SHOWREEL 007

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Scene opens with Jackson and Curtis in an office with plans on a table or wall. Maybe a war room

Jackson is the boss of MI7, anti-terrorist wing of MI5 and Curtis is his operations manager.

Jackson – What’s the current status on our team Curtis? Have they gone in yet?

Curtis – Not yet sir, Delta company are waiting for their logistics to come up to the line and Charlie Company are on standby at the end of the village awaiting confirmation from the Gold commander.

Jackson – What the bloody hell is he waiting for? 3 months of planning and he’s worried about a few missing units. If he doesn’t order them in soon our element of surprise is lost.

Get gold on the phone Curtis will you please; and be quick about it.

Curtis – Yes sir. (picks up phone)

Gold sir, he doesn’t sound best pleased either! (hands over phone)

Jackson - Archy, listen old man, if we don’t get cracking and get the troops on the move the uranium will be gone along with Creed and his cronies.

(listening on phone)

LOOK…We need to get this show on the road sooner rather than later or you’ll be explaining to the PM how you lost sight of a madman and half a ton of weapons grade uranium.

(listening on phone)

Good, get this done Captain; there’s a lot riding on this so NO MISTAKES, got it!

Jackson – How that fool ever made it out of Sandhurst is a puzzle to me.

Does he not realise that time is very much not on our side and if we bugger this up, half a ton of weapons grade uranium will be on the open market by the end of the day.

How the hell did he get to be O I C of this job anyway?

Curtis – His father, Brigadier Ellingworth I shouldn’t wonder sir. Had some friends over at MI5 from what I hear and desperately wants his darling boy to earn a gong or two before settling him down for a nice desk job in Whitehall.

Curtis – Besides, if it all goes wrong and they start looking for a scapegoat, who better to take the fall than none other than Little old ARCHY ELLINGWORTH, the brigadiers one and only.

Jackson – Yes well it better not go bloody wrong Curtis, if it does, I can guarantee it won’t be just his head rolling down the PM’s cabinet office carpet.

PHONE RINGS

Curtis – Sir, Delta company are reporting that they’re now in position and ready to advance.

Jackson – Tell them to move to the outer perimeter and hold; get me the PM on the phone Curtis.

Curtis passes instruction hangs up then punches in new number. Hands phone to Jackson.

Jackson – Good morning Prime Minister. Delta company are ready to move, Charlie company are on stand-by ready to pick off the stragglers and move the cargo once we have it secured.

Do we have a green light Prime Minister?

(Listening to PM on Phone)

Jackson – Prime Minister I must insist, if we don’t move now, Creed will be gone and so will the cargo.

Yes Prime Minister, but really I ………… (cut off phone)

Curtis – PM Getting cold feet sir?

Jackson – Seems the Russians are getting worried about us messing this up and losing the Uranium. They want to send over a team of their SKU special forces that just happened to be on exercise on sub in the North Sea.

Curtis – How very convenient sir, A typhoon class soviet sub sitting off our coastline while a mad man is on the loose with weapons grade uranium. You couldn’t make this up.

Jackson – Get Delta on the blower, stand them down and get them back to the RVP, get Charlie out of there too please.

Then get me Admiral Waterhouse on the line; I have a feeling he might be interested in how a soviet Typhoon sub got into our waters undetected.

Curtis – Yes sir, do you want coffee brough up sir, I could get Stewart to bring up a few sandwiches too.

Jackson – Yes, black please Curtis and double up on the sandwiches I have a feeling it’s going to be a long day.

Curtis leaves room – Jackson picks up the phone

Jackson – Hello, it’s me, you’re Ok for now, the PM got cold feet and has paused the op; The Russian minister of defence got involved and he’s disclosed that he has one of his Typhoon class Subs sitting on our door step brimming with SKU special forces.

I have no idea how this will end but now that the Russians are involved its going to get very warm around here; even warmer if they find out where creed got that uranium from.

Time for you to get out of there Carruthers. Pack up your things and get out now.

You know the drill, no trace and nothing gets left behind. Good luck Carruthers, see you back at the farm. You can get me a single malt once this is all over.

(HANGS UP just as Curtis enters room)

Curtis – Was that the PM Sir ?

Jackson – No,,, erm no it was my wife; just checking in on her, see how she is; she’s worried sick but I told her it will all turn out fine.

Curtis – Well, now that we know Ivan is sitting 20 miles off our East coast, I doubt whether a happy ending is on the cards

Jackson – Indeed Curtis; things are moving very much in the wrong direction and I fear that once the Russians get into that compound the game will be very much up;

The SKU don’t take to lightly when someone pinches half a ton of their uranium; especially when that someone used to work for MI5.

We’re going to have a lot of explaining to do. Now, where’s my coffee?