

# GREY WOLF

The Forest Has Its Own Justice

Michael Bond's Aurora Trilogy

**Original Screenplay**

by

**Michael Bond**

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via

**[GreyWolf.Norfilms.com](http://GreyWolf.Norfilms.com)**

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INT. CHEAP HOTEL CORRIDOR

A plain corridor, numbered doors, we move along to one door. It opens for us and we enter.

INT. LARGE CHEAP HOTEL ROOM

We enter the room, simple double-bed, straightened and laid out with a man's three-piece tweed suit, lots of thermal underwear, accessories, etc.

The curtains are closed as we look around. Three large wheeled holdalls, bulging tightly with contents, stand by the door, each is padlocked with a small fluffy toy attached: polar bear, penguin, white tiger and identical animal images stuck on the sides. A fourth holdall is laid, partly-open at the foot of the bed, almost stuffed tight and with a little fluffy husky dog toy attached.

The room has a few simple Native American decorations and a couple of illustrations on the walls: Northern Lights over a winter forest; dog team pulling a sled.

Looking around we see a small electric kettle steaming on a side cupboard next to a couple of large vacuum flasks, one sealed, one open, ingredients: flavouring energy tablets.

There's a state-of-the-art laptop open on top of a rugged courier bag. We linger to see the screen is lit with an image of a half-naked woman standing, posing with a wild grin on a winter landscape with the Northern Lights aurora behind her.

Quickly we turn away to a side door and sounds beyond.

The door is thrust open, a steaming shower, sound and misty sight of a naked man humming to himself as the shower door is yanked open to a woman's hand, the man, LIAM, spinning round to face her, BRIANNA, his face brightening to speak.

BRIANNA

(straight-faced)

A naked photo of me, as a screensaver, really!?

LIAM

(grinning, embarrassed)

I know, I know! I'll change it later!

They pause a moment, shower streaming, soap dripping.

BRIANNA

(coolly)

You'd better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She glances down below his waist.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
And *that's* not happening tonight.

She turns away, slight smile on her face, to slam the bathroom door at her back as she returns to the bedroom.

Moment's later Liam joins her, wearing only a towel, drying himself with another. Brianna's tucking the laptop into the open holdall on the floor.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
I don't want you working on this during the flight back until you remove that photo.

LIAM  
Okay. All settled at Reception?

BRIANNA  
Of course, their company's carrying the bill, as arranged.

LIAM  
Good

Brianna waves at the steaming travel kettle and flasks.

BRIANNA  
Is all that really necessary?

Liam begins sorting out his clothes, pulling on his undies and thermals.

LIAM  
Maybe, if it's the same charter aircraft we came up on last month and they're still not using the aircon.  
You remember how we all shivered on the flight up from Anchorage?

BRIANNA  
Yes, but it's direct back to Vancouver

LIAM  
Exactly! Longer flight, more shivering!

He nods at the courier bag.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
And I've kept the sweeties out if you want some sugar nibbles?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Brianna motions to her own robust shoulder bag.

BRIANNA  
I'm already packing some.

LIAM  
Ah-ha! So you agree with me!

BRIANNA  
(briskly)  
Get dressed and let's get on the plane.

The kettle clicks off.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - EVENING

Black darkness outside broad, very thick multi-glazed windows.

We see a broad overhead sign: "WAINWRIGHT AIRTEL, RECEPTION". A Native American staff and lots of Alaskan and Tribal tourist decoration and "WELCOME" signs.

A simple hotel checkout with Liam and Brianna, wrapped in parkas and dragging their large holdalls, passing through with a couple of friendly farewell nods to the staff. They step outside into the freezing cold.

EXT. WAINWRIGHT AIRPORT - EVENING

The aurora shimmers in the sky overhead as a line of a dozen or so assorted rugged working men make their way to a wide-bodied old jet liner and a single ladder at the nose door.

BRIANNA  
So why the posh suit?

She nods at his clothing.

LIAM  
We've the meeting to report to the company tomorrow morning at nine a.m.  
I may not have time to change when we hit Vancouver so I thought I'd prepare now.

He nods at the plane.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Especially with these late departures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANNA

Yes, they should fly earlier in the day.

LIAM

It's a commercial decision. The base don't want crew staying overnight up here so these gangs -

Nodding at the heavily-dressed engineering crew types queued up ahead of them.

LIAM (CONT'D)

- finish their month shifts and are shipped straight out same day. Saves thousands every month and that adds up over the years.

BRIANNA

But the people up here could do with that extra income. Many are still only living on subsistence.

LIAM

Yeah, well maybe my reports will help change all that.

They reach the ladder. Liam nods up.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(cheerfully)

Ladies first!

Brianna snorts and begins the struggle up the steps, clumping and banging with her two holdalls and shoulder bag.

Liam moves to follow her up, with a few others waiting patiently behind. One man motions forward at Liam's rear.

PASSENGER 1

(to Liam)

Here let me help.

He reaches out to help lift one of Liam's holdalls.

LIAM

Wow, thanks!

PASSENGER 1

(grinning)

Your welcome.

They move up together.

INT. AIRLINER - EVENING

Liam arrives at the doorway, grinning and shrugging helplessly at the Flight Attendant: KISH.

LIAM  
(lightly)  
Sorry, I'm still getting the hang  
of DIY baggage handling.

KISH  
No problem.

Liam looks her up and down, from her snow boots, to her thick coat and fur hat.

LIAM  
How's the aircon working this time?

KISH  
(shrugging)  
What do you think?

LIAM  
Gotcha.

He blunders into the aisles and struggles down to join Brianna at the middle of the aircraft, apologising as he bangs his luggage past the few others in the almost empty space.

As Brianna squeezes her holdalls into middle row of empty seats and throws her coat on top, Liam joins her, hesitating to look farther back down the cabin, gazing at the sight of two uniformed police and the heads of two other men.

A grim weather-beaten man, GREEN, appears behind Liam from forward.

GREEN  
Can I get past?

LIAM  
Huh!?

He turns to see he's blocking the aisle.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Oh, sorry! Let me get out of your  
way.

GREEN  
(smiling faintly)  
British?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIAM  
(grinning apologetically)  
Yes!

He squeezes his holdalls down beside Brianna's pair.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Just get this junk out of the way.

Green nods at the holdalls.

GREEN  
(pleasantly)  
Work?

Liam nods at Brianna.

LIAM  
Over-packing for every occasion.

GREEN  
(winking)  
I get you. I kinda of do the same.

Liam squeezes out of the way for Green to move past, carrying a light rucksack in one hand and large holdall in the other, followed by a younger man, BROWN, with his own load of bulky luggage.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
(to Brown)  
Come on son.

BROWN  
(quietly, lightly)  
I'm not your son.

They move past.

LIAM  
(to Green)  
Hey, tip for you.

GREEN  
(frowning)  
Oh?

LIAM  
There's no aircon on these flights.

GREEN  
So?

LIAM  
You don't look like regular base crew?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

GREEN

No, just passing through.

LIAM

(friendly)

I thought so.

With no aircon it's going to get cold. You might want to keep your coats on.

GREEN

(smiling understanding)

Okay, will do, thanks chum!

He and Brown move on, taking opposite seats on the aisle a few rows down.

Liam checks his courier bag, the big vacuum flasks pocketed at each end, into an overhead locker. He inspects the locker and snaps it closed to drop into the seat next to Brianna beside the emergency escape window over the wing.

BRIANNA

It's not going to be *that* cold.

LIAM

Just being friendly, and he didn't seem like he was fully prepared for the arctic circle.

BRIANNA

Americans are always prepared, they're used to it, it's not like we get this,

(waving out the window)

in Manchester.

LIAM

True, nearest I've ever got was that hike in the blizzard over Kinder.

BRIANNA

(totally unimpressed)

Right.

She pulls a paperback book out of her shoulder bag and thumbs through its pages to a bookmark to read.

LIAM

At least they're still stocking the blankets on here.

BRIANNA

(absently)

Oh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LIAM

You have to wonder about that. Are they saving fuel money and carbon emissions by cutting the air conditioning off, then using more fuel and carbon carrying blankets for everyone? I wonder if it was two separate departments who made those decisions.  
Hmmm.

BRIANNA

Are you going to add that to your report?

LIAM

Mmmm, don't think so, just something to mull over.

BRIANNA

(casually)

You know what they say about those blankets don't you?

LIAM

Hmmm?

BRIANNA

They don't wash them every time, they just fold them away for next time.

Liam glance up at the lockers.

The flight departs, a couple of dozen passengers on a big plane.

Later.

The aircraft levels off, people relax, Kish begins to move around checking on the few people up front.

Liam and Brianna are relaxing, Liam's eyes half-closed, lips murmuring.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Preparing your presentation?

Liam nods.

LIAM

I'll make notes for you when we reach Vancouver.

BRIANNA

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Behind them Green nods to Brown, who rises in a confident relaxed fashion, pulling out his smartphone and begins to talk into it as Green rises and heads forward.

BROWN  
(to camera, grinning)  
Hey folks, you won't believe this -

He begins moving back to the four men. The two cops suddenly alerts and tracking him.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
- but it looks like we've got some celebrities with us today!

He reaches the four, one cop rising to block him.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
Sooo, here we are heading south -

COP 1  
Sorry son, can you head back to your seat?

Brown waves his phone, filming the cops and two handcuffed men.

BROWN  
Sorry officer, but is there something you could share with my audience, anything serious the public need to know?

COP 1  
(politely)  
No, please return to your seat.

BROWN  
(sighing, disappointed)  
Okay, sorry.

He pulls a snub-nosed silenced revolver and double-taps both cops, sweeping the camera with the pistol to catch some of the action as the standing cop collapses.

He motions to the two crooks, O'Brian alarmed and twitchy, and VENNAN, cool and observant, to be silent as he sits beside them.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
Hi, Mr Vennan, Mr O'Brian, I'm Mr Brown.

He nods at the handcuffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BROWN (CONT'D)

This is your rescue party tonight,  
let's free you up to enjoy the  
ride.

He nods at the dead cops.

BROWN (CONT'D)

And don't forget, fireworks are  
provided.

VENNAN

Huh?

BROWN

Get their guns and ammo.  
We've already brought warmer  
clothing for your trip.

Meanwhile, at the front of the cabin Green motions Kish  
forward to speak with her, her back to the rear. No one sees  
the cop's deaths.

As the silenced shots pop off Liam stiffens.

LIAM

(frowning)

Did you hear something?

BRIANNA

Champagne corks?

LIAM

(coolly)

Similar, more deadly.

He lifts his nose to sniff the air, his mouth tasting it.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(softly, calmly)

I've heard that sound before, and I  
smell something.

Smiling mouth, calm eyes, he turns and leans towards Brianna,  
nuzzling her ear as she frowns at him.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I taste gunsmoke in the air.

She stiffens.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(nuzzling)

There's no aircon in the cabin, so  
there's nothing to draw it away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BRIANNA  
(calmly)  
The police?

LIAM  
Hmrrrrrr.  
  
(nuzzling playfully)  
Stay cool.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The door flies open as Green pushes Kish ahead of him to slam her to the side and stab a snub-nosed silenced revolver against the PILOT's head.

GREEN  
(firmly)  
I have a new heading for you.

He thrusts a small card at the Pilot.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Head here and make an emergency  
landing and no one will be harmed.

PILOT  
Fuck you!

The Pilot's furious, gripping his controls tightly, trembling with barely-restrained anger.

Green sees this and stabs the Pilot again with the pistol.

GREEN  
Cool it! Put us down there safely  
and in ten minutes we'll be out of  
your hair.

The Pilot takes the card, reads it and hands it across to the CO-PILOT while flicking the autopilot off.

As the Co-Pilot takes the card, drawing Green's eye for a moment, the Pilot jerks the stick and sends the jet twisting in the air, throwing everyone, as the Pilot twists in his seat, snarling to snatch at the pistol.

PILOT  
(enraged)  
Not on my fucking plane!!

KISH  
(to Pilot)  
No, don't!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Green is thrown sideways, knocked back and his gun hand levels for one moment with the Pilot's arm flailing as the Co-Pilot tries to snatch Green.

Pop! The silencer fires once through the Pilot as the plane plunges through the sky with screams from the main cabin.

INT. AIRLINER, MAIN CABIN

Liam rises from his seat, watched closely by Brianna. He moves with a casual smile at her until Brown appears at his back, nudging the pistol in Lima's back.

BROWN  
(calmly cold)  
Sit down, stay down, fasten your  
seat belts, we'll be landing soon.

He presses a hand against Liam to move him aside, passing, discreetly waving the pistol and nodding down at Liam's seat.

As Brown turns away to head up the aisle Liam glances back to see the two crooks sitting, leaning in the aisles, with cop guns at the ready. Vennan watches him calmly and nods at Liam's seat. O'Brian eyes the other aisle nervously.

The plane jerks, throwing Liam into Brianna's lap. She grabs him.

BRIANNA  
Got you!

She grips him and her seat tight, as the plane leaps around and everyone screams.

Brown is flung into the seats by the jolt but keeps a grip on his small pistol and struggles to right himself, eyes flashing everywhere for trouble.

INT. COCKPIT

The Pilot is dead, slumped in his seat. The Co-Pilot is fighting the plane as Green recovers, a warning look at Kish

GREEN  
(to Kish)  
Out!  
  
(nodding back to the  
cabin)  
Check what's happened back there.

He watches her leave then spins back to the Co-Pilot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Get us back on course, now!

CO-PILOT  
(laughing angrily)  
If I can!

Green nudges him with the pistol.

GREEN  
(coldly)  
You will.

Outside the cockpit the aurora shows the ground approaching fast as the Co-Pilot heaves on the controls and peers out the windows.

CO-PILOT  
Right, now!  
No nine-eleven!!

He pushes the controls down, dropping the plane, throwing Green off-balance for a moment. More cries reach them from the cabin.

GREEN  
(furious)  
No!

Brown stumbles in, eyeing for trouble.

BROWN  
What happened!?

Green waves at everything.

GREEN  
(angrily)  
Fucking heroes!!

The plane levels, ground looming up, flat open snow country outside and racing past in a blur.

EXT. TUNDRA - NIGHT

The plane roars low, levelling out, snow swirling up as it blasts past and its landing gear lowers, flaps opening wide to brake the plane.

A moment of almost tranquillity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then it hits ground. A moment and it looks like the landing gear has worked, then the ground gives way dropping and crunching the plane, landing gear collapsing, engines ripped off, belly grinding through snow, ice, tundra, flickers of fire engulfed in snow as the plane slides a moment, wings snapping apart, and the sudden sliding halt.

And silence.

A flash of light from the cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT

Green lowers the pistol from the Co-Pilot's slumped body.

GREEN  
Asshole!

He takes a breath, Brown waiting, eyes on the door.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
(briskly)  
Okay, new plan!

INT. AIRLINER, MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Green and Brown leave the cockpit.

BROWN  
Damn!

GREEN  
(puzzled)  
What?

BROWN  
Should've had my camera out for all that.

GREEN  
Maybe next time.

BROWN  
(grinning)  
Yeah!

They confront a crown rising in the aisles, Green and Brown pulling out bigger really-serious pistols, Green firing one loud shot in the air, freezing everyone.

GREEN  
Freeze!! Right Now!!

Everyone hesitates as Brown moves aside to take a wider position and cover Green.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GREEN (CONT'D)

(calmly)

Now, everyone sit down before I  
have to kill someone else.

Hesitations. A lot of anger in a lot of faces up front.

KISH

(firmly)

Do it! He's already shot the  
Pilot!

Slowly they all sit on the edge of their seats.

GREEN

First up, this wasn't planned, and  
yes, both pilots are dead,

Shocked reaction from Kish.

GREEN (CONT'D)

because they behaved like assholes  
and we won't hesitate to shoot  
again!

One passenger shouts back.

DOUBTER

We supposed to believe that?

Brown levels his pistol at Doubter.

GREEN

(to Doubter)

I don't care. We'll be out of your  
hair soon enough, but if you try us  
before then you will be met with  
force.

(to everyone)

Just settle back, stay out of our  
way and after that I don't give a  
damn what you do.

(to Kish)

Open the door and drop the slide.

(to Brown)

Get our friends dressed and bring  
the gear.

Kish squirms past Green to head for the forward door as Brown  
races down the cabin.

Brown races past Liam and Brianna, Liam tracking him  
speculatively. Brianna's hand on his, squeezing calmly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIANNA  
(softly)  
Not now babe.

LIAM  
(quietly)  
I know.

He turns to her, eyes flicking at the emergency escape window.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Be ready, in case.

Brianna nods as Brown bumbles back hauling the packs and bags, the holdalls show they're a lot lighter than before.

At the door Kish heaves it open, a freezing swirl of wind and snow causing everyone to scramble for their coats, hats and gloves.

The emergency slide pops open onto the snow and Kish rushes to grab her own clothes to bundle up.

Green calmly, watchfully, zips up his coat as Brown returns.

At the rear Vennan and O'Brian, now bundled up in their own cold weather gear, are watching everything.

VENNAN  
(to O'Brian)  
Go see what's going on.

O'BRIAN  
(nervously)  
They said it was safer to stay here  
and wait.

VENNAN  
Yeah? So? Go on!

O'Brian hesitates then rises, clutching his cop's gun tightly to move up the aisle, eyes wide, scanning everything. A few of the passengers eye him in passing. He keeps the gun close to him and away from them until he reached Green as Brown takes one backpack into the cockpit.

O'BRIAN  
(to Green)  
Your the other guy.

We can see Green doesn't rate much of O'Brian's twitchy approach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GREEN

(nodding)

Call me Mr Green. We did ask you to stay back for your safety.

O'BRIAN

Yeah, but I think, we think, something's not right, is that right?

GREEN

(shrugging)

Let's say our flight was diverted but we'll soon be back on course.

He pulls a smartphone from his pocket.

GREEN (CONT'D)

We're just checking our location.

Down the cabin Liam is switching his big fancy smartphone off.

LIAM

Got your spare?

BRIANNA

(nodding)

Hmm.

She rummages discreetly in her bag as Liam pushes his out of sight.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Here.

Liam accepts it and switches it on.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

There's no reception up here.

LIAM

No, and they're not satphones.

He motions the phone then slips it into his pocket.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Decoys.

BRIANNA

(motioning to the hidden phone)

Why hide it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LIAM

In case they take them all, we need  
the GPS and maps.

BRIANNA

And the satphone?

LIAM

(coolly)

We phone for help, posse turns up,  
all macho and fury, firefight,  
everyone dies, cops get medals,  
politicians get votes, we get  
funerals.

BRIANNA

You have a better idea?

(nodding at the escape  
window)

apart from running away and being  
eaten by bears?

LIAM

Bears are hibernating by now.

Brianna glances out the window.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Let's wait and see.

Back up front Brown leaves the cockpit with a nod and wink to  
Green. He joins Green and O'Brian inspecting the smartphone  
as Kish looks on from nearby, studying everything.

GREEN

It looks about fifteen miles south-  
south east.

BROWN

(confidently)

Easy.

GREEN

Yeah, easy, in minus twenty or  
thirty, with every chance search  
and rescue will intercept us.

O'BRIAN

How long will it take to get there?

GREEN

(to Brown)

What do you think, ten hours?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BROWN  
(grinning)  
I could do it in four.

GREEN  
Not with civilians.

BROWN  
There's just the two of them.

O'BRIAN  
Can't we call *them* to come here?

GREEN  
I wish we could, but we only have  
radios to reach them when we get  
close enough.

O'BRIAN  
(happy)  
Great!

BROWN  
(coolly to O'Brian)  
He means less than two miles'  
range.

O'Brian checks his watch.

O'BRIAN  
It'll be nearly daylight tomorrow  
by then! Can't we hurry!?

Green eyes up the cabin, all the eyes watching them a few  
people whispering.

GREEN  
We'll have to be sure we're not  
followed.

O'Brian notices Kish watching them.

O'BRIAN  
What about hostages?  
Can we take her?

Kish's eyes widen.

GREEN  
(speculatively)  
She'd be more trouble than she's  
worth.

O'BRIAN  
(confidently)  
But if she was with us no one would  
shot us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BROWN  
(nodding agreement)  
Human shield, neat.

They eye up Kish, standing there, motionless, all bunny-in-the-headlights.

KISH  
And then what, when you're finished with me?

Her eyes flicker at the closed cockpit door.

GREEN  
They died because they didn't cooperate.  
If you do as you're told and behave like a good girl we'll let you go and search and rescue will pick you up in a few hours.

KISH  
And what guarantees do I have for that?

GREEN  
(coolly)  
None.

O'BRIAN  
You're coming with us, no argument!

Green hesitates to respond.

GREEN  
(to Kish)  
They're the boss.

O'BRIAN  
(false confidence)  
Yeah, so are we ready?

Green nods to Brown.

GREEN  
(to Brown)  
Unpack everything.

BROWN  
(eagerly)  
Yes!

He dives into their holdalls.

GREEN  
(briskly to O'Brian)  
And you can help me with something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

O'BRIAN  
(suspiciously)  
What?

Green turns to the cabin and the couple of dozen working men.

GREEN  
All right everyone, hands on top of  
the seats in front of you!

Hesitations.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Move it! Hands on show, everyone!

Raising his pistol - bang! The shot rips into a headrest.  
Brown glancing up for a moment.

Slowly everyone obeys.

Brown looks back down at the assault and sniper rifles and  
other kit he's unpacking.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Okay, very good! Now pay  
attention. My associate here,

(O'Brian)  
is going to search each of you for  
your phones.

O'BRIAN  
What!?

Worried glances all round except Liam and Brianna calm at the  
back.

GREEN  
*Don't* worry, this is not some dumb  
Hollywood movie. I know we don't  
have phone reception up here, we  
just want satphones.

He motions to O'Brian to begin.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
(to O'Brian)  
Here, leave your gun, I'll cover  
you. Check their coats, jeans and  
hand luggage.

O'BRIAN  
And if I find anything?

GREEN  
Just bring it here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

O'BRIAN  
 (eying the crowd  
 nervously)  
 Do we really have to do this?

GREEN  
 The alternative to be certain no  
 one calls for help is we kill  
 everyone.

O'Brian glances at Brown as Brown clicks a magazine into the  
 assault rifle with a grin.

O'BRIAN  
 (speculatively)  
 Well.

GREEN  
 (firmly)  
 Just do it, I'll be watching your  
 back.

O'BRIAN  
 Okay.

He shuffles to the first person.

O'BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 (to Passenger)  
 Stand up.

Later. O'Brian, alone, with Green watching casually from the  
 front of the cabin and Brown covering him from the opposite  
 aisle with the assault rifle, reaches Liam and Brianna.

O'BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 (to Liam)  
 Stand up, I'm going to -

LIAM  
 (standing, calmly)  
 I know, satphones.

He nods down at Brianna.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
 We just have regular phones. We  
 can show you if that's easier?

O'BRIAN  
 (weary)  
 No, I have to search everyone.

LIAM  
 (spreading his arms, coat  
 already open)  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (9)

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Okay, help yourself.

O'Brian starts patting Liam down while Brown watches calmly.

With a grunt of satisfaction O'Brian pulls the small phone out of Liam's tweed jacket.

O'BRIAN  
Yes,  
  
(showing Brown)  
just a regular phone.

He hands it back.

LIAM  
Thanks.

O'BRIAN  
(to Brianna)  
Your turn.  
  
(motioning her to join  
him)  
here.

Liam has to stand back in the aisle as Brianna struggles up, all coated against the chill air. Spreading her arms, teasing a glimpse of her figure underneath, Brown smiling at the tease as O'Brian motions to search her.

BRIANNA  
(to O'Brian)  
It's-

O'BRIAN  
(snappy)  
I'll find it!

He searches her roughly, she rolling her eyes, Liam remaining calm as O'Brian's hands get a lot too intimate in the search, with his own smirk, until he pulls her phone out.

O'BRIAN (CONT'D)  
(showing Brown)  
Same.

BROWN  
I see it.

O'Brian pushes the phone back in Brianna's hand and vaguely waves her and Liam to sit.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
(to O'Brian)  
Bag?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

O'BRIAN

Huh?

Before he can react Brianna pulls up her handbag for O'Brian.

O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, right.

He searches it, prodding around inside then tosses it back to Brianna.

O'BRIAN (CONT'D)

Okay, nothing.

He turns briskly back up the aisle to snatch up his cop pistol.

VENNAN

(to Brown)

Hey! You still need me back here?

BROWN

Yeah, but not for much longer.

VENNAN

Send O'Brian back down here, I want to know what's going on.

BROWN

Okies!

As Brown heads back up the cabin Brianna leans close to Liam.

BRIANNA

(whisper)

They didn't search your bag.

LIAM

(nodding)

They're in a hurry. They've got to be somewhere.

He nods at the window hatch.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Be ready if you have to jump.

Brown reaches Green.

BROWN

(to Green)

The big boss wants a report from *him*.

O'Brian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

GREEN  
(to O'Brian)  
Go tell him what we're planning.

O'Brian hurries off.

BROWN  
(grinning)  
I've got an idea for our human  
shield.  
  
(nodding down the cabin at  
Brianna)  
How about two?

Green eyes the cabin then Kish, her eyes narrowing as she overhears this.

GREEN  
Sure, why not? We can always dump  
them if they slow us down.

BROWN  
(eagerly)  
Yes! Shall I fetch her now?

GREEN  
(amused)  
Go ahead.

Brown, grins and heads down the aisle, reaching Liam and Brianna and levelling his rifle at Liam.

BROWN  
The lady's coming with us.

BRIANNA  
(surprised)  
*What!?*

LIAM  
(calmly to Brown)  
Hostage?

BROWN  
(grinning)  
She'll be safe.

(to Brianna)  
As long as you behave.

LIAM  
(to Brown)  
You'd better let me up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

BROWN  
(suspiciously)  
What you say?

LIAM  
She needs to get past me.

BROWN  
Oh right.

Brown steps back, eyeing both of them as Brianna joins him with one glance eye-to-eye at Liam.

BRIANNA  
(to Brown)  
So what are your intentions?

BROWN  
We're going to take a little walk in the show, then in a few hours we'll release you and you can come back here.

BRIANNA  
Just like that?

BROWN  
Piece of cake,  
(eying Liam)  
so long as no one causes trouble.

LIAM  
We don't have much choice do we?

(to Brianna)  
Don't forget to wrap up.

BRIANNA  
(coolly)  
Obviously.

She moves to fasten up her coat, a flourish that hooks Brown's eye on her.

LIAM  
See you later.

He hesitates as Brianna eases past Brown, who waves his gun at Liam.

BROWN  
Down boy.

Liam shrugs, sits and leans back, calmly watching the two recede up the aisle. O'Brian shuffles briskly past Liam back up the cabin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

As Brianna and Brown reach Green he's eying her up and down.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
Here she is!

O'BRIAN  
What's going on?

BROWN  
(grinning, to O'Brian)  
Another human shield for you.

O'BRIAN  
Won't she slow us down?

BROWN  
Not if she's a good girl.

GREEN  
(to Brianna)  
No trouble from you or her

(Kish)  
and you'll be free to return safely  
by dawn.

BRIANNA  
(calmly)  
And I don't suppose we get any  
guarantees of that?

GREEN  
No you don't.

(nodding down at her  
boots)  
Will those be good in the bush?

BRIANNA  
These boots?

KISH  
No way, she'll never make it out  
there.

BROWN  
Boots? I know!

He dashes off down the cabin.

BRIANNA  
(to Green)  
And how are we supposed to survive  
out there, do you have food and  
drink?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

GREEN

Now you say it, no we didn't plan to spend a whole night here.

(motioning to Kish and the galley)

Let's see what you've got.

O'BRIAN

Yes, you can carry enough for all of us.

As Kish, Brianna and Green inspect the galley Brianna gives Kish a smile.

BRIANNA

(to Kish)

My name's Brianna.

KISH

Kish.

BRIANNA

Are you native to the area?

KISH

(nodding)

Born and bred.

GREEN

Good, so you know what's best out there.

KISH

There's not much, just light snacks and a few bottles.

GREEN

Cheap airline.

KISH

(emotionally)

We're not an airline!

Brianna reaches out to clam Kish.

BRIANNA

(to Green)

It's a corporate centre for the company and base up here, a charter line not regular airline with all the luxuries.

GREEN

Cheap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

BRIANNA  
 (eying Green's kit)  
 And shit security.

Green grins at her.

GREEN  
 Perfect for us.

KISH  
 We're a community service, for the  
 people by the people, not a modern  
 airport with all the security.

BRIANNA  
 Sorry I didn't mean anything by it.

KISH  
 I know, it's just-

GREEN  
 Just that we'll need to eat and  
 drink out there, so get everything  
 we'll need for the night and a long  
 walk.

Brown appears carrying a pair of sturdy snow boots.

BROWN  
 (grinning)  
 Boots!

BRIANNA  
 (eying the boots  
 suspiciously)  
 They're too big.

GREEN  
 They're all you've got, so make it  
 work.

KISH  
 We could try wadding with cloths.

She starts pulling drawers open, hesitates at the sight of  
 knives.

GREEN  
 (to Kish)  
 Don't even think about it.

Brianna starts stripping her boots.

Later. Brianna's in the big boots and sorting out the  
 supplies. The men are just out of earshot checking their own  
 polar gear

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (16)

BRIANNA  
(quietly, to Kish)  
Any shot bottles?

KISH  
(quietly)  
We don't normally serve alcohol,  
it's tribal tradition.

BRIANNA  
What about corporate policy?

KISH  
There's a few bottles, but it's  
dangerous out there, it chills,  
you, dehydrates you, kills you.

BRIANNA  
(winking)  
Yeah, not for us, *them*.

Kish nods understanding, opening a drawer to reveal the  
little bottles. Quickly they slip a few in their pockets.

Green looms up behind them.

GREEN  
Let's see what you've got.

He inspects the meagre supplies.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
They'll do for the night.

He lifts Brown's backpack.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Food in here, bottles in your  
pockets.

He takes a few soft drink and water bottles, tossing a couple  
over to Brown, who stuffs them inside his jacket inner  
pockets.

O'BRIAN  
Why inside?

BROWN  
Your body heat will keep them from  
freezing solid.

O'BRIAN  
(to Kish)  
Give me some of those!

Green and Brown step aside, eying the cabin.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (17)

GREEN  
(softly)  
Everything set?

BROWN  
Double-checked and ready to go.

GREEN  
Okay, let's move.

(turning to the cabin)  
Okay people listen up!

He waves his free hand at Vennan, who rises smoothly and confidently walks up the aisle to pass Green, join Brown and get himself ready, guided by O'Brian with the bottles.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
We're leaving now, taking the  
ladies with us.  
This,

(raising his long sniper  
rifle up)  
is the best sniper rifle in the  
world.  
It has over two thousand yards  
range and a night scope.

(a moment)  
Get a good look at it because you  
do not want to be on the wrong end  
of it.

(he let's them all see)  
No one will follow us.  
No one will attempt to stop us.  
If I see you following us, *this*  
will put you down hard before you  
even hear it.

LIAM  
(softly)  
Bollocks. Plan B.

GREEN  
We're taking the ladies as a  
guarantee of your good behaviour.  
Any problem from you and remember  
that.  
If you behave and we have no  
trouble then they will be released  
safely tomorrow morning.

(eying the cabin for a  
moment)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (18)

GREEN (CONT'D)

Just stay here for your own safety,  
wait for search and rescue in a few  
hours and you will all be home safe  
with your families by tomorrow.

Behind him the others begin plunging down the escape slide.

As Green jumps out and down a hubbub erupts inside the cabin with men racing for the door until a burst of assault rifle fire drives them back, bullets ripping around the door and a distant laugh from Brown outside.

At the same time Liam lunges from his seat for the escape window, on the opposite side from the exit door, and yanks it open.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Brown lowers his rifle, backing away from the end of the escape slide, watching the shadows in the cabin windows.

Grinning he levels the rifle and shoots a quick blast into the slide, deflating it.

GREEN

Come on!

Green leads them away from the crashed plane.

VENNAN

(to Green)

You said fifteen miles?

GREEN

About that.

VENNAN

How long will it take us?

GREEN

That depends on you. You ever hike  
in the back country?

VENNAN

Never.

GREEN

Okay.

(raising his voice to  
everyone)

Mr Brown will take point!

Brown waves the GPS mapper he's carrying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREEN (CONT'D)

Mr O'Brian will follow with the two ladies and Mr Vennan. All of you tread in Mr Brown's footprints. This will make it easier for you to walk through the snow. We've got a long way to go, but we will get there.

They move off and away towards a distant treeline.

INT. AIRLINER, MAIN CABIN

Liam retrieves his big smartphone from hiding, scoops up Brianna's shoulder bag, yanks the overhead locker open and snatches his courier bag, hesitates, then grabs the blankets and throws them all out the open window.

The bustle at the front of the cabin continues.

A couple of men take another chance at the door, jumping past the open door while others peer out the windows and shout encouragement.

The two men race into the cockpit, one returning immediately.

COCKPIT MAN 1

They're both dead!

Liam hesitates from hauling one of his holdalls through the open window.

Passenger 1 has noticed Liam and approaches.

PASSENGER 1

What're doing, getting out?

LIAM

(calmly heaving luggage  
outside)

Just a precaution.

COCKPIT MAN 2 appears.

COCKPIT MAN 2

I think there's a bomb here!

LIAM

Like that.

A couple more head for the cockpit while others notice Liam hurling another holdall out.

He motions to Passenger 1 and the open window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Get out now if you want.

He grabs another holdall as the man races to grab his own luggage and join him, hurling himself through after Liam's third holdall.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
(to everyone)  
This way! But bring all your stuff, you may need it out there!

He manages to heave his last holdall out as the passengers stream his way.

He backs away, hesitates watching the men struggling up the aisles then snatches open an overhead locker.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Grab all the blankets on your way!

He throws another blanket out the window then spins away and races up the cabin, squeezing past others.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.  
Thanks!  
Don't forget the blankets!

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Liam bounds in alone, eyes sweeping the scene, reaching hands out to check the instruments feel for the bomb, seeing it planted against the radio. Bomb, nasty looking, little blinking red lights, he pulls his fingers back, taking a last look around, a brief hesitation over and nod at the two bodies, and runs out.

INT. AIRLINER, MAIN CABIN

Liam runs out the cockpit past the open door, hesitates and backs-up to check outside. The faint trail of footprints leading to small figures walking away in the distance under the glow of the Northern Lights.

He pulls his smartphone out, opens it to its compass display. He takes a sight on the distant figures.

LIAM  
(softly to himself)  
One eighty-three degrees south.  
Hmm, almost dead south.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pocketing the phone he races down the cabin to the crowd, reaching up along the way to pull an armful of blankets from lockers.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
(to waiting passengers)  
Here, take all you can carry, it's  
lethal out there.

He glances farther down the cabin, frowns a moment and moves cautiously to the two dead policemen, one sprawled without boots.

He bends slowly, peering closer, leaning in carefully, not touching anything, and spies the boxy outlines of bombs, lights blinking, under the cops' bodies.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Destroying evidence?

He pulls his phone out and takes a lot of snaps of the scene at different angles.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Sorry boys, best I can do for you.

Empty eyes stare back at him.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
For now.

He rises and turns to the last few men.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
We've got more bombs here! Get a  
move on!

They hurry and Liam bundles out the window after them.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Liam tumbles down from the open window and begins scrabbling around for his courier bag, shivering and slinging it over his shoulder, then grabs a pair of his holdalls.

PASSENGER 2  
Did I hear there was another bomb?

LIAM  
(to everyone)  
Yes! At the back with the dead  
cops!

He drags his holdalls a few yards away, drops them and turns back for the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PASSENGER 2

Are we safe out here?

LIAM

No idea, it could be Semtex, C4 or  
PlayDoh for all I know.

He grabs the other two holdalls, Brianna's bag and a couple of blankets and drags them from the plane's shadow.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Maybe a hundred yards out?

Others begin to move, Liam hauling behind them then glancing down at the holdalls.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Use your luggage as a shield!

(gasping to himself)

F-f-f-rrzing.

He drags his holdalls farther out then races back for the other two as the crowd move away and start sheltering behind their bags.

EXT. TUNDRA - NIGHT

Green is watching the crash site through his scope. Brown by his side, the others, men watching women, behind them.

BROWN

Anything?

GREEN

Some movement.  
Quiet now.  
Looks like they stayed put.

Brown notices a small radio control box in his hand.

BROWN

Now?

GREEN

Yes.

Click. A distant flash, the nose and tail of the plane explode and a moment later the shockwave hits them - Ka-BOOM! The women scream furiously.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Liam drags his second holdalls back to the other pair and throws himself behind their shield.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nothing happens.

Everyone looks around, frowning.

PASSENGER 2

Well-

KA-BOOM! The plane explodes front and rear, a deafening blastwave sweeping over the men.

LIAM

Yes, that!

A few men lift their heads.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Heads down!

Some frown, some cringe, some hesitate.

LIAM (CONT'D)

They may start shooting to finish the job!

EXT. TUNDRA - NIGHT

Brianna's almost nose-to-nose with Green, held back by the muzzle of Brown's rifle, while Kish is blocked by Vennan.

BRIANNA

(screaming at Green)

You promised no harm!

GREEN

(calmly)

You're right.

BRIANNA

(furious)

And *that!*?

She jabs a hand at the clouds from the explosion.

GREEN

Just the radio in the cockpit and one or two other loose ends.

BRIANNA

(angry)

And how do you know no one would be hurt in *that!*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREEN

Because most of that was pyrotechnics, lots of noise and lights, not lethal, and we put those little flashing lights on, like they do in all those stupid Hollywood movies, to warn people away.  
Sooo, if they were anywhere near smart enough they'll be well away in the centre of the cabin and sheltered for the rest of the night.

VENNAN

(impatiently)  
We're wasting time.

Green nods to Brown, who pushes past Brianna, heading out, checking his bearings on his GPS.

GREEN

(to Brianna)  
Go on, behave.

Brianna angrily spins away from him, joining Kish to stamp away.

Slowly they move off in-line. Green turns to take one last look at the plane through his scope, grunts satisfaction and turns to follow the others, keeping his rifle at the ready.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

People are moving around as Liam starts, shivering, to work on his holdalls, propping two up as a wind shield.

PASSENGER 2

What do you think we should do?

LIAM

(absently)  
Hmmm, salvage what you can, make a camp away from the wreck.

(checking the stuffed toys  
on the holdalls.)  
Ah! Penguin!

(to Passenger 2)  
The blankets will help. Use all the luggage as a windbreak, blankets -

(checking the other  
holdalls)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LIAM (CONT'D)  
where's the polar bear? Ah!

(unlocking the combination  
locks on those two  
holdalls)  
Blankets for extra warmth, salvage  
more from the wreck, should be safe  
now.

PASSENGER 2  
So why not use it?

Liam hesitates, one holdall half-open.

LIAM  
Er, paranoia, a precaution,  
whatever?

He yanks the holdall open and hauls several watertight sacks  
out. He indicates a bulky one.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
(to everyone)  
Here's a four-man tent.

(two more sacks)  
Two sleeping bags and foam  
mattresses.

Puzzled looks from others. Liam catches them.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
My girl and I spent a weekend  
camping in the bush,

(waving at the aurora  
overhead)  
enjoying the lights.

He drags out another pair of sacks locked together.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Camping gear for two, and

(the two sacks)  
our grab bags.

He unclips the bags, shivering, gasping for breath, emptying  
the contents on the ground.

PASSENGER 2  
Wow, okay, so?

Liam keeps rummaging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIAM

Emergency supplies for five days,  
should give you all one hot meal if  
you're not picked up tomorrow.

(opening his courier bag)

I'll take some of these with me.

PASSENGER 2

With you, you mean you're going  
after them?

LIAM

(coolly)

Yes.

Fumbling with the freezing cold, he opens the other holdall,  
pulling out another, bulkier watertight sack, shivering,  
clouds of breath billowing out as he gasps in the cold.

PASSENGER 2

You'll die out there in this.

LIAM

Hmmm

He empties the sack of bulkier supplies on the ground.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Medikit, I'll take.  
Four headlights and batteries.  
Heat pads, most.  
That, gloves, those, this.

A cloth-wrapped bundle he unwraps. An impressive bush knife  
and an old-style British Webley revolver tricked up with  
tactical accessories, fur-covered holster on belt and a dozen  
speedloaders. A couple of appreciative whistles from the  
gathering.

PASSENGER 1

(laughing)

You some kind of special forces?

LIAM

(shaking his head)

No, just an engineer. I tend to  
over-think things.

(looking around the group)

I plan and design for worst-case  
scenarios.

(waving at all the gear  
and the crash site)

Like now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He reaches into the second holdall and drags out a thick hooded sheepskin and fur jacket, heavy-duty arctic boots and other arctic gear. He pulls his light parka and tweed jacket off.

Later.

Liam is fully-dressed for freezing hell, jacket pulled tight, scarf tucked in the top, silk-thin gloves on his hands, the revolver and knife strapped to his thighs just under the hem of the jacket, hiking gaiters, show shoes, a couple of hiking poles standing by as he rolls a ski mask up to his forehead and pulls up a pair of snow goggles.

Most of the others are assembling a makeshift camp with the tent and other gear being set up. Some men are wearing the blankets as ponchos over their coats.

Liam picks up a couple of items.

LIAM (CONT'D)

*This is an emergency distress beacon. Hit this*

(a button)

and search and rescue will be down on you in a few hours.

(checking his watch)

*Don't use this for seven hours, about five a.m. I need time to get close without outsiders confusing everything.*

(motions the bundle of small tubes)

*I'm taking the flares. If I succeed before five a.m. I'll fire at least one, maybe three if I can, one every ten minutes for you, then you hit the beacon.*

(looking around the little group)

Okay?

Nods and agreements.

PASSENGER 2

What if they come back?

LIAM

Keep a watch for them and hit the beacon immediately, don't wait for me or the morning.

He tucks the flares away in his courier bag and shrugs it on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

COCKPIT MAN 1  
Think you can catch them?

Liam hesitates a moment, eyes distant.

LIAM  
Yes.

Pulling heavier gloves on from his pockets he takes the hiking poles and heads for the plane's nose. Another Passenger crouches at the nose with a tricked-up rugged smartphone showing monochrome infrared imagery of the landscape beyond the nose.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Do you see them?

NOSE PASSENGER  
No, nothing there.

LIAM  
Okay.  
(holding his hand out)  
My camera.

The camera's handed over.

NOSE PASSENGER  
Good luck.

LIAM  
Good engineering.

He pockets the camera and pushes off at a fast pace straight away from the nose at right angles to the gang's path.

EXT. TUNDRA - NIGHT

Liam races away from the crash, the scene shrinking quickly behind him.

LIAM  
(softly)  
Come on boy, faster!

He clips through the snow for a minute, checks behind him, then turns parallel the gang's trail toward the tree line.

Eerie stillness broken only by his movement, his breathing and footfall making the most of the little sound. The aurora waving overhead as he powers through the snow. The fur of his jacket and hood helps him blend into the white-grey landscape, a grey shadow on grey.

He halts, down on one knee, pulling the IR camera out to track around and ahead, slowly, spying everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Nothing, good.

He pulls out his fancy phone and checks its compass and map display.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
One eight three south.

He looks up, checking terrain and sky, nods in the direction.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
That way.

EXT. TUNDRA - NIGHT

Through the monochrome imagery of a nightscope we see the crash site in the far distance.

BROWN (O.S.)  
Anything?

We see the gang are paused by the sparse tree line, Green inspecting the crash site on his rifle's scope.

GREEN  
Nothing.

(lowering the rifle)  
We're clear.

BROWN  
Want me to make the turn now?

GREEN  
In a couple of miles.

VENNAN  
Turn?

GREEN  
(to Vennan)  
In case we're followed, we're not heading straight to the pickup.

VENNAN  
(nodding thoughtfully)  
Makes sense.

O'BRIAN  
Will we be late?

GREEN  
No, we allowed for that. Let's go.

They move off again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From their position they do not see Liam tracking hundreds of yards to their flank.

EXT. TREELINE - NIGHT

Panting for breath Liam reaches the trees and takes cover under and behind one. A faint breeze whispers in the trees.

He looks back at the crash site and scans along the edge of the forest.

LIAM

Almost *there*.

Arctic gloves off he pulls his fancy phone out and checks its heading and maps.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Hmm, where you heading?

He swaps for the IR phone and surveys everything. We see the crash site and its faint heat signatures, a couple of people moving at the edge of the wreck.

He turns the camera to the treeline, studying it, stepping carefully out from cover.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Nobody home.

He checks the crash site again and calculates.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Three hundred yards *that* way.

He packs the camera away, gloves on and sets off along the tree line, very carefully.

Later. Liam stands under the trees, lowering the IR phone and moving off again. Slowly, cautiously, glancing around at everything ahead and the ground he moves forward. And stops.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Ah, there you are.

The gang's trail a few feet in front of him and he quickly steps back behind the nearest tree.

Another slow scan with the IR phone.

He sweeps the trees left and right.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(softly)

Don't rush it boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lowers the phone and studies the trail in the snow.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Think about booby-traps and  
ambushes. *If* they have time for  
it.

He looks through the forest alongside the trail.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
That way.

He shuffles from cover, moving away to the left, parallel to the gang's track along to his right. After a few yards he checks to see if it's still visible.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Tricky.

He moves farther aside to the left.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Can't see it but it's *there*.

Pacing, pacing, pacing.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
So boy, how are you going to solve  
this?  
HMMMM.

He glance towards the trail then surveys the forest.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Zig-zag across their path.

He surveys the terrain. Pace, pace, pace, pace.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Swing wider, move faster, less  
chance they'll see or hear me, then  
cross over.  
Okay, go!

He swings wider out to the left, picking up the pace with his snow shoes and poles, fading into the distance amongst the trees.

The aurora swirls overhead. The forest whispers.

EXT. FOREST, GANG - NIGHT

The faint wind whispers through the trees, then the faint sounds of the gang approaching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brown in the lead, treading the trail with his boots through the snow a relaxed smile on his face at the steady pace.

His left foot comes down.

BROWN  
(grinning)  
Four thousand!

He halts, everyone stopping behind him, pulling out his GPS while Green walks up to join him.

VENNAN  
(to Green)  
Problem?

GREEN  
No, course check.

Green reaches Brown.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
(to Brown)  
Okay?

Brown shows the GPS display.

BROWN  
Perfect, Four thousand paces, give  
or take. Good to turn?

Green inspects the GPS.

While Green and Brown mutter Brianna pulls a shot bottle out, turning away from those two men but clearly visible to O'Brian as she swigs discreetly.

O'BRIAN  
(suspiciously)  
What's that?

BRIANNA  
Just something to warm me up,  
you've got some, right?

O'Brian reaches for the bottle but Brianna pulls it away, lowering it out of sight.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)  
Here.

She offers another in her other hands. O'Brian snatches it, peering closely.

O'BRIAN  
Whiskey?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

VENNAN  
Whiskey? I'll have some of that.

BRIANNA  
I've only got a couple.

She hands another other.

We see her concealed hand, the bottle she swigged from, her thumb over the open neck. She releases her thumb, we see the bottle's full, emptying it into the snow out of sight.

O'Brian and Vennan snap open and guzzle the whiskey as Green rushes up.

GREEN  
(snapping)  
What's going on!?

O'BRIAN  
(grinning)  
Whiskey!

He finishes the bottle.

O'BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Beautiful.

(to Vennan)  
We should have thought of that.

GREEN  
(to Brianna)  
This is your doing?

BRIANNA  
(innocently)  
It's just a drink to warm us up,  
you said we'd be out here for  
hours. Do you want one?

She reaches for her pocket. Green steps up close, eyes close on hers, his hand blocking hers, pushing it aside and twisting into her pocket, clink of small bottles.

He smiles coldly.

GREEN  
What's this, a bar in there, or do  
you Brits prefer pub?

He pulls the bottles out, dropping them in the snow.

O'Brian makes a move, but Green's boot covers the bottles, pressing them deep into the snow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Green gazes in Brianna's eyes, inches from his, their breath mingling in a single cloud as he watches her innocent puzzlement while dipping in her other pocket, clink.

BRIANNA

Pub?

GREEN

(smiling coolly)

I'd stay off the booze for tonight.

He turns to O'Brian, who's licking his lips in anticipation, and Vennan.

GREEN (CONT'D)

(to Vennan & O'Brian)

Alcohol is like poison in this weather.

(glancing at Brianna's reaction)

It increases your sweat, chills you and dehydrates you.

Then you freeze to death.

He steps back to eye Kish.

GREEN (CONT'D)

(to Kish)

Let's just make sure.

He steps up and searches Kish's pockets, clink, clink. More bottles drop into the snow.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Yeah.

He turns back to Brown, who turns back from the scene to scan the forest with his rifle IR sight, as Brianna reaches out to Kish, joining arm in arm.

KISH

(quietly)

It was worth a try.

BRIANNA

Every little helps.

Together they are shielding O'Brian from Green's view as O'Brian dives for the bottles, handing some to Vennan, who hesitates a moment before accepting them and stuffing them quickly in his pockets.

O'BRIAN

(quietly, grinning to Vennan)

To celebrate later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VENNAN

Sure, later.

GREEN

(to all)

Okay, let's move!

Brown heads off at an angle to the right from their path.

They slowly follow, the two women side by side in this lighter snow under the trees. Whispering.

EXT. FOREST, LIAM - NIGHT

The wind whispers in the trees.

Liam is sat barely visible, hooded and hunched, under a tree, sipping from a steaming cup off one of his flasks and munching on an energy bar.

LIAM

Okay, it's colder than Kinder in a blizzard.

Finished, he rises and checks his map and IR camera, sweeping the scenery.

Packed again he moves off through the trees.

Later. He's treading through the trees, scanning ahead and at the ground with and without the IR camera.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Where the bugger's their trail?

He moves on slowly, bent peering down at the ground, sweeping left and right. Slowly, moving into the distance through the trees.

Later, coming out of the distance he's still moving, more urgently, quickly zig-zagging between trees as he comes forward.

With a gasp of frustration he halts to check his big smartphone map and compass.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Should've crossed their trail by now!

He scans around the forest, then stamps the snow deep enough to leave clear prints.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Bollocks!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He checks his map again, give up and packs it away.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Let's try this way.

He turns a few degrees right and begins a slow pace through into the grey darkness.

Later. He's stepping quickly through the trees, scanning the ground, slows and stops at the gang's clear trail, looking both ways.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
(grimacing)  
You've changed course.  
Tricky!  
And you've cost me an hour.

He checks his compass against the direction of the trail.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Two one two? Thirty degrees  
farther west.  
Okay, have to zig-zag more.

He paces off, swinging away from and paralleling the gang's trail to his left now.

EXT. FOREST, GANG - NIGHT

They're striding through lighter snow, easier to walk side-by-side as Brianna slows to Green's side.

BRIANNA  
Okay to talk?

GREEN  
Sure, as long as you can walk and  
talk at the same time.  
We're not stopping.

BRIANNA  
I know.  
I was just wondering what this,  
  
(waving at the group)  
was all about?

GREEN  
It's just a pickup for us.

BRIANNA  
Hired for the job?

GREEN  
Uh-huh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANNA  
Like mercenaries,

(she looks him in the  
face, evaluating him)  
ex-military?

GREEN  
A different life.

BRIANNA  
I've dealt with some vets in the  
past, when life gets tough for  
them.

GREEN  
If you're trying to win my sympathy  
that's not happening.

BRIANNA  
Just business.

GREEN  
Exactly.

BRIANNA  
And those two?

She nods at O'Brian and Vennan.

GREEN  
The story's online somewhere.  
They stumbled on something  
political in Washington.

BRIANNA  
(interested)  
Really?  
So what were they doing out here?

GREEN  
No idea, and I don't care.

BRIANNA  
Just business.

They pace on, Brianna eyeing the two crooks.

GREEN  
What about you, a Brit in Alaska?

BRIANNA  
With my boss-

GREEN  
The guy you were with?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIANNA

Yes.

(a moment)

We're just an engineering consultancy. I'm just his PA.

GREEN

What brought you all this way, from England?

BRIANNA

Manchester.

We've been writing an environmental impact study for the tribes, the government and the company at the base.

GREEN

Oh, all that climate change shit?

BRIANNA

No, the really *big* change.

GREEN

(interested)

And what's that?

BRIANNA

The Earth's magnetic poles are beginning to shift. It happens every six hundred thousand years.

GREEN

So?

BRIANNA

The Lights

(waving upwards and the swirling sky)

will change, maybe weaken, then start shifting around the world. Imagine the aurora shifting over, say, Washington.

GREEN

Nice, light up the sky.

BRIANNA

(bitter laugh)

Those pretty lights are solar radiation being channelled down from the sun by the Earth's magnetic field.

GREEN

And?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIANNA

Amongst other things it's a mild radiation hazard when you get to the pole itself.

(looking up at the lights)

Imagine all that sat over a city, exposing millions of people.

GREEN

If it's Washington they can have it.

BRIANNA

It could be anywhere, and both poles will be moving.

GREEN

And where are they moving?

BRIANNA

To the other end of the world. The poles are beginning to flip, North goes South, South is coming North.

GREEN

(glancing up)

Really?

BRIANNA

Really

GREEN

Wow.

The stride on.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Is it really dangerous?

BRIANNA

Somewhat, it's an accumulative effect.

GREEN

What about all the Eskimos?

He nods ahead at Kish.

BRIANNA

They don't call themselves Eskimos they're Inuit, Inupiat, in Canada and Alaska, then there are the Sami in Scandinavia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GREEN

I stand corrected.

BRIANNA

They're safe, they're too far from the pole.

You can wear a radiation hat if you're concerned about it. I know a designer back in Manchester who makes them for celebrities.

GREEN

(snorting laugh)

Like those UFO freaks?

No way!

BRIANNA

UFOs aren't that freaky.

GREEN

Say again?

BRIANNA

(absently)

Some of the things we've seen when studying - never mind.

(glancing up at the sky)

It's getting cloudy.

Have you got any torches?

GREEN

Flashlights, yes.

BRIANNA

Might be worth getting them out, it's going to get dark soon.

EXT. FOREST, LIAM - NIGHT

Liam paces quickly through the snow lying over the forest, little wisps of the wind in the trees, the slight creak of trees and faint, muffled cracks of fallen wood under the snow as he speeds over it.

His eyes are scanning the ground until he comes on the gang's trail and jumps to take cover behind a tree.

Another check of his smartphone map and compass.

LIAM

(quietly)

Good, on course.

Another infrared sweep of the trees ahead and around, slowly, patiently, nothing stands out.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He takes off again across the gang's trail, swinging wide to run parallel as he vanishes into the darkness.

Later. He's pacing, scanning ahead and glancing at the gang's trail far alongside him. He glances up at the sky through the sparse trees.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

The light and aurora begins to fail as the clouds move in.

He yanks the IR camera out to scan ahead, sweeping quickly all around. All clear.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(softly)

Come on, where are you?

And then the first snowflakes begin to appear.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Oh, really shit.

(pocketing the IR camera)

If I get a blackout how the hell do I track them?

And I can't even use the torches - they'll see me for miles.

With a shrug he starts racing as the light fades and the dark grey of snow falls over everything, covering his body, clinging to it with greyness as he fades into the forest.

Later. He's crouching on the gang's trail, inspecting it through the faint snowfall. The trail is less visible now, but still stands as a groove through the otherwise level snow.

He sweeps ahead and around with the IR camera. Nothing.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Time to take a chance.

He rises and launches down their trail, eyes scanning despite the increasing darkness.

Later. A pause, panting for breath, steam curling out everywhere, a check of the IR camera, all clear.

He races through the snow, darkness and trees, vanishing again into dark grey and black.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Later. He slows, panting and takes cover behind a tree, leaning against it to take another sweep of the forest, his hands wavering with exhaustion, pushing his hood back to push his goggles aside, brush his face clean, clear his eyes.

He tries to level the IR camera, holding it unsteadily.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Great, now I'm burning up and knackered.

(slow deep breaths to calmness)

Need a break.

Tugging the hood close again he takes a long slow deep breath and slowly sweeps the camera around the forest ahead, and hesitates.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Huh?

He steadies the camera, moves, stepping away from the trees, crouching down, focussed on what he sees.

Through the camera we see-

LIAM (CONT'D)

Hello beautiful.

- the faint glow of movement far away.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Now why can I see you out there?

He studies the forest through the camera, all around.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Thinning out?

EXT. FOREST, GANG - NIGHT

Brown and Green, front and rear of the gang, wear headlights to guide everyone in a loose line through the dark forest, the snow falling around them.

Brown raises a hand.

BROWN

Woa!

Green starts moving to join him.

O'BRIAN

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VENNAN

Trouble?

BROWN

Not exactly.

GREEN

It's the river.

O'BRIAN

A river!?

They close up beside Brown and Green to see they're at the edge of the forest. Darkness beyond their headlights showing only a hint of a broad flat landscape ahead of them.

BROWN

Yup, somewhere under all that out there.

O'BRIAN

So if it's frozen we should be okay?

VENNAN

Maybe, but I think our escorts have other ideas?

GREEN

Yes. There's no guarantee it's solid enough for us to cross.

(eying up the group)

What we need is a native guide.

His eyes settle on Kish with a smile.

KISH

Fuck, no way!

BROWN

(grinning)

Yes way!

(motioning with his rifle)

And I'll be right behind you.

BRIANNA

(to Kish)

I'll go with you.

GREEN

(to Brianna)

No way, you stay with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

O'BRIAN  
(twitchy)  
And what about us?

VENNAN  
(calmly)  
We're safe, that's what they're  
paid for.

GREEN  
Exactly.

BROWN  
(to Kish)  
Come on.

Green nods at Brown and Kish as they move off.

GREEN  
(to Vennan & O'Brian)  
You two follow. Keep your  
distance, keep apart to spread your  
load on the ice when you reach it.

O'BRIAN  
How can we see anything in this  
dark!?

GREEN  
Keep your eyes down and out of our  
lights, that'll protect your night  
sight. You'll see enough to be  
safe.

O'Brian looks to Vennan for support.

O'BRIAN  
Well?

VENNAN  
(shrugging)  
We have to trust him.

Ahead of them Kish and Brown, on the edge of darkness in  
their own pool of light, are moving carefully until Kish hits  
the ice.

KISH  
Ice here.

BROWN  
(lightly)  
Okay, go ahead.

KISH  
Give me some more light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BROWN  
(moving his head aside)  
That better?

KISH  
Suppose it'll have to do.  
We need to look for black ice.

BROWN  
That good?

KISH  
No, it's deadly. Thin ice.

Kish steps forward, solid. No problem. She takes more slow steps, her boots brushing the snow aside to see the ice, as Brown waves the others.

BROWN  
(pointing at his feet)  
Ice here!

He turns to step on the ice slowly, the slightest creak under his feet, as the others move out of the trees.

Kish is still moving forward, Brown advancing carefully to keep pace with her, faint creaks of the ice under his feet. Out on the ice he pauses to wave the others to follow.

KISH  
(to Brown)  
Hey, the light!

BROWN  
(lightly)  
Okies!

He turns the light back to her feet.

One by one they step on the ice and slowly move across. O'Brian nervously watching every step, Vennan watching O'Brian with a faint smile.

Kish reaches the other side and the solid ground, halting for Brown to reach her, her eyes scanning the dark forest ahead of her.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
Good girl.

KISH  
Fuck you.

BROWN  
Anytime babe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

She steps away from him, back to him and his grin, his headlight on her, her shadow wavering in the snow from his inspection of her figure.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
(pleased)  
HMMMM.

GREEN  
(to Brown)  
Get that light out here!

BROWN  
Yes sir!

He turns his light on the ice as the others approach, stepping aside to keep his eye on Kish.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
(to Kish)  
Don't wander off.

EXT. FOREST EDGE, LIAM - NIGHT

Liam moves carefully, tree to tree, approaching the forest edge and sidling sideways away from the gang's trail.

His IR camera's close to his face, shielded by his deep hood and ski mask pulled down for its blackness as he watches the gang moving far across the river.

LIAM  
I'm too exposed here.

In the IR image we Brown and Kish reach the far bank.

Liam stops to look around, scanning, scanning the dark forest, the scene thrown up in the infrared for him, the gaps in the trees, the lay of the snow, and suddenly jams the camera in his pocket and races upriver through the trees, keeping them between him and the faint distant lights moving across the river.

He disappears in the distance amongst the trees in the dark greyness.

EXT. RIVERBANK, GANG - NIGHT

Green arrives last just behind Brianna. Brown standing well back to secure the group with the sweep of his rifle, an eye on Kish and waiting patiently. O'Brian flicks an empty shot bottle into the snow out of sight from Green.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BRIAN  
 (impatiently)  
 Can we go now, we're running out of  
 time!

GREEN  
 (colly to O'Brian)  
 Just one thing.

He levels his rifle.

EXT. FOREST EDGE, LIAM - NIGHT

Liam races through the trees, gasping for breath, clambering through tree clutter despite the soft snapping of branches under the snow.

LIAM  
 Now boy!

He drops behind a tree, pulling his IR camera out and peeking carefully out across the river hundreds of yards away.

He sees Green reach the far side.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
 Bloody good camera this.

And takes a photo, then uses it to peek out again.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
 Oh shit!

EXT. RIVERBANK, GANG - NIGHT

Green levels the rifle while turning to face back the way they came.

GREEN  
 Let's be certain we're clear.

O'BRIAN  
 (alarmed)  
 You think we're being followed?

VENNAN  
 (calmly)  
 He's just being cautious.

Green slowly tracks the IR sniper scope as far as he can, sweeping the rifle along the far riverbank and tree line, left then right. We see the far treeline lit up in the scope's IR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BRIAN

After all this time? It's been  
hours, there's no one behind us!

GREEN

(calmly)  
Maybe, maybe not.

The long barrel of the rifle sweeps slowly upriver.

EXT. FOREST EDGE, LIAM - NIGHT

Liam's lying still, burrowed down in the snow piled up behind the tree. More pushed up around him in a wall facing the river. His kit is down around him in the snow, a recharger battery plugged into his IR camera is the only light winking faintly in the snow.

He's breathing slowly through his nose, no cloud of breath from his mouth under his ski mask.

Slowly his hand rises from a pocket, tucks under the mask and he takes a small bite of an energy bar.

LIAM

(softly)  
How the hell am I going to get  
close enough?  
Hmmm.

(munch)

Seven shots, ambush or duck hunt?  
Forty or fifty yard range.  
Bollocks.  
They've got lights and scopes, and  
human shields.  
Use the darkness, get close, yeah  
right, as if.

(munch)

They don't have this kind of  
trouble in Hollywood movies.

EXT. RIVERBANK, GANG - NIGHT

Green lowers his rifle, turning away from the river.

BROWN

(casually)  
Clear?

GREEN

Look like it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

VENNAN  
How long to the rendezvous?

GREEN  
A few hours yet.

O'BRIAN  
Well let's go!

GREEN  
(amused)  
At your command.

VENNAN  
(coolly)  
Yes, we are paying.

O'BRIAN  
Only when they get us to China.

That catches Brianna's attention, which she tries to hide, Vennan eying her unnoticed.

GREEN  
(abruptly)  
Okay!

(to Brown)  
Let's move!

BROWN  
(lightly)  
Right this way folks!

He turns into the trees and takes the lead again.

EXT. FOREST EDGE, LIAM - NIGHT

Liam finishes a sweetie bar and checks his watch.

LIAM  
Ten minutes.

Slowly he inches his IR camera, takes a snap and pulls it back to check.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Hmmm. All clear.

Again with the camera, slowly inching his head up to check. The far scene is empty. He waits, watches while snowflakes settle on him.

His IR camera shows nothing across the river.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Okay! Let's go boy!

Slowly he climbs up, keeping behind the tree as best he can. Another careful check with the camera.

Nothing.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
My turn.

He gathers up his kit and pushes himself out, exposed and moving away as fast as he can, sliding across snow and ice in darkness, breathing deeply as he races.

A creak of ice as he passes over, tips of his poles stabbing and scrabbling for purchase on ice.

The far side approaches quickly, another crack of ice.

CRACK! His snowshoe drops an inch as ice gives way and he freezes, arms and sticks wide for balance.

The shoe has caught in the ice, not dropping through. He sighs.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Close, too, too close.

Carefully, supporting himself with the sticks, he lifts the shoe up and slides it forward.

The ice cracks but holds, he slides forward again. Another crack but it doesn't give away. He slides forward as the surface changes, the slope of the river bank, and he comes off the ice.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Phew!

He crouches and pulls the IR camera out and scans along the riverbank towards the gang's trail.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
That way.

He moves off quickly.

Later. He reaches the gang's trail, hesitates while he scans the forest with his camera and turns to follow, vanishing quietly into the darkness under the trees.

EXT. FOREST, GANG - NIGHT

Light snow floating down.

The forest darkness, only the faintest outlines of trees from the wavering flicker of head lights as the gang, Brown leading, move slowly through the trees.

Their line is strung out. The two women and two crooks are hunched in their coats, plodding between Brown and Green. O'Brian wavers off Brown's trail, Vennan, behind, reaches out to nudge him back on track. Green notices and scans around the trees. His light picking out the dark forest around them.

GREEN

Hold up!

Brown halts and turns to face the group, his headlight illuminating them.

GREEN (CONT'D)

We're all tired, so we'll take twenty here.

BROWN

(lightly)

Sounds good to me.

He and Brown shrug off their packs as they close up on the others.

O'BRIAN

But we're loosing time!

VENNAN

Cool it, the man's right, we're cold, tired and

(to Brown)

still got a ways to go?

BROWN

(nodding)

About four hours.

O'BRIAN

So what, we just stay here?

GREEN

(to everyone)

We use up all the food from the plane.

(nodding at the women)

All of us. We'll need our strength to reach the rendezvous in time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brianna and Kish step away to settle at the base of a tree, leaning into each other for warmth.

Brown and Green pull out snacks and a couple of large vacuum flasks from their packs, Green shaking his head as he catches sight of O'Brian sneaking another shot bottle.

GREEN (CONT'D)

We've got enough hot coffee for one cup each,

(to the women)  
for everyone.

(to Brown)  
You deal with our clients, I'll deal with the women.

BROWN

Right!

(to Vennan & O'Brian)  
This way gents!

Green starts tossing snacks out from his pack to the women as Brown shares his load with the two crooks.

As Brown cracks open his flask for O'Brian and Vennan Green moves to join the two women.

GREEN

(to the women)  
How're you doing?

BRIANNA

Cold, tired, pissed off, what do you expect, five star reviews?

GREEN

(grinning)  
My guy,

(nod to Brown)  
would appreciate that for his blog.

Green starts pouring the coffee.

We see Brown has taken his camera out to make a blog entry. Posing, flashing a grin and waving the camera around the scene.

BRIANNA

You're kidding, what where does he expect to post that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GREEN

Ever heard of the dark web?  
That's where we get all our  
business nowadays.

BRIANNA

Hmph!

GREEN

(to Kish)  
And how are you doing?

KISH

Same.

Green holds the full coffee cup out to Kish. She takes it  
silently, wrapping it close in her hands to sip.

BRIANNA

(to Green)  
Four hours?

GREEN

About that.

BRIANNA

And then what about us?

GREEN

If all goes well we part ways.

BRIANNA

Just leave us out *here*?

GREEN

It's the best I can do, we didn't  
plan this.

(motioning the vacuum  
flask)

We only brought enough for a couple  
of hours.

Kish finishes the cup, hands it back and starts scoffing on  
snacks, watching, listening to everything from under her  
hood.

GREEN (CONT'D)

(refilling the cup)

Search and rescue will find you  
after they find the plane, you  
should be home safe this time  
tomorrow.

Smiling he hands the steaming cup to Brianna.

BRIANNA

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She finishes it quickly in silence while Green watches her patiently, then hands the cup back.

GREEN  
Just rest and get your strength  
back, you'll soon be safe.

He rises to join the other men.

BRIANNA  
(softly)  
They're going to kill us.

KISH  
Where'd you get that from?

Brianna munches on snack and keeps eying the men.

BRIANNA  
The one who's drinking all the  
shots mentioned China.

KISH  
Yes, so?

BRIANNA  
The other one looked like he didn't  
want that secret spilled.

KISH  
(eying Vennan)  
Really?

BRIANNA  
They way he looked at us he didn't  
want us to know.

They see Vennan motion to Green.

In that group Vennan catches Green's arm.

VENNAN  
(to Green)  
A private word.

GREEN  
You're the boss.

The two men move aside.

Brianna watches them move away.

BRIANNA  
See?

KISH  
So we escape?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRIANNA

They'll need us for now, human shields, but we need to be ready to run.

Across the way Vennan and Green have moved aside.

VENNAN

(quietly to Green)

Those women, do we need them now, we're safe right?

GREEN

So far we are, but if we hit any trouble they're still useful as shields.

VENNAN

Can we get rid of them at the rendezvous, will anyone find them?

GREEN

Maybe. If we kill them someone on search and rescue will eventually find the bodies.

VENNAN

And if we bury them?

GREEN

Their body heat may still show up for hours.

(frowning)

What's the problem with just leaving them out here, we'll be long gone before they're found.

VENNAN

Maybe. O'Brian spilled about China, the woman

(little nod at Brianna)  
overheard him.

GREEN

So what? We've planned this for days. A straight flight across Russia into Manchuria then you vanish and we collect the final payment.

VENNAN

Washington will know to search for us in China.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GREEN

So? It'll take days for that to happen. You'll both be safe and gone long before news reaches Washington.

VENNAN

Nevertheless.

(motioning the pistol in his pocket)

No loose ends.

GREEN

Think it over, it's hours yet.

BRIANNA

(softly)

See?

KISH

(coolly)

Yes. So what do we do?

BRIANNA

Do you know the country?

She nods at the trees all around.

KISH

Not as well as others in the tribe. I'm a big city girl now. You have any ideas?

BRIANNA

Yes, but he's not here yet.

KISH

The man you were with, your lover?

BRIANNA

And boss.

KISH

You think he's coming?