

The MacAbee  
by  
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FADE IN

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -DAY.

MACABEE and his mistress, APRIL, stride through the terminal towards the security checkpoint line. MacAbee slows down and sets his bags down to say his goodbyes.

APRIL  
This is different.

MACABEE  
What do you mean?

April puts her hand on MacAbee's arm.

APRIL  
It's the first time I've brought you here as, well, you know...not as your "assistant". I guess I've made "senior partner" now.

MacAbee stares blankly.

APRIL  
What's wrong?

MACABEE  
April...

APRIL  
She's gone, Mac. We don't have to pretend anymore. No hiding. We can just be us.

MACABEE  
I'm sorry April. I don't think I can do it anymore.

APRIL  
What?

MACABEE  
This...us...you...me...

APRIL  
What are you shittin' about, Mac? We've been together...ish for three years. Three years, Mac. I've waited, patiently, for three fucking years. And now, when we can finally be together, for real, you

(MORE)

APRIL (cont'd)  
can't do it anymore? What the fuck  
does that mean?

MACABEE  
She's dead, April.

APRIL  
Yes, and excuse my fucking callous  
nature and all, but that really  
works for me. I mean, I'm sorry  
that she died and everything, but  
you were never going to leave that  
bitch. And don't you fucking dare  
give me that look. You've called  
her that since the first day we  
met.

MACABEE  
It's over, April. I'm sorry.  
(Pause)  
Do you need a hug?

April throws a wild punch that manages to connect with  
MacAbee's nose.

APRIL  
Fuck you, John Fucking MacAbee.  
Fuck you and your dead fucking  
wife. I hope you get fucking blown  
to shite by a suicide bomber.

Airport security, noticeably roused by the outburst, comes  
to diffuse the situation. Two guards tentatively grasp each  
of her arms.

SECURITY GUARD  
Is everything alright, ma'am?

MACABEE  
(Bleeding from the nose.)  
She's just a little tense about my  
travel plans.

APRIL  
I told him I was carrying our first  
child...and he told me to get an  
abortion. You unbelievable fucker!

April wriggles out of the grasp of the guards, jumps at  
MacAbee, and bites down on his hand as he tries to fend her  
off. The guards lurch forward to pull her away.

SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am. Ma'am, please. You've got to stop. Ma'am.

The guards finally pull her away as she continues to struggle.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)

Take her to holding, please.

They lead her away.

APRIL

You're a fucking shite-eatin' arse, Mac. Let me go. I need to kick his arse. Let me go. Arsehole.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir, are you alright? Here, you're bleeding.

The security guard hands MacAbee a handkerchief. He takes it and blots his nose.

MACABEE

I'm fine. Thanks. Really, I'll be fine.

SECURITY GUARD

Do you want to press charges against her? We'll hold her for a while anyway, but you got to let me know if you want me to file with the local authorities.

MACABEE

No. No, that won't be necessary, thank you. Just let her cool off. I've got a flight to catch.

SECURITY GUARD

Right you are then, sir. You can keep the handkerchief.

MACABEE

Thanks.

MacAbee wipes the vestiges of blood from his face, neatly folds and pockets the handkerchief, picks up his bag and heads back to the security line.

BYSTANDER

Crazy bitch, that one, eh? Wife?  
Girlfriend?

MACABEE

Sorry, what was that?

BYSTANDER

Your lady friend...packs a mean  
punch, that one.

MACABEE

Oh yes. She's my, uh,  
bodyguard...or was, rather.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE -DAY

MacAbee strides purposefully down the concourse towards his gate. He is recognized by an old friend, HARRY.

HARRY

Mac? Is that you? In a bit of a  
hurry there, are you?

MACABEE

Ah, Harry. Yes, I've got a plane.  
To catch.

HARRY

Right, right. Don't we all? Mac, I  
must tell you how terribly sorry we  
are to hear about your dear Mary.  
You must be so devastated.

MACABEE

Yes. I must be. Thank you for your  
concern.

MacAbee attempts to convey his eagerness to continue his journey down the concourse. Harry fails to comprehend the message.

HARRY

So, Mac. What exotic locale calls  
you out of your mourning so soon?

MACABEE

What's that?

HARRY

You can't possibly be running about  
doing your business already. It's

(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)  
been, what, a week since the  
accident? Wasn't the service just  
Friday?

MACABEE  
Saturday.

HARRY  
Right. So, you see my point.

MACABEE  
Business doesn't stop for death,  
Harry. Life goes on.

HARRY  
Right. Of course. So, where does  
business take you now then, Mac?

MACABEE  
Jerusalem.

HARRY  
Ah, the Jerusalem job. Our firm, of  
course, was invited to bid, but we,  
uh, went in another direction.

MACABEE  
Yes, of course you did.

HARRY  
So, do you think you can let an old  
friend in on the hush-hush, then?

MACABEE  
Not even if I could, Harry. But  
that's a...well, no, it's not even  
a very clever attempt at all, is  
it?

HARRY  
No. I suppose it wasn't.  
Still...Jerusalem? Not exactly the  
safest, or sanest, place to go  
about your business, is it?  
Especially what with the Cup going  
on and all.

MACABEE  
Harry, I really have to get to my  
gate. Maybe you'll be a bit more on  
the ball for your next bid, then?  
Wait. Did you say "Cup"?

HARRY

Aye, that I did. The Handball Cup?  
I believe the first match is  
tomorrow.

MACABEE

In Jerusalem?

HARRY

Aye, of course, Mac. I know your  
wife just died, but don't you read  
the sporting pages or watch the  
tele at all?

MACABEE

Right. Handball Cup. Worlds?

HARRY

Aye. Be sure to cheer on the Tryst  
'77 boys for me, won't you?

MACABEE

Right.

HARRY

Don't you have a plane to catch,  
Mac?

MACABEE

Right you are, Harry. Can't stop  
for business.

HARRY

So it kindly stops for me. Best of  
luck to you, Mac. Let some of the  
other boys have a chance next time  
will you?

MACABEE

Over my dead body, Harry.

HARRY

Likely, Mac. Very likely.

MacAbee lurches down the concourse as Harry waves.

INT. AIRPLANE -NIGHT

MacAbee pours over drawings and figures for his latest  
project. Something seems to be missing, which draws out his  
frustrations. Suddenly, a handball crashes into the middle  
of his work, spilling his drink.

MACABEE

Shiiite.

(To no one in particular.)

What is wrong with you people?

VOICE FROM SEVERAL ROWS BACK

Sorry, mate.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT quickly takes the ball from MacAbee and tosses it gently back to the handball team towards the back of the plane.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sorry about that, sir. The boys are bit excited about the Cup. Are you a fan?

MACABEE

A fan of spilled drinks? Not bloody likely, miss.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Ah, right, Sir. Let me tidy that up for you, then.

The Flight Attendant wipes up the mess and tries to tidy up some of MacAbee's papers that fell to the floor.

MACABEE

Yes, that is your job isn't it?  
Glad we can keep you in your labors.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yes, sir. Will you be needing anything else, then?

MACABEE

I don't suppose you have the answer anywhere in that pile your holding, do you?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

The answer, sir? I'm afraid I don't--

MACABEE

No, of course you don't. Perhaps you could do me the favor of playing some better defense then? I can't very well play goalie while I'm looking for the answer myself, can I?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Right, sir.

The Flight Attendant curtly walks away as MacAbee gathers up his pages and tries to reorganize them. An OLD DUDE, sitting in the window seat next to MacAbee, leans over.

OLD DUDE

Not a fan, eh?

MACABEE

Of bad service? Not so much.

OLD DUDE

Of handball, I mean. You know, the Cup starts this week.

MACABEE

So I've heard.

OLD DUDE

Big stakes. The whole world will be watching. Do you have a favorite?

MACABEE

Didn't we already assume that I wasn't a fan?

OLD DUDE

Still...Everyone should have a favorite.

MACABEE

O.k., I'll play along. Who do you favor?

OLD DUDE

Oh, I love them all. I certainly couldn't pick one. That just wouldn't be fair, would it?

MACABEE

I thought you said that everyone should have a favorite. I mean, there are winners and losers, aren't there. You should be able to jump for joy in your team's victory, or share the agony of their defeat.

OLD DUDE

Oh, yes, of course. That is what it's all about. Certainly a better way than war, don't you agree?

MACABEE

Uh, yes. I suppose it is.

OLD DUDE

I just love them all. I share the ecstasy of all their victories and the grief of each and every loss.

MACABEE

You must be true fan of the games then.

OLD DUDE

Of the game, yes. And the players. And the supporters. Even those that choose not to participate.

MACABEE

Right.

MacAbee continues to shuffle and reshuffle his papers, distractedly looking for some answers. The Old Dude reflects on his cup of tea.

OLD DUDE

So, you're not going to the Old City for fun, then?

MACABEE

Sorry?

OLD DUDE

What brings you to Jerusalem? The Stations of the Cross? The Wailing Wall?

MACABEE

Business.

OLD DUDE

Right. Right. You're an architect, right?

MACABEE

Uh, yes. How did you know?

OLD DUDE

I could tell from your papers. It looks like a very important project. Do you mind if I inquire?

MACABEE

I don't mind at all, but I'm afraid you might know as much about it as I do. It's, uh, a very top secret government project. To be honest, I'm not entirely sure what we're supposed to be building... or even where, for that matter.

OLD DUDE

Really? You don't need to review site plans, or figure in the grading, or the environment? How it fits in aesthetically with any neighbors? Do you even understand the purpose of what you do?

MACABEE

Uh, well...Normally, I suppose, you would, or rather I, would be right to ponder such intricacies. You've some architectural background?

OLD DUDE

Sure, sure. Let's just say that I've seen men doing their best to reach the heavens, you know?

MACABEE

Right. I suppose that is the ideal goal of the architect isn't it--to build the Tower of Babel?

OLD DUDE

You do try, don't you? To get closer to your God?

MACABEE

I guess so. Or maybe to show everyone that he isn't there at all, perhaps.

OLD DUDE

Ah, right. But if you got to Heaven, and it was empty, how could you be sure that God wasn't just out enjoying a morning stroll or catching a handball match at the pub or something?

MACABEE

Right. Right. I suppose that's the mystery, isn't it?

OLD DUDE

So what about your tower, then?

MACABEE

Oh, well, it's not terribly uncommon to know exactly what I need to know and nothing more.

OLD DUDE

So, you just do your part without questions? How do you know if you're doing the right thing?

MACABEE

Well, there's parameters, and a bid process. I just provide them with what they need and then it's usually out of my hands. In fact, I'm usually just hanging around for hours at a time in my hotel room, just in case they have any questions. Not really so much a glamorous life, you know?

OLD DUDE

But how can you design a building without understanding its purpose? Doesn't the form follow the function?

MACABEE

Of course, and I suppose, if I was clever enough, I could probably figure out the finished project from carefully examining my own part and extrapolating out from there. However, from my experience, it's usually best just to give the client what they want, and not really worry so much about what they need.

A few rows back, a small ruckus grows between an Arabic-speaking passenger and the flight attendants. The passenger is obviously nervous, and the attendants and fellow passengers are trying to subdue his panic. The Old Dude raises his hand to pause his conversation with MacAbee.

OLD DUDE

Excuse me, please. I think I can help them.

MacAbee stands up to let the Old Dude out and watches him as he walks back to the panicked passenger. The Old Dude lays a hand on the back of each of the harried flight attendants, who immediately back up and allow him to address the passenger directly.

The Old Dude bends down and gently speaks to the passenger in a language that the passenger seems to understand.

The passenger appears to trust the Old Dude and slowly calms down. The Old Dude puts out his hand, and the passenger pulls a pen out of his pocket and puts it into the Old Dude's hand.

The Old Dude places his other hand on the passenger's face, which appears to cause the passenger to fall into a deep and immediate slumber.

The Old Dude places the pen into his own pocket, straightens up, and says something to the flight attendants and the surrounding passengers.

They all go back to their own business, and the Old Dude ambles back to his row.

MACABEE

That's quite a gift you have there.  
What seemed to be the problem?

OLD DUDE

Just a bit upset about something or  
other I suppose.

The Old Dude slides past MacAbee and they both sit down.

MACABEE

So, you have a gift for languages  
as well, do you? And psychology?  
Hypnotism, perhaps?

OLD DUDE

It's a gift and a curse.

MACABEE

I see. Well, you saved the day,  
didn't you? At least for those  
attendants.

OLD DUDE

You can't save them all. But I do  
what I can. Sometimes you just have  
to intervene. Tempt the fates, you  
understand.

MACABEE

Ah, sure.  
So, you wouldn't happen to want to tempt the fates a bit to help my figures meet up, would you?

OLD DUDE

Some fates are meant to remain untempted, my friend.

MACABEE

Right. I suppose you're right there.  
Well, I should really get back to my work, then. If you don't mind.

OLD DUDE

Sure, sure. Don't let an old man get in the way of progress. I'm sure you'll find exactly what you're looking for.

MACABEE

Oh, thank you, then. Uh, and you be sure to let me know if the light is bothering you are anything, yes?

OLD DUDE

The light shows the way.

MACABEE

Right. So then...

The Old Dude drifts into slumber, and MacAbee goes back to his examinations.

INT. AIRPLANE -DAY

The flight attendant wakes MacAbee up.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, we've arrived in Jerusalem. I hope you had a pleasant flight.

MacAbee awakes, stretches his arms, and scans the otherwise empty cabin. He shoots a quick look to the window seat, expecting to see the Old Dude.

MACABEE

Excuse me, Miss. The older gentleman that was sitting here, did you happen to get his name?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I'm sorry, sir. We can't give out that information.

MACABEE

Right. I understand.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I think, however, that he may have left you a note.

The flight attendant points to MacAbee's neatly stacked pile of papers. Scribbled on the first page is a note saying, "John, always remember, form follows function. Know your function. See page 5."

MacAbee flips to the fifth page and sees a circle drawn around a figure with a pointer. He ponders the meaning of this for a moment and then puts the papers away in his computer case.

He then retrieves his other bag from the overhead compartment and deplanes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -DAY

MacAbee sits at the conference table, barely paying attention to the current speaker.

ENGINEER

...So, as you can see from these figures, the buffer will allow us to handle any complications that may arise with ample time without adjusting the main, uh, project timeframe.

(Pause)

Are there any questions?

After a few uneasy moments of restlessness, the project lead, FARUZ, stands and addresses the room.

FARUZ

Ladies and gentlemen, I think this would be an excellent opportunity for us to take a short break, catch our breath, and reinvigorate these proceedings. I will expect you all to return in, let us say, one half hour. Thank you.

The attendees jump from their seats and begin to mill out towards the exits. SAM FJELLSON approaches MacAbee just before the exit the room.

SAM

Mac, my old high-security,  
prefabricated building architect  
friend, how the fuck are you?

MACABEE

Sam, always a pleasure.

MacAbee holds out a hand. Sam ignores the gesture and locks MacAbee in a robust bear hug. With a few hearty back slaps for extra measure.

SAM

A fucking pleasure, you certainly  
mean to say, yes?

MACABEE

Of fucking course, mate.

SAM

What do you say you and me cut out  
of this fucking nappy-naptime and  
get a drink across the road from  
here, yes?

MACABEE

Perhaps we can find a waitress to  
fuck?

SAM

Now you are the one who is doing  
the fucking talking. Let's go while  
we still have some fucking balls,  
yes?

MACABEE

Lead the fucking way my friend.

Sam and MacAbee leave the room with purpose.

INT. HOTEL BAR -NIGHT

Sam and MacAbee sit at a cocktail table with their ties loosened and shirts untucked. They are obviously inebriated. MacAbee grabs a passing cocktail waitress.

MACABEE

Excuse me, lassie. Another wee dram of that Macallan for my fucking friend here. Oh, and maybe two more for me.

SAM

Jesus Monte Fucking Christo, my friend. You Scots really know how to run a project meeting, do you not?

MACABEE

That we do, Sam. That we fucking do right.

SAM

You should be project leader--not that fucking Arab-Jew weasel, Fuckkruz.

MACABEE

Careful, careful now, mate. You never know when the wrong terrorist is sitting in the next booth with his tinger on the figger. Tinger on the figger?

The men share a laugh far heartier than the inherent humor in the malapropism would soberly suggest.

SAM

Seriously though, fucking seriously, I mean. Do you have any fucking idea what we are building here? Have you heard one fucker in that room all day that had any fucking idea what they were talking about? I mean, what is the fuck, right?

MACABEE

The fuck it is, is right. It's like those asshole blind fucks trying to describe the elephant, right? The guy holding the trunk thinks he has a snake. The guy at the leg thinks he has a tree...and then you've got that other guy...

SAM

The one sucking the elephant's gigantic fucking cock?

MACABEE

Yeah, that'd be Faruz, am I fucking right?

SAM

Seriously though Mac. Have you ever been this close to starting a project where you have no idea of purpose or place or anything? You don't think it's a bit fucking mysterious? We're in fucking Jerusalem. For all we know, we could be building a giant internment camp for all the fucking Palestines in Israel.

MACABEE

Maybe you should say that a bit louder then, mate. I don't think Abdul the camel-seller down the street heard about your secret plan.

Seemingly out of nowhere, Faruz suddenly appears in front of MacAbee and Sam.

FARUZ

Mr. MacAbee. Mr. Fjellson. I assume that you are finding Jerusalem hospitable?

MACABEE

Mr. Faruz. What a pleasant surprise. Sam and I were just talking about your little project. It seems a bit mysterious to us. Perhaps you could shed some light for us.

FARUZ

I am afraid that is simply out of the question, gentlemen. Suffice it to say that you should both be very honored to be selected to work on this very important and prestigious building project. I should not hesitate to say that it will be the keystone of all of our careers.

Sam and MacAbee shoot each other knowing looks.

SAM

Right then. I am afraid Mr. Faruz, that I've got to go have the keystone piss of my career right now in the mens' room. Perhaps you could help facilitate it? No. Your loss, of course.

Sam heads to the bathroom.

FARUZ

Mr. MacAbee, I know you to be a much more serious individual than Mr. Fjellson. I am afraid that he is invited to these types of projects solely based on the fact that his company provides the only high-security, rapidly-deployable sewage treatment facilities in the entire world.

MACABEE

Right. And he can't hold his piss either.

FARUZ

Mr. MacAbee, while I cannot tell you the ultimate goal of our project, I would strongly urge you to take advantage of all this ancient city has to offer. Please take the time that you have here before our deployment to see the temples, watch the people, feel the soil. Your understanding of what Jerusalem is all about will be key to your understanding in your own place in the unfolding of this momentous erection.

MACABEE

Form follows function then, is it? Know my purpose?

FARUZ

I wish that I could impart more of the larger picture to you, Mr. MacAbee. I am a great admirer of your work, and I am very excited that you have been chosen.

MACABEE

Well, Mr. Faruz, I appreciate your admiration, and I well understand your client's need for secrecy. No one likes to be left in the dark though, you know?

FARUZ

And no one shall. Once we have finished, there will be only light for us all. Only light, Mr. MacAbee.  
I bid you a good night. Please see to it that Mr. Fjellson finds his proper room. Thank you.

Faruz leaves as MacAbee stares wistfully at his drink.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -DAY

MacAbee sits in his bed, going over notes from his project team meetings. As he peruses, he unknowingly circles every seventh word of the report. In the background, a television news report can be heard, but MacAbee does not pay attention.

MIELA

(On the television.)

As you can see from these crowds, today's matches are shaping up to be a virtual powder keg of passion and team spirit. We asked a few of these super-supporters what kind of food they'd be preparing for their World Cup parties.

FAN

(On television.)

Well, we've got Spam, of course, in honor of our star player, Mel Blakeney...and some Spam salad and Spam toast...and, uh, Spam--

MacAbee uses the remote to turn off the television, and then he puts down his report. He gets up to stretch and pace about the room for a few moments.

He seems to make a decision, throws on some pants, and leaves the room.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF HOTEL -DAY

As MacAbee walks out of the hotel lobby, international news network reporter, MIELA Tondra, approaches him, with a camera crew in tow.

MIELA

Excuse me, sir? Would you have a moment or two to tell us about your favorite handball player for I.N.N. news?

MacAbee considers keeping his head down and continuing, but is stopped by his admiration of the comely news reporter.

MACABEE

For you, miss...It is "Miss", is it not?

MIELA

I prefer, "Ms.", but yes, I am currently unmarried, if that matters.

MACABEE

Then by all means, investigate away.

MIELA

Right. O.k., boys, let's roll.

The camera crew readies their equipment and Miela straightens her hair and puts on her best cheery smile.

MIELA (cont'd)

(To the camera.)

On the Street Report, Part two,  
Take 1...

(To MacAbee)

Could you please state your name and nationality for our records?

MACABEE

John MacAbee, the Third, proud to be a Scot. What's your name, by the way?

MIELA

Cut.

Sir, please, allow me to ask the questions.

MACABEE

Yes, of course. Sorry.

MIELA

That's all right. On the Street Report, Part two, Take 2...

MACABEE

Wait, I know you. You're that World's Sexiest Reporter, aren't you? Miela Tondra, right?

MIELA

Cut. Yes, that is me, and this is me, trying to do my job. Could you please just hold off on the chitchat until we finish the interview?

MacAbee pantomimes zipping his mouth shut and then gestures for continuance.

MIELA (cont'd)

On the Street Report, Part two, Take 3...What player will you be most excited to see this week, sir?

MACABEE

Player?

MIELA

Your favorite handball player? In the Cup?

MACABEE

Oh, right, the handball cup. Not so much a fan, really.

MIELA

Not a fan?

(To crew)

Keep it rolling, guys, we'll change the flow.

Oh, then you must be here as a tourist? Has it been difficult to see the sights with all these throngs of handball fans choking the city?

MACABEE

Throngs, really? I was just about to do a bit of sightseeing.

MIELA

Do you think the festive atmosphere will ruin your chances to gain any spiritual enlightenment that you may have been looking forward to?

MACABEE

Actually, I'm here on business.

MIELA

Cut. That's it, boys. We'll catch the next one.

Thank you for your time, Mr. MacAbee. I wouldn't wait by the tele if I were you.

MACABEE

Sorry I wasn't a good interview. But I must say that it was a pleasure to have such a beautiful and charming woman accost me outside my hotel.

MIELA

Thanks. Actually, it was a nice change for me. I'm not sure I can handle another week of pretending to listen to these inane handball twats.

MACABEE

Let me make it up to you. Dinner perhaps?

MIELA

My dinner is whatever I can snarf down between live spots in the early evening slot.

MACABEE

Drinks then, as soon as you're done for the night?

MIELA

I really don't think--

MACABEE

The bar inside has a very strict "No Sporting Kits" dress-policy...

MIELA

(She sighs)

Yes, yes. All right. You seem harmless enough. And you're not a

(MORE)

MIELA (cont'd)  
 sports or religious nutball. I can  
 meet you at 8:37.

MACABEE  
 8:37 it is then. Good luck with the  
 gobs.

MIELA  
 Good luck to you with the  
 sightseeing.

MACABEE  
 I think I've already captured the  
 best sight I've seen all day, but  
 I'll try to endeavor. Farewell, Ms.  
 Tondra.

EXT. STREETS OF THE OLD CITY -DAY

Armed with a map and a bottle of water, MacAbee starts his  
 tour of the Old City at the Jaffa Gate.

JAFFA GATE

At the gate, he admires the stones that make up the Old City  
 wall.

As an architect, he notices the demarcation of the various  
 eras in which the wall was built. The shapes of the stones  
 turn in his mind and, in his head, he reconfigures them as  
 if solving a puzzle.

MacAbee heads on towards the Petra Hotel and climbs the  
 creaky wooden stairs to the roof.

PETRA HOTEL

From this vantage point, he can see the the Dome of the Rock  
 glowing in the center of the vista. As he peers off into the  
 past, a legion of ghosts appear to rise up from Mount of  
 Olives, just behind the dome.

They march in the air to stand victoriously on top of the  
 dome. While most of the ghosts appear to be biblical Jews,  
 they are led by a heroic Crusade warrior wearing a kilt and  
 tartan sash.

MacAbee's strange reverie is broken as he trips over one of  
 the dozens of lounging backpackers encamped in sleeping bags  
 on the roof. After he steadies himself, he looks back up to  
 the vista, but can't recall his vision.

MacAbee then travels through the Suq El Hussor and climbs up to the stone rooftop.

#### SUQ EL HUSSOR ROOFTOPS

From here, he can make out each of the four quarters of the city. The maze of TV antennas appears to come to life and sends visible signals directly to the dome, as if it were a not-yet-entirely formed beacon.

#### JEWISH QUARTER

He walks down another staircase into the Jewish Quarter, walking past the Hurva Synagogue, the Herodian Quarter, and to the ruinous Crusader Church of Saint Mary.

Walking through the basilica, he begins to hear Hava Nagila played on bagpipes. He follows the music down a great staircase that descends down to the Western Wall.

#### WESTERN WALL

The music stops, but as he gazes in wonder at the holy wall, its surface begins to fill with lines and figures and numbers. They come together, making shapes of sacred geometry, and then quickly dissolve.

He runs from his visions into the Temple Mount.

#### AL AQSA MOSQUE

As he passes Al Aqsa Mosque, the Dome of the Rock LURCHES into sight above him. As he runs his hands along the lavish exterior tiles, the math contained in their figures unlocks the covering and displays the holy rock within.

MacAbee takes his hands off the tile, and the dome SUDDENLY reappears.

He turns around to see his dead wife, MARY, covered in a sheer white burkah. She reaches out a hand towards him, but ROBERT THE BRUCE appears suddenly and RIPS her away towards the Christian Quarter.

#### CHRISTIAN QUARTER

MacAbee CHASES after them through the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the courtyard of Deir es-Sultan, ZIPPING past a lonely column at the end of a lane, and onto Suq Kan e-Zeit.

They RUN towards and then down El-Wad Road, LUNGE past the Damascus Gate, and through the Ecco Homo Convent of the Sisters of Zion.

Finally, they cross the street into a school courtyard where they seem to disappear into the past.

SCHOOL COURTYARD

Exhausted and confused, MacAbee collapses on some steps. The Old Dude, wearing a referee uniform, walks up to MacAbee and hands him a water bottle.

OLD DUDE

Looks like the Old City's gotten  
the best of you, my friend.

MACABEE

(Breathing hard and not  
entirely sure if the Old Dude  
is really there.)

Yes. It seems to have life of its  
own.

OLD DUDE

Oh, yes. You must be very careful  
not to forget when you are.

MACABEE

You mean where?

OLD DUDE

Whatever.

The Old Dude begins to walk away.

MACABEE

Wait. Are you?

The Old Dude turns around.

OLD DUDE

Late? Not yet, but I am expected  
shortly. Goodbye, my friend.

MacAbee watches the Old Dude walk away and wonders if he turns a corner or just disappears into the ancient city walls.

INT. HOTEL BAR -NIGHT

As Miela walks into the bar, MacAbee stands up and walks over to greet her.

MACABEE

Ms. Tondra, I was beginning to think I was being stood up.

Her pulls out a stool for her to sit on. She lays her bag on the seat and pulls out a different stool to sit one.

MIELA

Sorry, the traffic has been a bit unpredictable.

MACABEE

Aye, I think I was almost run over by a giant golden ox earlier.

MIELA

(With an unsure laugh)  
I wouldn't be surprised.

MACABEE

My God, you are a beautiful specimen of His creation, aren't you? You're an absolute vision, you know?

MIELA

Oh, thanks for thinking so. I thought you said you weren't religious.

MACABEE

After spending a day soaking up the history of this city, it's hard to hold dearly to your agnostic nature. I think I have a new found appreciate for the loonies with the visions, you know? You're not just a vision, are you?

MIELA

Well, I do play one on television.

They share a short laugh.

MACABEE

What can I get for the vision before me to drink?

MIELA

Gin and tonic.

MACABEE

You got it.

(Waving down a waitress)

The lady will have gin and tonic,  
please. Oh, and another Slivovitz  
for me--room temp this time,  
please.

MIELA

I figured you a single-malt man.

MACABEE

When in Rome, you know?

MIELA

I don't think even the locals drink  
much of that stuff. You know, most  
spirits can be certified.

MACABEE

I was trying to find a biblical  
honey wine or something, but they  
don't seem to carry it. Maybe I  
could just ask for a glass of water  
and change it myself.

MIELA

Ah, I think you might be getting a  
bit too carried away by the spirit.

MacAbee looks across the bar and sees Robert the Bruce  
looking back at him, raising a tumbler of whisky. MacAbee  
quickly looks away and the Bruce disappears.

MACABEE

Hmmm...maybe.

MIELA

So, did you get around to all the  
sights today?

MACABEE

I think I've seen enough, if that's  
what you mean.

MIELA

You said this morning that you were  
here on business. What sort of  
business brings you here in the  
middle of the World Cup?

MACABEE

A building.

MIELA

You're in construction, then?

MACABEE

I'm an architect. High-security, pre-fab designs.

MIELA

High-security? That would be a good focus to have around these parts, I would think. What exactly are you building? Something for the government?

MACABEE

I can't really say.

MIELA

Oh, top secret, hush hush. You don't want to have someone blow it up before it gets finished?

MACABEE

Well, yes. I mean it is top-secret. But I really mean that I'm absolutely incapable of describing what we're building. I know that sounds impossible, but there's just something about this project that I can't wrap my brain around.

MIELA

Well, I guess you'll have to wait around a few months then. To see what you've done.

MACABEE

No. No, I do believe that it'll all be done by the end of the week.

MIELA

Something small then?

MACABEE

Oh, no lassie. They don't pay me for small. From my best material estimates, I think it'll be the biggest structure in the Old City.

MIELA

In the Old City? Certainly we'd know something about a large construction project going on here. Especially during the tournament.

MACABEE

Yes, you'd think so, wouldn't you. I don't know how they going to pull it off, but all indications seem to suggest they'll get it up in one night. I imagine it'll be quite the sight.

MIELA

One night, eh? Sounds like a miracle.

MACABEE

Something is only impossible until someone does it.

MIELA

Ah, well. You know, I have to--

MacAbee spies a large gentleman in dark sunglasses sitting in the same spot that Robert the Bruce was sitting. He seems to be looking right at MacAbee.

MACABEE

(Suddenly standing to leave)  
Right. Early. Me too. Breakfast then. I insist. Maybe I can give you more of the story then?

MIELA

Hmm...we'll see. Than--

MACABEE

My pleasure. 9:00, in the lobby. I promise I'll make it worth your while.

MacAbee hurries out of the bar, throwing money on the table to pay for his tab. Miela watches him leave with a mixture of confusion and surprise.

MIELA

(To herself.)  
Right. Breakfast. Not likely.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -NIGHT

MacAbee rushes into his room, checking the hall behind him to see if he was followed. He closes the door and locks and re-locks each lock.

He jaunts to the window and closes the drapes.

MacAbee stops and ponders his next move. He runs to the nightstand, pulls out a Gideon's Bible, and heads to the bathroom.

With the bible laid out open on next to the sink, MacAbee uses a washcloth to thoroughly scrub his face and head.

He then takes off his shirt and scrubs his arms and torso.

He then removes his pants and boxers to scrub his groin area.

Finally he removes his socks and gently, but meticulously, washes his feet.

He takes his pile of worn clothes, carefully opens the window, and throws them out onto the street.

MacAbee returns to the bathroom and fills a glass of water and pours it over each of his hands three times.

He then grabs some shaving oil and anoints his forehead.

Back in the room, MacAbee stands at the foot of his bed with the bible in hand and mutters something while gesturing over the spread.

He removes the sheets, holds them up against the length of his body, and carefully folds them, and drapes them over a chair.

MacAbee roots around in the desk drawer, finds what he's looking for, picks up the sheets and heads into the bathroom.

He returns to the room, goes to the closet, and retrieves a tie.

He goes back into the bathroom and closes the door.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -DAY

Miela sits in a chair in the lobby. She looks over at the Concierge desk. A man dressed in sheets is waving his arms, SHOUTING at the guests as they hurriedly pass him by. Impatiently, Miela gets up and walks over to the front desk.

MIELA

Can I leave a message for a guest?

ATTENDANT

Do you know the room?

MIELA

I don't, but he's staying on the 10th floor.

(She looks toward the elevators with guests streaming in and out)

Christ, I'm going to be late.

The Attendant grabs a pen and sheet of paper.

ATTENDANT

O.k., what is his name?

MIELA

Robert MacAbee, the Third.

(She laughs.)

I don't know if he would've registered under the Third, but he has supposed to meet me here for breakfast, and I can't wait any longer.

ATTENDANT

Maccabee? The Maccabee?

MIELA

MacAbee, I believe is the pronunciation. Why do you say The MacAbee? He's not some celebrity, is he?

ATTENDANT

(Shrugging his shoulders)

Who can say, but he's making a name for himself over at the Concierge desk.

(Mimicking MacAbee)

I'm The MacAbee, and we will not be occupied--something like that. Why don't you speak to him yourself, maybe you can settle him down.

From a back office behind the counter, the hotel manager and two security guards walk out to the far side of the lobby.

ATTENDANT

Ah, never mind.

Miela shakes her head in disbelief and slowly walks over to the concierge desk.

CONCIERGE DESK

MacAbee is behind the concierge desk, dressed in bedsheets and hotel bath slippers. An elderly American couple approach the concierge desk.

WOMAN

Can you recommend a spot for dinner.

MAN

We'd rather not take a bus--if you know what I mean.

MACABEE

What are you really hungry for?

MAN

Umm..I could really murder a steak, or pork chops and scrambled eggs.

WOMAN

Shh. Honey, don't say pork! You'll offend these people.

MacAbee holds out his arms as if calling for silence.

MACABEE

Yes, we're all hungry. Take me, for what am I but a sacrifice for my people. My blood will fill your cup. My flesh is the host, and you, dear friends, are my children.

The couple look at each other and take a step back from the desk.

MAN

Ya know, I'm thinking room service sounds good.

MACABEE

No retreat. Come with me into the real world. You won't find your

(MORE)

MACABEE (cont'd)  
 pork chops, but you'll dine with  
 the King, and your insides will be  
 fortified with a vengeance that  
 will radiate throughout your soul.

(Loudly)

We will not be occupied. God has  
 touched my shoulder with his sword.  
 Faith will be tested, and I shall  
 smite my enemies and reward those  
 who follow.

As the couple walk off toward the elevator, waving  
 nervously, the hotel desk manager and guards wrestle MacAbee  
 to the ground.

MACABEE (cont'd)  
 Fasting. That's the thing. Purify  
 yourself. Thy body is a vessel that  
 must be broken to be filled again.

MacAbee wriggles free and gets down on both knees in the  
 middle of the lobby. Miela stands off to the side, her hand  
 over her mouth in disbelief.

MIELA

I know him.

(Walking up to MacAbee and  
 bending down)

Mac? What are you doing. I don't  
 understand.

MACABEE

(Arms aloft, speaking to the  
 ceiling)

God, give me the strength to make  
 good the promise of freedom for my  
 people. Give me the righteous ax to  
 chop down those who would destroy  
 our land, defile our women, and  
 cast us into poverty.

Two security guards lift MacAbee from the floor and march  
 him outside.

MACABEE

(Yelling as he struggles  
 hopelessly with the guards)

We will not be occupied. We will  
 take back that which is ours --that  
 which god have us. We will not be  
 occupied. Let me testify. Tell your  
 king that others will follow. I  
 will lead them to freedom.

EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL -DAY

MacAbee sees a bus pulling away from the curb and runs after it.

MACABEE

My legions. Where can you go that  
wouldn't lead you back to me?

He flags down a cab and jumps in. As the cab begins to pull away, Miela runs after it. The hotel manager has followed her out onto the sidewalk. She slaps the cab window, whereupon MacAbee rolls down the window.

MACABEE (cont'd)

My legions wait for me. Here they  
call them teams. Funny, huh? Team  
MacAbee.

The cab pulls out into traffic.

MIELA

(Out of breath)

I don't understand it. What  
happened to him? I must be  
dreaming.

The hotel manager approaches her from behind. He's laughing.

MANAGER

Two, three times a weeks we see  
this. With the tournament, and all  
this end of the world nonsense,  
they fall hard.

MIELA

He's an architect. From Scotland.  
We had drinks last night. What the  
fuck happened?

MANAGER

Don't worry. It's the Syndrome. You  
know, the religious fervor of the  
place. It gets to some people. They  
lose their minds, think they're  
some kind of prophet. And I'm  
usually out a perfectly good set of  
linens.

Miela stands in disbelief.

MANAGER (cont'd)

It's o.k., yes? Once he gets out of this place, he'll regain his mind.

(Pausing)

Of course, first you have to leave.

Miela slowly turns to him, her mouth open, still in disbelief.

MANAGER (cont'd)

What?

(Shrugging)

It's Jerusalem, what did you expect?

INT. CAB -DAY

Klezmer music plays loudly. The cabbie looks over his shoulder, shakes his head knowingly.

CABBIE

So you want to go directly to the Western Wall, or should I take you to the police to save you the trouble?

MACABEE

Lead on. My army is in hiding--you know where.

He looks out the window, nervously.

CABBIE

Sure thing, Pal. But just for the heck of it, let me ask you two questions. Don't be offended, but every time I pickup a passenger swathed in robes, I usually need to get a few things straight.

MACABEE

Of course, you want to know it's really me.

(Clapping his hands together)

Straight to Royal Scots Guard headquarters.

CABBIE

Not the first question I was going to ask, but o.k. A destination is always good. Here goes the big question. Are you carrying any cash?

MACABEE

Cash? Good sir, I've thrown down my earthly lendings. I suggest you do the same.

EXT. STREET -DAY

The cab makes a sudden stop. MacAbee steps out onto the busy street. He's weaving between cars.

MACABEE

Treason! Oh fie, does anyone know the way to the MacAbee fortress?

EXT. THE HILLS OF EIN KAREM -DAY

MacAbee is walking the hillside above the Team Maccabee handball complex. A group of small children follow close behind, throwing pebbles at MacAbee.

MACABEE

We were feared once. The Romans built a wall to keep us out. Can you imagine?

He faces the kids, pebbles rain down on him.

MACABEE (cont'd)

The Romans would crucify leopards in Carthage. Emperors killing senators. Pompeii's arms burned alive for treason. But would they come to Scotland? Not on your fookin' life. We're the chosen people. Don't forget it!

BOY

Everyone knows Jews are the chosen ones.

The boy throws a rock.

MACABEE

O.k., then. Do you know the story of William Wallace? The rise of the Bruce? How he lay in hiding, and was betrayed by those closest to him.

FLASHBACK

INT. ANCIENT SCOTTISH CAVE -DAY

Tallow candles burn. ROBERT THE BRUCE lays in hiding with his lover. He's sitting on a stone stool shaking his head, while his lover, MacAbee's dead wife, MARY, walks in circles around him.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

I cannae understan eet? Ye've been fookin dat right cunt MacAbee behin' me back? Are ye fookin' mad, lassie? I'll be king. Yee'd be me queen by rights, ye naff twat.

He throws his goblet against the wall.

MARY

I get lonely. Face it Rab, all your strength, all your love, goes to Scotland. She's your true love.

Robert the Bruce stands up.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

Right, nae the fookin' savior himself shall take me lass. He's a fookin' dead man. An yew shall be queen, ere ye be as dead as yer fookin' John.

He makes to leave, then turns to her before walking out.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

A fookin' cuckold? I cannae believe it. I'm a Bruce.

(Starting to cry)

This donae 'appen to a Bruce!

(Falling on his knees)

Ah, look wa' ye done. I cannae face me men like this.

EXT. ANCIENT SCOTTISH CAVE OPENING -DAY

Two English guards are talking. They hear the yelling and walk into the cave, brandishing swords.

GUARD 1

Right, what's all this, then?

ROBERT THE BRUCE

I'm crushed, cannae ye see it? Look at tha treacherous face.

He points to his lover.

MARY

Let it go, Rab. We don't want to  
create gossip for the bad guys.

She nods her head in the direction of the guards.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

It's THE FOOKIN BRUCE. My country  
can get it right, why not you? A  
fookin' cuckold! This donnae happen  
to The Bruce.

MARY

Ah, Christ! The Bruce, The Robert,  
The Asshole. Whoever you think you  
are. Why not Rab? Why not him?  
Whatever happened to the Robert who  
I first fell in love with? Oh,  
laddie, you've changed.

GUARD 1

(To Guard 2)

Did he say cuckold, then?

ROBERT THE BRUCE

Robert the Bruce, I am. The Bruce,  
to you. I'm Mr. The Bruce, Robert  
The Bleedin' Hearted. Broken by a  
nae count country whore.

Mary THROWS a candle at the Bruce, then grabs a book and  
throws that at him. She straddles him and PUMMELS his head  
with a candlestick. His forehead bleeds.

MARY

Never, ever, call me a whore. You  
want to be king of the land, eh?  
Try being king of the bedroom  
first.

The Bruce struggles to his feet, but falls down to his knees  
again.

GUARD 2

(to Guard 1)

Aye, cuckold it is then. We'd  
better grab the wench, eh?

GUARD 1

Christ, I almost feel sorry for the  
guy.

GUARD 2

Cuckold.  
Cock hold! Get it? Brilliant.

GUARD 1

Right. As in he'll only have his  
cock to hold from now on.

(Laughing)

I can't wait to tell the  
Magistrate.

GUARD 1 (cont'd)

Grab the dumb twat. She'll be  
justly rewarded for this.

They grab Mary by the arms and drag her out of the cave.

GUARD 2

Cock hold.  
(laughing)  
Now, that's fookin' funny.

Robert the Bruce staggers to his feet, swinging at the air.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

MacAbee!

FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. HILLS OF EIN KAREM -DAY

MacAbee is jostled out of his reverie by a stone that hits  
him on the side of the head. The crowd of children has grown  
to include some Muslims walking home from school.

MACABEE

Hey. O.k., o.k. I get it now. We're  
all God's children, and we all want  
freedom.

The children stop throwing rocks.

MACABEE

You have your tribes. Mine is down  
there.

(Pointing to the handball  
complex)

But we can band together. I mean  
really. Let he who hasn't fucked up  
throw the first stone.

Rocks rain down on MacAbee. The kids laugh.

MACABEE (cont'd)

Exactly! See how happy you are, you crazy kids. Living in harmony. One country. One people.

ISRAELI KID 1

But they want to kill us.

He gestures to a small Muslim boy holding a backpack.

MUSLIM KID 1

Hey, don't talk to my brother that way.

ISRAELI KID 1

Or what? You gonna kill me? See, I told you.

MUSLIM KID 1

I'm gonna kill you if you don't take back what you said.

He throws a rock at the Israeli boy.

ISRAELI KID 2

Hey, he's my cousin. You can't do that!

He throws a rock at the Muslim boy, whereupon all the boys grab rocks and throw them at each other

MACABEE

(Holding arms aloft)

No, no. I don't want this. Throw them at me if you must, but not at each other. We must be a team. I am the sacrifice.

MUSLIM KID 2

Get the weirdo. He's trespassing, anyway.

All kids cheer and begin throwing rocks at MacAbee again.

MACABEE

(Bleeding from his nose and forehead, smiling)

Yes, my children. I'm the sacrifice. But, please. Small rocks only. After all, I need to make a grand entrance if I'm to lead my clan again.

A large rock catches him on the side of the head, knocking him down.

MACABEE

Hey, you little pricks. I said small rocks!

ISRAELI KID 1

C'mon guys. Let's get these bricks.

Both groups of boys cheer and run over to pile of bricks in an abandoned construction site.

MACABEE

Yes, my sons. Work together.  
Freedom is coming, and you shall  
lead the way. You are the light,  
and out of the darkness comes...

The kids, brandishing bricks, run at him.

MACABEE

Well, you get the idea.

MacAbee starts to sprint with the kids in pursuit. He trips over a root and tumbles down the hill. The kids stand dejectedly on the edge of the steep incline. They all drop their bricks. They look at each other in silence.

MUSLIM KID 1

5 on 5 Handball?

ISRAELI KID 1

Yeah, but your brother's on our team.

EXT. BOTTOM OF A RAVINE -NIGHT

MacAbee lays unconscious. Team Maccabee, a group of men dressed in yellow and blue track suits, stand over him.

HERTZ

Hezbollah?

MENDEL

Nah, goy. Dead goy.

MacAbee groans.

MENDEL

Meshuggenah, at least.

Mendel bends down to MacAbee.

HERTZ

Hey, Americano. You alright?

MacAbee pushes himself up onto his elbows.

HERTZ (cont'd)

What happened to your face?

MacAbee pats his face as if to make sure it's still there.

MACABEE

I'm a Scot.

HERTZ

You're a mascot?

MACABEE

I'm THE Scot. The chosen one to lead the MacAbees to victory.

(He stands up slowly, brushing the dirt off his legs.)

I was looking for my clan, and...

(Pauses)

Is there blood all over my face?

MENDEL

You're one scary fucking goy mascot, that's for sure. You got a name?

MACABEE

I am the son of a cursed name, come to deliver on my legacy. I'm the MacAbee.

The players laugh nervously.

HERTZ

Maccabee? Did I hear that right, goy. You said Maccabee?

MACABEE

I'm the MacAbee. It's pronounced MacAbee.

(Touching his forehead.)

Bloodied but unbowed.

ALBIE

It's a sign. He's the one. It's fate. We will win the championship.

He turns to the other players, who nod skeptically.

HERTZ

(To Albie)

With you, it's always some portentous thing. The car bomb under our bus, the fatted calf.

MENDEL

Yeah, what fucking kind of Jew puts a bomb under his own car?

ALBIE

Reverse talismans. I told you why. I'm not going down like the 2008 team. We agreed, right? Fuck the law of Moses. We have the law of Murphy. Has it done us wrong so far? We're in the semis right?

MacAbee falls down again, unconscious.

SETH

Albie's right. This has to mean something.

The players nod convincingly.

SETH

Since when do you stumble upon a bloodied mascot, named Maccabee.

MacAbee groans.

MACABEE

MacAbee. The Scot.

ALBIE

Maccabee the mascot. C'mon, if nothing else, we'll get the nightly human angle story.

The team shares glances and a communal shrug. They lift the semi-conscious MacAbee on their shoulders. They walk off toward the lights of town. They pass a billboard off the side of the highway, "Occupy this! 2012 Team Handball World Championship."

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE. -DAY

The PRESIDENT of the United States, Joseph Gold, is on the phone with Faruz.

PRESIDENT

So, how's our friend MacAbee coming along?

FARUZ

The sacred math, unicursal lines. Oh, it's a big glorious lightning rod for a grand finale.

PRESIDENT

Excellent. How much does he know?

FARUZ

I'm not sure he really wants to know. We've got the blueprints, we can start with your word.

PRESIDENT

Dispose of him.

FARUZ

Sir? I'm not sure I follow.

PRESIDENT

A little blood in the mortar? Mr. Faruz, this ship can't afford any loose lips.

FARUZ

Aren't we fairly confident that the, uh, planned events will take care of that for us? Rather convenient.

PRESIDENT

We can't trust God to attend to all our details. Car bomb, overdose, throw him out of his hotel window. I mean, gee whiz, you guys have food with names that sound like a fate worse than death. Just slip him some of that. See to it personally, o.k.?

(Pause)

Good. Shalom, and all that jazz.

He hangs up the phone and walks over to the stereo. Scrolling through a pink iPod Nano, he selects a syrupy gospel song. Content, he walks back to his chair. He presses the button of his intercom.

PRESIDENT (cont'd)  
 Joey dear, could you send in, uh,  
 maybe a lobster...wrapped in...do  
 we have any maple-cured bacon? No,  
 I'm not worried about the calories,  
 and don't wake me for my morning  
 run. I'm so done with that.

INT. FARUZ'S OFFICE -NIGHT

Faruz hangs up the phone, behind him are two guards wearing the red track suits of the Albanian national handball team. Faruz stares straight ahead out of his picture window at the Dome of the Rock.

FARUZ  
 Bring me the head of MacAbee.  
 (Turning around)  
 Figuratively, I mean.

The two guards look at each other, confused.

FARUZ (cont'd)  
 His figurative head. Literally  
 dead.  
 (Silence)  
 What I'm trying to say is, yes, by  
 all means kill MacAbee, but don't  
 bring me his head, truly. It's a  
 figure of speech. Got it?  
 (Silence)  
 O.k.  
 (Waving his hands)  
 Let's start over.

INT. A NEARLY EMPTY KLEZMER CLUB -NIGHT

Team Maccabee are sitting at a table having drinks. MacAbee sits with them, weary and fading in and out of consciousness.

MENDEL  
 ESPN has us finishing in second  
 division. Can you believe that  
 shit?

ALBIE  
 (Shrugging)  
 We're God's chosen people;  
 therefore, we're...hang on..  
 (Leaning over and throwing up  
 in his yarmulke)

We're God's chosen team.

MACABEE

Where am I? Hast God forsaken me?

ALBIE

Let's raise a glass to our mascot.

The players start singing a Yiddish fighting song, pounding their glasses in time.

MENDEL

(Drunk, hanging his arm over  
MacAbee's shoulder, leaning  
close)

I had you all wrong. We're gonna  
win this thing, this is our year,  
you'll see. But, tell me  
Maccabee...

MACABEE

It's MacAbee. The MacAbee.

MENDEL

Our Maccabee.

(Squeezing MacAbee's shoulder)  
But listen, we need to work on your  
routine. Can you do one of those  
trampoline things? You know,  
somersaults, juggling hand balls?

MACABEE

My message must be heard. We'll  
have our day. True. We will not be  
ruled by any false king. Can no one  
here play the bagpipes?

LYDIA, the team sponsor and owner of the club, joins the players at the table.

LYDIA

How are my Libyan-ass-kicking  
motherfucking Jew boys?

High-fives all around.

ALBIE

Lydia, meet our number one fan.  
He's our new mascot. He IS  
Maccabee.

MacAbee waves his hand weakly, too tired to correct the pronunciation

LYDIA

Looks like he's got Jerusyn.

(Making a crazy sign, circling  
her ear with her finger)

Anyway. Mascot you say?

(Taking a seat next to  
MacAbee)

Maccabee, listen. I'm the sponsor,  
see? Those uniforms, the bus, even  
the bomb they've got under the bus,  
I paid for that.

MACABEE

We need to go into hiding. King  
Richard has designs on my men.

(Touching his head)

Am I still bleeding?

LYDIA

(Laughing)

You're alright, crazy goy. Listen,  
we could use a mascot for some  
corporate parties once we've won  
this thing, eh? You do think we'll  
win, don't you.

MACABEE

This time, the MacAbee will not  
fail. We will seize the gauntlet,  
and smash it down in front of the  
enemy.

LYDIA

Great idea? Hey, Seth baby, work in  
the gauntlet thing into the  
half-time show. What's a friggin'  
gauntlet, anyway? No matter.

(Sitting on MacAbee's lap)

What are these, bedsheets? You'll  
need something a little more, I  
dunno, less tourist crazy, more  
ethnic crazy?

She daubs her napkin in a glass of water and wipes the dried  
blood from his cheek.

LYDIA

Like the blood, though. Very Sufi.

EXT. HOTEL -NIGHT.

A black van pulls up to MacAbee's hotel. Two men in dark sunglasses and red track suits jump out of the van and walk into the hotel lobby.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE MACABEE'S HOTEL ROOM -NIGHT

The two track-suited guards knock on the door.

LEMUEL

Who do you like in the semis?

SHADDROCK

Italia. They've got the serve advantage.

LEMUEL

Yeah? I like our odds.

Shaddrock shakes his head

SHADDROCK

You mean, your odds. Praise be to Allah, motherfucker.

He knocks loudly on the door. Behind them, Miela steps out into the hallway, wearing a bathrobe.

LEMUEL

Did you bring it?

He takes a turn to knock loudly.

SHADDROCK

No, I did not bring it. This one goes by the book, um...

Noticing Miela, he nudges Lemuel and nods his head in her direction.

SHADDROCK (cont'd)

(To Miela)

Our friend. He is sleeping off the drunk, we think.

MIELA

He's not home. I haven't seen him since this morning.

LEMUEL

You know the architect?

He looks at Shaddock and jerks his head toward Miela in a gesture that says "I've got her." He sprints down the hall, whereupon Miela runs inside her room and bolts the door. She stands inside, her back against the door as if to brace it against entry.

MIELA

Jesus, MacAbee.

(Smiling)

Who the fuck are you?

Lemuel attempts to pry open the door with a tire iron that he pulls from his pants leg. Meanwhile, Shaddock pulls out a large caliber handgun and blows a large hole where the doorknob to MacAbee's room used to be.

SHADDROCK

Never mind that. We'll get her later. Get over here.

Lemuel runs back down the hall laughing.

LEMUEL

Yah-fucking-veh! You would have make less noise with a bomb.

They both walk into the room. They look at the torn curtain and the bed with its missing fitted and top sheet.

SHADDROCK

Either the housekeeping is rotten in this dump, or our friend has bad case of Prophet-itis.

Lemuel picks up a Swiss Army knife and closes the blade.

LEMUEL

We'll find him at the Wall. They all end up there.

Shaddock's cell phone rings. He answers.

SHADDROCK

(To phone)

Wait a second. I thought you said you want him killed?

(Looking over to Lemuel and rolls his eyes)

Are we speaking figuratively, metaphorically, or spiritually? I

(MORE)

SHADDROCK (cont'd)  
 can't handle this cryptic-coptic  
 shit.

(Muffled sound of voice on  
 other line)

He didn't finish the design for the  
 spire? What do we need with a  
 fucking spire?

(Muffled voice becomes more  
 agitated)

Sacred lines, right...right. But  
 please listen to me, this doesn't  
 look good. It's looking like our  
 friend has fucked off in a new suit  
 of clothes made from hotel linen.  
 You got me?

(Nodding sarcastically,  
 looking over at Lemuel)

O.k., we'll figure it out.

He flips the phone shut and sits on the bed, shaking his  
 head.

LEMUEL

What? We're just calling it off?

Shaddock yanks the alarm clock off the nightstand and  
 throws it against the wall.

SHADDROCK

The fucking infidel didn't finish  
 the plans for the big cock. Every  
 line, even the curve of the fucking  
 toilet seat, must follow some  
 Pythagorean sacred math shit.

LEMUEL

Oy vey.

(Sitting down on the bed and  
 raising his hands in prayer)

Sweet Jehovah, just give us an  
 asteroid.

SHADDROCK

We've got to get him to reveal the  
 dimensions of the spire. Then we'll  
 hang the bastard by his bed sheet  
 --from the fucking spire.

LEMUEL

Figuratively speaking, of course.

INT. MIELA'S HOTEL ROOM -NIGHT

Miela sits on the edge of the bed, phone in hand.

MIELA

Yes, yes. He was fine last night,  
but now he's got it bad.

(Nodding her head)

Yes. The syndrome.

(Picking up an edge of her top  
sheet)

Now we're both marked.

While talking, she pulls the sheet off the bed and wraps her self up as if modeling a skirt.

MIELA (cont'd)

Yes, Max, I'll be careful. You'll  
see me at the arena, front and  
center.

(Unfurling the sheet and  
draping it over her head)

No, we wont let those fuckers at Al  
Jezeru break a good scoop before  
us.

(Yanking the fitted sheet from  
the bed)

I may be a little late, Max.

(Pause)

Listen, no one gives a shit for  
pre-game handball interviews. I  
don't care if it's the sport of the  
future. The audience is only  
interested in Jews against Muslims  
against Christians...whatever.  
Listen, Max. You'll get a story, I  
promise.

She hangs up the phone and walks over to the curtains. She  
rips them of the track.

EXT. WESTERN WALL -MORNING

Tourists fill the plaza, taking pictures of the dome.  
Proselytizers stand in booths and on makeshift lecterns on  
crates. Among them are several bed-sheet tourists suffering  
from Jerusalem Syndrome.

TOURIST-PROPHET 1

God on high is high. Most high. God  
head -that's what it's called -and  
tell me, brethren, why do you think  
they're called Head Shops? ZigZag?

(Waving his hands as if to  
dismiss any opinions to the  
contrary)

I know, I know. For years I scorned  
my smoking as a vice, but then I  
saw it.

(Clapping his hands together  
and falling to his knees in  
tears)

The face of Jesus.

TOURIST-PROPHET 2

(Holding up a Mayan calendar)

Jew, Christian, Muslim, Buddhist,  
Atheist, it doesn't matter. You  
think your religion can save you?  
The Mayans have never been wrong,  
and they worshiped the sun? 2012.  
This is the year of our ending, and  
all you can think of is handball?

EXT. ATOP THE DOME OF THE ROCK -MORNING

The Old Dude sits amidst some nesting pigeons, looking down  
upon the plaza below. He throws bits of bread at them.

OLD DUDE

(Talking to the pigeons)

Sports, Religion. One and the same  
really. Each is born into his team  
and then learns to hate the other.  
The crusades...

(Shaking his head and throwing  
more bread)

Now there was a tournament.

He brushes the crumbs from his gown and stands up,  
supporting himself on a lightning rod.

OLD DUDE (cont'd)

All of them. They think they know  
the outcome. Each his own team to  
cheer year after year. But what if  
there is no next year. No more  
contests. No winners, just losers.

EXT. WESTERN WALL -MORNING

MacAbee, dressed in powder blue sheets displaying the golden calf logo, stands on a mini-trampoline. A sandwich-board type sign that reads "Team Maccabee: Catch the Fervor" has been placed beside him. Of all the wannabe prophets, MacAbee has drawn the largest crowd.

MACABEE

(Exasperated)

No, I don't have any idea of who will win tonight. I didn't come here to follow, I'm here to lead. I'm the Chosen.

(Silencing the crowd by waving his hands)

Listen, we must wrestle our country back from the puppet King who would enslave us.

SPECTATOR 1

Do you do Bar mitzvahs? My son, he's a huge Team Maccabee fan, and it would mean so much.

MACABEE

I will give your son a free land where he can prosper without a provincial governor digging in his pockets, taking him out of house and seizing his land.

SPECTATOR 2

Can you tell us anything about the half-time act? Is it true Streisand will be singing?

YOUNG SPECTATOR

How many handballs can you juggle?  
(Climbing atop the trampoline and bouncing)

Dad, take my picture with the mascot?

SPECTATOR 4

Davey, ask the nice gentile for his autograph.

MacAbee falls down, letting his body undulate on the trampoline. He shuts his eyes.

FLASHBACK

EXT. 13TH CENTURY SCOTTISH VILLAGE -NIGHT

Two guards of Robert the Bruce, bearing torches, pound on MacAbee's cottage door. A present-day MacAbee answers the door.

GUARD 1

(Unfurling parchment)

By the order of Robert The Bruce,  
12th King of Scotland, you are  
charged with treason.

Mary walks up to the door. She is bloodied and carries her severed arm under her good arm.

MARY

Let's not forget adultery, now.

She stands off to the side, unrecognized by the guards. She stares pityingly at MacAbee.

MARY

I put you through graduate school  
and put off having children because  
you weren't ready.

(Tearfully)

I gave you everything you wanted  
and asked only that you be honest.  
What happened to us, Mac?

MACABEE

I loved you, Mary.

He walks out to her. The two guards pin his arms back, holding him on the doorstep.

MACABEE

I was just confused, and I had to  
travel so much.

(Struggling to free himself of  
the guards)

I wish I could take everything  
back, there's so much I want to  
tell you. It's true, I don't  
deserve you, but I'd give my right  
arm to be with you.

MARY

Take mine, you coward.

(Rearing back to throw her  
severed arm at MacAbee)

You were always too selfish to part  
with anything real.

She throws her arm at MacAbee, and it hits his chest.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WESTERN WALL -MORNING

MacAbee wakes with a start and stands up, tears streaming down his face.

YOUNG SPECTATOR  
Dad, why is the mascot crying?

SPECTATOR 4  
He's just pretending to be mushuggah. Now that he's up again, get close so I can get this picture.

Miela, dressed in bedsheets, sets a stool next to MacAbee's trampoline.

MACABEE  
God help me. I'm such a mess.

MacAbee looks around, startled. Then he notices the boy hugging him, waving a Maccabees foam finger.

MACABEE  
Where's my clan?

MIELA  
Hey, Mac. Missed you at breakfast yesterday.

MACABEE  
Do I know you?

MIELA  
Men are coming to kill you.  
(feigning laughter)  
Looks like you get to be a martyr after all. On the plus side, you seem a lot less crazy.

MACABEE  
Let me get this straight. Am I not going to lead my country to freedom?

MIELA  
You may not even make it off that trampoline. We've got to get you out of here.

MACABEE

I will not serve under English  
rule.

MIELA

Being in Jerusalem is a good start.  
Hey, listen...

She points across the plaza to the two men in red track  
suits walking briskly over towards them.

MIELA

See those guys?

MACABEE

The henchmen of the Bruce. Yes,  
I've dishonored my King. One day,  
he'll understand that my heart is  
pure.

MIELA

Of course. Let's wait for your  
army. I've just met with them, and  
they'll be here soon for  
autograph...um, to provide  
reinforcements.

MACABEE

(Softly to himself)  
I loved her so. She was my queen.

The two guards push their through the crowd gathered for  
Team Maccabee.

LEMUEL

Let me get this straight. We're  
kidnapping this guy so that he can  
put some phallic exclamation point  
on the end of time, even though he  
has probably lost his mind. Then,  
once we get some crazy-ass divine  
scribbles, we're killing him?

SHADDROCK

Yes.

LEMUEL

O.k. then.

Shaddock stops to survey the crowded plaza.

LEMUEL (cont'd)  
 It's not like it's the end of  
 the...well, you know what I mean.

Shaddock slaps Lemuel on the shoulder and points over to  
 the crowd in front of MacAbee.

SHADDROCK  
 There's our friend.

They move to close in on MacAbee.

SPECTATOR 1  
 We want the players.

The gathered crowd cheers.

SPECTATOR 2  
 Are you going to juggle those  
 goddamn balls, or what? Hey, Goyim.  
 Throw us some balls would ya?

MacAbee holds up the bag and points to the two guards who  
 have now muscled their way up to the front of the crowd.

MACABEE  
 The Royal Guard has come. My time  
 is at hand. My methods have failed,  
 but my loyalty is still to our  
 countrymen.

The crowd cheers. MacAbee reaches into a bag of handballs  
 and starts throwing them at the two guards. The spectators  
 DIVE for the balls, and in the confusion the guards are  
 KNOCKED DOWN. Miela YANKS MacAbee off the trampoline.

MIELA  
 Come with me.

MacAbee pulls away.

MACABEE  
 No, it's best this way. I can't  
 take the throne from The Bruce. I  
 must go with these men. This is my  
 destiny.

MIELA  
 Of course, but these men are  
 traitors to the king, and...  
 (Pausing)  
 I can take you your people.

MACABEE

My clan? They call them teams now,  
I think.

MIELA

Sure. They're waiting for you at  
the hotel.

(Pulling his arm)

Castle, bog, whatever. Move.

MacAbee throws the remaining balls into the air, and they RAIN DOWN on the spectators. The two guards, having just regained their footing are tackled in the SCRAMBLE for the balls. They both start to run when MacAbee stops and points to the entrance of the plaza.

MACABEE

Reinforcements at last.

(Waving his arms wildly)

Bring up the left flank; archers to  
the rear!

(Turning to Miela)

My team! Change of plans.

Team Maccabee jogs across the plaza to the sound of cheers. the players wave their Team Maccabee pennants and Israeli flags.

MIELA

Yeah, your team. My "team" is  
expecting an interview of your  
team, but I guess plans get  
changed.

She grabs MacAbee's arm. They both start to RUN again for the opening in the plaza. In turn, the two guards run after them, though still impeded by the crowd pressing toward Team Maccabee.

MACABEE

We need horses.

MIELA

Well we don't need these.

They kick off their flip-flops and continue to push through the crowd.

MIELA

I don't know who's going to kill me  
first, my boss or those nuts in the  
track suits.

MACABEE

The Bruce will demand our heads for treason. We have to stand and fight.

MIELA

I'll be making the battle plans from now on, o.k.?

She looks behind and sees Team Maccabee, the spectators, and the two guards in PURSUIT.

MIELA

Christ, what I won't do for a story. Maybe next time I should request something safer, like a war zone.

EXT. BUSY SIDE STREET OUTSIDE THE WESTERN WALL -MORNING

MACABEE

A horse, a horse!

MacAbee runs out into the middle of the street as if to direct traffic.

MIELA

Mac!

MacAbee stands in the midst of traffic, waving his arms. A large commercial truck SCREECHES to a stop directly in front of MacAbee. The driver leans out window, and yells in unintelligible Arabic.

MACABEE

Dismount! By order of the King of Scotland.

The driver shakes his fist and lays on the horn.

MACABEE (cont'd)

We will not be occupied!

The crowd, including the guards and Team MacAbee gather on the sidewalk. Miela runs toward MacAbee, DODGING traffic.

MIELA

Hey! I thought I was running this charge, remember?

MACABEE

(To driver)

Lend me your horse, you dark  
minion. Your Imperialist King  
cannot help you now.

The driver steps down into the stopped traffic and walks toward MacAbee, still yelling in Arabic. MacAbee, nonplussed, tosses a handball at the man.

MACABEE

Do not make the mistake of  
insulting a Scot.

The driver, still yelling, makes a cut-throat sign.

DRIVER

Iblis! Iblis, American!

He pulls out a device that looks like a hacked cell phone and makes a call. Speaking rapidly, he then flips the phone shut, realizing he's talking into a detonation device. He grabs another cell phone from his pocket, and yells instructions in Arabic.

MIELA

(Finally reaching MacAbee)

Sir, please forgive us. I'm sure  
you've got important things to do.  
We'll get out of your way.

The driver starts yelling at Miela in Arabic.

MIELA

Hey, fuck you too, pal. We've  
already cornered the "crazy"  
market, o.k.?

Police cars WEAVE through the traffic, sirens on and lights flashing. Two cars pull off to the side, and several armed police in bomb squad gear RUN toward MacAbee.

MACABEE

(Looking down the street at  
the police)

I can't see their colors. Do they  
wear the fighting lion?

MIELA

These guys aren't a handball team.

The driver LUNGES at Miela as if to take her hostage.

MIELA  
Mac, a little help?

Instead of assisting Miela, MacAbee JUMPS into the driver's side of the truck and attempts to get the truck moving by hitting the various gears. He pulls the release for the trailer gate.

The door opens, revealing a trailer crammed with two dozen men wearing paramilitary uniforms. The police run toward the back of the truck, and the group files out of the truck, holding their hands in the air as a show of surrender.

Now aware that Miela is struggling with the driver, MacAbee jumps down from the driver's seat to help her. He TACKLES the driver.

MACABEE  
You English pig fucker!

The police pull MacAbee off the driver and march the driver at gunpoint back to a patrol car.

MIELA  
(Pointing to the two red  
track-suited guards walking  
toward them)  
We've got to keep moving, Mac.

MACABEE  
My army will protect us; you have  
nothing to fear, my love.

MIELA  
Yeah, but those creepy track suits  
aren't just for show.

MacAbee finds more handballs tucked into the folds of his robe and throws them at the approaching guards.

MACABEE  
Stay back, henchmen! You will not  
make my head a trophy for The  
Bruce.

MIELA  
How many of those do you have?

MACABEE  
Finally, my team!

Team Maccabee surround MacAbee and Miela and push the crowd back. The two guards hang back. Shaddock flips open his cell phone and makes a call.

Traffic has completely stopped. The two guards sit on the bumper of the truck.

SHADDROCK

It looks like we've got some competition from Hezbollah.

(Pausing)

It's not so bad. We could use some help with, you know, this whole apocalypse thing, right?

(Holding the phone from his ear)

O.k., I'm sorry. But honestly boss, could it really hurt? More fuel for the brimstone fire and all that shit.

(Nodding his head)

O.k., I understand we're just doing God's dirty work, but let's just say that we may not be the only ones getting dirty here.

LEMUEL

(Nursing a bloody nose)

Tell him about the fucking handballs.

BACK TO THE HEROES

Members of Team Maccabee have hoisted MacAbee onto their shoulders.

HERTZ

All hail, Maccabee the goyim savior!

The players laugh.

MENDEL

Ol' Crazy Mac's going to get all the autographs now.

ALBIE

All the ladies, too. At least the crazy ones.

MIELA

Hey, I'm a reporter for I.N.N. I'm just trying to keep your mascot alive.

HERTZ

Mac's gotta girlfriend, eh?

MIELA

Operative on the word "friend."

MACABEE

She's a queen, and you sorry lot will address her as such.

HERTZ

Any friend of our mascot is a friend of Team Maccabee.

Two players raise Miela on their shoulders.

HERTZ

To the arena!

MENDEL

Fuck that. To the bar! We've only got a couple hours to get drunk.

MIELA

Nice. Is that the secret training ritual that I keep reading about? Finally, I can get my story.

PLAYERS

Maccabee! Maccabee!

They run off with Miela and MacAbee.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE -MORNING

The President talks on speakerphone with Faruz.

PRESIDENT

Yeah, it's all over the news.

(Pause)

Well, just who the fuck is this guy? I mean really, Farsi, if you can't take care of this, I know some guys who can make the end of the world a hell of lot more nigh, if you catch my driftwood.

(Throwing his pencil cup at a portrait of Lincoln)

Stop looking at me that way, you cretin!

INT. FARUZ'S OFFICE -AFTERNOON

Faruz hangs up the phone. His guards loiter behind him. Lemuel holds a tissue to his nose.

LEMUEL

I think it's broken.

SHADDROCK

Yeah, that's because your nose takes up half your fuckin' face.

LEMUEL

Oh, meaning I'm the big schnozolla Semite. How fucking original.

FARUZ

Hey, you're both scum. The world will be a better place without you.  
(muttering)  
One of the side benefits of the end times.

SHADDROCK

The Palestinians are definitely in on the job. Rumor has it, there are trucks all over the place loaded up with brave young martyrs.

LEMUEL

Oh, please. Human grenades. Brilliant.

Shaddrock shoves Lemuel.

SHADDROCK

Fuck you, asshole. You wouldn't have the courage.

LEMUEL

Courage? You're equating the anarchy of zealots with an act of bravery. Does it occur to you that if all your people blow themselves up then there won't be anyone left to enjoy a Palestinian state? Not a bad solution, actually.

Shaddrock jumps on Lemuel and attempts to strangle him.

SHADDROCK

I'll show you the promised land, motherfucker.

Exasperated and bored with the guards, Faruz walks over to window and looks out toward the temple.

FARUZ

MacAbee. Why couldn't you just do the job assigned to you?

Faruz pulls a gun from his jacket and slowly contemplates it in his hands. Pausing for a moment, he lowers the gun, aiming it at the two guards struggling on the floor.

FARUZ (cont'd)

Here's the best idea I've had all day.

He shoots Shaddock in the ass.

INT. KLEZMER CLUB -AFTERNOON

Team Maccabee enjoys a pre-game round of drinks while bellowing the team fight song. Miela pulls MacAbee over to a private booth.

MIELA

We've got to get you hidden. At least until after the finals.

MACABEE

There'll be no such thing as a final for the Scots, lassie. God and country, forever!

MIELA

Right. Listen, I've got to freshen up a bit. You will not move from this booth until I get back, o.k.?

MACABEE

We will not be moved!

MIELA

Good to hear it.

Miela goes off to the restroom. In her place, Robert the Bruce sits down across from MacAbee.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

MacAbee, I've a task fer ye. If'n ye be manly enough fer it.

MACABEE

Of course, my King. Anything for  
God and country.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

A little birdie has let it be known  
ta me tha' some Crusaders will be  
coming back ta England with some  
treasures. I need ye to be ready to  
ambush the buggers and bring the  
treasures to their rightful  
Scottish home, right?

MACABEE

Aye, my King. It's as God would  
want it.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

Good man, MacAbee. God takes care  
of the brave.

MACABEE

My good king, when I bring back the  
treasure, might I seek yer blessin'  
in a good marriage. I hae designs  
to marry my sweet lass.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

Ah, the young MacAbee hae hissself a  
fair lovely then, eh? Someone I  
might know of?

MACABEE

The eldest daughter of Laird  
MacGill. Her name's Mary, my King.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

(Visibly agitated at the sound  
of the name of his mistress)  
MacGill, ye say? Mary?

MACABEE

You know of her then, my King?

ROBERT THE BRUCE

(With barely concealed rage)  
AYE! I mighta heard a her.

MACABEE

She's a lovely lass, sir. Love at  
first sight.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

(Calming down slightly with  
the formation of a plan)

Lovely, yes. That's what ta boys  
hae been saying, at least. MacAbee,  
my boy, a course ye'll have my  
blessin'. But a young groom should  
prove his worth first, a course.  
Mary MacGill shouldn'ta marry a low  
thief, now, should she?

MACABEE

Of course not, my King.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

That's it, me boy. We'll not wait  
around fer those bloody Crusaders  
to come a limping back to England!

MACABEE

We won't, sir?

ROBERT THE BRUCE

MacAbee, brave flower of Scotland,  
warrior of God, I hearby charge ye  
with the noble quest. Yer to set  
off to Jerusalem tomorrow morn!

MACABEE

Jerusalem?

ROBERT THE BRUCE

Why lay in wait like a coward? Yer  
gonna go and grab that treasure out  
a the Holy Land yerself and bring  
it back to save God's country.

MACABEE

I am? I mean, yes, of course. For  
God and country, my King.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

Aye, and love, MacAbee. Donna  
forget tha love of yer fair maiden.

MACABEE

Yes, of course, sir. I'll accept  
this quest.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

Good. Good man. Scotland shines  
brightly on yer future, boy. Now,  
go.

MACABEE

Now?

ROBERT THE BRUCE

The glory of God waits no man. Now  
go with haste!

MACABEE

(Standing)

For my maiden. And for Scotland.  
And for God!

Robert the Bruce stands and points MacAbee towards the back door.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

For glory!

Robert the Bruce pushes MacAbee forward with a forcible kick to the rear.

Miela steps into the room just in time to see MacAbee rush out the door. She seethes in frustration for a beat and then charges after him.

EXT. STREET AT ATHLETE'S ENTRANCE TO ARENA -LATE AFTERNOON

A large and tense throng of supporters for both Team Maccabee and the Saskatoon Roughriders ebbs back and forth around the athlete's entrance to the arena waiting for the arrival of the team buses.

Cameramen and reporters jockey for position from every vantage point. Somewhere in the crowd Shaddock demonstrates his special camera to Lemuel.

SHADDROCK

O.k., so this shutter lever  
controls the throttle.

LEMUEL

Not the light level?

SHADDROCK

No, you idiot. It's not a camera,  
it's the remote for the car.

LEMUEL

But then, how am I supposed to take  
pictures?

SHADDROCK

You're not here to take pictures,  
you fool.

LEMUEL

But I've got the press pass. It's  
not even a forgery.

SHADDROCK

Would you just listen, Schnozzola?  
You don't want to blow yourself up,  
do you?

LEMUEL

Sticks and stones...

SHADDROCK

I'll break your fucking bones, you  
piece of Portuguese pig cock.

LEMUEL

Only on my mother's side.

SHADDROCK

Right, the one that you fucked.  
Listen, we don't have time for this  
cockshit. This is the  
throttle. Clockwise to go faster;  
counter-clockwise to slow down.

Lemuel stares at his watch for a moment.

LEMUEL

Right. Got you.

SHADDROCK

Now, the whole lens rotates on the  
base like a joystick. You know how  
to pull on your joystick, don't you  
Schnozzy?

LEMUEL

Yes, I am Atari master, 5th level.

SHADDROCK

(Pausing to let a moment of  
fitful anger pass.)  
Yes, then I know you know exactly  
how to pull the joystick. In fact,  
I'll bet you don't even let anyone  
else even touch it, do you?

LEMUEL

Well, it's calibrated to my touch.  
PH balanced, even.

SHADDROCK

I'm sure it is. Anyway, you hold it  
like this and pull this way to go  
right, this way to go left.

LEMUEL

So, what does the up and down do?

ELSEWHERE IN THE CROWD

Somewhere else in the crowd, Miela and MacAbee meander  
through the throng. Miela carefully watches out for  
potential pursuers.

MIELA

You had to lead us right here, with  
all of these people around? Wait,  
you led us here, with all of these  
people around. They won't shoot us  
here. Maybe you are divinely guided  
after all.

MACABEE

Yes, these are my people. I have  
gathered them here to witness the  
ascension.

MIELA

Right. Well, I think it might be  
best...

Miela turns towards where she expects MacAbee to be, but  
doesn't find him there. She frantically scans the crowd,  
only to spot him climbing up on top of a car parked a short  
distance away.

She tries to push her way through.

MacAbee makes it to the top of the car and raises his arms  
out.

MACABEE

Friends, followers,  
divinely-guided! I beseech thee  
with the word of our God. Hear me,  
hear me!

SOUNDMAN

Hey, you, Nutter. Keep it down up there, I'm trying to get a level here.

MACABEE

Yes, a level. The level closer to God! You can reach it too, dear child. Even with those goofy ears and that pointy thing with the dish--you can hear the words, can't you?

BACK TO FIRST PLACE IN THE CROWD

Lemuel points at MacAbee standing on the car.

LEMUEL

Do you mean that one? The Camry with the screaming prophet standing on top of it?

Shaddrock turns to look where Lemuel points.

SHADDROCK

Yes, yes. That's the one.  
(Turning again in shock)  
What is he doing on our car?

LEMUEL

Speaking in tongues maybe? I can't quite make him out.

Shaddrock quickly and painfully limps through the throng and begins to climb onto the car.

SHADDROCK

Buddy, get off the car.

MACABEE

Look, I have a witness. He has come to share in God's great word. Please, child, arise and tell us the good word.

Shaddrock reaches up from the hood to try to pull down MacAbee.

SHADDROCK

Yeah, I'd like to share a word or two with you buddy. Right after you get off my car and I kick your righteous cockass.

MacAbee struggles to keep his position on high.

MACABEE

Yes, the ass is righteous and the  
horse is holy. They begat the  
mighty Mule of Moscow!

As Shaddock gropes at MacAbee, MacAbee reaches out to steady himself. As he heaves back, he pulls on Shaddock's camera which is attached with a hefty strap.

SHADDROCK

Not the camera, you fucking  
cocknut.

MacAbee gets a better grip on the camera and the men tug on it back and forth. Suddenly the car LURCHES forward, throwing them both off their feet.

The crowd gasps and RUSHES to get out of the way.

SUDDENLY the car lurches into reverse and nearly throws the men off the back. The still grapple over the camera.

The car TAKES OFF going forward again and heads towards the Maccabee team bus as it pulls into its spot at the entrance.

LEMUEL

(As the car passes.)

I thought we were supposed to wait  
until they were off the bus!

Shaddock and MacAbee continue to grapple over the camera. Shaddock gets the upper hand, VEERING to the right just in time to avoid smashing into the bus.

The crowd LUNGES out of the way of the oncoming vehicle as it heads directly into the throng towards Miela.

MacAbee gains slight control, and the car VEERS again to a more open area down the middle of the street.

A terrified BYSTANDER turns toward Miela after the car veers away.

BYSTANDER

Did you see that? There was no  
driver. God himself is at the  
wheel.

MIELA

God needs driving lessons, I'd say.

The car veers back and forth as it RACES down the street and the men hang on the car and the camera for dear life. Suddenly, it veers sharply and BURSTS down the open street.

MACABEE

God, I am willing. Take me on your journey!

SHADDROCK

God, get this asshole off my car!

The car SIDESWIPES a tree, throwing MacAbee off and up into the branches. His robe catches on a hanging tree branch as the car SMASHES forward.

Shaddrock lifts the camera up in victory as he continues to speed forward.

The car CRASHES through the front entrance of a heavily guarded building at the end of the block and EXPLODES into a huge fireball.

Back at the arena crowd, Miela watches in horror as she thinks MacAbee has been blown up.

Team Maccabee hurries off the bus to see the carnage.

BYSTANDER

Look, it was the Maccabi! That crazy prophet sacrificed himself for God's Team! He's our savior!

The Jewish fans cheer on their good favor.

OTHER BYSTANDER

Look! The car bomb destroyed the Henveh Detention Facility! All of our Palestine brothers are free. Inshalla!

Prisoners run out of the rubble. The Palestines in the crowd cheer their own good fortune.

Chatter from both factions rises up through the crowd as it pushes down towards the site of the explosion.

BYSTANDER

But he can't be a Messiah, he's dead.

OTHER BYSTANDER

No, no, the Mahdi is supposed to lead us. He can't if he's all blown up. He's just another martyr.

## ANOTHER BYSTANDER

Wait, eh? Does this mean the game  
is off? Game on, I say, eh.

Miela is carried by the crowd, but she is too stunned to act  
on her own.

A voice comes down from on high.

## MACABEE

And God said, "I think I'll put a  
tree here, and it was good."

The crowd suddenly stops and looks around for the origin of  
the voice. One of the bystanders suddenly sees him and  
points.

## OTHER BYSTANDER

Look, there is the Mahdi. It's a  
miracle. Allah is just.

The crowd turns in unison to see the hero hanging from a  
tree, unblemished by the chaos.

## MIELA

Mac, you're o.k.

## BYSTANDER

It is the Messiah, he is here at  
last!

## ANOTHER BYSTANDER

You mean, again, doncha, now?

## OTHER BYSTANDER

Wait, the Mahdi speaks.

The crowd immediately hushes and hangs in anticipation.

## MACABEE

I, uh...whoa--

The branch holding MacAbee breaks and he falls  
unceremoniously towards the ground.

The crowd lurches forward and lifts him up off the ground.  
They then lift him up high and parade him back towards the  
arena, chanting in near unison that their savior has  
arrived.

As they carry him past Miela, MacAbee looks over towards  
her.

MACABEE (cont'd)  
Miela. Miela.

CROWD  
(Chanting in unison.)  
MIELA. MIELA.

MIELA  
Mac, hold on.

The crowd carries MacAbee back to the arena and squeezes into the entrance.

Miela runs to the press entrance.

EXT. ARENA PRESS ENTRANCE -LATE AFTERNOON

Miela's cameraman, CHRISTIAN, looks up from his equipment to see Miela running towards him.

CHRISTIAN  
Shit, Miela. What happened to you?  
You just missed the biggest story  
of the year.

MIELA  
I didn't miss a thing. I've got an  
exclusive boys. But we've got to go  
rescue it. Again.  
(Ripping off her tattered  
sheets)  
Throw me those sweats, Christian.

Christian stares at the nearly nude reporter for a moment.

MIELA (cont'd)  
Ugh. I'm sure you could find some  
better pics of me on the Internet,  
Christian. The sweats?

CHRISTIAN  
Oh, yes, of course. Sorry.

Christian hands a sweat suit to Miela and she puts it on.

MIELA  
Do you have my press pass?

CHRISTIAN  
Uh, no. I thought you'd--

MIELA

Never mind. Just give me yours. I need to get inside. Now.

Christian hands Miela his press pass. She throws it around her neck.

MIELA (cont'd)

Now, get the van and bring it over here. Keep the motor running.

CHRISTIAN

Huh. Are we planning a robbery or something, here?

MIELA

Yes. We're robbing people of hope. Just go. I'll be out in five minutes. If that van isn't here, you're fired.

CHRISTIAN

It'll be here.

MIELA

Don't worry, Christian. The story is in there, and I'm going to go get it.

Miela takes off and runs through the press entrance.

INT. ARENA FLOOR -EARLY EVENING

The crowd carries MacAbee onto the arena floor, flanked on one side by the Saskatoon Roughriders and on the other by the Jerusalem Maccabees.

The Jumbotron plays footage of MacAbee's "miracle". As he enters the playing area, the inside crowd goes wild with cheers and adulation.

On the sidelines, play-by-play commentator, CAPPY SPAULDING, and color commentator, BOB SHEM (who looks suspiciously like the OLD DUDE), explain the scene to a worldwide audience.

CAPPY

Wow, Bob. This really is something else. I don't think I've ever seen anything like it.

BOB

What do you mean, "this really something else"? Besides what?

CAPPY

Right, Bob. I'm not sure that I could agree more with that. You really nailed it.

BOB

Nailed what? Do you have any idea of what you speak?

CAPPY

I'm rendered nearly speechless, if that's what you mean, Bob. This--I'm not sure what to call it, a miracle perhaps?--this miracle, and the man, the prophet, perhaps? Who made it all happen.

BOB

Only God makes miracles happen, you schmuck.

CAPPY

That's right, Bob. I'm no expert, but I'd say that God must be watching over us. I mean, our telecast reaches over two billion people, that must peak his interest, right Bob?

BOB

You think God has time to waste with the games of men?

The crowd brings MacAbee to the center of the court and lifts him up in unison with the insistent, if not quite coordinated, chanting.

CAPPY

Wow, look at him go. The crowd just loves it.

BOB

Everyone loves a false god, Cappy.

CAPPY

I don't think anyone was expecting to tune into this when they turned on their sets tonight. I'm not sure when we'll be able to clear the court. What do you think, Bob?

BOB

I think a good flood of fire and  
brimstone would clean this up just  
fine, but I don't think we'll need  
to call out the seven plagues just  
yet.

Miela makes her way to the scorers' table and climbs on top  
of it.

MIELA

Mac. Mac. Over here.

MacAbee sees Miela and endeavors to get back down to the  
floor.

MACABEE

Set me down. I said set me down.

Miela grabs the air horn from one of the scoring officials.  
She sets it off for several seconds.

The crowd settles down for a minute in response.

MACABEE (cont'd)

Down. Set me down, please.

BYSTANDER

The Mahdi wants down. Set him down.

OTHER BYSTANDER

Yes, set the Messiah down. He wants  
to speak.

The crowd sets MacAbee down gently and begins to hush each  
other into silence.

BYSTANDER

He wishes to speak. Quiet. The  
Mahdi demands quiet.

OTHER BYSTANDER

Shhhh. Wait. Listen, he speaks.

The crowd hushes in anticipation.

Miela signals to MacAbee that he should make them bow down.  
After a moment of confusion, MacAbee indicates his  
understanding.

MACABEE

Yes. Yes, I wish to speak. Please,  
bow down so that all may hear me.

Starting from the center, a wave of supplication ripples through the crowd of followers.

Miela gestures to MacAbee that he should have the crowd part.

MACABEE (cont'd)  
Right. Part. I should part them.

The nearby followers stare at MacAbee quizzically.

MACABEE (cont'd)  
Oh, yes. Please, part. Like the Red Sea.

MacAbee begins walking toward Miela. The crowd begins to part, making a path.

OTHER BYSTANDER  
Part. Part for the savior.

BYSTANDER  
Make way. Make way.

MacAbee presses on as the crowd parts before and immediately closes rank behind him as he passes.

CAPPY  
Would you look at that, Bob. I don't think I've seen a play like that since the great German baller, Heinrich Heine scored that gold-medal winning goal in the '08 Beijing Olympics.

BOB  
He was no Moses, Cappy.

CAPPY  
You mean Moses Digby, of course, the legend of England's 1956 world cup team. Now that was a team.

MacAbee makes it to the scorers' table, and Miela helps him up. He stares deeply into her eyes.

MIELA  
Mac, is that you in there?

MACABEE  
Yes. Of course it's me. Why are all these people following me?

MIELA

You don't remember the miracle?

MACABEE

Did I score a goal or something?  
What the hell am I wearing?

MIELA

You don't remember the sermon on  
the mount, either?

MACABEE

Well, I wasn't around two thousand  
years ago, was I?

MIELA

Right. No time to explain, now.  
We've got to get out of here.

MACABEE

Right. Lead the way.

MIELA

I think they'll just follow.

MACABEE

Really?

MacAbee looks back to the crowd. The crowd looks back in  
eager anticipation.

MIELA

You need to say something.

MACABEE

Right.

MIELA

Here, take this.

Miela grabs the PA announcer's microphone and hands it to  
MacAbee.

MacAbee stares out to the crowd for a moment, trying to  
think of what to say.

MACABEE

Game on?

The crowd triumphantly cheers. The followers on the floor  
dance off into the stands in blissful ecstasy.

CAPPY

Well, you heard the man, Bob. Game on. Let's play ball.

BOB

Game on? That's all he could think of?

MIELA

Come on, this way. Hurry, while they're distracted.

Miela and MacAbee climb down from the table and disappear into the concourse.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT -MORNING

MacAbee and Miela are eating breakfast. MacAbee is clean shaven. Gone are the bedsheets. He wears chinos and a short-sleeved polo.

MIELA

We may need to get a new costume for you, now that you're a celebrity.

MACABEE

I'm just glad I could finally buy you breakfast. I suppose I owe you considerably more than scrambled eggs and toast.

MIELA

Don't forget the mimosas. Actually, you're rich material Mac, though I'm not sure what to do with your story just yet.

(Leaning in and lowering her voice)

Just what do you remember about the last few days?

MACABEE

Falling out of that tree -that's for sure. Seriously? Something about Robert the Bruce and the Crusades...and handball?--it's all a bit mixed up. The last thing I can actually remember was obsessing about this project I'm on--all this sacred geometry and hexagrams. I don't even know what I'm supposed to be designing here.

(Pauses, looking down)  
 I know I've made a good friend.  
 Thank you for looking out for me.

Shaddock--nearly unrecognizable in bandages--and Lemuel enter and take a table at the other side of the restaurant.

MIELA

Well, being a reporter, I'm at least qualified to get you up to speed on current news events.

(Using a spoon as a mock microphone)

A Scottish architect named Mac emerges from hotel wearing bedsheets, proceeds to pontificate and run amok throughout the city. He's embraced by the world's best handball team as a novelty mascot, only to exhibit true divine powers in foiling plans of--not one, but two--terrorist plots.

(Pausing for a drink)

And now for what we in Journalism call the crap-end.

MACABEE

No happy ending?

MIELA

Hang on. Here's the deal. You say you're not sure who your employer is, or what you've been building. Well, pal, you need to get a clue, but quick.

MACABEE

(Looking at the two men across the restaurant)

I know those guys--those red track suits.

Miela turns around.

MIELA

Well, that's an encouraging start, Mac.

(Leaning forward and whispering)

Because the guys in the red track suits seem to want us dead.

MACABEE

Dead? What do you mean, dead?

MIELA

I mean, you're involved in some real shit, o.k.? The real bad news is that, unfortunately, I'm in it with you.

MACABEE

Hang on.

MacAbee stands up and walks over to the table where Shaddock and Lemuel are sitting.

MIELA

Mac, what are you doing?

MacAbee stands at the table. The two guards are wearing mirrored sunglasses, eating from a plate of fruit.

LEMUEL

(Offering a strawberry to MacAbee)

Fresh strawberry?

MACABEE

Albania, is it? Big fans?  
 (Slapping the strawberry from Lemuel's hand)  
 Strawberries and Albanians give me hives. Listen, I want you to leave. I'll give you 30 seconds to walk out of here before I get the manager, or the police, or the Israeli Army. Understand?

Lemuel folds his napkin and places it on the plate. He arranges the raspberries and blackberries into a sacred hexagram.

LEMUEL

O.k., I understand. We just wanted to see the great Maccabee in public. Didn't we?

SHADDROCK

(Laughing)  
 Great MacAbee. You have to say it right, he's a Scot.

LEMUEL

Mascot.

MACABEE

One, two, three, four...

LEMUEL

O.k., o.k. Yes, we'll leave.

(He picks up a grape and holds  
it between his thumb and  
middle finger)

Tell me MacAbee...

(In fake Scottish accent)

Ave yee any more miracles left in  
yeh?

He crushes the grape.

MACABEE

Are you guys here for the games, or  
just here researching the bountiful  
Palestine culture.

LEMUEL

We're here on vacation. Sometimes,  
you just have to leave the world  
behind.

They laugh and leave the restaurant. MacAbee walks quickly  
to his table, and sits down.

MIELA

Please tell me you didn't put them  
on the guest list for the game  
tonight.

MACABEE

Wait, that symbol.

He pulls out a pen and doodles the image that been stuck in  
his head onto a napkin.

MACABEE

Jesus, I've seen this before.  
They've got me on a fucking cycle  
six project.

Miela looks at him questioningly.

MACABEE (cont'd)

Wrath of God, end of times, that  
sort of thing.

(Jumping up)

(MORE)

MACABEE (cont'd)

I've got to go. Stay in the hotel,  
and you'll be fine. I'll see you  
tonight. God, I hope it's not our  
last.

He walks off, while Miela sits stunned. MacAbee turns around  
and walks back to the table. He grabs Miela, and kisses her  
passionately.

MACABEE (cont'd)

Just in case it is.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL -DAY

Miela waits for a cab. A hotel guard stands with her.  
Finally, a cab pulls up.

MIELA

(On the phone with her  
producer)

Fuck the handball coverage, I've  
got the only story worth telling.  
I'll call you when it's ready.

(Pause)

No. We have to run it before the  
game.

(Ducking into cab)

I.N.N. studios, on Isaac Plaza.

(Noticing the driver is  
wearing a red track suit)

Marcus, I think I'm going to miss  
deadline. Hang on.

(Leaning toward driver)

You are kidnapping me, correct?

DRIVER

That's a harsh term. I prefer  
"borrowing."

MIELA

It's official, Marcus. I've been  
kidnapped.

The driver turns around, holding a gun. He motions for the  
cell phone.

MIELA (cont'd)

Yes, it was a good story.

She closes her phone.

INT. FARUZ'S OFFICE BUILDING -DAY

MacAbee steps off the elevator and walks onto the seventh floor. He sees a pile of red track suits, changes into one of them, and stealthily walks around the floor.

He pushes open the door to the conference room and steps inside. On the huge white board, MacAbee sees the drawing of the mosque built atop the temple.

He walks up to the wall, tracing the outline of the mosque; next to the drawing are a series of calculus algorithms and sacred geometric shapes.

MacAbee grabs an eraser and frantically erases the whiteboard. While doing this, Faruz walks in on him.

FARUZ

Nice outfit, MacAbee. But on you, it looks a bit insincere.

MACABEE

(Smiling while facing the whiteboard)

This is your top secret project? Christ, I thought I was working for the C.I.A.

He turns around to face Faruz.

FARUZ

What makes you think you're wrong?  
(Sitting down on the edge of the table)  
C.I.A., N.S.A., Mossad, Hezbollah, the Swiss Guard. We've got Palestinians, Israelis, Americans. Jews, Muslims, Christians--all sects, mind you. You, see, we're the unifying force. In a way, we're bigger than religion. We unite under a cause, not some vague construct of belief in Nationalism or a God.

MACABEE

(Pointing at blueprints on the table)

I never finished. You don't have the spire.

FARUZ

(Laughing)

I like the sense of pride you have in your work, but while you were off performing slapstick miracles, we decided to forgo the spire. It's, well, kind of Familia Sagrada, don't you think?

MACABEE

So what now. Do you kill me now, or should I make a run for it.

FARUZ

Well, you're lucky. You caught me on a good day. I don't have my revolver, and I feel like there's a time and a place for everything.

(Looking at his watch)

Besides, your team will need your support, if they're going to win.

MACABEE

I'm not going to the game. If this is the last night on earth, then I can think of sweeter pleasures.

FARUZ

Of course. The reporter.

(Digging in pocket)

Oh, look. I forgot about this one.

(Pulling out a small handgun and popping out the clip)

I guess we could end it here--if you'd prefer. But if you really want to help your sweetheart, I think you'd better make an appearance.

(Pointing the gun at MacAbee)

Leave the uniform at the door. Your people are expecting you in your hotel rags.

MacAbee walks backwards out of the room.

INT. ARENA DRESSING ROOM -NIGHT

Team Maccabee players stand in silence around a seated MacAbee. He holds his head in his hands.

HERTZ

(After several beats)  
The temple? No shit?

MENDEL

Of fucking course. The year we get into the finals--poof, sorry, this telecast has been pre-motherfucking-empted so that we can bring you the end of the world already in progress.

ALBIE

But this is our temple. It's time for the chosen to take back Jerusalem.

MENDEL

Do you really fucking think that fucking American born-again fake Jew asshole President is looking out for us? He's pushing Arma-fucking-geddon.

ALBIE

Fuck you and your fucking conspiracies!

LYDIA

We'll all be fucking fucked if you boys don't shut the fuck up already!

Mendel smashes his fist into a locker.

MACABEE

I'm so sorry, boys. I played right into their fookin' hands. I feel like such a coont.

They all mope around in silence for a few moments.

MACABEE (cont'd)

I wish there was something I could do to stop it. Nothing short of a miracle can save us now.

ALBIE

(Coming to grips with the truth of the situation)  
Where's a true messiah when you need one? We could sure use the Hand of God.

SETH

(With sudden inspiration)  
Hand of God...Hand of fucking  
Yahweh, his perfect fucking self!

LYDIA

Watch your mouth, you'll be in  
heaven soon.

SETH

Mac, you wanna be the messiah? Lead  
us away from the end of times?

MACABEE

I think we've already seen that  
act. All sheet, no fatted calf.

SETH

But all those idiots out  
there--they think you're the real  
deal. They're desperate enough to  
believe.

MENDEL

Desperate enough to turn on each  
other, it sounds more like.

SETH

All they need is one more fucking  
miracle. And I do believe we have  
the Hand of God right in our own  
pockets.

MACABEE

Right. A Scottish loon in  
bedsheets. Just what they need.

SETH

A true Scot, right? And like any  
true Scot, a piper, right?

MACABEE

Bagpipes? Sure. I'll play Amazing  
Grace as the world burns down.

MENDEL

Bagpipes? Oy, you're a fucking  
genius, my motherfucking Jewboy. It  
just might fucking work.

ALBIE

Boys, boys...are we talking about  
what I think we talking about? It's

(MORE)

ALBIE (cont'd)  
a lost temple treasure. Hidden from  
the world for over 700 years.

SETH  
Did you bring it?

ALBIE  
Of course. It's good luck. I put in  
in with the supporters. Who would  
think to look?

The players rise up with new hope and enthusiasm while they  
look to MacAbee.

MACABEE  
I'm going to have to put the sheets  
on again, aren't I?

INT. ARENA DRESSING ROOM -LATER

MacAbee sits in front of the mirror alone, wrapping himself  
in the Team Maccabee-branded bedsheets. He stands up and  
checks out his effort in the mirror.

As he admires the image of himself in messianic robes, he  
catches the reflection of Shaddock and Lemuel and turns  
around.

LEMUEL  
Now there's the man we know and  
love. Look, he's changed into  
Superman.

MACABEE  
I talked to your boss, that  
apocalyptic fuck. He doesn't scare  
me, neither do you.

SHADDROCK  
(Throwing a Polaroids at  
MacAbee)  
Maybe this will put the fear of God  
into you.

MacAbee picks up the pictures. They're shots of Miela, hands  
tied behind her back, lying on the floor.

MACABEE  
What the fuck do you want of me?

LEMUEL

It's more like, what the fuck we don't want from you.

SHADDROCK

No mention of the temple in your halftime speech. No prophecies foretelling the rapidly approaching end times, even if they are true.

(Producing more pictures of Miela and looking at them fondly)

She's really quite beautiful. I'd hate her to leave this world without saying goodbye to you first.

MACABEE

It's a bit of an empty threat, isn't it?

(Pacing the floor)

I help you, Miela lives, world ends. I don't help you, Miela is killed, world ends anyway.

SHADDROCK

That crowd out there is here for you, you know? You've upstaged the greatest sporting event in the world.

MACABEE

Handball? You've got to be joking. It's almost stupid enough to be Scottish. If these clowns like handball so much, they'd die for curling.

Lemuel makes a rapid sweeping gesture.

MACABEE

Yes, that's the one.

Shaddrock and Lemuel walk out, pantomiming the mechanics of curling. Lemuel drops down on the ground, pretending to shoot at a target.

SHADDROCK

No, that's the one where they cross-country ski and shoot Jews along the way.

MacAbee sits alone again. He holds the pictures of Miela in his hand.

## MACABEE

I won't let the bastards take  
you from me this time, my love.

EXT. ARENA -NIGHT

Crowds in front of the arena pulse and buzz right before the opening ceremonies for the championship game between the Team Maccabee and the Syrian national team.

An I.N.N. news team has set up a live spot near the main entrance.

I.N.N. REPORTER

(To camera)

Team MacAbee -trying to reverse the curse of the 2008 series, have fought their way back from elimination, and have captured the hearts of millions. Their secret? let's just say that these Jews are anything but orthodox.

She rolls eyes and looks off camera.

MONTAGE

As part of the report, I.N.N. shows a vignette featuring Team Maccabee. One player gives a thumbs up to the camera as he is shown affixing plastic explosives underneath the team bus. The team jogs on a hillside, dodging rocks thrown by Israeli children. They perform an intricate dodge and weave pattern through the stations of the cross, around MacAbee who's wearing a crown of thorns.

I.N.N. REPORTER (V.O.)

(Over the end of the montage)

As impressive as Team MacAbee has played during the tournament, the Syrians are syr-ious about a win.

MONTAGE

Tape rolls a vignette featuring the Syrian team. They are shown winning semi-final game, with players dumping a Gatorade cooler of bricks on the coach. The players all grab bricks and dance around, hitting themselves on the head with the bricks. Then the team is shown jogging on the West Bank, breaking into a sprint with an Israeli tank in pursuit.

I.N.N. REPORTER (V.O.)

(Over the montage)

Known for their aggressive ball movement and random displays of ranting, they're favored to give the Maccabees a run for their money. Team Syria puts the underdog in dogmatic? Are we live? Please tell me we're not live.

INT. TEMPORARY MILITARY BUILDING -NIGHT

As he holds his cellphone up to ear, Faruz gazes over dozens of sheet-covered bodies in a makeshift morgue.

FARUZ

Understood, sir.

He hangs up the phone and motions to a pair of red track-suited guards.

They open a briefcase, pull out a syringe, and fill it with a one of the dozens of vials contained in the case.

They proceed to lift a sheet and inject the contents of the syringe into one of the corpses. The corpse twitches.

They move on to repeat the process on the remaining corpses.

FARUZ (cont'd)

(Checking his watch)

We've got 20 minutes until the face-off. Phase Five needs to be complete before then.

INT. ARENA -NIGHT

Tensions swirl and mount between various factions of the crowd, as they anxiously await the start of the match. Occasional physical skirmishes break out.

On the court, the opening ceremonies play out with a sublimely absurd symbolic parade of costumed dancers representing the peace process from around the world.

At the end of the parade 100 doves are released from the center of the handball court.

With nowhere for the doves to fly off to, they circle around in chaotic gyres and begin to dive bomb the spectators.

Guards eventually begin to shoot some of the doves down with automatic weapons. The crowd cheers the explosions of white feathers.

EXT. EMPTY STREET IN JERUSALEM -NIGHT

Herded by red track-suited guards, dozens of zombies in tattered U.S. Army uniforms march and stumble toward the Dome of the Rock.

Faruz strides purposefully along side, checking his watch while supervising the transport.

INT. ARENA -NIGHT

The two handball teams run onto the court and assume their positions.

Play begins with a quick goal by the Syrians.

Team Maccabee dribble and pass the ball, moving down the court. They score.

MacAbee, looking lost and nervous, roams and paces around the Team Maccabee bench. Spurred on by Lydia, MacAbee meekly pumps his fist toward the crowd. The crowd goes wild.

EXT. DOME OF THE ROCK -EVENING

Faruz directs teams of red track-suited guards and zombie soldiers to piles of building panels, scaffolding, and tools. Behind him stands a bound and gagged Miela.

FARUZ

(On cellphone)

Phase Six is now commencing. Do not fret, the spire was a bit of a whimsical touch, anyway.

Zombies and guards swarm around put up scaffolding, calling down to each other with grunts.

ZOMBIE #1

Beeeeaaaammmsssss....

ZOMBIE #2

Riveeeeettssss.....

INT. ARENA -EVENING

Game still in progress. With twenty seconds left in the half, a Team Maccabee player is tripped by an over-zealous Syrian player. The referee calls a foul. The Syrian protests. A Team Maccabee player takes the penalty shot. he scores.

MacAbee is carried out onto the court to wild applause.

With ten seconds on the clock, the Syrians move down the court rapidly. A Team Maccabee player intercepts the ball and tosses a desperate shot towards the other goal as the buzzer sounds. It goes wildly off course and beans MacAbee in the head. The crowd boos.

The players, and a dazed MacAbee head off to their respective locker rooms for halftime.

EXT. DOME OF THE ROCK -EVENING

The red track-suited guards consult blueprints and direct the zombies. Nearly two-thirds of the new temple has been built surrounding Al Aqsa Mosque.

Mostly ignored, Miela struggles to get out of her bondage. Suddenly a zombie soldier appears in front of her.

ZOMBIE #3  
(Holding out a pen and a scrap  
of paper)  
Autograaaaaaph?...

INT. ARENA -HALFTIME

An obviously drag queen version of Barbra Streisand enters on a chariot drawn by dancers dressed in horse head masks. She enters through a parted-sea of blue cellophane.

To the cheers of the crowd, she takes the center stage assembled on the court.

She lip-syncs a medley of "Send in the Clowns" and "People Who Need People."

ARENA CORRIDOR

MacAbee, paces up and down while he waits for his entrance.

MACABEE

(Mumbling to himself)

Do it for the girl, Mac. You can do  
it. It's not like the world depends  
on you...

INT. WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION ROOM -AFTERNOON

With the halftime festivities displayed on a big screen television, the President stands with a group of blow-dried and overly made-up evangelists.

All are wearing party hats, blowing toy horns as if it were New Years Eve. The drag queen Streisand's performance plays over the scene.

A countdown clock on the wall displays a little over two remaining hours.

INT. ARENA -HALFTIME

The drag queen Streisand finishes her medley to overwhelming applause.

She climbs into the chariot and is puled through the open symbolic sea. The cellophane water closes behind her as she exits the arena floor.

A group of stagehands quickly descend onto center stage, quickly putting together a makeshift pulpit with a large bank of network microphones.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, the 2012  
World Handball Cup Championship  
Match, is please to present your  
savior, MaaaaaacAbbbbbbbeeeeeee.

The crowd goes wild as a troop of dancers dressed in bedsheets lift MacAbee onto their shoulders and carry him to the stage, chanting the Team Maccabee fight song.

MacAbee takes a few moments to shake off his disorientation and stage fright. The crowd chatter dissipates and he approaches the pulpit.

MACABEE

Friends.

(looks toward a group of men  
in red track suits)

Enemies.

(Pause)  
 Handball Enthusiasts everywhere.  
 (Pause)  
 How about that Streisand?

The crowd responds with mild scattered applause.

MACABEE  
 Yes, yes. How true those words.  
 Umm. People do indeed need  
 people. And people who need people  
 are the people-ist people in the  
 world.  
 (Pause)  
 Or so I've been told.

Various people in the arena shout out his name.

MACABEE (cont'd)  
 Thank you..um.. people. I guess now  
 I'm supposed to give you a show, or  
 maybe a miracle?

INT. WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION ROOM -AFTERNOON

The President stops in the middle of the reverie as he is surprised to see MacAbee on the screen.

MACABEE (V.O)  
 (Apparently stalling)  
 We're all waiting for miracles,  
 aren't we...or at least a good  
 show.

PRESIDENT  
 Who the fuck let this putz back on  
 television?

INT. ARENA -HALFTIME

As MacAbee continues to stall, the audience begins to grow restless.

A ballboy emerges from the corridor carrying a chest. He makes his way to the stage as quickly as he can carrying the awkward object.

As the ballboy reaches the stage, MacAbee hesitantly grabs the microphone, which lets out a loud squelch of feedback that quiets the audience.

## MACABEE

About 700 years ago, my ancestor came to Jerusalem on a mission that he thought was to bring peace to the world and glory to his country. Unfortunately, it didn't happen that way, and instead, John MacAbee was forced to betray his own country to protect his true brothers of Jerusalem.

The crowd looks at each other in confusion.

## INT. WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION ROOM -AFTERNOON

The President and his party are all transfixed by the scene on the television.

## PRESIDENT

What the fuck is this goy talking about? Joey, get me Faruz.

## MACABEE (V.O)

As you know, the Crusaders came here to protect this holy city and all of its people. But greed, as it usually does, got in the way.

## INT. ARENA -HALFTIME

## MACABEE

While the good Templar Knights endeavored to save ancient holy artifacts, such as the Ark of the Covenant, the Holy Grail, the Shroud of Jesus, all the great treasures of the Temple, the church leaders and the kings of Europe wanted only the power and money that came with the treasure.

The crowd continues to be puzzled.

## MACABEE (cont'd)

Now, I know that you think that this history lesson doesn't mean anything to you. Now. Here.

(Pause)

But I'm here to warn you that history, as it often has been known to do, repeats itself tonight.

(Pause)

Right here in this city, just a few miles away, very powerful and greedy people are taking advantage of the world's burning focus on tonight's game in order to carry out a plan that will destroy us all.

Murmurs ripple through the crowd.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION ROOM -AFTERNOON

PRESIDENT

(Angrily)

Joey? I want Faruz on the fucking phone, right fucking now!

INT. ARENA -HALFTIME

As MacAbee continues his speech, various scenes of people around Jerusalem, and then around the world, are shown watching the broadcast intently.

MACABEE

Right. Right, I know. You would all be perfectly right to question my sanity. I know I've questioned the world's sanity several times in the past twenty-four hours. But you must believe me.

(Pause)

Right now, in the Old City, at the Temple Mount, a group of powerful men are rebuilding the Temple right on top of the Dome of the Rock.

Louder shouts and murmurs spike through the crowd.

MACABEE (cont'd)

They want to bring about your destruction. The destruction of the city, its people. They want to destroy hope, ruin any chance we have at peace. And, we're playing right into their hands.

The noise of the crowd swells to near chaos again.

MACABEE (cont'd)

But I tell you, that we are not going to go gently into this good night. We can come together and win peace.

The crowd begins to direct their unfocused anger towards MacAbee.

MACABEE (cont'd)

(Squelching the microphone again)

There was one artifact that never left Jerusalem. One artifact that the Maccabees have kept hidden for over 700 years, waiting for this moment. This, I have with me right now. In this chest.

MacAbee takes the chest from the ballboy and holds it up to the crowd. Their curiosity becalms them.

MACABEE (cont'd)

Friends, Muslims, Jews, Christians, humans...I present to you the weapon of hope, the most sacred of Templar treasures, the mighty Head of Baphomet.

MacAbee pulls out a roughly round sewn goatskin sack with two short horns and one long pipe sticking out of it. The seams of the sack roughly approximate the sacred geometry of an upside down pentagram.

MacAbee holds the Head high and circles it slowly around for the crowd.

BYSTANDER

What the fuck is that thing?

OTHER BYSTANDER

It's the head of Satan.

ANOTHER BYSTANDER

It's a manpurse.

MacAbee pulls the Head down, sets it under his arm and pulls the pipe up to his lips.

He takes a deep breath and blows into the pipe. Out of the horns comes a horrible bleating noise.

BYSTANDER  
It's a fucking bagpipe.

OTHER BYSTANDER  
It's Satan's pipes.

ANOTHER BYSTANDER  
It could be worse. It could have  
been an accordion.

MacAbee takes another deep breath and slowly begins to play  
*Hey Tuttie Tatie*.

The crowd's comments and whistles begin to die down as he  
continues to play the tune stronger and louder.

OTHER BYSTANDER  
(Humming the tune.)  
Hey, I know that song. Da  
da...*lyric in Hebrew*...

The crowd begins to recognize the tune and hum along. They  
slowly begin to sway back and forth in time.

BYSTANDER  
(Sings along with lyric in  
Arabic)  
La-dee da dee dal allah de....

ANOTHER BYSTANDER  
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed, Or to  
victory!

MacAbee continues to play. He turns toward an exit and  
gestures for the crowd to follow.

The crowd, enraptured by the piper, flows down the aisles  
and follows MacAbee out of the arena.

EXT. DOME OF THE ROCK -NIGHT

Lit by floodlights, zombified American soldiers go about  
rebuilding the Temple. By now, they are nearly finished.

Faruz stands with a small cadre of building supervisors,  
going over the final touches. His cell phone rings and he  
answers.

FARUZ

Yes, Mr. President. Everything looks fine. We're right on schedule. The final capping can begin as soon as the rabbi shows up.

(Pause)

What was that? I'm sorry Mr. President, I can't hear you. Someone must have scored a big goal. Just a second.

Faruz turns toward the arena to see a huge wave of people headed towards the temple.

FARUZ (cont'd)

(To a subordinate.)

What's with the parade? The match can't be over yet.

SUBORDINATE

No, Sir. The halftime show is still running.

The subordinate turns up a radio playing the match.

CAPPY

(Voice over radio.)

I can't believe what's happening here, Bob. The entire arena has emptied out, following that crazy prophet guy with the bagpipes. This is just like the semi-finals of the--

BOB

(Voice over radio.)

Shut up, Cappy. It's not like anything you've ever fucking seen.

Faruz grabs the radio and turns it off. He brings his phone back up to his ear.

FARUZ

Mr. President, I'm afraid I'm going to have to call you back.

(Pause)

No, it's all under control, we're just going to have an audience, is all.

Faruz hangs up and puts the phone away.

FARUZ (cont'd)

(Loudly.)

Men, arm the zombies. We seem to have a bit of a situation.

EXT. STREET ON WAY TO TEMPLE -NIGHT

MacAbee continues to play his bagpipes as the throng grows behind him. City dwellers are pouring out of cafes, bars, and homes to join the mass. Jews are embracing Muslims, Muslims are palling around with Christians, dogs are kissing cats.

The crowd gets closer and closer to the Temple. Some crowd members spy the new building activity and point it out to their shocked neighbors.

BYSTANDER

That's is just not right. Did they tear down the Dome?

ANOTHER BYSTANDER

No, it looks like they're just building right on top of it.

OTHER BYSTANDER

Is that a new Starbucks?

MacAbee leads the crowd around a corner and suddenly finds his path blocked by a large company of well-armed zombie soldiers. Their guns are pointed directly as the mob.

MacAbee stops in his tracks and lets the air wheeze out his ancient bagpipes. The crowd stops behind him and is suddenly quieted.

FARUZ

(From a platform above and behind the zombie troops)

Well, well, Mr. MacAbee. How nice of you to drop by. As you can see, you're a bit late to help out, but I'm so glad that you could see the fruits of our labors come together.

(Loudly, to someone behind him)

Rabbi Meerschaum, would you please do us the honor of consecrating this, the Holy of Holiests, the Third Great Temple of Jerusalem?

Zombies on scaffolding lift RABBI MEERSCHAUM up to the very top of the new temple, so that he may say his prayer and add the final keystone.

RABBI MEERSCHAUM  
 (In Hebrew.)  
 Mechalecha Hi, Mechahiney Ho.  
 Mechalecha Hi, MechaJohnny Ho.

The crowd tries to RUSH to the scaffolding, but the zombie army holds them back at GUNPOINT.

The Rabbi STRUGGLES to get enough height to add the final keystone.

Team Maccabee surges through the crowd to surround MacAbee.

SETH  
 You can do it, Mac. You can save us  
 all. Sound the trumpet.

MacAbee looks down at the Head of Baphomet and then looks up at the temple. He sees Miela struggling to get out of her ropes.

He takes a very deep breath and blows one very loud, long, horribly bleating note on the pipes.

As he blows, the zombies begin to SHAKE violently and hold their heads.

As the bleat reaches a crescendo, the zombies' heads all EXPLODE. The Rabbi falls off the scaffolding before he can place the final stone.

FARUZ  
 Holy shit.

As the horrible note ends, the crowd bum RUSHES the new temple and works in unison to tear down the walls to restore the view of the Dome.

Seth takes the Head from MacAbee and starts to play Hava Nagila as the rapturous crowd continues to deconstruct the temple and dance around.

Faruz and his men are overcome by the crowd and forced to dance with them.

MacAbee wanders over to the side of the melee, exhausted and alone.

Miela, freed from her captors, runs into the crowd, trying to find MacAbee.

MIELA

Mac? Mac? Where are you Mac?

MacAbee straightens up as he hears Miela's voice. He strains to find her in the crowd.

MACABEE

Miela? Miela?

They see each other and run to a passionate embrace.

MACABEE (cont'd)

I thought you'd be gone. I thought they'd have killed you.

MIELA

I do have a few feminine wiles, you know. Oh, and a few contacts in Hollywood. Apparently these guys are big reality TV fans.

MACABEE

I guess we really did save the world then, didn't we?

MIELA

Well, I just hope that I get the exclusive.

They smile and stare at each other with bliss.

After a few moments of staring and listening to Hava Nagila play over and over again, MacAbee speaks again.

MACABEE

So, how long do you think we'll have to keep playing that thing?

FADE OUT