

Gunther takes a first step to head towards the toilet.  
Blondie obstructs his path.

Redhead plants himself at the other side of the table. Like  
a the Rock of Gibraltar.

Blondie sniggers. Sarcastic.

BLONDIE  
(playful, sarcastic)  
Going somewhere, Gunther?

Gunther is calm. He does not know these guys.

GUNTHER  
Er ... yes. You seem to know my  
name, dude. Have we met?

Blondie turns firm. Mean.

BLONDIE  
Where will you be going?

GUNTHER  
(impatient)  
Anywhere - I - damn - like! I don't  
call you mother, do I? Get lost!

REDHEAD  
Shouldn't be so loud, Gunther. Bad  
manners.

Silvia is worried. Who are the strange men? She stands.

SILVIA  
Gentlemen ...

Gunther is really pissed off. Yells into Blondie's face.

GUNTHER  
If you don't get the hell off my  
damn face, brother, I'll throw you  
the hell out!

Redhead tuts. Calm.

REDHEAD  
Shouldn't you be on your way to  
R.A.F. Brize Norton, Gunther?

Gunther's eyes widen. He swallows. Caught. Now he knows they  
are from the military.

SILVIA  
(nervous; confused)  
Who - who are you?

Redhead sees Gunther's bag under the table.

REDHEAD  
(sarcastic)  
You got your bag.

Redhead grabs Gunther's bag. Offers a a hollow smile.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)  
We'll give you a ride.

Silvia still does not understand.

SILVIA  
What the hell's going on?

BLONDIE  
Doing our job, lady.

GUNTHER  
(raises his voice)  
And what the hell's the job,  
buster?

REDHEAD  
Obey orders? Make sure you board a  
flight in Brize Norton?

GUNTHER  
And who gave you such orders?

Blondie shrugs.

BLONDIE  
Our superiors, dim-dim. Captain  
Kramer? Remember him? Four - Six  
Commando?

Gunther is caught. His demeanor is dampened.

REDHEAD  
Been tracking you, Gunther.

Gunther is puzzled. His face says: But I checked to make  
sure I wasn't followed. Blondie reads the puzzle in  
Gunther's face. Offers an answer.

BLONDIE

Modern times, ding-dong. Even if  
you looked in your mirror, you  
wouldn't see us.

REDHEAD

The homing device we placed in your  
car told us roughly where you were.

Gunther is taken aback.

REDHEAD

Smart, Gunt. Smart - parked your  
car two miles away.

In the background, Camille moves closer. Watches.

BLONDIE

Only you didn't count on one thing:  
we're so desperate to nail your  
ass, it hurts. Guess what? We saw  
your social media.