

The Tourist

by

Neil Fergus

neilpfergus@gmail.com
347-515-1585
First Draft
WGA# 1350959

EXT. JUNGLE/ DAY

SUPER: GUATEMALA, CENTRAL AMERICA

We fly over the jungle in a helicopter, the wash from the rotors swaying the trees back and forth. The helicopter lands in a clearing and three men in suits and Panama hats get out, crouching low to avoid the rotors. All three assemble next to the helicopter. MARTIN O'MALLEY is an average looking man with blond hair and blue eyes and a five o'clock shadow. His eyes are tired looking and he looks weary. MAN#1 is a slightly built man with glasses and a brief case. MAN#2 is tall and ramrod straight with a military bearing look.

O'MALLEY

This won't take long. I'll need about 20 minutes altogether. I need to take some photos and walk around a little bit. I know we don't have much time.

MAN #1

You'd better not take too long. The rebels are still around these hills and could come back at anytime. I don't know why we have to do this in the first place.

MAN #2

There's no use fretting over it. The man's got a job to do. That comes from the top. He needs time, he gets time. We'll be out of here in plenty of time.

Man #2 turns to O'Malley and points to the jungle.

MAN #2

You'd better hurry up O'Malley. Just in case.

O'Malley turns and heads off into the jungle, unstrapping a camera from his shoulders and holding it in his hands. It has a long lens and looks very professional. He walks a foot through deep jungle and enters a clearing. In the clearing is the remains of a battlefield. Bodies, some in uniforms, some in plain cloths are strewn across the area of about 100 yards. The bodies are in every condition. Some are torn apart and missing limbs. Some are in perfect condition, holding assault rifles in their dead hands. O'Malley's taking pictures of everything. The bodies, the weapons, defenses that some of the dead men had erected around

themselves. He finds maps and blueprints and takes pictures of these. He stops cold when he sees a dead child holding a semi-automatic pistol, a hole in his head from a bullet. He takes a picture.

CUT TO:

Man #1 paces around in circles. Man#2 stands still as a statue.

MAN #1

(anxiously)

I don't know why we need to do this at all. What do we really get out of it? Everyone's dead, end of story. I don't know why we have to make special trip for him. A special, DANGEROUS trip.

Man #2 stares straight ahead.

MAN #2

(stoically)

He gets what he wants. He has some special arrangement with the higher ups. Beyond my pay grade, I've done ~~these~~ trips in Bolivia and Chechyna with him. It doesn't matter where. He goes there. He goes everywhere and sees everything. That's why they call him the Tourist.

Just then O'Malley walk out of the jungle strapping his camera over his shoulder and wiping his hands off on his pants.

O'MALLEY

OK. I think that's about it. I got what I needed. We can go now.

O'Malley turns to Man#1.

O'MALLEY

See. It wasn't that bad after all. Next time, don't complain so much.

Man #1 grimaces but says nothing. All three men climb back into the helicopter whose rotors are still whirling. The helicopter takes off and heads off into the horizon over the jungle.

EXT. DAY

SUPER: CIA HEADQUARTERS/ LANGELY, VIRGINIA

INT. DAY

Two men, one of whom is Martin O'Malley, walk down along corridor. The other man is RYAN KINCAID. He is a well-dressed, distinguished looking man who has the look of someone used to being in charge. Kincaid is holding an open folder and scanning the inside of it as he is walking. O'Malley points towards the folder.

O'MALLEY

You're not going to see anything unusual about the Guatemalan incident. It was run of the mill stuff, even for that part of the world.

KINCAID

I know, I know. But I like to be prepared before we see the boss. Just in case. Go over the standard events and people.

Kincaid and O'Malley burst through two glass doors into an office. The office is made entirely of glass and gives a great view of the Virginia countryside.

Through the walls you see computer screens and operators, a Command Center that encircles the office. In the office is a woman sitting at a desk overflowing with files. The woman is SUSAN ANDERSON the head of the CIA. She is a mature woman, attractive but with a powerful, nearly menacing air. She is reading a report. She takes off her reading glasses and appraises the two men coolly.

ANDERSON

Gentleman, take a seat.

The two men situate themselves in chairs in front of her desk. Anderson goes back to reading the report for a few more seconds then looks up at O'Malley.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Well, it seems like you did good work down in Central America. The report is fine. We got some good Intel about the warring factions and you have made your usual cogent analysis of the situation.

Kincaid stirs from his seat.

KINCAID

Yes, Mam, it looks like O'Malley's usual fine work. We can use this Intel to run the usual strategy and dynamics and keep them in the files for future use.

O'Malley moves slightly in his seat.

O'MALLEY

As some one once said, it was the usual unusual. Nothing especially noteworthy jumped at at me. From what I saw it was a standard body farm.

Anderson places the folder on her desk and leans back in her chair.

ANDERSON

How long have you been doing this for us, O'Malley? Ten, Twelve years? You've done a lot of good work. We have another one coming up but this one is a twist. You're going to get there before the fighting goes done, not after.

O'Malley shakes his head tiredly.

O'MALLEY

Mam, I'm tired. This is the sixth consecutive trip and it has me jumping all over the world. I need a break. A desk job for a while. I could go over all my old reports in put them into one cohesive file. The strategy experiments will work better that way. But I need a rest from the road.

ANDERSON

Look, Martin. I know you need a rest. And you'll get one, I promise. But my higher ups think this next one is big and they want boots on the ground, ready to go. That's why they want you there before the shit goes down.

O'MALLEY

(dejectedly)
And where is now?

Anderson grabs another file off her desk and opens it.

ANDERSON

This one is in the Middle East...
Lebanon to be precise.

Kincaid looks perplexed.

KINCAID

Lebanon? That place has been relatively peaceful for years. What could happen there? I thought Hezbollah had total control over there.

ANDERSON

They did. They do. But there is a new terrorist offshoot called Martyr's Dawn which is making inroads into Hezbollah's territory and power. They are more militant than Hezbollah and want an all-out war with Israel as their end goal. Dawn doesn't think Hezbollah has the stomach for taking on Israel.

O'MALLEY

Whose backing Martyr's Dawn?
Hezbollah is backed by Iran.

ANDERSON

That's right. Hezbollah is backed by Iran and is Shiite. Dawn is Shiite too but much more fanatical. And we don't know whose backing them if their self-financed. We don't know anything about them at all. Except there supposed to be fierce fighters. Hezbollah and Dawn have clashed a number of times, small skirmishes with no really winners or losers. But our Intel tells us there's going to be a major clash. That's where you come in Martin. Your skills will be needed. And the ground will be fresh for you because you'll already be there waiting.

Anderson leans in to O'Malley and speaks lowly.

ANDERSON

I know this is a lot to ask Martin, considering all the great work you've done for us almost non-stop. But I have my orders too. For some reason, they really want your input

into anything that happens in that region, especially between these two factions.

O'Malley sighs and looks up at the ceiling.

O'MALLEY

When do I leave?

ANDERSON

Tomorrow evening from Dulles. You'll meet the Station Chief at the Hotel Excelsior bar in downtown Lebanon. He'll get you situated and up to speed. All you have to do is wait. You won't be zooming in and out like you usually do. You'll have time with this one. Who knows, maybe you'll even get to see some of the sights, such as they are. Kincaid will brief you on the rest before you go.

Anderson hands Kincaid a file.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

After this, we'll take about a nice long sabbatical. That's it gentleman.

The two men get up from there seats and walk out the doors and start walking down the hallway.

O'MALLEY

Lebanon? I haven't been to the Middle east in years. All things considered, it's been peaceful there. Except for Afghanistan and Iraq which where all well-documented and didn't need my expertise.

KINCAID

Well, whomever makes these decisions think Martyrs' Dawn is planning something big so they'll be a lot of carnage for you to survey. Like she said, she has her bosses, too.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT/ DAY

SUPER: BEIRUT-RAFACIC HARIRI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

O'Malley walks off the plane and through the airport. He goes through customs, picks up his bags and goes to hail a taxi. He grabs a taxi and enters the backseat.

INT. TAXI/ DAY

He speaks to the driver.

O'MALLEY
Hotel Excelsior, please.

TAXI DRIVER
Hotel Excelsior, yes sir.

The taxi pulls off into the road into traffic.

JUMP TO:

We see a long shot of Beirut from the air as the camera pans over the city as slightly Arabian music plays.

EXT. HOTEL/ DAY

The taxi pulls up in front of the hotel and O'Malley tips him through the window. He grabs his baggage and walks through the front doors.

INT. HOTEL/ DAY

O'Malley goes to the hotel desk, gives his name and registers with the hotel. He is given a room key. He starts to walk to the elevators. A man follows O'Malley. STANLEY LYMAN is wearing a seer sucker suit, even though the hotel lobby is air conditioned. He is about thirty pounds overweight and has a cigarette in his mouth. He has a short buzz cut and narrow eyes. He waves at O'Malley.

LYMAN
Hey! O'Malley. Is that you? Hold up a second.

O'Malley stops and waits for Lyman to come over.

LYMAN (CONT'D)
It is O'Malley for Christ sakes. I haven't seen you in years. You look beat, my friend.

The two shake hands.

O'MALLEY
How you doing, Lyman? It's been awhile for sure. So you're Station Chief for this shithole, huh? I

thought you would have been retired by now.

LYMAN

That goes double for you, my friend. Hey, why don't you get settled in your room. Change into some cool cloths and come meet me down in the hotel bar. Say in about a half hour?

ANDERSON

That sounds fine. You can give me the rundown of the place while we get shit-faced on the Agency's dime.

Lyman smiles.

LYMAN

Just like old times. See you then.

O'Malley heads into an open elevator and the doors close.

INT. HOTEL BAR / DAY

The hotel bar is nicely furnished with the kind of surroundings that cater to out-of-towners. There are several business men at a table having cocktails and talking and few individual drinkers who look like regulars. The bar itself is almost empty. Lyman sits on stool drinking a double bourbon. O'Malley walks in and takes the stool next to him.

LYMAN

What will it be?

O'MALLEY

I'll have whatever your having.

Lyman gestures to the bartender.

LYMAN

Bartender, another one of these, please?

Lyman pats O'Malley on the back

LYMAN

So, how long HAS it been.

O'MALLEY

Six years give or take. The thing in Chile if I'm not mistaken. That was a real shitstorm. So, how did you wind up here.

LYMAN

(Shrugs)

Good luck and good connections. I didn't piss anybody off too much so I got a cushy assignment. Nothing going on here except the same old Jewish/ Palestine shit which has been going on forever. But Beirut and Lebanon in general is a cakewalk.

O'MALLEY

So what can you tell me about what this is all about. What is Martyr's Dawn?

Lyman turns serious.

LYMAN

Well that's where the trouble comes into my little bit of paradise. Martyr's Dawn are terrorists, pure and simple, who want to overthrow Hezbollah and start an immediate Holy War with Israel. Their ~~real fucks~~ if you ask me. They'll kill anybody. Suicide bombings, hospitals, kid's schools, anybody.

Lyman finishes his bourbon and asks for another as O'Malley starts his.

O'MALLEY

I hear their pretty fierce in combat. The few skirmishes they had with Hezbollah's armed militia.

LYMAN

Their nasty alright. And their bringing Beirut and Lebanon to the boiling point. There's going to be an all out battle between the two. Soon. I think. That's what the intelligence says anyway.

O'MALLEY

What intelligence?

LYMAN

Oh, there's supposed to be a spy for the CIA or MI6 in Martyr's Dawn feeding information. But who really knows?

O'Malley finishes his drink and orders another.

O'MALLEY
So, who runs Dawn?

Lyman is now on his third bourbon.

LYMAN
Some cat named Ahmad Khalil.
Supposed to be a stone cold killer.
Came up through the ranks of Dawn as
a button man, killing anyone the job
demanded. He rose through the ranks
pretty quickly. I hear he got rid of
a lot of the other leaders very
bloodily. And personally. He didn't
have his henchman or patsies do it
for him.

O'MALLEY
Sounds like an interesting
character. I usually get involved
after it's all over but the powers
that be want me here, boots on the
ground, ready to move in right after
the mess.

Lyman shakes his head.

LYMAN
I never understood exactly what you
did for the agency, I just know you
got around, my man, to every part of
the world, every hot zone there was.
I don't envy you. But that's why
they call you "The Tourist."

O'MALLEY
It's a strange job but I'm saddled
with it now... I'm the resident
expert. Might be time to train a
replacement.

O'Malley raises the glass.

O'MALLEY
This bourbon hits the spot after
that long plane ride.

LYMAN
Ah, it's the only way to pass the
day around here. I get to indulge as
much as I want. Speaking of

indulging, that hottie down the bar
is giving you the eye.

Malley looks down the bar.

O'MALLEY
Hotel hooker.

LYMAN
Nope. I know all the hookers who
work the hotel bars, been with most
of them. that there is bona fide
babe on the make.

O'Malley looks back to Lyman.

O'MALLEY
So we just what for Dawn to make
their move or will we have a heads
up with our Intel?

Lyman finishes his drink.

LYMAN
No way to know, my boy, No way to
no. Right now we just sit and wait
and I keep my ear to the grindstone
to see what I hear. You relax and
look around the city. Meet a broad.
There's one right there, ripe for
the picking.

Lyman gets up from his stool.

LYMAN
I'll catch up with you later. Maybe
we'll have a nice dinner on the
Agency too. See you around.

O'Malley waves his hand.

O'MALLEY
See you around.

Lyman leaves the bar and O'Malley quietly finishes his drink
and the bartender brings him another one.

O'MALLEY
I didn't order that.

BARTENDER
Courtesy of the lady at the end of
the bar.

O'Malley looks down the bar again at the attractive woman sipping her drink and raises his glass to her. He takes a sip and walks down the bar to the woman.

O'MALLEY

Thanks for the drink. Mind if I sit down.

The woman is SOFIA BENTLEY. She is a sensuous, pretty woman with a full figure. She is wearing a strapless dress as if she's going out for the evening.

BENTLEY

I was hoping you would. Sorry for being so transparent but you looked very interesting sitting there. I couldn't help myself.

O'Malley sits next to her and puts out his hand to shake.

O'MALLEY

Martin O'Malley. Nice to meet you?

Bentley takes his hand and shakes it.

BENTLEY

Sofia Bentley. Nice to meet you. What brings you to this exotic part of the world?

O'MALLEY

Business.

BENTLEY

What kind of business?

MARTIN O'MALLEY

(laughing)
It's a strange business, not one I think you would understand. Not really worth talking about. What do you do?

BENTLEY

I'm an immigration attorney with a drinking problem. I help refugees, mostly from Africa seeking asylum. It's hard work but rewarding when you get a win.

O'MALLEY

It sounds like you're doing some good in the world. How'd you get into that line of work?

Bentley takes a sip of her Martini.

BENTLEY

Mommy and Daddy sent me to Oxford and then I went to law school in London. I was being groomed to work for white show firm there. But I had an itch to help the less fortunate, not line the pockets of more fat cats. So I volunteered in London with an immigrant society and started helping. I caught the bug. I started to travel and landed here. The immigrant crisis had just started to get really bad here so I set up shop. And that's about it. How about another drink?

O'MALLEY

Don't mind if I do. Bartender, two more when you get a chance.

The bartender brings the two drinks and O'Malley and Bentley click the two glasses together and drink. The two drink in silence for awhile. The camera pulls back as they continue to drink and we can not hear the conversation.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM/ NIGHT

O'Malley and Bentley lay naked together under a sheet. They have just made love and are sleeping. O'Malley's cell phone rings and he answers it.

O'MALLEY

Hello? Yes. yes. OK. There's nothing for me to do but wait.

O'Malley shuts the phone as Bentley stirs from her sleep.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry to wake you. Business.

Bentley sits up and stretches, her breasts hanging down over the sheet, her long legs visible on the bed.

BENTLEY

No worries. I was already up. Strange business hours. Which reminds me. You never did tell me what you did. I usually don't sleep with men whose profession I don't know.

Bentley laughs.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)

But for you I made an exception. So
tell what do you do?

O'Malley gets out of bed and goes to the sliding doors and
looks out at the city.

O'MALLEY

It's a strange job. I go around the
world to war zones and document
them. that's it in a nutshell. I
work for the CIA and I travel the
world gathering information from
these battlefields.

Bentley takes out a cigarette and lights it. She turns to
O'Malley.

BENTLEY

I heard the gentleman you were with
at the bar call you the Tourist. What
does that mean?

O'Malley turns from the doors and faces Bentley.

O'MALLEY

It started as a joke. I was a
professor at Georgetown teaching
philosophy and history. Being in
D.C., I went to all the right -or
wrong- cocktail parties. At one
party I told a story of how the
Spartans of Ancient Greece would
tour battlefields for entertainment
and for strategic purposes. They
would catalog the dead, how they
died. Did they die bravely or who
ran and hid. They would catalog weapons,
check on different strategies used.
They would investigate any and all aspects
of the field of battle, just to get a glimpse
into what kind of fighters these men
were. They would camp out for days and make it
a kind of party, where everyone was invited. So
they all could learn new tactics and
strategy and tell war stories.

Bentley turns more towards O'Malley.

BENTLEY

How did you get from a cocktail party to where you are now?

O'MALLEY

As it so happens, there was a CIA Analyst at the party who liked the idea so much, he brought it to his superiors. I was called in for a talk, which was really an interview I guess, and I was offered a position with the CIA doing exactly the same thing. Traveling the world to different hot spots, civil wars, terrorist acts, anything where you could learn something new about weapons, strategy, personalities of the combatants. To make along story short, I got the nickname The Tourist because of what I did and where I travelled. The CIA uses all the information to run probability tests, algorithms, etc.

BENTLEY

How long have you been doing this?

O'MALLEY

Twelve years now. And I'm getting tired of it.

Bentley leans back in bed.

BENTLEY

Is that what brings you to Lebanon? Was there some battle or terrorist act I haven't heard of?

O'Malley gets back into bed and kisses Bentley on the shoulder.

O'MALLEY

THAT I can't tell you. Operational secrecy and all that. Suffice it to say, my certain expertise may be needed in this region. That's why I'm here. And to make love to beautiful lawyers.

They kiss passionately.

BENTLEY

That is a strange job.

O'MALLEY

I know. I know. I'm trying to get out of it.

BENTLEY

What do you learn from all this?

O'MALLEY

Learn? I know everything. Who was brave, who was scared. Who ran from the fight. Who shit in his pants from fright. Who the leader was, who were followers there. I know everything.

They kiss again and go back under the covers.

INT. HOTEL/ NIGHT

O'Malley and Bentley are getting dressed.

BENTLEY

Let me take you out for dinner. I know the best place to get authentic Arabian food and I speak Arabic so you want get something atrocious.

O'Malley pulling up his pants.

O'MALLEY

I'll take you up on that. I'm famished from the plane trip. And I don't have to be anywhere right now.

BENTLEY

Good. Give me ten minutes to freshen up.

EXT. BEURIT STREET/ NIGHT

O'Malley and Bentley walk down a crowded street filled with people and vendors hawking their wares.

O'MALLEY

I never knew Beirut was this packed with people. There so much excitement around.

BENTLEY

It's been very peaceful for the most part except for a few flare-ups with the Israelies. It's a nice place to live if you can afford it which a lot om clients can't. The restaurant is right down this block.

They walk to the edge of the busy street and make a turn on to a more deserted street. The street is dimly lit and there are few people on it.

O'MALLEY
Where's the restaurant?

BENTLEY
Oh, it's down the street a little.
Come on. We're almost there.

They keep walking down the street and it gets more deserted. The few people on the street disappear and suddenly its just Bentley and O'Malley on the street. Suddenly, a pick-up truck roars down the street, screeching to a halt right in front of the couple.

O'MALLEY
What the fuck?

He turns towards Bentley. She is now holding a gun and pointing it at O'Malley.

BENTLEY
Get in the truck. Now! And you won't
get hurt.

The truck doors open and two masked men get out holding rifles and pointing them at O'Malley.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)
Get in. Now!

O'Malley looks at Bentley and gun and the two gunmen for a few seconds. Then he walks over to the truck. One of the masked men puts a bag over his head and roughly shoves him into the back seat. Bentley and the two masked men get into the truck, close the doors. The truck roars down the road in to the night.

INT. ROOM/ NIGHT

A door opens into a dusty old room with an old table and chairs. There is water running down the walls and pieces of the concrete wall are crumbled and gone. O'Malley is shoved into the room with bag still on his head and his hands now tied by three men, none of them wearing masks. All are holding AK-47's. O'Malley is seated on one of the chairs. One of the men rip off the bag and slap O'Malley in the face.

TERRORIST #1
Wake up! Look alive or you will
surely be dead.

O'Malley shakes his head.

O'MALLEY
What's going on? Who are you?

TERRORIST#1
You don't ask questions. You shut
up. We ask the questions.

O'MALLEY
Where's the woman I was with?

TERRORIST#1
She's gone. She did her job, no
matter how distasteful it was. You
won't see her anymore. She's a true
believer in our cause. Praise Allah!

O'MALLEY
What cause? Who are you? What do you
want with me?

TERRORIST #1
We want what you have. Information.
And you'll give to us or die a slow
death.

O'Malley shakes his head.

O'MALLEY
You got the wrong guy. I don't know
anything.

TERRORIST#1
You work for the CIA, don't you?

O'MALLEY
Yes, but I'm an analyst, not a field
agent. I don't know anything.

TERRORIST #1
We'll see.

The three men start to beat O'Malley about the face and body. O'Malley starts to bleed from his nose and grunts and moans with every blow. The three men stop. O'Malley is panting and his head is drooping down.

TERRORIST #1
Now. Why are you here in Lebanon? In
Beirut?

Bentley shakes his head.

O'MALLEY

I'm here... to witness a battle. To see a fight. That's all.

TERRORIST #1

A fight between who and who? We know you have special information. Tell us. Why are you here?

O'MALLEY

I told you, just to witness and document a fight after it's over. Take some pictures, take some notes.

Terrorist #1 slaps O'Malley hard across the face.

TERRORIST #1

You know more than that. We are Martyr's dawn and you have come to spy on us for America. And for Hezbollah. We know all about you. We want to know what you know. Tell us!

O'Malley begs.

O'MALLEY

I don't know anything. Nothing happened yet!

Terrorist #2 walks over to O'Malley with a lead pipe and starts to whack O'Malley in the back with pipe. O'Malley howls in pain with hit. Finally, the Terrorist stops and O'Malley places his head on the table, grimacing in pain.

The three terrorists stand there for awhile as if waiting for something. O'Malley tilts his head back still grimacing in pain and bleeding from his nose. After a few more moments, the door swings open and a man in a red turban enters the room. He stands for a moment and scans the room. He says something in Arabic to Terrorist #1 and he replies back in Arabic. He stops and looks at O'Malley. The man in the red turban is AMHAD KHALIL. He is tall and straight and has an expressive face. His look is one of determination and fervor.

KHALIL

(in English)
Do you know who I am?

O'Malley shakes his head violently.

O'MALLEY

I have no idea who you are. I don't care who you are. I have no problem with you. I know nothing about

Martyr's Dawn or you. I'm telling you, you have the wrong guy.

Khalil enters the room and takes a seat at the opposite end of the table.

KHALIL

I think you know about Dawn and myself and I think you do have information that can help us. That is why we kidnapped you. That is why we set you up with the woman who works for the cause. You will tell us what we want to know or we will torture you like you've never been tortured. Now, why are you here and what do you know about us and our upcoming offensive about Hezbollah?

Khalil nods at the three men surrounding him and they start to beat O'Malley again with their fist and the pipe. They stop after a few minutes. O'Malley is now getting black and blue and is bleeding more from his nose. He is grunting but lower now. He is in agony but is now past the point of feeling any more pain.

KHALIL

We could waterboard you. The CIA is famous for that. But you are weak. You will tell us this way. The old ways are the best ways. Now tell us. What do you know?

O'Malley takes shallow breaths and calms himself. He gathers up all his strength and raises his head. He looks at Khalil straight in the eye

O'MALLEY

(yelling)
 What do I know? I know everything!
 Who dies! Who fought bravely! Who
 ran at the first sign of trouble!
 How many babies and children were
 killed! Who begged for their life!
 Who thought of their families and
 their mother as they died painfully!
 Who prayed to a God who doesn't hear
 their prayers! What do I know? I
 know everything! Everything!

Khalil sits motionless for about a minute soaking in O'Malley's tirade. He looks down at the table.

KHALIL

(in Arabic)
 This man knows nothing. He is crazy
 or he is what he says. Either way,
 he is useless to us.

He turns to Terrorist #3

KHALIL

Kill him.

Terrorist #3 walks up to O'Malley and points his rifle at his head. Suddenly, the terrorist turns from O'Malley and shoots Khalil straight in the forehead. Khalil's head explodes in crimson gore and he falls back in his seat. Terrorist #3 then swings on the other two terrorists and shoots them both twice in the body. They erupt in blood, hit the walls and fall on the floor dead.

Terrorist #3 drops his gun and starts to untie O'Malley. O'Malley looks unbelievably at the terrorist as he unties him.

O'MALLEY

What... What's going on?

TERRORIST #3

Shut up. Fuck! Two years of
 undercover work down the fucking
 shitter.

The man speaks in a British accent. His name is TERRANCE BISHOP. He is tall and average looking for an Arabian. He wears his beard in the Shiite style and is dressed like the other terrorists. O'Malley is still stunned.

O'MALLEY

WHO are you?

BISHOP

My name is Bishop and I was
 undercover. I'm M16. I've been
 feeding them and the CIA on intel on
 Martyr's dawn. Now that's all done.
 The only thing now is to get you out
 of here. My cover's blown so I have
 to go with you.

Bishop finishes untying O'Malley and gets him to stand up. He grabs one of the rifles and hands it to O'Malley.

BISHOP

I hope you know how use one of
 these. The shots will have been
 heard. They'll be coming for us. We
 have to move. Fast! Let's go.

Bishop shoves O'Malley towards the door and through into a dimly lit tunnel.

BISHOP

We have to get to the roof. I sent a distress call through a beacon I have hidden on me. They'll come with a helicopter for us. Come on, follow me!

They both start running down the hallway, Bishop propping up the injured O'Malley. A terrorist pops out of a door, screams in Arabic and fires two shots at them. Both shots miss. Bishop fires a burst back and hits the man squarely in the chest, killing him. Bishop picks up O' Malley again and they run down the hall to a ladder.

BISHOP

Climb! Climb, dammit!

O'Malley obeys and starts to climb. Another terrorist runs down the hallway with his gun towards Bishop. Bishop fires a burst at the man before he can get a shot off and kills him instantly. Bishop shoulders his weapon and climbs after O'Malley, pushing O'Malley to go faster. Arabic screams are heard down the tunnel.

BISHOP

Faster! Faster!

O'Malley using all his strength climbs the ladder until he gets to a steel trap at the top. He pushes on it with all his might and climbs up. He is on the roof a non-descript building somewhere in Beirut. He stands there as Bishop follows up after him. Bishop hears Arabic coming from down the ladder and he shoots a burst down the hole.

BISHOP

Get to the edge of the building!
Wait for the helicopter.

O'Malley does what he is told and runs to the edge of the building. Bishop is struck by a bullet and falls back from the opening. Two terrorists emerge from the hole and shoot Bishop four times in the head and chest killing him instantly. O'Malley just stares. Two more terrorists jump on the roof. All four terrorists approach O'Malley.

Just then, a helicopter comes from below the building and hovers over the roof. A machine gun fires from the helicopter, hitting all four terrorists with multiple bullets, shredding them. O'Malley stares in stunned disbelief.

The helicopter stops firing and gently lands on the top of the roof. While the rotors are still spinning, a man jumps out and runs towards O'Malley. It is Lyman.

LYMAN

O'Malley! Buddy! Are you OK?

O'Malley turns towards him and nods.

O'MALLEY

Yes. yes, I'm OK. Thanks to Bishop.

Lyman turns and looks towards Bishop's dead body.

LYMAN

Shit! Is that the undercover guy? Is he one of ours or the Brits?

Lyman shakes his head.

LYMAN (CONT'D)

Shit! It doesn't matter now. The important thing is that your safe. Sorry about all this. I should have seen the set up with that chick a mile away. Getting old. You're OK though, that's what's important. Come on. Let's get you back to civilization and a doctor and a nice stiff drink.

O'Malley hesitates and puts out his arm on Lyman, holding him for a second.

O'MALLEY

We'll do that. Yes, we will. Just give me a few minutes here. Alright. That's all I'm asking for. Just a few minutes.

Before Lyman can protest, O'Malley hobbles over to Bishop looks at him for a while. Then he turns to the dead terrorists and stares at them for along time.

The helicopter rotors are still spinning as O'Malley stands there and studies the dead.

FADE OUT:

