

SUNBIRD

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EXT. A VALLEY IN THE NAFUSA MOUNTAINS, WESTERN LIBYA - 150
K'S FROM TRIPOLI - MID-AFTERNOON - 2016

A deep canyon of steep cliffs surrounds a compound where human traffickers keep children for the purpose of selling them as sex slaves.

There are four small, fairly rundown buildings (all one floor) made of stone and adobe.

The largest building, the holding tank that contains the children, has barred windows.

We see children looking out through the bars.

We hear the constant hum of a generator that generates electricity.

INT. INSIDE THE HUMAN TRAFFICKERS HOLDING TANK

We see about two dozen children, mostly light-skinned, ranging in age from four to eighteen.

There are unkempt bunk beds along the walls

Some children still clean, having only been recently kidnapped. Others are dirty and a bit weak.

They're displaying various levels of anxiety and fear, a few crying, some docile, others talking very quietly with one another.

EXT. VIEW OF THE OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

There's one narrow dirt road leading out of the canyon.

There are armed men and women from the Middle East and the West wearing scrubby dishdashah alongside some in western clothing.

A few of them pace along the perimeter of the compound, and there's one armed man standing next to the holding tank door.

EXT. A MOUNTAIN FACE ON ONE SIDE OF THE SAME VALLEY

We zoom in on nine armed men and women (half Middle Eastern or North African and half Western), about five hundred meters from the compound, surveilling the area.

They're wearing various iterations of uniforms mixed with civilian clothes.

They all carry automatic weapons with bullet sashes lobbed over their shoulders, and they're wearing communication headsets.

Englishman Lawrence Rob (55) is their leader, older than the rest, who range in age from late teens to middle age.

They refer to Lawrence as Sunbird; he also refers to himself as Sunbird.

Sunbird is tall, handsome and slim with salt/pepper short hair.

He's surveilling the area below with binoculars.

SUNBIRD

(Through his radio
headset)

This is Sunbird. I need some drone intel. How many are in the small building where they have meetings?

FEMALE VOICE ON THE RADIO

We think eight or nine. Infra-red drone has them usually sitting against the walls away from the two windows, the middle of the room clear.

The voice on the radio is Sahar's (12); she's sister to Ibrahim (18), a young Palestinian man now with Sunbird.

Ibrahim is Sunbird's number two man.

Sunbird adopted Ibrahim and Sahar years before.

EXT. IN THE SAME MOUNTAINS BUT IN A DIFFERENT LOCATION

We see a large van parked, off road.

INT. INSIDE THE VAN

Sahar and a Middle Eastern man (35) are working over communications and surveillance consoles and monitors.

Sahar is a pleasant looking Palestinian girl with fierce intelligence and determination.

Sahar is speaking to everyone's headsets.

SAHAR

Far too dangerous. Please, Sunbird, don't let Ibrahim do this. He's too much of a chilidog.

EXT. BACK TO SUNBIRD'S POSITION

He's still talking with Sahar on his headset.

SUNBIRD

I think that would be "hotdog." No problem, my dear, I didn't adopt you and your brother to see either of you killed.

Ibrahim is sitting near Sunbird and comments on his sister's complaints.

IBRAHIM

She makes laws. Prime Minister of the desert.

Francois Allard (52), a tall, dark-skinned Algerian man, and Sunbird's right hand man, is questioning Sunbird about access to the kidnapper's meeting room.

FRANCOIS

You can't go in alone, Sunbird. Those men are young and quick.

SUNBIRD

They'll be half drunk by the time I go in. Here it is: Francois, you get to their generator while they're having their night meeting and disable it. The whole compound goes dark. I run into the building and stop in the middle of the room. I turn in circles while shooting. They won't be able to see each other, so they won't shoot right away for fear of shooting each other.

FRANCOIS

Sunbird, are you trying to meet Fatima in the afterlife?

SUNBIRD

I can still ring your bell, mate.

FRANCOIS
 (Sarcastic)
 Maybe you could ring my tea bell.

SUNBIRD
 I can do this.

FRANCOIS
 Of course you a chance. A very slim
 chance. Damn.

IBRAHIM
 (Angrily at Sunbird)
 Wanker.

Sunbird glances confusedly at Ibrahim.

SUNBIRD
 Anyway, since the building's made
 of adobe, there won't be any
 ricochet.

Francois and Ibrahim think about it.

FRANCOIS
 (To Sunbird)
 You have younger men here who can
 do this.

SUNBIRD
 Most of you are on expenses only.
 Your on loan from the Legion,
 Francois. I can't ask any of you to
 die.

IBRAHIM
 There, you said it, yourself. You
 will die!

SUNBIRD
 Before I break in, and before
 Francois turns the generator off,
 the rest of you will have to
 position yourselves to slit
 watchmen's throats. Get as close as
 possible. After I've been inside
 for five seconds, approach. Got it?
 Dangerous enough for you? The
 building the children are in is too
 close, so no outside gunfire.
 Knives and clubs only.

Sahar's voice on the radio.

SAHAR

It sounds possible. We have a 3/4 moon. Sunbird, overland transport will be three clicks west. Four hours.

SUNBIRD

We can't leave anyone alive to chase after us.

Ibrahim and Francois nod.

SAHAR

We estimate around 25 children.

SAHAR (CONT'D)

The boat will be waiting just across the boarder in Tunisia.

IBRAHIM

Last time, overland transport didn't show.

SUNBIRD

How can they show when they've been killed? Okay, everyone, prepare for a nightfall rescue.

EXT. A FORESTED WALKING PATH IN THE SPRING - UC BERKELEY CAMPUS - SIX YEARS LATER

Lawrence Rob (60), alias Sunbird, is dressed casually and is walking briskly along a wooded pathway.

Walking with the stride of a man much younger, his hair is completely grey now, but he's in excellent physical shape.

He stops and smiles at a couple of Blue Jays alighting on a tree branch.

He looks at his watch and continues quickly on.

EXT. UC BERKELEY - A LATE 1800'S BROWNSTONE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Lawrence walks toward the front entrance.

INT. SAME BUILDING - A PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE

Dr. Emory (45), is a super smart, slim, and extremely attractive black woman.

She looks out a window and watches Lawrence approaching.

She allows herself a slight smile and then hurries over to a mirror on a corner table and checks her hair.

INT. DR. EMORY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lawrence, a bit winded, enters the office.

They sit in a corner of the room on comfortable chairs next to a window.

DR. EMORY

Lawrence, it's nice to have a patient who has respect for his doctor.

Lawrence chuckles.

DR. EMORY (CONT'D)

I mean, two months now, and you've not been late once.

LAWRENCE

I can't remember the last time I've been late for anything.

DR. EMORY

Precision? Timing was a matter of life and death?

LAWRENCE

I few seconds off your mark could kill, yes.

DR. EMORY

Sometimes, you're winded when you arrive. Did you have to hurry?

LAWRENCE

As you know, I've got only my right lung.

DR. EMORY

But you do manage to look healthy.

Lawrence smiles.

It's obvious that they enjoy each other's company.

LAWRENCE

You wouldn't say that if I took my clothes off--the roughest terrain on earth. Fourteen rounds over the years including two in my head.

Lawrence knocks on a small steel plate covering a back portion of his skull.

The knocking sound makes Dr. Emory a bit sick.

DR. EMORY

Please don't do that.

Lawrence chuckles.

LAWRENCE

That would've gotten a laugh in my "before world." I apologize. Are you okay?

Dr. Emory holds her stomach.

DR. EMORY

I think I'm recovering.

Lawrence chuckles.

LAWRENCE

I spent the better part of thirty five years rescuing children. Knocking my head became routine.

Lawrence pauses and thinks.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Part of my success had to do with careful planning. Of course, one must hurry at times in the throws of combat. There are many surprises that issue the "hurry" impulse.

DR. EMORY

You're analytical.

LAWRENCE

I know I am. As you know, I studied Micro Biology at Cambridge. I'm a detail person. It's built into me.

DR. EMORY

Do you like that about yourself?

LAWRENCE

I accept that part of myself, the tools from which have saved my life countless times and the lives of others.

DR. EMORY

Yet, you're working in Micro Biology as a tech in a small UC Berkeley lab. Can we talk more about why?

LAWRENCE

As I've said before, I'm hiding out!

Lawrence chuckles.

DR. EMORY

Does admitting to hiding out make it okay to hide out?

LAWRENCE

Sahar tells me I'm skilled at creating alternate realities.

DR. EMORY

How is your daughter?

LAWRENCE

Doing well, academically. Home schooling prepared her well for Berkeley.

Dr. Emory, actually referring to Sahar's emotional wellbeing, looks suspiciously at Lawrence.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

We both need a lot of CBD.

DR. EMORY

How's that working?

LAWRENCE

It doesn't stop the PTSD, but it does cool most of the burn.

DR. EMORY

Last time, you mentioned possibly visiting your home in England?

LAWRENCE

Yes, my sister. When I'm around her, all I want to do is tell her what I did for those thirty five years--I always enjoyed telling her secrets when we were children--but I can't because she'll tell everyone. Bless her. You're the only person, apart from my Foundation comrades and my daughter, who knows about the Foundation.

Lawrence pauses with a wide smile.

Her old nose is still ensconced in history research at Balliol. Six books and dozens of articles now on Medieval England. I do miss her.

DR. EMORY

Might be good for you to stick your nose in at Oxford for awhile.

LAWRENCE

I read at Cambridge. Not much interest in those Oxford snobs.

DR. EMORY

Berkeley snobs are better?

They both smile.

EXT. SAME VALLEY IN THE NAFUSA MOUNTAINS, WESTERN LIBYA -
EVENING - 2016

On this moonlit night, the meeting building is flashing and banging with the discharges from Sunbird's carbine.

We hear desperate screams and moans coming from inside.

Then all of the shooting stops, and the only sounds we hear are the cries of children in the nearby holding tank.

François, Ibrahim, and a few of Sunbird's other fighters approach the small building.

FRANCOIS

Ibrahim, we go in slow, watching our flanks.

Francois and Ibrahim poke their heads carefully through the now-open door.

With flash lights, they scan the room around the walls, and all of the human traffickers appear dead.

Francois, pointing to the right corner of the room, tells some men in back of him to set up a flood light.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)
Let's light it up.

The men quickly set up a light, illuminating the carnage.

Now they can see Sunbird on his back in the middle of the room, gasping for air.

SUNBIRD
(Struggling to breathe and
speak)
Damn hell. Thought I had them. Can
barely breathe.

Ibrahim and the medic, Arwa, a young Palestinian women from Israel, attend to Sunbird.

She places a compress on his chest, administers morphine.

ARWA
(Calling back to others)
Get me a stretcher now. We'll need
an I.V. Francois, can we call that
Legion chopper near Tripoli.

FRANCOIS
They're ready, only a five K's from
here.

ARWA
Sunbird, use all of your strength
to stay awake. Okay?

Sunbird nods slightly and spits some blood.

He takes hold of Ibrahim's hand who is on his knees beside him.

IBRAHIM
You're going to be fine, Sunbird.
You've been shot in worse places.
Just stay awake.

ARWA
He's taken rounds in his lung. I
have connections at St. James
Hospital in Tripoli.

FRANCOIS

Isn't there something closer?

ARWA

Yes, but they can't handle this kind of trauma. His lung has been shredded.

Unknown to them, there's a trafficker, his back against the wall, who is still barely alive.

The man opens his eyes, raises a pistol and shoots one round, then falls back, dead.

Francois puts a bullet in the man's head for insurance.

Francois suddenly realizes that Ibrahim, still on his knees, has pulled his hand away from Sunbird's hand and is clutching the right side of his neck. The trafficker's bullet has hit him in the neck.

FRANCOIS

Ibrahim!

ARWA

Ibrahim!

Ibrahim collapses, his face next to Sunbird's. He gazes into Sunbird's eyes, who sees that Ibrahim has taken a round in his carotid artery.

Even though Ibrahim has his own hand pressing against it, the blood squirts from between his fingers.

SUNBIRD

My dear boy. No, no, no, no. Not you!

Ibrahim gently kisses Sunbird on this forehead.

IBRAHIM

Look after Sahar, dear father.

Ibrahim passes out.

Arwa quickly checks his pulse.

She then puts a hand to his head.

ARWA

Dear Ibrahim. Fly now.

Francois can't contain his tears.

FRANCOIS

Oh, no, Ibrahim! No, no, no!

Sunbird's other volunteers crowd around Ibrahim and Sunbird, some of whom fall to their knees, some crying, some preying.

Francois falls to his knees next to Sunbird.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)

Sunbird, you must stay alive for Sahar. Do you understand?

Sunbird nods through his tears.

INT. A SIMPLE BUT CLEAN SAFEHOUSE ROOM IN TRIPOLI - THE NEXT DAY

Francois and Sahar are sitting in front of a desk, on which is a laptop.

Francois's arm is around a crying Sahar's shoulders.

FRANCOIS

Yes, yes, my dear. We all loved him very much.

Francois tears up.

SAHAR

(Shaking her head)

Oh, Francois, I want him to walk through that door and tell us everything's okay.

FRANCOIS

We're your family, dear.

SAHAR

I always knew this could . . .

FRANCOIS

. . . We will drive ourselves crazy with the "what if's," Sahar.

SAHAR

And father could still die.

FRANCOIS

Sunbird's not going anywhere. They took out the lung. All he needs is one of them.

Sahar tries to contain her grief.

François puts his hands on the keyboard.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)
Come on, Sahar. We have to register
Ibrahim's passing on the Foundation
portal. Everything must be
reported. We'll do this together,
okay?

Francois takes over the keyboard.

We see on the laptop screen what appears to be a tally sheet.

The curser goes to the top left.

The words that pass across the screen: "Ibrahim Rob, Alias
'Great Palestinian Boy,' age 18, was shot and killed in the
line of duty on January 17th, 2016, in the Nafusa Mountains,
Libya."

INT. INSIDE A SMALL PLANT & MICROBIAL BIOLOGOY LABORATORY ON
THE UC BERKELEY CAMPUS - PRESENT DAY

We see the lab name on the door: "Small Plant & Microbial
Biology."

Inside the lab, Lawrence is looking over some slides under a
digitalized microscope.

An Asian American man, Brian Wong (32), steps into the lab.

Brian is a geek, has fairly long, unkempt hair, wears
glasses, and is a little pudgy.

Technically, Brian is Lawrence's boss.

Lawrence turns to Brian.

LAWRENCE
I've passed a few specimens with
notes onto you, Brian, for
approval.

Brain sits down two microscopes away from Lawrence and turns
his chair to face Lawrence.

BRIAN
Lawrence, do you think I should
workout? I mean. I mean. You know?

Lawrence lifts his head from the microscope.

LAWRENCE

Brian, I think everyone should do so. It makes sense, right?

BRIAN

So you think I need to work out?

LAWRENCE

I did say everybody.

BRIAN

Do you think some women are attracted to me?

LAWRENCE

There's somebody out there for everyone, Brian. Be patient.

Brian

Really? I mean, one for me?

LAWRENCE

(With a big fatherly smile)

I've told you before that there's a partner for you.

Brian, satisfied with the reassurance, nods and chuckles, and then gets back to his microscope.

EXT. KABUL, AFGHANISTAN - 2002 - NIGHT

We see the late-night lights of Kabul.

EXT. A DARK STREET IN KABUL - CONTINUOUS

Walking down a dark, nearly empty street is Fatima Tuqan (28), a New York Times journalist.

She walks fast, with confidence, and is wearing an abaya, her face almost entirely covered.

Suddenly there's nearby gunfire, and a startled Fatima stops and backs up into an alleyway, which is dark but slightly illuminated by the moon.

There's more gun fire, and Fatima looks around confused.

She hears the screams of many children.

Then the screaming stops.

Suddenly, a door about ten meters down the alley swings open and slams over hard into the stone building.

She backs up firmly against a building.

Francois, in a dishdasha, face exposed, hops out, and before she has time to panic, twelve or so children follow the man, all of whom stride quickly past her.

Directly behind them, Sunbird, face uncovered, approaches her.

Fatima is frightened.

The much younger Sunbird stops in front of her.

Fatima's vail slips, exposing her lovely face.

Their eyes lock.

SUNBIRD
Al Mohammed Street?

Fatima confusedly shakes her head.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)
It's a nearby street. I'm a bit
disoriented.

Fatima, with her right index finger, points in back of her.

FATIMA
Three blocks.

SUNBIRD
I'm grateful.

Francois calls out to Sunbird.

FRANCOIS
Now, or we're going to lose them.

Sunbird smiles, again, and takes off with Francois.

EXT. UC BERKELEY LIBRARY - PRESENT DAY - EVENING

INT. INSIDE THE BERKELEY LIBRARY REFERENCE SECTION

Brian Wong is researching something on a desktop computer.

We see on the computer screen that Brian is inputting Lawrence's name: "Lawrence Rob, Micro Biology."

Time passes as Brian searches, and he becomes more and more frustrated.

He slaps the keyboard hard enough to inadvertently attract the attention of a library tech, who approaches Brian.

LIBRARY TECH

Is there something we can help you with?

Brian looks up and smiles.

BRAIN

I'm chill.

LIBRARY TECH

Will you be chill after you pay for a new keyboard?

BRIAN

My bad. A little longer, please?

The library tech nods and takes his leave.

Brian gets back to his intense search, and after a while he finds something of interest.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What? Middle East? North Africa?

He starts frantically keying in more information.

Then we see a photo, in which there are camels and horses with men and women riding them wielding firearms and bullet sashes lobbed over their shoulders.

Brian looks closely.

There's a partial image of a familiar face.

Brian looks closer, enlarging the photo as much as possible, and realizes that one of the young men is Lawrence.

BRAIN

(Almost whispering)

Why the fuck are you in the Middle East, Lawrence, on horseback with a big gun and wearing a fucking robe?

He sits back as he absorbs what's happening.

BRIAN

Well, Lawrence, I'm one of the best researchers on this campus. I'm gonna find out who you are.

INT. JOURNALIST BAR IN KABUL - A DAY OR SO AFTER THE RESCUE IN KABUL

The bar is filled with international journalists, some still with cameras around their necks. Sunbird and Francois are having beers, facing each other at a table.

FRANCOIS

The children, whose parents we haven't yet found, locally, are now safe at Sanctuary.

NOTE: Sanctuary, in Muscat, Oman, is where the Foundation processes most of the rescued children, i.e., to locate parents, and, if they can't find parents, locate fostering homes or organizations. The children live there from only days to sometimes months. This will be made known via action and dialog.

SUNBIRD

Children's details already inputted into our network?

FRANCOIS

All but one of the girls. Apparently, she's so traumatized that she's unable to talk.

We see Fatima entering the bar wearing western clothes.

Quite beautiful, her hair is long and black, she's wearing tight long pants, and a red blouse that exposes a little cleavage, and is wearing a little makeup.

She sees Sunbird and Francois from across the bar and appears a little angry.

Now we're back to Sunbird and Francois at the table, where they're still talking about the children.

SUNBIRD

Well, this girl needs personalized attention.

FRANCOIS

The psychologist from Bruges is still in Muscat.

SUNBIRD

Bless him.

Suddenly Fatima appears next to the table.

Both Sunbird and Francois look up at her.

FATIMA

(Fairly loudly)

What the fuck were you doing with those children?

Sunbird and Francois, taken aback, look around to see if anyone's listening.

SUNBIRD

Pardon?

FATIMA

Don't try to deny it. I saw you filing out of that alley with about a dozen small children. I'd call the damn police right now if I thought they'd be interested. But I can sure expose your asses in syndication.

SUNBIRD

You mention police? Some high-ranking police were extremely interested in them well before you saw them.

Fatima steps even closer and looks bewildered.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

Intimately interested.

Fatima steps back and struggles to connect the dots.

FRANCOIS

It's not what you think.

Fatima is starting to catch on.

FATIMA

Okay, some of the kids did appear relieved.

FRANCOIS

And now they're all feeling relieved. Some are already back with their parents.

Fatima and Sunbird can't take their eyes off one another.

Sunbird starts to smile a little.

Fatima starts to show a stubborn attraction to him.

FATIMA

(Looking at Sunbird)

I'm Fatima, New York Times.

Sunbird and François look at each other, a bit alarmed.

FRANCOIS

I'm Francois and this is Sunbird.

FATIMA

Sunbird? Why?

SUNBIRD

After the Palestinian Sunbird,
signifying freedom . . . And all
that.

FATIMA

You're not Palestinian.

SUNBIRD

And you are?

FATIMA

Yeah, from Israel, originally,
ended up in the promised land,
America, by age fourteen wondering
where the promised land was.

SUNBIRD

We can't talk here. Where are you
staying?

FATIMA

Hilton.

SUNBIRD

How about tomorrow morning at the
Hilton Coffee shop on the second
floor mezzanine? 8:00? In the
meantime, please don't mention any
of this to anyone, please. Our work
can't be compromised.

FATIMA

No promises. See you in the
morning.

Fatima hurries out of the bar without ordering a drink.

INT. HILTON COFFEE SHOP - NEXT MORNING

Sunbird is waiting for Fatima.

He looks at his watch.

Fatima walks in looking beautiful.

SUNBIRD

8:00 AM, sharp.

Their eyes lock when she enters and stay locked until she reaches the table.

Lawrence stands and pulls out a chair across the table.

Fatima hesitates next to the table and takes the chair right next to Lawrence.

Lawrence sits, too, and glances, happily yet suspicious, at Fatima.

Sunbird chuckles.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

Prey tell, do you need to be rescued?

FATIMA

You're good at that?

Sunbird is controlled but is obviously happy with Fatima's advances.

SUNBIRD

I do the rescue and ask for nothing in return.

Fatima puts her right index finger, gently, on Sunbird's left earlobe and then runs the finger to the top of the ear.

FATIMA

Large ears mean good fortune.

SUNBIRD

Should I believe?

Fatima slips the same finger across Sunbird's lips.

FATIMA

You have a big mouth, too.

Sunbird can't hold back laughter.

Big smile from Fatima as she takes her finger back.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Well, Big Bird. Are you ready to go
to work upstairs?

SUNBIRD
That's Sunbird.

FATIMA
A rather impressive Sunbird at
that.

Fatima retreats back into her chair.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
. . . a name you stole from my
people.

SUNBIRD
The Palestinians have never
objected until now.

FATIMA
Do you rescue them, too.

SUNBIRD
A thousand or so over the years.

Fatima is confused.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)
Many years ago, Palestinian parents
whose daughter I rescued, nicknamed
me Sunbird . . . So, well, it's
official?

FATIMA
Maybe Gandhi would be a better
nickname?

SUNBIRD
I've saved more children than
Gandhi.

They both laugh.

Fatima rubs Sunbird's earlobe, again.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)
Moving a bit quickly, are we?

FATIMA
Things happen fast in war.

SUNBIRD
Except for the long wait before the
fighting starts.

INT. FATIMA'S ROOM AT THE HILTON - ABOUT TWO HOURS LATER

Fatima and Sunbird, naked, are lying in bed holding each other.

SUNBIRD
Why the Times?

FATIMA
My professors at UC Berkeley always
told me that the Times expense
accounts would get us into places
and to the right people much
faster.

SUNBIRD
To me, for instance?

FATIMA
So far, you haven't cost the Times
a penny.

SUNBIRD
You didn't even pay for my coffee.

Fatima chuckles.

FATIMA
Next time.

Sunbird smiles and positions himself on his elbow.

SUNBIRD
Come now, I'm not a story.

Fatima sits up in bed.

FATIMA
Oh, you're a story, sir. The kind
I've been looking for. Why doesn't
anybody know about you guys? I
thought I knew what was going on
around here.

SUNBIRD

We need secrecy. If we're ever officially discovered, we'll be compromised. There are plenty of human traffickers who would have us assassinated in short order.

They lock eyes.

Fatima sheds a tear, and Sunbird wipes the tear away.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

You cry before bad things happen?

FATIMA

I cry more after bad things happen.

They embrace and kiss passionately.

INT. DR. EMORY'S OFFICE AT UC BERKELEY - ANOTHER SESSION

Lawrence is solemn.

LAWRENCE

Perhaps I shouldn't have allowed Ibrahim and Sahar to go on rescues. But they wouldn't have it any other way.

DR. EMORY

Do you want to talk about your son, yet?

LAWRENCE

Adopted son.

Dr. Emory looks at Lawrence suspiciously.

DR. EMORY

Does labeling him as adapted help ease the pain?

LAWRENCE

I want it to help. But it doesn't. I allowed myself to get too close to him. I thought he had mythical power and would never die. He would do the impossible, over and over, and not die, only a few minor wounds.

DR. EMORY

So you forced him into these armed conflicts?

LAWRENCE

Of course not.

DR. EMORY

Shed your guilt, Lawrence. It was his choice. You didn't kill him. You're not responsible.

LAWRENCE

He had more honor than any twelve men and was as great a warrior as François, who would admit to that, himself. Can I tell you how great Ibrahim was?

Dr. Emory smiles.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Ibrahim had just turned fifteen. We were skirting a steep mountainside in the Atlas Mountains of Morocco. We were hopelessly stuck on a wide cliff ledge that we were using as a pathway. Most of us were huddled behind a boulder for cover. Others were perched above providing cover fire. There were twenty meters of pathway ahead of us without cover of any kind, and the traffickers had high caliber, rapid fire power. We were pinned. If we couldn't get through, we wouldn't be able to access the thirty one children our Intel said were being held captive another three kilometers through the canyon. One of our Lebanese volunteers had already been cut to pieces trying to get through . . .

EXT. THE SAME CLIFF LEDGE IN THE MORROCAN ATLAS MOUNTAINS -
AFTERNOON - 2013

Ten of Sunbird's volunteer soldiers are pinned behind a large boulder.

François, Ibrahim and Sunbird, through their headsets, are discussing strategy.

LAWRENCE

Amil was a sitting duck. They knew exactly when the cover fire would start and stop.

IBRAHIM

Because it's stupid cover fire. And they're smart.

FRANCOIS

How do we get smarter?

IBRAHIM

I know we have to conserve ammo, but we have to stop using cover fire in predictable intervals. We must be more random. And we can do it without using too much ammo. Instead of firing in even-number counts, let's try one-two, one-two-three, one-two-three-four, then start the cycle, again.

LAWRENCE

Okay, good, but they know exactly where our cover shooters are, and we don't know where most of them are.

IBRAHIM

We don't have to see them. Not, yet. Right now, we just need to pass through. I'll climb down to provide cover from below, which they won't be expecting. It will add to their confusion. We'll keep the four shooters above, but we'll move them to the right just a little, which will confuse them even more.

FRANCOIS

It won't work for long. They'll catch on in just a few minutes.

IBRAHIM

And that's all the time we need.

SUNBIRD

Do it.

Ibrahim, after backtracking on the trail a few meters, climbs behind a vertical pillar down the mountain a short distance;

then he finds a protected position from which to deliver cover fire.

Ibrahim, via his head set, contacts the other cover shooters and explains his cover fire strategy.

IBRAHIM

Remember, fire at one-two, one-two-three, one-two-three-four intervals.

We hear the four cover shooters, each with a head set, giving their okay.

SUNBIRD

Go. The longer we wait, the smarter they get.

Francois tells two volunteer soldiers among the ten with him to get ready.

FRANCOIS

As soon as the cover fire starts, go.

Sunbird notices that the two volunteers appear bewildered and frightened.

Sunbird decides to go first.

SUNBIRD

(To the bewildered men)
It's okay. I'll go first. You two hold off.

The men feel bad about their fear and appear confused.

FRANCOIS

(To the same men)
Sunbird's going first. Fade back.

The two men slip back.

Sunbird gets set to cross the pathway to the other side.

SUNBIRD

Ibrahim, it's all yours.

IBRAHIM

Okay, Sunbird, go after the cover fire starts. I don't want you to shoot while you're running because that will slow you down or make you trip. Just go as fast as you can.

There's a short pause.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
Cover fire starts at the count of
three. Ready? One, two, three.
Fire!

The shooting starts, and Sunbird hurries across the exposed path.

Sunbird makes it unharmed to the other side.

SUNBIRD
Sunbird clear.

IBRAHIM
Remember, from now on, cross two at
a time.

In the next few minutes, two volunteer soldiers at a time cross, and although they do draw enemy gunfire, with no mishaps.

INT. BACK IN DR. EMORY'S OFFICE - SAME SESSION

LAWRENCE
He could've commanded a platoon at
age fifteen.

DR. EMORY
He grew up fighting.

LAWRENCE
He was ten and Sahar was four when
I rescued them, shortly after which
I adopted them.

Lawrence dips his head, appearing guilty.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Before drones with accurate infra-
red reconnaissance, we utilized
Ibrahim and Sahar, among other
children, fairly often as human
trafficking plants, undercover
agents, if you will, inside
compounds where children were being
held. We always knew when and where
kidnappers were working inside the
various cities. Our child plants
would expose themselves to the
traffickers, worked almost every
time . . .

EXT. KABUL - 2011 - AFTERNOON

Sahar (7 at the time), Ibrahim (13 at the time) and three other children are wearing school uniforms and are walking down a rather nice, shady street.

Two seedy looking men are standing around a van parked next to a large park.

As the children walk past, the men quickly grab them and force them into the back of the van.

INT. BACK IN DR. EMORY'S OFFICE

LAWRENCE

I know Ibrahim and Sahar were young. But, no matter how hard we tried to convince them to not get involved, they would not hear it. It's a vastly different culture.

DR. EMORY

Having grown up in the US, child labor laws and all, it's tough for me to wear that information, Lawrence. At the same time, I'm not here to judge you. Did you lose any of the plants?

LAWRENCE

Not one. Because we sewed GPS devices into their school bags and clothing. This way, we knew quickly where they were holding the children. We could act usually within an hour after our children were taken. Not to say, of course, they didn't suffer some abuse . . .

INT. KABUL - INSIDE OF THAT SAME VAN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

As one kidnapper drives the van, the other two are tying up the children.

One of the men takes a long look at one of the girls (12), and before tying her up, he begins to sexually abuse her in front of the others.

The girl screams.

INT. DR. EMORY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LAWRENCE

These children are operating under a vastly different baseline regarding experience with trauma. This young girl was traumatized, and we found her counseling. That said, she saw herself as a casualty of war. Her bravery that day resulted in one of our largest rescues. We infiltrated four different cells that day as a result of her bravery and rescued nearly one hundred children. Unfortunately, two of our adult volunteers were killed in the ensuing gun fights.

DR. EMORY

You said Fatima filmed many of your rescues under the condition that she never share her work until either your death or you give permission. Was she there that day in Kabul?

EXT. BACK IN KABUL - LATER THAT DAY

We see about thirty children in a large, fairly-well-lit basement room with dozens of bunk beds lined up along the walls.

Among the children are Sahar and Ibrahim, having been employed as plants.

The children range in age from about four to eighteen.

There are a few gun shots coming from above, which alarm the children, all of whom are looking up and are on the verge of panic.

Then the gunfire reaches combat levels, and many of the children start to scream.

Suddenly, the gunfire stops, and we hear several people walking down stairs.

FRANCOIS

(Loudly from the other
side of the door)

Please stand back from the door.
Please stand back from the door.

The children move back from the door.

Then we hear something banging into the door.

The door swings open.

We see Francois at the door jamb holding a large metal door ram.

François enters the room and Fatima in tow with camera rolling.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)
Children, you are all free.

There's some cheering and some crying.

Sunbird enters the room.

SUNBIRD
Since there are so many of you, we are taking you to a nearby mosque for preliminary processing. At the mosque, you'll be asked for information about your legal guardians and their contact information. Those of you who do not have family nearby will be taken, a little later, to another safe place.

A beautiful blond, well-dressed girl (18) walks up to Sunbird.

OLDER GIRL
Why don't you take us to the police?

SUNBIRD
Who do you think kidnapped you?

The girl appears very confused.

INT. DR. EMORY'S OFFICE - ANOTHER SESSION

Lawrence, extremely agitated, is pacing while Dr. Emory, very concerned, stays seated.

DR. EMORY
You know there's no score sheet here. You talk when you want to.

LAWRENCE
Sometimes you push a bit.

DR. EMORY
More like nudges.

LAWRENCE
(Slight smile)
And most of your nudges are done in kindness.

DR. EMORY
You might feel weak sometimes as we enter the bruised places, but I assure you that you're strong and have the tools to do this. Hell, you've got more bruises than most towns!

They chuckle.

DR. EMORY (CONT'D)
So, if I misstep and trigger a landmine . . .

Lawrence stops pacing and takes hold of the bottom of his sweatshirt and lifts up, taking his shirt off and exposing a muscular upper body with many scars from battle wounds.

Dr. Emory stands and approaches him and gently places a hand on his shoulder.

Lawrence twitches a bit but appears okay with Dr. Emory touch.

DR. EMORY (CONT'D)
These scars look like love, Lawrence.

Lawrence tears up.

LAWRENCE
. . . Kristen's misstep caused in so much damage.

DR. EMORY
Or it caused so much life, Lawrence. Three-year-old girls do that everyday. To them, there's no tool for measuring. A misstep usually brings no measurable consequence, or it could end in tragedy, or it could end up saving so many children. . .

Lawrence, still shirtless, composes himself and goes to the window and looks out.

LAWRENCE

I'd never thought I'd have to spend
so much time in Scotland Yard . . .

INT. CUT TO SCOTLAND YARD - LONDON - 1987 - MORNING

Inspector Adelson's office.

We see the back of Lawrence and his late wife, Barbara (early 20's), sitting in a chair in front of Adelson's desk.

Inspector Adelson (48), is talking with them.

INSPECTOR ADELSON

Little girls, trustful of everyone,
will take a stranger's hand.

Barbara is crying, and Lawrence is trying to contain his grief.

INSPECTOR ADELSON (CONT'D)

We have absolutely no clues. She's
vanished without a trace, which
means the kidnappers are human
traffickers, very professional.
After one week now, I cannot give
you hope of finding her in the near
term.

LAWRENCE

Do you think she could be dead?

Barbara wails.

INSPECTOR ADELSON

No, no, no. What good would Kristen
be to them, then? No, while I'm not
positive of a future scenario,
they'll probably start some sort of
obedience training, and when she's
around five or six, they'll sell
her for a fortune. She's a jewel
because she's very beautiful,
which, frankly, will protect her
for a long time.

Barbara yells.

BARBARA

But that's as good as dead. And I killed her. I killed her. I killed her.

INSPECTOR ADELSON

No, Barbara. Oh, no. You merely looked away for a few seconds. What happens in that few seconds is fate, dear. We won't stop our search, but most likely Kristen is already in another country. And we don't yet know which one.

INT. BACK IN DR. EMORY'S OFFICE - SAME SESSION

Dr. Emory is sitting at the edge of her chair and is looking down.

LAWRENCE

While I was away for only about thirty minutes picking up lunch for us, Barbara slit her wrists. She bled out fast because she cut along the veins instead of across them. She meant to go, absolutely.

Dr. Emory tears up a bit.

DR. EMORY

I'm so sorry, Lawrence?

Lawrence ponders as he paces.

LAWRENCE

I thought that witnessing all of the death over the following decades would erase my last image of her, dead in our bathtub, white as linen. When I walked in, her hopeless eyes looked straight into mine and then followed me around the room like the eyes of Mona Lisa. Around and around the bathroom. That image hasn't dimmed. But her living face has dimmed somewhat. I have to look at photos of her sometimes to remind myself of how beautiful she was, how alive she once was.

DR. EMORY

Do you have erotic memories and
dreams of her?

Lawrence stops and puts a hand to his forehead.

He begins to nod.

LAWRENCE

I start making love to her and then
she turns into the same corpse in
the bathtub. I try to not think
about her that way, but it doesn't
work.

Dr. Emory lets out a big sigh.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Am I salvageable?

Dr. Emory gives Lawrence a peaceful smile.

DR. EMORY

We need to take a few days to think
about what you're discovering. Next
time, we'll start where we left
off.

Lawrence looks out the window.

EXT. SARAWAT MOUNTAINS IN YEMEN - LATE 2008 - EARLY EVENING

Sunbird and Fatima are riding on horseback through a mountain
valley, fairly well wooded with a river running through.

They ride their horses to the river bank for watering.

As her horse drinks, Fatima gazes up at a mountain ridge.

FATIMA

Fifteen children?

Sunbird glances at the same mountain ridge.

SUNBIRD

(Pointing at the ridge and
nodding)

A short distance over that ridge
tomorrow--that is, if our other
volunteers arrive. Intel says there
are around fifteen men guarding the
encampment. You'll need you to stay
clear, my dear.

FATIMA
As clear as possible.

Just then, Fatima side-steps her horse over to Sunbird.
From her horse to his, she moves her body in back of his.
She hugs him from the back and kisses his neck.
Sunbird smiles.

SUNBIRD
Three months this time. It wasn't
easy, my dear.

FATIMA
It works for me when you're in
Yemen. The Times likes stories from
here.

SUNBIRD
Is that so? Just make sure it's not
my story.

Fatima continues to kiss his neck, and they both become a bit
aroused.

FATIMA
You're the best story, and I can't
wait until you let me take you
public.

SUNBIRD
We do have an understanding, right?

FATIMA
I wouldn't do anything to
compromise the Foundation.

Sunbird twists his body around. Now almost facing her, he
kisses her on the lips.

After the kiss, Fatima jumps off the horse and takes her
clothes off, slowly, so Sunbird can savor her.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
(As she disrobes)
I've never taken my cloths off in
such a dangerous place.

Lawrence dismounts his horse.

SUNBIRD

Just think of me as "the dangerous place."

Sunbird starts taking off his clothes, during which he smells himself.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

Actually, I'm in desperate need of a swim.

Fatima, now fully naked, nods playfully, and steps up to Sunbird and presses her body into his.

FATIMA

Heroes are more interesting when they stink.

SUNBIRD

Take that public. I'm sure the Times will love it.

We see the back of naked Sunbird and Fatima laughing and frolicking toward the river bank.

INT. UC BERKELEY - BRIAN'S LAB - PRESENT DAY

Brian Wong and Lawrence are examining specimens.

Brian looks over to Lawrence with a confused but adoring expression.

Lawrence glances slightly at Brian.

BRIAN

I'm sorry for staring.

Lawrence chuckles a bit.

LAWRENCE

You apologize, which is kind, but you persist in staring at me.

BRIAN

Who are you, Lawrence Rob?

Lawrence is a bit concerned and looks over to Brian.

LAWRENCE

I'm Lawrence.

BRIAN
(Chuckling)
Okay, Lawrence, we'll see about that.

LAWRENCE
Please, pardon. Do I have a say in who I am? You're a good lad, Brian, but could you please stop dissecting me?

Brian looks pleased.

BRIAN
It's an occupational hazard. At least I know you're from England, the Queen's English and all. I read that only about one million people in the world speak it.

LAWRENCE
If you don't speak Queen's English going into Cambridge, you certainly do leaving Cambridge.

Brian over-laughs in response.

BRIAN
God, I love you! You're so bomb. Be my father, Lawrence.

Lawrence laughs.

LAWRENCE
Charmed, I'm sure, but I'm already a father. And you still have yours, charming lad to boot.

BRIAN
Oh, yeah, right! He's a geek.

Brian laughs with boyish excitement.

Lawrence rolls his eyes, making sure Brian doesn't see him doing it.

EXT. LAWRENCE'S BERKELEY HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

A three-bedroom cottage with plenty of trees and bushes in the Berkeley Hills above campus.

INT. LAWRENCE'S BERKELEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lawrance is sitting in front of a laptop, and he's talking with Francois.

LAWRENCE

Family okay? You're with them in
Nice right now?

FRANCOIS

They're okay, but, I'm in the Sudan
preparing for a rescue that we
can't afford.

LAWRENCE

When could we ever comfortably
afford rescues?

FRANCOIS

It was never this bad. Volunteers
are paying their own expenses. If
we don't find some funding streams,
we're gonna have to cease
operations.

LAWRENCE

Aren't we always about to cease
operations? Tell them we'll
reimburse them later.

FRANCOIS

That's what I am telling them,
Sunbird. True, we always found the
means, but that was because of you.

Lawrence feels the need to escape the conversation.

LAWRENCE

Sorry, thank you always, mate. I
have to go.

FRANCOIS

Sunbird, Sunbird, damnit . . .

Lawrence clicks out.

INT. UC BERKELEY LIBRARY - A FEW DAYS LATER

Brian is doing more research.

We see on the screen a picture of Sunbird and Fatima riding
on Sunbird's horse.

They're both smiling, and she is hugging him from the back.

They're wearing sand-dust goggles and are packing automatic weapons.

Fatima has a camera around her neck and over her back.

BRIAN

Oh, cool, Fatima Tugan. Beautiful!
I'm gonna find out who you are.

Brian leans back and is deep in thought.

Suddenly, his expression goes from excited to sullen.

He looks around the computer lab as if he's up to something wrong.

BRAIN

Gotta hack you, sweetheart. Gonna
have to hack everything.

He starts to key, again, and we see "Death Records."

He keys in more information.

On the screen, we see "Fatima Tugan, Deceased. Occupation:
Journalist, New York Times."

BRIAN

Fuck, she wasn't even forty, yet.
Poor Lawrence.

EXT. LAWRENCES'S HOUSE IN THE BERKELEY HILLS - EARLY EVENING

INT. LAWRENCE'S HOME DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lawrence and Sahar are having a talk over dinner.

LAWRENCE

You're going to have to visit your
professor's office.

SAHAR

To kiss his egotistical ass?

LAWRENCE

(Clearing his throat)
Download one of his articles, read
it, and then talk with him about
it.

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You'll show you're deeply interested in his class and in his research. . . Call it ass kissing. Sometimes, we must call it survival.

SAHAR

How are your sessions going?

Lawrence smiles.

SAHAR (CONT'D)

I haven't seen that twinkle in your eyes since Fatima.

Lawrence sits back in his chair and gazes out the window.

LAWRENCE

(Evasive)

Be that as it may, my dear, you're performing well here at Berkeley, and your family would have been so proud.

SAHAR

(Endearing)

Proud ghosts.

Lawrence takes an inquisitive look at Sahar.

LAWRENCE

How are you?

SAHAR

Bored. Extremely bored.

LAWRENCE

Nothing will equal the extremes we experienced while working on the ground with the Foundation, Sahar.

SAHAR

I guess I miss home study. Far away from students who think they're . . . "experienced." Even most professors here are naïve little lambs.

LAWRENCE

I have trouble with that one, too.
I was at lunch down on Shattuck St.
having a sandwich when I
eavesdropped on a young assistant
professor from my department
talking to her friend about how her
life's been shattered because, when
she was a child, her mother
actually yelled at her a few times.

SAHAR

(Facetiously)

How can I possibly reach that
level? If you ever yell at me, dad,
I'll be destroyed!

They both laugh.

LAWRENCE

You had bullets yelling at you, my
dear. I believe, yes, I believe
that expatriates need their own
island.

Lawrence becomes pensive.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

By the way, I suspect Brian Wong is
on to me. He's been acting
strangely.

SAHAR

He's always a little strange.

LAWRENCE

Strange multiplied by ten.
Harmless, I'm sure. I'll need to
pay attention.

SAHAR

I used to think he was kind of
cute.

Lawrence chuckles.

LAWRENCE

He is a sharp one. Good researcher.

SAHAR

Twenty five articles in his field
and all you can say is "good?"
Plenary speaker a few times! You're
so Cambridge! So unimpressible.

(MORE)

SAHAR (CONT'D)

At his age? He's one of the best
researchers at Berkeley!

Lawrence gazes out the window, again.

LAWRENCE

That's what concerns me.

Sahar tries to reassure Lawrence.

SAHAR

Maybe he's not that good.

Lawrence gives a "what-are-you-kidding" chuckle.

EXT. SARAWAT MOUNTAINS - YEMEN - 2012 - EARLY MORNING

In a small mountain canyon, we see a trafficker compound
consisting of a few small adobe and stone buildings.

There's a vicious battle going on between Sunbird's
volunteers and human traffickers.

Sunbird's people are firing from cliff perches.

Sunbird, Francois and Ibrahim have eased their way to the
compound's perimeter, taking cover behind a small adobe/stone
building.

Many of the traffickers are now dead, but the gunfire is
still intense.

Sunbird sees Fatima up on a ledge filming the battle. Then he
sees a trafficker taking aim at her.

Sunbird tries to warn her through his headset.

SUNBIRD

Down, Fatima! Down! You're in the
man's sights!

He sees Fatima waving in his direction.

Fatima takes a round and drops.

Francois quickly shoots the same trafficker.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

I told her! Jesus Christ!

Then Sunbird sees Fatima struggling to lift herself up and
wave.

FATIMA
 (Over the headset)
 Fuck me!

EXT. SARAWAT MOUNTAINS - YEMEN - SAME CANYON CLEARING - AN
 HOUR AFTER THE RESCUE

Children, ages 4 to 16, line up outside of the trucks that
 will take them away.

Ibrahim and Sunbird, along with other volunteers, are waving
 the children along.

SUNBIRD
 (To Ibrahim)
 Have you seen Fatima?

IBRAHIM
 She's careless.

SUNBIRD
 I asked where. Not for your
 opinion.

IBRAHIM
 (Sarcastic)
 Taking pictures of dead traffickers
 with her one camera that didn't get
 shot to pieces.

SUNBIRD
 Christ!

IBRAHIM
 We lost two good people today.
 Farah and Lonnie. I'm sure she's
 taking pictures of their bodies as
 we speak.

SUNBIRD
 I know what we've lost, Ibrahim.
 I'll talk to her.

IBRAHIM
 Oh, right! How do you TALK through
 a cloud of love?

SUNBIRD
 Mind yourself, young lad.

Francois walks up to Sunbird.

FRANCOIS

Fatima was very lucky today, my friend. She's getting slow. If she were one of our volunteer fighters, I'd ask her to work at an agriculture NGO.

SUNBIRD

You're on me, too? For Christ's sake!

FRANCOIS

Give me time with her.

Sunbird appears surprised.

Fatima walks up to the back of the three men as they keep talking.

SUNBIRD

She is careless sometimes.

FRANCOIS

Most good journalists are. The optics are everything.

SUNBIRD

How about your journalist brother in Sierra Leon? A bit careless at times?

Francois pauses and smiles a bit.

FRANCOIS

Yes, but he at least knew to put his bum in front of the bullet instead of his head.

Francois and Sunbird laugh.

Ibrahim remains serious.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)

Of course, now my brother thinks his head is his bum and the bum is his head.

Francois and Sunbird laugh, again.

IBRAHIM

Francois, how do you know that about your brother? I think you need rest. Smoke more shisha.

Ibrahim lightens up and starts laughing.

Sunbird and Francois laugh.

Fatima, still behind the men, surprises them by speaking up.

She still has her camera ready.

FATIMA

Sometimes I confuse my camera for
my bum.

IBRAHIM

Oh, no, Fatima, your camera is not
nearly as pretty as your bum.

FRANCOIS

(To Ibrahim)

You should never actually say that.

Fatima's acting coy with Ibrahim.

Ibrahim is getting embarrassed.

SUNBIRD

If Ibrahim is old enough to fight
in combat, he's old enough to
surveil a beautiful woman's bum.

IBRAHIM

Oh, Sunbird, I wouldn't dream of,
well, you know.

SUNBIRD

The fact that the dream is there is
significant.

Francois and Sunbird leer at one another as though they're
agreeing to something.

EXT. SANA, YEMEN - EVENING - A DAY AFTER THE RESCUE

The area is obviously a red light district.

Francois, Sunbird, and Ibrahim are about to enter a bordello.

Ibrahim stops before they enter, forcing the other men to
stop.

IBRAHIM

You don't need to do this. I mean,
thank you very much, but . . .

FRANCOIS

I hear they are very nice in here,
Ibrahim. They will take care of
you.

IBRAHIM

Well, how will they do that?

SUNBIRD

Ibrahim, I believe you're ready for
this.

IBRAHIM

Sunbird, are you supposed to take
your son to a place like this?

SUNBIRD

I need your complete concentration
during our rescues, son. Hormones,
unacknowledged for too long, act as
blindens.

Francois is on the verge of laughter.

Sunbird, with his hand, motions toward the front door.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

(Facetiously)

Young man, your salvation is on the
other side of that door.

Francois looks at Sunbird a bit worried.

Ibrahim begins to tear up.

IBRAHIM

Do I have to do this?

SUNBIRD

Well, young lad, we're not forcing
you, are we?

IBRAHIM

I cannot do this. I cannot ever do
this. There could be underage girls
in there.

Francois and Sunbird shrug their shoulders.

FRANCOIS

So, you won't be indulging today?

IBRAHIM

No, never. What was I thinking?

FRANCOIS

That's just it. You weren't thinking.

SUNBIRD

You've just rained yourself in, Ibrahim.

FRANCOIS

Good for you, Ibrahim.

Ibrahim looks angry.

IBRAHIM

So, all this was nothing more than a test?

Francois and Sunbird laugh as they take Ibrahim by his arms and walk him away from the bordello.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

Wankers!

Francois and Sunbird continue to laugh.

INT. DR. EMORY'S OFFICE - ANOTHER SESSION

DR. EMORY

Last time, we talked about the dangers in your work and how your memories of that exacerbate your PTSD.

LAWRENCE

Certain memories, even ones that include violence, don't effect me so much, but others, inexplicably, do. Also, certain noises drive me crazy.

DR. EMORY

Go on.

LAWRENCE

The worst for me is basketball-- against the pavement and bloody backboard--because it brings back the sounds of artillery and firearms.

DR. EMORY

Are there kids playing near your house?

LAWRENCE

Next door. It's awful.

DR. EMORY

A form of noise that Americans,
somewhere along the line, decided
was no longer noise.

LAWRENCE

Distractions are the most important
part of life to most Americans. And
they will protect those
distractions with their lives.
Hell, even the Berkeley police
won't come around to ask the kids
to stop.

DR. EMORY

Have you ever asked the kids to
stop, yourself?

LAWRENCE

Twice. Each time, they've just
gazed at me quite confused and then
continued their playing.
Unavoidable noises, let's say,
construction noises don't bother me
much, street cleaning,
conversations (if not too loud),
traffic, etc. I'm all for kids
having fun but not at the expense
of others' peace and quiet. Those
kids can have fun doing other, less
noisy activities.

DR. EMORY

Now you're talking about a time
long passed in America. What about
noises in the Middle East. Didn't
you check in at the Foundation,
recently?

LAWRENCE

I met Francois in Muscat, where he
was planning a rescue. I had to
help initiate an audit of the
Foundation.

DR. EMORY

There's a big playground there,
right? How about noise when those
children play?

Lawrence is surprised.

LAWRENCE

Children playing when they're in a state of shock--their young bodies move differently. If they can break a laugh, it's usually clumsy, abbreviated. The noise didn't bother me at all. In fact, we'd play with the children. Here, I never have that urge.

EXT. MUSCAT, OMAN - SANCTUARY - 2007 - MORNING

An old two-story school building made of brick and adobe.

There's a playground attached, surrounded by a tall adobe wall, where about twenty children (ages 3 to 18) are looking around, silently.

We see a younger Francois (41) and some women volunteers, there to take care of the recently rescued children.

The same volunteers are bringing out boxes of clothes and are holding up shirts, pants, and dresses next to the children to see what fits whom.

One woman volunteer holds up a shirt to a boy's (9) torso.

VOLUNTEER

This fits just right.

Then she takes the boy to a row of empty boxes and pulls some labels and a pen from her pocket.

VOLUNTEER (CONT'D)

What's your name, young man?

BOY

Ibrahim. My name is Ibrahim.

The volunteer writes his name on a label and sticks it to the box.

VOLUNTEER

This is your box, Ibrahim. We'll put all of your clothes in here.

Ibrahim points to a girl toddler, who is crying, about ten meters across the playground.

IBRAHIM

Can we put my sister's clothes in there, too. She's Sahar and she's only three. They hurt her very bad.

Ibrahim's face turns red with rage.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
I will kill them all. Even though
they're dead, I'll kill them,
again.

The little girl, wearing only bloody underwear (with dried
blood on her legs), runs over to Ibrahim.

From a second story window, Sunbird has been watching the
whole exchange.

SUNBIRD
(To himself)
Don't worry, little angel, we
killed the bastards, all of them.
They can't get to you ever, again.

VOLUNTEER
(To Ibrahim)
Of course, but she won't be able to
shower with you and the other boys.
I'll help her when she showers with
the other girls.

IBRAHIM
(A bit panicked)
Please be gentle with her. Please?

VOLUNTEER
You and your sister are safe here.
Don't worry.

Ibrahim chuckles with sarcastic anger.

IBRAHIM
We will never be safe, again.

INT. INSIDE THE SCHOOL BUILDING PROCESSING OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Nine children are sitting in chairs waiting to be
interviewed.

Sunbird and Francois are sitting in chairs in front of the
interviewee chairs with no desk in between.

FRANCOIS
Ibrahim and his sister Sahar are
next. Please come up and take a
seat.

Ibrahim takes Sahar by the hand and cautiously walks her up to Sunbird and Francois.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)

(Smiling)

Good morning, Ibrahim and Sahar.

The children don't smile.

Still standing, they look around the room.

SUNBIRD

We know these men did bad things to you. They are all gone. They can't hurt you now.

IBRAHIM

(Angrily)

Unless you cut their penises off, there is no justice.

FRANCOIS

We didn't do that, but I am sure their penises are of no use to them in their graves.

Sahar looks up at Ibrahim and panics a bit.

IBRAHIM

Oh, those monsters will stick it into the dirt and laugh for ever.

SUNBIRD

You're safe here. Ibrahim, we need to know about your parents so we can send you to them or have them come here to retrieve you.

The children look at each other and slowly take their seats.

Sahar holds up her hand, makes it look like a pistol.

SAHAR

Bang! Bang!

Ibrahim takes Sahar's hand as he calms a bit.

IBRAHIM

They're dead. Firing squad.

Sunbird and François are obviously taken aback and saddened.

SUNBIRD

We're so sorry, young lad. Can you tell us where and why?

IBRAHIM

In Gaza. In Gaza because they were Palestinians. Our mother and father were engineers; they kissed Israeli ass, everything. Still . . .

SUNBIRD

We've rescued many Palestinian children.

IBRAHIM

We are great children. I went to international school and had the highest scores in my age group.

FRANCOIS

We think all children are great.

Ibrahim looks around.

IBRAHIM

Not as great as I am.

Ibrahim cries, and Sahar takes his hand and tries to comfort him.

It's obvious that Sunbird has taken a special liking to Ibrahim and Sahar.

INT. INSIDE THE SCHOOL BUILDING OFFICE AREA - A FEW DAYS LATER

Ibrahim is standing and holding a football (soccer ball) inside a door jamb that leads onto the playground, and Sunbird is talking with him.

IBRAHIM

It was all I could do to keep Sahar from bleeding to death. Even though I was tied up, I managed to force my elbow into her hole.

SUNBIRD

You're brave.

Sunbird ponders.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

If I may be up front with you, I'm surprised they were so rough on Sahar because, after all, they can't sell "damaged" girls.

Ibrahim moves closer to Sunbird.

IBRAHIM

I will fight with you, Sunbird, for the rest of my life.

SUNBIRD

But you're a child.

IBRAHIM

You know I'll never be a child, again. Sahar has hope, she's so young and might not remember so much, but I can't ever go back. I want to save children for the rest of my life.

SUNBIRD

Why don't you think about it, young lad.

IBRAHIM

I can homeschool. You can use me to infiltrate. I'll let the traffickers kidnap me. . .

Sunbird starts thinking about the possibilities.

SUNBIRD

We could sew a GPS into your clothing, and we could follow the kidnapper's vehicle directly to the various cells. We've done it. It works quite well.

IBRAHIM

I'll do it, Sunbird. I'm a great Palestinian boy. Please Sunbird.

Sunbird starts to walk away.

SUNBIRD

I've got to talk it over with Francois.

INT. UC BERKELEY - PRESENT DAY - HALLWAY IN THE HISTORY BUILDING

Brian, carrying a small computer case, is looking for a faculty office.

Then we see a name plaque, Associate Professor Maria Falstaff.

Brian knocks, after which we hear Dr. Falstaff.

DR. FALSTAFF
Please, come in.

Dr. Falstaff (40ish) wears glasses and is serious but good humored.

We see, on her office walls, posters and memorabilia from the Middle East.

Brian is shy and is looking, with boyish curiosity, around her office at the posters.

DR. FALSTAFF (CONT'D)
Even with milky white skin, there
are many places in the Middle East
I can go.

Brian chuckles and gets boyishly excited.

Dr. Falstaff appears to be somewhat charmed by Brian's personality.

BRIAN
I'm Brian Wong.

DR. FALSTAFF
Well, actually, I've heard of you
because I'm friends with your
chair. I'm a little surprised
you're not in the professorial
ranks. She says she wants to put
you there. I understand you're one
of the best published people in
that department.

BRIAN
People really don't want me to
teach because they think I'm
immature.

Dr. Falstaff laughs.

DR. FALSTAFF

And the rest of us ARE mature?

BRIAN

I'm not good at politics. That's the truth.

DR. FALSTAFF

On the phone, you said you have something about the Middle East today, something of importance?

BRIAN

More than that. I've been looking at some very cool archives, left to UC Berkeley Library by Fatima Tugan.

DR. FALSTAFF

The New York Times Journalist who did most of her work in the Middle East?

Brian gets very excited.

BRIAN

Oh, this is so bomb.

DR. FALSTAFF

I want to get around to those archives someday.

BRIAN

You might want to do that right now because her archives are filled with amazing shit that, I think, nobody has seen before. There was one hack, in fact, a good month before I hacked in, but the hacker didn't stay long. Anyway, this stuff's even better than her award winning stuff. I said "stuff" because I say "shit" too often.

DR. FALSTAFF

I like "shit" better, more tactile. Just want you to know I wasn't the one who hacked in.

Brian laughs, shrugs his shoulders and glances around her office.

BRAIN

You're obviously not a hacker.

DR. FALSTAFF
How do you know that?

BRIAN
Well, I mean, are you adventurous
that way?

DR. FALSTAFF
I'm fine with adventure.

BRIAN
Well, hey, my best friend, Lawrence--
-he works with me in my lab--it
looks like he saved thousands of
children from human traffickers.
Fatima Tugan covered a lot of that.

Dr. Falstaff appears very suspicious.

DR. FALSTAFF
Why is he working as a micro
biologist in your lab?

BRIAN
It's weird, but I think he likes
me.

DR. FALLSTAFF
He's gay?

BRIAN
We're not gay, just buddies. Are
you gay?

DR. FALSTAFF
Not at the moment.

BRIAN
Oh, I'm sorry. I don't mean sorry
about you being part gay. I think
that's cool. I shouldn't have . . .

A little exasperated but still charmed.

DR. FALSTAFF
All is well, Brian, this is
intriguing. I'm glad that you're
very handy with computers.

Brian smiles.

BRIAN
I could've been a great spy.

DR. FALSTAFF

Oh, you're probably fine just where you are. Tell you what, I'm finishing up an article on ISIS diffidence in Syria, and when I finish, I'll give those archives a look.

Brian looks disillusioned.

BRIAN

It's okay, you don't have to look at the archives. There's another very nice Middle East professor just down the hall. I'll talk to him.

Dr. Falstaff is taken aback.

DR. FALSTAFF

Brian, I thought you said you don't like politics?

BRIAN

I said I don't like it, didn't say I won't do it.

DR. FALSTAFF

How about after my weekend at Tahoe?

BRIAN

They have Internet at Tahoe.

Dr. Falstaff sighs.

DR. FALSTAFF

Another concern, Brian: will we have any legal issues regarding these archives?

BRIAN

I can make all that go away.

DR. FALSTAFF

Magic keyboard, huh?

BRIAN

I'm a wizard.

They both chuckle.

INT. ART MOVIE THEATER IN BERKELEY - LOBBY - PRESENT DAY

Lawrence and Sahar are standing in line to buy refreshments.

LAWRENCE

Bridge over the River Kwai? Not sure about this.

SAHAR

The shelling and gunfire doesn't happen throughout the movie, just here and there. Did you double up on your CBD?

LAWRENCE

Of course, plus another two gummies in my pocket.

SAHAR

Dr. Emory says you need . . .

LAWRENCE

. . . to confront my issues. But I'm not sure how a miserable Japanese prison camp in Thailand is going to help. But, at least David Lean has literary merit.

INT. INSIDE THE THEATER BEFORE THE MOVIE STARTS

Lawrence and Sahar are seated in a corner, the last row up.

The theater is nearly empty.

They're keeping their voices down and are eating popcorn.

LAWRENCE

Lean isn't so popular anymore, is he?

SAHAR

Movie's nearly sixty years old, dad.

LAWRENCE

Good heavens.

INT. IN THE SAME THEATER

The movie's over and Lawrence and Sahar stand to leave.

LAWRENCE
I did quite well, right?

SAHAR
(Smiling sympathetically)
You bit your nails the whole way
through.

LAWRENCE
(Chuckles)
Bloody Hell?

SAHAR
Getting there, though.

They walk into the lobby and stop.

LAWRENCE
You saw many of the same things I
did in the Middle East, yet you're
condition is mild in comparison,
and you suffered an even worse
trauma than I ever did.

SAHAR
I barely remember the sexual abuse,
dad, only blood and pain. Yes, I
saw too much death, but most of the
dead were human traffickers.
Anyway, more pain from those days
will show up later in my life.
That's why I'm working on it now.

Lawrence looks away.

LAWRENCE
I wonder if it's too late for me. I
didn't know I would become so
pathetic later in life.

SAHAR
Give it time, Dad.

INT. DR. FALSTAFF'S OFFICE

Dr. Falstaff and Brian are watching, on a laptop, some of
Fatima's videos from her archives.

Fatima is interviewing Francois, and, in the background,
there's considerable activity, horses and trucks and people
scurrying around.

DR. FALSTAFF
What year is this?

BRIAN
2003.

DR. FALSTAFF
Francois is second in command.

WE MOVE TO THE ACTUAL INTERVIEW IN FATIMA'S ORIGINAL FILM
FORMAT.

FATIMA
Francois, your wife is currently in
France?

FRANCOIS
She's a high school teacher in
Nice. I met her in Paris when we
were both students at the Sorbonne.

FATIMA
And you're on loan to Sunbird?

FRANCOIS
I'm not the only Legionnaire on
loan. There have been dozens over
the years along with loaners from
other armies and agencies around
the world.

FATIMA
Sounds complicated.

FRANCOIS
Sunbird's Foundation has
administrators who deal with
recruitment logistics. They work
out of a major city in Europe.

FATIMA
Why did you join?

Francois ponders the question and looks around.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
You don't have to answer.

FRANCOIS
No, no, I thought I was ready to
talk about this.

FATIMA
Really, you don't have . . .

FRANCOIS
. . . Odette was twelve.

Francois stammers, struggles to speak.

FATIMA
Francois?

FRANCOIS
She was a great mix of my white wife and me, just beautiful, already starting to develop into a woman. Men were already looking at her with wild eyes, and she had no idea why. Sometimes, when I was on leave from the Legion, and we were shopping, I would look back and see men following us just to take a look at Odette. They didn't want her to leave their eyes. A part of me was proud but another part of me was deeply frightened. Until it happened to her, to us, I didn't know very much about human trafficking. The police could do nothing. In fact, they told us what probably happened to her and said that children kidnapped into human trafficking rarely are found alive.

FATIMA
Human traffickers are smart.

FRANCOIS
These were smart. They had her out of the country in a flash, probably within a few hours. I don't blame the police. They have their limitations.

Fatima tears up.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)
After six months of misery, we got a call from a man who called himself Sunbird. He'd found Odette in Dubai along with about twenty four other girls. He said that she had been a sex slave to extremely wealthy men. And he also said that she would not be the same Odette that was taken from us. He tried to warn us.

(MORE)

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)

But we were out of our minds with relief, and didn't think of even taking the time to understand the depth of just how much Odette had changed. We just wanted her in our arms.

FATIMA

Had she changed a lot?

Francois tears up.

FRANCOIS

My wife and I flew to Muscat to pick her up at Sanctuary. Odette wouldn't even let us hug her. She didn't even look much like Odette, but it was her, although her spirit had been compromised. It was then I realized just how much of a person resonates from their spirit, showing itself on the face and body. Most of that energy was gone. She didn't cry. In fact, she acted like she wanted us to leave. To her, we were just more pain.

Just then, there are gun shots and commotion in the background.

We see children and volunteers in the background scurrying around and ducking.

FATIMA

I thought this area was clear.

Just as suddenly, things become quiet, and people in the background settle down and go about their business.

Francois, even with the commotion, has barely moved.

FRANCOIS

An old commander of mine in the Legion once told me, "The area is never truly clear."

FATIMA

Then why do you say, "It's clear."

FRANCOIS

Each step we take has to have a label that most closely matches what's happening. Without it, we would not succeed.

FATIMA

And Odette?

FRANCOIS

She has a good therapist in Nice who she's been with for years. She has graduated university, and she has a good job with an NGO.

Francois becomes sad.

FATIMA

And why the long face?

FRANCOIS

We believe she, after all these years, has never made love to anyone. She still doesn't like people touching her. Oh, my wife and I can hug her now, but after a few seconds, she pushes us away, mind you, along with an "I love you," which is gratifying.

We hear Sunbird calling out for Francois.

SUNBIRD

(Off screen)

We must depart, Francois, Fatima. Children are waiting in the trucks! We have only two hours of sunlight. Fatima, please don't ask the children any questions, yet, agreed? Perhaps tomorrow.

FATIMA

Ass hole! Of course I won't.

FRANCOIS

Now, now, Fatima, the journalist instinct is strong in you.

Fatima chuckles.

THE INTERVIEW GOES DARK.

Dr. Falstaff quickly takes down some notes on another laptop.

DR. FALSTAFF

We've barely touched these archives
and we're up to approximately three
thousand rescued children.

BRIAN

They're bomb. Sick.

DR. FALSTAFF

Fatima's coverage is raw but smart.

BRIAN

Where did Sunbird live at this
time?

DR. FALSTAFF

At that time, I don't know. Later,
well, the archives have him in a
place outside of Beirut.

EXT. A MODEST MODERN CONTEMPORARY HOUSE OUTSIDE OF BERUT IN A
HILLY AREA - 2013 - AFTERNOON

Fatima, Ibrahim (15), Sahar (9), and Sunbird are in the
kitchen cooking together.

Sahar and Fatima are kneading bread.

FATIMA

Do you two want dates in the bread?

SUNBIRD

Yes!

IBRAHIM

Yes!

SAHAR

So, I guess that's a "yes?"

Everybody laughs.

IBRAHIM

Sunbird, just a heads-up: while you
were at the market with Fatima this
morning, Sahar and I saw a chopper
surveilling the house. It didn't
look like our usual Hezbollah
friends.

SUNBIRD

Good eye, but you needn't worry.
They've recently purchased a
another chopper. Us usual, they're
just checking to see if all is
well.

SAHAR

You could let us know, Dad.

Sunbird takes a colander from under a counter and begins
tossing some vegetables in it.

SUNBIRD

I didn't let you know,
deliberately.

Ibrahim becomes a little exasperated.

IBRAHIM

When will we finally pass this
class, Sunbird?

SUNBIRD

(Sternly)

You shall never pass this class,
young man, nor will you, young
lady. The day you pass will be the
day you're lost.

Sahar and Ibrahim stop what they're doing and look,
thoughtfully, at one another.

FATIMA

(To Ibrahim and Sahar)

Sunbird has two roles in his
relationship with you two:
Commander and father. If he
sometimes mixes them up, you must
forgive him.

IBRAHIM

It's okay. I've read about "role
confusion." I get it.

SUNBIRD

Fatima has a point, but, come now,
I'm not that confused. For example,
we're supposed to be having a
"family time" right now, but . . .

Sunbird points to a video camera on a tripod in one corner of
the room.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

. . . Just take a look at the camera.

SAHAR

Fatima, you've been filming us?

Fatima acts like a little girl, her secret uncovered.

Sahar takes a piece of bread dough and throws it at Fatima.

Then Ibrahim takes some dough as well, sneaks up behind Fatima and rubs it in her hair.

Fatima rolls her eyes and starts picking the dough from her hair.

FATIMA

(Chuckling)

You're fucking kidding me, in my hair? The camera has nothing to do with role confusion, guys. I honestly didn't intend to leave it on. I was just adding a few comments and forgot to turn it off.

. .

Just then, Sunbird, smiling, also takes some dough and throws it at Fatima, hitting her in the head.

Then, Fatima takes some dough and throws it at Sunbird.

Now, all four laughing, are having a bread-dough fight.

Fatima smears some dough into Sunbird's hair, and he does the same to her.

Now they're all smearing dough on each other.

EXT. BERKELEY - PRESENT DAY - NEAR LAWRENCE'S HOUSE

We see Lawrence stepping out of his house and walking around to the side of the house where there are three city-issued trash containers.

Lawrence pulls each can to the curb, one-by-one.

About thirty meters from Lawrence's house, we see a woman (38) sitting in a car watching Lawrence.

Her name is Abigail Woodley, Lawrence's long lost daughter, who won't become known to Lawrence until later.

Abigail is tall and attractive and is dressed stylishly but isn't wearing obvious "brand."

After Lawrence is finished and goes back into his house, the woman cautiously walks over to the trash containers, opens the lids and moves around the trash inside.

ABIGAIL
(Under her breath)
No grey hair. Damn. No grey hair.

She takes out a coca cola can and sees lipstick.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
A woman . . . of some kind.

She picks through the trash for another few minutes.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Where the Hell are you throwing
away your hair? No paper cups at
all?

EXT. SUNBIRD'S HOUSE OUTSIDE OF BERUIT - 2013 - EVENING

On the veranda in the back of the house, Ibrahim and Sunbird are leaning against the wooden railing and are gazing out into a small valley discussing Ibrahim's new romantic interest.

IBRAHIM
Don't worry. I'm not about to tell
her what we do.

SUNBIRD
What do you tell her when we leave
on a rescue?

IBRAHIM
NGO work, you know, helping with
food-insecure populations. That
sort of thing.

Sunbird nods.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
She wants me to attend her private
school.

Sunbird looks hopeful and turns to face Ibrahim.

SUNBIRD

I'd be more than happy to pay for your schooling there. I know the school. It's impressive.

IBRAHIM

No way, Sunbird. Home schooling and rescue work suits me, and you know why.

Sunbird starts to take off into the house.

SUNBIRD

Wait here for just a moment.

Sunbird leaves Ibrahim gazing out into the night.

Very shortly, Sunbird shows up with something in his hand.

He holds out a few condoms to Ibrahim.

Ibrahim chuckles.

IBRAHIM

You think I haven't thought of that?

SUNBIRD

My God, boy. You're only fifteen!

IBRAHIM

Right, going on forty.

SUNBIRD

You're too dashing and handsome for your own good.

IBRAHIM

(Raising his arms)
I'm a great Palestinian boy!

They both laugh.

SUNBIRD

For now, please don't make new great Palestinian boys.

EXT. FOOTAGE FROM FATIMA'S ARCHIVES - ASSUMING BRIAN AND DR. FALSTAFF ARE VIEWING

Fatima introduces the video.

FATIMA

It's January 18th, 2013, and I'm talking with a girl child who was rescued three days ago, with seventeen others, from a trafficker compound near Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. We're back at Sanctuary in Muscat, Oman. Sahar, 9-years-old right now, is with me. Amira here attended international school in Tunis, the Capital city where she was abducted. Her English is excellent. Amira, how old are you?

AMIRA

Ten.

FATIMA

How long were you held?

AMIRA

Three weeks. One more day and I would have been gone.

FATIMA

Why? Where?

AMIRA

I had just been told I was going to Abu Dhabi. I think I had been sold. It took them a while to sell me because I'm not very pretty.

FATIMA

You're lovely, Amira. How long before the so-called pretty girls were gone.

AMIRA

Some were gone the same day they came. The handsome boys, too.

FATIMA

Were there a lot of boys?

AMIRA

Some boys were there. If they were young, or boys with not much body hair, they would be gone in just hours.

Fatima takes a long look at Sahar.

SAHAR

Amira, I was kidnapped when I was a toddler, and I was sexually abused by my kidnappers. Were you abused?

Amira hesitates.

AMIRA

I'm sorry, Sahar . . . The guard would come into our cell, where there were up to ten children at any one time. He would come inside and point at one of us and say, "Blow out my candle." Then he would pull his pants down in front of all of us.

Amira begins to cry.

SAHAR

We can stop, Amira.

AMIRA

The child he picked, boy or girl, had to put his penis in their mouth.

FATIMA

Thank you for sharing that, Amira. Did they have intercourse with the girls?

AMIRA

You see, the rich men who bought us usually wanted virgins, so the guards couldn't do that to us because we wouldn't be virgins anymore. But we had to "blow out their candles" a lot. And they made us lick them in terrible places. They would laugh when we did that. When they got drunk, it would get so scary.

Amira cries, again.

FATIMA

We have word that your parents are flying in from Tunis to take you home.

Amira panics.

AMIRA

They will hate me now. I am awful now. I'm not their child anymore. I'm something awful.

Fatima takes Amira by the hand.

FATIMA

They will love you no matter what. You're fortunate that you have parents who love you.

Fatima takes Sahar's hand.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

(Looking into Sahar's eyes)

Sahar here lost both parents right before she and her brother were kidnapped.

AMIRA

I'll try. I'll try.

INT. MORE OF FATIMA'S ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

Fatima is interviewing Sunbird on the veranda at the Berut house.

FATIMA

It's July 3rd, 2014, and I'm talking with Sunbird, again. Sunbird, how difficult is it to find these children after they're sold?

SUNBIRD

We often know whose buying the children. However, even though we may know where they are, it's more difficult to rescue a few at a time rather than sometimes dozens at a time from a compound. It's difficult to justify setting up a rescue mission for just one or two victims. For example, when I know I can rescue fifteen children in Libya as opposed to two in Yemen, I must rescue the greater number. Even though we have a sizable network now, our resources are limited.

(MORE)

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

But the number of victims often isn't a factor: once, for instance, I had to choose between an eight-child rescue and a twenty-one-child rescue. Normally, we would have attempted the later first, but Intel told us that the fewer children were more accessible. There are many factors to consider. Unfortunately, by the time we got around to the twenty-one children, most of them had been sold off. We felt immensely defeated.

FATIMA

Is there more defeat in your work than victory?

SUNBIRD

I can speak only for myself: as long as there are children in captivity, I'm defeated. Just because we rescue many of them, this doesn't necessarily mean they've achieved freedom. The experience sticks to them for life. At the same time, to continue this work with a semblance of sanity, I must be able to smile into the face of the devil. As long as I can do that, I'll be able to continue this work.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BERKELEY - PRESENT DAY - MORNING

Lawrence is looking at his smart phone before entering a coffee shop.

We see Abigail Woodley, again, walking on the sidewalk, then suddenly stopping, just down the street from Lawrence.

When Lawrence enters the coffee shop, Abigail continues walking.

Lawrence takes his coffee in a paper cup from the counter to a table.

Then Abigail enters the coffee shop but only glances at Lawrence as she approaches the counter to order.

Lawrence reaches over to the table next to his and grabs a newspaper left there by a previous customer.

Lawrence sits back down and shuffles the news paper, then appears to find an article of interest.

Abigail takes a small table across the dining room.

She receives a call on her smartphone.

ABIGAIL

Yes, but it might be inconclusive from newspaper. Too many people have touched it. No, I want the cup.

She puts her phone back into her bag.

Lawrence takes notice of her, looks back at the newspaper, then glances, again, looking a bit confused.

He looks at his watch, and then takes his coffee and chugs what's remaining, stands and takes the cup to the dirty-dishes counter, then makes for the bathroom.

Abigail wastes no time: she hurries to the counter and snatches the cup.

Unknown to her, Lawrence has been suspicious of her and didn't really use the bathroom, leaving the bathroom immediately after entering.

So Lawrence, sneaking a peek around a corner, actually sees her swiping the cup.

LAWRENCE

(To Abigail)

Excuse me? Excuse me?

Abigail realizes Lawrence is on to her, and she takes off out of the front door.

Lawrence takes off after her.

Lawrence, out on the sidewalk, looks around the street, and Abigail is nowhere to be seen.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

What? Who the Hell?

INT. INSIDE LAWRENCE'S BERKELEY HOME

Lawrence is chatting with Sahar in Lawrence's home office.

LAWRENCE

I'm not facing any impossible challenges at the moment . . . Except, of course, for the Foundation's ongoing financial predicament.

SAHAR

I can't imagine the world without the Foundation.

We hear a sound coming from Lawrence's desk laptop computer.

LAWRENCE

That would be Francois foisting more darkness.

We see Francois's solemn face on the computer screen.

Lawrence and Sahar talk with him.

FRANCOIS

It's not all bad. Some neighbors in Muscat are bringing food and other supplies to Sanctuary. It's a double-edged sword: since we're not rescuing as many children due to lack of funding, we don't have as many children to support.

SAHAR

What are you telling these kind neighbors?

FRANCOIS

. . . That the children are runaways, that they're in transit.

LAWRENCE

My friend, you're simply not doing a proper job keeping up with donors. You have to send them updates; you have to send holiday cards, frankly speaking, kiss their bums on occasion.

There's a long silence.

Francois appears agitated.

FRANCOIS

(Impatiently)

Sunbird, for one, I don't have your gift of words.

(MORE)

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)
Second, let's face it, I'm not white. That's all I can say. I'm not white.

Sahar gazes over at Lawrence and nods.

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)
They just don't trust me the way they did you. For example, while speaking with a primary donor the other day, we were on speaker phone. The call was going fine until I heard in the background: "Is it that black man with the giant nostrils?"

Lawrence chuckles.

LAWRENCE
Of course, that won't do. But, indeed, while you are a handsome chap, you're nostrils are awfully wide.

They all laugh.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Next time I introduce you to a donor, I'll say, "This is our man, 'nostrils'.

They laugh, again.

FRANCOIS
You have a nickname. Why not me?

LAWRENCE
Fact is, we all need to think about new fundraising programs.

Lawrence leans back in his chair.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Stay with the cause, mate.

FRANCOIS
To the end, mate. Cheers!

Francois hangs up the video call.

LAWRENCE
(To Sahar)
I was naïve.
(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I never saw the color of his skin as a serious limitation--although I did suspect it wouldn't as easy for him.

SAHAR

Dad, you never cared what color any of us were. I've never cared either. I definitely never thought about Francois's nostrils. I think he's so hot for an older guy.

They flash a smile at each other.

EXT. FATIMA'S ARCHIVES

Fatima's video of a battle to rescue children from a compound in Yemen.

She has found a solid, wide ledge on the cliff from which to film.

There is plenty of gun fire as Fatima talks to the camera, which is on a tripod in front of her and is positioned to capture her face and some volunteer soldiers, who are perched on a large ledge.

Francois, Sunbird, and Ibrahim are among the men and women firing relentlessly down upon the traffickers.

Then Fatima pans the camera over the compound, which shows about a dozen traffickers firing from behind sand-bag fortifications.

We hear children screaming.

FATIMA

October 18th, 2013 in Yemen. We're in a desperate situation because we are far outnumbered. Intel said there would be only five or six traffickers, but there are three times that number. If Sunbird had known, he would have asked more volunteers to join in this rescue.

We see Francois with a woman volunteer heading toward the right flank.

Then we see Ibrahim leading another man toward the left flank.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

I often feel at odds with the way Sunbird handles these situations. I mean, he shows little or no mercy toward traffickers.

HERE, THE VIDEO EFFECT CHANGES FROM FATIMA'S FORMAT TO "REAL LIFE"

Now, we see what the enemy sees: a woman high above, perched on the cliff, struggling with a camera--volunteer soldiers zigzagging, meandering all around the cliff face firing their weapons.

We see the traffickers' faces as they are overwhelmed and frightened by the tremendous fire power now raining down on them as Sunbird's soldiers close in on their flanks.

The traffickers become disparate and fire randomly in all directions.

Then we see Ibrahim jump directly into their fortified area, a tactic the enemy would not expect, putting himself just a few meters away from them.

The firing from the cliff stops so Ibrahim, with an automatic rifle, is safe to fire at them from close range.

He takes out many of them in just a few seconds.

Then we see Francois and the woman jump in, and they take out a few more.

The children's screams continue.

Now, more volunteers run down into the compound to check for more traffickers.

SUNBIRD

(Yelling)

Leave a few of them alive for interrogation. Slit the others' throats. Don't waste bullets.

We hear a few more shots as the children's screams start to subside.

Sunbird enters the sandbag fortification.

Ibrahim is on his back, moaning and writhing in pain.

Sunbird falls to his knees next to him.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)
Ibrahim, where are you hit?

IBRAHIM
I'm not hit. I screwed up my ankle,
might've broken it.

Sunbird notices a slaver a few meters away who is still alive and is struggling.

Then we see Fatima positioning her video camera.

THE SCENE SWITCHES BACK TO FATIMA'S VIDEO PLATFORM

Sunbird is reaching down to the struggling trafficker.

Sunbird then hesitates to turn off his headset and call out to the volunteers within his earshot.

SUNBIRD
Do we have two men who are able to
talk?

FRANCOIS (O.S.)
Two right here who can still talk.

Sunbird kneels down next to the struggling trafficker, pulls a knife from a sheath, and slits his throat, spits on his face and then slaps his head.

He notices that Fatima is filming him.

SUNBIRD
That'll win an Oscar, huh?

FATIMA (O.S.)
Fucking disgusting, Sunbird!

SUNBIRD
And he wasn't? What's going on with
you?

Sunbird leans down and rubs sand on his knife to clean off the blood.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)
If he lives, he just destroys more
children's lives. What would you
have me do?

Fatima pans to Ibrahim limping away with the help of two men.

IBRAHIM

(Yelling)

If I didn't have a fucked up ankle,
I'd be slitting throats, too.
Bastards!

EXT. SAME BATTLE SCENE BUT ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

IN FATIMA'S FILMING FORMAT

Children are waiting to board a truck.

Volunteers are talking with some of the children and are writing down as much identification information as possible in notebooks before sending them off to Sanctuary in Muscat.

FATIMA (O.S.)

These children will be taken to Sanctuary in Muscat, Oman for processing. We'll hitch a ride this time on an Israeli air force transport. There might be children with no parents, in which case they will stay in Muscat for a while until the Foundation can find temporary or permanent homes for them. I'm told there are twenty seven surviving children here, but they did find two children in a holding tank who'd been dead for at least a few days. They were both naked, had been rapped, and had their throats cut. They were murdered because they were no longer virgins and therefore had become worthless on the sex trafficking market.

Sunbird enters the scene.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Sunbird, how many people have you killed today?

SUNBIRD

I'm not counting. Why the extreme pressure today? It's not as if you haven't seen all of this before.

FATIMA (O.S.)

Yes, but I had never before seen pleasure in your eyes while taking a life.

SUNBIRD

How do you know I was even thinking about that bastard? Fatima, when I'm killing a human being, I'm not even present in the act. No sane person can be present in that act.

FATIMA (O.S.)

What the fuck does that mean?

Sunbird resolutely plants himself directly in front of the camera.

SUNBIRD

I think about a blue sky when I kill. I think about freedom. And I knew I was sending him into the sky where he no longer has to be his monstrous self. I don't think about death. I think about removing him from this place so he can't do any more damage. That's all.

FATIME (O.S.)

It's more than that, Sunbird.

Sunbird, exasperated, is losing his cool.

SUNBIRD

Can I deal with this mess we have presently?

Just then, François's face shows up right in front of Fatima's camera.

FRANCOIS

(Calmly but resolute)

We need people like Sunbird, people who can attend a secure place while killing. Those who understand the horror understand this. Nobody can live inside this horror, so we develop a room in our heads in which we can escape until it's safe to re-emerge.

Francois then quickly goes back to his duties at hand.

We hear Fatima crying a bit behind the camera.

FATIMA (O.S.)

(To Sunbird)

How is Ibrahim?

SUNBIRD

Broken ankle. I'm sending him back
to Beirut.

INT. BEIRUT - EVENING - TWO DAYS LATER

Fatima and Sunbird are lying in bed, facing each other and
gazing into each other's eyes.

FATIMA

Sometimes I feel I'm making love to
an undomesticated animal.

Sunbird chuckles a bit.

SUNBIRD

Because we're domesticated means
we're not savages? I am a savage. I
know what I am, and I've made peace
with that.

FATIMA

What happens when the savage
collides with the father in you? Or
the lover?

SUNBIRD

I'm always a savage.

FATIMA

You would slit my throat, put a
bullet through my heart.

SUNBIRD

More of this shit. What is your
definition of the word, "savage?"
24-7 marauder? Savages are able to
love peace and gentleness, too.

Fatima shakes her head.

FATIMA

I'm worried.

SUNBIRD

You're thinking too much, again, my
love. To be a proper savage, one
must have the ability to erase all
decorum for the time it takes to
kill. Francois, the greatest
"savage," is quite the gentleman,
wouldn't you say?

Fatima nods.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

In fact, I've never seen anybody slit a throat with such elegance. One would almost think he's performing a needed surgery. . . whereas, Ibrahim needs to temper his savagery. He's the best natural warrior we have, but he's still clumsy because he can't fully dance with his savage side. But when he can, one day, he will firm up like granite.

FATIMA

Making him immortal?

SUNBIRD

Giving him the dalliance to dance with and make love to mortality. People who can't do this usually don't last. They either die too soon, or they simply cease to partake.

Fatima is obviously very curious, almost like a little girl.

FATIMA

You've just intellectualized savagery. Are you sure you didn't read philosophy at Cambridge?

Sunbird smiles at her, takes a pillow and puts it over her face.

INT. CAFE IN BERKELEY - PRESENT DAY

Brian and Dr. Falstaff are having lunch together.

DR. FALSTAFF

I feel like Fatima's still with us. She's taught us so much.

BRIAN

We're not even halfway through the archives.

DR. FALSTAFF

But, what are we doing unearthing more heroes? Like we need more of those? As though it will stop murder and rape?

Brian becomes pensive.

BRIAN
It's the right thing to do.

DR. FALSTAFF
I'm in love with Fatima.

BRIAN
Can we share her?

DR. FALSTAFF
But she's not the hero.

BRIAN
They're all heroes.

DR. FALSTAFF
I'm going to share this with a few
other people.

BRIAN
Who?

DR. FALSTAFF
A few of Berkeley's luminaries, big
prize winners, talk to them. You
know?

BRIAN
Take it to the next level?

DR. FALSTAFF
Get ideas as to direction.

Brian leans back in his chair.

BRIAN
Well, do you want to meet the guy?

DR. FALSTAFF
On the sly, of course?

BRIAN
He's fucking smart. He already
knows something's going on, but
he's not sure what.

DR. FALSTAFF
Okay, but I'm really nervous.

INT. IN THE HALLWAY AT BRIAN'S MICRO BIOLOGY LAB DOOR -
TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Brian and Dr. Falstaff are at the lab door.

Dr. Falstaff is straightening her dress and hair before going in.

BRIAN
Please, chill. He's not some movie
star.

She puts her hands over her mouth and takes deep breaths.

DR. FALSTAFF
(Starting to
hyperventilate)
No, he's way better than that.

BRIAN
It's okay. It's okay. We can wait
until you're finished with your
ANXIETY ATTACK.

DR. FALSTAFF
Oh, I didn't tell you?

BRIAN
I have it, too. We all do, right?
Come on: breathe slowly in through
your nose and slowly out through
your mouth. Just remember, don't
call him Sunbird. In this lab, he's
Lawrence. Okay?

Dr. Falstaff, hands now at her chest, nods.

INT. INSIDE THE MICRO BIOLOGY LAB - CONTINUOUS

Lawrence is studying specimens on a laptop screen when Dr.
Falstaff and Brian enter the room.

Brian and Dr. Falstaff approach Lawrence, nervously.

BRIAN
Got a minute, Lawrence?

Lawrence turns around.

LAWARENCE
How nice, Brian. You've brought a
friend.

Lawrence smiles at Dr. Falstaff.

Dr. Falstaff takes a deep breath through her nose and lets it out through her mouth.

BRIAN

Dr. Falstaff has anxiety.

DR. FALSTAFF

I'll be okay in a minute.

Lawrence stands, hurries over to a chair and brings it back to Dr. Falstaff.

LAWRENCE

Please sit, young lady. Make yourself comfortable.

Dr. Falstaff sits and begins to calm down a bit.

DR. FALSTAFF

I can't believe it's you.

Lawrence smiles suspiciously.

BRIAN

She's this way with everyone new. Plus, I said some pretty cool things about you.

DR. FALSTAFF

I'm not acting like a modern woman.

LAWRENCE

You are who you are. Ah, yes, of course, you're Brian's new history professor friend. I see now. Middle Eastern history, yes?

Dr. Falstaff gathers herself, clears her throat.

DR. FALSTAFF

That's right. Are you interested in that part of the world?

LAWRENCE

No less and no more than other ancient cultures. I have been there, and I did find it interesting, I must say.

DR. FALSTAFF

It's just that Brian has always spoke fondly of you, and . . .

LAWRENCE

Ah, yes, Brian's a delightful chap
who often gives me too much credit.

DR. FALSTAFF

Earned, I'm sure.

LAWRENCE

I am a decent detail person with
our specimens, I should say.

Brian puts his hand on Dr. Falstaff's shoulder.

Dr. Falstaff stands quickly.

DR. FALSTAFF

It's been so nice meeting you,
Lawrence.

Lawrence stands as well.

LAWRENCE

Pity you must leave so soon. Drop
by, again, and we'll chat longer.

Dr. Falstaff and Brian make for the door.

DR. FALSTAFF

I would like that, Lawrence. Of
course.

LAWRENCE

Brian, would you mind double
checking some of my specimens?

BRIAN

Sure, Lawrence, later.

LAWRENCE

Of course.

Brian and Dr. Falstaff exit the room.

INT. DOWN THE HALLWAY FROM BRIAN'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

DR. FALSTAFF

Let's talk later this week, okay?

BRIAN

Are you okay?

DR. FALSTAFF

I don't know what to think. He's such a gentleman. In a very "gentleman" way. You know?

BRIAN

In a chill way.

DR. FALSTAFF

I'll call you.

INT. DR. EMORY'S OFFICE - ANOTHER SESSION

LAWRENCE

I wouldn't say I was attracted to her in a romantic way. No, I just felt close to her.

DR. EMORY

She just took your cup and took off?

LAWRENCE

She's obviously with an agency that would like my DNA. But I can't imagine which one. With the Foundation, I've dealt transparently with most agencies because many of them were quite willing to help us, sometimes with personnel, surveillance equipment, weapons, etc. We could get away with doing things often illegally while they, by and large, could not.

DR. EMORY

CIA?

LAWRENCE

Could be, but it could be any one of many. I can often tell which agency just by how they comport themselves, and this one didn't seem attached to the USA, who carry themselves as though they own reality.

DR. EMORY

Which agency do you want it to be?

LAWRENCE

Mossad, of course. I've never known a stupid Mossad agent. And they represent a people that's been nearly wiped out. They're serious and usually fair minded.

Lawrence becomes pensive.

LAWRENCE

There was something awfully familiar about her.

DR. EMORY

Think you've met her?

LAWRENCE

I feel like I have.

Dr. Emory smiles and shows a little embarrassment.

DR. EMORY

Sure she's not a stalker? You are a lovely man.

A bit taken with Dr. Emory's admission about his looks, Lawrence shifts in his chair.

Dr. Emory becomes a bit vulnerable.

DR. EMORY (CONT'D)

I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable, Lawrence. I was simply stating a fact.

Lawrence ponders and then smiles.

LAWRENCE

My feelings at the moment have me feeling, well, refreshed.

DR. EMORY

In response to my compliment?

LAWRENCE

I've been in all manner of predicaments in my life, but right now . . .

Lawrence smiles but is concerned.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

How does a woman with your special beauty deal with men?

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I mean, in this office? I'm sure most are attracted to you. A few times on campus when I've seen you around, even very young men are admiring you. The way you walk--the way you carry your pride and intelligence--is simply majestic. I can't even explore the possibility of you being interested in me.

DR. EMORY

Don't explore anymore.

LAWRENCE

I'm very sorry. I . . .

DR. EMORY

. . . because I am interested.

Dr. Emory suddenly becomes concerned that she's overstepped her role with Lawrence and isn't sure he has a romantic interest.

Lawrence stands and slowly walks to a window and looks out.

Dr. Emory stands up next to her chair, obviously worried about what Lawrence will do next.

LAWRENCE

(Still looking out the window)

I do believe that, when the man is looking out the window, the woman should approach him and gently take his hand.

Dr. Emory, with a look of worried exhilaration, hesitates.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Darling, if you don't approach me now, I'm sure to report your conduct to the Chancellor.

DR. EMORY

Chancellor would just send you to the dean.

Dr. Emory hurries over to Lawrence and wraps her arms around him, and the two begin to kiss passionately.

EXT. IN A DESSERT SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS - ON THE MOROCCO SIDE OF THE BORDER - MORNING - FEB 2014

Sunbird's volunteers are busily getting ready for a rescue.

We see many horses getting saddled.

SUNBIRD

(Loud and commanding)

Terrain makes motorized vehicles impossible. Horseback and on foot only. Leave all vehicles here. I'm sorry we can't go at night but we don't have the moon.

Fatima is having a tough time setting up her portable drone station on a foldout table.

Ibrahim is helping with her equipment.

IBRAHIM

(Pointing at a mountain ridge)

I've only operated your drone a few times. Can I get it over that hill?

FATIMA

Just keep your eyes on the screen and hands on the toggles. It's a good drone, so flying fast and high will be okay. Just don't get carried away.

Ibrahim salutes her.

IBRAHIM

Yes, commander!

FATIMA

Even though you're an asshole sometimes, I still love you.

He smiles the way a son would smile.

IBRAHIM

I love you, too, Fatima.

Fatima hurries over to him and gives him a motherly hug.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

We will save many children today.
We'll be great.

FATIMA
 (Still holding Ibrahim)
 Great Palestinian boy!

IBRAHIM
 I should be fighting with Sunbird.

FATIMA
 You haven't recovered from your
 last wound. You would slow everyone
 down. Do a good job with the drone.

EXT. ATLAS MOUNTAINS - SAME DAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Sunbird's battle to overtake yet another trafficker compound
 is underway, and the fighting is fierce.

We see volunteers firing down on the compound, and they are
 taking massive gunfire from the enemy.

SUNBIRD
 (Yelling through his
 headset)
 Our left flank is vulnerable.
 Fatima, Sahar, if you're still over
 there, get the Hell out, now!

EXT. THE LEFT FLANK - CONTINUOUS

We see Fatima and Sahar with head sets sitting at a table
 with communications equipment.

FATIMA
 We were told this position was
 clear.

FRANCOIS
 It's not clear anymore.

FATIMA
 Which direction do we go?

IBRAHIM
 (Still operating the
 drone)
 Fatima, Sahar, there's an
 embankment due East.

FATIMA
 That's directly toward the enemy,
 Ibrahim.

IBRAHIM

No choice. You're flanked from the west, and they're starting to close your north/south.

SUNBIRD

At the count of five, we'll begin cover fire.

IBRAHIM

Then run like Hell.

EXT. THE COMMUNICATIONS AREA - CONTINUOUS

Fatima and Sahar are staying down.

We see and hear the cover fire start.

FATIMA

Go, Sahar, go!

They both start their run over the desert terrain.

Sahar quickly takes a fall, but Fatima picks her back up and they start off, again.

Regardless of the cover fire, Fatima and Sahar start taking intense fire, bullets making dirt shoot up from the desert floor.

They keep running until they hit the deck at the embankment about one hundred meters from their previous position.

Due to intense bullet barrages, the embankment quickly becomes a plum of dust.

FRANCOIS

Sunbird, their position will fail soon.

Fatima grips her hip.

IBRAHIM

Fatima isn't moving right. I think she's hit. She keeps grabbing her hip.

We hear Fatima grunting in pain.

SUNBIRD

(Very worried)

I'm going to have to ride in and get them.

Sunbird quickly climbs down from his ledge and mounts his horse.

SUNBIRD (CONT'D)

I need cover fire from everybody this time, so everyone must find a good vantage point. I'll give you all a ten-count to get set.

EXT. THE ONE HUNDRED METERS BETWEEN THE COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT AND THE EMBANKMENT - LESS THAN A MINUTE LATER

Sunbird is riding his horse incredibly fast toward the embankment.

Regardless of cover fire, Sunbird is attracting gunfire.

Sunbird reaches the embankment, making his horse hunker low.

Fatima struggles to get up and can raise herself only to her knees.

She pushes Sahar onto the horse in back of Sunbird.

The gunfire is getting out of control.

SUNBIRD

Francois, we need better cover. Use explosives and smoke. I don't think we can make it back without it.

Quickly, we see smoke cannisters dropping around the area.

FRANCOIS

Three count, Sunbird, then move.

The horse's belly is still on the dirt.

Sahar is mounted.

SAHAR

Get on, Fatima. Get on.

Fatima, still on her knees, struggles to crawl over to Sunbird.

She collapses.

SAHAR (CONT'D)

Fatima! Fatima!

LAWRENCE

Fatima, you must try. Please try!

Fatima manages to get herself next to Lawrence.

Fatima has trouble breathing.

FATIMA
I can't. I can't.

Sunbird leans over to her with his hand out.

SUNBIRD
We can do this, Fatima! We can!

She reaches up to his earlobe and squeezes it.

Sunbird sees that Fatima has taken a round in her liver, from which there's a steady flow of blood.

We see Francois's and Ibrahim's tears as they listen on the headsets.

FATIMA
I'm gone, my love. Take this beautiful child out of here now.

SUNBIRD
No, no, no, Fatima!

SAHAR
Fatima, get on!

FATIMA
You know the horse can't ride fast with three of us. We would all die.

FRANCOIS
(Through his tears)
She's right, Sunbird. Move it, my friend!

As soon as Sunbird raises his horse, the gunfire becomes more intense, but Sunbird tears out toward the mountain stronghold, Sahar clutching him from behind.

Soon after riding off, Sunbird takes a bullet in his shoulder.

Fatima sees that Sunbird is nearly shot off his horse, but Sahar, with great difficulty, helps steady him so he can continue.

Fatima looks around to examine the situation and then decides to create a diversion.

FATIMA
 (Struggling to even speak)
 I must draw fire or they won't make
 it back.

IBRAHIM
 Don't do it, Fatima! No!

FRANCOIS
 (Fighting back tears)
 Fatima, you must do it now, or it
 will be too late.

FATIMA
 (Struggling to talk)
 Oh, damn, it hurts.

As she struggles to stand, and clutching her side, Fatima moans in extreme pain.

With all the strength she can muster, she's able to move fairly quickly in the other direction.

Fatima's plan works: she draws most of the gunfire; she takes many rounds and is killed.

We hear Ibrahim scream out.

IBRAHIM (O.S.)
 Oh, no. Fatima, Fatima, no, no, no!

Sunbird, while still riding fast toward the mountain, hears Ibrahim through his headset and, he, himself, let's out a long cry of grief.

INT. INSIDE DR. FALSTAFF'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Brian and Dr. Falstaff have just seen Ibrahim's drone video from the archives for the first time.

Both of them have been crying.

DR. FALSTAFF
 My, God, Fatima.

Brian sits, stunned, and speechless.

DR. FALSTAFF (CONT'D)
 Say something, Brian. I'm feeling
 awful right now.

BRIAN
(Mesmerized)
Oh, my God, this really happened.

They both start crying, again.

DR. FALSTAFF
I wish I could've known her.

EXT. DR. EMORY'S HOUSE IN THE BERKELEY HILLS - PRESENT DAY

Dr. Emory is standing out on her front porch talking on the phone.

This is where we learn that Dr. Emory has been communicating with Brian and Dr. Falstaff about Lawrence's accomplishments.

DR. EMORY
Hi, Brian, yes, I watched the latest installment. I wish I could've known Fatima as well.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Have you and Lawrence gone to the next level?

DR. EMORY
Well, you make it sound like a promotion. But, yes, we have.

BRIAN (O.S.)
How's he doing?

DR. EMORY
Even though we've been "promoted," Brian, I'm still not able to discuss his emotional state with anyone.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Can I send more?

DR. EMORY
Not sure why. Fatima's death has shaken me up. Could you hold off for a while?

INT. DR. EMORY'S KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Lawrence and Dr. Emory are sitting at the breakfast table.

Lawrence is gazing out of the window at Dr. Emory's lovely garden and then catches himself ignoring her.

Dr. Emory clears her throat.

LAWRENCE

Pardon, dear. I do tend to fly off into the morning sun.

DR. EMORY

My garden is hypnotizing.

LAWRENCE

It reminds me of my grandmother's garden in Devonshire. Today, I'm seeing the garden in much the same way I did as a child--comfortable with its existence without having to unlock its mysteries.

DR. EMORY

Plants are a lot like people. If we question them, we get answers that really aren't answers.

Lawrence takes a bite from his English muffin.

LAWRENCE

Fatima once told me that I was a savage. Did I look like a savage to you when I bit into this English muffin?

Dr. Emory takes pause and thinks.

DR. EMORY

After last night, well, how about gentleman savage?

Lawrence laughs.

LAWRENCE

A delighted savage.

DR. EMORY

I'll take that.

Dr. Emory takes a few bites from her breakfast and becomes pensive.

DR. EMORY (CONT'D)

We're transitory, aren't we Lawrence?

Lawrence is bit taken aback.

LAWRENCE
Oh, my dear doctor, what
relationship isn't transitory.

DR. EMORY
Bless every moment?

LAWRENCE
And hold it in your arms as long as
you can.

EXT. SHATTUCK STREET, BERKELEY - NEXT DAY

Lawrence exits a thrift shop with a bag in his hand.

He notices Abigail across the street starring at him.

He doesn't feel any animosity, but the situation is off-
putting.

He stares back at her briefly.

LAWRENCE
(Loudly and lifting a
hand)
Young woman! Young woman!

Lawrence then starts to cross the street and a car skids to a
stop to avoid hitting him.

Lawrence is standing directly in front of the car.

Traffic stops on both sides.

The male driver honks and then yells out.

DRIVER
You okay?

Lawrence freezes in front of the car.

The driver, more concerned than angry, opens his door, steps
out and approaches Lawrence.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Is there anything I can do?

Lawrence is dazed and embarrassed.

LAWRENCE

(Pointing to where Abigail
was)

Did you see a woman on that side of
the street?

The driver is perplexed.

DRIVER

There are dozens of woman walking
along Shattuck St. at this time of
day. Are you good?

LAWRENCE

Yes, of course, and I apologize for
my behavior.

DRIVER

(Getting back into his
car)

Hey, live and learn, right? But now
I think you should pick one side of
the street and go there.

Lawrence jumps to his senses and hurries to the side where
Abigail was.

Lawrence randomly picks a direction in which to search for
the woman.

We see a medley of locations as Lawrence walks around
checking the area until he stops and looks into a park where
he sees somebody.

It's Abigail sitting on a bench, crying, hands to her face.

LAWRENCE

(To himself)

Goodness. Poor dear.

Lawrence steps into the small park and approaches her,
cautiously.

Abigail notices him approaching and quickly gathers herself.

Lawrence moves within a few feet of her and waits for her to
say something.

ABIGAIL

I guess you want me to say
something?

LAWRENCE
I would appreciate it, but you
don't . . .

Abigail lets out a sad chuckle.

ABIGAIL
I nearly killed you back there.

LAWRENCE
No, dear, I almost killed myself.

ABIGAIL
After all the years of looking, I
almost killed you.

Something clicks in Lawrence's brain.

Abigail stands as if to allow Lawrence to study her for
while.

And Lawrence is beginning to realize something important is
happening.

LAWRENCE
The coffee cup.

Abigail nods.

Lawrence's face lights up.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I assume the DNA test was positive?
You look a lot like your mother.

ABIGAIL
I don't remember her. We were
separated after the kidnapping.

LAWRENCE
We named you Kristen, Kristen Rob.

ABIGAIL
It's Abigail now.

Lawrence is just gob smacked.

LAWRENCE
How did you find me? I never
stopped looking for you.

ABIGAIL

About a year ago, I was doing a
hack search for a terrorist with
the nick name, "Great Palestinian
Boy."

LAWRENCE

Oh, dear. You accessed Fatima's
archives?

Abigail nods.

ABIGAIL

I'm so sorry about your adopted
boy. He was brave and beautiful.

LAWRENCE

One might say, "A great Palestinian
boy." But of course not a
terrorist.

Abigail, with a look of sorrow, shakes her head.

ABIGAIL

Of course not.

LAWRENCE

MI-5?

ABIGAIL

Interpol.

Lawrence lets out a proud smile.

LAWRENCE

You do believe that I never stopped
. . .

ABIGAIL

. . . looking for me. It's obvious
by the work you've done over the
years.

LAWRENCE

I looked so closely at every girl
we rescued, that is, until you
would've been too old for a
profitable kidnapping.

Lawrence shakes his head and palm-slaps his forehead.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry, that was a bit harsh.

ABIGAIL

What happened to my mother?

Lawrence tries to tell her about the suicide but stammers.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

It can wait.

He steps up to her and lifts his arms slightly as if testing for a hug.

Abigail becomes a little vulnerable and little-girl-like and starts to tear up.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Take me, father. Take me back.

Lawrence hugs her, Abigail hugs back, and Lawrence sheds tears as well.

INT. INSIDE LAWRENCE'S BERKELEY HOUSE - A FEW DAYS LATER

Lawrence is on a video call with Francois.

FRANCOIS

Is she the person you would have expected?

SUNBIRD

She's like both her mother and me but with resentments we never had and which has given her an edge that makes her suspicious of almost everyone.

FRANCOIS

How is Sahar handling it?

SUNBIRD

She's happy to have a, a, a . . .

FRANCOIS

. . . a sister/mother?

SUNBIRD

Something of the sort.

Francois pauses in thought.

FRANCOIS

The Foundation being way underfunded, we actually had to call off a rescue recently.

SUNBIRD

Getting slow, Francois?

FRANCOIS

Not as slow as you were at my age.
I just wanted to let you know that
an old donor just passed away and
left us some money in his will.

SUNBIRD

Sorry to hear about his passing.

FRANCOIS

He was 102.

SUNBIRD

Curious. How much did he leave?

FRANCOIS

One hundred thirty thousand euros.
It'll pull us through the next two
months with a couple of smaller
rescues. After that, well . . .

INT. LAWRENCE'S HOME BASEMENT - THAT EVENING

Sahar and Abigail are in the basement where Sahar is showing
off some communications and surveillance equipment.

Sahar digs a drone (about 3ft in diameter) out of a pile of
equipment and blows some dust off of it.

SAHAR

This is the drone my brother was
operating when he filmed Fatima
dying and, of course, me escaping
on horseback with dad. Did you
watch that part?

Abigail nods.

SAHAR (CONT'D)

She was like a mother to me. To
Ibrahim, too, but he was too
"manly" to admit it to me. But I
did catch him on camera once saying
he loved her.

Abigail gently takes the drone from Sahar and inspects it.

ABIGAIL

This is "old world."

SAHAR

After I graduate, I'm going to go back to the Foundation and pick up where I left off.

ABIGAIL

What does dad have to say about that?

SAHAR

He'd rather I didn't, but he understands, since I grew up in it, and I know how important our work is, I just can't move on and, well, you know?

ABIGAIL

I'm sure Interpol would be a good fit for you, Sahar, if you're ever interested. You could teach us a few things, I'm sure.

SAHAR

Abigail, you do know how often we had to bend rules, local laws?

Abigail winks at Sahar.

ABIGAIL

Right, Interpol never breaks rules.

We hear Lawrence's footsteps descending the staircase.

He joins the women.

LAWRENCE

I hate to interrupt, but I've got Peruvian chicken ready. Oh, and Abigail, I did go ahead and confirm the DNA test as you suggested. I'm happy to say that you're still my daughter.

Abigail smiles.

Lawrence glances at the drone that Abigail is still holding.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You'd have loved Fatima. She helped me look for you, did some impressive research, indeed. But, of course, it's you who found us.

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I guess I should be thankful that my son had the same nickname as a terrorist.

INT. LAWRENCE'S HOUSE - DINING AREA - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Lawrence, Abigail, and Sahar are eating Lawrence's chicken.

LAWRENCE

I'll be happy to give you the recipe. We conducted a rescue not for from Lima, Peru in the late 90s--didn't do many rescues in that part of the world--language and connections issues--Arabic didn't take me very far. Anyway, I got this recipe from a the owner of a small cafe.

ABIGAIL

(To Sahar)

Did you ever join dad in the West?

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Dad would just leave us in Beirut when he went to that part of the world.

LAWRENCE

They didn't speak Spanish at all. I'm functional in the language and so is Francois. We did only a few small operations there, wish we could've done more.

SAHAR

(To Abigail)

An Anglican orphanage in Hong Kong?

ABIGAIL

Learned English, of course, as well as Mandarin, Cantonese, then French and Spanish at the University of Hong Kong.

SAHAR

Perfect for Interpol. Do you remember your mother?

Abigail drops a fork.

ABIGAIL

Not really, having been little more than a baby when we were separated.

Abigail looks away in thought.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

But sometimes I hear her voice. I like to think so, anyway.

LAWRENCE

You know, Abigail, somewhere along the line, those men answered for their crimes.

SAHAR

At some point, we probably killed them. Anyway, I don't remember my parents. Ibrahim did, and I used to envy him for that.

Abigail lets out a long sigh and then smiles at Sahar.

ABIGAIL

Sahar, do you like shopping?

Lawrence chuckles.

SAHAR

Dad laughs because I never go shopping. He thinks I'm a geek.

ABIGAIL

Well, I can fix that, my geek sister. How about tomorrow, downtown San Francisco?

Sahar looks doubtful and then smiles.

SAHAR

Since you're my big sister, I guess I should go.

They all laugh.

EXT. A SMALL PARK IN BERKELEY - NEXT MORNING

Abigail and Lawrence are taking a walk and chatting.

LAWRENCE

I wish I'd taken more pictures of your mother.

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Most of them burnt in a fire. That was before digital archiving.

ABIGAIL

I have no idea what she looked like.

LAWRENCE

Like I promised, I did retrieve a few pictures from storage that I got a long time ago from her parents and siblings. Your grandparents are dead, by the way, but your Uncle Davis and Aunt Marsha are around my age. I've told them about you, and they want to meet with you at some point. They're delighted, and, of course, there are your five cousins. Be that as it may, they'd like to arrange a family reunion in your honor at some point, no pressure.

Lawrence takes two small pictures from his pocket and shows her.

Abigail takes a long look.

ABIGAIL

Funny, I didn't even need a picture. All I ever had to do was look into the mirror.

LAWRENCE

Indeed! But there's a good bit of me in your face as well.

Abigail gives the pictures back.

ABIGAIL

There's something I need to alert you to.

Lawrence appears concerned.

LAWRENCE

Goodness, sounds official.

ABIGAIL

When I was hacking Fatima's archives, there was evidence that somebody else had been hacking in as well.

LAWRENCE

Oh, dear.

ABIGAIL

You could be compromised. I'm concerned. That's all.

Lawrence snorts facetiously and looks off into the trees.

LAWRENCE

Bound to happen. Bloody Hell.

ABIGAIL

Interpol's on it. No worries, I've contained the investigation to just of few people in the agency.

LAWRENCE

Any idea who? Even though I'm no longer working on the ground, there are traffickers who would like to take me out.

ABIGAIL

We know it's somebody in the Bay Area. The hacker's very skilled.

LAWRENCE

You know, over my many years in the Foundation, Interpol actually lent us volunteers, off and on, depending on who was in charge there at the time. We've had them from many policing and/or spy agencies throughout the world. Fortunately, they all love children. I must say, though, I was impressed with your people.

ABIGAIL

Keep your eyes peeled, dad. I really like calling you "dad."

LAWRENCE

I like hearing it, Abigail. And, Abigail, feel free to leave your hotel and stay with us. We have an extra bedroom. We're good housekeepers.

ABIGAIL

Right, you can't even dust off your drones!

They both smile.

INT. INSIDE DR. FALSTAFF'S OFFICE

Dr. Falstaff and Brian are sitting behind her desk watching Fatima's archive videos.

There's a knock on the door.

DR. FALSTAFF
Please, come in.

Abigail, with a business-like but friendly gait--steps into the office.

Dr. Falstaff is surprised.

Brian appears worried.

Dr. Falstaff stands up and motions Abigail to sit in the chair in front of the desk.

Abigail doesn't take the chair.

ABIGAIL
No, thank you.

DR. FALSTAFF
(Cautiously annoyed)
May we help you?

ABIGAIL
Dr. Falstaff? Brian Wong?

Brian and Dr. Falstaff become very uncomfortable.

BRIAN
Who's asking?

ABIGAIL
I'm Abigail Woodley with Interpol.

Abigail steps up to the desk and holds out her identification.

BRIAN
As in the international police
agency?

ABIGAIL
Yes.

Dr. Falstaff and Brian become solemn.

Both Brian and Dr. Falstaff take another, closer look at the Abigail's ID.

BRIAN

It says Interpol, got a number and everything. Can I take a pic of this?

ABIGAIL

Of course.

Brian takes a shot with his smartphone.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Are you viewing Fatima's archives even now?

Dr. Falstaff's and Brian's solemnness turns to shock.

Brian and Dr. Falstaff begin to panic.

BRIAN

Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck.

DR. FALSTAFF

Look, we're not doing anything really wrong here.

ABIGAIL

Nonsense, hacking is a crime. There's only one person who can give permission to release those achieves to the public. And I think we all know who that is.

Brian is breathing hard.

BRIAN

Yeah, it's illegal but not when Interpol does it, right? Above the law?

ABIGAIL

Much of the time.

DR. FALSTAFF

Well, what do you want? Why have you come to us?

Brian looks at Abigail as though he recognizes her.

BRIAN

There's something about your eyes.

Brian starts pacing.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
And your voice. It's your voice.

Brian snaps his fingers.

ABIGAIL
Perhaps my eyes and voice remind
you of Lawrence's. It would not be
surprising since I'm his daughter.
We've only recently re-united.

Brian falls back from the standing position into his chair,
stunned.

BRIAN
Fuck me! Fuck me!

DR. FALSTAFF
Where have you been? Your mother?

ABIGAIL
Long story. But my mother has never
been found.

Brian leans on the desk and is trying to breathe slowly.

BRIAN
(To Dr. Falstaff)
Why aren't you having a panic
attack?

DR. FALSTAFF
Because this is a real situation,
not imagined.

Brian shakes his head.

BRIAN
Well, Abigail, do we need to get
attorneys?

ABIGAIL
Interpol isn't interested in
hacking unless a lot of money is
involved, terrorism, or, of course,
human trafficking.

BRIAN
(Facetious)
Plenty of human trafficking here.

ABIGAIL

Actually, previously unknown to me, Interpol has been helping the Foundation, off and on, throughout it's thirty-five-plus-year history by lending out agents for Sunbird's rescue missions. Mostly Intel.

DR. FALSTAFF

So, we're not getting arrested today?

ABIGAIL

No. But we do want full cooperation in the viewing of these archives because it will teach us a lot about how Sunbird achieved so much.

Brian and Dr. Falstaff look at each other, nod, and are obviously in agreement that Interpol should have access.

DR. FALSTAFF

I think Brian and I are in agreement. Yes.

Brian and Dr. Falstaff get an idea at the same time and nod at each other.

DR. FALSTAFF (CONT'D)

Since you're his daughter, you might be the one to convince him to officially release the archives but, of course, without naming us. Tell him you want to watch them so Interpol can learn how to deal with human trafficking better. If he does release them, even on a limited bases, we have a way to get his Foundation a large infusion of funding that would set them up for many years. Got time to talk about it?

Abigail takes a chair and puts her bag on the floor.

ABIGAIL

I'm listening.

Brian and Dr. Falstaff smile.

EXT. UNION SQUARE DISTRICT, SAN FRANCISCO - PRESENT DAY

Sahar and Abigail are walking through Union Square.

Sahar looks around like a little girl in a new, exciting place.

ABIGAIL
Are you happy, my sister?

SAHAR
It is kind of exiting, isn't it?

ABIGAIL
Consumerism is so awful, really,
but I love it sometimes.

SAHAR
Dad says it distracts people from
what's important.

ABIGAIL
True, but focusing only on
"important" things can distract us
as well . . . In a twisty way.

Sahar stops their stride and looks bewildered.

SAHAR
Your mind navigates issues the same
way dad's does. DNA, right?

Abigail winks at Sahar.

INT. INSIDE A DEPARTMENT STORE IN A FITTING ROOM AREA - SAME
DAY

Abigail is waiting for Sahar to step out of a fitting
enclosure.

ABIGAIL
Come on, girl. I want to see. I
want to see.

Sahar then steps out wearing a fashionable blue dress.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Oh, Sahar, you should dress up more
often. You're a doll.

SAHAR
No way!

ABIGAIL
Really. Why don't you take that and
those two other dresses and three
blouses.

SAHAR

Oh, Abigail, I've only got thirty dollars. Not six hundred!

ABIGAIL

Oh, what the Hell. What's a good salary for if I can't spend some on my sister. I'm taking care of this.

SAHAR

No way!

ABIGAIL

Yes way!

INT. A COFFEE SHOP IN THE UNION SQUARE DISTRICT - A BIT LATER THAT DAY

Sahar and Abigail are having coffee.

Several shopping bags are next to them on chairs.

SAHAR

I'll talk to him.

ABIGAIL

We need to approach him together. He'll feel our power, but he won't feel cornered. We just have to talk about the benefits of a limited exposure to the archives.

SAHAR

Well, it's very real that the Foundation is in danger of ending if we don't find a big financial infusion.

ABIGAIL

And one infusion usually leads to many more. You see what I'm saying?

SAHAR

You didn't have to buy me all of this expensive clothing to butter me up.

Abigail appears a bit hurt.

ABIGAIL

Oh, no, no . . .

SAHAR

I'm kidding. Buy all you want for me.

Sahar chuckles.

EXT. A PARK IN BERKELEY

Dr. Emory, Dr. Falstaff, and Brian are standing and talking.

DR. EMORY

Lawrence has sensitive antennae. He knows something's afoot. He was uncharacteristically tossing and turning in bed last night.

BRIAN

In my lab, too. Well, he's not tossing and turning. HaHaHa. But he's been making mistakes, which he almost never does. Just yesterday, he passed specimens on to me that I'd confirmed a week before. Then, when I called him on it, I thought he would cry.

DR. FALSTAFF

Sahar and Abigail are working hard on him. They think they're close.

DR. EMORY

Close doesn't work if we're past the deadline. People who are dishing out millions to their prize winners aren't gonna wait around for Lawrence's moods. Nomination deadline is upon us!

EXT. ON THE BACKYARD VERANDA OF LAWRENCE'S BERKELEY HOME -
DUSK - PRESENT DAY

Sahar and Lawrence are talking over tea.

LAWRENCE

You say it's a limited exposure of the archives?

SAHAR

Like I said, Interpol wants to learn from the archives so they can do a better job.

LAWRENCE

So much of what we've done in the Foundation, well, Interpol cannot emulate. Much of what we've done has been illegal.

SAHAR

Abigail says, "No problem."

LAWRENCE

Abigail was quite convincing when we spoke. But, as you know, I have reservations.

SAHAR

Look, traffickers already know the Foundation exists.

LAWRENCE

Yes, but they don't know where to find us.

SAHAR

Abigail says there's evidence to suggest many do know where we are, and that we could probably use Interpol's resources right now for security.

Abigail walks out onto the veranda holding a cocktail.

ABIGAIL

I don't see any other way. You must've known you'd see devolution once you stopped working on the ground.

SAHAR

Francois is a great tactician on the ground, but he's no accountant or PR man. Whether you'd like to admit it or not, you know finances and PR very well, dad, and that always helped keep the Foundation afloat.

LAWRENCE

But I'm still acting in an advisory role.

ABIGAIL

Yes, but you haven't seen, up close, what's going on.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 You know that this relationship
 will lead to handsome donations.
 Interpol brings remarkable
 connections. And . . .

Lawrence holds up his hand in the stop position.

LAWRENCE
 . . . Let me ponder for a bit.

ABIGAIL
 It's time sensitive, dad.

LAWRENCE
 Time sensitive. Time. Time. Time.
 Why the bloody Hell did we invent
 Time.

ABIGAIL
 Because it was Time to?

LAWRENCE
 (To Abigail)
 Go easy on that Martini, dear.

Sahar stands and steps over to Lawrence, puts a hand on his
 shoulder.

SAHAR
 Dad, you've got three days to
 decide, or the Foundation
 flounders.

INT. BERKELEY CAMPUS - BRIAN'S LAB - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Lawrence is examining specimens while Brian is doing busy
 work in the background.

BRIAN
 You seem preoccupied today,
 Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
 What makes you say that?

Brian steps over to Lawrence's work station.

BRIAN
 You're examining nothing. There are
 no specimens under the microscope.

Lawrence leans back in his chair.

LAWRENCE

Oh, Brian, you're such a detail chap, aren't you?

BRIAN

I'm a genius.

LAWRENCE

I've got family decisions to make. I suppose it's been difficult to concentrate on microbes.

BRIAN

Sahar's education? Something like that?

LAWRENCE

Oh, something like that, I suppose.

Brian sits down right next to Lawrence.

BRIAN

I have only one kidney, Lawrence.

Lawrence is taken aback. Then he puts a hand where his own missing lung used to be.

LAWRENCE

I'm very sorry. And how is that so?

BRIAN

When I was twenty three years old, my twin brother needed a kidney because his only kidney had failed. Dialysis was no longer an option.

LAWRENCE

Your brother, Steve?

BRAIN

Point is, he needed it, or he would die. He would die, Lawrence. The point is, I was used to being whole, with a whole body that had two kidneys. I could not imagine myself without only one of my kidneys. I thought about it, and thought about it. For days and days and days. Until the urologist called me and said, "Steve will die in the next few days if we don't proceed with the transplant. Come down and take a look at your brother."

LAWRENCE

My goodness, Brian. I had no . .

BRIAN

. . . When I saw Steve, eyes sunken
back into his skull, skin Casper
white, lips dried up, tubes all
over him like snakes, Steve said .
. .

Brian tears up. Lawrence takes his hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

. . . Steve said, "Don't do it,
Brian. I love you. I want you to
live a long life and have babies."
"Steve," I said, "I need a wife
first." That made him smile, and
when he smiled, I told Steve's
urologist, "Operate right now."
Point is, I shouldn't have had to
see him dying to make my decision.
When the people around you are
telling you something is dying, you
must believe them. After all, why
would they lie?

Lawrence, confused, stares intently at Brian.

Brian gets up and starts to walk out of the lab.

LAWRENCE

Brian?

Brian stops and turns around.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Whatever you've intended to do
here, I believe you've helped.

Brian gives a thumbs up and a smile and leaves the room.

INT. DR. FALSTAFF'S OFFICE - SAME DAY - AFTERNOON

Dr. Falstaff is sitting at her desk when there's a knock on
her door.

Brian and Abigail don't even wait for a "come in"; rather,
they swing the door open and hurry in, make their way around
the desk to look at Dr. Falstaff's laptop screen.

DR. FALSTAFF

I'm ready to send the archives.

Brian and Abigail, smiling, give thumbs up.

We hear the click and see files loading and sending.

INT. LAWRENCE'S HOME - TWO MONTHS LATER - EVENING

Dr. Emory and Lawrence sit close together on a sofa in the living room.

Lawrence makes a call on his smartphone.

LAWRENCE

Ah, Abigail, how is New York City?

ABIGAIL

Well, it's okay, but I don't like the idea that the Interpol office here is in the United Nations building.

LAWRENCE

You're police, after all, and much of our white collar crimes are happening right in that building. Should be exiting for you.

ABIGAIL

Fortunately, there are a lot of good ones here as well--for example, the three affiliate NGO's that are going to pay you \$25.000 in consultant fees for only a few lectures.

LAWRENCE

The Foundation loves it!

ABIGAIL

Look, I know it's not enough, yet. Listen, dad, I want you to put your smartphone on "ring" tonight, okay?

LAWRENCE

What for? I gave that up after leaving active ground duty with the Foundation.

ABIGAIL

Just do it.

DR. EMORY

Do what your daughter says, Lawrence.

Lawrence moves a switch on his smartphone.

LAWRENCE
Hear that? Advice from my shrink.
Okay. Done. You're calling later?

ABIGAIL
You'll see.

INT. LAWRENCE'S LIVINGROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Lawrence's smart phone rings.

LAWRENCE
Yes?

Lawrence takes the phone into the other room, leaving Dr. Emory anxious in the livingroom.

After a few minutes, Lawrence walks back in, dazed, and plunks back down on the sofa.

DR. EMORY
Well? Who is calling this time of night?

LAWRENCE
So now they're actually giving the Nobel Peace Prize to people who save children on the ground. Ballzy, I must say.

Dr. Emory moves over and gives Lawrence a hug.

DR. EMORY
Congratulations, Lawrence! You didn't just save children, my dear. Over those many years, they estimate that you and the Foundation saved over thirteen thousand children.

Lawrence is still dazed.

LAWRENCE
More, actually. A lot more. Peace prize goes to the Foundation, with special mention to Ibrahim, Francois, Fatima, Sahar and me as the primary. 1.3 Million dollars for the Foundation. They said they would keep us as anonymous as possible.

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

We don't even have to be present in Stockholm to accept the prize.

DR. EMORY

And after donors hear about this, more funds will pour in . . . Sunbird.

Dr. Emory stands and faces Lawrence and takes his hands.

DR. EMORY (CONT'D)

Tell me, Sunbird, how do you feel? I mean, really feel.

Lawrence takes on a look of intense gratitude.

LAWRENCE

I'm just thinking about the Foundation, about the children. Oh, my God, all the beautiful children . . .

He becomes a little dreamy.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

How do I feel? I feel. Why, I feel like Sunbird.

EXT. EPILOGUE - THE MIDDLE EAST DESERT SOMEWHERE - 2011

This scene is in Fatima's archive format. We see Sunbird, Fatima, and Sahar together on Sunbird's horse.

The horse is prancing in circles, and the three of them are laughing and tickling each other.

We hear Ibrahim's voice; he's obviously filming them with Fatima's video camera.

IBRAHIM

Careful, guys. He's a horse, not a ride at the amusement park.

FATIMA

(Through her laughter)
But, Ibrahim, that's exactly what this is.

The horse rears and whinnies.

We hear Ibrahim almost whispering.

IBRAHIM
(Loud enough for the
camera to pick up)
I love you.

The shot stills with all three on the horse smiling joyously.

END