



BLACK SCREEN

**Stafford, England**

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAINING FIELD - NIGHT

TRACK WITH a pair of athletic legs - running fast, disciplined.

CUT TO the running man's face - this is SYED MAHROOD (20s, Middle Eastern) and he's focused as he runs. Inhales, exhales. It's clearly routine for him.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE

as we see Syed running methodically around the FIELD inside a small STADIUM - floodlights illuminating him, the solitary running figure.

BACK ON SYED as he runs, his breath catches up with him as he completes yet another lap. Sweat DRIPS from his forehead.

Syed stops, hands on knees as he catches his breath.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Run out of water?

A little surprised, Syed looks up to see an ASIAN MAN standing before him - appearing almost out of nowhere.

He's dressed in T-shirt, jogging bottoms, looks like a fellow runner only he's not remotely out of breath or perspiring. He holds a FLASK in his hands.

ASIAN MAN

(proffers flask)

I can go even better. Energy drink?

Syed surveys the stranger for a moment, before taking the flask, opening it.

SYED

(nods)

Cheers mate.

(takes a gulp)

Knew I'd forgot something when I left the house.

ASIAN MAN

(smiles)

You can't beat a shot of Lucozade.

A little CHUCKLE from Syed - still catching breath - as he replaces the flask top, hands it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                                  SYED  
                                  (re: field)  
You a regular too? Haven't seen  
you before.

                                  ASIAN MAN  
No, I'm new.  
                                  (extends hand)  
Roshan.

                                  SYED  
                                  (shakes hand)  
Syed.

The two men exchange a slight BEAT as ROSHAN pockets the flask, not taking a drink.

                                  SYED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Want to get a lap?

                                  ROSHAN  
Thanks, but I have somewhere to  
be.  
                                  (smiles)  
Enjoy your run.

Roshan looks at Syed, who has little more to say beyond pleasantries.

                                  SYED  
                                  (nods)  
Right well... cheers again for  
the refresher. See you round.

A little NOD from Roshan - who remains as Syed picks up his pace, moving off around the track.

ANGLE ON Syed's legs - pulsing as they run around the track. Muscles contract.

ON Syed's face - sweat pouring, expression determined and focused.

Then something changes - the sweat increases, his pace starts flagging. He looks visibly paler, uneasy.

SYED'S POV

His vision is beginning to blur, pace slowing. He grows wobbly on his feet.

ON SYED - as his legs give way, collapsing forward as:

SMACK!

He hits the track, face first. SLOW-MOTION as his cheekbone bounces off the ground!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Perspiring profusely, pale, struggling to breathe, vision impaired, Syed rolls over.

SYED'S POV

Breaking into his vision of the night sky, Roshan appears next to him.

He's now flanked by two other ethnically diverse MEN, lighter skinned. Arabic, maybe?

Roshan crouches next to Syed, his blurred face edging closer.

ROSHAN

Don't worry.

(smiles)

He's waiting for you.

Syed's vision fades and he drifts into the unconscious, Roshan's eerily friendly face the last thing he sees before we...

FADE TO BLACK.

DARKNESS.

We begin to hear the tweeting of birds and flowing water as we...

FADE IN:

EXT. ??? - DAY

ON Syed's face, at peace, no longer sweating or pale. Bright daylight now shines on him.

We PULL BACK slowly as Syed begins to come around, he still flat on his back but as he gets his bearings and sits up, we see he's in very different surroundings.

Syed's eyes widen in surprise as he sees what we do.

He's in Paradise, basically. Hot sun blares from a clear blue sky onto stunning GARDENS with every known example of plant life. The running water we heard is, in fact, WINE pouring from WATERFALLS placed all around.

There's a very Middle Eastern-flavour about the whole place but it's majestic. Syed is in awe.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello, Syed.

Syed stands and turns to face the voice - crisp, deep, smooth, with a hint of Arabic accent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It originates from a MAN, whom we only visualise in shadow.

SYED

(awed)

Is this... Heaven?

MAN

Yes. My name is Darius Maltoth.

(beat)

And your life now belongs to me.

Off Syed's still awed but slightly confused expression at what he means, we...

BLACK OUT:

JONATHAN RHYS MEYERS

MIRANDA RAISSON

LEONARD ROBERTS

AND PHILIP GLENISTER

# WALKER

“JOHN HENRY BOONE”  
BY A.J. BLACK

with  
RUPERT PENRY-JONES

GUEST STARRING  
NATALIE MENDOZA

DEV PATEL

philip rhys

ADAM GODLEY

THOMAS SANGSTER

SHAUN PARKES

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

OLIVIER MARTINEZ  
AS MICHEL GIDEON

BLACK SCREEN.

**Newcastle, England**

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A beautiful old church, well preserved over time.

The resident pastor, FATHER KIRBY (40s, black, friendly), walks down the aisle toward the front altar as we TRACK WITH him...

...and finally rest on a man kneeling and PRAYING near the altar.

JOHN HENRY BOONE

Eyes closed, ROSARY BEADS clutched in his hand, he reaches the end of a whispered prayer.

When he opens his eyes, Boone sees Kirby standing next to him.

BOONE

(dry)

Bless me father for I have prayed  
for far too long.

KIRBY

(chuckles)

I'm not sure Himself would begrudge  
you a few extra hours in  
contemplation, John Henry.

BOONE

Would he also begrudge my regular  
patronage here as primarily for  
the free wine?

KIRBY

(still smiling)

That He might have trouble with.

(beat)

I wouldn't have interrupted but  
you have a visitor.

Kirby turns back down the aisle, Boone's vision following.

The latter looks surprised to see a stunning woman standing near the entrance, long black hair flowing down the back of her slim figure.

Her name is ALIA and she nods as Boone gets up, approaches her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE

Alia.

ALIA

(serious)

We may have a lead...

Boone clearly knows what this means, immediately entranced by her words.

BOONE

Where?

BLACK OUT:

BLACK SCREEN

**Birmingham, England**

FADE IN:

EXT. POLICE BUILDING - DAY

To establish - a towering police headquarters made up of multiple levels, in the city centre.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

A desk inside a quite bland room at which sits two plain-clothed detectives.

DS WILSON (40s, portly) and DC FARMER (30s, skinny). One drinks coffee, the other doesn't. They're facing someone opposite.

DS WILSON

Okay... let's go back to this bloke at the track. What was his name?

WHIP PAN to reveal Syed sitting across from them.

He looks incredibly disturbed, in shock. He's visibly SHAKING as he clutches a piping hot coffee. Next to him sits a police DOCTOR (40s).

DOCTOR

Sergeant, I'm not happy about this. Mr. Mahrood is in absolutely no state right now to be interrogated--

DC FARMER

This is simply routine, Doctor. The quicker Mr. Mahrood answers our questions, the quicker he can focus on recovery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Doctor still isn't happy but pipes down.

DS WILSON  
(to Syed)  
Mr. Mahrood?

Syed takes another sip of the COFFEE, concentrating.

SYED  
Roshan. His--his name was Roshan.

DC FARMER  
And he was the man who most likely  
gave you a spiked drink? You fell  
unconscious, woke up and you  
were...  
(looks at Wilson)  
...in Paradise?

SYED  
(nods)  
He said it was Heaven. When I  
asked him.

DS WILSON  
This is the other man who spoke  
to you when you woke up? Yes?

Syed NODS - Wilson glancing at Farmer, the former looking  
very disbelieving.

DC FARMER  
Are you saying you saw God, Mr.  
Mahrood?

SYED  
(shakes his head)  
God would not try and make me do  
what--what this man did.

DC FARMER  
The man's name? Did you get it?

SYED  
(nods)  
Maltoth... Darius Maltoth.

Farmer glances in Wilson's direction again, the DS making  
a note.

Off Syed's disturbed expression - the man a shadow of his  
former self - we CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR PARK - LATER

An underground car park beneath the police building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boone and Alia lean against their car facing Farmer, in mid-discussion. Boone is flicking through a POLICE REPORT he's been given.

DC FARMER

...once he woke up, he was incited to murder. He tried to get Mahrood to strangle a woman. Unlike many he managed to flee, ended up in forests where he was found in shock by a local dog walker.

(nods)

The rest you know.

Boone looks pleased as he finishes skimming the report.

BOONE

(nods)

All the details here track. Him mentioning Maltho by name is the capper.

DC FARMER

Hope that's everything you need.

ALIA

Thank you, Stephen.

DC FARMER

You don't need to. We are Schism.

Farmer lays out his PALM revealing the Schism TATTOO. Alia does the same - they laying their palms together in concert.

Giving Boone a respectful nod, which is returned, Farmer moves off toward the lift.

ALIA

(turns to Boone)

You think he's here? Maltho? In England?

BOONE

(beat)

I hope so...

Off Boone's look, filled with a thousand different thoughts and emotions, we...

BLACK OUT:

BLACK SCREEN

**Meerut, India - 1826**

FADE IN:

EXT. MARKET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A crowded, heavily crowded, marketplace within the heart of a bustling city - only very much out of our time.

ON BOONE - no younger than we know him in the present, dressed in 19th century period clothing. He looks respectable, if not wealthy.

Boone moves through the crowds of Indian PEASANTS milling around trying to sell everything and everything - trailed by his batman.

AMRISH - a young Indian boy lugging, devotedly, a heavy SUITCASE after Boone.

BOONE  
Come along, Amrish, mustn't keep  
our client waiting.

AMRISH  
(in Indian)  
Yes, Mr. Boone. Coming, sir.

The duo pass through a cover in one of the market stalls - Boone holding up the flap for Amrish to move through.

PULL BACK across the market to reveal two sinister-looking Indian heavies dressed in black sashes and turbans watching the oblivious twosome.

They are called THUGGEE.

BOONE (prelap)  
What the East India Company can  
do for you, Mr. Lal, is at the  
very least put a gigantic smile  
on your face.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Within a compact but attractive dwelling filled with accoutrements, Boone perches across from SALIM LAL - a noble Indian trader.

Amrish stands dutifully nearby - the suitcase now open revealing many ITEMS and a large OPIUM PIPE lying within.

BOONE  
At most, here and now today it  
can provide you with a cut price  
supply of high quality opiate  
through the Silk Road you won't  
find anywhere else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALIM

I have had misgivings about allying myself with the Company in years past, Mr. Boone.

(nods)

But you are a very convincing merchant.

BOONE

(tips his head)

You're too kind.

(re: pipe)

Would you care to sample our product?

Salim nods and Boone CLICKS HIS FINGERS toward Amrish, who grabs the opium pipe and sets it up.

He returns to stand next to Boone as Salim begins taking a crack off it - smoke beginning to rise into the air.

Boone looks at Amrish, sees him looking out of a nearby window at the bustling marketplace.

BOONE (CONT'D)

You look wistful, Amrish. Pray tell your thoughts.

AMRISH

They are above my station, sir. I would not desire to offend.

BOONE

I have a very thick skin, my friend. Talk.

Amrish turns to join Boone in watching Salim enjoying the opium pipe perhaps a little too much.

AMRISH

I merely wish, sir, to be like you.

(off Boone's look)

Not to seek riches, but to travel the globe. To be a merchant.

BOONE

I was not always the man I am now, Amrish. To seek a better life is nothing shameful. The Lord would approve.

(touches St.

Christopher around his neck)

As do I.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMRISH

(nods)  
You're too generous, sir.

BOONE

Too generous would be inviting you to join me on my trip to China next month, but I intend to do so anyway.

(off Amrish's look)  
I will need a batman and why hire a young Chink when I have a loyal servant here? One who follows his heart, not his station.

The delight on Amrish's face could fill a thousand rooms.

Boone smiles at his joy as he sees Salim finally finish his pipe session - looking very happy.

BOONE (CONT'D)

(wry grin)  
I trust you consider our product worth investment, Mr Lal?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - LATER

Dusk is beginning to fall over Meerut as Boone walks through the enclosed alleyways between old houses.

Behind him, Amrish carries the suitcase - but his face shows no fatigue. Only excitement.

Boone stops at a crossroads suddenly as he sees one of the Thuggee from earlier appear in the near distance.

BOONE

(recognising the danger)  
Back, Amrish. Back now!

AMRISH

(confused)  
Sir?

BOONE

(darkly)  
Thuggee.

Fear instantly fills Amrish and he begins retreating back - only for another THUGGEE to drop down from a rooftop above, blocking his path!

Two more appear from left and right alleways - they've got Boone and Amrish penned in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All hold nasty-looking GAROTTES in hand.

BOONE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 (raises hands)  
 I know who you are and what you  
 want. Take it!  
 (re: suitcase)  
 Everything in there is yours.  
 Plenty of rupees too. Just don't  
 hurt the boy!

THUGGEE  
 (in Indian)  
 The boy is who we came for,  
 Englander.

Clearly understanding the language, Boone is disturbed at  
 this - looks at a fearful Amrish, who also heard it.

All four Thuggee rush at Amrish - grabbing and beginning  
 to DRAG him off down the alley, KICKING and SCREAMING!

AMRISH  
 No! NO! SIR!!!

BOONE  
 (horrified)  
 Amrish, NO!!!

Amrish continues calling as he begins disappearing into  
 the encroaching darkness.

Boone, unable to respond for being outnumbered, watches  
 him go helplessly.

BOONE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 (calls)  
 I'll find you, Amrish!!  
 (beat)  
 I'LL FIND YOU!!

CUT TO:

EXT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Present day.

A stunning EVENING DRESS inside a shop window - form  
 fitting, black, every inch of it class.

PULL BACK to reveal CHLOE PARKER, standing looking at it  
 wistfully. She sees the price tag.

£1,499.

Chloe now knows it's out of her reach, glad of the  
 distraction when her MOBILE rings.

(CONTINUED)



INT. CHURCH - LATER

The door opens and Chloe makes her way through, heading up the aisle - where she sees Alec and Jackson already there, with Father Kirby.

KIRBY

...of course, he's a regular here. Comes and prays at least three times a week. Today though, today was different.

JACKSON

Different how?

KIRBY

A woman came to see him. Young, pretty, long black hair. She looked Spanish, Mediterranean.

ALEC

(nods)  
Corsican.

Alec looks at Jackson - they both recognise the description.

JACKSON

Alia.

CHLOE (O.S.)

And who might 'Alia' be?

Chloe stands amidst the trio - waiting for explanation.

ALEC

Father, this is Chloe Parker. She's helping us look for John Henry.

Kirby NODS with a smile, Chloe returning it.

CHLOE

(to Alec)  
Well?

JACKSON

(cuts)  
All you gotta know about Alia is that wherever she is... trouble ain't far behind.

Chloe clearly doesn't like the sound of that as she sees Alec and Jackson's concerned looks.

CUT TO:

EXT. COPTHORNE HOTEL - BIRMINGHAM - NIGHT

To establish - a central city hotel shaped like a PYRAMID.

ALIA (prelap)  
I've been tracking the other man  
he described, Roshan, for a while.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A regular hotel room - double bed, cabinets, bathroom,  
you know the drill.

Boone sits at a TABLE by the window across from Alia,  
looking again at the police report.

ALIA  
I was convinced he was with them  
but I wasn't certain, not until  
Mahrood became a victim.

BOONE  
Give me good news and tell me you  
know where this lad is?

ALIA  
He's operating out of a multi-  
faith mosque in Small Heath, south  
Birmingham. A few miles from here.

BOONE  
(nods)  
Good. I think we need to have a  
little chinwag.

They're disrupted as Boone's MOBILE on the table begins  
ringing. He sees the caller ID - hesitates.

ALIA  
(guesses)  
Alec Walker?

Boone NODS, still hesitates... then answers.

BOONE  
Alec.

INTERCUT:

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jackson drives, Alec next to him, Chloe in the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

Before you say anything, John Henry, we know alright? We know who you're with.

(sighs)

You need to let us help you.

BOONE

I can't, Alec. Some things are private.

(beat)

This...this I have to do alone.

ALEC

(frustrated)

Boone--

BOONE

(stern)

No, Alec. Don't interfere.

Boone CUTS THE CALL - throwing the phone on the table as Alia studies him.

BOONE (CONT'D)

(game face on)

Now... where were we?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

To establish - traffic rushes past North and South, RAIN falling visible in the overhead lights casting down a near orange glow. A sign identifies it as: THE M6.

A familiar CAR passes under our view, heading South.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

As before. Jackson keeps us moving, Alec next to him, Chloe behind. She leans forward.

CHLOE

So what's the big mystery with this 'Alia' then? Who is she?

JACKSON

Gotta say, Al, you've never exactly given me the fully skinny on who this chick is.

ALEC

She's Schism, same as him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC (CONT'D)

For a long time now, Boone has relied on Alia to keep her eyes and ears open in helping him track down something he's been looking for.

Chloe and Jackson wait - looking for what?

ALEC (CONT'D)

A cult. The Hashashin.

CHLOE

Hashashin. Now that's a mouthful.

ALEC

The etymology of the name comes from the ancient word for 'assassin'.

(off looks)

The Hashashin are an ancient Persian order who've had the name since their inception. Boone going off like this means he's finally picked up a trace.

CHLOE

How long has he been looking for them?

ALEC

(looks at her)

A very very long time.

Chloe clearly wonders exactly how long - could be anything.

JACKSON

So this Alia? What's her connection to Boone?

ALEC

(faces windscreen;  
quietly)

She was a friend of his daughter.

Jackson and Chloe exchange a surprised look - Boone had a daughter?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

Morning prayer is beginning at the multi-faith mosque just outside city limits - SIKHS, HINDUS, MUSLIMS all beginning to gather.

CAPTION: South Birmingham

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK away from a view of the mosque to a building rooftop opposite - where Boone and Alia crouch, surveilling their target place.

BOONE  
 (checks his watch)  
 Prayer will begin in minutes.  
 Still no sign.

ALIA  
 Roshan will put in an appearance.  
 Trust me, he always does.

Boone doesn't seem all that convinced as he continues watching, Alia studying him.

ALIA (CONT'D)  
 I haven't asked you how you've been. Don't think I've seen you since before you took up with Walker.  
 (he doesn't respond)  
 Is it working? Being part of his crew?

Boone glances at her... but chooses not to respond, instead looking back at the mosque...

...as he sees a BLACK VAN appear outside, Roshan discreetly exiting in full religious garb as the van speeds off around an adjoining alley.

BOONE  
 Got him!  
 (to Alia)  
 Get ready.

Roshan glances around, making sure he's not being watched, before he moves through the melee into the mosque.

ON BOONE - who turns to see Alia has fixed a MUSLIM HEADDRESS on, face almost entirely disguised.

ALIA  
 How do I look?

BOONE  
 (nods)  
 I'd say you fit the bill. Get moving.

With that, Alia moves away as Boone keeps watching the mosque.

INT. MOSQUE FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The bustling large entrance into the area of prayer beyond is filled with mostly MEN milling around, talking to one another in numerous languages.

Alia moves through, doing nothing to draw attention to herself, scanning the area for her prey.

She finds Roshan moving away from the crowds to the right. She follows.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND MOSQUE - CONTINUOUS

Cautiously moving through the littered alley, Boone hears VOICES and the sound of slamming CAR DOORS up ahead.

BOONE'S POV

He looks around a corner to see two ARABIC MEN - the same we saw in the Teaser - dragging a dazed, near comatose young MAN of Asian descent from the van boot.

Boone looks concerned as he sees them pull the limp captive toward the back of the mosque. He discreetly follows.

INT. MOSQUE - CONTINUOUS

Up ahead, Roshan turns a corner along the decorative corridor around the prayer area.

WHIP PAN to reveal Alia following, checking routinely to ensure no-one is watching.

She turns the same corner - stopping and regaining cover as she sees a DOOR clatter open, the Arabic Men dragging in their captive.

Alia sees them disappear through an adjoining door and moves to follow when:

SMASH!

A metal BAR comes flying into her stomach, wielded by Roshan who emerges from a doorway to the right!

Alia jerks back in pain as Roshan raises the bar to strike again.

She blocks the strike, battling her pain, responding with a hard KICK into Roshan's crotch that makes him GROAN!

Fighting through it, Roshan wins the grapple of the bar and smashes the business end into Alia's face!

SLAM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hits the deck, Roshan about to thrust the end into her face from above when:

BOONE (O.S.)

Oi!

Roshan turns to meet a SUCKERPUNCH from Boone, standing behind him! He hits the deck hard.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Pick on someone your own size.

Boone keeps one eye on the floored Roshan as he helps up Alia, blood lightly flowing from a new CUT above her eye.

BOONE (CONT'D)

You alright?

Alia nods - her focus returning to Roshan, who begins to move with a groan until Boone moves over.

He clamps his KNEE onto Roshan's chest, preventing him going anywhere.

BOONE (CONT'D)

(leans in)

The two of us have a fair bit to talk about, old chum.

Roshan looks at him with hate and as Boone again PUNCHES him in the face, we...

BLACK OUT:

BLACK SCREEN

**Kensington, London - 1891**

FADE IN:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

SMACK!

Boone's FIST lands hard in the face of another man - he's fortysomething, dapper, now replete with a bleeding probably broken nose. He looks terrified!

MAN

(anguished)

Please! Please, no more!

ANGLE ON BOONE - dressed in evening wear, sleeves rolled up, knuckles bloodied. He stands across from his captive, tied to an old oak chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They're in an attractive study, very Victorian in design. Sounds of a gathering can be heard behind the locked door, a CHAIR resting against the handle.

Boone, fury and determination etched across his face, leans into the man before him.

BOONE  
You are Darius Maltho.

MAN  
(shakes his head)  
No! NO!!

BOONE  
Admit it and this will end. I  
promise you.

MAN  
My name is Carstairs! Albert  
Carstairs! I'm just a--I'm just a  
shoemaker!!

Studying the expression of ALBERT CARSTAIRS, Boone does not look convinced.

BOONE  
(shakes his head)  
Stop lying. Stop lying!!

SMACK!

Another hard fist impacts Carstairs face as we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - CARSTAIRS' HOUSE - EARLIER

The calm before this storm. Carstairs - impeccably attired - begins welcoming guests entering his home.

All are wealthy VICTORIANS dressed in finery, greeting Carstairs in the methods of the day.

BOONE (V.O.)  
I came here for a reason.

Boone appears last along with a GENTLEMAN GUEST, who begins explaining to Carstairs he's brought a visitor.

BOONE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My associate still thought I was  
a merchant. In attendance for the  
possibility of opening business  
negotiations with you.

Carstairs agrees to the unexpected visitor and proffers his hand which Boone shakes - holding back a dark look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But this isn't about business. It  
 never was.

As Boone shuts the door tight behind him as he enters, we  
 SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - LATER

As before. Boone leaning over Carstairs - now a shadow of  
 who he was earlier in the evening.

BOONE  
 A long time ago for you, yesterday  
 for me, I lost someone. A friend.  
 An innocent, loyal man. His name  
 was Amrish.

Carstairs' head bobs as he remains captive, blood flowing,  
 he listening almost in a daze.

BOONE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 I never found him. After years of  
 searching, all I learned was that  
 the Thuggee who took him pledged  
 their loyalty to one man.  
 (nods)  
 Darius Maltoth. A man who hides  
 in plain sight. Identities  
 everywhere. One of them... is  
 you.

CARSTAIRS  
 (tears flow)  
 I am not---the man--you are looking  
 for, sir--

Boone continues studying him, trying to determine whether  
 or not he's lying as:

THUD! THUD! THUD!

The study door resounds from the knocking from outside,  
 Boone jolted by it.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 (through door)  
 I say, Carstairs! Are you well,  
 old chap? Carstairs!

Boone turns back to Carstairs - GLARING at him, Carstairs  
 rightly saying nothing.

BOONE  
 (quieter)  
 Are you... Maltoth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carstairs can do nothing but shake his head, weeping - a truly broken man.

And Boone steps back, in that crystallised moment realising what he's done. That he's got the wrong man.

THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD!

More slamming on the door and as Boone looks back, horrified at the mistake he's made, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - DAY

Present day. To establish - the second capital of the United Kingdom.

CAPTION: Birmingham.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY (PRESENT)

The lift to above opens and DS Wilson emerges, pulling out his car keys as he walks - chomping on a squashed sandwich.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Excuse me? Excuse me, Detective?

Wilson turns to see Chloe, dressed professionally, approaching him. He looks unfazed at the sight of a pretty girl.

DS WILSON

It's Sergeant, actually.

CHLOE

(chuckles)

My apologies.

(displays journalist  
ID)

Chloe Parker.

DS WILSON

Long way from Geordieland down here.

He continues walking. Chloe follows after a beat - charming fellow.

CHLOE

Sergeant, I was wondering if I could ask you about--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DS WILSON

If this has anything to do with the Mahrood case, I've nothing to say beyond the press release.

(off Chloe's look)

He's been released into doctor's care and our enquiries are ongoing.

Wilson reaches his car as Chloe looks a touch flummoxed. He notices.

DS WILSON (CONT'D)

You didn't come to ask about that, did you?

CHLOE

No, I uh... I came to ask if you knew the whereabouts of this woman.

Chloe produces a photograph of Alia - which Wilson peruses.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

She's with someone I'm looking for. Got a report she was seen entering this car park yesterday.

DS WILSON

Never seen her before in my life.

(looks back)

Steve might know. DC Farmer?

The call echoes across the car park as Chloe looks toward lift as DC Farmer emerges, carrying a coffee.

Farmer stops as he sees Chloe - does he recognise her?

He must do because he DROPS THE COFFEE AND RUNS! Farmer instantly takes off across the car park!

Wilson looks confused as Chloe looks across toward a BLACK CAR with tinted windows.

CHLOE

(calls)

Alec!

The car HEADLIGHTS suddenly flash on as the car starts up - revving out of it's spot at speed!

Chloe moves away from a confused Wilson, chomping on the end of his sandwich.

DS WILSON

(calls)

Something I don't know about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON FARMER - panting as he runs through the car park, breathing steadily. He's clearly athletic.

He looks behind him - sees the car revving toward him, obviously he unable to match it for speed.

Farmer keeps running - sees a STAIRWELL DOOR a few dozen metres in the distance. His target.

He looks back... only to see the car dangerously rev right past him, blowing him hard with the resultant wind!

Farmer stops in shock as the car turns into a 180 degree SKID before him - stopping horizontally, blocking his path!

He begins looking for options as Jackson bursts out first, SHOTGUN in hand! Alec emerges from the driver's seat a moment later.

JACKSON

(aims weapon)

Got nowhere to go, my man. Don't do nothin' stupid!

DC FARMER

I'm a police officer and this is a police car park!!

CHLOE (O.S.)

And I'm Lily Savage, now...

Farmer turns - sees Chloe finishing a jog toward them, approaching from behind.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

...why would you run, copper, in your own shop?

Looking between Alec, Chloe and the gun-toting Jackson, Farmer knows he's out of options.

DC FARMER

I---she told him you'd be coming--

ALEC

Who? Alia?

DC FARMER

(nods)

Said if I saw two odd-looking fellas or a new blonde, I should get out of there sharpish.

(shakes his head)

You should go home. They don't want to be found.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC  
 (realises)  
 You're Schism... aren't you?

Farmer, after a beat, shows his PALM bearing the Schism tattoo - a TEAR across his hand.

DC FARMER  
 I'm sworn to protect Alia. It's my duty to God.

ALEC  
 I don't have any duty to him.  
 But John Henry Boone's a friend  
 and I want to help him.

Alec's eyes suddenly FLASH WHITE - stunning Farmer.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
 (using the Voice)  
**And you are going to help me do that.**

Jackson and Chloe can both see Farmer knows full well what Alec is... and it scares him.

Off Farmer's look, realising he has to comply, we...

CUT TO:

INT. COPTHORNE HOTEL - DAY

THWACK!

Another hard punch impacts the bloodied, cut face of Roshan - now tied up on a chair inside the hotel room, shortening daylight creeping through.

Alia watches as she tends to the cut above her eye - seeing Boone unleashing the fury on their captive.

Boone finally stops and yanks Roshan's head up.

BOONE  
 I really enjoyed that. So much more fun than a punch bag.  
 (beat)  
 Now... things I know. You're Hashashin. You're operating here. Things I don't. The reason why... or where your boss is.

Roshan says nothing, staring at him impassively through his bloodied face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 I can do this for as long as we  
 need to. I love a good fight.  
 (serious)  
 Where. Is. Malthoth?

Still nothing from Roshan - only serving to frustrate  
 Boone further.

ALIA  
 John...

Boone looks at Alia, who beckons him over out of Roshan's  
 earshot. They move.

ALIA (CONT'D)  
 You should remember Malthoth's  
 conditioning.

BOONE  
 I haven't forgotten. But this  
 bastard is the closest we've got  
 in--

ALIA  
 Malthoth trains his men to say  
 nothing, to obey until death.  
 (shakes her head)  
 If you kill him, in his mind he  
 goes to Paradise. What could you  
 possibly offer him better than  
 that?

It's a good question, one Boone clearly has no answer to,  
 and before he can respond:

SMASH!

The hotel windows explosively BLOW, glass cascading through  
 into the room and across Roshan as he ducks as best he  
 can!

PFFFFFFT!!!!

Bullets fly into the room, in every direction but Roshan -  
 as three MEN dressed in black combat gear rappel down the  
 side of the hotel and fly in!

Boone and Alia take cover as the bullets reign in!

BOONE  
 It's them! Hashashin!

They look to see one of the men wrap a RAPPEL ROPE around  
 Roshan's body - tightening it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another pulls on the rope hard... and suddenly it YANKS BACK, taking Roshan with it. He comes free of the chair and flies out of the window, rappelled up!

Boone gets up, angry and frustrated, as two of the HASHASHIN rappel out and away - but one remains.

He trains his RIFLE on Boone and Alia, still floored and FIRES:

PPPPPPFFT!!!

A cascade of bullets fly out but visibly begin to SLOW as they approach... finally stopping inches from Boone.

As they fall to the ground harmlessly, Boone looks to his right near the door...

...only to find Alec now standing there, EYES AND HANDS glowing as his right arm extends delivering the force stopping the bullets!

Fearful, the Hashashin quickly races toward the window and jumps out, rappelling away!

Boone looks at Alec - as Chloe and Jackson appear behind him, late to the party. The white glow VANISHES from Alec's eyes, the bullets falling to the ground.

ALEC

You're a hard man to find, John Henry.

Off Boone's expression, not at all happy to see them, we CUT TO:

INT. SAME - LATER

Dusk has now fallen and a LAMP illuminates the small room as Alia kneels by the bed, quietly sweeping up the glass.

TRACK WITH CHLOE, who passes her while folding the duvet as Jackson, nearby, tidies everything else blown apart by the attack.

Chloe sees him routinely looking at Boone - near the door in hushed discussion with Alec.

CHLOE

(curious)

What's up? You look suspicious?

JACKSON

(glances at her)

It's... it's nothin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackson carries on but Chloe knows, obviously, he's not being entirely honest.

ON ALEC AND BOONE - mid-flow.

BOONE

I told you on the phone, I made it clear that I didn't--

ALEC

You made it clear you were being stubborn!

BOONE

(overlapping)

This is my problem! Not yours. Not Jackson's, not Chloe's. Mine!

ALEC

(overlapping)

We just saved your life, John Henry!

Boone stops - sees Alec's anger. He remembers himself a little.

BOONE

(quieter)

You know I'm grateful for that.

ALEC

(sighs)

We're a team. We solve problems together. It's how we survive.

(beat)

And though you've never directly asked me to help you find the Hashashin, if they're now on my turf it becomes just as my much problem as it has been yours.

(nods)

So like it or not, John Henry. Help is what you are getting.

And hearing this, Boone can't help but half-smile at Alec's determination.

BLACK OUT:

BLACK SCREEN

**London, England**

FADE IN:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rain pours from the sky as a VAN pulls up hurriedly outside of a large WAREHOUSE in the middle of an industrial estate.

The passenger side sees Roshan - dried blood still covering parts of his face - emerge.

Flanked by the Hashashin team, Roshan approaches the warehouse which, by the way, is surrounded by heavily-armed MERCENARIES.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Moving through into the huge storage area filled with all kinds of CRATES, Roshan passes out into a different arena.

The warehouse has been converted into makeshift OFFICES and indeed TRAINING AREAS - where burly Mercs are now practicing with a variety of weaponry.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Impressive, isn't it?

Turning toward the source of the voice, Roshan sees a familiar, well-attired, smooth figure approach.

EDWARD MAITLAND.

EDWARD

Just one example of the resources  
the Cain have at their--

(sees Roshan's  
face)

You're injured.

ROSHAN

It is nothing.

EDWARD

It looks like a damn good beating  
to me.

(frowns)

Who did this?

ROSHAN

He called himself Boone.

Edward, obviously, instantly knows who that is - and who he's involved with.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. He won't be any kind  
of concern, soon enough.

As Edward wonders quite what Roshan means by that, one of the guard MERCS appears behind them:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERC #1  
Mr. Maitland, sir.  
(Edward turns)  
There's someone for you outside.

EDWARD  
(sharp)  
Tell them it can wait.

MERC #1  
He said his name was Michel Gideon,  
sir.

Edward turns fully toward the Merc now, surprised, full attention given.

MERC #1 (CONT'D)  
He said you'd react like that.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A side door underneath a canopy at the warehouse side is opened by Edward, heading out to the area rain is protected from...

...to find a mysterious man waiting for him. Smart casually dressed, late 30s, very dapper. This is MICHEL GIDEON.

EDWARD  
Gideon. I... wasn't informed you  
were coming.

GIDEON  
(smooth Gallic  
accent)  
That's often the point of a  
surprise visit, Edward.

Gideon walks closer toward Edward - for once not exuding that easy-going confidence of the man in charge.

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
My superiors want an update on  
Spartacus.

EDWARD  
(irritable)  
I gave them an update, less than  
a week ago.

GIDEON  
A lot can change in seven days,  
mon ami.  
(smiles)  
And remember, the Incarnate may  
have opened the door, but it was  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
us who made the Cain what it is.  
 Made you who you are.

Edward clearly doesn't care for that reminder.

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
 The least you can do is keep them  
 apprised on such an important  
 venture.

EDWARD  
 (nods)  
 Of course. That's not in question.  
 (frowns)  
 But I don't appreciate you coming  
 to me in the open without any  
 kind of warning. If anyone found  
 out we were in concert, the game  
 would be up!

GIDEON  
 (after a beat;  
 calmly)  
 The update, if you will. I am on  
 a schedule.

The frustration within Edward is held, with great  
 difficulty, as he sees how unruffled Gideon is.

EDWARD  
 Things haven't... been going as  
 productively as I might have  
 wanted.

GIDEON  
 (little smile)  
 We suspected as much.

Gideon removes a MANILLA FOLDER from his jacket, extending  
 it to Edward.

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
 You'll find some useful information  
 within that could... get you back  
 on track.  
 (nods)  
 There's one company in New York I  
 advise to give some attention.

Edward opens the folder and begins scanning through, a  
 little engrossed at the contents.

EDWARD  
 (nods)  
 Was there anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But when Edward looks up... there's no sign of Gideon.  
Gone as mysteriously as he came.

Edward closes the folder and looks out at the rain,  
pondering his next step.

BOONE (prelap)  
All I can tell you is what I know.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rain hasn't afflicted the Midlands so only a calm breeze  
wafts through the destroyed windows in the now cleaned up  
hotel room.

Boone addresses Alec, Jackson, Alia and a table-seated  
Chloe.

BOONE  
From what we've discovered, it  
seems Roshan is running a Hashashin  
operation in this city. He's been  
abducting young men and, it seems,  
latently programming them as  
potential assassins.  
(shrugs)  
For whom or indeed why, we don't  
know.

JACKSON  
I got a question.  
(off looks; to  
Boone)  
What's with all the secrecy? If I  
didn't know better, I'd say this  
was more like an obsession than  
an investigation.

ALEC  
Jack--

BOONE  
(holds up hand)  
No, Alec, it's... it's a fair  
question...

Alec still frowns a little in Jackson's direction, but he  
shows no regret - he wants answers.

Boone considers his response as he perches at the table  
next to Chloe.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
It is an obsession.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE (CONT'D)

(looks at Alec)

I think you suspected as much for a while.

ALEC

(nods)

But you never gave me much beyond the fact it involves the man behind the Hashashin.

(beat)

Maltoth?

Boone nods, glancing at Alia - silent in the corner but listening to every word.

Her MOBILE PHONE then starts ringing, she answering it quietly and turning away.

JACKSON

(shakes his head)

That still ain't good enough, Boone. You still took off and pushed us away.

(frowns)

Why should we trust someone who needs us one minute then throws us aside the next?

ALEC

(sharp; to Jackson)

Are you distrusting him because of his secrecy or because he's a vampire?

Jackson looks toward Alec, angry - he didn't like that.

Chloe senses the growing tension and stands, getting between the two friends.

CHLOE

Let's just defuse the testosterone build-up in here for just a minute, boys, ok? The enemy is out there, not in here.

Jackson moves past Chloe, approaching Alec.

JACKSON

(re: Boone)

So you're tellin' me you trust him? That for what he is, what he's done, what secrets he keeps... you'd put your life in his hands?

Alec looks at Boone, who sits quietly - genuinely curious about the answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

(nods)

Yes.

Boone smiles a little, before looking away. Alec turns back to Jackson.

ALEC (CONT'D)

I do trust him. I always have.

He's earned that much.

(nods)

And I suggest you find a way to deal with that.

Jackson still looks unhappy, glances a little at Boone... before he moves past Alec, yanking the door open and disappearing.

Alec sighs, a little disappointed.

ALEC (CONT'D)

I'll talk to him.

CHLOE

(quietly)

No, I'll go.

(tips her head)

I'd make a far better diplomat than you anyway.

Chloe grins in his direction as she moves past him, Alec returning it a little before she vanishes.

BOONE

She's...

ALEC

(cutting him off)

I know.

Boone looks interested at Alec's response. Alia SNAPS shut her phone and moves out of the corner.

ALIA

That was Stephen. He's managed to track the helicopter that took Roshan. It delivered him to a van in Oxfordshire that took him to a warehouse in North London.

(nods)

Chances are he won't be there forever. We better hustle.

Boone nods his understanding and gets up as Alia moves off, packing belongings.

Alec holds his arm for moment as he goes to help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

Why are you so obsessed, John  
Henry? Why do you need to find  
Malthoth?

Off Boone's dark expression, he clearly not knowing where  
to start, we...

BLACK OUT:

BLACK SCREEN

**Picardy, France - 1916**

FADE IN:

EXT. TRENCHES - NIGHT

BOOOOOM!

A nearby exploding BOMB cascades shrapnel and MUD into a  
deep trench, shaking our vision!

CAPTION: Fourth Week of the Battle of the Somme

Boone steps into view, holding on as he paces through the  
Allied trench - around him dozens of SOLDIERS trying to  
repel incoming German machine gun fire and explosives!

He's clearly a commanding figure, with COLONEL stripes.  
His uniform is scuffed and dirtied from the combat.

BOONE

(loudly)

Corporal, watch your flank! You're  
exposed!

Boone moves on, continuing his mid-battle inspection.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Lieutenant!

(Lieutenant turns)

Keep lower, you don't want your  
head blown off by these munitions  
and more importantly, I don't  
want the job of cleaning up the  
mess when it is!

LIEUTENANT

(admonished)

Yes, Colonel!

With a sharp nod, Boone carries on - ducking as:

BOOOOM!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another bomb explodes too close for comfort - in the distance behind a Soldier SCREAMING in agony. He most likely bought it.

Staunch, Boone presses on as he reaches the end of the trench line.

A young SOLDIER, no more than twenty, is looking up at the sky as he sees bullets fly past. It's a look almost of wonder.

BOONE

(barks)

Private!

The Soldier snaps at seeing Boone approach, immediately saluting to attention.

SOLDIER

Colonel Boone, sir!

BOONE

You may have noticed were under the Kaiser's bosch right now, or perhaps you were too busy daydreaming!

SOLDIER

I was looking at the--sorry, sir!

Boone is about to chew out the young man some more but decides against it.

BOONE

What's your name, Private?

SOLDIER

Jeffries, sir. Badge number 047108, sir. Recently transferred from infantry--

BOONE

(waves it off)

And what were you just thinking about, Private Jeffries?

PRIVATE JEFFRIES looks at the Colonel - almost surprised he was asked.

JEFFRIES

I was, uh... thinking about dying, sir.

(off Boone's look)

How hundreds of thousands have already gone over the top and never came back, sir. How I'll probably soon be among them, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE

(thinks)

And that there's no going back.

Jeffries glances at him - sees Boone deep in thought.

JEFFRIES

(nods)

Y--yes, sir.

BOONE

(beat)

Do you have family, Jeffries?

JEFFRIES

Yes, sir. A young wife, sir. A little boy, just two, sir.

Boone smiles a little, seeing the pride Jeffries has.

BOONE

I did have a family... once.

(nods)

All I have left is my daughter and recently... I've pushed her away.

JEFFRIES

(cautious)

May I... ask why, sir?

Any other time, Boone would have chewed him out for impertence and Jeffries cowers a little - fearing that may happen as:

BOOOOOM!!!

Another nearby BOMB, another distant cry from someone it hit. And Boone can't help but laugh a little.

BOONE

Consider the madness of this moment, Private. Here we are, in Hell on Earth, fighting a war neither side can truly ever win...

(shakes his head)

And all we can talk about are our children.

JEFFRIES

(smiles)

That's why we're here, sir. For them. So they won't have to go through it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE

(nods; beat)

You asked me why. Why I lost my daughter.

(considers)

I lost her because I'm looking for something I don't think I'll ever find. Someone evil. Someone God must punish. A search that has led me to hurt innocent people, mentally and physically, and for what...?

(shakes his head)

For nothing.

Jeffries sees the anguish clearly crippling Boone.

JEFFRIES

Perhaps then, sir, if you do survive this war... you should stop looking.

It's a simple answer but maybe one Boone needed to hear from someone else and he smiles.

Jeffries focuses back on the battle as Boone takes out a POCKET WATCH and studies the time - it's midnight.

BOONE

(nods)

It's time.

Boone takes out a WHISTLE and blows it loudly - down the trench all of the Soldiers removing their BAYONETS, in position to go over the top.

Jeffries does the same, despite being clearly afraid. Boone gets into position, drawing his own bayonet.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Are you scared, Private?

JEFFRIES

(shakes his head)

No, sir. I'll see my family again one day.

It's obvious Boone isn't as sure of that fact for himself as he readies the WHISTLE... and BLOWS!

In a flurry of movement, the Soldiers all charge over the trench. Jeffries moves and finally Boone, heading out into what for most will be certain death as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Present day.

To establish - the well-guarded warehouse, rain now stopped.

EDWARD (prelap)  
I need a number from you, Roshan.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In one of the converted offices, Edward stands across from where Roshan sits - has been recovering - on a leather SOFA in the corner.

EDWARD  
I need to know exactly how many assassins the Hashashin have prepared.

ROSHAN  
(nods)  
You'll have enough to make significant use of.

EDWARD  
We'd better. Or I'll have to think about re-negotiating the terms of our deal.

ROSHAN  
There's no need for such rashness, Edward. We need each other, remember?  
(nods)  
Without Cain resources in shipping the drug we need to use on our subjects, there are no viable weapons for you to use.

Edward knows this symbiosis to be true - clearly dislikes it.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)  
All the Hashashin want is a foothold in the UK, working alongside the Cain.  
(off Edward's suspicion)  
Besides... Maltho will kill me if this doesn't work. So it's in my vested interest to make sure you get your killers. Isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDWARD

(nods)  
It would seem...

ROSHAN

There is something I need though.  
(off Edward's look)  
The location of the final narcotic shipment. I want the Hashashin to oversee the transfer.

EDWARD

(hesitantly)  
Tilbury dockside. It should be porting at 4am today.

Roshan nods, pleased at the information, as we slowly PAN UP...

...to reveal none other than Alia acrobatically hanging from the struts on the warehouse ceiling, silently having recorded the whole conversation.

ALIA

(whispers; into com)  
Did you get all of that?

BOONE (O.S.)

We got it. Come on home.

Alia begins to SWING back upwards out of sight as the conversation continues below.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Through the windscreen the back of the warehouse is visible in the near distance - surrounded by security and barbed-wire fencing.

Jackson drives, Boone in the front, Alec and Chloe in the back. Boone holds the MI-16 com equipment in hand, removing an earpiece.

BOONE

(turns to Alec)  
Tilbury dockside in...  
(checks his watch)  
Ninety minutes. We can get there.

JACKSON

Wait! You wanna take down a cargo ship?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE

If we're going to stop the Hashashin from turning thousands of drug addicts into walking Terminators, then yes we're going to take down a cargo ship!

JACKSON

(to Alec)

Al, we both heard who was in there. That's a Cain facility, Edward Maitland is right here.

Alec clearly knows the gravity of the situation - sees Chloe a little spooked at hearing Edward's voice.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

We should be tracking his operation not Roshan's. Get Chloe to call it in, let Kennedy send a team.

BOONE

(frustrated)

We both know after red tape, getting people out of bed... it'd be 6am the earliest he could get people on the ground down there. By then it'll be too late.

(turns)

Alec...

All eyes on Alec... who ponders.

ALEC

Chloe? What do you think?

Chloe looks a little surprised he's hanging on her opinion.

CHLOE

(beat)

I think... that we promised to help Boone stop these people. And we should do that.

Jackson sighs - frustrated at the decision, seeing Alec nod in agreement.

Boone gives Chloe a look of thanks as hear the rear van door KNOCK. Alec opens it, admitting Alia - a little breathless after her quick escape.

ALIA

(to all)

Let's get out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE - NIGHT

A large Arabic CARGO SHIP docked right in the middle of the spacious yard - surrounded a melee of other vessels.

CAPTION: Tilbury, Essex

Several cars are parked in front of the ship - Roshan and several CAIN MERCENARIES emerging and approaching the walkway onto the vessel.

BINOCULAR POV

Someone is watching Roshan step aboard - greeted by numerous Arabic MEN already aboard.

ALIA (O.S.)  
Definitely Hashashin. We've got  
the right boat.

ANGLE ON ALIA

Standing in a concealed position at the dockside with Alec, Chloe, Jackson and Boone.

BOONE  
Alia and I have to get aboard.

JACKSON  
(confused)  
Hold up! I thought we were here  
to blow this thing to kingdom  
come?

ALEC  
(nods)  
Me too. We should plant the  
explosives and get to a safe  
distance.

BOONE  
(shakes his head)  
I need to know first...

ALEC  
Know what?

BOONE  
(snaps)  
If he's aboard!

The others fall silent - knowing what Boone means.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
(calmer)  
If Maltoth is on that ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

(beat; ok)

Fine. We kill two birds.

(off looks)

We'll all infiltrate the ship,  
provide Boone cover while Jack  
sets the explosive.

CHLOE

Sounds like a plan.

ALEC

Jackson?

All eyes on Jackson - arms folded, looking the other way.

JACKSON

Let's just get on with it.

Jackson's the first, then, to begin a stealth approach  
toward the ship.

Chloe and Alia go next, Alec and Boone exchanging a look  
as they follow.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLD - CARGO SHIP

A large container hold filled with CRATES and BARRELS  
into which Roshan walks, flanked by the others.

He barks in Arabic to one of his Hashashin MEN, who produce  
a CROWBAR and proceed to yank open one of the nearest  
barrel covers.

As the lid comes off, a glistening GLOW emerges from within  
as Roshan peers inside. He nods at the sight of the drug  
we don't see, pleased.

ROSHAN

Get ready to ship these to--

PPFFFT!!!!

Bullets echo out from above, along with the echoed Arabic  
SHOUTING of an alert! Roshan looks up.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

They found us! We're under attack!

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP DECK - CARGO SHIP - CONTINUOUS

SMACK!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The face of a Cain MERC is impacted by a hard punch from Boone, strength heightened as his vampire characteristics come to the fore.

An ALERT SIREN resounds out across the ship as Cain and Hashashin work together against the five intruders - bullets and fights raging!

ON ALIA - who ducks a Hashashin punch before SWEEP KICKING the Arabic man to the floor, then turning and responding with a DROP KICK behind her to another one who runs in!

ON JACKSON - carrying the BAG holding the explosive as he weaves and dives his way past bullets and Cain/Hashashin who come for him.

One blocks his path, raising a RIFLE to fire!

JACKSON  
Got somewhere to be, my man!

Jackson reaches out like lightning, twists the rifle and SMASHES the business end into the Arabic man's face!

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
(moving on)  
Ain't got no time to stop and chat.

ON CHLOE - taking cover behind crates as bullets fly in near her, she avoiding them as she RELOADS her MI:16 issue handgun.

Breaking cover, Chloe fires rounds at a line of Hashashin across from her - bullets impacting one in the chest - before ducking behind more crates as bullets just miss her!

ON ALEC - eyes and palms GLOWING WHITE as he sees two Cain MERCs, very big fellows, approaching him with weapons and fists ready!

Alec swipes his hand - both rifles telekinetically flying aside, before with another swipe he SMASHES the heads of both Cain together - they hitting the deck!

Once done, the light fades from Alec and he takes a momentary breath - looking spent at the power use.

BOONE  
(calls)  
Alec?!

Alec looks up - sees Boone concerned as he lands a final KNEE into the face of a Hashashin he has in his grapple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC  
I'm fine! Go!

Boone sees his victim hit the floor before he nods at Alec, darting away into the stairwell leading into the ship.

ON JACKSON - who reaches the far end of the vessel, sliding before a set of PROPANE TANKS built into the ship and pulls open the bag.

From within, he removes an EXPLOSIVE CHARGE which he begins to place on the tank - setting it ready as he looks around, making sure no one is coming.

INT. HOLD - CONTINUOUS

SLAM!

The door is smashed open by Boone, running in bearing a RIFLE ready for action.

BOONE  
MALTOTH!!

Boone runs down between the crates and barrels, looking around with a hint of desperation.

BOONE (CONT'D)  
Are you here? Show yourself!!!

He checks the entirety of the hold... but there's no-one.

Boone looks deflated as he walks across, hearing the sound of muted gunfire and fighting above.

He stops as he sees the exposed, GLOWING barrel and moves in on it...

...seeing BAGS filled with a sparkling, very strange light GREEN powder that Boone observes with great curiosity, all packed neatly in lines of four.

One line, Boone notices, is broken. One has been taken.

EXT. TOP DECK - CARGO SHIP

BANG! BANG!

From her concealed position, Chloe continues firing at the Hashashin churning bullets toward her!

Alec appears at the crates across from her - taking cover himself, now bearing a RIFLE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

They're down to three. We take these, we can help secure Jack.

PPFFFT!!! Bullets fly in near both of them!

CHLOE

He better make sure he keeps his head down until then!

Chloe bursts out, firing - Alec doing the same!

ON JACKSON - still kneeling near the explosive, finishing programming it ready to blow. He looks to his right - sees Alia finishing off a Cain Merc.

Jackson finishes programming - setting a two minute countdown that begins as he quickly gets up, only to hear:

ROSHAN (O.S.)

Let's see how destructive you are...

Turning quickly, Jackson is GRAPPLED by Roshan from behind, having slipped past his radar!

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

...With a little medicine inside you.

Roshan pulls up a SYRINGE filled with the green drug, which he STABS into Jackson's neck while grappling him!

JACKSON

Dammit, no! NO!!!

Jackson tries getting free but Roshan retains his grip... and begins moving to inject the syringe contents into his neck...

BANG!

A bullet explodes behind them and Jackson feels Roshan's grip fade, turning and pushing him away!

He sees a bullet has impacted Roshan in the back and as blood dribbles from his mouth, he slowly hits the deck. DEAD.

Jackson looks up... and sees Boone behind, lowering the RIFLE he fired into the man's back.

BOONE

You alright?

Surprised, Jackson can only nod - yanking the syringe out of his neck and throwing it at Roshan's body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON  
 (looks back at  
 explosive)  
 But this ship ain't gonna be very  
 soon. Let's go!

Jackson is the first to make for the walkway onto the dock.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
 (shouts)  
 Al, Chloe!! Come on!!

ON ALEC AND CHLOE - looking at one another before breaking cover and running from the still-firing Hashashin, heading for the walkway!

ON BOONE - who sees Alia approach him, cut and bruised from battle.

ALIA  
 Did you find him? Malthoth?

BOONE  
 (shakes his head)  
 We have to get off this ship now.

ALIA  
 But--

BOONE  
 NOW, Alia!  
 (off her look)  
 We'll find another way.

Alia looks frustrated at the failure before she makes for the walkway - where Jackson, Chloe and Alec are moving down.

Boone moves closer to look at the explosive, ticking away...

0:12... 0:11... 0:10...

ALEC  
 (shouts)  
 BOONE!!!

PFFFFFF!!!

Remaining Hashashin fire bullets at Alec as he remains at the top of the walkway, beckoning Boone!

Boone begins running toward it, seeing Alec FIRE his rifle back at the pursuing Hashashin!

0:06... 0:05... 0:04...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pulsing down the walkway, Boone DUCKS bullets coming from Hashashin who reach the top of it!

He sees Alec reach the dockside, beckoning for Chloe, Jackson and Alia to get down!

0:01... 0:00.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A titanic EXPLOSION cascades across the entire cargo ship, killing any Hashashin/Cain still aboard - and flinging Boone across the dock a little as the walkway collapses!

Boone quickly recovers near Alec and the others, looking back and watching as FIRE and SMOKE plume out from the wrecked cargo vessel.

Off the sight of Boone watching it sinks into the dock, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE - MORNING

Early morning daylight now covers the dockside - filled with several FIRE CREWS using large hoses to put out the hulking fire still burning.

TV STATIONS are there, REPORTERS giving live feeds reporting on the blast. POLICE have cordoned off the area, onlookers trying to see what happened.

PULL BACK to reveal Alec, Boone, Chloe, Jackson and Alia all watching the scene from a safe distance across the dock.

CHLOE

Must have been some chemicals on that ship. Just refuses to stop burning.

ALEC

It may have been a good idea to recover a sample of whatever drug they were planning to distribute for the Core to--

He stops as Boone removes a BAG OF GREEN POWDER from his jacket, wearing an impish smile.

ALEC (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(slight grin)

And where did you get that?

BOONE

Pilfered it from the hold.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

Never leave anywhere without a souvenir.

Boone pockets the bag as Alec GRINS - nice work.

ALIA

It's time I was going.

All eyes on Alia, just behind the others. Boone especially.

ALIA (CONT'D)

The Hashashin may have been squashed but we still need to find the two men Roshan drugged after Syed Mahrood.

(beat)

Farmer can help me get the drug out of their systems so they won't prove a threat to anyone.

Boone approaches her and after a slight beat, he embraces Alia - a little as a father would a daughter.

They hold it - needing no words. Alia closes her eyes a little, deep affection there.

BOONE

(whispers)

If you see my daughter...

ALIA

I know.

The hug breaks off and after a moment... Alia nods.

She heads away across the dock with a light jog, Boone watching her go with a touch of sadness.

BOONE

(recovers)

Right, we best be on our way ourselves. What d'you think?

Alec and Chloe begin making for the van parked nearby, Boone doing the same - but Jackson stops him.

JACKSON

Boone, I uh...

(genuine)

I could have been dead meat back there. Thank you for... saving me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE

(nods)

Maybe it'll bring you one step  
closer to trusting me, eh?

On that thought, Boone carries on toward the van and after considering it, Jackson jumps in - closing the door behind him.

The van drives off into the dock away from the burning cargo ship site as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWCASTLE - DAY

To establish - the Northern metropolis busy under a cloudy sky.

INT. THE CORE - DAY

At her desk in the busy MI:16 building, Chloe works typing up a REPORT on recent events on her terminal.

Her desk PHONE rings. She answers, a touch distracted.

CHLOE

(focus on typing)

Parker.

ALEC (O.S.)

Good morning, may I speak to Chloe Parker please? I believe she works in your cleaning department...

CHLOE

(rolls her eyes)

What d'you want, Alec? I thought you laid in until midday.

ALEC (O.S.)

I want you to pay a visit to your favourite boutique on Percy Street.

Hearing this, Chloe directs her attention to the call - curious.

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

We have a situation that requires your attention.

CHLOE

Walker, what are you--

(he rings off)

--up to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chloe puts the phone down and ponders for a minute, before grabbing her nearby JACKET and heading away.

EXT. BOUTIQUE - LATER

The window is now devoid of the dress Chloe was looking at before as she approaches to look at it.

She moves past PEDESTRIANS on the busy street and enters:

INT. BOUTIQUE - CONTINUOUS

The small but well-to-do boutique, filled with expensive clothing where Chloe receives a surprise.

Alec is standing by the counter - holding the DRESS she loved all wrapped up, ready to go.

ALEC

I'm pretty sure this is your size.

(smiles)

The situation I mentioned could arise, of course, if I'm wrong.

Chloe approaches him, looking at the dress - shocked.

CHLOE

You---you've bought this for me?

ALEC

Well, fetching as I'd look, I think it's better suited your way.

(off Chloe's look)

This is the one you mentioned, isn't it?

CHLOE

(chuckles)

Yeah, but... Alec, it's over--

She stops, seeing Alec's unfazed look.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

What am I saying? Forgot who I was talking to, Your Lordship.

ALEC

(smiles)

It's yours, on one proviso. You wear it tomorrow night... when I take you to dinner.

As if the dress wasn't surprise enough, Chloe looks pretty stunned at his offer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

(smiles)

I'd love to.

Alec smiles in return, holding out the dress for Chloe to take.

She does, giddy as a young girl getting ready for the prom, off which we...

CUT TO:

INT. BOONE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Night filters through into the small flat as Boone enters, looking fatigued and glad to be home.

He flicks on a LAMP after closing the door, revealing the interior as quite spartan - religious paraphernalia dotted around the place.

Boone moves over to a CABINET on which lies numerous photographs:

-- one shows he and a younger Alia together, she smiling.

-- a black and white photo shows him in American Civil War uniform next to a craggy-faced, white-haired man. A marking names him as 'Max Reischer'.

-- a final photograph shows a beautiful young woman with long brown hair flowing.

Boone picks the last one up, touches the woman's face a little. This is quite clearly his daughter.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

Knocking at the door brings Boone out of his reverie, he placing the photo back where it was as he approaches the door.

He opens it - finds Alia standing there, looking quite robotic. Also extremely pale.

BOONE

(confused)

Alia?

ALIA

(weak)

John...

As she speaks, blood trickles out of her mouth and Alia pitches forward - collapsing into Boone's arms!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's covered in blood, multiple STAB wounds covering her entire body!

BOONE  
Oh, Alia! Oh, God! Oh!

Boone lies her down on the floor near the door, Alia's breathing thready. She's dying.

He runs across toward a CORDLESS PHONE, grabbing it and beginning to dial as:

ALIA  
(all her effort)  
Jo--John--

Boone approaches her, phone in hand - leans down as Alia leans up slightly.

ALIA (CONT'D)  
Sy---Syed...

Hearing that name, Boone looks stunned - as Alia lies back on the ground and, quietly, slips away.

Eyes open, Alia lies still. Peaceful. DEAD.

Boone, instantly devastated, DROPS THE PHONE and falls to his knees in front of her.

BOONE  
(shocked)  
Alia...

He leans over and CLOSES HER EYES with his hand, making her look even more at peace...

...before his vision darts up as he sees a FIGURE standing in the doorway across from him.

It's SYED MAHROOD! He's fully recovered and stands, eyes fixed on Boone, holding a large bloodied DAGGER in hand.

SYED  
(cold)  
I was sent by Maltoth.

Off Boone's shock beginning to turn to anger as he sees the man who's come to kill him, we...

BLACK OUT:

BLACK SCREEN

**Alamut, Northern Iran - 1978**

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASSAGE - DAY

A winding passage road throughout a vista of arid mountain ridges stretching out as far as the eye can see.

An old JEEP appears, kicking up dust as it drives up the road past our view.

It heads toward the ruined FORTRESS OF ALAMUT at the height of the ridge - hot Sun beaming on the ancient, deserted battlement.

EXT. FORTRESS OF ALAMUT - DAY

The jeep comes to a stop outside the fortress ruins and from it steps a familiar face: Boone.

Dressed all in cream with a fedora, Boone looks every inch the classic adventurer. He looks up at the fortress with reverence for it's ancient majesty.

He begins walking through - no part of the fortress truly inside anymore due to it's degradation. The place appears completely deserted.

Boone heads into what once was a great hall, shadowy RAMPARTS up above concealed from the daylight. He stops upon hearing:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

John Henry Boone.

It's the same deep, wise, old enigmatic voice we heard in the Teaser. It echoes through the remains of the great hall.

Boone looks up, trying to pinpoint the direction of the voice...

...finally seeing a shadowy FIGURE appear on one of the ramparts, entirely concealed by the gloom. We can see it's a Man, however.

BOONE

(nods)

Darius Maltoth.

The figure - seemingly DARIUS MALTOTH indeed - doesn't respond.

BOONE (CONT'D)

You summoned me here. I need to know why.

A long beat as Maltoth keeps Boone, on edge, waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALTOTH

I can see you respect this place.  
So much happened within these  
crumbled walls.

(beat)

It was the year of our Lord 1090  
when Hassan-I Sabbah, our great  
founder, established the first  
stronghold of the Hashashin here  
at the Place of the Eagle's  
Teaching. Of course... Sabbah was  
only one of my many names.

Boone doesn't respond to the history lesson - still waits  
for his answer.

MALTOTH (CONT'D)

As you respect my home, I respect  
you. I admire you, John Henry.

(beat)

You have spent one hundred and  
fifty years hunting me at every  
opportunity. I summoned you here  
so that could end. So you could  
rest.

BOONE

(stern)

You know I can't do that.

MALTOTH

(sympathetic)

You must give up, John. You must  
let go of your need to deliver  
God's justice. Not everything in  
life is meant to be fair, to be  
right.

(beat)

Do not estrange those you love,  
those who love you, to make myth  
a man.

BOONE

(angry)

A myth wouldn't be standing where  
you are. I know you exist!

MALTOTH

Do you?

Boone frowns at the question - wondering what he means.

MALTOTH (CONT'D)

Have you ever seen Darius Maltoth?  
Has anyone?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALTOTH (CONT'D)

(Boone thinks)

Could I not be a mere messenger?  
 Could Malthoth be nothing more  
 than a name? A belief?

BOONE

(shakes his head)

I... don't know...

MALTOTH

And that is what torments you.

(beat)

Let it go. Live life. And you'll  
 be left alone.

BOONE

If I don't?

MALTOTH

(beat)

Then one day... the Hashashin  
 will kill you. It's what they do.

Boone looks away, thinking... before looking back up to  
 the rampart.

But Malthoth - if that's who he truly was - is gone.  
 Vanished. No sign of him.

Dejected, tormented, Boone SLUMPS against the nearest  
 wall and puts his head in his hands - agonising over what  
 to do next as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BOONE'S FLAT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

As before. Boone kneels beside Alia's body, covered in  
 her blood, looking up at Syed standing in the doorway,  
 DAGGER by his side.

A long beat as the two men lock eyes.

Syed then races into the flat and Boone gets to his feet  
 quickly, grief replaced by absolute fury.

Reaching him, Syed SWIPES the dagger repeatedly at his  
 chest looking for a fatal blow, Boone dodging back from  
 the swipes!

He grabs a CHAIR and throws it at Syed - who ducks, the  
 chair SMASHING hard against the cabinet, shattering all  
 the framed photographs!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boone BLOCKS another dagger swipe from Syed, his right hand unleashing a hard PUNCH into the attacker's face which he shrugs off!

Syed KNEES Boone in the groin, he doubling over a little in pain but dodging Syed as he goes to stab him with the dagger, a slice cutting his face nonetheless!

Running at Syed, Boone TACKLES him and they both collapse back, slamming into the COFFEE TABLE and shattering it!

Jumping off having landed on Syed, momentarily dazed and badly cut, Boone grabs his TV and picks it up with all his strength - throwing it at Syed!

The TV smashes on the floor as Syed rolls out of the way in time, squirming along for the dagger he lost in the fall.

Boone runs over and KICKS Syed hard in the face, sending him back sprawling onto the ground!

He reaches over and grabs the dagger, returning as Syed begins getting up once again - acrobatically flicking up, grabbing a discarded CHAIR LEG in doing so!

Boone DUCKS as Syed swipes the chair leg - hard WOOD - at him repeatedly, not caring of the bloodied cuts across his body!

Sheathing the dagger, Boone is hit hard in the face by the wood - sent to the ground as he spits blood!

Syed leaps onto him quickly and starts unleashing repeated FISTS into Boone's face - punch after punch after punch impacting him!

Using all his remaining strength, Boone feels for the sheathed dagger...

...and plunges it with a SQUELCH into Syed's rib cage!

Syed's eyes GO WIDE at the impact, he feeling around toward the wound as Boone yanks the dagger out hard.

After a beat, Syed rolls off Boone into the floor as blood pours from the wound - he in his death throes.

Filled with adrenaline and anger, Boone gets to his knees and looks at Syed as blood trickles from his mouth, moments from death.

And with cold calculation, releasing no visible anger, Boone raises the dagger and STABS!

Not one... not twice... but again... and again...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAB! STAB! STAB!

Syed is by now very much DEAD but Boone - tears rolling silently down his cheeks - continues to plunge the dagger into Syed's chest!

Until finally... he stops. Boone, shaking a little in shock, exhales deeply as he looks at Syed's horrifically mutilated body.

He DROPS THE KNIFE and stands, staring down at the sight, covered in blood, breathing heavily.

Silence pervades the room around Boone, only his breathing audible. It begins to slow.

BLACK OUT:

**WALKER**

CREATED BY  
ADAM SCOTT

DEVELOPED BY  
ADAM SCOTT & A.J. BLACK

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BACK ROOM  
PRODUCTIONS

