Arrow is thrilled by the sight of the yacht but his smile fades as he sees the yacht is up close to the quayside and the gangplank is down - any fucking rat can go onboard.

Ibrahim stops the lorry with its tailgate at right angles to the gangplank. Grabbing his AK, Ibrahim moves silently into the doorway of an adjacent warehouse, his arc of fire from stem to stern.

They see light spill into the cockpit as the saloon hatch opens to reveal Messtin's blonde head - he sees the truck.

MESSTIN

Who's there?
(then whispers)
Is that you, Arrow?

ARROW

Are you alone?

MESSTIN

I had a hunch you would show up soon so I moored her on the quayside earlier - I'm alone.

ARROW

Okay, come and help me get this cargo aboard - won't take long.

The dark figure of Ibrahim brushes past him as he noiselessly climbs into the back of the truck, his AK at the ready. He pulls the sacks to the back so they can hump them on board.

MESSTIN

Oh yes, I've had a lovely time alone here in this stinking fucking dock, thanks a bunch for asking.

ARROW

Shut up, you twat, and grab a sack. We are leaving now, just as soon as we're loaded - fucking move it!

MESSTIN

What! We can't, I have shopping to do... I need ciggies and things.

ARROW

What happened to your hunch? Didn't it tell you to stock up on things you'll need for the voyage? - We are ready to sail aren't we?

MESSTIN

Er, yeah but I need to nip round to the shops, it'll only take a min--

ARROW

--No fucker leaves my sight from now on - grab them fucking sacks.

Up and down the gangplank they go, non-stop until all the sacks are aboard and then they stow them below deck. As Arrow passes the last sack down the hatch, a naval staff car arrives alongside and out steps the Shahbandar. Arrow joins him on the quayside.

ZARAK KHAN

Your escort cutter will meet you at the basin entrance in one hour - you need to exit this dock and sail due north across the basin where you will find the entrance. It should take half an hour to get there so you need to get cracking.

ARROW

How will I know the cutter?

ZARAK KHAN

She will circle you from starboard and keep station there until you reach the open sea. I suggest radio silence... a Russian submarine is reported to be offshore so beware.

Arrow beckons Ibrahim to join them. He's there like magic.

ARROW

Go now and unplug the radio; douse all lights and make ready to sail. Bare poles until we clear the port so start the engine - send Messtin to me first, right now.

Like a shadow, Ibrahim disappears up the gangplank as the Shahbandar makes a hand signal to his staff car and a soldier gets out; slams to attention, salutes and dashes over to the truck. It roars out of the dock just as Messtin appears.

ZARAK KHAN

It remains only for me to wish you bon voyage, Mr Arrowsmith, and that I hope to see you again soon. Many patriotic Afghanis are depending on your success. Good luck.

He marches quickly to his car and drives away as Arrow eyeballs Messtin.

ARROW
Stow the gangplank and man the
lines - we're sailing now.

The engine coughs into life and burbles quietly in idle.

Arrow helps Messtin raise the gangplank to its stowage.
Messtin pulls in the slack on the stern line so the yacht
nestles against the quayside.

He walks over to cast off for'ard. In the darkness, Arrow
sees two muzzle flashes and hears the "Pfft-pfft" of a
silenced weapon. Messtin drops with a groan - very dead.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Tell your man to lower his weapon.

Ibrahim is in the cockpit with his AK aimed at where the
voice is coming from. The voice belongs to HANNAH COHEN, and
Ibrahim is drawing a bead on her right now.

HANNAH COHEN (O.S.)
Tell him, I don't want to kill
either of you.

IBRAHIM'S P.O.V. - MESSTIN'S ASSASSIN

Is half hidden behind some crates as the AK's foresight scans
slightly to the right where the light skin of a face is
barely visible. The foresight blade levels to where the eye
should be as his finger tightens on the trigger.

BACK TO SCENE

HANNAH COHEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
MOTHERLAND!

Ibrahim relaxes his finger as Hannah Cohen appears wraith-
like out of the shadows still pointing her weapon.

ARROW
You know the magic word so put the
fucking gun down now... or die.

HANNAH COHEN
I will, but don't hit me - Kate
said you would be annoyed. I am
Hannah Cohen - Mossad.

ARROW
What the fuck's going on around
here? Don't tell me Kate sent you?

HANNAH COHEN
(pointing her pistol at
Messtin)
He can't be left here... he's KGB.
We have to dump him out at sea.

ARROW

Who said you was going to sea?

HANNAH COHEN

Me, didn't you hear me? I'm taking you through the Suez Canal and on to meet the *Claudia*... Instead of him.

They heave Messtin over the handrail and secure him to the anchor halter and cover him with a tarp.

Arrow casts off aft and jumps aboard - excited - vibrant.

INT/EXT. THE YACHT - KARACHI PORT - NIGHT

Arrow climbs into the cockpit and takes the helm to steer the yacht away from the quayside. He eyeballs Ibrahim.

ARROW

Bring the fenders inboard and check the deck for any loose cordage. Make sure everything's secure.

He looks at Hannah Cohen as she holsters her Beretta and throws her duffle bag down into the saloon. She's 27 years old with a hard face framed by short blonde hair and the turned up collar of her reefer jacket, which hides her figure and shoulder holster very well.

She's wearing faded blue jeans and navy blue plimsolls - she knew she was going sailing - one of Kate's lezzies - fuck!

ARROW (CONT'D)

Get below and check the galley. Put a brew on - two sugars for me - none for Ibrahim - don't put the lights on.

HANNAH COHEN

I'm not your bloody cook.

ARROW

Nobody said you are, but challenge another order from me and you're fucking swimming - Suez or no fucking Suez - now move your arse.

The Perkins diesel burbles nicely as Arrow tweaks the throttle and heads for the dock exit. Sailing through the exit into the main basin, he checks the compass and heads due north as Hannah appears with steaming mugs of tea.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Grab Messtin's jungle hat and put it on - he was never without it.

HANNAH COHEN

Right, I'll just make like a strapping great paratrooper and--

ARROW

--You killed the bastard - you take his place - just don't stand up; don't change the status quo. If the KGB are on my arse then let them think he's still operational.

HANNAH COHEN

Oh, they're on your arse alright; you are such a big fish now they've allocated you a submarine all of your own.

ARROW

What the fuck are you talking about?

HANNAH COHEN

The Russians, They've alerted their underwater fleet in the Indian Ocean to intercept you - one of them is stationed off Karachi waiting for you. Your Mr Meston [Messtin] was to leave voyage details in their dead letter drop at the dock gates.

ARROW

How do you know all this?

HANNAH COHEN

I already told you - Mossad, we know everything. The Russians believe you are doing an arms and drugs deal for the Afghanis and paving a way for weapons into the country for the Mujahideen.

(she swigs her tea)

They want to turn you so you become a double agent - like him.

(pointing to Messtin)

If you don't play ball they'll kill you, and Mr Meston would run the show for them - but he's dead.

ONBOARD THE YACHT - LATER - NIGHT

Sailing past the navigation lights at the main dock entrance, the yacht enters the busy harbour proper. Like a black banshee, a Customs cutter appears on the starboard bow.

Slicing through the murky water, the cutter circles the yacht and takes station ahead to starboard.

A short howl on the siren and a quick stab of searchlight for recognition fucks night vision for the skipper and crew of *Nautchee Lady*.

The cutter's navigation lights come on - Ah, that's better.

INT/EXT. THE YACHT (ARABIAN SEA) - NIGHT

At sea, offshore Karachi, the escort cutter blasts a farewell on its foghorn and disappears into the night.

The crew hoist the mainsail, the jib and staysail. With everything taut and straining, Arrow cuts the motor. He cocks his ear - listening - listening. The only sounds are the musical strings of the rigging and the timpani of waves breaking upon each other; the unutterable voice of the sea. He smiles enigmatically, but for sure it's excitement.

ARROW

Hannah, you take the helm. Check the compass and keep her on two seven zero, due west - no lights.

(off Ibrahim)

C'mon, gotta check everything while you get some grub on - a fry up'll go down well with a nice cuppa.

INT. YACHT - SALOON - (LATER)

Hannah and Ibrahim eat their fry up as Arrow studies a sea chart on the chart table. He jots down some figures.

HANNAH COHEN

Your eggs'll be cold.

ARROW

Coming now. I reckon three weeks at sea before we meet the *Claudia*--

HANNAH COHEN

--If we don't meet a Russian sub first. We're not that far away yet.

ARROW

Without the engine running and no lights or radio, their listening devices are useless - so don't fucking jinx things - shut up!

HANNAH COHEN

I am taking you through the Suez Canal... Me! And the Israeli army will ensure safe passage all the way to the Med' - So you shut up.

Ibrahim hides his smile by stroking his beard.

INT/EXT. THE YACHT (ARABIAN SEA) - DAY

Ibrahim steers the yacht like he is the proud owner of a magnificent Rolls Royce; the set jaw covered with steel wire wool whiskers bristles proudly in the wind - eyes glittering.

Fuck knows where he found the sailor's cap; but there he is, steely eyes gazing out from under the jaunty peak.

Arrow kneels next to the dead Messtin. He looks back at Ibrahim and smiles at one of the many faces of Ibrahim, but I wouldn't change him for Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lord Nelson or even fucking Popeye. He beckons him over.

ARROW

You saw hammerhead sharks this morning, yeah?

IBRAHIM

(off Messtin)

They can smell him.

ARROW

Grab his ankles - the floating burger van is open for lunch.

They heave the corpse over the side and the crashing jaws of sharks devour the traitor as the stern passes him by.

SERIES OF SHOTS - SEA JOURNEY TO THE SUEZ CANAL

- A) The yacht scudding across a choppy sea.
- B) Arrow at the helm, bare chested bronzing in the sun.
- C) Hannah and Ibrahim catching fish off the port quarter.
- D) The yacht, taugt and vibrant cutting through the swells.
- E) Three of them gazing at the land mass of the Arabian Peninsular as they enter the Red Sea.
- F) In the fading light they approach the entrance to the Suez Canal in the far distance - Ibrahim at the helm.

EXT. THE YACHT (SUEZ CANAL) - NIGHT

Approaching the canal entrance along the eastern bank, Arrow scans through binoculars at the distant Israeli defensive positions - the start of the Bar-Lev line, when out of the darkness to starboard hurtles TWIN -

ASSAULT CRAFT, which separate and come alongside each side of the yacht. Hannah reaches out to stop Arrow and Ibrahim from aiming at each assault craft. She stage whispers harshly--

HANNAH COHEN

Don't move - these are my men - put
your guns down - Israeli commandos.

She catches the line thrown by a shadowy figure and makes
fast to a cleat. The figure clammers aboard and adjusts his
holster before saluting Hannah Cohen. Out of the darkness
appear three more men armed with Uzi sub-machine guns.

HANNAH COHEN (CONT'D)

(in Yiddish -
authoritatively)

Point those weapons away from me
and my crew - NOW!

The saluting officer is Colonel BARNEY LEWIS, a middle-aged
tough guy who gestures to the commandos to disappear again.

BARNEY LEWIS

My men take orders from me, Agent
Cohen. Please remember that for the
next hundred miles.

ARROW

Who do you take orders from?

BARNEY LEWIS

Not you, mister... erm -
Arrowsmith? - Yes, Agent
Arrowsmith.

And his trusty aide, Ibrahim. How
do you do, gentlemen - my name is
Barney Lewis, commander of the
defensive positions along the east
bank of the Suez Canal and now I--

ARROW

--How do you know my name?

BARNEY LEWIS

You asked who I take orders from.
My orders are to escort Agent
Cohen, you and him through to the
Mediterranean Sea, and if you are
not the people in the mug-shots,
you are to be executed and the
yacht sunk - toute-de-suite.

ARROW

A good job I'm not wearing sun
glasses and a beard then... Okay,
let's get through the cut and into
the Med' - toute-de-suite.

EXT. THE YACHT. OFFSHORE PORT SAID (SUEZ CANAL) - DAY

In the poor light of dawn the yacht in full sail ploughs into the swells of the Mediterranean Sea.

SUPERIMPOSE: "TWO DAYS LATER"

In the opposite direction twin assault craft speed away as Colonel Barney Lewis salutes farewell. Arrow salutes back.

Joining Ibrahim and Hannah in the cockpit, Arrow sets the compass and needs to shout to be heard over the wind.

ARROW

Six hundred miles before we RV with the *Claudia*, and there's a squall coming up.

(pointing at the tender)

Make-fast the dinghy - turn it upside down, keel uppermost. Close all hatches.

Get a brew on - coffee, we're gonna need it. And secure everything below.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

In the howling gale, the yacht ploughs through the massive swells as tops of waves are blown like stair-rods into Arrow's face as he wrestles with the helm in the flooded cockpit. He cocks his ear to the thump of the diesel engine.

The companionway hatch opens and Ibrahim clambers into the cockpit to start his shift at the helm. Clad in waterproofs his big frame shoves in next to Arrow and he grabs the helm.

Arrow achingly pulls himself from behind the wheel and stabs the compass with his finger. Ibrahim looks and nods assuring him he knows which way to go. Arrow disappears below.

IN THE SALOON he stumbles past Hannah who is asleep, wedged between the dining table and the upholstered booth bench. He picks up the fallen blanket and chucks it back over her.

IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN he shucks off the waterproofs and pulls back the bedsheet. He undresses and gets into bed. He falls asleep instantly to the crashing noise of the sea.

LATER: IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN

Sunlight floods in through the galleon stern windows to fill the cabin with warm light. Arrow lies in a deep sleep as Hannah enters, on tip-toe with a steaming mug of coffee.

Silently, she puts down the coffee, locks the door, undresses and sneaks into bed. Very slowly she cuddles up behind Arrow and like a little snake, her arm reaches around his front.

Her eyes widen and her face says it all as she discovers the reason Kate Mulcahy forgot about being a lesbian.

Her fingers run through the rivulets of striated muscle covering his abdomen and then slowly, tantalizingly sliding lower and agonisingly lower across the cool silky skin.

Unseen by Hannah, Arrow's eyes open and he sees through the sideboard mirror the tousled mop of Hannah's hair - smiles.

Hannah's hand gently folds around his manhood but she cannot control the gasp of awe and the uncontrollable urge to grasp it tight.

A knee-jerk reaction like an electric shock as she grabs it like choking a chicken and yanks it into view.

ARROW

Now what're you gonna do?

Quick as lightning she scrambles over and straddles him.

HANNAH COHEN

Something I shoulda done days ago.

IN THE COCKPIT Ibrahim sips his tea as he scans the surrounding horizon listening to the timpani of the waves and the forlorn music of the wind in the rigging.

The stillness after the storm and the isolation of the high seas soothes his brow and a slow smile cracks his beard as the female cry of ecstasy is heard astern.

INT/EXT. THE YACHT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

On a calm sea *Nautchee Lady*, in full sail cuts gracefully through the blue sea - Hannah at the helm.

SUPERIMPOSE: "FOUR DAYS LATER"

IN THE SALOON Arrow stabs his finger at the map on the chart table as Ibrahim looks on.

ARROW

Claudia is patrolling this area waiting for us, so we'll heave to, get some grub and relax. C'mon.

They head up the companionway to the cockpit to heave to.

LATER: IN THE COCKPIT

Using binoculars, Arrow scans the starboard horizon as Ibrahim scans to port. Hannah collects the cups and plates for washing, when Arrow stiffens and calls out.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Here she comes!
Forget the dishes - start the
engine and come about - head
straight for her.
Get the fenders out and open the
for'ard hatch.

Arrow disappears down the companionway, going to--

THE CREW'S QUARTERS where he yanks the tarp off the cargo.

The for'ard hatch above his head opens, allowing in sunlight
and Ibrahim's grizzled face.

ARROW (CONT'D)

You come down here and pass this
lot up when I shout for it.

LATER: IN THE COCKPIT

Arrow selects neutral as the *Claudia* steams alongside keeping
the yacht leeward as lines are thrown and secured.

A derrick looms out from the *Claudia* and lowers a cargo-net
containing jerry-cans of diesel and boxes of rations. Two men
cling to the net to fend off rigging and help loading.

Arrow recognizes Javier and Daniel the ETA terrorists, who
grin and wave as they open the net and pull out the load.

Arrow shouts down the companionway to Ibrahim.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Pass the sacks up now!

The ETA men grab the sacks and load them into the net, hook
up the eyelets and cling to the net and are whisked upwards.

ARROW'S P.O.V. - THE NET

clears the rigging and disappears over the side of the
Claudia. On the bridge above, GUNTER LEINHAUSER, the skipper,
waves. Standing next to him are Nerea and Belan, intently
holding Uzi sub-machine guns. Gunter shouts in German--

GUNTER

That was easy - do you need
anything apart from that food and
fuel?

ARROW

(in German)
Two weeks in Miami.

GUNTER

Ha! Don't we all--

ARROW

--Is Joe Cahill onboard?

GUNTER

I'm going to pick him up now in Sicily - he's waiting for this.

The other ETA men, Jose and Mikel appear on the bridge also armed with Uzi's. They grin and wave a greeting.

BACK TO SCENE

Arrow clears the line aft and signals Hannah to clear the for'ard line. He shoves into gear and slowly clears the *Claudia*, whose engine tone changes as she gets under way.

ARROW

Stow that fuel and check if there's any steaks in that box... I'll have mine rare.

Ibrahim appears at the top of the companionway.

IBRAHIM

Did I hear you say "steak"?

ARROW

Help Hannah stow the fuel and rations then put all the lights on. We're gonna have a beano - we're clean until we get to Tripoli.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - TRIPOLI HARBOUR - DAY

In the poor light of dawn, *Nautchee Lady* sails past anchored ships awaiting entry and heads for a remote wharf.

IN THE GALLEY Ibrahim hands Hannah plates of steaming food. She climbs the companionway and passes them to Arrow.

ARROW

Lovely grub, Hannah. Now you stay out of sight in the crew cabin and don't make a sound - and don't shoot any of these Arabs today.

Grim-faced Hannah disappears and moments later Ibrahim enters

THE COCKPIT and grabs his plate of food. As they eat, their eyes are scanning the wharf and dock buildings - deserted.

The only sound is the low rumble of the engine as they come alongside the wharf. Ibrahim leaps ashore and makes fast the lines to the bollards. Arrow cuts the engine - silence.

ARROW (CONT'D)
 Drop the gangplank, we'll have
 guests any time now.
 (calling to Hannah)
 Get comfortable and stay hidden.

Ibrahim joins Arrow in the cockpit just in time to see a military staff car enter the dock and drive toward them.

The car pulls alongside and a soldier gets out and opens the door. Ibrahim grasps his AK but Arrow holds it down as he recognizes Abu Yussuf, the man who gave him the weapons list in Algiers get out of the car. Another man gets out with him.

BELOW DECK Hannah, looking through a porthole excitedly writes into her notebook -

CLOSE ON NOTEBOOK:

"ABU YUSSUF AND ZAID MUCHASSI - BLACK SEPTEMBER"

BACK TO SCENE

Wearing a light grey suit with a matching black and grey shemag on his head, Abu Yussuf looks rather natty. But gave the game away when he adjusted his shoulder holster - armed.

His partner, ZAID MUCHASSI, wearing a tan suit and Panama hat is a ringer for Charles de Gaulle, all lanky legs and nose.

ABU YUSSUF
 Ah, Mr Arrowsmith, so nice to see
 you again. A successful journey eh?

ARROW
 If you call losing a crew member at
 sea successful-- Come aboard.

Gingerly, they step onto the gangplank as Ibrahim goes for'ard and sits next to the open hatch over the crew cabin.

He looks below to see Hannah screwing the silencer to her pistol - no panic, but everything changes right now as Ibrahim silently drops through the hatch and into the -

CREWS' QUARTERS to flatten Hannah with a nerve strike and remove her weapon. He gently lifts her onto a bunk and covers her with a blanket and climbs back up through the hatch.

IN THE COCKPIT Arrow greets Abu Yussuf with a handshake then shakes the hand of Muchassi as Yussuf introduces him.

ABU YUSSUF
 This is Mr Muchassi, like me he
 works for Mr Boudia.

Arrow studies the face - remembers the mug-shot --

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BERLIN HQ - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Arrow studies mug-shots. He's holding a photo...

INSERT - GRAINY PHOTO OF ZAID MUCHASSI.

MEMBER BLACK SEPTEMBER TERRORIST GROUP WITH LINKS TO KGB.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT. TRIPOLI HARBOUR - DAY

Muchassi feels uneasy with the eyeballing.

MUCHASSI
Have you seen me before?

ARROW
You look like Charles de Gaulle,
the frog.

MUCHASSI
Frog? That is an insult!

ARROW
It's not meant to be; you look like
de Gaulle, the French President -
he is the frog - not you. Anyway,
take a seat here or would you
rather hop down into the saloon?

Without hesitation they sit on the moulded bench seating in
the cockpit. Muchassi fishes out a note-pad - opens it.

MUCHASSI
Your shopping list has been altered
somewhat, Mr Arrowsmith.

ARROW
Mr Cahill not happy with it then?

MUCHASSI
He doesn't know about it yet, but
you now have two-hundred and fifty
bayonets for all that hand to hand
fighting you Irish get up to.

ARROW
Good joke, Mr Muchassi, ha, ha, ha.

MUCHASSI
I never joke about business.

ARROW

Well chuck 'em in the fucking dock,
I've no room for crap on my list.

MUCHASSI

The cargo of arms are to be loaded
onto the *Claudia*. You are to
inspect the cargo this evening and
leave before midnight. A car will
come for you here at 8 p.m., sharp.

ABU YUSSUF

Mr Boudia asks which crew member
was lost at sea?

ARROW

The big blonde fellow, the
Englishman, he fell overboard as
we left Port Said.

The two Palestinians give each other meaningful glances and
get up to leave.

ABU YUSSUF

Will two of you get to Ireland?

ARROW

(sardonically)

We got here alright, didn't we?

ABU YUSSUF

We may have a couple of passengers
who can be crew for you.

ARROW

I pick my own crew and I never take
passengers... or prisoners. So put
'em on the fucking *Claudia*.

The Arabs get up and leave. As they drive away Ibrahim drops
through the hatch to awaken Hannah in the -

CREWS QUARTERS where she responds to Ibrahim's touch.

HANNAH COHEN

Are they still here? Where's my
pistol? You fucking dinosaur!

IBRAHIM

I'll make the coffee and--

HANNAH COHEN

--Don't bother, I'm leaving; my
mission is completed, gimme my
pistol - I'm outta here!

Arrow's footsteps are heard on the companionway.

ARROW (O.S.)
You're going nowhere in daylight.

Arrow enters the cabin as Ibrahim unscrews the silencer.

ARROW (CONT'D)
(incredulous)
You were gonna shoot those fuckers?
Gimme that fucking thing here - she
can have it back when she leaves
tonight - You dopey bitch, you
woulda ruined everything!

HANNAH COHEN
They are on our Most Wanted list--

ARROW
--I don't give a fuck if they are
Adolf Hitler and Black Beard. You
would've fucked our operation.

Arrow storms out, heading for the cockpit followed by Ibrahim, leaving Hannah packing her kit.

IN THE COCKPIT Arrow and Ibrahim scan the wharf and warehouses but there's no sign of life - quiet.

ARROW (CONT'D)
We're sailing tonight so let's get
ready - tank up with water and
diesel and stow the gangplank,
nobody on or off till I say so.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - TRIPOLI HARBOUR - NIGHT

In the waning light of the evening, a motorbike without lights drives along the wharf to the yacht.

HANNAH COHEN
This is my transport - I've got to
dash - keep in touch, Arrow.
(shouldering her duffle-
bag she gives Ibrahim a
quick kiss then blows a
kiss to Arrow.)
Call me, darling and I will come.

She climbed over the handrail, jumped onto the wharf and straight onto the pillion. The guy gunned the bike and off they went into the night. With a face like stone Arrow listens to the roar of the bike diminishing.

LATER: IN THE COCKPIT Arrow holsters his Browning 9 mm.

He checks his watch, pats Ibrahim's shoulder, climbs the handrail and leaps ashore - just as a car enters the wharf with headlights blazing. Arrow turns his back and yells.

ARROW
Turn those fucking lights off!

The car pulls alongside and the familiar voice of Mohammed Boudia is heard through the car window.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA (O.S.)
Jump in, Christopher, you don't
need your night vision tonight.

The door opens and the courtesy light illuminates the grinning face of Boudia, his hand held out to shake. Arrow gets in, shakes the hand and they're mobile.

INT/EXT. BOUDIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving past warehouses and dockside buildings, Arrow tries to keep track as he speaks.

ARROW
You are breaking the rules, Mo. My
order has changed - fucking
bayonets! - I have a reputation to
keep so you keep your bayonets.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA
Ha! Your precious reputation will
be enhanced when you arrive in
Ireland with two million pounds
sterling, my friend.

ARROW
What! I deal in hardware, Mo - not
fucking money. I can get money any
time I need it, my currency is arms
and explosives - that's what I do!

MOHAMMED BOUDIA
I know that, but this deal opens
new doors for you and provides the
IRA with much needed cash for their
prisoners' families. Don't you see?

ARROW
What I see is five hundred kilos of
pure heroin worth a minimum twenty
million pounds anywhere in Europe
and I am to take two million back
to Ireland and you talk about
fucking bayonets!

The car pulls into a massive warehouse with forklift trucks squealing around stacks of military style boxes stretching far back into the dimness of the gigantic arms dump.

INT. WAREHOUSE (TRIPOLI HARBOUR) - NIGHT

Armed men take post around the car as Arrow and Boudia get out and stretch their legs. Noisy forklift trucks drive away out of earshot as the group move toward a stack of boxes.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA
This is the consignment for the
IRA. The heavy machine guns have
been exchanged for anti-tank mines.

ARROW
There aren't any tanks in Northern
Ireland! Are you fucking sure?

Kalashnikovs; sub-machine guns, pistols, RPG-7s and boxes of
ammo are stacked next to each other. Boxes of grenades and
British mark 7 anti-tank mines are laid out for inspection.

ARROW (CONT'D)
Where are the fuzes for the mines
and grenades?

Boudia pulls back a tarp revealing more boxes.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA
Here, you can count them but I
guarantee they are all present and
correct.
(he pulls back another
tarp - more boxes)
Here we have Sementex; primers,
detonators and safety fuze; all in
their own separate boxes.

A forklift truck arrives with four massive suitcases, like
steamer trunks with monstrous locks. Boudia produces keys.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA (CONT'D)
(handing the keys over)
Do you want to count the money? It
is all there - two million pounds.

Arrow pockets the keys and picks up an AK.

ARROW
These weapons are not new.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA
Nor is the money but I guarantee
they all work... Mr Muchassi
reported you lost a crew member. I
am surprised it was the
Englishman... How so?

ARROW
You asked for a sacrifice, a
loyalty test. You got one.
(MORE)

ARROW (CONT'D)

I lost a valued crew member and you devalue my order. What happened to your loyalty?

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

My loyalty is to you, not the IRA. A new door has opened for you; an exclusive door that enables you to make your fortune with men here and in Algiers - here is the key to that door. Memorise it and burn it.

(fishing out a piece of paper he hands it over)

Your contact is in Paris. From today, all queries and orders go through that number. Commissions and expenses will be paid into your Liechtenstein account.

Boudia lights a cigarette and holds out the lighter to burn the slip of paper in Arrow's hand.

MOHAMMED BOUDIA (CONT'D)

Hurry with your inspection, I'm taking you to dinner so you have a full belly before you sail tonight.

ARROW

I won't insult you by counting further so let's fuck off to eat. What about the money?

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

It will be loaded onto your yacht when we've had dinner. There's only one set of keys and you have them. Don't forget, the money must be seen as a donation from Colonel Qadhafi, not the balance of the Cosa Nostra deal... Savvy?

ARROW

Who else knows about the money?

MOHAMMED BOUDIA

Yussuf and Muchassi - why?

ARROW

I've seen men killed for less. And those two wanted me to take passengers tonight. This stinks. C'mon, back to the yacht. I'm leaving now. Thanks for the dinner but we'll do it another time.

Boudia strides over to his men who immediately load the big suitcases onto a pick-up truck, which follows him to the car. The two vehicles drive out of the warehouse into the night.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - TRIPOLI HARBOUR - NIGHT

In the darkness men struggle with the heavy suitcases up the gangplank and hand them down to Ibrahim in the saloon.

All loaded, the men climb into the pick-up and drive away as Arrow handshakes good-bye to Boudia who also drives away.

Ibrahim appears on deck and hauls in the for'ard line that Arrow lets free. He dashes for the stern line as Arrow leaps aboard and stows the gangplank.

ARROW

Grab your AK. Shoot any fucker that jumps aboard. We're outta here.

Arrow starts the engine and the yacht slowly moves away from the quayside as a car hurtles around the end of the wharf and screeches to a halt alongside them. Two figures get out.

The yacht is only a few feet away from the quayside and moving slowly. The two figures walk easily alongside as the car headlights illuminate them, revealing they are females.

The familiar voice of Abu Yussuf shouts from the car as the two females bring their weapons up into the aim.

ABU YUSSUF (O.S.)

We need to come aboard, Mr Arrowsmith... Now!

Arrow touches Ibrahim's AK indicating not to fire - yet.

ARROW

I told you earlier Mr Yussuf, no passengers.

The harsh voice of MARY MEEHAN, the nearest female shouts...

MARY MEEHAN

You'll take me or fecking die now!

ARROW

Who might you be?

MARY MEEHAN

The feckin' IRA. That's who I am, so pull in and let me on that fecking tub.

ARROW

(whispers to Ibrahim)

Remove their weapons asap, they haven't seen you yet.

(back to Meehan)

I'll come close, you can jump on.

Abu Yussuf drives further along the wharf ahead of the yacht, stops and unloads two suitcases from the trunk. The two girls dash forward and grab their suitcases.

As the slow moving yacht reaches them they throw their cases onto the deck then jump aboard and climb over the handrail as Abu Yussuf drives off into the night laughing.

Arrow opens the throttle as Ibrahim silently sneaks up on the nearest figure who feels nothing as Ibrahim lays her stunned body down and sneaks after the other one.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Put that weapon down - or die.

MARY MEEHAN

Ha, you're in no position to order me around - you're not even armed.

ARROW

Good night, little girl - sleep well.

She turns - too late - chopped in the neck she drops as Ibrahim catches the weapon.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Leave 'em there till we clear the port. Stow their weapons and check their luggage for weapons and info.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

On a calm sea with a cool breeze the yacht sails gracefully under a cloudless sky full of glittering stars.

In the cockpit, Mary Meehan, still a bit groggy, mouths off at Arrow as her fellow terrorist, GABI TIEDEMANN, rubs her bruised neck.

MARY MEEHAN

You think I wanna be here with a twat like you? I wanna be home in Belfast. My choice was flying home, not taking fecking weeks in this fecking tub with you and that black twat - feck! He's a big fecker.

ARROW

Can you both swim?

(the girls nod yes)

Listen carefully or you will be swimming very soon. We are the IRA. *This* is a military operation and you are not part of the plan.

(MORE)

ARROW (CONT'D)

So you need to explain how you became involved and if I smell a rat - you're shark bait...
Who're you?

MARY MEEHAN

Mary Meehan, ASU member of the Belfast Brigade. We've just finished a Summer Camp training in the desert with the PLO. I was about to fly out when they told me about this job.

ARROW

Who's they?

MARY MEEHAN

Dr. Wadi Haddad, head of the PLO. He told me the order came from Mr Keenan. Mr Yussuf brought us here.

ARROW

Who're you?

GABI TIEDEMANN

Ich bin Gabi Tiedemann. PLO freedom fighter on my way to my unit in Tangier, Morocco.

ARROW

How come you are here with her?

GABI TIEDEMANN

Dr. Haddad ordered we should travel together and for you to put me ashore in Morocco.

ARROW

I don't take orders from Arab camel traders; you're gonna be swimming.

MARY MEEHAN

You can't do that! The PLO are our closest allies - you will be--

ARROW

--Shut up! This is a military operation and I am in command. You will do exactly as I say at all times. You will be treated as crew because that is what you are from now on. By the time we reach Gibraltar; where there is a ferry to Tangier, you will know all about sailing, starting from now - get below and sort your kit out.

MARY MEEHAN
What about our Uzi's?

ARROW
Locked in a safe place. Why, d'ya
think you're going ashore in
Gibraltar looking like Charles
Bronson wearing a fecking wig?
Forget the Uzi's. They're gone.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE GIRLS LEARNING THE ROPES AT SEA

- A) The girls huddled over the compass with Arrow. Stone faced Ibrahim looks on, displeased as ever.
- B) Trimming the sails in heavy seas. Ibrahim - flint eyed.
- C) Taking turns at the helm. Ibrahim - if looks could kill.
- D) Below decks with Arrow studying sea charts.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

The girls are for'ard, sitting next to the anchor well, chatting and pointing at the racing dolphins alongside.

Arrow is looking through binoculars at the horizon to port as Ibrahim mans the helm.

IBRAHIM
The German tries hard to make
herself indispensable; have you
wondered why?

ARROW
She doesn't want to go to Tangiers.
She told me that Meehan is
depressed - I don't think so. She's
a wily bitch and Meehan's
depression is a fabrication, a seed
she's planted for some weird
reason. We need to watch her.

Tiedemann uses her compact to check her face. Actually, she is using it as a rear view mirror to see the cockpit.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

Meehan and Tiedemann are for'ard chatting and smoking. Ibrahim is at the helm. He checks his watch - it's 9.55pm, Time to change watch. He secures the wheel and goes down to wake Arrow. Tiedemann closes her compact and pockets it.

Cigarette sparks fly as Tiedemann attacks Meehan with her metal pin-tailed comb, stabbing both eyes to penetrate the brain, then furiously stabbing into her neck and back as she slumps on the handrail. Tiedemann heaves her overboard.

GABI TIEDEMANN
(screaming, hysterical)
She's gone! She's gone! I knew this
would happen! Help! Help!

BELOW DECKS Arrow, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, rushes to the companionway with Ibrahim close on his heels.

IN THE COCKPIT Ibrahim takes the helm as Arrow grabs the hysterical Tiedemann. Looking past her he can't see Meehan.

ARROW
Where's Meehan?

GABI TIEDEMANN
She's gone into the sea!

ARROW
Heave to! C'mon, we'll find her.

Hove to; the quietness of the moaning wind through the rigging and the swish of the waves is the funeral oration for Meehan. In their hearts, the men know what has happened.

IBRAHIM
Shall we get under way?

ARROW
Head south-west, then get some
sleep, we'll see Morocco in the
morning.
You too. Pack Meehan's kit and get
some sleep... hard day tomorrow.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

Standing on the port quarter looking at the waves breaking onto Moroccan beaches two miles away, Arrow contemplates as Tiedemann approaches with a steaming cup of coffee.

GABI TIEDEMANN
I have decided not to go to Morocco
after all - I will go to Ireland
with you, especially now you are
short on crew.

ARROW
Good, I wondered when you were
going to say that.

Grabbing her throat and crotch, he heaved her over the handrail and she went head first into the sea. She surfaces as the stern passes her by. Pointing to the shore he shouts.

ARROW (CONT'D)
Morocco is that-a-way!
(calls Ibrahim at the
helm)
Steer north for Gibraltar.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - SHEPPARD'S QUAY (GIBRALTAR) - DAY

Ibrahim lashes the for'ard line to the bollard and dashes to the stern to make fast the line, aware of the group of well-dressed men looking on. They approach, anticipating the lowering of the gangplank, led by a MAN IN UNIFORM.

MAN IN UNIFORM
Ahoy there! Have you got British
passports?

ARROW
Who wants to know?

MAN IN UNIFORM
Her Majesty's Customs and Excise,
that's who. So get your fucking
arse down here pronto with your
passports... Lower the gangplank!

The two well-dressed men step forward; the tallest is MISTER GARCIA, a chinless wonder from the British Consul.

MISTER GARCIA
(to the man in uniform)
That's alright George, we'll take
it from here.
British Consul here, old chap...
Ahem, you are Mr Arrowsmith, are
you not?

ARROW
Why the welcoming committee?

MISTER GARCIA
I have a message for you from--

ARROW
--Shush! Don't say another word.

Arrow nods to Ibrahim who immediately lowers the gangplank.

MAN IN UNIFORM
Have you got anything to declare
before we come aboard?

MISTER GARCIA

That's alright, George, we need to speak privately with Mr Arrowsmith. We'll pop into your office for the rubber stamping when we're done.

Arrow strolls down the gangplank, blocking entry.

ARROW

I wasn't going to lower the plank;
I don't want any rats on my yacht.
Walk and talk Mr Consul... alone.

MISTER GARCIA

Garcia, Mr Arrowsmith, nice to meet you too.

(fishes out a letter)

My instructions are to watch you burn it when you've read it.

Arrow takes the envelope and checks it for tampering. He opens it carefully. Satisfied, he reads -

INSERT - HAND WRITTEN LETTER

"AVOID *CLAUDIA* AND SAIL DIRECTLY TO KINSALE HARBOUR. ARRIVE 1ST APRIL AND CALL ME ON LANDLINE - MOTHER."

BACK TO SCENE

Arrow folds the letter as Garcia flicks the cigarette lighter. Holding it till it burns his fingers, Arrow drops it in the water alongside the yacht.

MISTER GARCIA (CONT'D)

A victuals van will arrive within the hour with fresh rations for your voyage. It has been paid for.

The suits and uniform walk away as a van arrives with victuals for the voyage. A SHORT FAT MAN gets out of the van.

SHORT FAT MAN

Watcha, matey! Gotcha grub here - gizza hand put it onboard.

Arrow and Ibrahim tower over him as he opens the van. Arrow slowly pulls out a twenty and wafts it under his nose.

ARROW

You must know every deckhand on the Rock - How quickly can you get Brian Flynn here?

Fatty checks his watch and scratches his arse.

SHORT FAT MAN
 FLYNNIE be in the Lord Nelson pub
 in half an hour - Casemates Square.

ARROW
 Unload this shit - go get him -
 tell him Arrow sent you.

LATER: IN THE COCKPIT

Ibrahim is all ears as Arrow tells him about Flynnie.

ARROW (CONT'D)
 --That's it; that's how I saved his
 life. We sailed the Baltic together
 after that, he'll be fine.

The victuals van arrives and a big ginger haired bloke gets
 out, a puzzled look on his face. Here comes FLYNNIE.

ARROW (CONT'D)
 I'm not lowering the gangplank for
 you, you big lug - climb aboard.

Flynnie steps down into the cockpit to a manly hug and
 handshake - a happy but puzzled reunion.

ARROW (CONT'D)
 I hope you've got your passport
 matey, we're sailing shortly. Meet
 Ibrahim of the mujahideen... Your
 shipmate.

The two big men shake hands, eyeballing each other. Instant
 recognition of warrior class - instant respect transmitted
 through hands and eyes - the start of something new.

FLYNNIE
 I need to go home for my kit and
 give Ma some change. Where are we
 going and for how long?
 (looks at Ibrahim)
 You look the part matey and I
 reckon you walk the walk - glad to
 be sailing with you, I'm Flynnie.

Arrow peels two-hundred off and gives it to Flynnie.

ARROW
 That'll keep your Ma happy for a
 coupla weeks matey. Hurry up.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - NORTH ATLANTIC SEA - DAY

The yacht ploughs through heavy seas, taugt and straining
 under high winds and massive swells - not for beginners.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Ibrahim at the helm, Arrow and Flynnie for'ard trimming the jib, stair-rods of sea water lashing their faces.
- B) Unrecognizable, three men drinking steaming coffee in the lurching cockpit as lightning illuminates the sky.
- C) A break in the weather shows three grizzled faces peering north to the distant Irish shoreline - thank fuck.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - KINSALE HARBOUR - (IRELAND) - DAY

The yacht is moored at the quayside and officialdom is just leaving in the form of the Harbourmaster and a copper pushing an ancient bicycle. The three men sip coffee in the cockpit.

The newspaper on his knee is food for thought for Arrow.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"JOE CAHILL, IRA CHIEF, CAUGHT IN THE IRISH SEE WITH BOATLOAD OF ARMS AND EXPLOSIVES."

BACK TO SCENE

Arrow goes below to his cabin and pulls out one of the big suitcases. He takes out bundles of banknotes and hides them in a hidden compartment. He stuffs a wad in his jacket.

IN THE COCKPIT Arrow enters from the companionway and sits between Ibrahim and Flynnie. Three grizzled faces eye each other; Ibrahim and Flynnie expectant - what next?

ARROW

That's it - job done. D'you wanna go home... or what?

FLYNNIE

Depends what "or what" is?

ARROW

You know the risks of being around me - stick around or fuck off.

FLYNNIE

I'll stick around; you only live once. But I wanna visit family up the coast aways at Kilmore Quay.

ARROW

Sounds nice - any chance of a mooring up there?

FLYNNIE

Sure, but it's a fecking desolate place - not much going on.

ARROW

Perfect; you leave tonight, you and Ibrahim. Now off you go down the pub; don't get pissed, we'll join you shortly.

Grinning, Flynnie skips down the gangplank - happy.

IN THE COCKPIT Arrow pulls out a wad of notes.

ARROW (CONT'D)

I've got to go to Belfast today with those suitcases. I'm gonna hire a van locally and we'll load up. I'll be gone for two weeks. If I'm not back two weeks today; cast off and sail back to Karachi. On the right side of my bed you'll find a hidden compartment with your money in it, in the meantime here's a coupla grand for expenses.

(he passes the money)

Put that away now. C'mon, we ain't got all day.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) On a garage forecourt Arrow kicks a van's tyres.
- B) Standing next to a van, Arrow pays a grubby little man.
- C) Arrow and Ibrahim carry suitcases down the gangplank and load them into the van, lock it and go aboard the yacht.
- D) Arrow packs a bag and holsters his Browning 9mm.

BACK TO SCENE

IN THE COCKPIT Ibrahim cannot hide his concern.

IBRAHIM

I should go with you; Flynnie can look after the yacht. Lord Habbibullah will flog me if--

ARROW

--Bollocks, I'll be back. Now keep your eye on the van while I go to the phone - over there.

They look across the harbour to the public telephone kiosk. Arrow slaps his warrior's shoulder and heads for the plank.

INT. PUBLIC PHONE KIOSK - KINSALE HARBOUR - DAY

Arrow dials the numbers, waits for the tone and hits the button when he hears Q's voice.

ARROW
That you, Mother?

Q (V.O.)
Where the hell have you been? You should have called me before now!

ARROW
I searched, but couldn't find a phone anywhere in the Atlantic Ocean. Fuck! Do you want me to cut my little finger off?

Q (V.O.)
It's not your finger I want cutting off! Sitrep now, c'mon let's have it. Have you got the money?

ARROW
Thanks for asking; yes, we're all fine here - Of course I've got the fucking money.

Q (V.O.)
Good... You know about Cahill and the *Claudia*? It's world wide news; on TV and newspapers everywhere. Play your cards right now, m'boy and your in at the top, right where I want you - it'll be "Mission Accomplished." Bloody good show!

ARROW
I'm leaving Ibrahim with the yacht and I took on an old shipmate of mine in Gibraltar; don't worry, he's solid and I'm keeping him on. They're taking the yacht to Kilmore Quay tonight and staying there. It will be my office from now on. For the record my mate is Brian Flynn.

Q (V.O.)
Very well, now don't forget who you are m'boy. A Knight! Good luck.

The line goes dead. Arrow hits the cradle and puts more coins in and dials again - hears the connection - hits the button.

Arrow hears coughing, a heavy smoker, a nervous Belfast accent, a GRUFF VOICE.

GRUFF VOICE (V.O.)
Who is it?

ARROW
This is Arrow, is Mr Cahill there?

GRUFF VOICE (V.O.)
 You must be the only fecker in the world who doesn't know he's in jail. Where the feck are ye, at the North fecking Pole?

ARROW
 I need to speak to Mr Keenan then.

GRUFF VOICE (V.O.)
 Who the feck d'ya think you are? Mr Keenan indeed.

ARROW
 Tell him Mr Arrowsmith called and will call him again one hour from now - tell him quickly and you may live a little longer.
 (Hangs up)

He checks his watch and heads for the yacht.

EXT/INT. THE YACHT - KINSALE HARBOUR - (IRELAND) - DAY

Ibrahim checks both AK's and the Uzi sub-machine guns.

ARROW
 Keep them hidden but somewhere handy. C'mon, lock up, we're going down the pub with Flynnie.

IBRAHIM
 (hands him an Uzi)
 Take this with you, I'll feel better knowing you've got it.

Arrow snatches the Uzi; checks the breach, snaps on a full mag and wraps it in a towel, eyeballs Ibrahim.

ARROW
 You're not my father... but you are my brother - so c'mon, let's go.

They secure the yacht and get in the van - off to the pub.

INT/EXT. IRISH PUB - KINSALE HARBOUR - DAY

The van pulls in at the pub entrance. They get out and Arrow locks the van. They both walk into the noisy pub, which falls silent as they head for the bar. WHISPERING VOICES are heard.

WHISPERING VOICES
 Feck! Will ye take a look at that big black fecker over there. Feck! Where the feck are they from? If he gets pissed, I'm fecking leaving.

Flynnie waves from across the smoky bar-room.

FLYNNIE

Over here - how the feck did ye
know I was in here?

ARROW

It's the nearest pub to the yacht.
(checks his watch)
Where's the phone, Flynnie?

FLYNNIE

Landlord has one behind the bar.
Sure, he'll let you use it.

Three beautiful pints of Guinness arrive and the pub gets noisy again with all eyes taking a peek. Feck! Will ye look at those fecking three - Feck meeting them in the alley.

Arrow walks to the quiet end of the bar and points at the phone. The landlord picks it up and puts it on the bar. He walks away as Arrow dials and waits for the connection.

GRUFF VOICE (V.O.)

Who is it?

ARROW

Mr Arrowsmith.
(he can hear angry voices
and the phone being
snatched)
Is Mr Keenan there?

BRIAN KEENAN (V.O.)

Christopher! Is that you?

ARROW

I'm in the country, What the feck
happened? You've got a fecking tout
in your HQ. I shoulda known better
than get mixed up with the IRA.

BRIAN KEENAN (V.O.)

How do I know you ain't the tout?

ARROW

Because I have a package for you
and if I was the tout I'd be in the
fecking Bahamas living it up.

BRIAN KEENAN (V.O.)

What package might that be?

ARROW

The one from Colonel Qadhafi.
(he can hear arguing in
the background)
Are you still there?

BRIAN KEENAN (V.O.)
I'm here. We thought all the packages were on the *Claudia*. So what the feck have you got?

ARROW
Money... Fecking loads of it.

BRIAN KEENAN (V.O.)
Where did you say you was? We'll come and meet you.

ARROW
I didn't say... and I'm saying feck all till you're alone. You've got a fecking tout - remember? I'll call you back in an hour from another town. Be alone.
(hangs up)

He beckons the landlord and gives him a pound.

ARROW (CONT'D)
If you get a call asking for the last caller, tell 'em, "he's gone you fecking numbskull." Will you do that please?

The landlord nods, grinning as Arrow joins his men.

Moments later the phone rings. The landlord lifts the receiver, listens, looks furtively at Arrow, speaks and hangs up. He grins at Arrow and gives a thumbs up.

Arrow nudges the others and drinks his pint straight down.

ARROW (CONT'D)
C'mon, drink up - we gotta find another pub - pronto.

OUTSIDE THE PUB they pile into the van - Flynnie in back and they drive away.

INT/EXT. NEXT PUB - KINSALE HARBOUR - DAY

The van pulls in next to the pub and the three get out and walk into a noisy, smoky bar. Silence as Arrow goes to the bar as the others sit at a table. The LANDLORD greets him.

LANDLORD
You'se are the talk o'the fecking town; well, the black fella is - feck, will ya look at him! - What'll ya have?

ARROW
Two pints o' stout and the
telephone, please. Take the drinks
to the two little fellas.

Arrow dials the numbers and waits. Clunk - there it is.

ARROW (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Who's there?

BRIAN KEENAN (V.O.)
It's me, Keenan - Where are ye?

ARROW
You know where I am; the fecking
landlord told ye. Stop fecking
around and give me an RV.

BRIAN KEENAN (V.O.)
D'ye know the An Poc Fada pub in
Monaghan, on the North Road?

ARROW
Tonight - ten o'clock sharp. Meet
me outside... alone.
(hangs up)

He strolls over to Flynnie and Ibrahim, knocks the table with his knuckles and heads for the door. They drink up and follow. All eyes also follow - relief, danger is leaving.

OUTSIDE THE PUB they get in the van. Three GUNMEN with handguns appear around the van. Arrow and Ibrahim get out.

ARROW (CONT'D)
Keenan sent ye - yeah?

#GUNMAN
Feck Keenan, giz the package.

ARROW
I'm taking it to Keenan.

#GUNMAN
Sure, they have enough money in the
North. Hand it over... now!

Arrow opens the rear door and Flynnie gets out.

ARROW
Pull that top case out, will ya.

Flynnie grabs the top case and yanks it out and puts it on the ground. The three gunmen gather to see what it is.

Arrow inserts the key and lifts the lid. He grabs a handful of banknotes and lets them flutter back down into the case.

He bends down again and digs deeper. They can't see his hands because of the angle of the suitcase lid. He stands up and nearly cuts them all in two with the Uzi sub-machine gun.

He stuffs it back in the case and chucks it in the van and Flynnie clambers in behind it. In they get and away they go.

EXT. THE YACHT - KINSALE HARBOUR - (IRELAND) - DAY

Hurriedly, Arrow casts off the stern line as Ibrahim opens the throttle. Flynnie pulls in the lines as Arrow opens the van door. He toots the horn and his men wave goodbye.

INT/EXT. THE VAN - "AN POC FADA PUB" - MONAGHAN - NIGHT

In the dark, desolate street, the only light comes from the pub windows. Arrow studies the dark alleyways and looks up and down the street - not a sound nor a movement.

He checks his watch: 10 p.m. - Where the fuck is he?

A dark figure looms out of the darkness - it's Keenan.

Arrow pushes open the van door - Keenan gets in and pulls a gun. Arrow's hands stay on the wheel as he smirks.

ARROW

Don't be a cunt all of your life.
Put it away - you're dealing with a
fecking pro now.

BRIAN KEENAN

Some fecking pro you are. We lost
our money!

ARROW

You've lost feck all. I've got your
fecking money here with an extra
million on top. Here, in the van!
But you nearly lost it in Kinsale
to the thieving bastards you tipped
off to do me in. They wanted it for
themselves - some fecking army
you've got... Put the gun away;
c'mon, I'll show you.

Keenan holsters the pistol and grabs the door handle.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Don't move!

He reaches under Keenan's seat and pulls out a hand-grenade and slips the safety pin back in it.

ARROW (CONT'D)

I told you - you're dealing with a fecking pro.

(he puts it in the glove-box)

Now you can get out.

Visibly shaken, Keenan nervously gets out of the van and moves to the rear door. Arrow unlocks it; opens it and pulls out the top case - opens it with the key - money, money.

Arrow locks the case and shoves it back in.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Right, where're we going?

Keenan points to the pub.

BRIAN KEENAN

In there - bring the case, I'll bring one too.

EXT/INT. "AN POC FADA PUB" - MONAGHAN - NIGHT

Arrow locks the van and the two men pick up the cases and walk across the road to the pub entrance. Arrow notices shadow movement back along the street.

ARROW

Tell your men not to touch the van or the pub will disappear and we all go to Hell... Tell 'em!

Keenan stops in his tracks and gently puts down the case. He walks into the shadows and mutters to his henchmen. He creeps back and nervously picks up the case - they go into the pub.

IN THE PUB they avoid the public bar and go into a dark room where a dim light at the end of a bar illuminates two sinister looking men; strangers to Arrow. TENSION MOUNTS AS

KEENAN STOPS in the centre of the room and puts down the case.

Behind him someone strikes a match and lights a cigarette in an ugly illuminated face. More cigarettes are lit as Keenan lifts up his arms and says...

BRIAN KEENAN

Gentlemen of the High Command of the Provisional Irish Republican Army - I present Christopher Arrowsmith, a patriot and, may I say, a hero of The Cause.

The lights come on in the room and Arrow sees men with pints of stout placed next to various makes of pistol sitting all along one wall.

BRIAN KEENAN (CONT'D)

Open the cases and inform the gentlemen what you have and explain why you are here.

Arrow opens the first case and flips the lid open revealing thousands of banknotes. He opens the next case, which also reveals thousands of banknotes.

ARROW

Gentlemen of the High Command, I present a gift from Colonel Qadafhi of Libya, given to me personally by Mr Boudia of the Black September Group with best wishes for future business regarding weaponry.

(looking around, letting it sink in)

Here is two million pounds in sterling.

Someone claps, then they all start clapping and cheering but it ceases the moment Arrow stoops and pulls out a grenade from the banknotes and inserts a safety pin.

He pockets it and takes another from the other case and pockets that one too. He then digs under the banknotes and pulls out the Uzi and lays it on the floor in front of them.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Just to prove my loyalty - I could have killed you all... And for your information; I am a blood relative of the Irish hero, Mr Kevin Barry. Gentlemen, I am your servant.

Arrow grinning as he fondles the Suf.

He's in -- Mission Accomplished.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"ABU YUSSUF, ASSASSINATED IN BEIRUT 9th APRIL 1973"

"ZAID MUCHASSI, ASSASSINATED IN ATHENS 12th APRIL 1973"

"MOHAMMED BOUDIA, ASSASSINATED IN PARIS 28th JUNE 1973"

FADE OUT.

THE END