

**NOC NOC**

**DEP KIRKLAND**

EXT. CONDOMINIUM PATIO - AFTERNOON

On the back deck of a CONDO in Falls Church, Virginia, JAMIL SINGH (32) and fiancé ALYSSA MANER (30) entertain two of Alyssa's friends, MATT and DANA, at a Sunday afternoon BBQ.

DANA

You must have secret powers, Jamil, this girl has been known to kill normal men with her "don't even think about it" look.

JAMIL

She threw herself at me.

ALYSSA

Right. I did that. That's what I do.

DANA

No way. Ms. Alyssa has her own "man free zone" at the gym; how did you penetrate her perimeter?

ALYSSA

Keep it clean, Dana, keep it clean.

MATT

That is clean; it's Dana, remember.

ALYSSA

Who wants another cold beverage, other than she who is now cut off.

MATT

I'll go one more.

Jamil's cell phone goes off. He checks it.

JAMIL

Excuse me, I need to take this.

Jamil moves off with his phone, identifying himself, asking what it's about, then speaking in a mixture of English and another language (form of Arabic). His conversation is background, not intelligible over the following.

DANA

I'm sorry, I'm out of control.

ALYSSA

You are.

DANA

He's so hot, your fiancé. I can see why you threw yourself at him.

ALYSSA

I didn't throw anything. I told you, I spaced out and ran off the end of the treadmill and almost landed on him. He offered me a helping hand.

MATT

Which you, of course, refused.

ALYSSA

Of course. I think that's why he decided he liked me.

DANA

I think there are other reasons, but I can't say. I'm in detention.

ALYSSA

Yes, you are.

Jamil rejoins the group.

JAMIL

I'm really sorry, but that was work. I have to run out for a while.

ALYSSA

On a Sunday?

JAMIL

There are five individuals who have been detained for suspected terrorism activities and I've been asked to see them, as legal counsel, two of the five, who are Pakistani.

ALYSSA

They're terrorists?

JAMIL

Alleged.

MATT

Wow. So, who called you? Is it... I mean, can you say?

JAMIL

Oh, sure. It's their family, someone speaking for their family. I don't know why they called me.

ALYSSA

Because you're Pakistani, speak the language, and are brilliant.

JAMIL

That could be it, I suppose.

Alyssa hugs him and gives him a kiss.

ALYSSA

You go. We will eat and wait. Maybe you'll be on TV.

JAMIL

That is highly possible. They are accused of plotting to assassinate the Secretary of State, and family.

DANA

Oh, shit.

ALYSSA

You go. I'll check the news. This is serious, huh.

JAMIL

Very serious.

MATT

What will you do, I mean, depending on whatever you find out.

JAMIL

I will represent them, I suppose. If they wish. But, we will see. Enjoy, I must go, quickly.

A kiss for Alyssa.

JAMIL (CONT'D)

I will call you when I know more.

ALYSSA

Please. I'll clean up and go to my place if you get tied up.

JAMIL  
Okay, love you.

ALYSSA  
Love you back.

Byes all around and Jamil rushes off.

DANA  
Damn. Hot man, gonna be on TV. You sure you want the longest engagement in history?

ALYSSA  
Yes. I need to test drive him.

MATT  
You know, if he represents Arab terrorists who tried to kill the Secretary of State, he's not going to be all that popular.

DANA  
Who says they're Arabs? Oh, right, Pakistan. That's Arab, right?

ALYSSA  
He does some work, pro bono, for immigrants from that part of the world. That's probably how they got his name. But, I'd say Middle Eastern rather than Arab. We don't know who the other three are.

DANA  
Explain the difference to me sometime.

ALYSSA  
I'm fetching beverages.

She heads inside. Leaving Matt and Dana alone.

DANA  
This is big, even for D.C.

MATT  
I hope your new friend knows what she's getting into.

DANA  
Allowing her perimeter to be  
penetrated and all.

MATT  
Yeah, that too.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Behind a desk in a sanitized, almost bare OFFICE, an Army  
Two-Star GENERAL is in conference with a Navy COMMANDER.

GENERAL  
Jamil Singh. Pakistani doctor dad,  
Irish mother.

COMMANDER  
That's unusual.

GENERAL  
Gets better. Dad wasn't radical, but  
the mother was IRA, died when the  
kid was ten. Cancer, supposedly. He  
graduated Georgetown, three years in  
the federal Legal Defender's office,  
since then at Pryor Harcourt. Mainly  
corporate work but the occasional  
freebie for the natives, immigration,  
wills, pretty vanilla stuff.

COMMANDER  
Why him, you think?

GENERAL  
He's active in the Pakistani  
community. He speaks the language.

COMMANDER  
Which one?

GENERAL  
It looks like he can handle Pahkto  
or Pashto. He makes it work.

COMMANDER  
Only two of the five are Pakistani.  
Do we know who hired him?

GENERAL  
He claims a relative, from back home.

COMMANDER

Which is?

GENERAL

Communications had stopped, which is why we pulled the trigger -- they went dark, which usually means it's GO time. No one has called for these two directly, and I don't think Singh is going to tell us the source of the call he got, if he knows. Their residency is officially listed as Peshawar on both visas.

COMMANDER

Let me guess.

GENERAL

One address is a spice shop. The other a vacant lot.

COMMANDER

Now, they're in the domestic legal system. They call a civilian lawyer. Boom. We lose control. Why do I feel a thumb on the scale? Is there another layer to this?

GENERAL

That's why the first thing they teach us is how to say "Yes, sir."

COMMANDER

As long as I can shake my head no while saying yes, I'm good.

GENERAL

Head shaking is not in the manual.

COMMANDER

That's why you and I are different.

GENERAL

Agreed. But, not that different.

COMMANDER

Agreed. They're in federal civilian custody. So he gets access, yes?

GENERAL

Absolutely not.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION FACILITY - EVENING

Jamil stands before a semicircle of MEDIA, in bright video lights, as flashes go off.

JAMIL

According to federal authorities, the decision has not been made whether to charge my clients under the civilian or military justice systems. However, this is no justification for denying access to counsel. They are in custody in a federal detention facility. Individuals in the United States are not arrested and held incommunicado. We don't do that here.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The scene outside the detention facility is playing in real time on the computer monitor on the desk, as the General and Commander watch. The General mutes the sound of reporters shouting questions to Jamil and presses a button on the phone. An outer door opens almost immediately and an aide enters, a uniformed MARINE. He stops, stands at attention.

GENERAL

Find the Attorney General for me, then find me. That's all.

MARINE

Yes, sir.

A crisp about face and he exits.

GENERAL

He'll file something, as soon as the courthouse opens in the morning.

COMMANDER

And we fight it.

GENERAL

And lose.

COMMANDER

But not on purpose.



GENERAL

Nope. We lose fair and square. Meanwhile, maybe we can get the supposed clients to call again.

COMMANDER

When he gets access, we bug it?

GENERAL

Hell, if it was military, I'd build an entire fake jail and make a movie but we can't do it. It's DOJ civilian. We don't even have access to them.

COMMANDER

We have whatever we need.

GENERAL

Not officially. We'd get caught.

COMMANDER

Do we care?

GENERAL

Strategically, yes.

COMMANDER

I'm going to see what we've pulled on this lawyer. Maybe he'll help us.

GENERAL

Doubtful.

COMMANDER

To help his country?

GENERAL

Question. Would a terrorist's "relative" have called him if they didn't trust him? They didn't pick him out of the phone book, if we still have phone books.

COMMANDER

I'll start with his cell calls. He's got to contact them to report the delay in access, right?

GENERAL

Something tells me we're not going to find a cell call to anybody in that zip code.

COMMANDER

Meaning he will have found another way to communicate.

GENERAL

Which will tell us something else.

COMMANDER

Or not.

GENERAL

Or not.

He rises. Checks the video feed, with audio muted. A TV REPORTER is on, doing a stand-up summation.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

I'm heading out.

COMMANDER

I'm going to get some butts in gear on site. It's 0-400 over there, let's see who's up, protecting the nation.

GENERAL

You are not a nice man.

COMMANDER

Thank you.

GENERAL

You're welcome.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION FACILITY - DAY

Jamil is mobbed as he exits the federal detention facility. He pushes through the media as they shout questions. He shouts his answers. He's hurrying.

JAMIL

It took a day longer than necessary but, yes, I have seen my clients. They are in good health. I have no further comment.

Questions are shouted but he ducks into a waiting car and it inches away from the curb and into traffic.

INT. CONDOMINIUM - EVENING

Jamil packs in his bedroom. Alyssa enters from the bathroom with his travel case for toiletries.

ALYSSA

I think I got everything. You can check it. Do you really have to go like, immediately?

JAMIL

It's a long way and I don't know what the government might do while I'm not here. I have an associate keeping tabs on things but you never know. I guess fast is better.

ALYSSA

You can't SKYPE or something, video-conference from your office?

JAMIL

These people don't know me. They would never believe it. I have to go, let them poke me and see that I'm real. I know it's crazy, but that's the way they think.

ALYSSA

So, you'll call me, right, as soon as you get there?

JAMIL

I will call you twice. Once to tell you I love you and another time to remind you that I love you.

ALYSSA

That's so sappy, really.

JAMIL

Okay, I won't.

ALYSSA

You better. When's your flight, again?

JAMIL

Too soon. Don't tempt me.

He's packed, ready. Grabs her for a kiss. She reaches down.

JAMIL (CONT'D)  
You should not do that. Really.

She continues.

JAMIL (CONT'D)  
You're driving me, right?

ALYSSA  
Crazy, yes.

She unzips his trousers.

JAMIL  
And you drive like a maniac.

ALYSSA  
I do. Where's my gear shift?

She reaches in. He pulls her top over her head.

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The General presides over a conference room containing assorted military brass and aides and a CIVILIAN who also looks military, without the uniform.

GENERAL  
He's on a 7:38 Emirates flight out of Dulles through JFK. If they gave him a BBQ recipe to take back home, so be it. Though it's not likely.

BRASS ONE  
What's he say, do we know?

GENERAL  
Commander?

COMMANDER  
He didn't want to talk to us at all, but we insisted, so that we didn't have to pull his passport on national security grounds.

BRASS TWO  
We could do that?

COMMANDER

We could.

BRASS TWO

But, we didn't.

COMMANDER

No. Command decision.

GENERAL

Continue, please.

COMMANDER

His story is that the people back home don't trust anybody. I don't either, so I get that. They want to meet him as a sign of trust before they agree to his representation.

BRASS ONE

Why didn't they do that before the meeting? Now, he has information which he could be taking to them.

COMMANDER

Thus our concern.

The Civilian speaks up.

CIVILIAN

Since he is going, can we assume his going is acceptable to us?

GENERAL

Yes, it is.

CIVILIAN

Because he can lead us to the rooster.

GENERAL

In the perfect world of video games, yes. Which gives you some sense of where this decision was made.

At which the Civilian cracks a very small smile.

BRASS ONE

So, we track him.

GENERAL

From the time rubber touches runway  
at Bacha Khan International Airport.

CIVILIAN

Are we farming this out, sir?

GENERAL

Our friends at Langley will help  
until you get there. Your ride leaves  
Andrews in one hour. Orders to follow.

CIVILIAN

Yes, sir. I'm on it.

GENERAL

Good luck. I want that BBQ recipe.

EXT. GYM PARKING LOT - MORNING

In predawn light, Alyssa stands outside a gym after her 5:00  
a.m. workout, listening to her phone.

ALYSSA

Damnit, Jamil, where are you? Call  
me. Call me. You're worrying me. I  
don't care about the time, call me.

She hangs up.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

The General and Commander are huddled in the Spartan office.

COMMANDER

He checked in, left his fiancé a  
voice mail, went for coffee, turned  
a corner and vanished.

GENERAL

They lost him in what, an hour?

COMMANDER

About 40 minutes. They expected him  
to be contacted, picked up, rent a  
car, something. And not so soon. He  
had a damn fanny pack. His clothes  
are still at the hotel. We couldn't  
fly... what's the name?

GENERAL

Simms.

COMMANDER

Simms. We couldn't fly Simms in directly for some reason. We should have sent him commercial.

GENERAL

Doesn't matter. He'd still have needed the help and they're obviously AWB.

COMMANDER

AWB? The Army has a new acronym?

GENERAL

Absent Without Brains. Simms has no sources over there, and he has USA bad ass military written all over him. He'll have to improvise.

A quick two-rap knock on the door.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Come.

The same Marine aide enters.

MARINE

Sir.

GENERAL

Go.

MARINE

Classified message, sir. "Request immediate consultation, authority Trojan," sir.

GENERAL

Got it. Confirm receipt.

MARINE

Yes, sir.

The aide turns and exits. The General consults his cell phone, scrolls, punches a number. Waits. Listens. Hangs up.

GENERAL

The fiancé is worried.

COMMANDER

That's it? Do I know about Trojan?

GENERAL

She's told the media her fiancé is missing and the government is doing nothing about it.

COMMANDER

The usual drill.

GENERAL

Not quite. She's going to Peshawar to find him.

COMMANDER

Shit.

GENERAL

She'll raise some hell over there. It can't hurt.

EXT. AUTOMOBILE - NIGHT

Dana drives Alyssa to the airport.

DANA

Is this really...

ALYSSA

Yes. Don't ask me again.

DANA

You're going to Pakistan. Then what?

ALYSSA

I'll look for Jamil.

DANA

Aren't they doing that?

ALYSSA

He's a lawyer for terrorism suspects. I don't think they care if they find him or not.

DANA

Is this the girl who argues with the instructors at the gym?



ALYSSA

Same one.

DANA

I don't know which one I pity the most, the police, the army, or Jamil when you find him.

ALYSSA

There's plenty to go around.

INT. KHAN CLUB HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Alyssa at the desk of the Khan Club Hotel in Peshawar. The desk clerk, name tag MURAD, is checking his computer screen. He speaks accented English.

MURAD

This is not a usual time for tourists from the United States.

ALYSSA

I'm not a tourist. My fiancé is here, I told you. I'm looking for him.

MURAD

He is not registered here. I am sorry.

ALYSSA

He was registered at this hotel.

MURAD

A Mr. Jamil Singh was not registered at this hotel. You must be mistaken.

ALYSSA

He told me he was.

MURAD

Then, you have two items of information in conflict.

ALYSSA

Can you look again?

MURAD

I have looked again several times. The authorities have been here. There is no record that the gentleman was registered here. Would you like to

(MORE)

MURAD (CONT'D)  
register here? We do have your  
reservation.

ALYSSA  
I suppose. Yes. Of course.

The clerk punches keys. A printer spits out a registration form, which he places on the counter. Hands her a pen.

MURAD  
Would you like charges to be made to  
the card on the reservation?

ALYSSA  
Yes, that's fine.

She slides the form back over. He turns, retrieves a room key and hands it to her with an envelope.

MURAD  
You are on the uppermost floor, a  
very nice room. The American Consulate  
also asked that you contact them at  
your convenience. The note and  
information is in the envelope.

ALYSSA  
You weren't going to give me this?

MURAD  
We only accept messages for guests  
of the hotel. You are now a guest of  
the Khan Club Hotel. Welcome.

He taps a bell on the counter and a bellman appears. Alyssa glares at Murad, then turns and follows her bags. After a few strides she stops, turns and comes back.

ALYSSA  
Did anyone show you a photograph?

MURAD  
No, they did not. Only the name.

Alyssa finds Jamil's photo on her cell phone, shows it to Murad. He takes the phone, looks closely.

MURAD (CONT'D)  
This is your fiancé?

ALYSSA  
Yes. That's him.

MURAD  
And you do not know his name?

ALYSSA  
I know his damn name! What is wrong  
with you?

MURAD  
This is not the guest by the name  
you gave me, I am sorry.

ALYSSA  
Then what name did he use?

MURAD  
I cannot give out the names of guests,  
I regret, I am sorry.

Alyssa's jaw clenches.

ALYSSA  
Whoever the hell this man is, do you  
think he might wander through this  
lobby, ever, by accident?

MURAD  
This man could do that, yes. I am  
only not allowed to give the name,  
but the man, yes.

ALYSSA  
Thank you. Thank you. Jeezus.

MURAD  
Praise Allah. However, this man left  
shortly after his arrival and I do  
not believe he has returned to the  
hotel.

ALYSSA  
What do you mean?

MURAD  
He is, I think, missing also.

ALYSSA  
Also, what?

MURAD

Some others have looked for this man, but not with the name you used for him. He has not returned.

ALYSSA

Not returned.

MURAD

Correct. So he is missing.

Alyssa shakes her head, turns and strides toward the bellman who stands with her bags, waiting patiently.

EXT. STAFF CAR - DAY

The General and Commander ride in the back of a staff car, the Marine aide driving, along the George Washington Parkway.

GENERAL

If they disappeared him, he will reappear when they want him to.

COMMANDER

Which proves the guys we have locked up are important.

GENERAL

Or have suspicious relatives.

COMMANDER

We can't torture them?

GENERAL

It doesn't work.

COMMANDER

I'm not sure that's true.

GENERAL

It needs to be true, so it's true.

COMMANDER

We can't anyway. The feds have him. We could never keep it quiet.

GENERAL

You know the drill. Never buy a hooker in Washington.

COMMANDER

Because the press will know the mascot of her high school before she's in the taxi, I know. We can't send them to visit some of our friends overseas?

GENERAL

No.

COMMANDER

I'll take a rolling deck under me in a typhoon any day. This place is like a rest home. What can you actually do in Washington?

GENERAL

Adlai Stephenson supposedly once said, "Isn't there something we can appear to be doing?"

COMMANDER

What are we appearing to be doing?

GENERAL

Making official inquiries and expressing official concern. And driving to Langley to find out how the ass holes lost our pigeon.

COMMANDER

What are we appearing to be doing about the fiancé, Ms. Alyssa Maner?

GENERAL

Telling her to go home.

COMMANDER

Which she won't. Not the type.

GENERAL

That's on her. It can create pressure on the Paki's.

COMMANDER

It could get her killed. Or worse.

GENERAL

Which would put even more pressure on them.

COMMANDER

That's cold.

GENERAL

Which we can do in Washington. I forgot that one.

INT. ALYSSA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The water in the bathroom shower shuts off. Alyssa enters, wrapped in a hotel robe, a towel wrapped around her head. She stops. The clothes she laid out are not on the bed. A glance to the luggage stand. Her bag is gone. She pulls the towel from her head and scours her room, quickly. Everything is gone. Her bag, phone, money, clothes, everything.

INT. ALYSSA'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

A firm but polite knock comes on the door of Alyssa's room. She approaches the door, still in her robe.

BRYCE

(from outside)

Ms. Maner, it's Bryce Simms from the consulate. We spoke on the phone.

ALYSSA

(through the door)

Tell me something to prove it.

BRYCE

Uh, let's see, 35 C cup?

Alyssa opens the door. BRYCE SIMMS, the civilian from the Pentagon briefing, stands in the doorway with a soft duffel.

ALYSSA

Shoe size would have been fine. Come in, please.

BRYCE

I wanted you to be certain, so you would feel safe opening the door.

ALYSSA

That didn't do it.

She closes the door. Bryce puts the bag on the bed.

BRYCE

This is functional clothing, jeans, tops, trainers. There are shops for other things you'd probably rather pick out yourself. The consulate will help with that if you like.

He removes a pad of traveler's checks from a side pocket.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

These are traveler's checks. They will last you until the credit card company gets your new card here. They're sending it to the consulate.

ALYSSA

Do you know where my fiancé is?

BRYCE

No, I'm sorry. Not yet.

She looks through the bag, pulls out jeans, shirt, socks, a pair of new trainers, then stuffs it all back in the bag.

ALYSSA

Why was he registered here under a different name?

BRYCE

Jerry Taylor. Maybe in case the people he was to meet came asking for an American lawyer.

ALYSSA

They knew who they called when they called him in the U.S. Besides, he had to show a passport to register.

A slight pause.

BRYCE

That would be true, you're right.

ALYSSA

So, where did he get another passport, in another name?

BRYCE

When we find him, we'll ask him.

Bryce has not failed to notice how attractive Alyssa is and what he knows is under the robe from her clothing sizes.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Your fiancé is not in Peshawar.

ALYSSA

How do you know he's not in Peshawar?

BRYCE

Because he would have come back to the hotel and he hasn't.

ALYSSA

Maybe he can't.

BRYCE

Your pronunciation is excellent.

ALYSSA

I could give a shit. It's not my pronunciation you're staring at, so answer the question.

BRYCE

You're right, I don't know where he is. Let us know if you find him. And please, let the consul know if there is anything we can do to make your stay productive.

He heads for the door.

ALYSSA

If I apologize, will you really answer the question?

BRYCE

Sure, but it isn't necessary.

ALYSSA

I apologize. I'm tired and stressed.

BRYCE

Accepted. No, it was not your pronunciation I was staring at.

ALYSSA

That wasn't my question. And I take back the apology. Good-night.



BRYCE

If he were moving about in the city, voluntarily, he would come back here. If he was taken involuntarily, someone would have claimed responsibility. It's what they do. So, he has most likely gone somewhere, voluntarily, so that coming back in the evening isn't feasible or practical.

ALYSSA

If he were anywhere, voluntarily, in or out of the city, why would he not contact his frantic fiancé? After several very personal ultimatums?

BRYCE

You're a systems analyst?

ALYSSA

Yes. Zeros and Ones. I deal in logic.

BRYCE

This is northwestern Pakistan. Turn left and it's Afghanistan. Logic doesn't always work here.

ALYSSA

He's an American. I'm an American. He would have called me.

BRYCE

There aren't a lot of cell towers between here and the border.

ALYSSA

Who says they turned left?

Another pause.

BRYCE

Since the world found out we can listen to them ordering take-out, the paranoia level has gone up by a factor of ten. I expect that he is with the family of the suspects and that any electronic communication is not allowed. They are checking him out. Best case, when they're satisfied, someone will drop him off

(MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)  
 in front of the hotel. Meanwhile,  
 there is nothing you can do. Can the  
 consulate buy you dinner?

ALYSSA  
 You don't quit. Don't you think this  
 is a bit inappropriate?

BRYCE  
 I generally eat every day, at least  
 once. No, I don't find it  
 inappropriate, but it might help if  
 you put on some clothes. Ma'am.

ALYSSA  
 Good night.

Simms heads for the door.

BRYCE  
 There's a cell phone in the bag. You  
 can keep it. Our number's in there,  
 the consulate and my direct line.  
 I'm on 24 hours.

ALYSSA  
 Thanks. If I need anything, I'll  
 call the consul.

BRYCE  
 If you get in trouble, call me.

ALYSSA  
 I'll be fine. Thanks.

BRYCE  
 More logically, you will not be fine.  
 You should not be here. Good-Night.

He lets himself out. Alyssa locks the door.

EXT. PESHAWAR STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bryce Simms on his cell across from the hotel entrance.

BRYCE  
 I was ill-mannered and swinish and  
 she was pissed. She's damned bright,  
 controlled, but she was pissed  
 (MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)  
 underneath. Hell, I even offended myself. If she'd said yes? I would have answered the call, risen to the challenge, and done my country proud, sir. Yes, sir, first thing tomorrow. But I don't exactly blend in here. Everybody in the city will know I'm following her, including her.

INT. HOME IN MARYLAND - NIGHT

Nine time zones away, on the back deck of a HOUSE in suburban Maryland, the General, in civvies, speaks on a secure line.

GENERAL  
 It doesn't matter if she sees you. It will deter her from doing something foolish. Let her see you. Grab her ass if you want. If she's got to deal with you, she won't be playing detective. Keep me posted.

The General punches in another number.

GENERAL (CONT'D)  
 The Trojan is rolled down snug. I have no idea, but it's better than sitting in neutral. The less help she gets, the more hell she'll raise on her own. Yes, that's an informed, wild-ass guess. It's what I do best.

He disconnects.

INT. ALYSSA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A knock on the door. Alyssa's ready for bed, in silk shorts and a tee shirt. She goes to the door, looks out, cracks it. It's a Pakistani Army officer in uniform, NASIR MALIK (33).

NASIR  
 Miss Maner, pardon the late call, I am Nasir Malik, with Pakistani Inter-Services Intelligence, if I could impose for a brief word.

ALYSSA  
 What do you want? What is Inter-Services Intelligence.

He shows his credentials.

NASIR

The intelligence service of the Pakistani army. We gather intelligence, it is not a description of our agency members.

ALYSSA

I'm sure that's funny around the spy house, but it's late.

NASIR

Not spies. Merely like your Naval Intelligence or Army. Similar. I will be only one minutes.

ALYSSA

One?

NASIR

Perhaps two. No more.

She opens the door, checks the hallway. Lets him in.

NASIR (CONT'D)

Thank you. You had an incident, yes?

ALYSSA

No, I was robbed.

NASIR

Correct. I regret this. This hotel is not a place for that, normally. Are you in need of assistance?

ALYSSA

Yes. I need to find my fiancé.

NASIR

I understand. This is not so safe.

ALYSSA

Do you know where he is? Have you gathered intelligence in that area?

NASIR

I spoke with him when he arrived.

ALYSSA

You did?

NASIR

Yes. He did not know how he would be contacted, only to come here and wait. It appears he was contacted.

ALYSSA

Or, kidnapped.

NASIR

Also a possibility.

ALYSSA

So, what are you doing to find him?

NASIR

He appears to have gone willingly.

ALYSSA

Because.

NASIR

Because he packed toiletries.

This stops her.

ALYSSA

You searched his room?

NASIR

We gathered intelligence. Is your fiancé a devout Muslim?

ALYSSA

No. Why?

No response. Nasir retrieves a phone and hands it to her.

NASIR

It would be helpful if you kept this phone with you.

ALYSSA

Another phone. Great.

NASIR

This will connect anywhere. It works via satellite. The no. 9 will call our command center. Your code is Yankee, for obvious reasons. If you have trouble, press the number.

(MORE)

NASIR (CONT'D)

Whoever answers, you say Yankee and someone will come, very quickly.

ALYSSA

Isn't that a little overkill.

NASIR

You cannot be over killed, only killed once, before coming back as, I think, for you, a golden swan perhaps.

ALYSSA

Is there a testosterone epidemic going on?

NASIR

Pardon?

ALYSSA

Okay, I'll take your phone. Now, I need to get some sleep. I have to find Jamil, since nobody else will.

NASIR

As you wish. I advise against but I see that is without point.

ALYSSA

Pointless, yes. Which room is he, or was he in here?

NASIR

Room #8.

ALYSSA

Next door to me.

NASIR

I believe that is correct.

ALYSSA

Good night, Mr. Malik.

She herds him to the door.

NASIR

You will not find your fiancé behind a tree in a park or under a rug in the market. Our government is looking  
(MORE)

NASIR (CONT'D)  
for him, as is your government.  
Because of those he is with.

ALYSSA  
If he is with them.

NASIR  
If he is, yes. You will not find  
him. However, others may find you.  
It is not safe for you.

ALYSSA  
Thank you for your concern.

She opens the door and Nasir leaves. Alyssa closes the door  
and holds it, then reopens it, checks the hallway.

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

In the same conference room, but with a slightly different  
mix, including an Air Force one-star General, OFFICER ONE,  
and a female Marine Colonel, OFFICER TWO.

COMMANDER  
She won't find him, of course. She's  
a 28 year old systems analyst on a  
fiancé goose chase. But, with her in  
the city raising hell, they will be  
under a significant amount of pressure  
to have him call her.

GENERAL  
Whether he's dirty or not.

COMMANDER  
Right, either way. For him to come  
out clean, he's going to need to  
contact his fiancé who has come all  
the way to Pakistan to find him.

OFFICER ONE  
So he has to pop his head, or his  
digital sig up long enough to call.

COMMANDER  
So, either he calls her from where  
he is, or he changes location and  
calls, in which case we get that  
location and try to scramble and  
track him hard style.

OFFICER ONE

They won't let him just call her from their location. Not if they're careful enough to fly the guy over just to interview him.

COMMANDER

Not likely. More likely is that he moves to call her. Or, third option, interview's over and he shows up on a street corner in Peshawar.

OFFICER ONE

And we're back to square one.

GENERAL

Not completely.

OFFICER TWO

Meaning.

GENERAL

Meaning at least someone coming back here has been there. It's faint, but it's a connection.

OFFICER TWO

Faint.

GENERAL

Faint.

OFFICER ONE

So, we let the hot fiancé raise hell.

COMMANDER

Protocol would suggest we strike the term hot but yes, we let her raise hell and try to flush the quarry.

OFFICER ONE

Only seeking to be precise, Commander, no protocol violation intended.

COMMANDER

Understood. And I agree, your observation was precise.



GENERAL

Mr. Singh's fiancé's looks are a weapon. If a Paki hard-on can help us, good for our side.

COMMANDER

That would be another way to put it. Any questions?

OFFICER TWO

If she gives them the wrong kind of hard-on, and they don't like her raising hell, there's another way to shut her up.

COMMANDER

Correct. But, if they take her out and the fiancé is dirty, it's a much tougher play for him. He'd be a grieving lover. He can't just fly home and play courier.

OFFICER TWO

But, if he's clean, he grieves like a normal person and they find another lawyer. Lawyers aren't in short supply in Washington.

GENERAL

You are correct, Colonel. Hard-ons can be unpredictable. So, we sit, and hope for a phone call.

OFFICER TWO

Join the club. That's what we gals do all the time. Sir.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa, in the room next door, surveys Jamil's closet. There are clothes hanging there, two suits, two shirts. Dress shoes on the floor. A pair of jeans on a hangar. She turns, and moves past the bed, toward the windows. And stops. In a corner, rolled up under a window, is a small rug. She unrolls it. A prayer rug. She moves to the bathroom, looks for Jamil's toiletry case, which she packed. It's there, but it's empty and there is no sign of any toiletries anywhere.

INT. KHAN CLUB HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Alyssa enters the hotel lobby. Murad, the desk clerk is on duty. She's dressed in her new jeans, trainers, top, ball cap and sunglasses.

MURAD  
Ms. Maner, excuse me.

Bryce Simms is sitting in the lobby. He smiles.

ALYSSA  
Yes.

MURAD  
I have a message for you. I called your room but you were coming down. It is from the ISI.

ALYSSA  
I.S.I. is what?

MURAD  
Inter-Service Intelligence.

ALYSSA  
Right, the unintelligent one.

He doesn't get it.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
What's the message?

MURAD  
They request that you allow them to accompany you should you need to leave the hotel. It would be safer.

ALYSSA  
I'm sure. What is your last name?

MURAD  
My family name is Hussain.

ALYSSA  
I think I will have plenty of company, Mr. Hussain, the large American over there. You have a great day.

Alyssa strides across the lobby. Bryce stands.

BRYCE  
Good morning. Sleep well?

ALYSSA  
When Jamil left the hotel, I assume  
he was followed.

BRYCE  
Why?

ALYSSA  
He's supposed to be meeting with the  
families of terrorists. Wouldn't you  
want to follow him? That would be  
the logical thing to do.

BRYCE  
That would be a good idea.

ALYSSA  
So, which way did he go when he left  
the hotel?

He looks for a while.

BRYCE  
I understand that he was near the  
Kissa Khwani market when he was  
contacted and left the city.

ALYSSA  
You understand? It wasn't you?

BRYCE  
I have only been with the consulate  
for a short time.

ALYSSA  
How short?

BRYCE  
A few days.

ALYSSA  
Were you on my flight?

BRYCE  
I flew a different airline.

ALYSSA  
Are you going to follow me everywhere?

BRYCE

Yes. If you walk into Kissa Khwani market and get blown to bits, our body parts will be mingled together.

ALYSSA

Which you would like, no doubt.

BRYCE

Not in that particular configuration.

ALYSSA

If I call the consulate, will they remove you and send someone else?

BRYCE

No. They're short-staffed.

ALYSSA

Short on CIA agents or regular people?

BRYCE

Now, you have insulted me. I could get CIA to tail you but they'd probably blow you up themselves.

ALYSSA

Which way is this market?

BRYCE

Turn right. Go about six feet. And take a taxi.

Alyssa heads to the door and out. Bryce follows her. Pulls out a phone, punches a number.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa's getting into a taxi. Bryce flags the next in line, speaks into a funky looking phone (sat phone).

BRYCE

On the move. Kissa Khwani market.

EXT. PESHAWAR TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Bryce speaks to the driver, then back to his phone.

BRYCE

Yes, please, to the market.  
(MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Same place as the bombing. Yes, sir, I'm being a total pervert and it doesn't phase her at all. But now she's pissed me off. She accused me of being CIA. Two, the same two. They're following me while I follow her. It's a fucking 4th of July parade. At least they look like natives, I sure as hell don't. Neither does Ms. Sassy Pants. Yes, sir. Will do. If I'm following her, at least I'll get to look at it all day. No, sir. Just staying in character, hitting on the missing man's fiancé. Agitating the hell out of her.

INT. HOUSE IN PAKISTAN VILLAGE - DAY

Jamil is in an open room, with little furniture, only a table and a few chairs. It appears to be an assembly or meeting place of some kind. There are five other men present, an apparent LEADER and MAN ONE, MAN TWO, MAN THREE and MAN FOUR. All speak in Pakhto dialect, including Jamil.

JAMIL

No one is coming to look for me.

LEADER

Five days. We wait. We see.

JAMIL

My fiancé will make much trouble. She is very strong-willed.

LEADER

Western women are allowed this strong will because western men are weak. This would not happen here.

JAMIL

I should go somewhere. It could be somewhere distant, and turn on the phone and call her. She will listen. It would not cause you trouble.

LEADER

No trouble is made. She makes only noise. Noise can be silenced.

Jamil pauses.

JAMIL  
She means no harm.

LEADER  
Let us go to prayer. Radios off.

The men turn off walkie-talkies and cell phones. They all retrieve rugs and unroll them, including Jamil.

LEADER (CONT'D)  
This idea, taking an infidel as a whore, was a rash decision. Let us hope that violating her soft flesh has not made you soft as well.

EXT. KISSA KHWANI MARKET - DAY

Alyssa exits the taxi and realizes she has no cash. She signs over a traveler's check to an unhappy taxi driver and heads out into the market. Walking. Gazing around. And standing out like a ten foot tall sore thumb.

EXT. PESHAWAR TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Bryce's taxi approaches the market. Speeding by him on the right is a teenager, YAZEED, on a scooter, spewing smoke and causing Bryce's driver to spew curses.

EXT. KISSA KHWANI MARKET - DAY

Alyssa is attracting a lot of attention. Some curious, some hostile, none friendly. The scooter turns sharply in front of her and stops. YAZEED speaks quickly.

YAZEED  
Follow me, next alley, quick quick.

He guns his scooter and takes off. Alyssa looks back and sees Bryce paying his taxi. She sprints for the alley and darts inside, looking for Yazeed. He peers from behind a trash bin, motioning to her. She approaches, carefully.

YAZEED (CONT'D)  
Come, he will see. Hurry.

She reaches the boy and he ducks behind the trash bin. His scooter is propped against a wall.

ALYSSA

Who are you?

YAZEED

I name myself, Yazeed. In English, means to grow. I choose this name because I am grown, very big.

He holds his arm up with his hand clenched in a fist, making it clear what he means about being big.

ALYSSA

Congratulations. How old are you?

YAZEED

Fifteen years. The man you look for, the American lawyer.

ALYSSA

You know about him?

YAZEED

He went from here to a village. With two men. If I tell you, you pay?

ALYSSA

Yes. I pay.

She pulls out a traveler's check.

YAZEED

That is not money.

ALYSSA

It's all I have. But, it's a lot. You can come to the hotel to cash it, if you want. It's all I have.

He grabs the traveler's check, grabs his scooter.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Where did he go?

YAZEED

I must go quick. Check at Khan Club. With Murad, my cousin.

ALYSSA

You little shit, tell me now.

YAZEED

You are sexy beautiful, like my USA girl. Have to split. Ciao, baby.

Alyssa starts to grab him but a knife appears in his hand as if by magic. She backs off and he speeds away.

EXT. KISSA KHWANI MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa exits the alley and runs directly into Bryce.

BRYCE

What the hell are you doing?

ALYSSA

Sight seeing.

BRYCE

You run from the only protection you've got? Are you really that god damned stupid?

ALYSSA

Let me know when your pulse rate is below 150 and I'll tell you.

She begins walking back toward the main street.

BRYCE

My pulse rate never escalates, just my temper. What were you doing?

ALYSSA

Someone who didn't want to talk to you wanted to talk to me.

BRYCE

The kid on the scooter.

ALYSSA

He said he knows where Jamil is.

BRYCE

Where?

ALYSSA

He didn't say.

BRYCE

Great.



ALYSSA  
He's going to tell me later.

BRYCE  
But you paid him now, right?

ALYSSA  
Maybe.

BRYCE  
Do you consider that logical?

ALYSSA  
Somebody has to do something. It's only money. Do you want to share a cab back to the hotel or have your cab follow my cab again?

BRYCE  
Let's share. Save the bad guys some bullets and at least one taxi driver. This is a very dangerous place, lady.

ALYSSA  
That's why I'd like to leave, unless you want to stay and shop.

She scans the street for a taxi. Bryce spots a junk of a car idling across the street with two bearded men sitting in it. The passenger is chatting with another man outside the car. Bryce waves to the driver, who's watching them. The car doesn't move so he waves again, harder, and the driver puts the car in gear and heads toward them.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
Who is that?

BRYCE  
We might as well let the CIA give us a ride. Save a few bucks.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The General and Commander watch a Peshawar overlay map with two lights flashing, moving together in tandem.

COMMANDER  
Kissa Khwani market, nice place to pick up a souvenir bomb fragment.

GENERAL

And for what, five minutes, max?

COMMANDER

Like she went there to get something.

GENERAL

Or something happened. We'll get a report as soon as he can get to us.

COMMANDER

That's a quick trip. Is everything set at the hotel?

GENERAL

All set. Having a consulate with real employees can sometimes help.

INT. INTER-SERVICES INTELLIGENCE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Nasir Malik and his SUPERVISOR are watching a blip on a wall map of the city. They speak the native language (SUBTITLED).

NASIR

That was a fast trip.

SUPERVISOR

If we do not find this man, the Americans will be back, to make another movie for their politicians.

NASIR

They cannot storm a place they cannot find. As long as they are looking, they are not coming.

SUPERVISOR

We will find him first. You will find him first.

NASIR

Face-to-face communication, this man's long absence, this suggests terrorists. Communication security and time to commit information to memory. They will not hesitate to eliminate the squealing fiancé if she becomes a threat.

SUPERVISOR

Evil men do evil things, which makes them easier to find. Let the fiancé squeal and watch her. Singh will come to her, or those he is with will come for her. Either way, they show themselves.

A pause.

NASIR

If he calls and says all is well?

SUPERVISOR

He is an American lawyer. We must assume he speaks the truth. As do our own.

A smile at his Supervisor's joke.

NASIR

Of course. That was my assumption.

EXT. KHAN CLUB HOTEL - LATER

The clunker CIA car approaches, stops short of the hotel entrance. News crews are gathered outside, with cameras and lights. Reporters talking on camera.

BRYCE

Oh, shit, here we go.

ALYSSA

If that's all for me, good. It's time I stirred up somebody around this place, if my own government - and that includes you two in the front seat - won't help.

BRYCE

Pull on up, guys. I'll cover you.

The car edges forward, stopping across the street from the entrance. Bryce and Alyssa hop out and Bryce thanks the men for the ride and presses money on them, making a big show of making them accept it. Meanwhile, Alyssa crosses the street and is mobbed by the news crews.

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group is gathered, quietly watching the news feed from Peshawar on a large screen. Alyssa speaking.

ALYSSA

I'm not doing anything to do with any case. I'm trying to find my fiancé. That's all. If he calls and says he's working and to leave him alone, I'll be on the next plane home. I'm worried about him. And I know, with everyone working to find him, the American government, the CIA, Pakistani Inter-Services Intelligence people and the guard dog my government sent to follow me around, we will find him. That's all I have to say. Call me, Jamil, at the hotel. They stole my phone. I love you. Call me, baby, soon.

The Commander's head snaps around to the General.

COMMANDER

What the hell is she doing?

GENERAL

Stirring up some shit. Our friend was right. She's a handful.

COMMANDER

I'm not sure who's getting played here, her or us.

GENERAL

She's playing a different game, but it can work. If he doesn't surface after that, he'll be detained the minute he hits American soil. No way he's on a client interview.

INT. KHAN CLUB HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa strides into the lobby with news crews trying to follow but hotel security block them. Alyssa goes to the desk. There is another DESK CLERK there.

ALYSSA

Hi, is Murad working?

DESK CLERK

Yes, he is on break. One moment.

The Desk Clerk goes to find Murad as Bryce joins her.

BRYCE

That was cute.

ALYSSA

I'm not trying to be cute. I'm trying to get some results.

BRYCE

By telling the bad guys the CIA and the American government are here, actively searching for your fiancé?

ALYSSA

You know Jamil went to that market. Are you sure you don't know where he went from there?

BRYCE

Ms. Maner, if I knew that, why would I not tell you?

ALYSSA

I don't know. Why?

Murad appears from the back.

MURAD

Hello, Ms. Maner, how can I help? I was watching you on the television.

ALYSSA

Do you have any messages for me?

He turns to look in the key and message slots.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

No, I mean personally.

MURAD

Personally, you mean from myself?

ALYSSA

Yes.

MURAD

I wish you good luck? In finding  
this man, your friend.

ALYSSA

Never mind. I... never mind. Thank  
you. I appreciate that.

MURAD

You are welcome.

Alyssa turns from the desk. Bryce starts to say something  
but she holds her hand up, palm out and keeps walking.

INT. KHAN CLUB HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

When Alyssa approaches her room, she finds Murad waiting.

MURAD

I came from the back stairs. I forgot  
in the excitement before. There was  
a message for you.

He hands her a folded piece of paper. She opens it, reads.

ALYSSA

Thank you, Murad.

MURAD

Do not take a taxi.

ALYSSA

No?

MURAD

Should take a tank but if you do not  
have a tank, you hire men, a driver  
and another, to protect.

ALYSSA

How do I do that?

MURAD

I will arrange it.

ALYSSA

Can I trust you?

MURAD

You can trust no one, not even me.  
You should not go to this place.

ALYSSA

Can I get out without the large American? He is rude.

MURAD

There are those who will live in paradise forever if they kill one American in their lifetime. A beautiful young American woman could be treated in a way that she might welcome death.

ALYSSA

You speak in pleasant riddles. Can you look for me a tank, for tomorrow?

MURAD

I will look for a tank, or next best, men like a tank.

ALYSSA

Yazeed, he is your cousin?

MURAD

Only in spirit. He has no family.

ALYSSA

He's a very grown up fifteen.

MURAD

He is eighteen.

ALYSSA

He said...

MURAD

He says fifteen so he seems more harmless. He is not so harmless.

ALYSSA

Can I trust him?

MURAD

No. You can buy him, only. He is a merchant of loyalty as he says.

ALYSSA

Can you cash some traveler's checks for me?

MURAD

Yes, of course. Do you know how to shoot a pistol by chance?

ALYSSA

What kind?

MURAD

Perhaps a Beretta semiautomatic pistol? A 9mm pistol.

ALYSSA

I used to shoot with my fiancé. Sure. How much?

MURAD

It is a loan. You must return it.

ALYSSA

Superstitious, Murad?

MURAD

I believe in the will of Allah. And Allah says you should have a pistol.

INT. KHAN CLUB HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Bryce finishes a coffee in the hotel lobby, checks his watch. He goes to the desk and asks the desk clerk from yesterday.

BRYCE

Can you ring Ms. Maner's room for me, please, room 10.

DESK CLERK

Certainly, sir.

The desk clerk rings her room. For a while. Disconnects.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

I am sorry, sir, but she does not answer.

BRYCE

Have you been on all morning?

DESK CLERK

Yes, I start at five o'clock.

BRYCE

Did you notice Ms. Maner going out?



DESK CLERK

No, sir. Not unless she took the back stairs. That would be unusual.

BRYCE

Not for her. It would be the logical choice. Thank you.

DESK CLERK

You are welcome. Would you like to leave a message?

BRYCE

Yes. Tell her to "Bite me."

He spins and heads out of the hotel, at a clip.

EXT. GENERAL'S RESIDENCE - MORNING

The General is in his study at midnight (2400), conversing with a synthetically altered VOICE coming from a desk speaker.

VOICE

Whatever scooter boy told her, true or not, is dangerous.

GENERAL

It isn't likely that some kid on a scooter is going to know the location of a man we and the ISI can't find.

VOICE

Unless he was sent.

GENERAL

Meaning they want to be found.

VOICE

Meaning they want her to leave the city. She's headed northwest. Bad things can happen out there.

GENERAL

This wasn't schemed out. We're supposed to be flushing him out, now they're sending for her? On purpose? It makes no sense.

VOICE

It's the Middle East.

GENERAL

A question, if I might.

VOICE

Does it need to be asked?

GENERAL

In this case, yes.

VOICE

Our objective remains to locate and eliminate the target.

GENERAL

Insertion with no Trojan.

VOICE

Would remain effective to accomplish the objective. One is safer, but they both get the job done. There are only two questions and they'll have to be answered on the fly. Is the target legitimate and the location locked? That's your call.

GENERAL

Those are the only two questions.

VOICE

The only two questions.

GENERAL

Understood.

VOICE

Informed, wild-ass guessing. It's what you do. Good luck.

EXT. ROADWAY - MORNING

Early, Alyssa rides in the back seat of a car with two large, bearded men in the front, a DRIVER and PASSENGER. She removes a rag-wrapped bundle from her bag and opens it. A Beretta 9mm. The passenger has an AK-47 resting against a leg with the barrel out the window.

EXT. PESHAWAR STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bryce idles at a curb outside the American consulate, in a dusty Toyota Hilux outfitted for desert and off-road driving. He is on his sat-phone.

BRYCE

She's fucking crazy! What does she think she's going to do, storm a terrorist stronghold in her god damned sneakers? I am calm, I'm only loudly expressing my distaste with her strategic thinking... sir. I'll need updates. She left her phone in her room, no doubt on purpose. Yes sir, close on the double, stay back and observe. I don't like this. Yes sir, that is not relevant. 10-4.

He hangs up. And yells, to no one in particular.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Yes sir, I will sir, I will do this stupid fucking thing 5 by 5 sir!

He pulls out and guns it.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

This is the smarter, leaner Army? The smarter we get, the leaner we get, because they keep getting us killed. Great plan. I'll let the systems analyst take down the Taliban all by herself...

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The General and the Commander, in the Spartan office. The General disconnects his scrambled call to Bryce.

COMMANDER

We know what we're doing, right?

GENERAL

We are letting a scenario play out that someone else put in motion. This is what you might call an evolving mission.

COMMANDER

You might call it something else.

GENERAL

Maybe she'll take a nice ride, see some of the countryside, buy a goat.

COMMANDER

If it's them, she's not coming back.  
If they wanted to calm her down they'd  
take Singh somewhere and let him  
call her. Something's squirly.

GENERAL

Bryce will catch up to her. They're  
not moving that fast.

COMMANDER

At which point he will stay back and  
not engage. We want her taken. We  
haven't said it but, operationally,  
that's what we're saying.

GENERAL

If it's them and they take her to  
where Jamil Singh and his contacts  
are located, then it would not be in  
our interest to stop it.

COMMANDER

It's the same plan, dirty option.

GENERAL

Yes, without a condom.

COMMANDER

Trojan... were you supposed to tell  
me that?

GENERAL

I said condom. There are a number of  
popular brands, I am told.

EXT. ROADWAY - AFTERNOON

On the roadway, Alyssa looks ahead through the windshield.  
There appears to be a checkpoint. Two vehicles, several years  
old, are nosed to the road on either side. Three men in  
civilian garb, non-military or police, are standing in the  
roadway with weapons. The Driver slows.

ALYSSA

What is it?

DRIVER

Sometimes they will ask for a toll  
to pass.

ALYSSA

How do we know that's what it is?

PASSENGER

I know this man.

One of the men, MAN ONE, waves casually for them to stop.

ALYSSA

How much will they want?

DRIVER

From you, an American, all you have.

Alyssa reaches into her bag, peels off some bills, and stuffs the rest into the seam where the seat back meets the seat. The car rolls to a stop at the checkpoint. Man One comes to the drivers window while MAN TWO goes to the passenger's window. Man One and the Driver trade greetings, almost jovial. Then, without warning, Man Two raises a pistol and shoots the passenger twice in the chest. Simultaneously, Man One fires three slugs into the Driver. Alyssa shrieks involuntarily. Her door is quickly opened and she is dragged from the car by a third man, the LEADER, with a pistol pressed to her skull. Man Two reaches in and grabs her bag while the Leader walks her to one of the waiting vehicles.

ALYSSA

Wait, I can pay, I have money.

LEADER

We go now, to see your lover.

ALYSSA

Jamil? Why did you kill those men?  
You didn't have to do that.

The Leader pushes Alyssa so that she slams into the side of the vehicle. Another man places the barrel of his AK-47 against her head while The Leader begins to search her for a weapon or a listening device. He is very thorough, particularly down her legs and between them. Then he unbuttons her shirt. She starts to speak.

LEADER

Be quiet. He will shoot you.

She shuts up as he pulls her shirt open, feels her breasts, then moves down, undoing her belt, unbuttoning her pants and lowering her zipper. He reaches his hand into her pants, between her legs. Alyssa bites her lip as he turns her around,

pushes her pants down around her ankles and completes his search. Satisfied, he leaves her, with her pants down.

THE LEADER

Cover yourself.

Alyssa pulls her pants up and fastens them, quickly buttons her shirt, trying to stop her hands from shaking. When she is finished, they open the back door and put her in the vehicle, tying her hands with plastic restraints. One man removes the battery from the phone supplied by the ISI agent, throws it on the ground and crushes it with his boot. A black hood is pulled down over Alyssa's head.

The bodies of the Driver and Passenger are yanked from the car and left on the ground. Man One throws a blanket over the driver's seat and gets in. Man Two and the Leader get into the other two vehicles and the three move off together.

INT. INTER-SERVICES INTELLIGENCE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Nasir reports to his Supervisor over a speaker on the Supervisor's desk.

NASIR

We have lost the signal. It stopped for a moment and the signal went out. Which suggests there was a reason for stopping - there is nothing at those coordinates - and that someone removed the tracking element, or destroyed the phone.

SUPERVISOR

Are we in any way associated with this woman's unauthorized trip into this dangerous territory?

NASIR

We are not. I left word that she should allow us to accompany her, wherever she went, due to the danger. She left without our knowledge.

SUPERVISOR

She is overcome with anxiousness and not thinking clearly.

NASIR

Yes, that is most accurate.

SUPERVISOR

That will be our statement, if one is needed. Thank you, Colonel.

NASIR

I may go to see what I can see, unofficially. So, I might be in radio silence for a short time.

SUPERVISOR

Excellent. Report to me only.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The General and Commander watch a dot on an overlay map.

COMMANDER

We aren't briefing anybody else?

GENERAL

This is a restricted operation.

COMMANDER

Why did they stop? There's nothing on the map out there.

GENERAL

Hopefully, Simms can tell us.

COMMANDER

An unrecorded Waffle House, you think?

GENERAL

That would be nice, but not likely.

INT. HOUSE IN PAKISTAN VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

In the open room, Jamil stands before an OLD MAN, white beard and hair, sitting. Jamil is in traditional garb. The sound of roaring engines rises outside, the crunch of tires and brakes. Doors open and slam shut. Moments later, the door opens. The Leader and another man pull a hooded Alyssa into the room. Two others follow and close the door. They take Alyssa to the middle of the room and remove her hood. She shakes her head, glances around and sees Jamil.

ALYSSA

Jamil.

JAMIL

You should not have done this. They are only protecting this man's sons, in the United States. They insisted on waiting five days, with no contact, to see if anyone came.

ALYSSA

That's nuts. All you had to do was call me, once.

OLD MAN

Silence!

He nods and there is a rifle barrel against her head. Her bag is placed at the Old Man's feet. He nods to a man.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Come, I do not wish to touch this.

The man comes quickly and dumps her bag contents out on the floor. The Leader also approaches, with the Beretta.

LEADER

She had this, as well, in her bag.

The Old Man takes it, holds it. The ISI phone is on the floor.

OLD MAN

The phone?

LEADER

A satellite phone. It is disabled.

There are two quick knocks on the door and it opens. Nasir enters. Surveys the situation.

OLD MAN

This is your ISI satellite phone.

NASIR

It was to track her movements only.

OLD MAN

This was unwise.

NASIR

I have superiors.



OLD MAN

You have only one superior, as do I,  
in all things. Coming here, you  
disabled your own radio?

NASIR

Of course, at the site of the other  
men, with the car.

OLD MAN

You could be followed. Why are you  
here?

NASIR

What can the woman tell? She went to  
a village she could never find again  
and met the father of your sons in  
America and was returned by me. We  
send her home tomorrow.

OLD MAN

She does not go home tomorrow. I had  
her brought here, you imbecile.

Nasir is silent.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

When the cells are activated and  
strike, the Americans will know who  
brought the final instructions. Our  
brother's whore will have no further  
use to us and can damage our cause.

NASIR

As it is designed, let it be done.

ALYSSA

Jamil, what are they saying, baby?

The Old Man erupts.

OLD MAN

I said silence. Gag her.

Before she can move, two men have her arms and another loops  
a strip of white sheet over her head and wedges it between  
her lips and ties it behind her head.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

She was taken on the road by bandits. They took her into the hills, where she was violated like the whore she is, until they tired of her. They tied her naked body to a tree and stoned her, as is just and right for her offense. They will find her body there. Along with yours, her rescuer.

NASIR

But I have done...

From behind, an arm loops around Nasir's neck and holds him as the man stabs him through the side, between his ribs and directly into his heart. The man holds him while Nasir's arms and legs spasm for a few seconds, until he is dead. The man releases him and lets him fall.

OLD MAN

Take him out. Drive his radio back to the place where the men are and turn his radio on. Press the talk button three times and leave him.

Two men drag Nasir out. Alyssa's eyes dart around the room but there is nothing helpful. The Old Man addresses Jamil.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

She has a U.S. Military weapon.

JAMIL

I don't know where she got it. I doubt she knows how to use it.

He motions to the Leader. He pulls down her gag, speaks in English.

LEADER

Where did you get the weapon?

ALYSSA

A man gave it to me, the man who arranged my driver. I don't know how to use it. I've never used it.

JAMIL

I would know. When I went shooting, she would never go. She knows nothing of shooting.

LEADER  
 (to the Old Man)  
 It was given to her, like the phone.

OLD MAN  
 (to Jamil)  
 All of this was foolish, to take a woman as cover. You took this woman for your own pleasure. It was dangerous, too much risk, and it has infected your soul. This young flesh you have devoured has devoured you instead. You must be purified. You desire her even now.

JAMIL  
 No, I swear...

OLD MAN  
 Do not swear! Do not swear what I see so clearly. Your lust for the whore must be cleansed, erased from you. Your mind must be clear.

The Old Man rises from his seat and addresses the Leader.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
 We must cleanse our brother's soul. He must see her as she is. When all is done, take her into the mountains.

LEADER  
 And it shall be done.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Commander and General watch a blip on a screen. It's not moving.

COMMANDER  
 What are we thinking?

GENERAL  
 It's longer than the first stop. We need to know what we've got on this location right now. And Bryce needs to get closer.

COMMANDER

He won't get a visual, he might as well come down the road on an Uncle Sam float with a marching band.

A rap on the door.

GENERAL

Come!

The Marine aide enters with a TOP SECRET folder.

MARINE

Just came through, sir.

GENERAL

Thanks, son. Did you look at it?

MARINE

No sir. It's "eyes only."

GENERAL

Do you know what we're doing here?

MARINE

No, sir. The nation's business, sir?

GENERAL

That's right. Thank you for reminding me. That's all.

The Marine starts to salute.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Don't salute me, salute the flag. That's always a safe bet. People, you just never know.

MARINE

I salute you proudly, sir.

He holds his salute. The General returns it and the Marine does a sharp about-face and strides to the door and out.

COMMANDER

If I tell anybody I saw the great one flinch, nobody would believe it. So, I don't think I saw a thing.

GENERAL

You are getting far too good at this.  
Okay, let's see what we've got here.

INT. HOUSE IN PAKISTAN VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Old Man turns and walks to the stairs and up, leaving Jamil, four men and Alyssa, now gagged again.

JAMIL

What are you going to do?

LEADER

Be calm, brother. You desire the woman. You do not see her as a whore. We will show you what she truly is. You will see how she takes what the whore always craves.

Two of the men grab Alyssa's arms. As the Leader approaches, she tries to kick him but he deflects it and says something to the men. A knife appears, pressed against her throat. The Leader grabs the two sides of her shirt and tears it open, popping the buttons, and pulls it back over her shoulders. Then he takes the knife from the man holding it against her neck and prepares to slice her bra open. Alyssa yells behind the gag but it's muffled. A shout comes from upstairs and one man goes to the steps, to hear. He hurries to the Leader as the Leader grabs the center of Alyssa's bra and slides the knife underneath. The man tells him something.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Take off her gag. His excellence wants to hear her screams of pleasure.

One of the men goes behind her and unties the gag as the Leader slices her bra. She tries another kick, blocked again. The Leader draws a pistol and racks the slide.

LEADER (CONT'D)

If you kick again, I will shoot the leg you use. Kick again, I will shoot the other leg.

ALYSSA

May we meet in paradise, soon.

LEADER

(to the men)  
To the table. She is in great need.

They drag her backward to the heavy wooden, rectangular table.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Our brother is in need of purification. We will give you what you want, many times, until our seed flows from you and he sees the truth. He will watch, to atone for having conjoined with your filthy body.

He has spoken to her in English. Alyssa answers him in perfectly accented Pakhto.

ALYSSA

If it is so filthy, why do you rodents all have erections? Or are those salutes to Allah?

The Leader slaps her across the mouth, drawing blood. Jamil is as shocked as the others.

JAMIL

Alex?

ALYSSA

Yes, darling, what is it?

LEADER

Gag her. I will not hear her curse the Prophet in my language.

They put the gag back on.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Tighter.

The man pulls it tight and ties it.

LEADER (CONT'D)

If you do not obey, I will cut off your breasts when we are finished and allow you to bleed your sins into the earth until you die. If you are respectful, I will allow you to be shot in the head. Turn her.

They turn Alyssa around, pull her arms forward, bending her over the end of the table. The Leader reaches, yanks her pants down, then squats, yanking off her trainers and pulling her pants off. He stands, unzips his pants and unbuckles his belt. He slips his fingers under the waist of Alyssa's boy

briefs and begins to pull them off as two sharp raps come on the door and it cracks open. Every head and weapon swivels.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The General scans the sheets in the folder his aide delivered.

GENERAL

Three reported sightings of the Sheik himself in this area in the last six months. The two Pakistani are not Pakistani so the Assistant AG agreed to suggest to them that, without a valid country of origin, we would have to guess. Which means deporting them to any country we choose where people look more or less like them. They talked. They didn't give Singh a BBQ recipe.

COMMANDER

What the hell did they give him?

GENERAL

Nothing.

COMMANDER

Nothing? What am I missing?

GENERAL

Their arrest was arranged. They call the lawyer. The lawyer goes to Pakistan, collects instructions to the cells. He travels back here clean, no watch list, nothing. He's not taking information over there. He's bringing information back. This target is as hot as it's going to get. And considering what we pulled off of the hard drives they tried to destroy, this is a Sheik-level op.

INT. HOUSE IN PAKISTAN VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Yazeed peeks into the room and, fortunately, does not have his head blown off. He is recognized.

LEADER

Wait for someone to open the door, small man. You will lose your head.

YAZEED

I forgot.

He sees Alyssa, held down over the table. Yazeed has an AK-47 slung in front of him but no one seems concerned.

LEADER

Come, take your turn. You will have a taste of the forbidden so you know, it is only a receptacle, like any cow in the pasture.

With that, the Leader returns to the business at hand. He moves behind Alyssa, reaches down to free himself to enter her, as a burst from Yazeed's AK-47 rips through him. Behind Yazeed, the door flies open and Murad dives into the room, rolls and comes up firing a semi-automatic pistol. He and Yazeed have the men in triangulated fire and they go down quickly, including those holding Alyssa. She has the good sense not to pop her head up while bullets sweep the room. When the firing stops, the only one left standing is Jamil.

MURAD

Who else is here? Who else!

JAMIL

One, or maybe more, I think only one, an old man, upstairs.

A gunshot reverberates from upstairs, then silence. Murad goes to Alyssa, who is carefully pushing herself up from the table. She pulls her shirt together but doesn't turn around. She looks at her pants on the floor. The Leader has fallen across them, his blood soaking into the fabric.

ALYSSA

We need to move. I need clothes. Find a skinny one without too much blood. Quick.

Yazeed is keeping an eye on Jamil while having a hard time keeping his eyes off of the practically naked Alyssa.

JAMIL

Thank God, these people are savages. They took my phone, kept me here. They thought I would take messages back to men in the U.S.

Murad brings pants he has quickly pulled off one of the men next to the table. Yazeed finds a shirt in a pile along a



wall. Alyssa pulls the pants on and cinches them with the belt, moving fast. Yazeed hands her the shirt.

YAZEED

The others have holes. And blood.

ALYSSA

I need shoes.

He sees her shoes on the floor. No appreciable blood on them.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I need other shoes. Hurry.

JAMIL

(to Yazeed)

Do you have a radio, phone or anything? We should call. I saw you, in the market. You have a scooter.

No one is answering him.

MURAD

Why you do not wish your shoes?

ALYSSA

Let's hope you don't find out.

Alyssa takes a pair of worn boots Jazeed brings her, jams her feet into them.

YAZEED

Small feet; maybe they work.

Alyssa ties the boots and jumps up. Moving very fast, she grabs her bag, shovels everything back inside and rises, putting it over her shoulder. She's got the Beretta.

JAMIL

Baby... Alex, I didn't have a weapon.  
I didn't know what to do.

She approaches him. Looks down. His pants are soaked. Jamil has peed his pants. She racks a round into the Beretta. But it isn't easy to raise it and point it at him.

JAMIL (CONT'D)

Whoa, baby, I know it looks bad but  
I love you, you know I love you.

She doesn't fire. Jamil takes a step toward her and his chest explodes. He's thrown back and crumples to the floor. Alyssa turns. Yazeed is standing there, gun pointed half-down.

YAZEED

There are things one should not have to do in this life.

ALYSSA

Thank you, Yazeed. Your name fits you very well, you are, today, very "Yazeed" in my eyes. And very brave.

If possible, Yazeed is blushing.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

And thank you, Murad. The concierge service at your hotel is exceptional. But we must go fast, I think.

INT. INTER-SERVICES INTELLIGENCE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

The Supervisor is behind his desk, agitated, a SOLDIER standing before him, awaiting orders.

SUPERVISOR

Nasir Malik is missing. Murad Hussain from the hotel is missing and we know nothing. Find these men.

SOLDIER

Is Hussain ours or CIA?

SUPERVISOR

I don't know, probably both. Just find them.

SOLDIER

Yes, sir. Right away, sir.

The Soldier salutes and heads for the door.

SUPERVISOR

Damned Americans. We should put a sign in the sky, Afghanistan is that way. This is Pakistan!

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Commander and General are in the conference room, with a number of observers. The Pakistan map is up, the blip

continuing to blink. An AIRMAN at the end of the table is monitoring traffic through a one-ear headset.

GENERAL

We don't have eyes on this place?

AIRMAN

No, sir, General, not for another eight minutes.

GENERAL

Damnit. We can watch a hooker scratch her ass in Topeka but we can't see what we need to see.

EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Outside the house, no one is in sight.

MURAD

This way.

Murad jogs toward an out building, with Yazeed following. Alyssa opens the door to one of the Land Cruisers.

ALYSSA

The keys are in it. Let's take this.

Murad and Yazeed sprint over.

MURAD

I drive. You lay down in back. Less attention. Yazeed up front.

No arguments, they pile in.

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The General stares at the blinking spot on the map. The Commander watches the General.

AIRMAN

On target, five, four, three, two, one. Ordinance away, impact in, three, two, one.

EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

The SUV is spitting dirt and gravel and accelerating away from the house when the earth erupts behind them. The shock

wave hits the SUV and Murad swerves, brakes to a stop. Looking back, there is a large, burning hole in the ground.

MURAD

Silent. An American drone.

ALYSSA

Nope. Too big. We should go now.

Murad points the SUV and hits the accelerator again.

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The blinking dot disappears from the map. The General's jaw clinches slightly, then relaxes. He heads for the door.

AIRMAN

Touchdown.

GENERAL

Good work. We'll have a confirmation shortly from our man and maybe a god damn satellite in position. I have to relieve myself. Carry on.

EXT. ROADWAY - CONTINUOUS

A half-mile from the blast-site, the SUV rounds a corner. Murad sees a reflection and instinctively brakes. Fire erupts from both sides of the road. Bullets rip through the vehicle. Murad has no chance. Alyssa hits the floor, pushes the rear door open, rolls out and scurries underneath the vehicle to the rear. She sees two feet she recognizes. Yazeed is already there, opening the back of the Land Cruiser.

ALYSSA

What are you doing?

YAZEED

Fighting.

He pulls out a rocket-propelled grenade launcher and a Russian made PKM machine gun and hands the machine gun to Alyssa. He pulls out several grenades and ammo clips for the gun.

YAZEED (CONT'D)

They made a bad ambush. Too early.

ALYSSA

It's good enough.

YAZEED

You shoot, I will stand to shoot the  
grenade. Okay, go.

He begins to stand. Alyssa charges (enables) the machine gun and jumps up. She rests it on the back gate of the vehicle and fires through the front windshield, spraying bullets randomly. Yazeed rests the grenade launcher on the roof and fires off a grenade, reaches for another.

ALYSSA

Can you hit something with that?

YAZEED

Every grenade hits something.

ALYSSA

That's helpful.

YAZEED

Again.

An explosion confirms the first grenade's return to earth. They repeat the cover and fire exercise.

ALYSSA

I think they're going to win. We  
need to get to that barn.

She nods toward an out building in an adjoining field.

YAZEED

They will kill us. Too far.

ALYSSA

We can wait here and let them kill  
us. Is that better?

There's no firing. It's suddenly deathly silent.

YAZEED

They will come around, both sides.

Alyssa grabs Yazeed's hand and presses it to her face.

ALYSSA

It's been a pleasure, my friend.  
Good luck with all those virgins.

In that moment a strange sound rises from down the road, Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven." A car horn honks repeatedly,

then stops, but the music continues. Alyssa hazards a peek over the rear transom. A vehicle is rolling down the road, slowly, with music blaring out of the windows. No driver appears to be inside and, as she watches, the vehicle veers off of the road into the ditch and stops, the motor running and the wheels spinning.

YAZEED

American rock. I know that song.

The next sound is distinctive. Rapid bursts from a modern automatic weapon, short bursts, methodical. Answering fire erupts, but not toward them. More bursts and the answering fire drops quickly. Yazeed looks around the right rear of the vehicle and sees Bryce Simms, moving swiftly in a crouch, circling to their right, firing three-round bursts.

YAZEED (CONT'D)

It is your friend, the large American.

ALYSSA

Jeezus, they need to make up their minds.

Off to the left, an engine roars to life and accelerates.

YAZEED

They are leaving.

Bryce fires off another burst and stops. No return fire.

YAZEED (CONT'D)

When they see Americans, they fear the silent bird, the drone.

Yazeed wanders out first from behind the destroyed Land Cruiser. Bryce is still on alert, pointing his weapon at the emerging figure. Yazeed puts his hands in the air.

YAZEED (CONT'D)

Don't shoot me. I am for you. Led Zeppelin. Rock music.

After a moment, Alyssa emerges and Bryce's veneer cracks for an instant. She sees it. He is very surprised to see her. Bryce drops the barrel of his weapon.

ALYSSA

Thanks, but we were fine.

BRYCE  
Yeah, it looked like it.

ALYSSA  
Surprised to see me?

BRYCE  
Out here? Yeah. I thought you were  
at the hotel giving press conferences.

YAZEED  
We should get off of the road.

BRYCE  
I'll turn off the engine and the  
stereo. Meet me in the barn.

Bryce walks off.

YAZEED  
Why is he here, but not close?

ALYSSA  
What does a dog do after the hunter  
shoots the bird?

Yazeed stares, blank.

YAZEED  
You make no sense. Dogs and birds.

Yazeed heads off, toward the barn. She follows.

ALYSSA  
You will find, Yazeed, it's the only  
way it does make sense. Dogs and  
birds, hunters and guns.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

In the barn, Alyssa leans on a wall, her Beretta stuck in  
the waist of her pants. Yazeed tries not to stare,  
unsuccessfully. The raw cotton of the shirt does nothing to  
hide her breasts, particularly without her bra.

ALYSSA  
I should charge you.

YAZEED

I will pay. I like Britney Spears.  
"Toxic" video, very sexy. You look  
like my Britney, but more beautiful.

ALYSSA

I don't look anything like Britney  
Spears, and you are a decade too  
young.

YAZEED

I can handle it, baby.

ALYSSA

Hey, Yazeed, do me a favor.

YAZEED

I will consider your request.

ALYSSA

Girls don't really like that stuff.  
You know who you should be?

YAZEED

Who?

ALYSSA

Yourself. A girl might like that.

YAZEED

No "hey baby?"

ALYSSA

No "hey baby." Just hello. But I  
don't know, maybe Britney likes "hey  
baby." What do I know?

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Bryce, Alyssa and Yazeed are in the barn. All are mutually  
alert and wary.

BRYCE

The ass holes took my sat phone.

ALYSSA

The other ass holes took mine.

BRYCE

Who was in the house?



ALYSSA

You don't know? You blew it up.

BRYCE

I wasn't there. You were.

ALYSSA

Where were you?

BRYCE

Trying to find you.

ALYSSA

Bullshit.

BRYCE

I just saved your ass.

ALYSSA

You rode up on an ambush. If bad guys are shooting at somebody, they might be good guys, and they might know something. You didn't know it was my ass you were saving. You saved Yazeed's ass, too and you have no idea who he is.

BRYCE

Scooter boy.

YAZEED

Yazeed is my name.

BRYCE

Cool. What's the rest of it?

YAZEED

I have one name only.

BRYCE

Awesome.

ALYSSA

Do you know what it means?

BRYCE

I don't know or care. I only know that the kid who led you to a house full of terrorists is now helping you escape a house full of terrorists. We must be in the Middle East.

ALYSSA

It's all logical. You have to broaden your data set.

BRYCE

This is fun but we need to go. They will be back, with others.

ALYSSA

I didn't get any names. They were busy getting ready to gang rape me and spouting holy nonsense to justify banging the American. There was an old man from a terrorist brochure who wanted to hear me scream and the usual collection of jihadi frat boys.

Bryce notes Alyssa's boots.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

The others were a little heavy, maybe it was the battery.

BRYCE

You're a systems analyst.

ALYSSA

"Deterministic" systems? The precise knowledge of initial conditions of the system allows us to predict future behavior of that system.

BRYCE

Fascinating. Where'd you get the Beretta?

ALYSSA

A friend. A lot of good it did me.

BRYCE

Let me see.

She tosses it to him. He examines it.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

This is one of ours.

ALYSSA

Whoever that is. Can we go now?

She turns to get her bag, hears the distinctive sound of a pistol slide being racked and turns. The Beretta is levelled at Alyssa as Bryce thumbs off the safety. Speaks to Yazeed.

BRYCE

Put down the AK, son.

Yazeed hesitates.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Before you can raise it and pull the trigger, I can move thirty degrees and put a bullet in your skull.

Yazeed puts his AK down on the ground. Bryce turns his attention back to Alyssa.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

You know what blew up the house, right? You're too smart not to.

ALYSSA

If you're blown up, does it matter what blew you up?

BRYCE

Who operates drones and shoots missiles at bad guys?

ALYSSA

We do. Laser-guided bombs, too. But that would mean an unauthorized overflight, not a drone. That would really piss off the Pakis.

BRYCE

You watch too much television. How did we know where they were?

ALYSSA

Is this a quiz?

BRYCE

Since you changed your shoes, you obviously figured it out. So you think your own government was willing to kill you and your fiancé just to get the bad guys.

ALYSSA

They missed. Half missed.

BRYCE

I'm sorry, but I have to clean this up. For what it's worth, I don't like this part.

Bryce pulls the trigger on the Beretta. There is a click.

ALYSSA

Oops. Sorry for that part.

Yazeed starts for his AK-47. Bryce reaches for his own sidearm, his eyes going to Yazeed. Alyssa's arm flashes up and forward with a blur. Bryce has his hand on his pistol when a black throwing knife pierces the base of his throat. He looks at Alyssa, puzzled. He yanks the knife out, at the same time fumbling for his pistol. Alyssa is winding into a roundhouse kick when a burst from Yazeed's AK-47 drops Bryce.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Why'd you do that?

YAZEED

To save you.

ALYSSA

I didn't need saving.

YAZEED

Where did you get a knife?

Yazeed has not lowered his AK. He is pointing it at Alyssa.

ALYSSA

A travel accessory. You saved me so you could shoot me yourself?

YAZEED

My plan is to shoot you with the American's gun.

ALYSSA

That's a good plan.

YAZEED

I know.

ALYSSA

Who's paying this time?

YAZEED

The exploded ones. Honor requires the completion of a transaction. I would be known as untrustworthy and lose face. How did you know, about the American?

ALYSSA

Americans, plural. Why steal shoes? Across the room from the valuable stuff. And they brought the same brand, not the tacticals I told the embassy, which meant they had them ready. That was sloppy. And the security on me was too loose. They had to be tracking me other than with the phone, which any idiot can disable. It had to be the shoes.

YAZEED

Why did you leave them on?

ALYSSA

Would I rather my government know where I was or not? It was a closer question than you might think.

YAZEED

I think you are not a regular person.

ALYSSA

There is nothing regular about me.

YAZEED

You are a spy?

ALYSSA

I'm a "knock" - n.o.c. - no organizational cover. So you can shoot me and nobody will say a word.

YAZEED

Give me the man's pistol.

ALYSSA

You're kidding. Why would I do that?

YAZEED

Or, I shoot you now.

ALYSSA

You realize it makes very little difference to me, right?

Alyssa goes to Bryce, gets his pistol from his holster.

YAZEED

Toss to me. And don't miss on purpose.

ALYSSA

You took me to them, then you saved me, and now you're going to shoot me for payment from the men who who can't pay you because they're dead.

She tosses him the pistol, which he catches.

YAZEED

My cousin wanted to save you. To have sex with you. I was jealous but he was older, it was his right. I gave my word. It is a matter of honor.

ALYSSA

You are seriously fucked up, Yazeed. I know you're seventeen, by the way.

YAZEED

I am eighteen, today.

ALYSSA

Happy birthday. Why were you jealous of your cousin?

He won't answer.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Why, Yazeed? They're going to come back so you should hurry. But shoot me with your own gun. Be yourself for once. Be a man. Own your shit.

Yazeed yanks Bryce's Colt .45 caliber semiautomatic up, aims at Alyssa's chest. Alyssa has the bloody knife tucked along her forearm, but it's slick with Bryce's blood. She balances herself and relaxes, eyes on Yazeed's chest - more margin for error - and on his trigger finger. Yazeed hasn't cocked the weapon. In the half-second before her arm moves, Yazeed begins to shake and his eyes begin to water. She pauses. His trigger finger relaxes. He lowers his weapon.

YAZEED

I cannot take the life of something  
so beautiful. I am shamed.

He sees that the hammer isn't back on the pistol, racks a round into the chamber. Alyssa tenses again, but Yazeed is turning the barrel up, toward his head. His eyes are blurred with tears. Alyssa dives at him, knocking him down and reaching for his arm as the weapon explodes, blowing a round through a wall. The two of them struggle until Alyssa ends up on top of Yazeed, straddling him, with her fingers around his windpipe and her hand raised for a knuckle strike. Yazeed diverts his eyes, from shame.

YAZEED (CONT'D)

I should have let them kill you.

ALYSSA

I'm glad you didn't.

He can't raise his eyes. Which means he is looking directly at her breasts rising and falling in her shirt. Without warning, her proximity, and his teenage hormones have an astounding effect. Instant arousal.

YAZEED

Please, get off. Get off of me!

He isn't the only one who felt something. Alyssa dismounts and Yazeed scrambles to his feet, grabs his AK-47 and walks away, back in the direction of the blown up house. Alyssa grabs her Beretta, replaces the magazine quickly, wipes her stiletto on Bryce's shirt, retrieves Bryce's sidearm and rifle. She tucks both pistols into her pants and walks toward the road, spots Yazeed, trudging away, in the wrong direction.

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

The only two in the conference room are the General and the Commander. The speaker on the conference table is silent.

COMMANDER

So Simms is off the grid.

GENERAL

We both know better. We'll have to  
get our CIA pals to see what they  
can find. If they don't get lost.

COMMANDER

Did we get the bad guys?

GENERAL

We got whoever was in that house.

COMMANDER

We need to get confirmation. And then we've got two families to notify.

GENERAL

One family.

COMMANDER

One?

GENERAL

Sing's father. Talk to our ISI friends. I believe the people in that house were building a bomb. That's a very hazardous activity.

COMMANDER

And the lawyer never comes back.

GENERAL

It's a dangerous country. Or we put him in the house. That's not my call. I don't know if we want people knowing that there could be embedded terror assets here in the U.S.

COMMANDER

And the fiancé? What about her family.

GENERAL

There isn't one.

COMMANDER

According to her bio...

GENERAL

That's not her bio. That's Alyssa Maner's bio.

COMMANDER

Shit, she was ours?

GENERAL

She was whoever we said she was.

COMMANDER

Jeezus.



GENERAL

I knew her father. He would be proud.

COMMANDER

Would I know him?

GENERAL

You would, by name and missions.

COMMANDER

But I'd have to know her real name.

GENERAL

It wouldn't help. Her mother and father were not married.

COMMANDER

So, she had a lot to prove? By getting herself blown to shit and back?

GENERAL

She had a lot to prove, and she did it more than once. Maybe to be worthy of the name she didn't carry, or that's psych bullshit, what do I know? But she wasn't out to get killed. I think she wanted to prove how much shit she could get into *without* getting killed. She was the toughest piece of work I ever saw. She was a born survivor.

COMMANDER

Until now.

GENERAL

Until now.

EXT. ROADWAY - LATER

Alyssa is walking down the road back toward the city when a car approaches from behind. She sprints off the road and hits the ground. Approaching from the direction of the village is the car in which she left Peshawar. Yazeed is driving. Alyssa hops up and walks back to the road as he pulls over and stops. She opens the passenger door.

YAZEED

There is blood.

ALYSSA  
I don't mind.

YAZEED  
You sit in back, where it is clean.

She answers him in Pashto.

ALYSSA  
(subtitled)  
I will sit in their blood with you,  
to honor their death.

Yazeed looks long at her. She puts the pistols in her bag, gets in, closes the door. Yazeed drives ahead, saying nothing.

EXT. PESHAWAR STREET - NIGHT

Alyssa leans her back against the car on a dark side street in Peshawar. Yazeed approaches with a bag. He hands her a foil-wrapped pita and a coffee. He has the same.

ALYSSA  
Thanks.

YAZEED  
The money.

ALYSSA  
Yes.

YAZEED  
It confuses me.

ALYSSA  
If you hadn't gone back and gotten this car, I would not have had the money. So, by your rules, I paid you not to try to kill me again. It's worth it.

YAZEED  
You should not pay a coward to not do what the coward could not do.

ALYSSA  
You are not a coward.

YAZEED  
In my world.

ALYSSA

Your world is stupid. In my world, you made a choice. That's what a real man does, or a woman. And it takes such strength, no one knows how much, sometimes.

YAZEED

I become soft.

ALYSSA

You don't look soft to me.

YAZEED

It is late now, you go to your hotel. I will go in, open the back.

ALYSSA

You open the back, and you stay with me. For protection. Then I go to the airport, Bacha Khan, at dawn.

YAZEED

Okay. The money was for protection, not to not kill you.

ALYSSA

Okay. If that works for you.

Yazeed is silent. They eat and drink.

YAZEED

I will never meet Britney Spears. This is a young boy fantasy. I act foolish, like imitating an American movie dude. It is time I put aside childish things.

ALYSSA

Dreams aren't childish.

YAZEED

You never agree with me.

ALYSSA

I'm a pain in the ass. That's me.

YAZEED

You would not make an obedient wife.

ALYSSA

You want obedient, get a dog.

EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

An ISI team examines the barn with flashlights. The SQUAD LEADER kneels over Bryce's body, examines his credentials. Another vehicle accelerates out on the road, headed farther along, up the road. The Squad Leader keys his radio.

SQUAD LEADER

It is the American agent. His pistol is missing from his holster. Yes, agreed. They would have taken photos or taken his head for the video.

He stands, walks back toward the road.

SQUAD LEADER (CONT'D)

There are footprints, but it is dark, it appears to be one smaller set, with a smooth sole. The others have boot patterns and are larger. Yes sir, a puncture in the throat and large caliber rounds to the chest. Others are going ahead to the village.

INT. JAMIL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Inside Jamil's hotel room at the Kahn Club Hotel, Alyssa has a pair of gym shorts and a tee shirt in her hand. The shower is running in the bathroom. She passes the bed and sees Jamil's prayer rug, rolled up where it was left, under the window. She moves to the closet, looks at Jamil's clothes, still hanging there. She closes her eyes for a moment. Then she opens them, shuts the closet and heads for the bathroom. She opens the door and walks into the steam.

ALYSSA

I'm leaving shorts and a tee shirt out here. Don't use all the hot water.

She comes back into the room, looks around, goes to the mini bar and opens it. She reaches in, grabs all the mini-bottles of liquor.

INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The General is walking back from lunch in a hallway of the Pentagon when he sees his aide approaching.

MARINE

You have a secure call from Peshawar,  
the ISI, sir. They asked to hold.

GENERAL

You couldn't call me?

MARINE

They asked that I not communicate  
over any other channel. Everybody  
thinks we listen to them these days.

GENERAL

Because we do. Let's go.

The General speeds up to a brisk pace, his aide at his side.

INT. JAMIL'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa downs half a mini-bottle of vodka straight, lets it  
burn, and takes off the little slippers, which are torn up.  
She rubs her legs and thinks. She downs the rest of the vodka  
and lets it burn down her throat. She goes to the room phone  
and presses the number for the front desk.

ALYSSA

Yes, can you connect me to an outside  
line and overseas information? Great.  
Thank you.

The shower stops. Yazeed gets out of the shower and, surprised  
the door is open, literally jumps past the door frame.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Hello, have you English? Wonderful.  
Can you find a number for the  
Associated Press, the Mideast Desk,  
it's in Dubai. And, can you dial for  
me the number? Thank you.

Yazeed passes the door frame again, wrapped in a towel, and  
closes the bathroom door.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I think, yes, that will do, thank  
you so much.

(pause)

Hello, is this the AP, Dubai? I need  
to speak to someone about the missing  
American lawyer in Pakistan. I am

(MORE)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

his fiancé, Alyssa Maner. Yes, that one. I need to speak to the press in the morning, at the American Consulate. I'm sorry, that isn't possible. At eight hundred hours, uh, 8:00 o'clock, outside the front gate. You have someone here? Perfect. And, listen, if you would do me a favor, I don't have another coin, I will give you an exclusive for the wire and print if you'll let the visual media know. Are you sure? You're wonderful. No, I do not have good news. Tomorrow.

(in Arabic)

Thank you.

INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The General enters the Commander's office at the Pentagon.

COMMANDER

Well, a personal visit. What shakes?

GENERAL

Peshawar. Simms. Maner.

The General shuts the door.

COMMANDER

Shoot.

GENERAL

Exactly. Simms is dead. A puncture wound in the throat, probably some sort of dagger, probably thrown, meaning close and very fast. Four slugs to the chest, most likely AK. A few female-size footprints. That's speculation. Just smaller.

COMMANDER

Meaning.

GENERAL

Nobody got close to Simms without him letting them. It happened in an old barn. He certainly doesn't walk into a barn to chat with some Taliban

(MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)

or al-Qaeda boys. He carried a .45 Colt, which is missing. There's one shell casing but it's not near the body. Footprints are close. Friendly.

INT. KHAN CLUB HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In the hotel hallway, Alyssa tries the door to Room 10. It's not locked and, in fact, swings open easily. It's been turned upside down. She finds the soft duffel and goes to the chest, feeling through the contents in the dark.

INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Continuing conversation.

COMMANDER

Simms didn't know a lot of people over there. Especially on that particular road.

GENERAL

No, he didn't.

INT. JAMIL'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa slips back into Jamil's room with her bag and drops it on the bed as Yazeed finally comes out of the bathroom. Alyssa has to stare. Yazeed is not comfortable.

ALYSSA

Wow.

YAZEED

I am sorry.

ALYSSA

No. I mean, you could be an American guy at the gym, a dude. Completely.

YAZEED

No hey baby, no dude. You said.

He goes for his AK-47 leaning against the wall.

ALYSSA

What are you doing?

YAZEED

You paid me to protect you. So, I will sit and protect you.

ALYSSA

You would not make an obedient husband. Come here.

He stops. Walks to her, carefully. She grabs a vodka mini-bottle and opens it, hands it to him.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I order you to drink this by the time I get out of the shower. If you do not drink it, I will shoot you.

YAZEED

I have had only a bit of alcohol, to see, a violation, but only once.

ALYSSA

Drink it. Or else.

He takes it.

YAZEED

You will not shoot me. I have all the guns.

ALYSSA

I'll wait until you're not looking and then I'll shoot you.

YAZEED

There is nothing normal about you.

She laughs. She puts her hand on the side of his face. Lets her thumb stroke his cheek.

ALYSSA

I had chosen to die today, for duty. I changed my mind when I saw the men with whom my body parts would be mingled and realized my shoes could die instead. I wanted to live. But I was bent over a table, about to die another death, many times. So, I am thankful that you were paid to bring me, and your cousin wanted to save me for himself, so you could kill me

(MORE)



ALYSSA (CONT'D)

later, and that you love Britney so much that you couldn't. None of this is logical. Nothing here is logical.

YAZEED

As it is willed to be, so be it.

She drops her hand and lets it rest on his chest.

ALYSSA

I have a confession to make.

YAZEED

You are a catholic?

ALYSSA

No, I have something to tell you.

YAZEED

All right.

ALYSSA

I was a sick Britney Spears fan.

She turns away and heads for the bathroom. Yazeed sniffs the vodka bottle, takes a small sip, almost chokes, grabs Bryce's 9mm and goes to sit in a chair, putting the pistol on the table next to him. He takes another, deeper sip as the shower starts.

EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

The ISI team SQUAD LEADER stands off from the former site of the house, viewing the hole in the ground and the crisscrossing flashlights. He keys his radio.

SQUAD LEADER

There are only small pieces, fragments. I do not know if this was a missile. It appears there is a crater roughly round. Yes, that would mean either a bomb inside the house or a bomb from above. Yes, sir, it can be whatever you require.

INT. JAMIL'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Yazeed is sitting in his chair, two vodka mini-bottles are empty on the table next to him and he has a scotch half-gone when the bathroom door finally opens. Alyssa calls out.

ALYSSA

Yazeed, turn off the big light.

He rises and flips off the overhead light, sits back down. There is only one dim light from a lamp on the bedside table. The light goes out in the bathroom and Yazeed sits up a little straighter, takes another slug of scotch. Alyssa dances out of the bathroom and into the room, barefoot, in a bra and another pair of boy briefs, singing Britney Spears "*Baby One More Time*." She starts with the second verse.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Oh baby, baby  
 The reason I breathe is you  
 Boy you got me blinded  
 Oh pretty baby  
 There's nothing that I wouldn't do  
 It's not the way I planned it  
 Show me, how you want it, to be  
 Tell me baby 'cause I need to know now,  
 Because...

She dances across the room, closer and closer. It's deliciously, insanely sexy. Her voice isn't half bad.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

My loneliness is killing me  
 And I... I must confess I still believe,  
 Still believe, still believe  
 When I'm not with you I lose my mind  
 Give me a sign  
 Hit me baby one more time.

She's right in front of Yazeed's chair. He tries to get up and away but she pushes him back down and moves in, between his legs. She puts her hands on his shoulders and lowers herself closer and closer.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Oh baby, baby,  
 Oh baby, baby,  
 Oh baby, baby...

She brushes his mouth with her lips and continues until her lips touch his ear. She whispers.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Do you know what to do?

YAZEED

Yes.

ALYSSA

Then do it, baby.

Yazeed puts his hands under her and stands, as Alyssa wraps her legs around him and their mouths meet. Yazeed walks to the bed and tosses her on the bed, on her back. Alyssa looks up at him. Holds out her hand. He takes it and she pulls him down on the bed, flips him onto his back and straddles him.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Now, where were we?

She pulls the straps on her bra down.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Oh, baby, hello, now I remember.

She unhooks her bra and lets it slide off. She takes his hands and puts them on her breasts.

YAZEED

No more Britney. Only Alyssa.

Alyssa pushes his shirt up and leans down to kiss his stomach.

ALYSSA

You are crazy handsome, scooter boy,  
Britney would love to be where I am  
right now.

She pulls his tee shirt off, lays herself down flesh to flesh, bare breasts to bare chest, and kisses him. She teases him.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I thought you knew what to do.

Yazeed flips her over onto her back, pins her arms down and kisses her. When she responds, he feels her breasts with one hand and reaches down with the other hand, slides it under her boy briefs. She lets out a gasp.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Oh, ah, yes, wow. Hey, remember our  
friend, the big American.

YAZEED

Yes.

ALYSSA

He left me something in my room, to  
mess with my head, he thought.

YAZEED

What?

Alyssa pulls at Yazeed's gym shorts, tugging them down as he drives her crazy with his fingers.

ALYSSA

Condoms. Are Trojans okay with you?

INT. INTER-SERVICES INTELLIGENCE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

An AGENT enters the Supervisor's office.

AGENT

Sir, the monitoring system on the phone in the room of the American lawyer was activated.

SUPERVISOR

He is back?

AGENT

No, sir. The hotel says that he has not returned. But, the call was from a woman, to an operator, and then to Dubai. The call was recorded. It was from the fiancé, calling for another press conference tomorrow.

SUPERVISOR

She is probably going to complain that someone upset her room while she was riding in the countryside, so she goes to his room to sleep and calls a press conference. Why doesn't this woman go home? Thank you for your diligence.

AGENT

Perhaps she would know what happened to the men we found, or Nasir. Or the house in the village.

SUPERVISOR

I doubt if this girl brought a missile with her from America. Perhaps we will go to her press conference and ask her. Or, perhaps I will tell the Americans and let them do what they wish. They are running our country now, we can all go on holiday.

The men share a laugh.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Carry on.

The Agent exits and the Supervisor goes back to his paperwork. Then he stops.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Ass holes.

He picks up the phone.

INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The General takes a seat across from the Commander.

GENERAL

News outlets have been told that there is to be a press conference tomorrow morning in front of the American Consulate.

The Commander waits for the other shoe.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

The American lawyer's fiancé has something to tell the press.

COMMANDER

She's alive.

GENERAL

That would appear to be the case.

COMMANDER

Who's her control? If you can say.

GENERAL

I am. Or someone I designate.

COMMANDER

And she hasn't made contact.

GENERAL

Can you blame her?

COMMANDER

Wait, do we even know who we blew up? What was the blip on the map?

GENERAL

According to the ISI, there are body fragments everywhere around a hole that used to be a house. Which we saw on satellite. According to the chatter in the region, we hit somebody big. They're vowing revenge.

COMMANDER

But she wasn't in the house?

GENERAL

All I know, for certain, is we blew up her shoes.

INT. JAMIL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Yazeed and Alyssa are entwined, partially covered by a sheet, her arm draped across his chest.

ALYSSA

Hey, baby.

YAZEED

Hello.

ALYSSA

Tell me what your name means again.

YAZEED

It is not exact, the translation.

ALYSSA

Close enough, if you ask me. I shocked you with my dance, huh.

YAZEED

You sing okay. You started with the second verse.

ALYSSA

I like the second verse. I used to sing it into my hair brush. You know my favorite part?

She reaches down under the sheet. And sings into his ear.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Hit me baby, one more time.

INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The General and Commander walk at a medium brisk pace down a Pentagon hallway.

GENERAL

He was gone so they weren't monitoring the line. The call was made two hours ago. Langley has two men close. As soon as they're geared up, they're going to hit the room. Where it goes from there depends on how they go in and what she does.

COMMANDER

If they spook her, it could go south.

GENERAL

North, south, east and west.

COMMANDER

We can't get to her?

GENERAL

Would you believe us if you were her? If Bryce pulled something out there, she has to believe it was authorized. If she killed him, she would not have done it without a damn good reason. I could call the room but I can't. This has gone up the chain. It's damage control.

INT. JAMIL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The hotel room is pitch black, shades down, lights off. There's the slightest, almost imperceptible click at the door, a count of two and the door bursts open. Two men, AGENT ONE and AGENT TWO, pointing assault rifles mounted with lights, enter and split. One moves left and scans the room while the other goes toward the bed, shouting "stay down" and "show your hands, show me your hands." In the bright light, a barely-covered Yazeed blinks and raises his hands up. The other agent checks the bathroom. Alyssa is gone. An agent turns on the room light. On the bedside table are empty mini-bottles, including the wine, three Trojan condom containers, torn open and empty, and a piece of paper, folded.

AGENT ONE

Who the hell are you?

YAZEED  
I am Yazeed.

AGENT ONE  
Where's the girl?

YAZEED  
I... I do not know.

Agent Two grabs the folded paper, opens it.

AGENT TWO  
"Happy Birthday, baby."

AGENT ONE  
You know Ms. Alyssa Maner? American?

YAZEED  
Yes.

AGENT ONE  
Was she in this room earlier?

YAZEED  
Yes.

AGENT ONE  
Where is she now?

YAZEED  
I do not know. She was here.

AGENT TWO  
We can see that. Jeezus.

AGENT ONE  
You're coming with us. Get up.

AGENT TWO  
What's your full name?

YAZEED  
I have one name, Yazeed.

Yazeed slides his legs over and sits up, holding the sheet over his lap.

AGENT TWO  
How old are you, one name?



YAZEED

I am sixteen. My birthday was yesterday.

INT. LANGLEY OPERATIONS ROOM - LATER

The General and the Commander enter a bustling communications and command room at CIA headquarters. A lead CIA AGENT is running the operation.

CIA AGENT

Good evening, General, Commander. Make yourselves at home. Coffee, anything we can get you?

GENERAL

An update.

CIA AGENT

The press conference is scheduled for 0800 Peshawar time. Local chatter has been generated by our people about the destruction of the house, the sighting of the American woman on the road. She's now linked to the killing of the "innocent family" that lived in the house - bullshit but that's what the bad guys are claiming so we used it.

COMMANDER

If I might, why would she give a press conference if she'd been involved with a hit on a terrorist cell, also known as an innocent family? Put herself out in the open?

CIA AGENT

As you know, Commander, it's never textbook. She's an arrogant American, thinks she's invincible. They'll fill in the rest. And they'll claim responsibility because it means they exacted revenge.

GENERAL

Assets?

CIA AGENT

Delta sniper out of Afghanistan. I'm told he could walk down main street in Peshawar and fit in. The press is supposed to be in front of the consulate, which is not too smart, if you ask me. There are some nice rooftops across the street.

GENERAL

What's the command on the op?

CIA AGENT

It's a go with operational control right here. Considering the circumstances, of course, speak up as you wish, sir.

GENERAL

I'm not known for being shy.

CIA AGENT

Understood, General. You, too, Commander. We're the sub-contractor here. When it comes to the logistics, hands on, that's me. This is an agency op, with Delta assistance, at your group's request.

GENERAL

Understood.

COMMANDER

Understood.

A COMMUNICATIONS AGENT is monitoring ground traffic.

COMMUNICATIONS AGENT

The media is gathered, scheduled start in five. Due to angle issues with the press, "Alto" is moving higher, to the roof.

CIA AGENT

Roger. Any sign of the target?

COMMUNICATIONS AGENT

No, sir. Not yet. There are a lot of press, including television, so this is going to be captured live.

CIA AGENT

Shit. Right. Okay, tell Alto to scope the area. If it is at all possible to pick up the target early, before the press conference starts, take her out. I don't care who we blame it on, I don't want this on tape if we can avoid it. We have real-time voice com?

COMMUNICATIONS AGENT

Slight satellite gap, very small.

CIA AGENT

Okay, let's get ready.

The clock on the wall indicates three minutes until 2300, three minutes until 0800 Peshawar time. The General whispers to the Commander and both men rise.

GENERAL

I don't want to be in the way, so I'm going to check out the commissary, if you need me.

CIA AGENT

Roger, General. We'll take care of it, sir and de-brief you after.

The General and Commander head for the door.

EXT. PESHAWAR SIDE-STREET - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa exits a shop and turns up the street, toward the consulate, the back of which is visible in the next block. She is wearing jeans, a pair of [brand] athletic shoes, a casual man's shirt hanging outside of her jeans, buttoned all the way up, and a cap with her hair tucked up underneath. At the corner, she turns and heads up the street which runs alongside the consulate, on the opposite side of the street.

INT. CIA HQ HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The General and Commander stop outside the command center.

GENERAL

I can do many things, but hearing this kill called is not one of them.

COMMANDER

The protocols are clear.

GENERAL

Protocols are always clear; the real world, not so much. You know what this is, right? They're afraid of another book or some committee deciding to abolish the military because they've discovered we can't fight a war without casualties.

COMMANDER

We just blew up an American lawyer, even if he was an embed. And, we were willing to sacrifice one of our own to eliminate a high value target.

GENERAL

Soldiers die every day. Too many, but they do.

EXT. PESHAWAR ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

On a rooftop across from the American Consulate, a SNIPER covered head to foot in the clothing of a Middle Eastern fighter rests a blacked-out sniper's rifle on a parapet, sighting through a scope on a lone figure walking up the street to the side of the consulate.

SNIPER

I have a possible. Holding for confirmation.

He continues to hold the figure in his cross-hairs, pulls back the bolt on the rifle, inserts a single round and slides the bolt forward and down, locking it. As he focuses and steadies his breathing, he spots a hint of blonde hair protruding from the band of the cap.

SNIPER (CONT'D)

I have a probable. Ninety percent confidence. Disguised blonde female.

INT. CIA HQ HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The General and Commander head off to leave the business taking place inside.

COMMANDER

It feels different. Tying a steak around her neck and sending her into a house full of jackals.

GENERAL

No argument.

COMMANDER

I still can't understand why she is going to stand out in the open and talk to the press. It doesn't fit.

The General's phone goes off. He answers it.

GENERAL

Go.

He listens.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Read it to me.

He listens.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Shit, god damnit!

He spins and flies back to the door of the command center.

COMMANDER

What is it?

GENERAL

It's a test! Stupid, god damn...

INT. LANGLEY OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The General bursts into the room and hears the Communications Agent relaying the command.

COMMUNICATIONS AGENT

You are authorized to fire at will.  
Repeat, you are authorized to fire.

GENERAL

Abort! Abort that command!

CIA AGENT

General, I'm sorry, but...

EXT. PESHAWAR SIDE-STREET - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa sees the news trucks up ahead, hears the hubbub from the gathered media in front of the consulate.

EXT. PESHAWAR ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Choosing a center mass rather than a head shot, to be sure, the Sniper centers on the target that has helpfully slowed down, square at him, cross-hairs on her chest, he squeezes.

INT. LANGLEY OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The General heads for the Communications Agent himself.

GENERAL

That's an order, son. It's my God damned career, abort the shot. Abort it! Do it.

The Communications Agent looks to his superior, who nods.

COMMUNICATIONS AGENT

Abort, abort, I repeat, abort the shot, confirm receipt, abort!

EXT. PESHAWAR SIDE-STREET - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa decides to get on with it, veers left to cross the street. Singing her new favorite phrase.

ALYSSA

Hit me baby, one more...

EXT. PESHAWAR ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

A split second before the hammer hits primer, the target darts left, but not fast enough. The round is away. As he sees the target fall, he hears in his headset, after the satellite lag.

COMMUNICATIONS AGENT (O.S.)

Abort, abort, I repeat, abort the shot...

EXT. PESHAWAR SIDE-STREET - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa feels sudden, searing heat in her right arm and she spins right with the impact of a sledgehammer, going to the ground. Her arm on fire, she rolls, scrambles to her feet and sprints back across the street into a narrow alley between two buildings. She looks at her arm. There is blood and a hole ripped in the sleeve. She moves out, down the alley.

INT. LANGLEY OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The entire room awaits the answer.

COMMUNICATIONS AGENT

Too late. It was a hit but the extent of injury is unknown. The target darted left as he fired and went down but he didn't fire again due to the abort order. He is standing by to check the area but the news media heard the shot.

CIA AGENT

Due to our background scenario, we couldn't silence the weapon. The bad guys wouldn't have the capability so we couldn't do it. That round would make a pretty loud crack.

COMMUNICATIONS AGENT

He says the target was moving pretty fast for being hit. Not likely to be sticking around, is she's mobile.

CIA AGENT

Thank him and send him home. Okay, General, since this could cost me a pay grade, what's up?

GENERAL

My office received a fax from a machine in Peshawar which they didn't understand at first. She fax'd a copy of her prepared remarks.

CIA AGENT

Which is odd for starters.

GENERAL

To summarize, she is distraught at the disappearance of her fiancé but is convinced that her continued stay in Peshawar will not be helpful and could be a distraction. She has met with the ISI and U.S. officials and they have her complete confidence.

COMMANDER

She's in character.

GENERAL

It's a message, and a test.

CIA AGENT

Testing us?

GENERAL

We were willing to blow her up once. And I have a feeling something happened that led her to believe we wanted her eliminated. By playing her role, she was telling us that she's loyal and committed. Our answer was to either kill her or not. We just failed that test. When the shot didn't take her out, I expect her instincts clicked in. Besides, it was off script. We were supposed to get the fax first. The shot could have been somebody else. Makes sense.

CIA AGENT

Apologies, General, but I'm not sure any of that makes sense.

GENERAL

I know her. She'd rather get it up front and know it than later in a "training accident."

CIA AGENT

With respect, that is speculation.

GENERAL

No, sir. It's an informed, wild-ass guess. It's what I do. Thank you, gentleman. I've got a wounded panther to round up. If I can.

EXT. VIETNAM MEMORIAL LAWN - MORNING

At sunrise near the Vietnam Memorial, the General's contemplative walk is interrupted by his phone. He answers it. A barely raised eyebrow indicates the call's significance. He disconnects, punches a speed-dial number.

GENERAL

CIA has a young man in unofficial custody who says he can find her and deliver a message. So, we can reach

(MORE)



GENERAL (CONT'D)

out, if we want. Then, it's up to her. Right, all they got was video of blood on the pavement leading down an alley. We can spin her dead if you want. Or we see if we can get the live version back.

He hangs up. Then, to himself.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Good for you, girl. Good for you.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - EVENING

Alyssa, Yazeed and the same two CIA agents who gave Alyssa and Bryce a ride back from the market and assaulted the hotel room - Agent One and Agent Two - stand near a U.S. Air Force cargo plane. Alyssa and Yazeed both have packages and are attempting an awkward good-bye. Alyssa's arm is bandaged. She gives Yazeed a kiss on each cheek, and tells him.

ALYSSA

I have Alyssa's reputation to protect.

YAZEED

I understand. It was happy birthday, that was all. I know.

ALYSSA

No, I mean in front of these guys. Hey, we didn't have to use the whole pack just for a happy birthday.

YAZEED

You should try to say the proper thing. There is no answer for these things you say.

AGENT ONE

Okay, time to load up.

ALYSSA

Roger. Gimmie 60.

She hands Yazeed her package, badly wrapped.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Open.

He tears the paper off. It's a [brand] mp3 player and a set of ear buds.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

It plays digital files. You have no idea how much that cost the U.S. Government on the black market. And it's loaded with pretty much every Britney song in the universe.

Yazeed looks at the music player. Hands it back.

YAZEED

Thank you. You keep.

ALYSSA

Why? I went to a hell of a lot of trouble to get this, buster.

YAZEED

I do not want to listen.

ALYSSA

Why?

YAZEED

I would see you, in the room. It would be different. Not good.

She takes it back. Agent Two's radio squawks and he moves away a distance to answer it.

ALYSSA

You can erase her songs, and keep the player. It's a good one.

Agent Two approaches.

AGENT TWO

(to Alyssa)

Could I have a word.

ALYSSA

Sure.

They move off and converse.

AGENT ONE

Hey, buddy. Keep the player and I'll buy it off of you.

In the distance, Alyssa is gesturing, not happy. Stops, walks in a couple of tight circles. Stops in front of Agent Two. Rigid. He salutes. She hesitates, then returns the salute - with her middle finger extended. Drops it and heads back, with Agent Two tight behind her.

AGENT ONE (CONT'D)

Think about it. Fifty bucks.

Alyssa and Agent Two return.

ALYSSA

Say... Yaz.

YAZEED

I told you, my name is not Yaz.

ALYSSA

Because you don't know about Carl Yastrzemski yet. If we go to a game in Boston, I can tell you all about him and you'll change your mind.

YAZEED

Okay. I take my scooter over the ocean. No problem.

ALYSSA

You could. Or, you could take this big airplane, with me.

Yazeed stares. She isn't laughing.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Now.

YAZEED

What?

ALYSSA

Make up your mind, buster. You want to come to America or not?

YAZEED

No. This is my home. I stay.

ALYSSA

Oh.

Agent One gets a signal from an aircraft crewman.

AGENT ONE

Okay, that's it, all aboard.

Alyssa hugs Yazeed.

ALYSSA

Okay. Good-Bye. Take care of yourself.

YAZEED

Are you Alyssa Maner? I can find you, on social media?

ALYSSA

She died in Peshawar.

Alyssa follows Agent One, who has her bag. Yazeed shouts.

YAZEED

What is your next name?

Alyssa yells back, over her shoulder.

ALYSSA

I don't know yet.

Alyssa arrives at the aircraft, hands papers to the airman, who checks them over, hands them back, and takes her bag while she mounts the steps. Agent One follows her up.

AGENT TWO

Dumb ass. What you should have told her was your name is Carlton Fiske and you don't stop at third.

YAZEED

I don't understand.

AGENT TWO

Obviously.

Alyssa disappears into the aircraft. Yazeed takes off running, toward the plane.

INT. AIRCRAFT - LATER

Alyssa and Yazeed are alone in the rear of a USAF C-17 cargo plane outfitted with passenger seats.

YAZEED

In the United States, you will be another person.

ALYSSA

The same person in another wrapper.

They fall into a silence. Alyssa reaches for his hand and squeezes it, holds it.

YAZEED

Who is Carl Fish?

ALYSSA

Who?

YAZEED

Someone who is past third, who does not stop at third. The man said I should say that. Is that baseball?

ALYSSA

That's very dirty baseball.

YAZEED

Why?

ALYSSA

You should have said it, that's a good line. It's Carlton, and Fiske, not fish. My dad was a Red Sox fan, so my lineup's a little out of date.

She's hit by a memory, only for a moment.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Hey, what about my gift?

YAZEED

I have no gift. What is dirty baseball?

ALYSSA

You are such a man, way to change the subject. You do. It's in a wrapper. Give it up.

YAZEED

A bad idea. I will get you a new gift when I reach America.

ALYSSA

I'm not waiting 7,000 miles. Give.

Yazeed pulls his package out of his bag but doesn't hand it over so Alyssa grabs it. She tears it open.

YAZEED

It is a bad gift.

It is a box of [Touch Brand] condoms, twelve total.

ALYSSA

You didn't. Oh, my god. You dirty boy. Why are they different colors? Oh, look, one is ribbed and one has little dots on them, for the girl.

YAZEED

Stop.

ALYSSA

You bought me condoms. You were being funny, it was a little joke for me. Who knew Yaz had a sense of humor.

YAZEED

It was to be a little bit funny.

ALYSSA

Sweet. Come here.

She kisses him on the cheek.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I love your gift, and I loved that night. Which I expect you could tell.

YAZEED

You could tell, from me, I think.

ALYSSA

Yes, triple yes. I am not a regular girl, person, or whatever, Yaz. Friends I make are always somebody else's friends. Alyssa's friends this time. Just know that you got drunk and made love with her in the Khan Club Hotel in Peshawar, Pakistan, and she loved every minute of it.

YAZEED

Every minute?

ALYSSA

Especially the last minute, the really slow last minute. I'm going to keep that one, for me, this time.

YAZEED

Again you confuse me sideways.

ALYSSA

I compartmentalize.

YAZEED

What does that mean?

ALYSSA

I keep my lives in boxes. So, I put the Alyssa box away. But, I am going to take a little bit of you with me, this one time. Something for me to have, that I don't put in the box.

Quick to stifle the emotion, Alyssa unbuckles her seat belt.

YAZEED

Where are you going?

She takes Yazeed's hand, bites his finger, and unbuckles his seat belt with the other hand.

ALYSSA

I don't have a new me yet. So, I can't get in trouble. I don't exist.

YAZEED

You exist. You are biting me.

She kisses him, not lightly.

ALYSSA

Do you know what "now" means?

YAZEED

Yes. Do I? I do, yes?

ALYSSA

That's where I live, Yaz, in the in between, nothing back there and nothing coming, just now. A minute can be a lifetime.

He looks at her blankly. She stands, tugs him up.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

We're going to join the military version of the mile high club. If there is such a thing.

YAZEED

What is this? The mile high club.

ALYSSA

We're going to home base, and we're not slowing down at third.

YAZEED

You are not normal. I do not understand what you say, ever.

She yanks his shirt out of his trousers. Unbuckles his belt and pulls down his zipper.

YAZEED (CONT'D)

We... there are people... we can do later, after baseball...

ALYSSA

No, now will be gone...

There is a fevered seriousness to Alyssa's movements. She masks her mission with all the humor she can muster, tears the box of condoms open and holds one up, smiling.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

We're flying west. It might still be your birthday, somewhere.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

The General and the Commander go silent as a server sets a coffee in front of each. When the server departs, they speak.

COMMANDER

She's military intelligence?

GENERAL

She would be loosely affiliated, unofficially, if she existed.

COMMANDER

And if she existed, she would have been operating on U.S. soil.



GENERAL  
Alyssa Maner, systems analyst, wasn't  
operating anywhere.

COMMANDER  
What was she doing?

GENERAL  
Dating a man she met at the gym.

COMMANDER  
A man someone suggested might need  
dating, and watching closely.

GENERAL  
Not an unreasonable assumption.

COMMANDER  
Which might have been suggested by...

The General raises his cup and speaks a Yiddish blessing.

GENERAL  
L'Chayim.

Understanding passes over the Commander's face.

INT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

A rumpled Alyssa and Yazeed rest in their seats. Yazeed smiles at Alyssa but she is oddly stoic. Agent One and Agent Two approach, with a third large, imposing individual, Army RANGER, Special Ops Command. Alyssa's face hardens. Yazeed looks from her to the three men as hydraulics engage and the tail ramp of the aircraft begins to drop open.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

The General and Commander drink their coffees.

COMMANDER  
Some days, this job sucks.

GENERAL  
Name a day when it doesn't.

EXT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

The plane flies on through the night. The ramp closes and seals, extinguishing the last sliver of light from inside.

INT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

The former Alyssa sits alone. Her cheeks are damp.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

The Commander asks an obvious question.

COMMANDER  
Should you have divulged this?

GENERAL  
Would I divulge classified information  
to you merely because we're friends?

COMMANDER  
No.

GENERAL  
Thank you. So, I'd need a damn good  
reason. I'm retiring. Tag, you're  
it. Which means you get the check.

The General rises. Offers a soft salute.

GENERAL (CONT'D)  
Take good care of her.

The Commander stands, returns the salute and extends his  
hand. The General takes it and they trade a firm handshake.

COMMANDER  
On my honor.

EXT. LATE MODEL SUV - DAY

The former Alyssa is parked in an SUV in front of a small  
house with a FOR RENT sign in the yard. She has short dark  
hair, cute nerd glasses, gym shorts, sports bra and a dog in  
the passenger seat. Smaller bandage on her arm.

NOC  
Yes, the crazy cute one. Oh, wow,  
you just listed it? What a  
coincidence. It's a sign! Ha.

She winks at the dog.

NOC (CONT'D)

Do you allow pets? A dog, Yazzy,  
like jazzy. Oh, great, that's perfect.  
Right now? Really? Yes, I'll  
definitely wait. It's Laura. Okay,  
see you then. Thanks, Shelley.

She disconnects. Another phone sounds in the car. She  
retrieves it from her bag between the seats. Answers it.

NOC (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Yes, sir. No can do, sir.  
I said, no... sir. Yes, sir, I read  
you 5 by 5. I disagree, sir. This is  
not insubordination. What I am doing  
is disobeying a direct order. I should  
have disobeyed the last one... sir.

She disconnects, puts the SUV in gear, and tells Yazzy:

NOC (CONT'D)

You have no idea how brave your human  
daddy was, and what a great dog you're  
going to be.

Alyssa pulls into the driveway. Approaching swiftly, smoothly,  
from her rear, two dark sedans arrive, one pulling in behind  
her, the other blocking the driveway. Alyssa watches them in  
her car's rear view mirrors. Deals with it.

ALYSSA

(to Yazzy)

Don't bite them. They bite back.

BLACKOUT.