

SWORDFISH, a lieutenant is having an exchange with a superior

CAPTAIN KRAMER
Despises love yet wants a wife.
Classic.
(brief beat; second thought)
Who's he marrying then? My mother?

Swordfish offers a coy smile. Points at his flat screen.

SWORDFISH
I'll tell you whom...

Swordfish looks around discretely.

SWORDFISH (CONT'D)
We located him pretty quickly. He
gotta be thick or somethin' - 'cos
he went back to the Harvesters
Arms.

Kramer frowns. He does not understand.

SWORDFISH (CONT'D)
(explains)
It's a block of apartments -
well-furnished - well above his pay
grade. He loves to live large
- but it's the same apartment he
always rents in London!

CAPTAIN KRAMER
Grab him then!

Swordfish shakes his head. Wisely.

SWORDFISH
We don't just charge in like the
Household Cavalry, Captain.
(now a little cocky)
We ask, Why? Espionage? A foreign
agent being extracted? Or simply
the fear of going into battle. Are
there mitigating circumstances?
Personal issues? Or just a plain
old bad boy.

CAPTAIN KRAMER
(nods; accepts)
Right.

SWORDFISH (CONT'D)
We set up surveillance in his place
- kitchen, living room, bedroom,
outside - everywhere. We saw this..

INSERT: SWORDFISH'S SCREEN

THE SCENE STARTS AS A SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE - CUT TO LIVE
SHOT

INT. BAYLLO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SWORDFISH (V.O.)
Watch.

Rika sits in bed. Against the headboard. Flips through a
book. Her maths book.

Bayllo storms in.

LOW SHOT- BAYLLO'S LEGS

Bayllo's boxers drop to his ankles.

Rika is caught unawares. She screams. Scurries across the
bed. Flees from the room. Horrified.

Bayllo wonders what's up with her. Casts a look down at his
manhood.

RETURN TO:

INT. 46 COMMANDO - PROVOSTS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN KRAMER
(disgusted)
You mean this goes on in this
country?

SWORDFISH
Seems you only keep to Chelsea,
sir.

Kramer offers a scowl.

SWORDFISH
Apologies, sir.

Kramer is chagrined; disbelieving. He walks away.

(CONTINUED)

SWORDFISH

(pleased with himself)

I got Bayllo by the balls: forced marriage; People trafficking. Nice bouquet of charges. He'll become a permanent fixture ... in the lag.

Kramer nods ... then mulls.

CAPTAIN KRAMER

So ... four of the Queen's finest skipped base just for pieces of ass...

SWORDFISH

Much deeper than ass, sir.

CAPTAIN KRAMER

(infuriated)

Okay then. Four brick-heads went AWOL to sort issues with the women in their wretched little lives. Ignoring the bigger picture.

SWORDFISH

Guess they're only human, sir.

CAPTAIN KRAMER

(rebuffs)

They're not meant to be, Lieutenant.

Captain Kramer looks up at the ceiling. Mulls out loud.

CAPTAIN KRAMER (CONT'D)

(snarls; dismissive; disdain)

Four ass-shitters! Not fit for the colors. Not even fit to wipe our bums with.

SWORDFISH

People do strange things when it comes to matters of the heart, sir.

Captain Kramer offers Swordfish a cold stare.

CAPTAIN KRAMER

Are you shitting me, Lieutenant? Matters of the heart should jump off the cliff for all I care!

(raises his voice)

It does not have to explain to the M.O.D. why we missed an opportunity to grab Ayman Al Zawahiri!

(CONTINUED)

SWORDFISH
(somewhat tense)
Yes sir!

CAPTAIN KRAMER
(veiled threat)
Next week is promotion review, I
think?

Swordfish gets the message. He's rattled. Speaks assuredly.

SWORDFISH
I already put twenty-five bodies on
the case. Casing every joint. We'll
find them, sir. Hang 'em by the
balls. Ten years in the gulag a
piece.

Captain Kramer walks to the door. Stops. Orders:

CAPTAIN KRAMER
I want them back here! In chains!!

Captain Kramer exits.