

ESTRANGED MISSION

Written by

Jerel Damon

Story by

Jerel Damon and Rutger Oosterhoff

EXT. DESERT - DAY

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

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

YASER SHALLAH, the leader, 50, is spouting his allegiance to his Palestine Resistance Organization (PRO).

YASER

(arabic)

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

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

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

YASER (CONT'D)

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

THROUGH STEADYCAM

YASER (CONT'D)

Let this man's death be a national burden on your souls. Palestine Resistance Organization!

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MOVING OVER SEATTLE RAIN FOREST - DAY

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

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

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

He puts a round in the clip and loads it into the rifle. Roy takes a deep breath and curls his finger around the trigger. He squeezes his eyes shut and turns the barrel on himself.

A vehicle pulls up next to his pickup truck. He ejects the round, sets the rifle down, and looks out his window.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

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

They both smile. It's been years.

ROY

How the hell are you?

MICHAEL

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

ROY

How's the agency treating you?

MICHAEL

After you left? They couldn't be happier.

ROY

(laughs)

Is that right? Is it because you don't raise questions for debate?

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

Or because I taught you everything  
you know?

MICHAEL

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

ROY

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

They chuckle.

ROY (CONT'D)

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

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

ROY (CONT'D)

Nice isn't it?

MICHAEL

Not like the desert.

ROY

So that's why you're here?

MICHAEL

There's no fooling you Roy.

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

INSERT VIDEO: Yaser has finished his speech and Lia slits the  
American Journalist throat.

Roy is disturbed, his brow furrows, he hands the cellphone  
back.

ROY

Nasty stuff. Who's the American?

MICHAEL

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

ROY

Who paid for the killing?

MICHAEL  
(puzzled)  
The keepers of faith. Isn't it obvious? Allah.

ROY  
The footage looks too good to be true.

MICHAEL  
Everyone watching the six o'clock news believes it.

ROY  
A story cannot function unless it is believed to be true. It's relation to reality is not the focus.

Michael is intrigued by his mentor.

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

ROY  
You just say it.

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

Roy is stunned.

ROY  
How?

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

ROY  
Claudia Nasr?

Michael nods.

ROY (CONT'D)  
How positive are you?

MICHAEL

A couple of months back my team was following a terrorist group, the PRO. She has an operation going on that is stellar and closing in on getting into the US without any suspicion. They really have a master plan that is original.

Roy leans against his blue pickup truck.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

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

Roy is silent.

ROY

Where's Claudia?

MICHAEL

She's dead. Died in a terrorist bombing in Jerusalem some years back.

Roy's face drops.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We believe that this is motive for her recruiting into the PRO at a young age. A means to fight back.

ROY

So you want me to arrest my estranged daughter? I'm deactivated.

MICHAEL

I'm asking you to come on board this mission, off the books. You have the experience. My team is good but not that good.

(sincere)

I could use you.

ROY

Why tell me she's my daughter?

MICHAEL

Just wanted to keep my mentor in  
the know.

ROY

What's their master plan?

MICHAEL

I can't tell you that until you  
come on board.

Roy looks out at the green forest, searching for an answer.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If you think this mission would be  
too personal Roy, you don't have to-

ROY

(cuts off)

Why would it be? I don't know her.

MICHAEL

Then we're on?

ROY

When do I leave?

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

In the morning.

Michael shakes Roy's hand and gets in his black SUV and  
drives away.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Roy has his luggage suitcase opened, neatly folded clothing  
and hygiene products prepared for his trip. He zips up the  
suitcase and fixes himself another drink.

He stops before he takes a sip. He pours it out in the sink.

Roy takes a seat in a worn recliner in front of a Alpha 4040  
Ham Radio, equipped with microphone, antenna, and connected  
to a speaker system. It sits at a station on a work bench, a  
list of ham radio frequencies is tacked overhead on the wall.

He turns the knobs to track the right frequency, the static  
CRACKLES, then becomes clear.

ROY  
 (joking)  
 Buzz Light-year, you up there?

STAN (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 How did they ever give you your Ham  
 licence?

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - SAME

NELSON KELLY, NASA astronaut, old friend, is floating in front of the same Ham Radio, he has a microphone in hand and headphones on, jacked into the radio.

ROY (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 I told them I wanted to be the  
 first disc jockey in outer space.

NELSON  
 (amused)  
 How's that working out for you?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

ROY  
 I only have one caller so far.

They both laugh.

NELSON  
 So what's new in the forest, Yoda?

ROY  
 Not much...  
 (beat)  
 Well there has been something of  
 recent that has come up.

NELSON  
 I'm all ears.

ROY  
 I recently found out I am a father.

NELSON  
 Congratulations. Still on the  
 dating scene?

ROY  
 No. This was from years ago.

NELSON

The past catches up with the best of us. Is it a boy or girl?

ROY

She's young.

NELSON

I'll bet she is beautiful.

ROY

I wouldn't know. I haven't seen her face yet.

NELSON

She got a name?

ROY

Not yet.

NELSON

When you going to meet her?

ROY

Soon.

NELSON

I bet she's got a lot of questions.

ROY

So do I.

NELSON

What's the catch? You don't have to do the secrecy stuff anymore.

ROY

I can't get into any specifics.

NELSON

I thought you were retired?

ROY

Well, technically, I am.

Silence.

ROY (CONT'D)

Stan?

NELSON

I'm here.

ROY  
You okay?

NELSON  
Yeah, it's just.  
(beat)  
We're not alone on these  
frequencies.

ROY  
Afraid so.

NELSON  
If you want to change the subject?

ROY  
I was just thinking how life would  
have been different had I know I  
was a father. The missions kept  
drudging on. I never thought my  
duty would ever cost me.

NELSON  
And men start wars and young  
soldiers die for them. That's why I  
got into NASA. Like my grandpa  
said, "*War is a racket. Always has  
been*".

ROY  
(sarcasm)  
Thanks for seeing the bigger scope  
of the situation.

NELSON  
What are you going to tell her?

ROY  
I'm just going to steal everything  
you just said.

They chuckle.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION

The rays of sunlight beam over the orbit of the earth and  
touch the station.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION

The light shines through an observation window into Stan's  
eyes, he squints.

STAN

Hey Roy, I'm going to be out of signal range. So I'm going to sign off. I'm happy to hear you have a daughter.

(beat)

From one father to another.

INT. CABIN

STAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Trust your heart. God speed my good friend.

The transmission cuts out. Roy sits forward and turns the Ham Radio off.

INT. JERUSALEM - BEN GURION AIRPORT - DAY

Roy walks out the terminal, black shades, dragging his luggage.

Michael meets him near the escalators, they both get on the steps and ride it up, armed airport security watches them.

EXT. BEN GURION AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. JERUSALEM - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

Roy is in a concrete room, no windows, could be a basement?

A 500W floodlight plugged into the wall gives the space depth. In the corner, Cots with blankets and military rations are ample.

A large whiteboard surrounded by fold out tables forms a horseshoe with chairs. This place has been lived in and operated for months.

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

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

Camouflaged kevlar bulletproof vests hang on seats with bandoliers of grenades and flashbangs, next to boxes of ammunition for all weapons.

MICHAEL

This is the unit. Teresa and Chucky.

(Michael uses air quotes)

"Our anti-terrorism exercise team".

Awaiting Roy is the rest of the team. TERESA HAMILTON, 32, field agent, make-up less, ponytail. She greets Roy with a firm handshake.

TERESA

Nice to meet you Mr. Hanna.

ROY

Likewise.

MICHAEL

(making light)

His Arabic is uncanny.

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

CHUCKY

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

ROY

Black, please.

Chucky gets him a cup of coffee.

ROY (CONT'D)

Where are we?

MICHAEL

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

The Unit nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

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

Teresa turns on a digital projector and video footage of PRO activity splashes on the whiteboard: Entering masques, leaving pageants, training terrorist.

TERESA

The PRO which stands for "Palestine Resistance Organization" has been causing chaos for sometime. Their most recent act was the widely viewed killing on the internet of the American journalist in the West Bank area covering the oil reserve situation.

CHUCKY

He was kidnapped mingling with the locals.

She presses a button on a remote and the projector blows up an image of Yaser.

TERESA

Yaser Shallah. He is a high ranking member of the PRO and has been linked to many assassination he was believed to be dead from a bombing in the 90's. He's the one spouting off in the video. But that's not our problem.

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

Roy is seeing his daughter for the first time.

TERESA (CONT'D)

This girl is, Lia Kilani. She has had a winning streak in Palestine beauty pageants. No losses. Becoming a celebrity. Red carpet events, photo shoots, social media followers, becoming very high class.

ROY

How did you confirm her as a member?

TERESA

Believe it or not. I do wear make-up.

Chucky and Michael snicker.

TERESA (CONT'D)

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

ROY

Good eye.

TERESA

After that connection I tailed her for a week. Going to pageants, parties, etc. But then one night she meets up with Yaser and they drive off into the desert. I can't follow them without getting lost or caught, they have a secret path they take and armed PRO members hidden through out the dunes. So satellite imagery took these pictures.

Teresa CLICKS. A satellite image zooms in, Lia and Yaser are greeted with a hug from a terrorist leader, SHAFIK SHOMALI, 78, turban and white long beard. They all step inside a tent.

MICHAEL

That's Shafik Shomali. This guy goes way back into the eighties and nineties when it comes to terrorist bombings. He started the PRO and we believe he is the mastermind behind the terrorist scheme.

TERESA

His bankrolling makes Yaser and Lia more dangerous than any small army.

ROY

How long did they stay out there?

CHUCKY

All night. Came back in the morning.

ROY

Why can't you guys just bust them now?

MICHAEL

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

TERESA

The police in this region have very little effect. Fear of retaliation.

CHUCKY

They are the authorities.

TERESA

Also, our authorities have given us rules of engagement.

ROY

Like what?

TERESA

We can't pursue the enemy into surrounding areas and any engagement with the target has to come from higher approval only.

ROY

Sounds more like protection.

MICHAEL

Our operation is to gain evidence.

ROY

Then why the weapons?

MICHAEL

Last resort.

Roy points out Jamal on the projected image.

ROY

What about this guy?

MICHAEL

That's Jamal Abu Tir. Young turk in the PRO also a reputed assassin. This guy gets his hands bloody not just dirty.

TERESA

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

(MORE)

TERESA (CONT'D)

Best believe if she gets  
unscrutinized access to America,  
PRO will to take advantage.

MICHAEL

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

Roy strategizes.

ROY

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

MICHAEL

Yes. Yaser and Jamal along with  
anyone invited to their luxurious  
parties.

ROY

But she lives lavishly. Limo's,  
sports cars, hotels, boats?

CHUCKY

Yeah.

ROY

Let's plant some wiretaps in her  
limo's. Chucky do you know how to  
plant bugs?

CHUCKY

I've never done it personally but I  
know how.

ROY

Give Michael and Teresa a quick  
crash course.

Roy grabs the Military Laptop and opens it, pulling up data  
files.

Chucky instructs Michael and Teresa on the wiretap in his  
hand. It's a circular mini-microphone with a half inch wire.

CHUCKY

On one side is the mic and on the  
other is a magnet. Now you can set  
this anywhere as long as the mic  
isn't blocked for sound quality.

(MORE)

CHUCKY (CONT'D)

But it's best hidden when magnetized to a metal, like under a table or a counter top, keep that in mind.

ROY

(typing)

Chucky is that bug's transmission connected to this laptop?

CHUCKY

Yes, as long as we stay within range.

ROY

Good. Do we have any idea where she is going today?

TERESA

She's scheduled for a television interview for a local gossip show.

ROY

Do you know what time?

TERESA

In a couple of hours.

ROY

Let's move.

The Unit prepares to execute their first tasks. Teresa is the point man, she arms herself with the HK USP 45. and straps on a kevlar vest.

Roy packs up the laptop while Michael pockets the wiretaps in his jacket. Chucky takes the keys to the unmarked van and they exit the room.

EXT. ISRAEL BROADCASTING CORPORATION - DAY

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

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

The limo driver is approached by an American couple, Chucky and Teresa. The limo driver's back to Michael-

TERESA

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

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

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

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

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

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

MICHAEL  
 (into earpiece)  
 Roy. Copy?

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

EXT. ISRAEL BROADCASTING CORPORATION - CONTINUOUS

The limo driver looks behind him back at the limo.

TERESA  
 One more! One More!

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

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

INT. ISRAEL BROADCASTING CORPORATION - STUDIO

Lia, stylishly dressed, sits across from a FEMALE INTERVIEWER, they're wrapping up the conversation.

Two camera operators focus each shot. Behind them seated are Yaser and Jamal.

Entire interview in Arabic language.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

A lot of young Palestinian girls look up to you and call you their idol. They want to be just like you. How does that make you feel?

LIA

So proud for my country that we are progressing even though there is much tragedy surrounding us. I hope that my victories in the pageants will inspire more girls to embrace their beauty and to see there is a bigger world outside Palestine.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

And you're on a roll. You haven't lost a competition yet. What's the secret?

LIA

Surrounding yourself with positive people and a great team.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

What are your thoughts on the world perception of terrorist groups like the PRO that claim, Palestine as their home to protect and does that affect your role as a representative?

LIA

It's slanderous to those of us Israeli's that are good samaritans at heart. We both share a love for our country but their techniques are misguiding the world and our own public opinion to further an agenda that is forcing a social cohesion in Israel.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Such as?

LIA

It's a monstrous myth that we need an enemy for our society to stay together. I hope to change that anyway I can.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

I hear you've been offered some movie roles. Can you talk about it?

LIA

There has been some offers but I'm strictly in competition mode for now.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Well thanks for stopping by Lia. Much happiness on your road to success.

LIA

Thank you.

Lia waves at the camera.

EXT. ISRAEL BROADCASTING CORPORATION - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY

Teresa and Chucky are stalking from the front seats, they see the entourage get into the limo.

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

The limo pulls out into the street, busy traffic.

ROY

Go.

Chucky throws the van in gear and they pursue.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Lia settles in, kicks off her heels and lets her hair down. She drinks a bottled water as Yaser and Jamal fix themselves drinks.

LIA

I hate interviews.

YASER

You did great.

LIA

I'm starving. How long till we get to the Gaza Strip?

YASER

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

Lia rolls her eyes.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - SAME

Roy is recording every word as Chucky steers through the  
streets.

ROY

(to Chucky)  
Don't lose her.

EXT. GAZA STRIP HOTEL - NIGHT

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

The unmarked van parked not far behind under a streetlight.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

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

LIA

Do we have a deal?

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

KARAM

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

LIA

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

They both smile. He finishes his drink.

KARAM

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

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Roy takes the headphones off and leans back, thinking.

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

The Unit nods.

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

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

ROY  
Great. Tomorrow night I'll  
introduce myself.

The limo pulls back into traffic.

EXT. BARUT HOTEL LARA - BEAUTY PAGEANT - NIGHT

Hundreds of chairs cover a massive grass lawn, the rows of  
spectators are lined and lit by tiki torches. The  
Mediterranean Sea waves roll on to the beach front connected  
to the grass lawn behind the event.

On stage, the HOST stands in the spotlight opening the  
envelope to announce the winner, the beauty pageant's poised  
in the background. The lusciously dressed audience is quiet  
with anticipation.

He pulls the card out and leans into the mic.

HOST  
Lia Kilani!

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

LIA

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

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

He takes aim at Lia waving to the crowd, rotating the camera lens, SNAPPING away.

INT. JACIR PALACE HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

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

A full catering service and bar is tending to guest, chandeliers hang from the ceiling, this is a festivity of wealth and luxury.

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

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

She begins to dance in circles with the sword over head, swinging with the music, buzzed. The crowd is CHEERING her on.

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

Roy is making the rounds with the guest, takes racy pictures of the young and the rich.

He politely interrupts people eating, dancing, and talking for pictures. They pose and smile.

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

INSERT PHOTO'S

- Yaser, drunk, two women on his arms.

- Jamal, surrounded by partiers, not smiling.

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

INT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Lia has a glass of champagne by herself getting fresh air. Roy SNAPS a photo.

Lia turns her head and smiles.

LIA

Wait.

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

ROY

Ready?

Roy shoots away as she blows kisses at the camera.

ROY (CONT'D)

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

LIA

Thank you.

Roy sits on the balcony ledge, changing lenses.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF TOP - NIGHT

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

TERESA'S BINOCULAR POV: Roy and Lia are entertaining the conversation.

BACK TO SCENE

She talks into her earpiece.

TERESA

How's it going down there?

EXT. JACIR PALACE HOTEL FACADE - CONTINUOUS

Chucky sits outside a coffee shop at a table sipping his cup. His eyes scan the pedestrians walking in and out of the hotel.

CHUCKY  
 (into earpiece)  
 Just alot of fancy suits and  
 dresses down here.

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

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

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

MICHAEL  
 (into earpiece)  
 Slowly but surely.  
 (writing)  
 Got some faces to look into later.  
 How is Roy?

EXT. BUILDING ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

Roy and Lia are laughing.

TERESA  
 He's having too much fun.

The Unit SNICKERS over the earpieces.

INT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

ROY  
 So you only have one pageant left?

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

ROY  
It's growing on me.

LIA  
All these gorgeous woman? I'll bet.

Roy smiles.

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

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

LIA  
Looking for something more  
appealing?

ROY  
Exactly.

Roy begins shooting more pictures.

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

ROY  
I would love to shoot you sometime.

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

ROY  
How short?

LIA  
Tomorrow.

ROY  
I'm there.

Lia opens her purse and hands Roy a business card.

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

ROY  
Thank you so much Ms. Kilani.

LIA

Lia.

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

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - LATER

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

The Unit stands in front of the suspects.

ROY

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

TERESA

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

CHUCKY

Especially one that will chop your head off.

ROY

Well, we know better. It's good to be ahead in the game. Michael, has any other agencies asked about our mission? Looking for leads?

MICHAEL

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

ROY

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

MICHAEL

You notice anything significant about Yaser or Jamal?

CHUCKY

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

The Unit giggles.

ROY

My hunch is that Yaser is in charge of finances and Jamal is protection, both might be former Israeli military.

MICHAEL

I get that drift too. What did you get on Lia?

ROY

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

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

MICHAEL

That should do.

ROY

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

MICHAEL

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

ROY

Okay.

Roy lays on his cot and pulls the covers over him. The Unit starts packing.

INT. CAIRO - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

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

He calls Michael on his cell.

INT. CAIRO - UNIT'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

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

MICHAEL

Hey.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION:

ROY

Are you guys setup?

MICHAEL

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

ROY

We've had a shift in plans.

MICHAEL

What?

ROY

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

Michael is quiet.

MICHAEL

So what then?

ROY

You and Teresa are going to have to attend.

INT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - DAY

A red curtain pulls back, the audience hushes. A beautiful Italian opera singer stands alone. The house is quiet, the orchestra plays.

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

EXT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Teresa are in tuxedo and dress, posing as rich socialites. Michael's CELLPHONES BUZZES and he checks the display.

INSERT DISPLAY - A picture of the pageant judge.

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

INT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lia is beginning to tear up to the beautiful SINGING.

EXT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - PATIO - LATER

The after party is full of audience members. All are mingling and having conversations with glasses of champagne.

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

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

Lia excuses herself from the conversation.

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

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

EXT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

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

Lia scowls looking up at them and Sam is awaiting their purpose.

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

Lia forces a smile.

LIA  
Nice to meet you. Thanks.

She shakes Teresa's hand.

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

Lia clenches her jaw.

LIA  
Sure.

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

Teresa slyly sticks a wiretap underneath their table, unnoticed.

Yaser and Jamal rescue the important meeting for Lia.

YASER  
Please. Let them eat.

Jamal stares.

MICHAEL  
Sorry.

TERESA  
Thank you so much.

MICHAEL  
Have a great night.

They walk away.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL  
(into earpiece)  
How did we do?

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

ROY  
(into earpiece)  
Loud and clear.

EXT. CAIRO - OPERA HOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Lia leans into Sam.

LIA  
Sorry about that.

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

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

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

SAM  
I did.

LIA  
And?

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

LIA  
I'll double the offer?

Sam is amazed. He laughs.

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

Lia nods.

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

Lia stares daggers into him.

LIA

What are you saying?

SAM

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

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

SAM (CONT'D)

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

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

SAM (CONT'D)

Have a good night.

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

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Roy and Chucky give each other a grave look.

ROY

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

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

ROY (CONT'D)

The judge just refused Lia's offer.

TERESA

She's going to kill him.

ROY

Right. So let's get to him first thing tomorrow morning and try to have a conversation with him.

MICHAEL

I know which hotel he is staying at.

ROY

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

INT. CAIRO - LIA'S HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Lia lies on the bed with her pet snake, silk pajamas. Yaser sits on a love seat, thinking. Jamal is asleep on the separate bed.

LIA

What are we thinking over there Yaser?

YASER

We have to kill him.

LIA

Is there another way?

YASER

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

LIA

What about his family?

YASER

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

LIA

What should we do?

YASER

I can send Jamal. It will be quiet.

LIA

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

YASER

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

LIA

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

YASER

The buffet?

LIA

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

Yaser smiles. Lia kisses her snakes flickering tongue.

INT. ROY'S HOTEL

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

ROY

Hello? Teresa? What's going on?

Checks his wrist watch.

TERESA (V.O.)

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

ROY

Shit! Be here in five minutes.

TERESA (V.O.)

Make it two.

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

INT. LIA'S HOTEL ROOM

Lia is putting heavy eyeliner on a man, PRO Bomber, dressed in women's shroud. He stares straight ahead, focused.

LIA

How long have you been a local?

PRO BOMBER

(arabic)  
My whole life.

LIA  
Are you prepared to die?

PRO BOMBER  
(arabic)  
Yes.

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

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

Lia, Yaser, and Jamal stand back impressed. The male PRO Bomber is now a pregnant woman.

LIA  
Now, go serve your purpose in the  
Palestine Resistance Organization.  
Yes?

The PRO Bomber has unflinching dedication in his eyes.

PRO BOMBER  
(arabic)  
Yes.

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

LIA  
PRO.

PRO BOMBER  
(arabic)  
PRO.

The PRO Bomber walks out of the hotel room.

EXT. STREETS OF CAIRO - CONTINUOUS

The BUSY TRAFFIC of cars honking, people on bicycles, pedestrians walking to and fro. Clothing from apartments hanging on strings to dry above merchants shacks selling goods. The city is in full affect.

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

INT. UNMARKED VAN - SAME

Chucky is driving, Roy is shotgun, Michael and Teresa are sitting in the back.

ROY

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

MICHAEL

That's a bit much ain't it?

ROY

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

EXT. STREETS OF CAIRO - CONTINUOUS

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

She knocks on the tinted window and it rolls down. Sam smiling.

SAM

(arabic)

Hello.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Michael sees the pregnant woman.

MICHAEL

Roy. We got something.

Roy looks, sees the pregnant belly, Sam smiling.

ROY

That's not a woman. Teresa, hand me a flashbang.

Teresa hands Roy a flashbang and he gets out of the van's passenger side.

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

EXT. SAM'S SUV - SAME

Sam reaches out for the pregnant belly.

SAM  
 (arabic)  
 Let me guess. A girl?

Pregnant woman says nothing.

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

Nothing.

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

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

Yards away, Roy pulls the pin on the flashbang, brings his arm back to roll it towards the PRO Bomber.

PRO BOMBER  
 ALLAHU AKBAR!

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

BOOM! The PRO Bomber and Sam ignite in a ball of flames, the SUV demolished, Roy dives to the street for cover from the blast.

Roy puts the pin back in the flashbang and sees the destruction.

People running in panic, SCREAMING and CRYING. Car windshields shattered, smoke rising off the charcoal hoods, flaming debris scattered in the streets.

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

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Roy gets in.

ROY  
 Damn it!

The Unit sits in silence.

INT. ROY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

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

ROY

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

MICHAEL

I know. Just, we were so close.

ROY

They were closer.

ROY (CONT'D)

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

TERESA

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

ROY

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

CHUCKY

I'll gas up the van.

Roy gives Chucky a look.

MICHAEL

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

CHUCKY

We should stay.

ROY

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

The Unit looks glum.

ROY (CONT'D)

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

TERESA

How so? Another person died because  
of her.

ROY

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

TERESA

You're okay with the judge dying?

ROY

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

Teresa leans back in her chair.

ROY (CONT'D)

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

No eye contact.

MICHAEL

I get that Roy.

ROY

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

The Unit is quiet.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'll see you in Tel Aviv.

They get up and leave.

EXT. CAIRO DESERT

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

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

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

ROY  
Perfect. Just like that.

Roy finishes shooting and pulls the memory card out of the camera. He begins changing lenses.

Lia changes wardrobe.

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

LIA  
It was that or join the army.

ROY  
Soldiers don't get to dress as pretty.

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

ROY  
Why?

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

ROY  
Sounds personal.

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

ROY  
You've done your homework.

LIA

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

ROY

How so?

LIA

Hilter did it in 1933. His was the "Enabling Act". Same thing, different time. Domestic security justifies war profiteering. It's the oldest and easiest racket.

ROY

And you think that is happening today?

LIA

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

Roy is silent. Lia calms herself.

LIA (CONT'D)

Sorry.

ROY

Think nothing of it.

Roy puts his camera back in it's case. He and pulls out a necklace with a wooden medallion, the Star of David.

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

ROY (CONT'D)

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

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

ROY (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

LIA  
I have one of these.

She puts the necklace back into his hand.

LIA (CONT'D)  
My mother had one.

ROY  
We think alike.

LIA  
She's dead.

ROY  
(playing the part)  
Lia, I'm sorry.

LIA  
It's okay.

Roy pockets the necklace. Lia is dressed for next photo session.

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

LIA (CONT'D)  
My mother always liked diamonds.

ROY  
You know those diamonds?

Lia poses, Roy snaps away.

ROY (CONT'D)  
They match your eyes.

Lia is flattered.

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

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

ROY  
You needed me?

LIA  
I want to take a picture with a friend.

Closing the door behind her, Roy glimpses Yaser speaking Arabic on a cellphone, urgent. Jamal is typing away on a laptop.

INT. THE HILTON - HALLWAY

Roy and Lia walk towards an elevator.

ROY

Who are we taking a picture with?

LIA

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

ROY

That's like Myspace right?

Lia laughs as she presses the button on the elevator.

INT. THE HILTON - LOBBY

Palestinian politicians, news reporters, journalist and photographers are conversing with each other.

The talking stops when KENNETH WILKES, 66, presidential candidate, rounds the corner. Photographers flash away with pictures as his supporters converge on him with handshakes.

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

LIA

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

WILKES

You must know my daughter?

LIA

We talk on social media.

WILKES

She has almost as much followers as me.

They both smile.

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

WILKES  
I will and thanks for saying hi.

LIA  
Can I get a picture really fast?

WILKES  
Of course you can.

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

Wilkes assistants ushers him into the ballroom entrance.

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

LIA  
Good luck in the elections!

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

INT. THE HILTON - BALLROOM A

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

Wilkes adjusts the mic and leafs through his notes.

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

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

Half the audience applause's.

WILKES (CONT'D)

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

The audience cheers.

WILKES (CONT'D)

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

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

WILKES (CONT'D)

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

The audience that benefits stand and applaud. Members of the Saturn Group scowl.

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

INT. LOBBY - THE HILTON - CONTINUOUS

Wilkes and his campaign staff exit the ballroom. Roy is stalking from a lobby love seat.

INT. THE HILTON - BALLROOM A - NEXT NIGHT

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

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

Everyone in the ballroom roars with cheers and clapping. Camera's flash as do cellphones, confetti falls from the ceiling.

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

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

She exits the stage handing out hugs, Kamar gives her a huge kiss on the cheek.

EXT. THE ROTHSCHILD HOTEL - PATIO - LATER

The private party for Lia's victory is underway and mild mannered. Lia's entourage and supporters of her Miss Palestine crowning eat and drink to LIGHT MUSIC PLAYING.

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

LIA  
Roy!

ROY  
Miss Palestine!

Roy marches over and gives her a big bear hug.

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

LIA  
Yes. I have never been.

ROY  
You'll love it.

A couple at the party are drunk and arguing.

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

LIA  
Excuse me.

Lia walks over to the couple and Roy stays put, watching. He sees the man is offended by Lia, but can't make out the conversation from across the room.

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

Roy moves into help but realizes Lia is in control.

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

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

They all laugh and Roy walks over to comfort her.

ROY  
That was amazing. You okay?

LIA  
I did some military training when I was younger.

Roy smiles.

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

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

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

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bartender awaits their orders with a smile.

LIA  
Two shots of whiskey.

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

LIA  
Well, I just got the crown.

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

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

ROY  
Took that shot like a seasoned  
drinker.

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

LIA  
Another.

ROY  
So when do you leave for America?

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

The shots are served. They down them quickly.

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

ROY  
I might hang around for awhile.

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

ROY  
I'd love to.

Roy downs his shot.

ROY (CONT'D)

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

LIA

Various donators. Why?

ROY

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

LIA

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

She orders another shot.

ROY

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

LIA

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

ROY

So this is an investment?

LIA

Yes.

ROY

Sounds like a loan.

Lia has a drunken stare.

LIA

Are you saying my team is backed by  
a bank?

ROY

No.

LIA

(slurs)

Let me be clear, Roy. Every penny I  
spend is self-generated by my  
donors.

(MORE)

LIA (CONT'D)

I'm not foolish enough to get into  
bed with vaults that are empty.

ROY

Fair enough.

They both walk back to the patio area.

EXT. DESERT - JERUSALEM - NIGHT

The winds blow on the dunes, sand mist in the air, in the  
distance, Lia and Yaser are seen emerging.

Both wear black veils and robes, wraiths in the desert.

They approach a tent that is lit from the inside by a  
flickering flame.

Yaser pulls a tarp back to the entrance and Lia enters first,  
he follows.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

They sit on rugs in front of the crackling fire and across  
from them is SHAFIK SHOMALI, 78, PRO Leader, long white beard  
and turban.

Behind him is an AK-47, an RPG, a Ham Radio, and a flag of  
Jerusalem. Two masked guards stand quietly off to the side.

The entire conversation is spoken in Arabic.

SHAFIK

Lia the annoited one. You've come  
along way from your training. No  
one knows these sands like you.  
When you were ten years old, you  
could walk through them blind  
folded in the scorching heat, and  
still find me. All the tragedy  
you've experienced has made you a  
fearless leader. You've infiltrated  
greater than I could have ever  
imagined.

LIA

Thank you.

SHAFIK

Yaser has taken care of you since  
your initiation into the PRO. After  
your mother's death.

(MORE)

SHAFIK (CONT'D)

thirty pieces of silver was a small price to pay for such a prodigy. Your virginity is only for the righteous.

Lia has a blank stare, Yaser is reminded briefly of that night.

SHAFIK (CONT'D)

Tell me. What is your next move?

LIA

I've secured a position into America and will get extremely close to our target Kenneth Wilkes. My hug will be the last thing he feels. Yaser has been taking care of the bombing plans and is ready to detonate after I give myself to Allah.

Shafik turns to Yaser, he nods.

SHAFIK

How have you been able to come this far without their detection?

LIA

Fame. The Americans worship the famous and the rich. Any concerns of me being a terrorist from the Middle East are dismissed because I am vain. If my goal is to be rich and admired, they'll let me sit at their table. Fame is their weakness and is our trojan horse in. Social media has been a huge asset. Twitter, Instagram, Youtube.

Shafik looks confused with the terminologies.

YASER

The internet.

Shafik nods.

LIA

I've become untouchable. They would never suspect a fellow celebrity is actually hiding in plain sight as a terrorist. The more I smile and look pretty. The less they'll see me coming.

Shafik sees the confidence in Lia's eyes.

SHAFIK

The rich and powerful too often  
bend the acts of socialism for  
their selfish reasons. A true  
Palestinian.

Lia stands to leave.

LIA

Palestine Resistance Organization.

SHAFIK

(returns)

Palestine Resistance Organization.

She exits the tent and Yaser slides over on the rug.

SHAFIK (CONT'D)

She is doing well.

YASER

Very.

SHAFIK

You've done well too, Yaser.  
Although Lia is the tip of the  
spear. You're the one using her.  
Don't ever let her know that.

Yaser nods.

SHAFIK (CONT'D)

Remind her what ANTI did to her  
mother. She needs to drive this  
mission with hatred and vengeance.  
She is the prime example of the PRO  
in America.

YASER

Yes. Are the other plans ready?

SHAFIK

Fortunately, the exclusive  
privileges of the few will be the  
destruction of the many.

Shafik motions to one of the body guards and he hands Yaser  
schematics. He unrolls them and from the light of the fire  
are blueprints of The Statue Of Liberty.

SHAFIK (CONT'D)

The attack will be sufficient enough  
to spread PRO's name across the  
world and carry us into the arms of  
liberation.

Yaser rolls them up, tucks them in his robe, and exits the tent.

INT. JERUSALEM - DRESS SHOP - DAY

Lia gets measured by an old seamstress for new pageant dresses. Lia stands on a stool, admires her figure in a mirror.

Many fabrics of gold, green, and red are dressed on mannequins.

Yaser walks in.

YASER

(to seamstress)

Please, give us a moment.

The old seamstress heads into the back with fabrics.

LIA

Everything okay.

YASER

I have great news. A billionaire friend of mine has agreed to let us use his Jumbo Jet for our trip to America.

FLASHBACK EXT. TRUNK OF CAR - NIGHT

Yaser and Jamal are looking into the bed of the trunk space, a silenced pistol is in Yaser's hand.

A billionaire, the owner of a Boeing 747 is bound at the wrist and ankles. Potato sack over his head with a bullet hole in it. Dead.

INT. DRESS SHOP - (BACK TO PRESENT)

LIA

That's great!

YASER

We can avoid some security checks  
when we land.

LIA

No need for flight school. And the  
bomb?

YASER

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

Lia steps down from the stool.

LIA

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

They both exit the shop.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

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

Lia presses the intercom to the driver.

LIA

Can you put the radio on please.

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

RADIO ANNOUNCER

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

Lia presses the intercom again.

LIA

Turn it off!

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

LIA (CONT'D)

I hate them.

YASER

I know. After what they did to your  
mother.

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

YASER  
Yes.

Lia stares out the window, Jerusalem passes by.

LIA  
How much time do we have until we  
leave?

YASER  
Lia we can't.

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

Yaser is quiet.

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

YASER  
(reasoning)  
Lia, right now, we don't have the  
man power to take them on. And with  
everything we got going down in  
America? We can't jeopardize the  
mission for some Jordan girls.

LIA  
Innocent girls!

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

Tears of rage roll down Lia's face.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - LATER

Roy and the Unit are huddled around a speaker next to the  
military laptop that is playing back the RECORDING of the  
conversation.

LIA (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
We carry on with the mission.

Chucky hits the stop button.

CHUCKY

Kids...

TERESA

This bitch is psychotic but I agree with her.

MICHAEL

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

Roy is silent.

TERESA

Anything to add Roy?

ROY

It's terrible.

TERESA

That's it?

ROY

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

Teresa stares.

ROY (CONT'D)

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

TERESA

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

Roy sighs.

MICHAEL

Roy, I know we have mission perimeters but I have to agree with Teresa.

CHUCKY

Me too.

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

ROY

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

The Unit stares at Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)

We have tonight to get them.

ROY (CONT'D)

Michael, where the hell are we going to start?

MICHAEL

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

TERESA

We could make it there tonight, no problem.

MICHAEL

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

CHUCKY

Sneak attack.

ROY

There's no guarantee they're there.  
(sighs)  
But we will look. Suit up!

CHUCKY

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

The Unit straps on bulletproof vest, placing earpieces.

Michael loads a curved clip into the MP5K.

MICHAEL

Case we run into gunfire.

ROY

Let's try to avoid that.

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

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

He looks over at Chucky whom is holding the M-16 and the clip, confused.

CHUCKY

I haven't shot a gun since the acadamey.

Roy looks surprised.

ROY

How did you expect to survive out here?

CHUCKY

I'm the tech guy. I make the computers work and get good wi-fi.

ROY

Michael, I know you've seen some action.

MICHAEL

Don't remind me.

ROY

Teresa.

TERESA

I did two tours in Afghanistan. If you get scared Chucker's get behind me.

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

ROY

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

Chucky takes the weapon and nods his head.

ROY (CONT'D)

(to unit)

Let's go save some little girls.

They head for the exit.

INT. BEERSHEBA - UNMARKED VAN - NIGHT

The Unit pulls over to a curb, head-lights off. In front of them is an abandoned building, bombed out years ago, lights are on inside.

MICHAEL

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

ROY

How many in there?

TERESA

(pumping shotgun)  
Let's find out.

ROY

Chucky, you ready for this?

CHUCKY

(uneasy)  
Locked and loaded.

ROY

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

Chucky nods.

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

EXT. BEERSHEBA - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The streets are dead, not a soul. The Unit moves like a SWAT team, Roy leads, Teresa second, Michael covering the tail end. They make very little noise, swift.

EXT. ABANDON BUILDING - SIDE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

TERESA POV - ANTI members are smoking hookah, scrolling cellphones, guns nearby.

BACK TO TERESA

She drops down and pulls out a flashbang, and gets ready to throw.

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

ANTI members yell, BANG! A flash strobes the broken window.

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - 1ST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The Unit storms in, ANTI is dazed and blinded.

Teresa blast holes into two members chest with her shotgun, no hesitation.

Michael shoots two more searching around for their weapons, three-round burst.

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

ROY

Brace that door!

Teresa jams a chair under the door handle.

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - 1ST FLOOR - HALLWAY

The Unit moves fast, each kicking a closed door down, aiming and searching. They look to Roy, all clear.

ROY

Second floor.

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

They take cover into the rooms they have checked.

ANTI MEMBER

(arabic)

They're down here!

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

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

Teresa pulls out another flashbang and holds the pin.  
FOOTSTEPS can be heard STAMPEDING for them, WEAPONS COCKING.

MICHAEL  
(whispers)  
Throw it.

She says nothing, timing.

ROY  
Wait.

The footsteps get louder.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Now.

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

BANG! a flash strobes from around the corner.

ANTI members fumble and groan.

Michael charges the stairs, rounding the corner, unloading his whole clip.

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

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

There are four doors on this floor all closed.

ROY  
Check every door!

EXT. STREETS - BEERSHEBA - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

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

CHUCKY  
Just breathe, Chuck.

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

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Roy kicks a door in and sees the four young girls from Jordan. Shaved heads, tattered clothes, terrified and hungry, holding each other in a corner.

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

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

TERESA  
Roy, we got company outside.

The girls recognize a woman's voice and their tears stop flowing.

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

They trust him and follow Roy out the room.

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

They hide behind Teresa.

An ANTI member is still alive, he is reaching for his gun. Roy steps on his hand and kicks him over. He takes off his scarf wrapped around his face. He's an MI-6 AGENT.

Roy is confused.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Are you American?

MI-6 AGENT  
 I'm British.  
 (coughs blood)  
 Get me out of here.

ROY  
 Why are you here?

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

MICHAEL  
 We need to leave!

Michael looks out the window through his binoculars.

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

BACK TO SCENE

The Unit leaves for the 1st floor.

Michael puts a three-round burst into the MI-6 Agent. Roy and Teresa are startled.

Michael whips out his combat knife and slices the MI-6 Agents palm open. He digs out with the tip of his blade a GPS chip and pockets it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Let's go.

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

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

EXT. BEERSHEBA - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

BOOM! All the ANTI members go flying in the air, flames and smoke, dead.

                          CHUCKY  
                          (into earpiece)  
                          Go! Go! Go!

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. ABANDON BUILDING - SIDE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

                          TERESA  
                          (into earpiece)  
                          Bring them out now!

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

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

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

                          MICHAEL  
                          (shouting)  
                          Teresa, go!

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

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

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

The ANTI jeeps follow, still SHOOTING.

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

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

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

Michael pulls her back in and the door slides shut.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Teresa are catching their breath. Roy is covering the girls with his huge arms, they open their eyes.

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

They all shake their heads. Roy hugs them.

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

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

TERESA  
Safety off.

Chucky smiles.

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

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

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

EXT. JORDAN - MOSQUE - DAWN

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

The worshipers walk over to the girls, comforting them.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - YACHT - DAY

The sun is sparkling off the waters.

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

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

ROY

I think we're good.

Roy puts his camera in the gear bag. Lia wraps herself in a silk robe and they both sit at the table.

LIA

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

ROY

Me too. Haven't ate since yesterday.

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

ROY (CONT'D)

Lia, I have a question.

LIA

Shoot.

ROY

You got a boyfriend?

LIA

Why?

ROY  
(amused)  
No! I'm not asking for me. Was just curious.

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

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

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

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

Lia dreams for a moment.

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

ROY  
That's kind of you.

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

They both dig at their salads.

ROY  
I hope I'm not being too nosy.

LIA  
Not at all.

ROY  
What was your father like?

Lia puts her fork down and takes a big drink.

LIA

My father is an average citizen in Jerusalem. He works, pays bills, attend church. Nothing out of the ordinary. And how about you. There a Mrs. Roy back home?

Roy pauses.

ROY

There was. A long time ago.

LIA

Sad story?

ROY

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

Lia senses there is something deeper to his description.

ROY (CONT'D)

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

LIA

Are you okay, Roy?

ROY

I want you to know that, Lia.

He gently grabs her hand across the table.

ROY (CONT'D)

She was a great woman.

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

ROY (CONT'D)

She would have liked you.

LIA

What happened to her?

ROY

She's happy.

LIA  
(deep breath)  
What was her name?

He gulps.

WAITER  
Excuse me, Miss Kilani.

The emotions dissipates.

LIA  
(composing)  
Yes. What is it?

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

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

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

Lia returns to the table.

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

ROY  
(enthusiastic)  
Look at you.

LIA  
Still want to go?

They both smile big.

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

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - NIGHT

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

MICHAEL  
You didn't turn your mic on?

ROY  
I was having a casual conversation  
with Lia.

TERESA  
Casual?

ROY  
Just lunch and some laughs.

CHUCKY  
What did you eat?

Teresa rolls her eyes at Chucky.

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

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

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

The Unit turns to Roy staring at Michael. He reaches in his  
breast pocket and pulls out the GPS chip.

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

CHUCKY  
That could have a tracking signal  
on it!

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

ROY  
You better start talking or I walk.

MICHAEL  
Our intentions are to protect our  
governments interest.

ROY

Oil.

MICHAEL

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

ROY

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

TERESA

Same.

Chucky stands with Teresa.

MICHAEL

You can't leave.

ROY

Why?

MICHAEL

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

(pauses)

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

The Unit is shocked.

ROY

How many times have you ran this mission?

CHUCKY

(to himself)

This is a Russian doll mission.

MICHAEL

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

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

Roy grabs his luggage.

MICHAEL  
Roy.

Roy gets serious.

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

MICHAEL  
I promise.

Roy sets his luggage back down.

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

Roy is about to snap the chip.

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

ROY  
I like that idea. Agents are going  
to be waiting for us once we land?

Michael nods.

ROY (CONT'D)  
While I'm in the air I will make  
the arrest as were landing. You'll  
get there days later. If the FBI  
decides to arrest me too. You guys  
are my only defense to make me a  
free man again.

The Unit nods.

TERESA  
We leave for New York tonight.

ROY

Make sure you contact the NYPD before I touch down. They're the only people we can trust at this point.

TERESA

How are you going to arrest them without a weapon?

ROY

I'll improvise. What happened to our Jordan girls?

TERESA

Safe and sound. But one problem.

MICHAEL

The news is praising their return to their families and crediting Americans for the rescue.

ROY

We just got made.

The TAXI from outside HONKS.

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

Michael with his bag on his shoulder turns to Roy.

MICHAEL

See you on the other side of the ocean.

He exits.

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

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

Yaser is having a tumbler of whiskey and plays Monopoly with Jamal who is drinking bottled water.

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

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

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

YASER  
(arabic)  
Do you trust him?

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

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

INSERT PHOTO - Roy and Lia hugging at a party, making faces.

BACK TO SCENE

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

He puts the board game on hold and slips away.

INT. BOEING 747 - LOWER FLOOR

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

YASER  
(cautious)  
Everything okay?  
(beat)  
New York?  
(beat)  
I will take care of it.

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

YASER (CONT'D)  
Jamal!

Jamal comes down the steps.

YASER (CONT'D)  
We have a problem.

JAMAL  
What is it?

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

Jamal nods.

YASER (CONT'D)

I just got word they might be onto us and they're headed for New York.

JAMAL

So what do we do?

YASER

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

Yaser checks his watch.

YASER (CONT'D)

Ten minutes. I need you to take them out before they get to America.

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

YASER (CONT'D)

By the time you touch down on the deck Shafik will be sending me pictures of them. They're a team.

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

YASER (CONT'D)

(re: knife)  
Smart.

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

YASER (CONT'D)

There are three of them. We'll pick you up once you dock in New York.

Yaser hurries away to the staircase.

YASER (CONT'D)

One moment.

INT. BOEING 747 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

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

He leans into the pilots ear.

YASER

(arabic)

Descend to ten thousand feet for  
twenty minutes then return to  
normal flight pattern.

The pilot nods.

INT. BOEING 747 - LOWER FLOOR

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

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

Yaser pulls the door shut and locks the latch.

INT. BOEING 747 - UPPER FLOOR

Yaser comes walking up the staircase, fixes his tie. Lia and Roy have felt the descent of the craft.

LIA

Bumpy ride.

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

YASER

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

Lia feels unnerved about the altitude change.

LIA

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

ROY

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

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

INT. BOEING 747 - LIA'S BEDROOM

She immediately begins texting Yaser.

INSERT TEXT - "What's going on?"

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

INT. BOEING 747 - UPPER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

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

YASER

You want to play?

ROY

Sure.

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

Yaser rolls the dice and advances his figurine.

YASER

So you and Lia are getting real close?

ROY

Yeah, you could say that.

Roy rolls and moves his piece.

YASER

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

ROY

She knows what she's doing.

YASER

Yes, she does. How about you?

ROY

What?

YASER

Do you know what you're doing?

Yaser shakes the dice in his hand. Roy senses a hidden meaning.

ROY  
Taking pictures.

YASER  
They last longer.

Yaser rolls again.

EXT. OVER ATLANTIC - NIGHT

Jamal is in free fall. The wind whipping in his hair, tearing at his suit.

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - LOWER BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - SIDE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Door "917" opens and Chucky comes out with an ice bucket and walks over to the ice machine, he holds down a button as it dispenses cubes.

The ice machine clatters with chunks of ice and...

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

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

INT. ROOM 917 - CONTINUOUS

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

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

MICHAEL

It's about time. Did you know  
cruise ships are liable to  
destruction sailing through war  
zones?"

Jamal sheaths his knife and Michael in a headlock with both arms from behind.

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

Jamal lays the limp body on the bed.

INT. ROOM 917 - MOMENTS LATER

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

She walks out oblivious to Michaels corpse on the bed.

TERESA

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

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

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

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

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - SIDE DECK - LATER

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

INT. ROOM 917 - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. BOEING 747 - UPPER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

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

His cellphone vibrates and he checks the text.

INSERT TEXT - "**Complete.**"

BACK TO SCENE

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

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

Roy excuses himself and takes the call down below.

INT. BOEING 747 - LOWER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

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

ROY

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

OCEAN WATER SPLASHING, CHUCKY is barely audible.

CHUCKY

(gargling blood)

Roy... They made us... the unit...

ROY

Chuck.

No response, water SPLASHING.

ROY (CONT'D)

Chuck...

The cellphone cuts out. A grave look falls over Roy's face, his mind is spinning.

INT. BOEING 747 - UPPER FLOOR

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

YASER

Your turn.

Roy rolls. He's steely, never takes his eyes off Yaser.

ROY

I'm done for the night.

YASER

I win.

ROY

No.

YASER

How?

ROY

We haven't finished the game yet.

YASER

(frankly)

You still would lose? I have more money and assets than you.

Roy gets up and walks to the staircase and turns.

ROY

But I have friends in higher places.

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

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

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - TARMAC

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

As they get into the limo, Roy stops, carry-on bag over his shoulder.

LIA

What's wrong?

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

LIA  
We'll drop you off.

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

Lia caresses his face, she is concerned.

LIA  
Sure, The Plaza.

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

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

INT. JFK AIRPORT - LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

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

He accesses an instant message chat with Stan in orbit.

A message PINGS on his desktop.

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

ROY: **"Stan, I need your help."**

STAN: **"Sure thing."**

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

Roy types in the number.

STAN: **"Hold on."**

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

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

INSERT PHOTO - Chucky is floating in the Atlantic, dead.

Another instant message PINGS.

STAN: "Roy, Jesus Christ what is happening?"

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

ROY: "Man down."

STAN: "Roy, I'm sorry."

ROY: "This wreaks of a leak from the inside. I'm on my own."

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

ROY: "I'll be in touch."

Roy shuts his laptop, packs it up, and leaves the lounge.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - DAY

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

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

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

Jamal sits on a love seat while Lia is showering.

YASER

You hungry?

Jamal shakes his head.

JAMAL

When do we go to the bomb site?

YASER

Tonight. We have to meet with the arms-dealer.

JAMAL

Here?

Yaser nods.

YASER

Shafik has a particular spot in mind.

(beat)

(MORE)

YASER (CONT'D)

How did everything go on the cruise ship?

JAMAL

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

YASER

PRO is much deeper than just Palestine. We have liaisons in whomever's military interest, helps our interest. The Saturn Group is funding this operation.

JAMAL

American? I thought we were against them?

YASER

Their ideals. Yes. But certain groups believe fascism is the true intentions of democracy. Do you really think the US military wants peace for the Palestinian?

(beat)

As long as the world needs oil reserves. They'll never not occupy the Middle East. This has been a standard for most of the world wars.

Jamal hangs on Yaser's every word.

JAMAL

What standard?

YASER

Trading with the enemy act.

YASER (CONT'D)

When that American journalist was beheaded. Do you think that had to do with PRO's radical beliefs? Are we so religious we don't need money?

(beat)

We never kidnapped him, he was handed over by military escort. If honest politicians actually get the people to believe in true freedom. Then there is no need for wars and religion.

Yaser looks at the New York City view.

YASER (CONT'D)  
There would be no slavery.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOF FROM PLAZA - SAME

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

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

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

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

Yaser smiles.

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

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

INT. TRAIN - EVENING

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

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

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

WOODROW

Do you know why you are here?

WILKES

To give you a message.

WOODROW

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

WILKES

That's repugnant. The people have my alligence.

WOODROW

(grins)

We own them too.

Wilkes laughs.

WILKES

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

WOODROW

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

WILKES

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

WOODROW

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

WILKES

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

Woodrow and his cronies scowl.

WILKES (CONT'D)

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

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

WILKES (CONT'D)

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

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

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - SAME

Yaser is facing an ARMS-DEALER wearing a ski-mask. Jamal is checking an open crate with a bomb inside, he closes it.

JAMAL

It's good.

Yaser hands the Arms-Dealer an envelope of cash.

ARMS-DEALER

(arabic)

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

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

Yaser is uneasy about the Arms-Dealer.

YASER

(arabic)

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

ARMS-DEALER

(arabic)

Does it matter?

YASER

(arabic)

Yes it does.

(MORE)

YASER (CONT'D)

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

ARMS-DEALER

(arabic)

Shafik trust me.

Yaser is upset and tries to compose himself.

ARMS-DEALER (CONT'D)

(arabic)

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

JAMAL

(arabic)

You ask a lot of questions.

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

YASER

(arabic)

It's simple. You can bomb the area but that's not necessary. If you have the right agents in place. Both sides will destroy each other with minimal effort.

ARMS-DEALER

(arabic)

Genius. What about the people?

YASER

(arabic)

Now ours. Class dismissed.

The Arms-Dealer leaves the suite.

INT. ARMS-DEALERS HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

ROY

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

Roy enters the bathroom and slides the shower curtain open. The **real** Arms-Dealer is sedated in the tub. A bag of white powder in his lap.

OTHER LINE OPERATOR (V.O.)

A clean up crew will arrive  
shortly. What's the room number?

ROY

Trace the call.

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

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

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

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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

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

Stories above them, Roy watches the rental car through a hallway window. He checks the display on a GPS device. It's tracking the bombs movement.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY - CONTINUOUS

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

Yaser climbs onto the boardwalk and Jamal hands him the crate. They both run for the base of the statue each holds a side of the crate.

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

INT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY - PEDESTAL - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

YASER

Follow me.

They both make their way up the narrow corkscrew staircase.

INT. LIBERTY'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

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

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

YASER

Tape your bomb here.

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

Yaser turns both the cellphone's on.

YASER (CONT'D)

The batteries will last until tomorrow night.

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

JAMAL

Soon, they'll know.

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

INT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY - PEDESTAL

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

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S BATHROOM

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

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

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

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

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

After a moment it breaks and she begins to cry.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

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

LIA  
Are we set?

YASER  
Yes. And you.

LIA  
Ready.

Yaser takes a seat on the bed and Lia joins.

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

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

YASER  
Where's your detonator?

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

YASER (CONT'D)  
The batteries are out?

LIA

Yes.

He presses the top and it clicks.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - LATER

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

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

EVENT COORDINATOR

Smile ladies!

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

EVENT COORDINATOR (CONT'D)

Like that girls! Watch and learn!

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

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

ALLISON

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

LIA

Same to you.

They hug each other.

ALLISON

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

LIA

He's charming.

ALLISON

It runs in the family.

The Event Coordinator is rallying all the girls for another pageant exercise.

GRACE

Can I take a quick selfie with you?

LIA

Sure.

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

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - SAME

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

He sneaks around the suite looking for the second bomb.

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

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S BATHROOM - SAME

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

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

ROY

Olive oil?

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

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

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

ROY (CONT'D)

Lia, no.

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

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE

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

They stare for a moment, intense.

JAMAL

What are you doing here?

ROY  
Looking for Lia.

JAMAL  
I mean how did you get in here?

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

Jamal steps to the side.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Roy knees him and flips him over, he rolls away and grabs a  
hand towel, wraps it around both his fist, pulling it taut.

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

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

Jamal is dazed for a second, dropping the knife, Roy kicks it  
away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He calls Yaser.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

We have a problem.

(beat)

Roy. He's a spy working with the team on the cruise ship.

(beat)

I'm on it.

Jamal ends the call and begins wrapping Roy up in bedsheets.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

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

He pushes Roy into the hallway disguised as dirty laundry.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - LATER

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

LIA

What happened? Where's Jamal?

Yaser sees the blood on the carpet.

YASER

Lia, sit down on the bed.

Lia sits.

YASER (CONT'D)

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

Lia is in disbelief.

YASER (CONT'D)

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

LIA

That was him?

YASER

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

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

YASER (CONT'D)

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

LIA

Should we abort?

YASER

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

Lia sniffles and wipes her tears away.

YASER (CONT'D)

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

LIA

Yes.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S BATHROOM

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

She tilts her head back and opens wide.

YASER

Okay, nice and easy.

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

Yaser picks up another.

YASER (CONT'D)

Number two.

EXT. MARSHES - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

Roy sweeps his bound ankles at Jamal's legs and he drops. Roy leaps on him and wrestles his way on to Jamal's back. Digging his face into the mud.

Jamal struggles, his body goes limp.

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

ROY

Ahhh!

His knife wound in his back is shooting pain.

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

INSERT CELLPHONE DISPLAY - **8:30 PM**

BACK TO SCENE

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

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

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

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

ALLISON

(into mic)

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

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

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

He dials into the cellphone 911. Dispatch ANSWERS.

ROY

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

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

ROY (CONT'D)

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

He ends the call and guns the pedal.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ceremony is over and the after party is in full swing. All the contestants and spectators socialize and drink champagne.

Lia hugs Allison.

LIA

So happy for you!

ALLISON

Thank you! That means so much to me.

LIA

Thanks.

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

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

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

The police charge the stairwells and block the elevators, the hotel manager is conflicting with the police captain.

She ends the voice mail and texts Yaser.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Yaser looks out the window at the squad of cops forming a barricade outside.

His CELLPHONE BUZZES and he looks at the text.

INSERT TEXT - **"Do it now!"**

BACK TO SCENE

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

INT. LIBERTY'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

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

The wires connected to the bundles of dynamite are cut, useless.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LIA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

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

POLICE OFFICER

NYPD!

Yaser puts his hands up.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL FACADE - CONTINUOUS

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

A crowd is forming street-side, gawking.

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

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lia, like the rest of the people, are watching the police take command through glass windows and the ballroom entrance.

Wilkes is holding his daughter and Lia heads towards them, squeezing by attendees, she pulls out her detonator pen.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL FACADE - CONTINUOUS

Roy approaches an EMT paramedic and pulls up his shirt, exposing his knife wound.

ROY  
I need your help.

PARAMEDIC  
Dear, lord.

He brings Roy past the barricade to an ambulance.

EXT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

They open the back doors and he sits on the bumper step, next to him is a police officer, his gun staring Roy in the face.

As the paramedic gets the gauze, stitches, and alcohol swabs ready. Roy grabs the gun from his holster then cracks him over the head.

The police officer drops and Roy catches him.

ROY  
He just passed out!

PARAMEDIC  
Jesus!

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

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

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

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

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

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROY

Lia, don't!

She is frozen for a moment, scared.

Wilkes with his daughter in his arms begins stepping backwards. Lia turns to see them getting away. Her scared face turns to a scowl.

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

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

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

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

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

SWAT and police officers storm the grand ballroom, closing in on Roy.

SWAT COMMANDER

Put the gun down now!

Roy drops the gun and lies flat on his stomach next to Lia. He looks at her, affectionate.

ROY

It's going to be okay.

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

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

ROY (CONT'D)

(to SWAT)

I need medical attention.

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

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

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

DEAN

How are you doing?

Roy slightly smiles, high on morphine.

ROY

Where's Lia?

DEAN

She's locked up.

Roy takes a deep breath.

INT. GAZA STRIP - KARAM'S LOFT - DAY

Palestinian police burst through the front door, guns raised, shouting. Kamar is eating breakfast and is arrested still in his robe.

They raid his bedroom and discover the bars of gold.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - LANDING STRIP

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

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

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

FBI SUPERIOR  
None of your business.

EXT. MARSHES - CONTINUOUS

FBI agents have taped off the area while forensics work the crime scene, taking pictures of Jamal's dead body, the mud has hardened over night.

EXT. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY - CONTINUOUS

The bomb squad has vacated the island. A demolitions expert walks out with the bundles of useless explosives and timer.

He pours out a the white powder from the bomb casing, he tastes it with his finger.

DEMOLITIONS EXPERT  
Sugar?

He gets to the bomb squad van, police await.

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROY  
What about Lia's?

DEAN  
She's fine.  
(chuckles)  
You can see how a surgeon and bombs  
technicians have to have some  
steady hands.

Roy nods.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
What about my charges?

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

Roy teases a smile.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Roy, I'm sorry about your unit.  
Yaser was fully cooperative in  
exchange he be extradited back to  
Jerusalem and tried in a Palestine  
court. He told us about sending the  
assassin to kill the unit, PRO, the  
pageants, Lia, everything. This  
gets us closer to Shafik. Roy, it  
goes without saying. The mission  
was extremely covert. We put  
nothing on paper.  
(clears throat)  
Because of that. FBI is going to  
get credit. ATU mission in  
Palestine will be classified.

Roy cringes.

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

(Checks his wrist watch)

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

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

Dean smiles knowingly.

DEAN (CONT'D)

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

Dean puts his hand on Roy's arm.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Roy, is there anything you want? Name it.

ROY

My DNA will match Lia's.

Dean looks puzzled.

ROY (CONT'D)

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

DEAN

How do you know?

ROY

I have my sources.

DEAN

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

Roy shakes his head.

DEAN (CONT'D)

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

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

ROY  
Can I see her?

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

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

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

Dean stops in the doorway and turns.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
Although you can write her letters.

He exits and Roy presses his morphine drip.

INT. COURTROOM - NEW YORK

Lia is handcuffed, shackled, and in prison black and whites sitting next to her public defender. News media outlets are recording the judge wrapping up her verdict.

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

The judge CLAKS the gavel.

INT. SEATTLE - CABIN - NIGHT

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

STAN (V.O.)  
(radio filter)  
How's the back?

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

STAN (V.O.)  
Wish I could have some of that up  
here.

ROY  
Drinks on me when you get back.  
(beat)  
Stan.

STAN (V.O.)  
Yeah.

ROY  
Thanks for your help. I appreciate  
it brother.

STAN (V.O.)  
Anytime. So what now?

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

STAN (V.O.)  
All by yourself?

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

STAN (V.O.)  
You going to write up a report? A  
novel?

They both laugh.

ROY  
I have someone else more important  
to open up to.

STAN (V.O.)  
Lia.

ROY  
That's right.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - SAME

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

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

INT. CABIN

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

ROY  
Nope.

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

INSERT WRITING - "*Life Insurance*"

BACK TO SCENE

STAN (V.O.)  
(radio filter)  
Hey buddy, I'm about to be out of  
signal range. You take care.

ROY  
Roger, that.

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

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

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

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Stan turns the HAM radio frequency over to another channel.  
Someone on the other end is listening.

STAN  
(arabic)  
Did you get that?

INT. CAVE - MIDDLE EAST - CONTINUOUS

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

SHAFIK  
(arabic)  
Yes.

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

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

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

INT. FILM SET - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER - (MONTHS LATER)

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

INT. LIA'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

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

She picks up the letter and reads the sender.

INSERT LETTER - Roy Hanna.

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

NEWS CASTER

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

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

BACK TO NEWS CASTER

NEWS CASTER (CONT'D)

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

Lia turns away from the television and back to the letter. She sits on her bed and opens the envelope.

She pulls out a hand written letter, three pages long. She sees included is a photo.

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

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

INSERT HAND WRITTEN NOTE - *"Just a choice right now, between fear and love. Your father, Roy."*

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS

THE END.