

FADE IN:

INT. LONDON AIRPORT, CONTROL TOWER (MAIN ROOM) - DAY

The lights flicker & buzz as Cat enters the control room, handgun drawn, sniper rifle slung over her shoulder. She points her gun around the room, seeing nothing but broken equipment and trashed furniture before calling back down the stairs behind her.

CAT

(In a low frustrated hiss)

Hurry the fuck up flyboy, we don't have all day!

Sanderson enters, out of breath and breathing heavily from climbing the tower's stairs, hands on his knees as he looks at the floor.

SANDERSON

Hey, that was a lot of stairs, just let me... catch my...

Sanderson looks up at the trashed room, sighing heavily as sees the windows blasted in from outside, glass all over the floor, and rain pouring in through the smashed windows.

SANDERSON

... breath. Ah, Christ alive, it's fucked up in here!

CAT

You expected something else? Afternoon tea, maybe?

Cat moves to one of the smashed windows, sweeping her sniper scope out over the airfield below, checking for signs of any enemy movement.

SANDERSON

(with a small sigh)

Ha. Ha. No. But this? We'll be lucky if even one of these radios is salvageable.

Sanderson gestures at the smashed-up control tower equipment with a look of exasperation, the machinery covered in water from the rain, sparking dangerously.

CAT

Just make it quick, we don't know how long we have until the enemy knows we've taken the airport.

Sanderson checks all the equipment in the room quickly, settling on one that looks to be the least damaged, sliding under it and starting to fix it.

SANDERSON

I'm a God-damn pilot, not an engineer. I shouldn't even...

CAT

(Snapping at Sanderson)

You're the closest we've got, and you know it! We don't have the luxury of saying no... we've got a War to win.

SANDERSON

I know, I know! Just give me some time here...

Sanderson flinches back with a frustrated gasp as the radio he's working on sparks wildly, before he fixes a few wires together, the radio now emitting a high static sound.

SANDERSON

(with a smug exclamation, looking up at
Cat from under the radio)

Oh, you beauty, we might be onto something! You owe me a drink for this!

CAT

(smirking a little, taking a swig from
her hip flask)

Don't get ahead of yourself.

Sanderson laughs and works on the radio a little more. Once done he slides out from underneath, flicking some switches and turning it on. He grabs the microphone and tunes the radio frequency.

SANDERSON

(Into the microphone)

Scout Team to Terminal, we have the tower up and running. I repeat, we have the tower up and running. Please confirm.

After a few tense moments a response comes through the radio speaker.

CAPTAIN TAKASHI

(low quality, cutting in and out)

Confirmed, Scout Team. Good work. Bring in the troops, it's time to finish this.

The radio cuts off and Sanderson switches to a different frequency.

SANDERSON

(Into the microphone)

Scout Team calling Thunderhawk Squadron, come in Thunderhawk Squadron. Operation London Bridge is a Go, You are clear to land.

The sound of approaching aircraft can be heard descending towards the runways. Cat watches out the window as multiple airplanes touch down on the tarmac, each displaying a flag of a different nation.

CAT

(offering Sanderson her hip flask)

Well, well, this might be the beginning of something big... or the end of it.

PAN OUT OVER THE LANDING STRIP.

THE END