

BOMBSHELL

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

SUPER: "Judean Desert, 2030"

Two masked terrorist garbed in black robes stand at attention, the hot Palestine dunes mirage in the distance.

JAMAL ABU TIR, 30, an assassin, stares emotionless into a digital camera held by a western camera man who records.

A gun pressed to the back of his head.

YASER SHALLAH, the leader, 50, spouts his allegiance to Hamas.

YASER

(Arabic)

This Journalist is yet another example that America is excessive with its justification for being in the Middle East.

In front of them is an American Journalist on his knees, hands bound behind him, dirty.

A masked female, LIA KILANI, 23, stands next to him and holds a large combat knife.

YASER (CONT'D)

Your desires are quite simple. Our oil reserves are central to your nations future. You quadrupled your military here to bring **peace** and **order** after the Israeli genocide in the Gaza strip, but this is a **lie**. Your main goal is world dominance, and you will manipulate all those that oppose. For that reason, Palestine has drenched its soil in blood from many casualties caught in the crossfire. Our measures are extreme, like your institutions. Not in the name of peace... but in the name of economics.

THROUGH STEADICAM

YASER (CONT'D)

Let this man's death be a national burden on your souls. God is great!

PANNING to the journalist's FACE, ZOOMING IN while-LIA SLITS HIS THROAT.

EXT. MOVING OVER SEATTLE RAIN FOREST - DAY

A red cabin perched on a slope is hidden deep within the green trees and moss covered soil, a part of the world lost to mankind, solace.

A blue pickup truck is parked next to the cabin, a fog crawls along the earth's wet surface. A rainstorm has just passed.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

ROY HANNA, 55, fit, is blind folded while he field strips an assault rifle on an oak table.

He assembles the weapon with speed and accuracy. Finishes, cocks the rifle, aims, and dry fires.

Roy takes off the blind fold and drinks some whiskey from a tumbler.

He puts a round in the clip and loads it into the rifle.

Takes a deep breath and curls his finger around the trigger.

Squeezes his eyes shut and turns the barrel on himself... hears a vehicle pullup next to his pickup truck.

He ejects the round, sets the rifle down, and looks out his window.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Roy steps out on the porch and MICHAEL MAYNARD, 30, Homeland Security, gets out the black SUV.

They both smile. It's been years.

ROY

How the hell are you?

MICHAEL

Could be worse. Could be a hermit out in the middle of nowhere.

ROY

How's the agency treating you?

MICHAEL

After you left? They couldn't be happier.

ROY

Is that right? Is it because you don't raise questions for debate? Or because I taught you everything you know?

MICHAEL

Some of that might be true. But I'm not the one who doesn't know how to use Facebook.

ROY

Is that how we're going to win against the terrorist? Facebook?

They chuckle.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm the "write a letter to someone" kind of guy. Even the Internet can't find me up here.

The laughs subside and Michael takes a deep breath of crisp air. He exhales.

ROY (CONT'D)

Nice, isn't it?

MICHAEL

Not like the desert.

ROY

So that's why you're here.

Michael pulls out his cellphone and slides his thumbs across the display. He hits play on a video and hands it to Roy.

INSERT - VIDEO

Yaser has finished his speech and Lia slits the American journalist's throat.

BACK TO SCENE

Roy's eyebrows furrow, he hands the cellphone back.

ROY (CONT'D)

Nasty stuff. Who's the American?

MICHAEL

He's a journalist. Guy was just doing his job and got kidnapped in the right place at the wrong time.

ROY

Who paid for the killing?

MICHAEL

(puzzled)

The keepers of faith. Isn't it obvious? Allah.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That brings me out here to you... How do I say this?

ROY

Just say it.

MICHAEL

The terrorist who did the killing. That's your daughter.

Roy's eyes widen.

ROY

... How?

MICHAEL

Back in the nineties when you were still active. That short romantic relationship you had with that Palestinian woman.

ROY

Claudia Nasr

Roy leans against his blue pickup truck.

MICHAEL

During our surveillance and research we got a hold of her records and her birth certificate had you named as the father. So, we got a DNA sample of hers, and I got a hold of yours.

Roy is silent.

ROY

Does she know?

Michael shakes his head.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Where's Claudia?

MICHAEL  
She's dead. Died in a Israeli  
bombing of Gaza City some years  
back.

Roy's face drops.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
We believe that this is motive for  
her recruiting into the Hamas at a  
young age. A means to fight back.

ROY  
When do I leave?

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL  
Tonight at 10:30 PM.

EXT. BEN GURION AIRPORT - NEXT DAY

They exit the sliding doors and an unmarked white van sits  
idle. Roy hops in the passenger seat and Michael gets in the  
driver side, puts it in gear.

INT. JERUSALEM - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

Roy is in a concrete room, no windows.

A 500W floodlight plugged into the wall gives the space  
depth.

A large whiteboard surrounded by fold out tables forms a  
horseshoe with chairs.

State-of-the-art equipment is sprawled out over the table  
tops. Military Spec Laptop, single scope night vision  
goggles, a digital Nikon camera with numerous lenses.

On the opposite table, an M-16 with a scope, Spaz 12-gauge  
shotgun, MP5K submachine gun, and an HK USP 45.

Camouflaged Kevlar bulletproof vests hang on seats with  
bandoliers of grenades and flash-bangs, next to boxes of  
ammunition for all weapons.

MICHAEL

This is the unit. Teresa and Chucky.

(Michael uses air quotes)

"Our anti-terrorism exercise team."

TERESA HAMILTON, 32, field agent, make-up less, ponytail, greets Roy with a firm handshake.

TERESA

Nice to meet you Mr. Hanna.

ROY

Likewise.

CHUCKY BARNES, 40, technical support, unshaven, shakes Roy's hand.

CHUCKY

Pleasure to have you on the team.  
You drink coffee?

ROY

Black, please.

ROY (CONT'D)

Where are we?

MICHAEL

We're off the grid on this mission.  
The US Embassy is a last resort  
safe haven. Otherwise, being in the  
field is where the mission has kept  
us.

The unit nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Let's get to it. We're running on a  
clock.

Teresa turns on a digital projector, she presses a button on a remote and the projector blows up an image of Yaser on the white screen.

TERESA

Yaser Shallah. He is a high ranking  
member of Hamas and has been linked  
to many assassinations. Including  
the October 7, 2023 massacre.

She CLICKS again. A Palestine beauty magazine shows Lia on the cover, staring, exotic, sexy.

TERESA (CONT'D)

This girl is, Lia Kilani. She has had a winning streak in Palestine beauty pageants. No losses.

TERESA (CONT'D)

I was reading this very magazine and recognized something about the eyes of Lia. I had Chucky run facial analyzing, comparing the terrorist video and Lia's magazine cover, and they were a positive match.

ROY

Good eye.

TERESA

After that connection I tailed her for a week. Going to pageants and parties.

ROY

Why can't you guys just bust them now?

MICHAEL

Because they're on home turf. They can intimidate, kill, and buy off the authorities.

ROY

So what's our operation?

MICHAEL

To gain evidence.

ROY

Then why the weapons?

MICHAEL

Last resort.

Roy points out Jamal on the projected image.

ROY

What about this guy?

MICHAEL

That's Jamal Abu Tir. Young turk in Hamas. Also a reputed assassin. This guy gets his hands bloody, not just dirty.

TERESA

Lia's two pageants away from winning a spot for the Miss Earth pageant in New York City.

MICHAEL

If we can get her on US soil, then we can make the arrest for the murder of the American journalist, and it will stick.

Roy strategizes.

ROY

Right. Okay, the next pageant is in two days. Lia needs to secure that win. Does she have an entourage?

MICHAEL

Yes. Yaser and Jamal.

EXT. ISRAEL BROADCASTING CORPORATION - DAY

Lia's limo is parked out front and the LIMO DRIVER smokes a cigarette while he waits.

Down the street Michael comes up behind him on foot, wearing shades.

The limo driver is approached by an American couple, Chucky and Teresa.

TERESA

You-  
(points back and forth)  
Take our picture?

The limo driver takes the camera and snaps away while Chucky and Teresa hold each other, smiling.

Michael slides a slim jim into the backseat door's window seal and unlocks the door.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Michael gets in and closes the door behind him. He has seconds to find a good reception for the bug.

He places it underneath the metal mini-bar shelf holding the liquor bottles and glasses.

MICHAEL  
(into earpiece)  
Roy. Copy?

ROY (V.O.)  
(Michael's earpiece)  
Copy.

EXT. ISRAEL BROADCASTING CORPORATION - CONTINUOUS

The limo driver looks behind him back at the limo.

TERESA  
One more! One More!

Chucky plants a big kiss on her cheek and the limo driver takes the picture.

Michael steps out and makes his way down the sidewalk, blending in with the locals, unnoticed.

INT. ISRAEL BROADCASTING CORPORATION - STUDIO

Lia, stylishly dressed, sits across from a FEMALE INTERVIEWER as they wrap up the conversation in Arabic.

Behind them sit Yaser and Jamal.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER  
What are your thoughts on the world perception of terrorist groups like Hamas that claim Palestine as their home to protect against all costs, and does that effect your role as a representative?

LIA  
We both share a love for our country but their techniques are misguiding the world and our own public opinion to further an agenda that is forcing a social cohesion in Israel.

EXT. ISRAEL BROADCASTING CORPORATION - CONTINUOUS

Lia, Yaser, and Jamal walk out the entrance and the limo driver opens the back doors for them.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY

Teresa and Chucky stalk from the front seats, see the entourage get into the limo.

Michael and Roy sit in the back. Roy has headphones on jacked into the military laptop and listens to the audio feed from the bug.

The limo pulls out into the street, busy traffic.

ROY

Go.

Chucky throws the van in gear and they pursue.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Lia settles in, kicks off her heels and lets her hair down.

She drinks a bottled water as Yaser and Jamal fix themselves drinks.

LIA

I hate interviews.

YASER

You did great.

LIA

How long till we get to the Gaza Strip?

YASER

Not long. We'll meet with the pageant judge first at his hotel, then eat.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - SAME

Roy records every word as Chucky steers through the streets.

ROY

(to Chucky)

Don't lose her.

EXT. GAZA STRIP HOTEL - NIGHT

The limo parks out front and KARAM RAFE, pageant judge, well dressed, comes out of the building and gets into the backseat of the limo.

The unmarked van parked not far behind under a streetlight.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Karam gets comfortable and fixes a drink. Lia sits across from him.

LIA  
Do we have a deal?

Lia kicks a suitcase in between them. Karam unlocks it and bars of gold shine. He smiles.

KARAM  
(joking)  
Cash isn't something you have a lot of?

LIA  
I'm not a banking cartel. I don't print cash out of thin air. This has more value.

They both smile. He finishes his drink.

KARAM  
A ball and chain made out of gold doesn't make you not a slave.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

KARAM (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
See you tomorrow night.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Roy takes the headphones off and leans back.

ROY  
We got an illegal transaction for bribery. That will look good in court too.

The unit nods.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's time to move in. Michael, how long will it take to get me credentials as a photographer?

MICHAEL

Chucky can make you a phony website that looks legit. Anyone looking for your resume will see you've worked with the best in the business.

ROY

Great. Tomorrow night I'll introduce myself.

The limo pulls back into traffic.

EX. JERUSALEM - JACIR PALACE HOTEL - BEAUTY PAGEANT - NIGHT

Hundreds of chairs cover a massive grass lawn, the rows of spectators are lined and lit by tiki torches.

On stage, the HOST stands in the spotlight, opening the envelope to announce the winner; the BEAUTY PAGEANTS poised in the background.

The LUSCIOUSLY DRESSED AUDIENCE is quiet with anticipation.

He pulls the card out and leans into the mic.

HOST

Lia Kilani!

The crowd goes wild, MUSIC BLARES out the PA SYSTEM, a sea of hands applauding, cellphones flashing. Lia accepts her crown and bouquet.

LIA

I want to thank everyone that has helped me get to this point. Thank you, I love you!

The applause gets an encore, and deep in the back row, Roy stalks, wearing a photographer vest, a gear bag, and a camera around his neck.

He takes aim at Lia, who waves to the crowd, rotates the camera lens, and SNAPS away.

INT. JACIR PALACE HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The after-party is in full swing, the MUSIC BLAST from the DJ, lights strobe across the sexy moves on the dance floor.

A full catering service and bar is tend to guests; chandeliers hang from the ceiling; this is a festivity of wealth and luxury.

Roy leans against the bar with a beer, observing the crowd.

Yaser and Jamal grab Lia in the middle of her dancing and bring her to a dining table. They hoist her onto the tabletop and Yaser hands her a sword.

She dances in circles with the sword over her head, swings with the music, buzzed. The crowd cheers her on.

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

Roy makes the rounds with the guests, takes racy pictures of the young and the rich.

He politely interrupts people who eat, dance, and talk for pictures. They pose and smile.

He squeezes his way through the party to focus on Lia's entourage. He takes a picture of Yaser,

INSERT - PHOTO'S

- Yaser, drunk, two women on his arms.

- Jamal, surrounded by partiers, not smiling.

- A group shot of everyone: Lia, Yaser, Jamal, and all the spectators shout and laughing, drunk.

BACK TO SCENE

The party is still going strong. Roy changes a roll of camera film, looks over to a balcony, and sees Lia alone.

INT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Lia has a glass of champagne by herself, getting fresh air.

Roy SNAPS a photo.

Lia turns her head and smiles.

LIA

Wait.

She fixes her hair, then bats her eyes at the camera, adorable.

ROY

Ready?

Roy shoots away as she blows kisses at the camera.

ROY (CONT'D)

Beautiful. My name is Ray Mann. I shoot freelance in America and wanted to cover the pageant. Congratulations on your win.

LIA

Thank you.

Roy sits on the balcony ledge and changes lenses.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Teresa is crouched behind the ledge of the building, spying through binoculars on the balcony.

TERESA'S BINOCULAR POV

Roy and Lia entertain a conversation.

BACK TO SCENE

She talks into her earpiece.

TERESA

How's it going down there?

EXT. JACIR PALACE HOTEL FACADE - CONTINUOUS

Chucky sits outside a COFFEE SHOP at a table, sipping his cup.

His eyes scan the PEDESTRIANS who walk in and out of the hotel.

CHUCKY

(into earpiece)

Just a lot of fancy suits and dresses down here.

The unmarked van is parked away, on the dash a mini-cam is barely visible.

TERESA (V.O.)  
Michael. You got anything?

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Michael watches the mini-cam feeding night vision imagery on a monitor, he uses a joystick to control the angle and zoom.

He zooms-in on some of Lia's entourage, getting out of lavish sports cars. He snaps screenshots and keeps watching. He writes names down on a piece of paper.

MICHAEL  
(into earpiece)  
Slowly but surely.  
(writes)  
Got some faces to look into later.  
How's Roy?

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Roy and Lia are laughing.

TERESA  
He's having too much fun.  
The unit SNICKERS over the earpieces.

INT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

ROY  
So you only have one pageant left?

LIA  
Yes. I'm so close. Are you a fan or is this just another job?

ROY  
It's growing on me.

LIA  
All these gorgeous woman? I'll bet.

Roy smiles.

LIA (CONT'D)  
What have you shot recently?

ROY  
Mainly sports games, events. But I've been expanding my portfolio.

LIA  
Looking for something more  
appealing?

ROY  
Exactly.

Roy shoots more pictures.

LIA  
How do you feel about doing a photo  
shoot for me?

ROY  
I would love to.

LIA  
I'm going to Cairo for an opera.  
Would you be able to go to Egypt on  
such short notice?

ROY  
How short?

LIA  
Tomorrow.

ROY  
I'm there.

Lia opens her purse and hands Roy a business card.

LIA  
Call me tomorrow morning and I'll  
give you all the information.

ROY  
Thank you so much Ms. Kilani.

LIA  
Lia.

She gives Roy a hug and returns to the party, raising her  
glass.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - LATER

Roy has developed the pictures from the after-party. They are  
taped to the whiteboard, forming a suspect pyramid.

The unit stands in front of the suspects.

ROY

So what are we looking at? No one can make the vaguest connection with these guys to any Hamas activity... Why?

TERESA

No one expects a damn thing from a beauty pageant queen. Pretty slick.

CHUCKY

Especially one that will chop your head off.

ROY

Well, we know better. It's good to be ahead in the game.

ROY (CONT'D)

Michael, has any other agencies asked about our mission? Looking for leads?

MICHAEL

We're pretty booked and solid. Very little know we are out here. But the few that do. Not a word in months to see our status.

ROY

Good that means, hopefully, we're the only ones tailing them. That way no one messes up our thing.

MICHAEL

You notice anything significant about Yaser or Jamal?

CHUCKY

Yeah. Yaser loves to drink and dance. And Jamal couldn't smile even if he was granted immunity.

The unit giggles.

MICHAEL

What did you get on Lia?

ROY

I secured a photo shoot with her in Cairo. She leaves soon. I need a ticket.

Michael walks over to a suitcase and opens it. Thousands of bills in Middle Eastern currency.

MICHAEL  
That should do.

ROY  
I'm going to catch a flight into  
Egypt tomorrow morning.

MICHAEL  
The unit will leave tonight. We  
have equipment you can't take on  
board.

ROY  
Okay.

Roy lies on his cot and pulls the covers over him. The unit starts packing.

INT. CAIRO - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Roy is settles in, luggage on the bed, camera equipment on the sofa. He opens the curtain to see the busy Cairo streets.

He calls Michael on his cell.

INT. CAIRO - UNIT'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Michael answers his cell while Teresa and Chucky check surveillance equipment, TV PLAYS in the background.

MICHAEL  
Hey.

INTERCUT conversation.

ROY  
Are you guys setup?

MICHAEL  
Yeah. We won't be far away from the  
photo shoot watching you.

ROY  
We've had a shift in plans.

MICHAEL  
What?

ROY

I spoke with Lia and the last judge to be bribed is going to be in Cairo at the opera house. She's going to make the offer there. I can't go to the opera house. It will look suspicious.

Michael is quiet.

MICHAEL

So what then?

ROY

You and Teresa are going to have to attend.

INT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - DAY

A red curtain pulls back, the audience hushes. A beautiful Italian opera singer stands alone.

The house is quiet, the orchestra plays.

Lia along with Yaser and Jamal are in the front row, they are hypnotized by the soothing voice.

EXT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Teresa are in tuxedo and dress, posing as rich socialites.

Michael's CELLPHONES BUZZES and he checks the display.

INSERT - DISPLAY

A picture of the pageant judge.

BACK TO SCENE

They continue with admiring the Italian architecture, walking leisurely, and place mini-cams in the pots of plants.

INT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lia tears up to the beautiful singing.

EXT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - PATIO - LATER

The after-party is full of audience members. All mingle, have conversations, and hold glasses of champagne.

Michael and Teresa blend in well, talking at a table.

Lia talks with the Italian opera singer when SAM SAID, 50, pageant judge, walks in. He heads straight for the cuisine buffet.

Lia excuses herself from the conversation.

MICHAEL  
 (into earpiece)  
 Roy, he's here. She's approaching  
 him now.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Chucky and Roy both watch the monitor -- the live feed from the mini-cams, no audio. They see Lia headed for Sam.

He sits down at a table and begins to eat. Lia introduces herself and takes a seat.

TERESA (V.O.)  
 They're sitting down.

ROY  
 (into earpiece)  
 Wait a minute then go say hi and  
 don't get caught.

EXT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Teresa compose themselves and walk over to where Lia and Sam sit, politely interrupting.

Lia scowls looking up at them, and Sam awaits their purpose.

TERESA  
 Hi, sorry to interrupt but I'm a  
 huge fan of yours. I'm from America  
 and noticed you and couldn't help  
 myself.

Lia forces a smile.

LIA  
 Nice to meet you. Thanks.

She shakes Teresa's hand.

MICHAEL  
Honey do you want a quick picture?  
(to Lia)  
If it's not too much to ask?

Lia clenches her jaw.

LIA  
Sure.

Teresa puts her arm around Lia's waist while she sits and hugs her tight, cheeks pressed.

Teresa slyly sticks a wiretap underneath their table, unnoticed.

Yaser and Jamal rescue Lia's meeting.

YASER  
Please. Let them eat.

Jamal stares.

MICHAEL  
Sorry.

TERESA  
Thank you so much.

MICHAEL  
Have a great night.

They walk away.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL  
(into earpiece)  
How did we do?

Chucky pulls a window up on the military laptop and punches in some key codes. He turns the VOLUME UP on the SPEAKER and the wiretap plays out Lia and Sam's DISCUSSION.

ROY  
(into earpiece)  
Loud and clear.

EXT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Lia leans into Sam.

LIA  
Sorry about that.

He shakes his head, not looking up from his plate of food.

LIA (CONT'D)  
Did you get a chance to look at the  
offer I made you.

Sam takes a big gulp of his wine. He rests back in his chair.

SAM  
I did.

LIA  
And?

SAM  
Lia, I'm fully aware of how you've  
been winning the pageants.

LIA  
I'll double the offer?

Sam is amazed. He laughs.

SAM  
Wouldn't that be nice? If I could  
buy another car. Another house.  
Maybe even have a girlfriend  
outside of my wife.

Lia nods.

SAM (CONT'D)  
But I'm not like the other judges,  
Lia. I'm an honorable man. I  
believe in a fair game. And what  
you're doing... is not fair. I'm  
thinking about the future of Miss  
Palestine in the pageants. Not just  
my own wealth.

Lia stares daggers into him.

LIA  
What are you saying?

SAM

No. My vote is mine. It's not for sale. Now I don't know exactly where you're getting your funds from but when I see your two bodyguards watching your every move...

Sam motions over to Yaser and Jamal seated not far away.

SAM (CONT'D)

I can't help but speculate. Someone is thinking for you. And I want no part of it.

Sam stands up and offers his hand to Lia. She shuns away.

SAM (CONT'D)

Have a good night.

He walks over to a group in mid conversation and chats.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Roy and Chucky give each other a grave look.

ROY

We need to get in contact with him and persuade him to take the bribe.

The van door slides open and Teresa gets in. With Michael in the driver seat, they pull away.

ROY (CONT'D)

The judge just refused Lia's offer.

TERESA

She's going to kill him.

ROY

Right.

MICHAEL

I know which hotel he is staying at.

ROY

Good. Drop me off and we'll all meet up and approach him first thing tomorrow morning.

INT. CAIRO - LIA'S HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Lia lies on the bed with her pet snake, silk pajamas.

Yaser sits on a love seat.

Jamal is asleep on a separate bed.

LIA

What are we thinking over there  
Yaser?

YASER

We have to kill him.

LIA

Is there another way?

YASER

No. If he refused the offer and he  
knows that's been our way of rising  
in the pageants? Then no.

LIA

What about his family?

YASER

Too late. If we kidnapped them now  
it could jeopardize everything. I  
don't want any authorities looking  
at us once he starts crying about  
his family missing. He'll name you.

LIA

What should we do?

YASER

I can send Jamal. It will be quiet.

LIA

No. We need neutrality. Make it  
public. Make it look like a  
terrorist bombing, something  
radical.

YASER

He's vulnerable in the streets. We  
could put a bomb in his car?

LIA

No. I want him to know it's me  
right before he dies. There's one  
thing I know about him that he  
can't resist.

YASER

The buffet?

LIA

Young ladies, pregnant young ladies. He sees the babies as investments into future pageants.

Yaser smiles. Lia kisses her snakes flickering tongue.

INT. ROY'S HOTEL

Roy's CELLPHONE RINGS, he shoots up and answers.

ROY

Hello? Teresa? What's going on?

Checks his wrist watch.

TERESA (V.O.)

Sam decided to leave for Tel Aviv early. He's with his driver and they're headed for the airport.

ROY

Shit! Be here in five minutes.

TERESA (V.O.)

Make it two.

Roy hangs up and turns on a lamp, throws some clothes on, and rushes out the door.

INT. LIA'S HOTEL SUITE

Lia puts heavy eyeliner on a man, a suicide bomber, dressed in a women's shroud. He stares straight ahead, focused.

LIA

How long have you been a local?

SUICIDE BOMBER

(Arabic)

My whole life.

LIA

Are you prepared to die?

SUICIDE BOMBER

(Arabic)

Yes.

She finishes. He lifts his black robe and Jamal straps a bomb around his abdomen, he arms it.

Yaser, takes the hotel pillows and makes it into a ball, then duct tapes it over the bomb and pulls the robe over it.

Lia, Yaser, and Jamal stand back, impressed.

The male suicide bomber is now a pregnant woman.

LIA

Now, go serve your purpose. Yes?

The suicide bomber has unflinching dedication in his eyes.

SUICIDE BOMBER

(Arabic)

Yes.

He covers his face with the shroud and only his eyes are visible.

LIA

God is great.

SUICIDE BOMBER

God is great!

The suicide bomber walks out of the hotel room.

EXT. STREETS OF CAIRO - CONTINUOUS

The BUSY TRAFFIC of cars honking, people on bicycles, pedestrians walking to and fro.

Clothing from apartments hangs on strings to dry above merchants shacks that sell goods. The city is in full effect.

The unmarked van is three cars away from Sam's SUV in bumper to bumper traffic.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - SAME

Chucky drives, Roy is shotgun, and Michael and Teresa sit in the back.

ROY

Once we get to the stoplight, I'll jump out and knock on his window.

MICHAEL

That's a bit much ain't it?

ROY

We don't have time for formal meet  
and greets. Keep your eyes open for  
anything suspicious.

EXT. STREETS OF CAIRO - CONTINUOUS

Sam's SUV is almost at the stoplight. A PREGNANT WOMAN  
hurries over to the SUV while it is braked.

She knocks on the tinted window and it rolls down.

Sam smiles.

SAM

(Arabic)

Hello.

He rubs her belly, and she pulls the shroud up, a smooth  
eight-month bump.

SAM (CONT'D)

(Arabic)

Congratulations.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(Arabic)

Someday I hope she will enter the  
pageants.

Another WOMAN with a PREGNANCY BUMP runs up to Sam's window.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Michael sees the pregnant women.

MICHAEL

Roy. We got something.

Roy looks, sees the belly on the 2nd pregnant woman, Sam  
conversing.

ROY

That's not a woman. Teresa, hand me  
a flash-bang.

Teresa hands Roy a flash-bang, and he gets out of the van's  
passenger side.

He slams the door shut and makes his way down the congested  
traffic.

EXT. SAM'S SUV - SAME

Sam reaches out for the 2nd pregnant belly rubbing gently.

SAM  
(Arabic)  
Let me guess. A girl?

The 2nd pregnant woman says nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(Arabic)  
A boy?

Nothing.

He rubs her belly firmly and realizes that it's soft.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(Arabic)  
What's wrong with your stomach?

Yards away, Roy pulls the pin on the flash-bang, brings his arm back to roll it towards the suicide bomber.

SUICIDE BOMBER  
ALLAHU AKBAR!

Sam's face fills with dread. A detonator is pulled out from underneath the black robe and the suicide bomber presses a button.

BOOM! The suicide bomber, Sam, and the pregnant woman IGNITE IN A BALL OF FLAMES, while Roy dives to the street for cover from the blast.

Roy puts the pin back in the flash-bang and sees the destruction. The SUV demolished.

People run in panic, scream, and cry.

Car windshields are shattered, smoke rises off the charcoal hoods, and flaming debris is scattered in the streets.

Police SIRENS BLARE from blocks away. Roy shakes off the dust, stands, and walks back to the unmarked van.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Roy gets in.

ROY  
Damn it!

The unit sits in silence.

INT. ROY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The unit sits on the bed and chairs. The failed attempt to save Sam lingers on their minds.

ROY

This was an unfortunate event, but we did what we could to stop it.

MICHAEL

I know. Just, we were so close.

ROY

They were closer.

ROY (CONT'D)

Here's what's important. The judge is out of the way. So who's going to take his place?

TERESA

She'll ask the former bribed judge. Kamar Rafe.

ROY

Smart. On her way to Tel Aviv, she'll try to make contact with him. He will be more than happy to collect Sam's share.

MICHAEL

You still have the photo-shoot tomorrow. Do you want us to stay and back you?

CHUCKY

We should stay.

ROY

No. Lia feels more comfortable after this morning. She won't be worried about her place in the pageant. Our shoot should go smooth. Head to Tel Aviv and get set up there. This is the final pageant.

The unit looks glum.

ROY (CONT'D)

What? This isn't a complete loss.  
We're still on target.

TERESA

How so? More people died because of  
her.

ROY

Yes, but, that brought us closer to  
her as our target.

TERESA

You're okay with the judge dying?  
That pregnant woman?

ROY

No. But if he didn't die, then all  
we would have is Lia for murder,  
bribery, and a whole list of crimes  
she committed in a black mask. That  
could be anybody. Not why I was  
brought out here.

Teresa leans back in her chair.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry the sword is double edge  
but that's the hand we have been  
dealt.

No eye contact.

MICHAEL

I get that, Roy.

ROY

Do you? You called me to help. I  
came on board because as long as  
 Hamas is in Palestine, they will  
never face true justice. So make no  
mistake. We are taking Lia and her  
group down once they step on US  
soil. Even if there are some  
unforeseen casualties.

The unit is quiet.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'll see you in Tel Aviv.

EXT. CAIRO DESERT - DAY

Miles in the distance are the Pyramids of Giza, the backdrop for Lia's photo shoot. The red sun dips into the horizon.

Lia wears a traditional Palestine kerchief and veil. A light breeze makes her fabrics billow.

The camera lens SHUTTERS as Roy snaps away, Lia poses.

ROY  
Perfect. Just like that.

Roy finishes shooting and pulls the memory card out of the camera. changes lenses.

Lia changes wardrobe.

ROY (CONT'D)  
So what made you get into beauty pageants?

LIA  
It was that or join the army.

ROY  
Soldiers don't get to dress as pretty.

LIA  
It's not about lifestyle or fashion. I just don't believe in the war.

ROY  
Why?

LIA  
It's a power move for our oil. Has nothing to do with Afghanistan or Iraq.

ROY  
Sounds personal.

LIA  
It's pretext. Homeland security and the patriot act are designed against your civil rights. Not to protect you.

ROY  
You've done your homework.

LIA

I'm not just a pair of legs and eyes. I like history. And these tactics are nothing new.

ROY

How so?

LIA

Hitler did it in 1933. His was the "Enabling Act." Same thing, different time. It's the oldest and easiest racket.

ROY

And you think that is happening today?

LIA

It's your western world that has interest in destabilizing my country! This war isn't meant to be won. It's your region that wants to cut up profits for contractors and military bases for your oil barons! And only the deaf, dumb, and blind, hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil, fail to recognize this.

Roy is silent. Lia calms herself.

LIA (CONT'D)

Sorry.

ROY

It's okay.

Roy puts his camera back in its case.

He pulls out a necklace with a wooden medallion, the Star of David.

It's identical to the one Lia's mother gave her.

ROY (CONT'D)

I thought this might be to your liking to go with the wardrobe.

He puts it in her hand, she holds a stare, a memory.

ROY (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

LIA  
I have one of these.

She puts the necklace back into his hand.

LIA (CONT'D)  
My mother had one.

ROY  
We think alike.

LIA  
She's dead.

ROY  
Lia, I'm sorry.

LIA  
It's okay.

Roy pockets the necklace.

MOMENTS LATER

Lia is dressed for the next photo session.

He brushes Lia's long hair over her shoulder. He pulls out a diamond necklace and clasps it around her neck.

LIA  
My mother always liked diamonds.

Lia poses, Roy snaps away.

ROY  
They match your eyes.

Lia is flattered.

INT. TEL AVIV - THE HILTON - LIA'S SUITE - LATER

Lia answers a KNOCK on the front door. She opens it and Roy stands there with his camera.

ROY  
You needed me?

LIA  
I want to take a picture with a friend.

Closing the door behind her, Roy glimpses Yaser speaking Arabic on a cellphone, urgent.

Jamal types away on a laptop.

INT. THE HILTON - HALLWAY

Roy and Lia walk towards an elevator.

ROY

Who are we taking a picture with?

LIA

Kenneth Wilkes. His daughter competes pageants too. She's a big follower of mine on X.

ROY

That's like MySpace right?

Lia laughs as she presses the button on the elevator.

INT. THE HILTON - LOBBY

PALESTINIAN POLITICIANS, NEWS REPORTERS, JOURNALISTS, and PHOTOGRAPHERS converse with each other.

The talking stops when KENNETH WILKES, 65, presidential candidate, rounds the corner.

Photographers flash away with pictures as his SUPPORTERS converge on him with handshakes.

Lia pushes her way through the suits and greets Kenneth with a gentle handshake.

LIA

Hello Mr. Wilkes. I'm Lia Kilani. I'm competing in the beauty pageant tomorrow night.

WILKES

You must know my daughter?

LIA

We talk on social media.

WILKES

She has almost as many followers as I have.

They both smile.

LIA  
She's got me beat on Instagram.  
Tell her I'll see her at the Miss  
Earth pageant.

WILKES  
I will and thanks for saying hi.

LIA  
Can I get a picture really fast?

WILKES  
Of course you can.

He puts his arm around her waist and she poses. Roy takes a picture.

Wilkes' assistants ushers him into the ballroom entrance.

WILKES (CONT'D)  
Good luck at the pageant!

LIA  
Good luck in the elections!

The crowd of VIP's file into the ballroom for the news conference.

INT. THE HILTON - BALLROOM A

Everyone is seated at their tables and Wilkes walks on stage and takes the podium.

Wilkes adjusts the mic and leafs through his notes.

WILKES  
Good evening everyone and thank you  
for attending this news conference.  
Few know of what I am proposing  
today, a new "Clean Energy  
Initiative." We will break our  
dependence on fossil fuels. The  
nation's best scientists have  
assembled the first "Water Fuel  
Cell Engine".

A digital projector shows a video of the engine schematics for the advanced automobile.

Half the audience applaud.

WILKES (CONT'D)

One of my biggest reasons to also implement the "Clean Energy Initiative" is it will do away with relying on the oil reserves which are protected by our US troops. Any opportunity to bring another soldier home is one I will take advantage of.

The audience cheers.

WILKES (CONT'D)

We will no longer play Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde when it comes to our policies on foreign oil for America is not an island unto itself but a piece of a bigger purpose. And not to the benefit of a small percentage of invisible regulators and the highest bidders. The debt that oil has cost us has reciprocated in slavery. An economic machine that has robbed the people since the gold standard was abolished. There is no use in kidding ourselves any longer. The billions of dollars burned on crude oil yearly is a tidy sum not to be sneezed at.

Wilkes prepares his final words. He speaks from the heart, not his notes.

WILKES (CONT'D)

I leave tonight with these words of encouragement on how serious this fossil fuel predicament is. God is not money. The petrodollar is not allowed to be the four horseman of the apocalypse. Military, governmental, and industrial powers do not preside over the planet. We the people do. Thank you for your time.

The audience that benefits stand and applaud.

MEMBERS of the Saturn Group scowl.

Wilkes walks off the stage flanked by assistant's as camera's flash.

INT. LOBBY - THE HILTON - CONTINUOUS

Wilkes and his CAMPAIGN STAFF exit the ballroom.

Roy stalks from a lobby love seat.

INT. THE HILTON - BALLROOM A - NEXT NIGHT

Lia is on stage with the OTHER CONTESTANTS as the HOST announces the winner of the evening in front of a crowd of fans, eagerly waiting.

HOST

And the next Miss Palestine is  
(opens envelope)  
Lia Kilani!

Everyone in the ballroom roars with cheers and clapping.

Camera's flash as do cellphones, confetti falls from the ceiling.

Roy takes pictures of Lia walking to accept her tiara and bouquet of flowers.

LIA

(tears of joy)  
Thank you so much Palestine. I  
couldn't have done this without  
you.  
(Arabic)  
Chase your dreams, they do come  
true.

She exits the stage handing out hugs.

Kamar gives her a huge kiss on the cheek.

EXT. THE ROTHSCHILD HOTEL - PATIO - LATER

The private party for Lia's victory is underway and mild-mannered.

Lia's entourage and supporters of her Miss Palestine crowning eat and drink to LIGHT MUSIC PLAYING.

Lia is talking with a group of people congratulating her when she notices Roy.

LIA

Roy!

ROY  
Miss Palestine!

Roy marches over and gives her a big bear hug.

ROY (CONT'D)  
So it's off to America?

LIA  
Yes. I have never been-

ROY  
-You'll love it.

A COUPLE at the party are drunk and argue.

Lia and Roy take notice and can't finish their conversation.

LIA  
Excuse me.

Lia walks over to the couple and Roy stays put, watching.

He sees the man is offended by Lia, but can't make out the conversation from across the room.

The woman then takes a cheap shot at Lia, and she counters it, putting her arm behind her back.

Roy moves in to help but realizes Lia is in control.

The man pleads for her to let his girlfriend go, she releases, and they leave the after-party.

LIA (CONT'D)  
(to guests)  
Sorry people. Too much wine.

They all laugh and Roy walks over to comfort her.

ROY  
That was amazing. You okay?

LIA  
I did some military training when I was younger.

Roy smiles.

ROY  
I thought you didn't want to join the army.

LIA  
I'm from Palestine. Doesn't mean I  
can't handle myself.

Lia grabs his hand, and they head for the open bar tucked  
inside, connected to the patio.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The BARTENDER awaits their orders with a smile.

LIA  
Two shots of whiskey.

ROY  
Look at you. Never took Miss  
Palestine for a whiskey drinker.

LIA  
Well, I just got the crown.

The bartender serves them two shots of whiskey. They raise  
their shot glasses to toast.

They gulp down the booze. Lia doesn't shutter from the  
liquor.

ROY  
Took that shot like a seasoned  
drinker.

Lia knocks the shot glass on the bar, the bartender looks.

LIA  
Another.

ROY  
So when do you leave for America?

LIA  
Soon. The Miss Earth pageant isn't  
till Easter weekend. But I'm going  
to leave early.

The shots are served. They down them quickly.

LIA (CONT'D)  
What are you going to do now? The  
pageants are over here.

ROY  
I might hang around for a while.

LIA

In that case. I have one last shoot I would like to do. Would you like to shoot me some more? The Cairo pictures turned out amazing.

ROY

I'd love to.

Roy downs his shot.

ROY (CONT'D)

Lia? If you don't mind me asking? Who's bankrolling your pageant?

LIA

Various donators. Why?

ROY

Just seems money hasn't been a problem for you. Not that I'm complaining.

LIA

Yaser is in charge of finances. I don't question how he obtains it. Just need to know how we spend it.

She orders another shot.

ROY

So these "donators" have found beauty pageants a lucrative way of generating? What exactly?

LIA

Spreading a positive message across the Middle East. What is in Palestine's best interest.

ROY

So this is an investment?

LIA

Yes.

ROY

Sounds like a loan.

Lia has a drunken stare.

LIA

Are you saying my team is backed by a bank?

ROY

No.

LIA

(slurs)

Let me be clear, Roy. Every penny I spend is self-generated by my donors. I'm not foolish enough to get into bed with vaults that are empty.

ROY

Fair enough.

They both walk back to the patio area.

INT. DRESS SHOP - DAY

Lia and Yaser discuss tactics...

LIA

That's great!

YASER

We can avoid some security checks when we land.

LIA

No need for flight school. And the bomb?

YASER

I have the plans. We'll have access to the location.

Lia steps down from the stool.

LIA

(to seamstress)

I'll send someone to come pick the dresses up before I leave!

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Lia gets in, followed by Yaser, and the limo pulls into traffic.

Lia presses the intercom to the driver.

LIA

Can you put the radio on please.

The speakers kick in, STATIC, then a clear signal.

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
 (radio filter)  
 Today terrorist group ANTI has  
 kidnapped four young girls from a  
 Jordan school. The authorities are  
 asking for any help.

Lia presses the intercom again.

LIA  
 Turn it off!

Lia has developed an angry expression, reaction to the news.

LIA (CONT'D)  
 I hate them.

YASER  
 I know. After what they did to your  
 mother.

LIA  
 You know what's going to happen to  
 those little girls?

YASER  
 Yes.

Lia stares out the window, Jerusalem passes by.

LIA  
 How much time do we have until we  
 leave?

YASER  
 Lia, we can't.

LIA  
 To hell with that! Those madmen  
 think they're prophets!

Yaser is quiet.

LIA (CONT'D)  
 I say we kill them before we leave.

YASER  
 (reasons)  
 Lia, right now, we don't have the  
 manpower to take them on.  
 (MORE)

YASER (CONT'D)

And with everything we got going down in America? We can't jeopardize the mission for some Jordan girls.

LIA

Innocent girls!

YASER

I understand. But what happens if you get killed or caught? Hamas needs you now more than ever. Please.

Tears of rage roll down Lia's face.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - LATER

Roy and the unit are huddled around a speaker next to the military laptop that plays back the RECORDING of the conversation.

LIA (O.S.)

(filtered)

We carry on with the mission.

Chucky hits the stop button.

CHUCKY

Kids...

TERESA

This bitch is psychotic, but I agree with her.

MICHAEL

ANTI is a rival terrorist group to Hamas. Right now they're heavy on manpower and guns but lack any true direction. Just killing people like a bunch of thugs.

Roy is silent.

TERESA

Anything to add Roy?

ROY

It's terrible.

TERESA

That's it?

ROY

You're not seriously suggesting we do something about this are you?

Teresa stares.

ROY (CONT'D)

Teresa, I know you want to stop them but they could be anywhere. And like Lia said, the mission is coming to a head. Stay on target.

TERESA

So you agree with her terrorist plot but not her heart?

Roy sighs.

MICHAEL

I agree with Roy.

CHUCKY

I disagree.

Roy checks his watch. He runs his fingers through his hair.

ROY

This could blow our cover if we attempt to rescue them. This could get us and the girls killed. We are so close to our target.

Awkward silence.

ROY (CONT'D)

We have tonight to get them.

Michael shakes his head.

ROY (CONT'D)

Michael, where the hell are we going to start?

MICHAEL

I have intel from briefings I get incase I need to correspond with other agencies out here, and ANTI's main base of operation is in Beersheba.

TERESA

We could make it there tonight, no problem.

MICHAEL

The police are afraid or working for ANTI. We have to go in on the prowl.

CHUCKY

Sneak attack.

ROY

There's no guarantee they're there.  
(sighs)  
Suit up.

CHUCKY

(out loud)  
The terrorist has got us doing her good work for her? That's different.

The unit straps on bulletproof vests, places earpieces.

Michael loads a curved clip into the MP5K.

MICHAEL

Case we run into gunfire.

ROY

Let's try to avoid that.

Teresa loads shells into the chambers of a Spaz 12-gauge shotgun.

Roy jams a clip into the HK USP 45. and tucks it into his waistband next to two extra clips.

He looks over at Chucky, who holds the M-16 and the clip, confused.

CHUCKY

I haven't shot a gun since the academy.

Roy looks surprised.

ROY

How did you expect to survive out here?

CHUCKY

I'm the tech guy. I make the computers work and get good Wi-Fi.

ROY  
Michael, I know you've seen some  
action.

MICHAEL  
Don't remind me.

ROY  
Teresa.

TERESA  
I did two tours in Afghanistan. If  
you get scared, Chuckers get behind  
me.

Roy smirks. He grabs the assault rifle and demonstrates to  
Chucky as he performs.

ROY  
It's easy. Little kids can do this.  
Just jam in the clip, load the  
chamber, release, point, aim, and  
shoot. Okay?

Chucky takes the weapon and nods his head.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(to unit)  
Let's go save some little girls.

INT. BEERSHEBA - UNMARKED VAN - NIGHT

The unit pulls over to a curb, head-lights off.

In front of them is an abandoned building, bombed out years  
ago, lights are on inside.

MICHAEL  
That's where ANTI conducts their  
business. Weapons, hostages,  
beheadings, you name it.

ROY  
How many in there?

TERESA  
Let's find out.

ROY  
Chucky, you ready for this?

CHUCKY  
(uneasy)  
Locked and loaded.

ROY  
Chucky, take the drivers seat.  
Anything suspicious, you radio us.

Chucky nods.

Roy, Michael, and Teresa pull black nylon balaclava's over their faces and exit the van, weapons in hand.

EXT. BEERSHEBA - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The streets are dead, not a soul.

The unit moves like a SWAT team, Roy leads, Teresa second, Michael covering the tail end.

They make very little noise, swift.

EXT. ABANDON BUILDING - SIDE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

They check the door handle slowly and it's locked. Michael and Teresa sling their weapons.

Michael gets on his knee to give a boost with his hands to Teresa, and she peers through a window.

TERESA'S POV

ANTI members are smoke hookah, scroll cellphones, guns nearby.

BACK TO TERESA

She drops and pulls out a flash-bang, gets ready to throw.

The unit nods to each other, she pulls the pin and throws it through the window, smashing the glass.

ANTI MEMBERS yell, BANG! A flash stobes the broken window.

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - 1ST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The unit storms in, ANTI is dazed and blinded.

Teresa blast holes into TWO MEMBERS chest with her shotgun, no hesitation.

Michael shoots TWO MORE searching around for their weapons, three-round burst.

Roy clears the room, sweeping his .45 in every corner.

ROY  
Brace that door!

Teresa jams a chair under the door handle.

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - 1ST FLOOR - HALLWAY

The unit moves fast, each kicking a closed door open, aiming and searching.

They look to Roy, all clear.

ROY  
Second floor.

They race for a stairwell at the end of the hall. An ANTI MEMBER comes shooting wildly down the stairs with an Uzi.

They take cover into the rooms they have checked.

ANTI MEMBER  
(Arabic)  
They're down here!

Roy lays down some covering fire to distract him from the left side of the hallway as Teresa and Michael shoot him up from the right side.

He rolls down the steps, and they move for the stairs.

Teresa pulls out another flash-bang and holds the pin.

FOOTSTEPS can be heard STAMPEDING for them, WEAPONS COCKING.

MICHAEL  
(whispers)  
Throw it.

She says nothing, timing.

ROY  
Wait.

The footsteps get louder.

ROY (CONT'D)

Now.

She banks it off the corner of the stairs and it lands on the 2nd floor steps.

BANG! A flash strobes from around the corner.

ANTI MEMBERS fumble and groan.

Michael charges the stairs switching to fully- automatic, rounding the corner, unloading his whole clip.

Teresa follows as he changes his clip and moves past him to the 2nd floor.

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

She comes shooting through the smoke as ANTI MEMBERS wildly fire AK-47's at her. She takes a two rounds in the chest, falls to the ground, shotgun aimed at their legs.

She takes out their legs as Michael follows up spraying them with gunfire.

Roy grabs Teresa by her bulletproof vest and hoist her up.

There are four doors on this floor all closed.

ROY

Check every door!

EXT. STREETS - BEERSHEBA - CONTINUOUS

The gunfire has rattled throughout the town. Lights are coming on in peoples houses.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Chucky is nervous. He looks in the side view mirror and sees a jeep coming with ANTI members, toting guns.

CHUCKY

Just breathe, Chuck.

They kick up dust as they slam on the brakes in front of the side door to the abandon building, jumping out, cursing in Arabic.

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Roy kicks a door in and sees the FOUR YOUNG GIRLS from Jordan. Shaved heads, tattered clothes, terrified and hungry, holding each other in a corner.

ROY  
(Arabic)  
No one is going to hurt you.

They're hesitant. Teresa sticks her head in the room.

TERESA  
Roy, we got company outside.

The girls recognize a woman's voice, and they stop crying.

ROY  
(Arabic)  
It's okay. We're going to take you girls home.

GIRL  
You have my mother's eyes.

ROY  
(lovingly)  
Yes...

The girls follow Roy out the room.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(Arabic)  
Stay behind the woman.

They hide behind Teresa.

An ANTI member is still alive, he is reaching for his gun.

Roy steps on his hand and kicks him over. He takes off his scarf wrapped around his face. He's a CAUCASIAN MI-6 AGENT.

Roy is confused.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Are you American?

MI-6 AGENT  
British.  
(coughs up blood)  
Get me out of here.

ROY  
Why are you here?

The MI-6 Agent looks at Michael. The exchange in eye contact is odd.

MICHAEL  
We need to leave!

Michael looks out the window through his binoculars.

MICHAEL'S POV

Two jeeps barrel down the road, more ANTI members. He pans over to another road and sees police lights flashing.

BACK TO SCENE

The unit leaves for the 1st floor.

Michael puts a three-round burst into the MI-6 Agent.

Roy and Teresa are startled.

Michael whips out his combat knife and slices the MI-6 Agents palm open.

He digs out with the tip of his blade a GPS chip and pockets it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

ROY  
(into earpiece)  
Chucky! Now is a good time to help us out!

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Chucky is hyperventilating, his M-16 shakes in his hand.

ROY (V.O.)  
(chucky's earpiece)  
Chuck, do you copy?!

ANTI members are seconds away from charging in. Kicking the door.

EXT. BEERSHEBA - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Chucky slides the van door open and takes aim, squeezes the trigger, nothing. He tries again while ANTI jeeps are gaining behind him.

Chucky ditches the M-16 in the van and digs through a duffle bag.

He pulls out two hand grenades and pulls the pins, he tosses them at the side door entrance.

BOOM! BOOM! All the ANTI members fly backwards, dead.

CHUCKY  
(into earpiece)  
Go! Go! Go!

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The unit comes down the stairs, Teresa in front shotgun drawn, Roy carries the two smallest girls and the other two in tow. Michael behind them.

EXT. ABANDON BUILDING - SIDE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Teresa comes out and can see the ANTI jeeps yards away. She steps over the smoking bodies and races over to the van.

She leans on the right backside of the van, takes aim, and begins dumping rounds at them.

TERESA  
(into earpiece)  
Bring them out now!

Michael charges for the van, MP5K raised, shielding Roy and the girls.

Chucky already has the van door open, Roy and the girls jump in.

Michael takes to the left backside of the van and gives cover fire for Teresa, ANTI members are hit by bullets but fire back.

MICHAEL  
(shouting)  
Teresa, go!

She's out of ammo and runs for the passenger side and hops in.

Chucky is in the driver seat, foot on the break, Michael jumps in the back.

Chuck lets off the brake and SLAMS the GAS. They peel out without shutting the side door and round a street corner.

The ANTI jeeps follow, still SHOOTING.

Teresa grabs the M-16, takes the safety off, hangs out the van, Michael holding her.

She fires back at the jeep, killing two members and blowing out a tire.

The jeep jack knifes and rolls on its side, the 2nd jeep crashes into it, sending the remaining ANTI members flying through the air.

Michael pulls her back in and the door slides shut.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Teresa catch their breath. Roy covers the girls with his huge arms. They open their eyes.

ROY  
(Arabic)  
It's safe. Did they hurt you?

They all nod. Roy hugs them.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(Arabic)  
You're going home now.  
(English)  
Keep your masks on guys.

Teresa gets in the passenger seat and looks at Chucky. She holds the M-16 up and releases the empty clip.

TERESA  
Safety off.

Chucky smiles.

CHUCKY  
Sorry. I'm better at throwing things. Softball team back home.

Teresa looks exhausted, she giggles, so do Roy and Michael.

Chucky checks the side view mirrors, a trail of dust in the night.

Roy makes eye contact with Michael, he sees the bloodstained from the GPS chip in his breast pocket.

EXT. JORDAN - MOSQUE - DAWN

The red sun rises as the unmarked van pulls up to the early morning worshipers. The door slides open, the four girls get out and the Unit drives away.

The WORSHIPERS walk over to the girls, comforting them. Their PREACHER takes one aside.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - YACHT - DAY

The sun sparkles off the water.

Lia wears a swimsuit and poses for Roy as he snaps shots.

The waiter on the ship brings lunch for them, then returns to the lower deck.

ROY  
I think we're good.

Roy puts his camera in the gear bag.

Lia wraps herself in a silk robe, and they both sit at the table.

LIA  
I'm starving. I have the appetite  
of 5,000 Israelites.

ROY  
Me too. Haven't ate since  
yesterday.

They snack on the shrimp and lobster legs while sipping club soda.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Lia, I have a question.

LIA  
Shoot.

ROY  
You got a boyfriend?

LIA  
Why?

ROY

(amused)

No! I'm not asking for me. Was just curious.

LIA

Because I'm young and wealthy, I should be boy crazy?

ROY

I don't know about crazy. But when I was your age I was dating.

LIA

Dating is not in my cards. I have plans in life... Boys aren't in it.

ROY

What kind of plans do you have after the pageants are over?

Lia dreams for a moment.

LIA

I always wanted to help the less fortunate. Like those in war torn areas like Palestine and the Middle East.

ROY

That's kind of you.

LIA

I know not everyone in this world gets a fair chance from the start. But I would like to be part of a system that makes sure no one is forgotten.

They both dig at their salads.

ROY

I hope I'm not being too nosy.

LIA

Not at all.

ROY

What was your father like?

Lia puts her fork down and takes a big drink.

LIA

My real father abandoned me.

Roy nods, playing the part.

LIA (CONT'D)

My step-father is an average citizen in Jerusalem. He works, pays bills, attends mosque. Nothing out of the ordinary. And how about you? Is there a Mrs. Mann back home?

Roy pauses.

ROY

There was. A long time ago.

LIA

Sad story?

ROY

She was pretty. Gorgeous actually. I met her years ago when I was a younger man. In Palestine, on a photo shoot. I couldn't stop looking at her. Her smile was so warm, her dark brown eyes were easy to fall into. Her laugh was infectious. Always had a great sense of humor.

Lia senses there is something deeper to his description.

ROY (CONT'D)

She could have been a queen, like you. Sweet, caring.

Lia stops eating, Roy's sincerity is making them emotional.

ROY (CONT'D)

I want you to know that, Lia.

He gently grabs her hand across the table.

ROY (CONT'D)

She was a great woman.

Lia gets misty, touched, as if he is describing her own mother.

ROY (CONT'D)

She would have liked you.

LIA

What happened to her?

ROY  
She's happy.

LIA  
(deep breath)  
What was her name?

He gulps.

WAITER  
Excuse me, Miss Kilani.

The emotions dissipates.

LIA  
(composing)  
Yes. What is it?

WAITER  
Mr. Shallah is on the phone and  
needs to speak with you.

Lia puts her shades on and walks over to the lower deck, out of sight.

Roy leans back in his chair. He inhales then exhales.

Lia returns to the table.

LIA  
Yaser has confirmed our plane ride  
to New York. I have arranged for a  
Jumbo Jet to whisk me to America.

ROY  
(enthusiastic)  
Look at you.

LIA  
Still want to go?

They both smile big.

The YACHT HORN sounds OFF and the ship begins to sail for the shore.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - NIGHT

Roy walks in from the photo shoot. The unit is packing up their belongings, vacating the premises.

MICHAEL  
You didn't turn your mic on?

ROY  
I was having a casual conversation  
with Lia.

TERESA  
Casual?

ROY  
Just lunch and some laughs.

CHUCKY  
What did you eat?

Teresa rolls her eyes at Chucky.

TERESA  
While you were off on a magic  
carpet ride. The news hasn't shut  
up about our mission last night.

CHUCKY  
There're false reports of a captive  
MI-6 agent being held by ANTI.  
British tanks are knocking on doors  
looking for him.

ROY  
Why don't we just ask the man who  
killed him?

The unit turns to Roy, wo stares at Michael.

Micheal reaches in his breast pocket and pulls out the GPS  
chip.

MICHAEL  
As long as this still works. They  
won't suspect he is dead.

CHUCKY  
That could have a tracking signal  
on it!

MICHAEL  
I disabled it. This bunker has a  
signal scrambler. All they know is  
he is alive. Not his location.

ROY  
You better start talking or I walk.

MICHAEL  
Our intentions are to protect our  
government's interest.

ROY

Oil.

MICHAEL

Bingo! The whole reason we are here isn't to stop terrorist. We are no different from the MI-6 agent. We keep the terror going.

ROY

So we're pawns? Just some janitors to clean up false flags. I'm out.

TERESA

Same.

Chucky stands with Teresa.

MICHAEL

You can't leave.

ROY

Why?

MICHAEL

My first day at homeland security I was told, "There is going to be an event."

(pauses)

The war on terror is one that can never be won. It's a psychological war. Every time we create chaos. We have a reason to keep people safe. Doesn't matter how the fire started, it's how you play with it.

The unit is shocked.

ROY

How many times have you ran this mission?

CHUCKY

(to himself)

This is a Russian doll mission.

MICHAEL

First time. My orders were to chase Lia. But never to catch. Once we landed on US soil. Other agencies were going to intercept.

ROY  
Then you hand in a tidy report and  
receive another promotion.

Roy grabs his luggage.

MICHAEL  
Roy.

Roy gets serious.

ROY  
If you want me on this team? You  
have to swear, no more lies.

MICHAEL  
I promise.

Roy sets his luggage back down.

ROY  
First things first. As long as this  
chip is on. UK tanks are looking  
for a ghost.

Roy is about to snap the chip.

CHUCKY  
Wait! I can keep the signal  
destabilized while were mobile. I  
can activate it once we're in the  
ocean then toss it overboard.

ROY  
Overboard?

MICHAEL  
We can't fly back now because  
security is beefed up at the  
airports looking for Americans to  
question about the Jordan girls.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
The news is praising their return  
to their families and crediting  
Americans for the rescue. Our  
government is not accepting  
responsibility.

ROY  
We just got made.

TERESA

So, we were able to make arrangements with some hush money to a get tickets on a cruise ship.

CHUCKY

(to Roy)

Looks like you'll be making the arrest without us.

ROY

We'll have to go with that. Agents are going to be waiting for me once I land?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

I gave them notice in advance.

ROY

You'll get there days later. If the FBI decides to arrest me too because of the Jordan girls rescue. You guys are my only defense to make me a free man again.

The unit nods.

TERESA

We leave for New York tonight.

ROY

You'll get a days head start before my flight in the morning. What happened to our Jordan girls?

TERESA

Safe and sound.

The TAXI from outside HONKS.

Chucky and Teresa grab their luggage and exit out the entrance.

Michael with his bag on his shoulder turns to Roy.

MICHAEL

Sorry, brother. I was just following orders.

ROY

Everything I taught you to do.

They smile.

MICHAEL

See you on the other side of the pond.

He exits.

INT. OVER THE ATLANTIC - BOEING 747 - UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

Roy, Lia, and Yaser are all relaxing in a custom-made, luxurious lounge area. It's equipped with a bar, LCD flat screens, leather seats, plush carpeting, and a mini staircase leading to Lia's private bedroom.

Yaser has a tumbler of whiskey and plays Monopoly with Jamal, who drinks bottled water.

Roy and Lia go through all the developed pictures and select the best ones on a coffee table.

Yaser glances over at them bonding, he tightens his jaw. He lights up a cigar with a wooden match.

Yaser rolls the dice. He moves his piece, the "top hat."

YASER

(Arabic)

Do you trust him?

Jamal rolls, the dice land snake eyes. He gives Yaser a foreboding look.

Roy and Lia burst out in laughter, a goofy picture.

INSERT - PHOTO

Roy and Lia hugging at a party, making faces.

BACK TO SCENE

Yaser gets a CALL on his CELLPHONE and checks the display.

He puts the board game on hold and slips away.

INT. BOEING 747 - LOWER FLOOR

Yaser comes down a staircase and calls back the number. The line picks up.

YASER  
(cautious)  
Everything okay?... Americans?...  
The Lusitania. I will take care of  
it.

He ends the call. Grave news, Yaser thinks. He goes to the edge of the staircase.

YASER (CONT'D)  
Jamal!

Jamal comes down the steps.

YASER (CONT'D)  
We have a problem.

JAMAL  
What is it?

YASER  
The kidnapped girls from Jordan.  
They were returned by Americans.

Jamal nods.

YASER (CONT'D)  
I just got word they might be onto  
us and they're headed for New York.

JAMAL  
So what do we do?

YASER  
They're on a cruise ship. We're  
going to be flying over them in...

Yaser checks his watch.

YASER (CONT'D)  
Ten minutes. I need you to take  
them out before they get to the  
states.

Jamal's eyes become icy with determination. Yaser pulls a parachute out from a cabinet.

YASER (CONT'D)  
By the time you touch down on the  
deck, Shafik will be sending me  
pictures of them.

Yaser pulls out a pistol and twist a silencer on. He hands it to Jamal. He refuses and unsheathes a knife.

YASER (CONT'D)  
 (re: knife)  
 Smart.

Yaser gives him a parachute, Jamal puts it on, tightens the straps on the harness.

YASER (CONT'D)  
 There are three of them. We'll pick you up once you dock in New York. Yaser hurries away to the staircase.

YASER (CONT'D)  
 One moment.

INT. BOEING 747 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

A KNOCK on the cockpit door. The PILOT opens it and Yaser walks in.

He leans into the pilots ear.

YASER  
 (Arabic)  
 Descend to ten thousand feet for twenty minutes then return to normal flight pattern.

The pilot nods.

INT. BOEING 747 - LOWER FLOOR

Yaser returns to Jamal, the Jumbo Jet is descending. He opens the door and the wind rushes in, whipping their suits. The ENGINES RUMBLING.

Jamal launches himself out the door, jerked by the HOWLING AIR he plummets.

Yaser pulls the door shut and locks the latch.

INT. BOEING 747 - UPPER FLOOR

Yaser comes walking up the staircase, fixes his tie.

Lia and Roy have felt the descent of the craft.

LIA  
 Bumpy ride.

Yaser takes a seat back at his table and picks up his cigar, puffing.

YASER

Jamal was just helping me with some papers concerning passports. He's got some work to do down below.

Lia feels unnerved about the altitude change.

LIA

Well, I'm getting tired. Roy, there are some recliner seats if you wish to get some shut-eye.

ROY

In a little bit. I'm going to go over the last of the photos before I turn in.

Lia gets up from her seat, heads up the staircase, and closes her bedroom door behind her.

INT. BOEING 747 - LIA'S BEDROOM

She immediately begins texting Yaser.

INSERT TEXT - "What's going on?"

INSERT TEXT REPLY - "A small problem. I sent Jamal."

INT. BOEING 747 - UPPER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Yaser puts his cellphone away and looks at the unfinished board game. It's too quiet. He looks at Roy, deciding on pictures.

YASER

You want to play?

ROY

Sure.

Roy gets up and takes a seat across from Yaser. Picks the "bag of money" game piece.

Yaser rolls the dice and advances his figurine.

YASER

So you and Lia are getting real close?

ROY  
Yeah, you could say that.

Roy rolls and moves his piece.

YASER  
Don't get too comfortable with her.  
She's young and going places.  
Living a very fast life.

ROY  
She knows what she's doing.

YASER  
Yes, she does. How about you?

ROY  
What?

YASER  
Do you know what you're doing?

Yaser shakes the dice in his hand.

ROY  
Taking pictures.

YASER  
They last longer.

Yaser rolls again.

EXT. OVER ATLANTIC - NIGHT

Jamal is in free fall. The WIND WHIPPING in his hair, TEARING at his suit.

In the black ocean below, approaching rapidly, he can see lights twinkling from the cruise ship.

He pulls the rip cord and the parachute catches the wind, yanking him to a stop.

Jamal sails silently towards the cruise ship, not a soul can see or hear him.

Yards away, he pulls on the left and right tethers, adjusting for a proper landing.

He angles for the lowest deck that is visible and discreet, no passengers walking about.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - LOWER BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

Jamal lands feet first over the railing, coming to a halt. He unstraps himself quickly and tosses the parachute pack overboard.

He checks his cellphone and opens a message with pictures of his targets faces.

As he scrolls down, Teresa, Michael, and Chucky appear. At the bottom of their pictures is a room number "917".

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - SIDE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Door "917" opens and Chucky comes out and tosses the GPS chipoverboard.

He has an empty ice bucket and walks over to the ice machine. He holds down a button as it dispenses ice cubes...

Jamal springs up behind Chucky and clasps his hand over his mouth, pulls his neck back, cutting his throat. Blood pours down his shirt and Jamal grabs his room key.

He quickly heaves him over the railing, he SPLASHES in the ocean.

INT. ROOM 917 - CONTINUOUS

Michael sits on the edge of the bed, reading the "Lusitania Procure." The FRONT DOOR opens behind him, Jamal creeps in slowly.

The bathroom door is shut, Teresa is taking a SHOWER. Michael doesn't turn to look, assuming it's Chucky.

MICHAEL

It's about time. Did you know  
cruise ships are liable to  
destruction sailing-

-Jamal puts Michael in a headlock with both arms from behind.

He brings him up as he is choking, unable to scream, Jamal gives a hard twist, snapping Michael's neck.

Jamal lays the limp body on the bed.

INT. ROOM 917 - MOMENTS LATER

Teresa opens the bathroom door and steam spills out. She is in a white robe, drying her hair with a hand towel.

She walks out oblivious to Michael's corpse on the bed.

TERESA

Asleep already? I thought we're going to have some drinks.

Jamal quickly wraps a towel around her head and throws her on the bed, face down.

She struggles to fight, he puts his knee in her back, and she goes deeper into the bed spread, suffocating.

A moment passes, and she stops moving. He unwraps her head, her mouth gaping open, dead.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - SIDE DECK - LATER

Jamal sticks his head out the room and looks both ways for anyone. The coast is clear, he drags out Michael and dumps him over the railing, Teresa next.

INT. ROOM 917 - CONTINUOUS

He shuts the door behind him and opens his cellphone and begins texting.

INT. BOEING 747 - UPPER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Yaser collects monopoly money. Roy rolls and moves his piece and collects a card.

His cellphone vibrates and he checks the text.

INSERT - TEXT

"Complete."

BACK TO SCENE

Yaser is delighted and leans back in his chair, blows smoke rings from his cigar.

Roy gets a call on his cellphone unexpectedly. Caller ID says "Chucky."

Roy excuses himself and takes the call down below.

INT. BOEING 747 - LOWER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

He comes down the staircase and answers the call, walking towards the end of the plane for privacy.

ROY  
 Chucky, you're not supposed to call  
 me while I'm with...

OCEAN WATER SPLASHING, CHUCKY is barely audible.

CHUCKY (O.S.)  
 (gargling)  
 Roy... They made us... the unit...

ROY  
 Chuck.

No response... water SPLASHING.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 Chuck...

The cellphone cuts out.

A grave look falls over Roy's face, his mind is spinning.

INT. BOEING 747 - UPPER FLOOR

Roy comes up the staircase. He changes his board figurine to the "Iron".

YASER  
 Your turn.

Roy rolls. His jaw is tight.

ROY  
 I'm done for the night.

YASER  
 I win.

ROY  
 No you didn't.

YASER  
 How?

ROY  
We haven't finished the game yet.

YASER  
(frankly)  
You still would lose? I have more  
money and assets than you.

Roy gets up, walks to the staircase, and turns.

ROY  
But I have friends in higher  
places.

He goes down the steps. Yaser feels there was something  
cryptic about his comment.

Yaser flips over Roy's orange card: "Get Out Of Jail Free."

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - TARMAC

The Jumbo Jet's door unfolds, and Lia and her entourage are  
met by a limo as their luggage is unloaded from the cargo  
bay.

Roy expects FBI agents to be all over the tarmac.

Nothing.

As they get into the limo, Roy stops, carrying a bag over his  
shoulder.

LIA  
What's wrong?

ROY  
I have to drop off some pictures at  
the magazine offices.

LIA  
We'll drop you off.

ROY  
My boss is actually scheduled to  
arrive here in half an hour so I'll  
just wait at the lounge and catch a  
ride with him. I'll see you back at  
the hotel?

Lia caresses his face, concerned.

LIA  
Sure, The Plaza.

She gets in the limo, and they speed off down the landing strip headed for the freeway on-ramp.

Roy watches for a moment, then looks into the sky, sun blinding.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Roy sits at a table in the back while he types away on his laptop.

He accesses an instant message chat with STAN in orbit.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION -SAME

STAN KELLY, NASA astronaut, FLOATS while he sends a text message.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - LOUNGE

A message PINGS on Roy's desktop.

STAN: "Hey Roy, how's the weather in NYC?"

ROY: "Stan, I need your help."

STAN: "Sure thing."

ROY: "Trace the location of this cell number I give you."

Roy types in the number.

STAN: "Hold on."

Roy scans the whole café, men and women, paranoid.

An e-mail pops up in his inbox, he opens the message and drags the cursor over to the photo attachments and clicks.

INSERT- PHOTO

Chucky floats in the Atlantic.

ANOTHER INSTANT MESSAGE PINGS.

STAN: "Jesus Christ what is happening?"

Roy is taken aback by the graphic picture, he's lost. He types his response.

ROY: "Man down."

STAN: "I'm sorry."

ROY: "This wrecks. I'm on my own."

STAN: "You're not. Let me know how I can help?"

ROY: "I'll be in touch."

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - DAYS LATER

Lia has settled in, luggage unpacked, room service strewn about.

The front door unlocks, and in walks Yaser, followed by Jamal.

Yaser opens the balcony doors to let fresh air in. He leans back on the railing.

Jamal sits on a love seat while Lia showers.

YASER

You hungry?

Jamal shakes his head.

JAMAL

When do we go to the bomb site?

YASER

Tonight. We have to meet with the arms dealer.

JAMAL

Here?

Yaser nods.

YASER

Shafik has a particular spot in mind... How did everything go on the cruise ship?

JAMAL

Easy. How did you get that information on the Americans being in the ocean?

YASER

Hamas is much deeper than just Palestine.

(MORE)

YASER (CONT'D)

We have liaisons in whoever's military interest, helps our cause. The Saturn Group is funding this operation.

JAMAL

American? I thought we were against them?

YASER

Their ideals. Yes. But certain groups believe fascism is the true intentions of democracy. Do you really think the US military wants peace for the Palestinian?... As long as the world needs oil reserves. They'll never not occupy the Middle East. This has been a standard for most of the world wars.

Jamal hangs on Yaser's every word.

JAMAL

What standard?

YASER

Trading with the enemy act... When that American journalist was beheaded. Do you think that had to do with Hamas' radical beliefs? Are we so religious we don't need money? We never kidnapped him, he was handed over by military escort. If honest politicians actually get the people to believe in true freedom. Then there is no need for wars and religion.

Yaser looks at the New York City view.

YASER (CONT'D)

There would be no slavery.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOF FROM PLAZA - SAME

Roy is crouched down out of sight. He has earphones on connected to a digital recorder that is connected to a directional microphone in a parabolic dish.

YASER (V.O.)

(filtered)

That's where we come in.

(MORE)

YASER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Protecting their interest is where  
 we infiltrate. If the military  
 can't scare Kenneth Wilkes from his  
 "Clean Energy Initiative" then  
 getting rid of him is the next  
 logical step.

JAMAL (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 So we work for the US military?

YASER (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Never. That's what the second bomb  
 is for. The Hamas. They have their  
 message and we have ours.

Yaser smiles.

YASER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 After that bomb goes off. Another  
 million American men and women will  
 volunteer for the military over  
 night.

Roy stops recording and takes the earphones off. The new  
 information sits heavy with him.

INT. TRAIN - EVENING

Kenneth Wilkes sits in a booth across from BENJAMIN WOODROW,  
 70, Saturn Group Board Member. Next to him are his wife,  
 JACKLYN and a MYSTERY MAN in a suit.

At the end of the rocking carriage are two ex-military  
 security guards for Kenneth.

The lush green scenery blurs by in the windows as the train  
 chugs along.

WOODROW  
 Do you know why you are here?

WILKES  
 To give you a message.

WOODROW  
 You are not in a position to give  
 any commands. We have no allegiance  
 to you.

WILKES

That's repugnant. The people have my allegiance.

WOODROW

(grins)

We own them too.

Wilkes laughs.

WILKES

The people are going to know how much money the Saturn Group pocketed from the Middle East. And once I sign and establish the act enacting factories to produce "clean energy tech." This invisible government of yours will be over.

WOODROW

There is no independence from us. What makes you think you'll live long enough to get elected?

WILKES

I could die. Sure. But the people will rise because the magic spell doesn't work anymore. Banks, schools, corporations... your whole empire is frozen.

WOODROW

Presidents are elected on the platform they will keep the nation out of war. We can start one if you resist us.

WILKES

Oh, there will be blood. Just from your side.

Woodrow and his cronies scowl.

WILKES (CONT'D)

You and all your radicals are going to be sent to live on an island, like a creature. And just as you can hear the star-spangled banner from sea to shining sea. Is when your neck will snap in a noose. How do you like that vision?

Woodrow looks over at a shotgun case on the booth table next to them. Kenneth chuckles.

WILKES (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I know you don't hunt.

The TRAIN WHISTLES and slows down. Kenneth and his security team leave the carriage.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - SAME

Yaser faces an ARMS DEALER who wears a ski mask with shades. Jamal checks an open crate with a bomb inside; he closes it.

JAMAL

It's good.

Yaser hands the Arms Dealer an envelope of cash.

Whole conversation in Arabic

ARMS DEALER

I've been paid in advance.  
Compliments of Shafik.

He pockets the money as Jamal moves the crate to a secure location in the suite.

Yaser is uneasy about the Arms Dealer.

YASER

What part of the Middle East are you from? Iraq, Iran?

ARMS DEALER

Does it matter?

YASER

Yes it does. I might be bombing the area you live in. And maybe I don't trust someone in a mask?

ARMS DEALER

Shafik trust me.

Yaser is upset and tries to compose himself.

ARMS DEALER (CONT'D)

If you wish to takeover an area by using this bomb. Doesn't it make the land useless?

JAMAL

You ask a lot of questions.

Yaser raises his hand. Jamal stands down. He entertains the question.

YASER

(Arabic)

It's simple. You can bomb the area but that's not necessary. If you have the right agents in place. Could be CIA? Could be MI-6? Could be anyone. Both sides will destroy each other with minimal effort from the masterminds.

ARMS DEALER

Genius. What about the people?

YASER

Now ours. Class dismissed.

The Arms Dealer leaves the suite.

INT. ARMS DEALERS HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Arms Dealer enters. He pulls off his ski mask and shades, it's Roy. He makes a call on a disposable cellphone.

ROY

I need a clean-up crew at the Plaza Hotel. I have one asset to be disposed of immediately and lethal chemical materials.

Roy enters the bathroom and slides the shower curtain open.

The real Arms Dealer lies sedated in the tub. A bag of white powder in his lap.

OTHER LINE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Field agent state your name.

Roy sets the cellphone down on a table, operator still listening.

He walks over to the mini-bar and wipes opened sweet & low sugar packets off the counter, a substitute for the real bomb powder.

Roy exits the suite, placing a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door handle.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The door opens, and Yaser and Jamal sneak out the bomb crate, placing it in the trunk of an idle rental car.

They get in the vehicle and pull into the hectic downtown traffic.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

Yaser and Jamal are in a dinghy in the murky waters, a crate sits in between them.

Yards away, The Statue of Liberty towers in the night sky as they paddle towards the landmark.

EXT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the island undetected and tie their dinghy to the boardwalk.

Yaser climbs onto the boardwalk and Jamal hands him the crate.

They both run for the base of the statue, each holding a side of the crate.

They by-pass the security alarm and enter the statue.

INT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY - PEDESTAL - CONTINUOUS

They set the crate down and open the top. Yaser pulls out a bundle of dynamite with a cellphone connected to the sticks with red and green wires.

A silver spray-paint can and a roll of duct tape are also in the crate.

He hands both bombs to Jamal and takes the spray-paint and duct tape himself.

YASER

Follow me.

They both make their way up the narrow corkscrew staircase.

INT. LIBERTY'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

Yaser and Jamal are exhausted from the many flights of stairs.

Yaser pulls out the statue's schematics and examines them.

YASER

Tape your bomb here.

They both hide the bombs underneath the observation platform using duct tape and then spray paint the bombs the same rusted silver color as the staircase.

Yaser turns both the cellphones on.

YASER (CONT'D)

The batteries will last until tomorrow night.

Jamal looks out the windows from the crown at the New York skyline; the city is alive with building lights.

JAMAL

Soon, they'll know.

They begin bounding down the staircase, FOOTSTEPS ECHOING throughout the hollow structure.

INT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY - PEDESTAL

Yaser holds the door open for Jamal, carrying the crate out.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S BATHROOM

Lia stands in front of the mirror with an assortment of materials spread on the counter.

She cuts open a brick of C4 and breaks off a small portion, then molds it tightly around a one-inch explosive charge.

She rips open a condom and puts the explosive inside, tying a knot and cutting off the excess rubber.

Lia makes two more identical explosives, hides them inside empty lipstick containers, and puts them in her make-up bag.

She stares at her reflection in the mirror, all the confidence in the world.

After a moment it breaks and she begins to cry.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Yaser and Jamal walk in, and Lia comes out the bathroom, composed.

LIA  
Are we set?

YASER  
Yes. And you.

LIA  
Ready.

Yaser takes a seat on the bed and Lia joins.

YASER  
Okay, so let's go over the plan.

LIA  
After Miss Earth is announced I will attend the after-party. Once you've detonated the first bomb location, I will follow up with mine.

YASER  
Where's your detonator?

Lia walks into the bathroom, comes back out, she hands Yaser a custom-made detonator made out of a fountain pen.

YASER (CONT'D)  
The batteries are out?

LIA  
Yes.

He presses the top and it clicks.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - LATER

All the pageant contestants are in casual clothing; sweaters and jeggings, wearing their sashes.

One by one, they approach the center stage, enter the spotlight, and wave while the event coordinator judges critique their performances.

EVENT COORDINATOR  
Smile ladies!

Lia is announced, and she is flawless in her walk to the spotlight. She owns the ballroom.

EVENT COORDINATOR (CONT'D)  
Like that girls! Watch and learn!

Yaser and Jamal watch from the back, scoping out any unforeseen problems.

ALLISON WILKES, 23, Miss New York, approaches Lia, a gushing fan.

ALLISON  
Lia! Oh my god! I'm so happy to finally meet you.

LIA  
Same to you.

They hug each other.

ALLISON  
I saw the picture you took with my dad in Tel Aviv.

LIA  
He's charming.

ALLISON  
It runs in the family.

The Event Coordinator rallies all the girls for another pageant exercise.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
Can I take a quick selfie with you?

LIA  
Sure.

They both pose, Allison blowing a kiss, Lia giving the peace sign. The cellphone flashes.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - SAME

The front door opens, Roy has a stolen key card.

He sneaks around the suite looking for the second bomb.

Opening dresser drawers, checking the mini fridge, riffling through their luggage.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S BATHROOM - SAME

Roy picks up her make-up bag and dumps it out in the sink, name brand cosmetics, nothing unusual.

He holds a clear vial with yellow liquid. He untwists the cap and sniffs.

ROY  
Olive oil?

Roy looks closer at the scattered make-up products in the sink. He sees three red lipsticks with the exact same color.

He picks up one of the red lipsticks and takes the cap off. He sees the explosive wrapped in a condom.

Roy holds the olive oil vial up next to the explosive, and he connects the dots.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Lia, no.

He puts all the contents back into the make-up bag quickly and leaves.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE

Roy goes for the door handle and opens it. Jamal is standing right there, seconds from entering.

They stare for a moment, intense.

JAMAL  
What are you doing here?

ROY  
Looking for Lia.

JAMAL  
I mean how did you get in here?

ROY  
(nervous)  
The maid let me in. I wanted to get some early shots of Lia before the pageant.

Jamal steps to the side.

JAMAL  
She's in rehearsal. I'll take you.

Roy steps into the hallway, his back turned, and Jamal puts him in a chokehold, pulling him back into the suite.

Roy struggles to get free. Jamal kicks the door shut with his leg.

Roy flips him over his back. Jamal smashes on the floor, quickly spins around, and kicks out Roy's legs. He drops.

He unsheathes his knife and leaps on top of Roy, who stops the blade inches from his eye.

Jamal puts his weight into the knife, the tip of the blade gets closer to Roy's eyelashes.

Roy knees him and flips him over. He rolls away, grabs a hand towel, wraps it around both his fists, and pulls it taut.

Jamal hops up and steadies his knife. He approaches Roy slowly and swipes his knife left, right, left, right.

Roy dodges each slice, then wraps the towel around Jamal's wrist, holding the knife, and vaults him into the wall.

Jamal is dazed for a second and drops the knife. Roy kicks it away.

With his free arm, Jamal elbows Roy in the groin, and he folds over. He smashes Roy's face with the back of his fist.

Roy falls back onto the bed, and Jamal scrambles for his knife. He grabs it and leaps at Roy to plunge, but he rolls off the bed.

He grabs the blanket, throws it over Jamal, and makes a break for the door.

Jamal rips the covers off and throws the knife; it digs into Roy's back.

Roy stops, reaches to pull it out, but can't. He gets light-headed as blood runs down his back and pants.

Jamal yanks the knife out, and he drops to his knees, then face plants into the floor, his eyes shut.

Jamal catches his breath, then zip-ties Roy's hands behind his back and his ankles.

He calls Yaser.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

We have a problem... Roy... I'm on it.

Jamal ends the call and wraps Roy up in bedsheets.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jamal sees a bin on wheels for dirty sheets outside a room that is being cleaned.

He slyly pushes the bin down the hall back to Lia's suite.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

He brings the bin in the room and puts Roy inside it, blood spots beginning to bleed through the white fabric.

He pushes Roy into the hallway, disguised as dirty laundry.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - LATER

Lia and Yaser walk in, and she looks at the mess in the room.

LIA

What happened? Where's Jamal?

Yaser sees the blood on the carpet.

YASER

Lia, sit down on the bed.

Lia sits.

YASER (CONT'D)

Roy isn't a photographer. He's a spy working with the American's.

Lia is in disbelief.

YASER (CONT'D)

I believe he and his team have been watching us for a while and we didn't catch on until those girls in Jordan were rescued.

LIA

That was him?

YASER

Maybe. But the point is. He lied to us and now Jamal is taking care of it.

Lia puts her head down, crying. Yaser gently grabs her chin and looks her in the eyes.

YASER (CONT'D)

Don't cry for him, Lia. He was going to have you arrested and our mission terminated. He was pretending to like you.

LIA

Should we abort?

YASER

No. We are six hours away from completion. From what intelligence I know. His team is off the grid. Otherwise, we would be in a holding cell right now.

Lia snuffles and wipes her tears away.

YASER (CONT'D)

You have to stay strong, Lia. This is everything you have trained for. Yes?

LIA

Yes.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S BATHROOM

Lia pulls the explosive charges from the empty lipsticks and pours the olive oil over them.

She tilts her head back and opens wide.

YASER

Okay, nice and easy.

He puts one in her mouth, and she swallows. She fights it down, her face cringing.

Yaser picks up another.

YASER (CONT'D)

Number two.

EXT. MARSHES - NIGHT

Jamal pulls into the bank of the empty wetlands, his tires leaving tracks in the mud. The Atlantic Ocean in the background.

He gets out and opens the trunk, drags Roy's body out, then turns to shut it.

Jamal looks back to see Roy has rolled away and unwrapped himself, not dead.

He rushes over to kill him with his knife, but Roy has already slipped his bound hands from behind him underneath his legs.

Jamal strikes down, and Roy pulls his zip ties taut and times it with the blade. Jamal cuts him loose accidentally.

Roy sweeps his bound ankles at Jamal's legs, and he drops.

Roy leaps on him and wrestles his way onto Jamal's back. Digging his face into the mud.

Jamal struggles, his body goes limp.

Roy finds his knife, cuts his ankle zip ties, and stands.

ROY

Ahhh!

The knife wound in his back is causing him shooting pain.

He turns Jamal's body over and takes his cellphone out of his jacket.

INSERT - CELLPHONE DISPLAY "8:30 PM"

BACK TO SCENE

Roy hurries to the rental car and throws it in reverse; mud kicking up, and the headlights whipping into a 180 turn.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

The room full of socialites stands in ovation to the new Miss Earth, Allison Wilkes.

She tears up, crowned with her tiara, sash, and a bouquet of flowers. MUSIC THUMPING over the SPEAKER SYSTEM.

ALLISON

(into mic)

Thank you so much. This means the world to me. Dad, I love you.

In the front row is Wilkes, beaming with pride at his daughter.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Roy speeds through traffic, weaving in and out of lanes. A light is red at a four-way stop, he flies through it. CARS HONK.

He dials into the cellphone 911. Dispatch answers.

ROY

There is a terrorist threat at the Plaza Hotel. The suspects name is Yaser Shallah. He is in room 1122. Send units now.

Roy ends the call and enters a tunnel. He dials Lia's number; it goes straight to voice mail.

ROY (CONT'D)

Lia! I want to help you! Yaser is caught! Please, don't do it!

He ends the call and guns the pedal.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ceremony is over, and the after-party is in full swing.

All the contestants and spectators socialize and drink champagne.

Lia hugs Allison.

LIA

So happy for you!

ALLISON

Thank you! That means so much to me.

LIA

Thanks.

Lia walks away from the circle of admiration Allison is surrounded by, her CELLPHONE BUZZES, a voice mail from Jamal's cellphone.

She plays the message and hears Roy's voice, confused. She listens as NYPD causes a commotion in the main lobby, taking over the hotel.

Lia is flabbergasted from Roy's pleas in the message.

The POLICE charge the stairwells and block the elevators. The HOTEL MANAGER conflicts with the POLICE CAPTAIN.

She ends the voice mail and texts Yaser.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Yaser looks out the window at the SQUAD OF COPS forming a barricade outside.

His CELLPHONE BUZZES and he looks at the text.

INSERT - TEXT

"Do it now!"

BACK TO SCENE

Yaser punches in the cellphone number to the bombs and hits "send."

INT. LIBERTY'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

The cellphone display on the hidden bombs lights up, no explosion.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

NYPD kicks the door in, guns raised, and flood the space.

POLICE OFFICER

NYPD!

Yaser puts his hands up and drops the cellphone.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL FACADE - CONTINUOUS

Roy pulls up to the police activity, yellow tape, and sawhorse barricades.

A crowd is forming street-side, gawking.

Roy gets out of the rental car and searches for a way in. He's getting weaker.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lia, like the rest of the people, watches THE POLICE take command through glass windows and the ballroom entrance.

Wilkes holds his daughter, and Lia heads towards them. Squeezing by attendees, she pulls out her fountain pen.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL FACADE - CONTINUOUS

Roy approaches an EMT PARAMEDIC and a POLICE OFFICER. He pulls up his shirt, exposing his knife wound.

ROY  
I need your help.

PARAMEDIC  
Dear, lord.

They bring Roy past the barricade to an ambulance.

EXT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

The paramedic opens the back doors, and he sits on the bumper step. Next to him is the police officer, his gun staring Roy in the face.

As the paramedic gets the gauze, stitches, and alcohol swabs ready, Roy grabs the officer's gun from his hand and cracks him over the head.

The police officer drops, and Roy catches him.

ROY  
He just passed out!

PARAMEDIC  
Jesus!

Roy puts the officer down on the gurney, and the paramedic begins checking his vitals.

Roy sucker punches the paramedic, and he collapses on top of the officer. He takes the paramedics EMT jacket and medical bag, placing the gun inside.

Roy shuts the back doors and smacks the side of the ambulance. The driver takes that as a signal to leave, turns on the sirens, and drives into the street.

Roy puts on the jacket, winces from the knife wound, grabs the medical bag, and bounds up the facade steps of the hotel.

A police officer holds a door open for him, Roy nods.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lia is feet away from Wilkes, she is determined, and tears run down her face.

Wilkes and Allison see her, and his smile drains from his face. Something is wrong.

Lia slowly brings up the fountain pen, thumb on the detonator.

Roy hastily walks into the grand ballroom, searching the crowd.

He spots her, staring at Wilkes and his daughter, seconds from detonation.

He reaches in the medical bag and pulls out the gun, and the crowd backs away from him.

Lia, Wilkes, and Allison turn to see Roy aiming.

ROY  
Lia, don't!

She freezes, scared.

Wilkes with his daughter in his arms steps backwards. Lia turns to see them get away. Her scared face turns to a scowl.

Roy sights her wrist with the gun and pulls the trigger.

BANG! A bullet rips into her wrist, blood mist, and she drops the detonator.

The crowd screams and scrambles in every direction, falling over each other.

Lia falls to her knees and Roy races over to her. She reaches for the fountain pen with her good hand.

Roy picks it up before her and untwists the casing, dumping out the batteries.

SWAT and POLICE OFFICERS storm the grand ballroom, closing in on Roy.

SWAT COMMANDER  
Put the gun down, now!

Roy drops the gun and lies flat on his stomach next to Lia.

He looks at her, affectionate and exhausted.

ROY  
It's going to be okay.

Lia is distraught, mentally broken, bleeding on her dress, sobbing.

SWAT puts handcuffs on Roy, and he groans from the pain in his back, hoisted up.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(to SWAT)  
I need medical attention.

They take him away as PARAMEDICS assist Lia. She stares at Roy as he is carted off.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Roy lies in a hospital gown under the covers on a medical bed. He's hooked on a heart monitor, IV drip, and a morphine drip.

He awakens to the door opening. DEAN DOLAN, 66, CIA Director, comes to his bedside.

DEAN  
How are you doing?

Roy slightly smiles, high on morphine.

ROY  
Where's Lia?

DEAN  
She's locked up.

Roy takes a deep breath.

INT. GAZA STRIP - KARAM'S LOFT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

PALESTINIAN POLICE burst through the front door, guns raised, shouting. Karam is eating breakfast and is arrested, still in his robe.

They raid his bedroom and discover the bars of gold.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

AGENTS in FBI fleece jackets are escorting Yaser in handcuffs and orange jumpsuit to a private jet.

The staircase is unfolded and flanked with FBI agents. Yaser gets on board.

FBI AGENT  
(to superior)  
Sir, where's he going?

FBI SUPERIOR  
None of your business.

EXT. MARSHES - CONTINUOUS

FBI AGENTS finish taping off the area while forensics work the crime scene, taking pictures of Jamal's dead body. The mud has hardened overnight.

EXT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY - CONTINUOUS

The BOMB SQUAD has vacated the island. A DEMOLITIONS EXPERT walks out with the bundles of useless explosives and atimer.

He pours out the white powder from the bomb casing and tastes it with his finger.

DEMOLITIONS EXPERT  
Sugar?

He gets to the bomb squad van, POLICE await.

DEMOLITIONS EXPERT (CONT'D)  
(to police officer)  
These bombs didn't stand a chance.  
They're dummy bombs.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Worried.

ROY  
Is she okay?

DEAN  
She's fine.  
(chuckles)  
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

You can see how a surgeon and bombs technicians have to have some steady hands.

Roy nods.

ROY

What about my charges?

DEAN

Dropped. We told the NYPD you we're a courageous citizen trying to save your favorite beauty queen.

Roy teases a smile.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Roy, I'm sorry about your unit. Yaser was fully cooperative, in exchange, he be extradited back to Jerusalem and tried in a Palestine court. He told us about sending the assassin to kill the unit, Hamas, the pageants, Lia, everything. This gets us closer to Shafik. Roy, it goes without saying. The mission was extremely covert. We put nothing on paper.

(clears throat)

Because of that. FBI is going to get credit. ATEU will be classified on this mission.

Roy cringes.

DEAN (CONT'D)

We put the unit in a zone we weren't allowed to be in. I'm sorry there's no glory but discovery of our plans, we knew, must not happen.

(checks his wrist watch)

In our surveillance state, the rise of invisible enemies and economic instability spread across the globe like methane leaks. Sometimes you can't see the problem until you light a match. When it comes to society and fear. Divide and conquer are our motto.

Dean smiles knowingly.

DEAN (CONT'D)

And sometimes you have to maneuver the bad guy into firing the first shot. They're the more desirable aggressor. Don't you think?

Dean puts his hand on Roy's arm.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Roy, is there anything you want? Name it.

ROY

My DNA will match Lia's.

Dean looks puzzled.

ROY (CONT'D)

Lia is my estranged daughter. I don't want her being imprisoned back in Palestine. She won't last.

DEAN

How do you know?

ROY

I have my sources.

DEAN

And now she'll be recognized as half American and have dual citizenship. I'm impressed, Roy. Does she know?

Roy shakes his head.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I can guarantee she won't go back to Palestine. She'll be imprisoned for life. But I can't guarantee she'll like the prison fashions.

Roy's giggle turns into a cough, Dean gets him some water.

ROY

Can I see her?

DEAN

No. You can never make direct contact with her, ever.

Dean's cellphone RINGS, he checks the caller ID.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Rest up, Roy. I'll get the DNA test taken care of and Lia will be sorted out.

Dean stops in the doorway and turns.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Although you can write her letters.

He exits and Roy presses his morphine drip.

INT. COURTROOM - NEW YORK

Lia, handcuffed, shackled, and dressed in prison black and white cloth, sits next to her public defender. News media outlets record the judge, who wraps up her verdict.

JUDGE

For the crimes committed: murder one, conspiracy to murder, and acts of terrorism, the state of New York finds you guilty and sentences you to life in prison with no eligibility for parole in the Metropolitan Correctional Center.

The judge CLACKS the GAVEL.

INT. SEATTLE - CABIN - NIGHT

Roy sits in his recliner at his desk, in front of the Ham Radio, with the microphone in his hand, mid-conversation.

STAN (V.O.)

(radio filter)

How's the back?

ROY

It's better. The doctors gave me meds, Jack Daniels.

STAN (V.O.)

Wish I could have some of that up here.

ROY

Drinks on me when you get back... Stan.

STAN (V.O.)

Yeah.

ROY

Thanks for your help. I appreciate it, brother.

STAN (V.O.)

Anytime. So what now?

ROY

What now? I'm going to get old in this forest.

STAN (V.O.)

All by yourself?

ROY

No actually. I'm going to be brushing up on my writing skills.

STAN (V.O.)

You going to write up a report? A novel?

They both laugh.

ROY

I have someone else more important to open up to.

STAN (V.O.)

Lia.

ROY

That's right.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - SAME

Stan floats upside down, looking at Earth through the observation window, headphones and microphone.

STAN

You worried at all after stopping Kenneth Wilkes assassination that those responsible, will try to wrap up loose ends?

INT. CABIN

Roy's computer tower ejects an audio CD-Rom, the recording of Yaser explaining to Jamal about the corruption of the government, big oil companies, and terrorist liaisons.

ROY

Nope.

He writes on the CD's blank surface with a black sharpie marker.

INSERT - WRITING

"Life Insurance"

BACK TO SCENE

STAN (V.O.)

(radio filter)

Hey buddy, I'm about to be out of signal range. You take care.

ROY

Roger, that.

Roy turns the knob on the Ham Radio to "off" and puts the CD-ROM in a floor safe.

He pulls out a blank sheet of paper and begins writing a letter under a desk lamp.

Tacked on the wall above him is a picture of him and Lia, happy.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Stan turns the HAM radio frequency over to another channel.

Someone on the other end is listening.

STAN

(Arabic)

Did you get that?

INT. CAVE - MIDDLE EAST - CONTINUOUS

Shafik sits on a rug in front of a HAM Radio, a fire nearby for light, headphones on. He's been ease dropping the entire conversation.

SHAFIK  
 (Arabic)  
 Yes.

He takes the headphones off and dials a number on a satellite phone. The other line picks up.

SHAFIK (CONT'D)  
 (English)  
 Mr. Dolan?

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Stan hangs upside down. He swings himself upwards holding on to wires secured to a back brace supporting his weight.

He lowers himself to the flooring of the ISS, and unhooks himself. He walks off without floating, no zero gravity, he is on a film set that mimics the ISS interior.

INT. FILM SET - CONTINUOUS

Stan walks past a movie camera and various men and women; agents of a deeper government are staging a beheading in front of a green screen, the actors are dressed in terrorist garb.

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER - (MONTHS LATER)

Lia looks out her cell door window as a corrections officer opens her food slot and drops a letter in. Prisoners TALKING and SHOUTING is ECHO throughout the concrete walls.

INT. LIA'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Lia wears a green prison jumpsuit and a cast on her wrist, not the beauty queen anymore.

She picks up the letter and reads the sender.

INSERT - LETTER

"Roy Hanna."

BACK TO LIA

She looks confused and then is pulled away by the news coverage on the television outside her cell, with guards watching the top stories.

NEWS CASTER

Another beheading video has hit the Internet. The terrorist committing the heinous act call themselves ANTI. Allah's Native sons of True Intelligence. They're beheading Yaser Shallah, a member of their rival terrorist group, Hamas. We warn you the images are disturbing.

INSERT - INTERNET FOOTAGE

Yaser on his knees, hands bound behind his back, an ANTI member speaking in Arabic to the camera while another stands behind him with a sword.

BACK TO NEWS CASTER

NEWS CASTER (CONT'D)

The video is directed at Shafik Shomali, a terrorist leader who has gone into hiding sources say after a failed attempt to assassinate former politician and now the newly elected president, Kenneth Wilkes, at the Miss Earth pageant months ago. The attack was thwarted by a good Samaritan who wanted to remain nameless.

Lia turns away from the television and back to the letter.

She sits on her bed and opens the envelope. Pulls out a handwritten letter, three pages long, included is a photo.

INSERT - PHOTO

Lia and Roy at an after-party in Palestine, hugging and smiling.

She flips the photo over and there is a note written.

INSERT - HAND WRITTEN NOTE

"Just a choice right now, between fear and love. Your father,  
Roy."

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A car parks. Roy's granddaughter steps out.

FADE TO BLACK.