

DUBAI

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-Registered WGA-

RUN:

1. To depart quickly; take to flight; flee or escape: *to run from danger.*
2. To make many withdrawals in rapid succession: *a run on the bank.*
3. To force a sell-off of a currency leading to insolvency for a financial institution: *to run the dollar.*

IN BLACKNESS. Ten thousand VOICE INTERCEPTS create a WALL OF WORDS. Sorting. Sifting. Filtering through supercomputers. An electronic BLIP, then--

A CURSOR SWEEPS THE SCREEN: *October 14, 2003...*

The Voice Intercepts fall away by the thousands-- fixating on ONE SOFT MALE VOICE-- the ACCENT is hard to place--

UQLIDISI(O.S.)

If two Devils go to war, the world cannot survive. But get one of them to fall upon his own sword; the world remains worth ruling. This is the singular lesson of the Cold War.

ONSCREEN-- THE CURSOR PAINTS NEW INFORMATION--

Origin: IRAN...probable voiceprint match...

Confirmed...Tier One Target: UQLIDISI, AYMAN AL.

-- A COMPUTERIZED ALARM BEEPS as we SMASHCUT TO--

EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

-- TEN CIA PARAMILITARY OPERATORS, hustling out of a dusty tent. Known as 'Badgers' within the Special Forces community. Uniforms bear no identifying marks-- but their leader sure sounds American as he BARKS into a SATPHONE--

PHELPS

Mr. Secretary, someone on your end is severely understating the danger. Terrorists kill people. Uqlidisi has the skills to bring down governments.

This is PHELPS (40's). He listens calmly for a moment, but as the WHINE OF A HELICOPTER ENGINE BUILDS, he makes it very clear he doesn't suffer fools--

PHELPS

I've been waiting eight years for him to make one mistake-- and if you yank the fuckin' rug out from under me right now, when Uqlidisi makes Bin Laden an afterthought, guess whose career goes down the shitter? Ain't gonna be mine, 'cause I don't exist. So unless you got a burning desire to be the ass on the hotseat during a senate investigation, how about letting me do my fucking job--

EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - A MINUTE LATER

A HURRICANE OF ROTOR WASH assaults the senses--

FILTERED VOICE

Saber Six, you are go for insertion.

-- GROWS EVEN LOUDER as the Blackhawk lifts off. Without any running lights, she's a fifty million dollar shadow-- for about three seconds. Then-- she's gone.

INT. OPERATIONS HUB - LATER

CIA OFFICERS, GENERALS and POLITICIANS have all eyes pinned to-- WALL SIZE SCREENS. This mission is definitely an event.

INSERT SUPER: CIA JOINT OPERATIONS COMMAND
LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

A LIVE SATELLITE FEED shows the Blackhawk helicopter-- approaching THE SOUTHEAST COAST OF IRAN.

EXT. A BEACH - NIGHT

Full speed, skimming six feet above the waves, the Blackhawk doesn't rise an inch as it shoots over the sand-- and banks-- into a thin canyon.

PILOT(RADIO)

Glass Eye, this is One-Saber-Seven. We are feet dry.

INT. BLACKHAWK CARGO BAY - NIGHT

From the cockpit on back, there isn't a single light. Phelps sits thigh-to-thigh with his Badgers. All wearing NIGHT VISION GOGGLES (NVG's), EARPIECES, and neck-mounted VIBRAMICS.

BRITISH VOICE(RADIO)

Ground assets confirming: target remains in the building.

PILOT(RADIO)

Mr. Phelps-- two minutes to LZ.

Phelps and his Badgers flick HELMET-MOUNTED CAMERAS-- ON.

INT. OPERATIONS HUB - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The wall screens display TEN GREEN-HUED LIVE FEEDS streaming in from the helmet cameras. Showing the Badgers moving swiftly through a VILLAGE-- towards a bunker-like BUILDING.

A TECHNICIAN locks the building's coordinates. A few keystrokes produce a top-down SATELLITE IMAGE of the roof. The THERMAL OVERLAY kicks on to reveal the interior.

TECHNICIAN
Ground floor is empty.

CIA OFFICER
Saber Six, target is in the basement.

When the Badgers enter the Satellite frame, they appear on the thermal overlay as TEN GLOWING RED SHAPES. FOUR take up sentry positions outside. SIX pause at a side door.

HELMET CAMERAS SHOW: Badgers expertly pick the lock, open the door a crack, and spray the interior hinges with grease. Door opens silently-- to reveal a STAIRWELL-- leading down.

ON THERMALS: the moment the SIX SHAPES enter the building, they disappear.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

POV-- LOOKING THROUGH THE EYES OF-- AYMAN AL UQLIDISI

Intense light. Coming into focus. A GROAN as we sit up. We're on an OPERATING TABLE. We look around the tiled room. The CEILING is unusually low. We blink-- then see SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS-- an IRANIAN SOLDIER-- and TWO PERSIAN DOCTORS.

PERSIAN DOCTOR #1
(in Farsi)
(It went as well as if you had been put under, sir.)

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Badgers fan out at the bottom of the stairs. Weak LIGHTS are spaced few and far apart. Feels evil. Especially when the BADGERS unscrew the bulbs.

In near total darkness; they converge on ONE METAL DOOR.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

UQLIDISI POV: as we stand up, the MATTE REFLECTION off the stainless steel cabinets shows our face is wrapped in a BANDAGE. Our body is sinewy muscle. We grab our shirt. A SILENCED HANDGUN is revealed beneath it.

INT. THE METAL DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Phelps directs the placement of a SHAPED EXPLOSIVE over the lock. Badgers cover it with a HOUSING to muffle the noise.

INT. OPERATION COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

A HELMET CAMERA SHOWS: a fuse box. A finger on the POWER SUPPLY SWITCH--

INT. THE METAL DOOR - CONTINUOUS

- All at once--
- A MUFFLED EXPLOSION blows the lock off the door--
- The Badgers KICK THE DOOR IN --

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- and THE POWER DIES. PITCH BLACK. Oddly quiet.

UQLIDISI

(Given the stakes, there is only one type of man I trust.)

No longer POV-- TWO FLASHES illuminate Uqlidisi-- FIRING.

ON THE BADGERS - IN DARKNESS

Expertly sweeping the room-- all OUTLINES and SHADOW--

IN BLACKNESS

Breathing. Fumbling desperation. BRAAPPP!! SOMEONE HOSES DOWN the room in terror! The MUZZLE FLASH reveals it's the Iranian Soldier. UQLIDISI, gun up, stands right *behind* him.

INT. OPERATIONS COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

THE WALL SCREENS REVEAL WHAT'S HAPPENING:

HELMET CAMERA IMAGES SHOW: Badgers clearing the room. No operating table. No Doctors. No Uqlidisi. Wrong room.

ANOTHER HELMET CAMERA SHOWS: an exterior view of the building. TWO FLASHES-- then the CAMERA IMAGE FALLS-- comes to rest looking up at the sky. Not moving.

CIA OFFICER

Saber Ten is down--

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Three Badgers converge on SABER TEN. He's been 'double-tapped' through the head. Two bullets placed one-on-top of the other. They spin to see-- nothing. A sleepy hamlet.

INT. OPERATIONS COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

ON THE THERMAL IMAGE: as the Badgers run out of the building, they reappear as SIX RED HUMAN OUTLINES--

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Phelps examines Saber Ten. Dead. Hits him like a haymaker.

PHELPS

I thought you had hard intel on this.

CIA OFFICER(RADIO)

We did. You missed him.

INT. OPERATIONS COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

Both THE HELMET CAMERA and THE THERMAL IMAGE: shows Phelps walking towards the FRONT DOOR. The entry they didn't use--

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-- Phelps pushes the door in. The moment he sees the LOW CEILING-- he unleashes WHISPERED fury into his radio--

PHELPS

You assumed he was in the basement?!

INT. OPERATIONS COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

ON THERMALS: Phelps steps inside the first floor. Disappears.

PHELPS(RADIO)

Any politicians listenin' in, I got a brilliant way to cut the budget--

PHELPS' HELMET CAMERA SHOWS: his hands tearing FIBERGLASS INSULATION DOWN from the ceiling. At least THREE FEET THICK.

PHELPS(RADIO)

-- fire your 'Intelligence' Officers and get me a fucking roofer on staff!

ON THERMALS: without the insulation overhead, his RED OUTLINE suddenly-- appears.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - MOMENT LATER

Lights on. Phelps scans the Operating Room. Into Radio:

PHELPS

Scrap Uqlidisi's mugshot. He got himself a new face. And I'm looking at what's left of the only three people that could've ID'd him.

Kneels beside the TWO PERSIAN DOCTORS and IRANIAN SOLDIER. Bullet holes through all three heads. Grotesque and real.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

INTENSE LIGHT-- FOCUS SHARPENS--

INSERT SUPER: FOUR YEARS LATER

Revealing PETER HODGES (30's), sitting on Astroturf. Honest, sturdy, humble-as-hell; he's got an easy way about him.

PETE

You hit like a vegan--

THWAK! Only lightning-fast reflexes save him from a dented forehead-- as a TENNIS BALL whizzes past--

RACHEL

Keep talking, peaches. We both know you won't win a single game.

Sexier than Sharapova-- Pete's super-sassy wife RACHEL hits another perfect shot. Pete ducks.

PETE

Smells like a bet.

RACHEL

Anything you like. The moment you manage to make a game of it, I'll start dropping shots you can't get to without dying.

THWAK! Pete dodges, but this time, he follows the BALL with his eyes-- as it bounces off the corner of the court-- and disappears. No fence is visible. No buildings. Only blue sky.

PETE

How about this; if I make it to deuce, you'll promise to at least try to be a little more discrete?

RACHEL

By discrete you mean 'proper'?

PETE

These guys may be revolutionizing the Middle East, Rach, but they can't do it overnight.

RACHEL

Peter, if you make it to deuce, I'll be June Cleaver for a year.

Done! As Pete jumps to his feet WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

THE TENNIS COURT is suspended off the top of the world's TALLEST HOTEL-- (*the court Nadal and Federer made famous with their publicity stunt*). PULL BACK EVEN WIDER-- TO SHOWCASE--

-- the most insane city on the planet.

MONTAGE - CREDITS ROLLING OVER -

-- NEWS REPORTS-- AND STOCK FOOTAGE OF--

- DUBAI, UNITED ARAB EMIRATES -

Imagine Las Vegas on a supertanker's worth of steroids and you're only halfway there. Eighty percent of its inhabitants are foreign, and all of the following locations are real:

From the world's only 7-STAR HOTEL-- to a massive INDOOR SKI SLOPE flanked by Gucci and Chanel stores-- to an UNDERWATER HOTEL-- to the PALM TREE SHAPED PENINSULAS that jut out into the Persian Gulf (all THREE are visible from space)-- to a skyline swarming with HUNDREDS OF SKYSCRAPERS under construction--

REPORTER #1

-- over sixty percent of the skycranes in the world are presently in Dubai. But the crown jewel of the city is destined to be--

-- The MOTHER OF ALL SKYSCRAPERS-- under construction--

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

-- she's scheduled to top out at 240 stories, but the final height is being kept secret--

-- the 'mother' has a 'sister'-- COMPANY SPOKESMAN stands at a DIFFERENT CONSTRUCTION SITE-- behind him, we can see the SECOND potential TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

COMPANY SPOKESMAN

-- both builders keep adding floors.

And here's the topper-- the most outrageous project of all--

'THE WORLD DEVELOPMENT'

Created three miles off the coast, it's made up of 300 private ISLANDS clustered together in such a way as to create the illusion of a *FLAT MAP OF THE WORLD*.

TITLES SEQUENCE ENDS-- AS WE CLOSE ON--

The ISLAND CLUSTERS that make up 'The Middle East'-- and the TEN ISLANDS that make up the 'United Arab Emirates'-- where we catch up with A HELICOPTER as it lands on--

ONE OF THE ISLANDS THAT MAKE UP 'DUBAI'

The LAWN is greener than Augusta. The MANSION is worthy of a billionaire. ATTENDANTS open the helicopter door--

MEHMET HATYR steps down. Tightly coiled muscles inside his Saville Row suit. Unlike everyone else, he walks upright; unaffected by the rotor wash--

INT. HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

HatyR is shown into the private study of--

MINISTER KARBASH. Cambridge educated, coldly analytical, he regards everyone as an underling. CNN and AL JAZEERA play on plasma monitors behind him.

HatyR withdraws a small IPOD SIZED DEVICE. Flicks the switch. The news reports flicker to STATIC--

HATYR

China's Economic Ministry just voted to float the Yuan. They'll make the announcement in two weeks.

MINISTER KARBASH

Doesn't give us much time. Who else knows?

HATYR

Five people in my government.

MINISTER KARBASH

I have your assurance, if that number grows before we begin, the operation will be shut down?

HATYR

Given the stakes, it never existed.

Karbash nods. Hatyr grabs the Device. By the time CNN and AL JAZEERA flicker back to life-- he's already out the door.

INT. PETE AND RACHEL'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - MORNING

INSIDE-- the place is a perfect fusion of country whimsy and cosmopolitan style-- Pete is working to get his tie just right as he steps out to--

THE BALCONY

-- it's a fucking mess; a veritable sea of mismatched pots and plants. Bags of half-used soils and fertilizers. SKYCRANES are hard at work all around. Rachel is potting.

RACHEL

Six in the morning, hundred and ten degrees. If I don't get some netting up, all the leaves will scorch right off.

She examines her husband. He looks down at his tie. Rachel smacks her hands together to get the dirt off; grabs the tie. Starts over.

PETE

You still going shopping with Ali's 'girlfriends' this afternoon?

RACHEL

You have the worst poker face. I'm trying to make friends, okay? Soon as your security clearance comes through, I'm going to need some.

She finishes with the tie-- kisses him lovingly.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS - DAY

'Posh' can't even begin to do these offices justice. Two thousand bucks a week just for the flower arrangements.

Pete's view is drool worthy. FLASHY PLASMA SCREENS on his desk relay an insane amount of financial data. Pete absorbs it all with ease; a poet of this cryptic language.

His secretary, FATIMA, pops her head in--

FATIMA

Peter-- Mr. Qasami wants to see you.

Pete stands, walks down the private hallway that connects his office to--

THE EXECUTIVE SUITE. Even better than Pete's. Has its own BATHROOM. Sitting at his desk-- waving Pete in is--

ALI QASAMI (40's), the Managing Director of DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS. His clothing is immaculate, his English precise-- but there's nothing at all snobby about him.

ALI

The good news is the girls will be able to keep Rachel out of the house until seven--

Ali slides Pete an OFFICIAL DOCUMENT--

ALI

-- the bad news is the Intelligence Ministry just fast-tracked your security clearance. Vacation's over. Your ass is mine.

INT. TECH HUB - DAY

No windows, servers humming, TECHNOLOGY OFFICER walks them through the systems.

TECHNOLOGY OFFICER

As the Royal Family's investment company, we are a de facto branch of the government. Means everything we do in-house is routed through the Intelligence Ministry.

Ali mouths: 'NO PORN' to Pete. They pause in front of a stack of DIFFERENT COLORED SERVERS.

TECHNOLOGY OFFICER

All classified information remains on these servers at all times. You'll have access to all of it, but you can't save, print, or email anything without Royal approval--

INT. ALI'S EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY

Ali slides him a DOCUMENT.

ALI

Every morning the National Intelligence Estimate will be delivered to your desk. It contains items that may give us an investment edge.

PETE

Insider trading?

ALI

Absolutely not. Espionage. Benefits of working for a government.

Pete looks uneasy. Ali pulls out a CELL PHONE.

ALI

Vectrotel X8. 128-bit encryption. No one can listen in, so you don't have to worry about the Intelligence Ministry-- thank God--

Now, Ali leans in, conspiratorial.

ALI

-- we've all got our secrets. From time to time, you'll need to make transactions outside the Ministry's scrutiny. Come see me. I've got a Royal Bypass.

Ali's phone BEEPS-- he reads a text message--

ALI

Rachel's out of the house.

Pete uses his NEW ENCRYPTED PHONE to call--

INT. A SKYCRANE CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

-- BALLY, a Sikh crane operator. Five hundred feet above the streets of Dubai--

PETE(O.S.)

Bally, you got about three hours--

BALLY

Gives you about ten minutes to change your mind. Are you certain you want me to do this?

INT. MALL OF THE EMIRATES - DAY

2.4 million square feet of bling-- packed with wealthy shoppers the world over-- Rachel walks past the entrance to the INDOOR SKI SLOPE. She only has two bags: ANTHROPOLOGIE [sic] and EXPRESS.

GIRLFRIEND #1, and GIRLFRIEND #2 (both physically flawless) have ATTENDANTS to carry their purchases: CHANEL. GUCCI. HERMES. If it's flashy and overpriced, they neeeeeed it.

INSIDE LA PERLA

A SALESWOMAN with very droopy breasts helps them-- Girlfriend #2 drops her purse on purpose. As Saleswoman bends down to get it, both girlfriends look down her shirt.

GIRLFRIEND #2

Tribal breasts--

As they giggle, we CUT TO--

INT. PETE AND RACHEL'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

-- dark inside. The DOOR opens--

RACHEL

You actually want me to believe you wouldn't have said anything?

PETE

I would've kept in mind they're my
boss' girlfriends. Could you go turn
those floodlights off?

Motions out to the balcony-- lit up, bright as day--

RACHEL

We don't have floodlights.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Lights showcase NEW PLANTER BOXES filled with MOUNDS OF SOIL and DUNG. An aesthetically-pleasing CANOPY shields them from the sun. The MISTING SYSTEM shields them from the heat.

RACHEL

Ohmigod baby how did you this!!!

Gives him a big ol' kiss.

RACHEL

I knew you were up to something, but
seriously! There's no way they let you
cart this much fertilizer up the
elevators--

Nope. He motion up at one of the SKYCRANES. She gets a little choked up as she calculates the effort.

RACHEL

On a long list of very sweet things
you've done for me, this one is the
sweetest.

PETE

You came here for me. Can't match
that.

She starts tearing his clothes off--

PETE

Ali's picking us up in an hour--

RACHEL

-- I guess you better be quick.

INT. PENTHOUSE - ENTRY - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the door. Pete (in a tux) opens it to reveal--
A SECURITY TEAM. They separate for a tuxedoed ALI. Rachel walks out, all gussied up for a Royal Ball.

PETE

Rachel-- my boss, Ali Qasami--

RACHEL

Sorry I got in a fight with your
girlfriends.

ALI

I've already had them beheaded. The
next two will be more obsequious.

Rachel doesn't really know how to respond until Ali laughs--
and sweeps a complimentary look over her.

ALI

I thought you said she was a farmer.

PETE

(teasing)

She's having a Cinderella moment.

RACHEL

First time in forever I don't have
manure under my nails.

IN THE ELEVATOR

The lights indicate they are rising.

ALI

I'm afraid I forgot to bring your
glass slippers, but I did remember the
pumpkin--

Ali mimes a wave of the wand to coincide with the elevator
BING! Doors open to reveal-- Ali's pumpkin has 'transformed'
into a SIKORSKY HELICOPTER. A little cheesy; but endearing.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The doors close. It's surprisingly quiet in the plush cabin--as
GIRLFRIEND #1 shoots eye-daggers at Rachel.

ALI

How's your speech?

PETE

(self-effacing)

Drink coffee-- it's on economics.

EXT. ROYAL PALACE - NIGHT

Everything you would expect. ROYAL GUARDS. HELICOPTERS circling
the immense grounds. Flaring as they land--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

-- It is my great honor to introduce
(more)

MALE VOICE(O.S.)
 the visionary responsible for our
 brave new world, the Crown Prince of
 the Emirate of Dubai-- Sheikh Massaud.

The SOUND OF WARM APPLAUSE bridges the CUT TO--

INT. ROYAL BALLROOM - NIGHT

-- a state dinner; fancy as it gets. The U-SHAPED TABLE holds a HUNDRED COUPLES, all facing in--

SHEIKH MASSAUD(O.S.)
 Mr. Hodges first gained the world's
 attention seven years ago with his
 groundbreaking doctoral dissertation-

SHEIKH MASSAUD stands at the podium--

SHEIKH MASSAUD
 -- but it was a speech Ali Qasami and
 I heard him give last year that set
 this chain of events in motion. Please
 welcome the newest member of Dubai
 Capital Partners, Peter Hodges.

Pete is not at home on a podium-- the opposite of slick in his presentation; evidence of his modesty--

PETE
 Thank you, your highness. The purpose
 of the 'Threat Killer' approach is to
 use Global Macro Hedge Fund strategies
 to mitigate the risk of war in
 unstable areas of the world.

The Audience shares the same bewildered look: what?

PETE
 Since that means absolutely nothing to
 anyone who isn't an econ geek--
 (points to himself)
 -- I'll need a little help. Mrs.
 Karbash-- if you were to start a
 business, what would it be?

ON MINISTER KARBASH-- watching his WIFE--

WIFE OF MINISTER KARBASH
 A furniture design company.

PETE
 Perfect; you're the next Eames. But
 when your market research comes back,
 turns out, the best place to base your
 business-- is Beirut.

Very clear she doesn't want to start a business in Beirut.

PETE

That's where I come in. What I'd do is create two separate 'baskets' of investment hedges for you.

Rachel is scanning faces-- hoping they're engrossed. They are. Somehow, Pete's making economics interesting-- she looks at Sheikh Massaud-- his face gives nothing away.

PETE

The first basket would pay off if a war broke out. Since the likelihood of war in Beirut is very high, that basket would be extremely costly. So, I'd create a second basket that would pay off if there wasn't a war. If done correctly, the end result will be a financial wash. We just removed the risk of a war from your decision.

Pete gives it a beat--

PETE

But I'm not that interested in making money, and neither is Sheikh Massaud. Say you pull the trigger and your business is a hit. That means other companies will be more comfortable investing in Beirut. Everyone starts hiring like crazy. This always has the effect of stabilizing governments; since nothing moderates a radical like giving them a stake in their country. All thanks to you-- who will be making a mint, which flows back to Dubai, and grows this economy. Not only does everybody win, but you may have played a hand in preventing their next civil war. Your business-- saves lives.

Rachel and Ali glance at Sheikh Massaud: Pete just killed.

INT. THE ROYAL DINNER - NIGHT

Pete and Rachel sit at the elbow of the U-SHAPE-- near Minister Karbash-- and Ali--

MINISTER KARBASH

A football team doesn't hire their rival's MVP so everyone can win--

PETE

I'd say I'm more like the fertilizer for your field, Minister.

MINISTER KARBASH

Brilliant, Ali. Ten million a year for benevolent dung. No offense, but you were hired to be a mercenary operator for the emirate of Dubai in a war of ledgers and balance sheets; not as a *global philanthropist*.

PETE

You say that like it's a bad thing.

RACHEL

The highest duty of politics is the preservation of the life of a people.

PETE

-- *Rach*--

MINISTER KARBASH

No, let her speak. She seems to understand. Did you come up with that on your own, Mrs. Hodges?

RACHEL

No. I'm quoting Hitler.

INT. PENTHOUSE- BEDROOM - LATER

Pete's behind her, unzipping her dress, facing the wall length mirror.

RACHEL

-- I was defending you!

PETE

I don't need defending. And I definitely didn't need you to make an enemy out of the Finance Minister.

RACHEL

They pursued you. No one else can do your job. I think that gives you the right to make sure they don't treat you like shit.

PETE

This isn't some coward or hero choice, Rachel. It's about removing my ego from the equation so that I can be effective.

RACHEL

Everyone needs to have a line that can't be crossed, Peter.

PETE

What I need is a second wife. A very proper one.

RACHEL

Yes please. Then I can get a second husband--

She slides her dress off. Steps out of it, but keeps her heels on. Jessica Rabbit couldn't make it look any sexier.

RACHEL

-- and we'll see who has a better time while you're at those boring dinners.

She shimmies down, like he's the stripper pole, then back up.

PETE

Some feminist.

This happens fast! Reaching both hands to the small of her back-- she snatches his shirt, and yanks up, rotating her arms overhead without letting go (DOUBLE JOINTED)-- so that his shirt covers his head and immobilizes his arms-- then pushes him back on the bed! Pete, legs only, twists her in a very polished wrestling move, rubs his head into her neck-- Rachel's ticklish spot, as she giggles uncontrollably, we CUT TO--

INT. A DARK COMMAND HUB - NIGHT

-- SUIT #1 and SUIT #2 working a series of SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS-- showing various images of

THE OFFICES OF DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS--

A DIFFERENT FEED SHOWS: a building with China's flag in front. A clock counts down over the image: 104 HOURS.

A THIRD SET OF SCREENS SHOWS: three fancy hotels. These all have clocks ticking down as well. All read: 92 HOURS.

Looming in the background, MEHMET HATYR (the man with the ipod shaped device) takes it all in-- as we DISSOLVE TO--

EXT. ENTRY TO SUBTERRANEAN PARKING LOT - MORNING

-- A Security Guard. Checking ID's. Manning the morning crush of CARS and DRIVERS with quiet dignity. His name is EMBEE DENG. An African immigrant in his 20's; he somehow manages to seem both warm and haunted at the same time.

Pete pulls up. Hands over his ID-- and a HOT COFFEE.

PETE

Morning, Embee. Twenty-two more days as your personal barista--

Embee slaps a SANDWICH in Pete's hand. Triumphant.

EMBEE

Now *fifty-two* more days, hotshot.

Pete unwraps the cellophane, looks at the WHITE MEAT--

PETE

How do I know it's not just a chicken
breast?

EMBEE

I am not a cheat.

And just from the way he says it, we know it's true.

INT. DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS - MORNING

Pete exits the elevator-- hands ANOTHER COFFEE to his very
uncomfortable looking secretary-- FATIMA--

PETE

Morning Fatima-- want a bite of my
Flamingo sandwich?

-- then sees the FOUR ROYAL SECRET SERVICE AGENTS standing near
the entry to his office. The leader is AGENT GURQ.

PETE

-- what did I do?

Pete walks into his OFFICE. MINISTER KARBASH is standing with
his back to the door; looking out at a SKYCRANE--

MINISTER KARBASH

The reason I am here is on your desk.

Pete slits THE ENVELOPE and reads the contents.

PETE

-- Iran is-- not renewing their
contracts with Russian Statoil? That's
economic suicide-- this can't be
accurate.

Ali enters; surprised to see him--

MINISTER KARBASH

It is. I will return before OPEC
announces their production quotas.

(to Ali)

And I had better be impressed.

Karbash glides out. Ali reads the document; surprised.

ALI

The sooner we win him over, the easier our job becomes. Blow this one out of the water for me.

Pete-- nods. Ali leaves as Pete reads the INTELLIGENCE ESTIMATE on his desk-- something about a visit to the 'Golan Heights' by Saudi Agriculture Minister 'Khalifa al Merri'.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE — DAY

-- Pete shifting his eyes between a TV Broadcast of an empty podium that says 'OPEC'-- and a clock that reads '12:48'. Ali enters through his door to warn Pete-- too late-- Minister Karbash is already on his way over to Pete's desk.

MINISTER KARBASH

Move-- we don't have much time.

Pete guts the indignity. Stands. Karbash starts blazing through charts on Pete's computer. Glares at Ali.

MINISTER KARBASH

Your protégé is down four million for the morning--

PETE

OPEC's running late. Soon as they make their announcement--

MINISTER KARBASH

(cold fury)

You're betting on a decrease in production?

PETE

Non-OPEC countries have increased capacity by fifteen percent since--

MINISTER KARBASH

You ignored everything I gave you this morning?

PETE

The only rationale Iran could possibly have for rejecting the Statoil offer is that they have alternative funding lined up.

MINISTER KARBASH

Do I look that stupid, Mr. Hodges?

PETE

You're asking me to bet two hundred million dollars Iran is about to screw themselves on purpose--

MINISTER KARBASH

-- or that they're taking a short term loss to set themselves up for a very bright future.

ALI

You better have an unimpeachable source in their government.

MINISTER KARBASH

Flop your oil positions-- now.

An ALARM goes off on Pete's computer--

A NEWSFEED of a ROCKET ATTACK. MAP ON THE SCREEN SHOWS: a MARK on the area that separates Syria from the Golan Heights.

PETE

Fatima! Call the Saudi's; I need to know where Khalifa Al Merri is!

(talking it through)

The OPEC announcement is barely ever late, the attack happened at 12:43--

MINISTER KARBASH

I'm not seeing your connection.

PETE

Those rockets came from Syria; means Hezbollah, who is funded by Iran-- who desperately needs the price of oil to stay high to finance their rebuilding projects--

Pete slaps the string theory together on the fly--

PETE

-- the Saudi's, as OPEC's swing producer, get what they want. So if you're the country that paid for the rockets that just blew up the King of Saudi Arabia's brother-in-law then OPEC is about to announce a massive increase in production that'll buttfuck Iran's economy so hard their hamstrings'll snap--

FATIMA

-- Saudi's said they can't get through to anyone in the delegation.

Shit! Ali runs to his office, Pete YELLS into his headset--

PETE

Listen up! We need to flop every position we're holding before they make this announcement!

THE OPEC FEED SHOWS: an empty podium.

THE REST OF THE OFFICE-- snaps to action. It's a frenzy! FORTY WORKERS switching every position they're holding as it relates to oil futures. Absolute *chaos*. Until the moment--

OPEC SPOKESMAN steps up to the podium-- all activity stops.

OPEC SPOKESMAN

Production quotas on the whole will be increasing twenty percent--

Yes! Whole office exhales relief. Except for a furious Pete.

PETE

Did you know about that attack?

MINISTER KARBASH

Defy me again-- you're fired.

PETE

If you knew-- I'll quit right now. I don't deal in blood.

MINISTER KARBASH

You just did.

Ali steps between them-- but he's as angry as Pete--

ALI

Minister Karbash-- I don't give one shit who you hate and why. I do care that if anyone looks into this, Peter now appears to be guilty of a crime.

A long moment of smoldering.

MINISTER KARBASH

Moments before OPEC was set to announce a decrease in production, they received the memo I gave Mr. Hodges. A rejection of Russian Statoil means Iranian oil production will drop. To make up the difference, OPEC had to reconvene and increase their quotas. While the Golan Attack played a role that proved profitable, it was pure coincidence.

(a beat)

Mr. Hodges-- just because I dislike Americans-- doesn't make me evil.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

We see PHOTOS ON THE WALL: Rachel's are all family and farm. Pete's are pretty limited. Nothing from growing up--

A SHADOW glides past--

TWO PHOTOS OF PARTICULAR IMPORTANCE--

-A COLLEGE PHOTO: Pete and his BROTHER, both wearing U.C. Berkeley WRESTLING OUTFITS. Each holding a PAC-10 TROPHY.

-A FUNNY WEDDING PHOTO: Pete and Rachel grinning-- their heads are entirely smothered in wedding cake. Hair. Ears. Noses. EVERYTHING.

IN THE SHOWER

Pete's scrubbing his face-- eyes closed. The door opens slowly-- Pete doesn't even hear it-- as a sleepy looking Rachel climbs in with him. Nuzzles him.

PETE

Thought you were sleeping--

RACHEL

Haven't seen you all week. How'd it go today?

PETE

Made them a pile of money and still managed to piss 'em off.

RACHEL

You're good at that. I bought my plane ticket for Thanksgiving. You sure you can't get a few days off?

PETE

I wish.

RACHEL

What about tomorrow?

PETE

What about it?

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Pete kills his ALARM. Rolls over to see-- Rachel's already gone. Gets up. Looks around the Penthouse. Not on the balcony. He grabs his cell phone, calls her.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Pete, sitting beside Ali, calls her again. They're flying over the Persian Gulf-- chock full of SUPERTANKERS--

PETE

Hey, Rach. Still wondering where you are--

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pete seems distracted as he steps out to speak with--

PETE

Fatima. I've got Mr. Ishikawa in Istanbul on Monday, right?

(she nods)

I'm going to head out Friday with Rachel. Little weekend getaway.

FATIMA

Isn't she leaving for San Francisco on Monday?

(he nods)

I'll cancel all your weekend appointments, put you in a romantic hotel and change her ticket-- as long as you tell me what's wrong.

PETE

Nosy. I'm sure it's nothing. Can't find her. She usually only does this when she's-- mad at me.

(the epiphany)

Oh. Fuck.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

PUSHING THROUGH INTERNATIONAL FACES-- Rachel is by herself. In a room full of people, she couldn't be any lonelier.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Very late. Pete is sitting on the couch. She comes in--

RACHEL

Happy anniversary.

-- goes right into the bedroom without another word. As she slams the door, we DISSOLVE TO--

EXT. PETE'S OFFICE - DAY

He's standing at the computer, closing files--

PETE
 (on the phone)
 I'm out the door right now, Rach-- you
 got my bag in the car, right?

Fatima enters, hands him PLANE TICKETS and a TIFFANY BOX.

INT. THE DARKENED COMMAND HUB - CONTINUOUS

Mehmet Hatyr and his men are making rapid-fire phone calls.

ON THE SCREENS: The two clocks are still counting down. The first (*running over the image of the Chinese Flag*) has twelve hours remaining: 12:00:05-- 12:00:04 --

The clocks superimposed over the images of the three hotels have three seconds left: 00:00:02 --- 00:00:01 --- 00:00:00.

INT. ELEVATORS - DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS - CONTINUOUS

Pete, hands full of stuff, finger-waves goodbye to Fatima, uses an elbow to hit the call button on the elevator.

A PHONE RINGS. Then another. Then another. As everyone answers, the whole office explodes into action. Ali steps out-- waves him in. Pete closes his eyes.

INT. ALI'S OFFICE - MINUTE LATER

Ali and Pete watch A CNN REPORT showing a hotel in CAIRO, EGYPT. Blown out. Ten stories of smoke. Hundreds dead.

CNN REPORTER
 -- unconfirmed reports have a German delegation staying at the hotel-- we are now getting news of a second hotel bombing, in Athens, Greece. No word yet if they are at all related.

Ali listens to his phone-- eying Peter--

ALI
 Minister Karbash wants to go entirely liquid for the next few days. Sorry, partner. Wish I could do it without you.

Pete nods. Heavily. No choice. He makes the call.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - SUNSET

-- the best part of BAGHDAD, and it's still Hell with palm trees-- A BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER flares over--

INSERT SUPER: BAGHDAD, GREEN ZONE

-- A HELIPAD --

Before the wheels even touch down, PHELPS jumps out. Haven't seen him in four years-- hasn't mellowed one bit.

His CIA COUNTER-TERRORISM OFFICERS are waiting for him:

WASHINGTON-- grew up in the projects of Chicago. Dream in life is to be Phelps.

JULIE BLUE-- cowgirl. Dream in life is to be better than Phelps (after somehow roping him in to marrying her).

JULIE BLUE
A third bomb just went off three
minutes ago--

WASHINGTON
Another hotel. In Istanbul.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - BAGHDAD - CONTINUOUS

Madness in here-- CIA ANALYSTS and TECHNICIANS sort through information on all three hotel bombings: CAIRO-- ATHENS-- and now-- ISTANBUL.

(NOTE: all three hotels are the same ones Mehmet Hatyr has been monitoring)

-- PHELPS enters like a king.

PHELPS
Listen up princesses!

The room stops. God is talking--

PHELPS
I hope you're all well rested 'cause
no one pulls off a perfectly
coordinated, international terrorist
event without leaving me something I
can fuck 'em with.

Rat-a-tat down a line of eager ANALYSTS--

PHELPS
I want lists of every guest staying at
these hotels. I want any and all
voiceprints that are even tangentially
related to the bombings. And I want
all of it fed into NSA's neural
network for connections before I
finish this coffee. I also want Agent
Lupus here to take a shower--

AGENT LUPUS (might have the worst hygiene in Iraq) looks up.

PHELPS

-- but I only ask the Good Lord for
one miracle a day, and I'd rather
catch a break.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Fatima enters-- points to the NEWS of the hotel bombing in
Istanbul-- at the FOUR SEASONS--

FATIMA

Mr. Ishikawa is among the missing.

Ali enters-- walks around Pete's desk--

ALI

Turn around for a second, would you?

Pete looks puzzled, but he does it. Thing is, the PHOTO mounted
behind his desk has glass over it. Pete can see the REFLECTION--
as Ali pulls up a screen marked: 'INTELLIGENCE BYPASS'-- it
looks as if the computer crashes for a moment-- then a
'PASSWORD BOX' opens up. Pete shouldn't watch, but he's on
edge, so he shifts his head-- sees Ali input the PASSCODE--

PETE

What are you doing?

Ali hits enter, the computer looks normal again-- except for a
small box in the corner that glows: 'REROUTED'.

ALI

Making some personal moves. You can
turn back. Sheikh Masaud would go
crazy if he found anyone profiting on
the fallout of a terrorist incident.
If you need to make any yourself, I'd
do them on this computer right away.

Something's off about this--

PETE

That's the Royal Bypass? Why are you
doing it on my computer?

ALI

Go look.

Pete looks down the hall. A TECHNICIAN has torn Ali's computer
apart.

ALI

Mine's been locking up all day.

PETE

Sorry. I'm already linked to that
Statoil deal--

ALI

I told you, I'll take care of that. I
have a feeling you've got enough to
worry about just going home tonight.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel isn't visible. Pete's pretty sure she'll be
OUTSIDE. Sitting on a planter box. With two bottles of
champagne. Pete sits down beside her. Pours champagne-- only a
drop left. Hands her the TIFFANY BOX.

PETE

Got you something.

She opens it. An unbelievable DIAMOND NECKLACE. The kind that
would make a lot of women shriek with delight. But Rachel just
stares at it. Her mood remains stormy.

RACHEL

You gave me peaches for our first
date. That you climbed a tree and
picked and tore the back of your pants
for. That was a present.

(pats the planter box)
This was a present.

She snaps the box shut, hands it back.

RACHEL

This is like you forgot who I am.

She walks inside. Pete can't believe it; hot on her heels.

PETE

*Two out of three is a hell of a lot
better than most guys do--*

INSIDE THE BEDROOM

Rachel grabs her PASSPORT-- BAGS are already packed.

PETE

*Next time I'll make sure to bring you
a bag of sprouts when I fuck up!*
(sees her bags)
-- you're leaving-- right now?

RACHEL

I have a car waiting downstairs.

PETE

But we have the whole weekend.

RACHEL

You haven't spent any time with me in ten days, Peter. I think you'll manage.

PETE

Right-- since I don't miss you. Since I don't think about you all the time but choose to gut it because--

RACHEL

-- that's the problem! If it was about money, I could be mad at you! But I know what a day off with your wife can mean for the world, so I swallow it, and I've managed to get by for years because I've had my friends and family around, and I had my farm. But here? I can't do this here.

PETE

That's a nuke, Rach.

RACHEL

I'm not dropping it-- yet.

Pauses to stop herself from crying. Gets it back--

RACHEL

I know it's a selfish thing to say when you haven't done anything wrong, but being your wife really, really hurts sometimes.

INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Rachel climbs in. Her mask dissolves instantly, and she starts sobbing.

EXT. DUBAI SKYLINE - NIGHT

A HELICOPTER sweeps in between buildings-- FOUR BLACK-CLAD SOLDIERS stand on the struts--

INT. DARKENED COMMAND HUB - CONTINUOUS

Mehmet Hatyr watches a LIVE FEED from the nose of the helicopter-- as it sweeps towards the Dubai Capital building.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SOMEONE inputs the PASSWORD on Pete's computer. 'REROUTED' glows on the screen. As a SHADOW glides down the hall towards Ali's Office, we CUT TO--

EXT. HELIPAD - ROOF OF DUBAI CAPITAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-- the security cameras red recording lights flicking OFF.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN PARKING - NIGHT

Pete pulls up in front of Embee.

PETE

How'd you get stuck with graveyard?

EMBEE

Covering for Hassan. You?

PETE

Couldn't sleep.

Like everyone else, Embee reads him easily. Glances at Pete's wedding ring. Pete takes a moment-- then nods.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT

SECURITY GUARD #2 sits at the desk. Lights on one of the elevators show it's descending. BING! Doors open. But no one exits. Odd. So he stands-- walks over-- glances inside.

INT. ELEVATORS - DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS - NIGHT

-- BOTH ELEVATORS are rising. A few floors apart. The first BINGS! Doors open and--

-- Pete casually exits. In a daze, he walks into his office.

SECOND ELEVATOR-- BINGS! Soldiers step out. Holding SECURITY GUARD #2-- his snapped neck lolls unnaturally as they toss him behind a desk.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pete hasn't turned on the lights. Just sitting in darkness; watching SKYCRANES. Construction is 24 hours a day in Dubai. One of them looks close enough to touch. He spins, turns on his computer monitor--

ON THE SCREEN

Someone is accessing *his accounts*. Pete's name is right there along with the glowing 'REROUTED' in the bottom corner of the screen. He watches money being shifted:

SIX ACCOUNTS. FIVE MILLION DOLLARS EACH.

The numbers-- FREEZE, locking in Pete's bear-trap mind-- -- as they flash through BANKS worldwide. Pete senses something, looks over-- as a MASKED SOLDIER pauses, framed in the DOOR TO THE MAIN OFFICE--

Pete ducks under the desk-- peeks out-- SOLDIER is gone.

-- ON THE OTHER SCREEN a new WINDOW opens. The thieves are accessing-- OVER A BILLION DOLLARS! In the blink of an eye, the money is fragmented, zipped away. Far too much information for even Pete to memorize. He reaches up, snatches the phone-- hits a button--

PHONE VOICE(FILTERED)
Security--

PETE
(sotto)
-- *this is Peter Hodges. We're being robbed-- right now.*

ONSCREEN-- the word 'REROUTED' grabs Pete's attention. Prompts him to grab a PENDRIVE and give it a shot-- grabs the mouse, clicks on 'ACCOUNT HISTORY'-- waits-- eyes glued to the 'REROUTED'--

PETE
-- please save-- please work--

'YOU ARE SAVING A CLASSIFIED PARTITION-- DO YOU WISH TO CONTINUE?' As Pete whips the arrow over 'YES', we MATCH CUT TO--

INT. ALI'S OFFICE - MOMENT LATER

-- Ali's computer screen-- where MAN IN MASK notices the NEW WINDOW. Same moment Pete clicks 'YES'-- Man in Mask hears FARSI in his EARPIECE--

RADIO MAN (O.S.)
(--a call just went to security.)

Man in Mask pulls up A LIVE FEED-- zoomed in on A SCREEN AND KEYBOARD--

IN PETE'S OFFICE

Pete sees the SAME FEED pop up on his screen-- as it PULLS OUT-- he realizes it's showing his computer and it's about to expose him--

-- he drops to the floor, looks over at the VASE OF FLOWERS. That's where the camera was hidden. That's how they got the cameras in. And recorded his *passwords*. Pete, stuck under his desk, looks at the photo behind his desk-- IN THE REFLECTION-- he can watch his computer screen--

-- even though the information appears backward, it's still clear the thieves are ERASING all transaction records.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Four Soldiers converge on Pete's office. Two from the main door-- two running down the hall From Ali's office--

IN PETE'S OFFICE

The moment they enter, earpieces BUZZ with Farsi--

RADIO MAN(O.S.)
(Elevator arriving in five seconds.)

As the Soldiers turn-- a shadow (Pete) slips down the hall towards Ali's office.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENT LATER

Bing! The doors glide open. FOUR SECURITY GUARDS rush out-- the Soldiers, flanking the doors, execute them! Over in an expert second. Down the hall, through a crack in a door--

INT. ALI'S BATHROOM - REVERSE ANGLE - CONTINUOUS

-- Pete, eyes-wide, can't believe what he just witnessed. (NOTE: *no one else is in here with him*). He uses this moment to DASH--

DOWN A BISECTING HALLWAY-

-- into the LARGE OPEN OFFICE AREA -- in the darkness-- he bumps a desk-- a LAMP CRASHES! The Soldiers rush in. Fan out. In a room full of windows; shadows and reflections abound. The city casts all ambient light. A soldier aims at a shadow-- SHOOTS! The window BLOWS OUT right as--

-- Pete dives-- barely missed him-- he scurries-- elbows and knees-- to a new spot-- tucks himself under a desk.

THROUGH THE BLOWN-OUT WINDOW-- ANGLE DOWN ON

TEN POLICE CARS-- skidding to a stop. More arriving by the moment, like bright flashing beetles from this height.

UNDER THE DESK

Pete, trying not to breathe, spots Two Soldiers. They point at him. He's fucked-- until he realizes-- they're pointing at the HELICOPTER, coming in directly behind him. It rises up, up, out of view with military precision--

ON THE ROOF

The Helicopter barely touches down to pick up the Soldiers. Rising. Banking. Diving. Out to sea.

BACK IN THE OFFICE

The building lights flicker on. POLICE flood out of the elevator. Guns up. YELLING! They find a shocked and shaken Pete. TEN ROYAL SECRET SERVICE AGENTS pour out the other elevator-- under the command of Agent Gurq (Minister Karbash's head of security).

AGENT GURQ

Mr. Hodges-- The Intelligence Ministry just went on full alert. Over a billion dollars of Sheikh Massaud's money has just been stolen. From your account. From your computer. Using your passcodes. While you were here.

PETE

I called it in. I got shot at.

TECH AGENT walks out of the Tech Hub--

TECH AGENT

Transaction records have been wiped.
Only one way to do that.

They all look at Pete--

PETE

There was a camera pointed at my keyboard. To get the codes.

AGENT GURQ

Where is it?

PETE

The vase. In my office.

Agent Gurq walks over, sorts through it, finds nothing.

PETE

They took it with them.

PETE (CON'T)
Don't you think I'd have left with the
guys that did that?
(re: the corpses)
I'm being framed.

AGENT GURQ
I don't suppose you have any proof?

As Pete begins to pull SOMETHING out of his pocket--

POLICE (O.S.)
Got a survivor!

A HOODED MAN is helped out of ALI'S PRIVATE BATHROOM. Pete
stiffens-- knows it was EMPTY. He almost loses his balance when
they pull off the hood to reveal--

ALI-- bloody, gagged, but otherwise okay. They free him. Ali's
eyes immediately lock on Pete--

ALI
Peter! You were the reason they ran?

AGENT GURQ
Mr. Qasami, did you give them the
passcodes?

ALI
I'm sure I would have eventually--
(back to Pete)
-- what are you doing here?

PETE
Had a fight with Rachel--

Pete-- mind in overdrive-- needs to be sure--

PETE
-- How long did they keep you stuffed
in there?

ALI
I don't know. Fifteen minutes--

Pete's lousy poker face immediately betrays him. Ali reads him
like a book-- then shoots a glance at Agent Gurq-- SILENT
ORDERS. Pete, realizing his mistake, sees it go down.

AGENT GURQ
Captain. We are dealing with a very
sensitive situation. We'll take it
from here.

Police Captain directs half his men into the first elevator.

PETE
 (to Police Captain)
 How about you just arrest me and we'll sort it out at the station.

ALI
 You're not in America, Peter.

PETE
 But I was in your bathroom-- alone.

Police Captain looks at Pete-- moment of truth-- dismisses him as a lying thief. The second elevator is rising up from the lobby. The doors close on the first GROUP OF POLICE-- leaving TEN OFFICERS to wait for the second--

Pete fingers the Pendrive in his pocket; the proof. His breathing picks up; realizing just how alone he is.

Looks at the remaining Ten Officers-- waiting for the second elevator-- none look sympathetic.

Pete searches the faces of Agent Gurq and the SUITED ROYAL AGENTS that will be the core unit that stays with Ali throughout. He stares down at the corpses. The blood.

PETE
 -- gonna be sick--

Leans over. Palms his knees-- even spits and drools--

AGENT GURQ
 Someone get Mr. Hodges a trash can.

Second elevator arrives. As the doors open--

Pete shows how he won the Pac-10 wrestling title: from his pre-planned crouch, he lunges-- so fucking fast-- snatches a POLICE OFFICER-- behind him before anyone else reacts-- bends the Officer's neck out at a precarious angle. Uses him as a shield as he drags him into the elevator--

PETE
 I'll snap it! I'll do it!!

The remaining POLICE, all have their guns up. Ali's AGENTS are behind the police-- they draw to fire anyway--

TIGHT ON ALI-- whispering to Agent Gurq--

ALI
 (re: police officers)
 No-- too many.

POLICE BARK INTO THEIR RADIOS-- allow the doors to CLOSE.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

TECH AGENT sits down at Pete's computer-- we see a familiar pop up window: 'STORAGE DEVICE IMPROPERLY REMOVED'--

IN THE LOBBY

FIFTY POLICE are all lined up, guns out. They see the elevator light get to the lobby. Preparing for the doors to open as we MATCH CUT TO--

THE ELEVATOR DOORS

Separating to reveal-- parking level one. Pete, still holding POLICE OFFICER, pushes him out towards his CAR--

PETE

That one--

As Police Officer exits the elevator-- he's executed-- point-blank barrage from both sides--

Pete drops, kick-scoots back against the elevator wall-- GRAY SUIT AGENT and BLACK SUIT AGENT, spin out-- guns up-- aim at his head. As an EARSPLITTING REPORT ECHOES off concrete--

-- Gray Suit Agent's FACE blows forward! Brains splatter just above Pete. Black Suit Agent is already turning on the threat. As he drops--

EMBEE is revealed fifteen feet behind him-- skidding to firing position and BLASTING THREE LEVEL SHOTS!

Black Suited Agent gets thrown back against the wall. Two in the heart-- one in the head. No way Embee is just a security guard. Black Suited Agent is dead before Embee skids to a stop in front of a still-in-shock Pete.

EMBEE

Peter! Are you shot?

PETE

Embee-- Jesus -- no.

Pete's getting it back together, Embee helps him up--

EMBEE

These were the thieves, right? The ones the police are looking for--

-- Embee freezes. Staring at a BADGE on Gray Suits belt.

EMBEE

Royal Secret Service?!

PETE
I'll explain in the car--

EMBEE
You will explain now.

PETE
We don't have time--

Embee lifts his gun-- aims it at Pete--

PETE
They just executed a cop. You saw it.
We run right now or we're both dead!

Pete, backing towards his car, stares at the gun pointed at him by a man that just dropped two agents with headshots.

EMBEE
You just ruined my entire life; You think I will have a problem pulling this trigger?

Pete opens the door to his car--

PETE
Maybe. But if I stay here, I'm dead for certain.

They lock eyes-- until Pete glances at-- Gray Suited Agent's arm-- splayed out-- displaying his FANCY WATCH-- Pete's eyes flick up to see-- the repulsive hamburger of a face--

PETE
Is there another way out of here?

Pete heads back towards Embee-- past him. Embee tracks him with his gun the whole way over to-- Gray Suited Agent. Short hair, like Pete. A fancy watch, like Pete. A Gray Suit, like Pete. And a missing face.

EMBEE
We are not going anywhere.

Pete pulls his own wallet out, removes the AMEX BLACK, his GOVERNMENT ID, and some of his cash. Removes his PANERAI WATCH. Then bends down over the Gray Suited agent-- glances behind Embee-- stops cold.

PETE
The cop is still alive--

Embee glances back-- at a very dead Police Officer-- too late-- Pete pins Embee in under a second. Jumps back up with Embee's gun-- levels it on him. Embee stares right back. Eyes boring into Peter. Fearless-- he walks towards him--

EMBEE

You are not a killer.

PETE

Only one way to prove it.

He flips the gun around-- holding it, grip out, to Embee.

PETE

You saved my life; let me return the favor.

EXT. FRONT OF THE BUILDING - NIGHT

Ali, PHONE plastered to his ear, runs out. Sees THIRTY POLICE CARS sparkling red and blue. As the first NEWS VAN arrives on scene-- Ali hears the best news imaginable--

AGENT(RADIO)

We got Hodges.

DUBAI REPORTER jumps out of the van-- and we SMASHCUT TO--

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - BAGHDAD - CONTINUOUS

-- the ONLY SCREEN that isn't focused on the hotel bombings. Shows DUBAI REPORTER, beginning his broadcast. PULL BACK to meet--

CIA ANALYST GORDON, an excitable young rookie--

GORDON

Phelps! Sir-- Mossad just nailed down a link to the Cairo bombing.

Phelps strides over--

GORDON

Okay, this was a phone call recorded in Southern Lebanon eight months ago:

THE RECORDING plays in accented ENGLISH. VOICE A is nearly unintelligible-- too much static--

PHELPS

(cherry-picking words)

Nothing-- satisfying-- killing--

GORDON

It'll take me awhile to clean up, but that's not the reason it flagged--

VOICE B is soft, but clear--

VOICE B

'For five million dollars; we're in'

GORDON

That is Mohammad Almohri.

PHELPS

Al Aqsa Martyrs Brigade Almohri?

GORDON

(nods)

They just claimed responsibility for the Cairo hotel bombing. But here's the intriguing part. See that?

Gordon points to Dubai Reporter--

DUBAI REPORTER(ONSCREEN)

Police are now focusing their search on the subterranean parking area--

GORDON

Whoever Almohri was speaking with-- -- was in Dubai.

PHELPS

And?

Gordon blinks, gulps. Thought he was on to something--

GORDON

Um, I thought given what's happening, the two might be connected.

PHELPS

They might be, but you aren't gonna figure it out sittin' there lookin' stupid. You can't take a drunken piss in Dubai without getting a night in the clink. They've got cameras everywhere, so figure out precisely when and where the call originated and start searching all available footage for anything unusual.

Gordon nods, gets right to work as we CUT TO--

INT. PARKING LEVEL ONE - NIGHT

-- the elevator opening. Ali and Agent Gurq hustle out to see A FACELESS MAN-- wearing a gray suit-- Pete's tie-- and his PANERAI WATCH. Pete's WALLET is there too.

The corpse is white, so skin tone doesn't come into play. Good enough to delay anyone who doesn't know Pete. Not Ali. Knows instantly. And for the first time, he looks alarmed.

ALI

Shut his phone down-- Rachel's too.

EXT. EMPLOYEE EXIT - NIGHT

Embee, gun to INDIAN POLICE OFFICER'S HEAD, finishes cuffing him to the door. Pete uses the Officer's TIE to gag him-- while Embee strips him of his: KEYS, RADIO, and HAT. They push the door closed, locking Indian Officer inside-- then duck-run towards his SQUAD CAR.

PETE

-- you know how to get to the American Consulate?

EMBEE

They won't let me in--

PETE

If we can get there, I can get us in.

Pete dives into the backseat. Lays down flat and uses his WORK PHONE to make a call. Embee plops the POLICE HAT on his head. Jams keys in the ignition. Engine roars to life.

PETE

Please don't answer. Please be gone.

EMBEE weaves the STOLEN SQUAD CAR through the blockade. Slow and casual. Tipping his POLICE HAT to anyone that eyes him.

RACHEL(O.S.)

Hey--

INT. AIRPORT JETWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rachel rounds a kink, listening to Pete on her phone--

PETE(O.S.)

-- *Why are you still here?*

RACHEL

(annoyed with Pete's tone)

-- *Because Sheikh Massaud just flew out and delayed all the flights!*

(a beat)

Hello? Peter?

She looks at her PHONE: 'NO SERVICE'.

INT. STOLEN SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

The moment they're out of sight of the blockade, Embee floors it. Pete reads his phone 'NO SERVICE'--

PETE

Can I use your phone?

EXT. STOLEN SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

SIRENS WHINING-- LIGHTS FLASHING-- the police car-- threads the needle through 3 lanes of traffic-- and shoots up a freeway onramp--

RECORDED VOICE

The number you have dialed has been disconnected--

INT. STOLEN SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

As the ramifications register on Pete's face-- the speedometer rises past 190 KPH--

PETE

I have to make sure she's okay, Embee--
you don't.

Pete, using Embee's CELL PHONE, is holding his AMEX BLACK. The scarcity of the card is not lost on Embee--

EMBEE

I am an immigrant who just killed two government agents, Peter. You are the only chance I have got.

PETE

(into the phone)
Two tickets-- what's your last name?

EMBEE

Deng. You can get me on to a plane?

PETE

If we move fast enough; we can sort it out from The States--

(into phone)

Embee Deng--

AGENT(O.S.)

(bright and chipper)

I've got a seat in the second row, two seats away from Mrs. Hodges, but the other seat is --

Like Pete gives a shit--

PETE

That'll be fine--

AGENT(O.S.)

-- I can have them hold the plane for up to five more minutes--

PETE

-- is there any way to check if she's
already boarded?

AGENT(O.S.)

I'm sorry.

In the distance, they can see PLANES LANDING--

EXT. BUILDING - EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Agent Gurq and Two Agents are talking to Indian Policeman--

AGENT GURQ

He didn't give you a disk?

INDIAN POLICEMAN

No.

AGENT GURQ

(into mic)

They're out. They stole a police car
and executed--

(reads Indian Officer's uniform)

-- Officer Singh for no reason.

Indian Police Officer looks at Agent Gurq-- what? The answer
comes quickly. Another one of Ali's Agents-- TIFF! Drills a
silenced bullet through Officer Singh's head.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tech Agent REWINDS SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE, looking up-- PETE'S
COMPUTER-- expands the angle.

THE FOOTAGE SHOWS:

Pete crouched under his desk (the moment he was watching the reflection). This camera angle shows the SCREEN. As the thieves erase the transaction records, another box flashes 'ENCRYPTING' then switches to 'SHEATHING DATA'. Soon as 'FINISHED' appears-- Pete's hand reaches in and snatches the PENDRIVE. Then Pete runs--

Tech Agent is already on the phone--

TECH AGENT

Sir-- he got everything.

INT. DARKENED COMMAND HUB - NIGHT

Mehmet Hatyr looms over Suit #2. Like he might kill him.

SUIT #2

(in Farsi)

(He must have come in while I was
vectoring the helicopter. And he never
turned on the lights.)

EXT. FRONT OF THE BUILDING - NIGHT

Ali hustles out to a fleet of GOVERNMENT MERCEDES SUV'S. He turns to POLICE COMMANDER.

ALI

I am assuming command of all police resources until the suspect is either apprehended or killed.

INT. STOLEN SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Embee whips them off the AIRPORT exit--

PETE

I got proof that Ali Qasami stole a billion dollars from the Sheikh--

EMBEE

-- that does not explain why the *Royal Secret Service* is trying to execute you.

Very solid point-- also a very scary point. POLICE RADIO SQUELCHES--

POLICE RADIO(O.S.)

All units be advised, suspects are out of the building. Proceeding to the American Consulate--

Embee and Pete exhale relief--

POLICE RADIO(CON'T)

-- or the Airport.

INT. MERCEDES SUV - CONTINUOUS

Inside the vehicle-- Ali barks into his phone--

ALI

If he makes it to the Consulate, how long would it take the NSA to decrypt those files?

INT. DARKENED COMMAND HUB - CONTINUOUS

-- Ali is speaking to Mehmet Hatyr--

HATYR

Not in time to stop us, but they would crack it eventually. I'd estimate two weeks. Then, we would be at war.

ONSCREEN: Pete's AMEX ACCOUNT pops up as their tickets post. Peter Hodges-- and now they know he's with-- Embee Deng.

ON ANOTHER SCREEN: we see Rachel's itinerary. *Emirates Airlines 490*. MATCH CUT TO--

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

-- KIOSK SCREEN: *Emirates Airlines 490. Final boarding.*

TWO BOARDING PASSES PRINT OUT-- Pete snatches them, Embee leads the way as they hustle around the corner to see-- the Airport Security Line. It's massive.

SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Pete hustles up to the front; flashes his GOVERNMENT ID-- gets to use a special line. As a GUARD examines Pete's ID-- he looks at Embee; in his uniform. His eyes narrow.

PETE

He's my security escort.

GUARD

Doesn't mean he can bring his gun.

PETE

Oh. Right. Sorry.

(to Embee)

I'll buy you a new one.

Embee, playing along, hands his gun over. Locks eyes with Pete-- both ready to bolt in case they're made. A few-- tense-- seconds -- until-- the Guard hands the ID back.

GUARD

Without a Visa-- he'll have trouble with U.S. Immigration once you land.

Pete smiles a 'thanks'-- and just that fast, no bags, they're through security. Luck holding-- for the moment.

INT. GATE - NIGHT

Door to the jetway has been closed. Pete and Embee run up--

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #2
Sorry, sir. The plane is leaving the gate.

PETE
Can you just tell me if my wife is--

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #2
-- I can't tell you that sir.

He slides her the boarding passes. She looks at the tickets: FIRST CLASS. Coos, smiles, holds up a finger as she picks up the receiver. Embee marvels at how the rich are treated.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

ALI'S AGENTS rush the SECURITY CHECKPOINT-- FLASHING BADGES. They are immediately let through--

AT THE GATE

Pete's DISCONNECTED WORK PHONE RINGS-- he looks at it: Ali.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #2
They're re-opening the door for--

PETE
You piece of shit.

She's shocked. Until she realizes he's talking into his phone. Then she sees-- Pete's face on a television-- next to a photo of Indian Policeman-- says he's been executed.

ALI(O.S.)
Hey, partner--

INT. TERMINAL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

AUTOMATIC DOORS glide open for Ali-- trailed by a few of his Agents. He heads towards a PRIVATE DOOR.

ALI
-- we were going to arrest you in the morning, but having you at the crime scene made it even more convincing.

PETE
Everything you did-- recruiting me-- fighting with Karbash-- all of it was a set-up?

ALI

Afraid so.

PETE

Stay afraid. You picked the wrong person to fuck.

ALI

Maybe. You managed to gain an ace, didn't you?

AT THE GATE

Pete stays silent, FINGERS THE PENDRIVE.

ALI(O.S.)

You don't have to confirm it. One way or another, I'll get it back--

Embee sees-- Ali's Agents! GUNS OUT, bashing a path through oblivious travelers. Embee grabs Pete--

ALI(O.S.)

-- since Rachel didn't make her flight.

Yanks him to the floor. Pete drops his encrypted phone as a red LASER DOT appears on Flight Attendant #2's forehead--

PETE

Get down, get--

He jumps to grab her-- too late-- blood splatters the plasma monitor behind her--

ALI'S AGENTS

HE'S GOT A GUN! DOWN! DOWN!

Her corpse drops. TRAVELERS SCREAM! Chaos ensues-- as Pete blinks her blood and brains out of his eye. EMBEE drags him towards the JETWAY door--

DOWN THE JETWAY

Embee, running, rounds a kink first. Pete hot on his heels-- THE ENGINE NOISE IS DEAFENING--

INSIDE THE PLANE

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1 pops the door open for them-- her smile disappears-- as bullets SPARK off metal right behind them!

But Embee has no intention of boarding--

-- without slowing-- he jump/grab/slithers up through the gap between the jetway and the plane-- but as Flight Attendant #1 yanks the door shut--

Pete dives into the gap-- shoves himself inside the plane while she SCREAMS and SMACKS at him--

PETE
RACHEL?!? RACH?!!!

-- his eyes scan THE SECOND ROW-- two empty seats. As Pete spins back towards the door, we CUT TO--

INT. THE COCKPIT - MOMENT LATER

-- THE PILOTS-- backing the plane up; trying to get clear of the insanity-- REVEALING-- Ali's Agents, standing in the jetway. Agent Gurq slaps his BADGE against the window.

As Agent Gurq looks at the crack between the jetway. He waves for his men to separate. Some enter the plane. Some drop to the tarmac. Some climb up through the gap-- onto the roof.

EXT. TERMINAL - MOMENT LATER

RACHEL and Ali, surrounded by SECURITY rush out towards the waiting SUV'S--

ALI
Rachel, just listen to me--

RACHEL
If Peter put you up to this--

ALI
-- Pete is in a lot of trouble.

An Agent opens the door for Rachel to climb in. She does.

ON THE ROOF

Pete is running after Embee, breathlessly, to the other side of the terminal roof, looks around. Down. Eyes drawn to the flashing lights-- his eyes flit over to see--

Ali-- just Ali-- climbing into the SUV. An Agent closes the door. As the fleet drives off, we CUT TO--

EXT. THE JETWAY ROOF - MOMENT LATER

-- THREE AGENTS crossing the roof, jumping down, right on Pete and Embee's trail. They round a corner to find--

Nothing. Pete and Embee aren't here anymore. They're--

INSIDE A STAIRWELL

-- leaping down stairs, four at a time. Bottom of the stairs, they shoulder the door out to--

EXT. A SPRAWLING PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An INTERNATIONAL COUPLE can be seen removing luggage from their FANCY CAR. Pete and Embee hustle towards them.

EMBEE

An accountant? That is it?

PETE

Kind of. I'm actually more of a--

EMBEE

-- If you want to live, you will do exactly what I tell you.

Running right up to the couple--

EMBEE

Give me your car keys.

The couple looks at Embee. In his uniform. Confused. Embee steps forward-- right in their faces:

EMBEE

Give me your fucking keys.

(they do)

If you tell anyone, I will come back and kill your children.

ON PETE--

-- realizing he might've just made a Devils Pact-- as they jump into the car-- and ZOOM OFF-- away from the airport.

Safe for the moment.

INT. THE CIA SUBSTATION - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

Washington rips a DOCUMENT from the printer, hustles over to Phelps--

WASHINGTON

NSA Neural Network just came back with a link: Banking. The daughter-in-law of the head of Germany's Central Bank is listed as missing in the Cairo Bombing. Niece of Swissbank's CEO is listed as missing in Athens. And the son of the Japanese Finance Minister is missing in the Istanbul bombing.

Phelps (eyeing the room like a conductor) assimilates the information. Steps over to Julie Blue-- monitoring Dubai--

DUBAI REPORTER (ONSCREEN)
 -- now confirming that a flight attendant has just been killed at the airport. This brings the death toll up to nine, but the government has remained tight-lipped as to who exactly is involved in the city-wide manhunt.

PHELPS
 I want names.

EXT. WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

A few miles in the distance, planes take flight. The STOLEN CAR zips past CAMERA--

INT. STOLEN CAR - CONTINUOUS

-- Embee is furious. Pete mirrors his mood right back.

PETE
They have my wife Embee! You really think I'm going to go sit in a fucking consulate?

EMBEE
Then what is your plan, hotshot?!

PETE
You're the guy that just dropped two people with headshots!

Embee goes so cold it's scary--

EMBEE
 Have you ever killed a man?
 (Pete shakes his head)
 Then do not speak of it lightly.

A moment passes.

PETE
 I need to contact them. In a way they can't track. Means I need to get my phone turned back on.
 (pats himself down)
 You have it? My phone?

Embee shakes his head. Shit. Pete pulls out the PENDRIVE.

PETE

This is why they took her, Embee. This is why they're killing everyone.

EMBEE

And you think you are going to trade that to the government-- for your wife?

Embee is looking at Pete as if he's a kindergartener--

EMBEE

Do you even know that they have her for certain?

(good point)

Taking account of the way they have behaved so far, I would bet there is a lot more on that disk than you think.

Pete is clearly wary--

PETE

Why would you bet that Embee?
How do you know all this?

Embee doesn't answer-- instead, he parry's--

EMBEE

I know someone. He is very good with computers.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - BAGHDAD - CONTINUOUS

Phelps checks in on Gordon--

GORDON

I managed to voiceprint the caller from Dubai-- but it came back a total blank. We've never heard him before.

Gordon plays the RECORDING again-- Voice A is still unintelligible other than a couple words--

PHELPS

How about that surveillance footage?

GORDON

Still working on it.

PHELPS

Play the conversation again.

Phelps listens carefully to the rhythm of the language.

PHELPS

Voice A is dictating terms.

WASHINGTON

People with the power to dictate terms to Mohammad Almohri makes for a short list of big timers.

GORDON

Or an infinite list of unknowns.

PHELPS

Run the voiceprint through every filter--

GORDON

You mean like computer-aided--

PHELPS

-- I mean like smoking, laryngitis, hormone replacement therapy. Physical alterations that could keep a voice from flagging.

GORDON

Sir? You want me to compile a collection of theoretical voices for a man we've never heard before?

Julie and Washington meet eyes. Gordon watches them: *whoops*. Sweat beads his upper lip-- Phelps bores his eyes into him.

GORDON

I'm sorry, sir, I didn't mean--

PHELPS

Washington-- get me a list of every voiceprint on file that matches VOICE A within the fiftieth percentile-- What's your name, son?

GORDON

Gordon, sir.

PHELPS

Gordon-- this job we do here is all about crossing things off a list--

Pulls up TEN PHOTOS on the screen. HALF have MUGSHOTS. Half have BLACK SILHOUETTES; holders for photos that don't exist.

PHELPS

CIA's top ten Tier One Targets. Ever heard of that guy?

Points to a BLACK SILHOUETTE-- the name below it reads:

UQLIDISI, AYMAN AL. Last seen Oct. 14, 2003.

GORDON
Iran's top Intelligence Operative.

PHELPS
Yep. We *think* he's a great grandson of Dr. Mossadegh, but we *know* he's a gloves-off nationalist who's never forgiven The CIA for Iran's present political situation.

Gordon, nods, tries to play it off. Bad move with Phelps.

PHELPS
(leans in, soft and lethal)
This isn't poker. You act like you know something when you don't know shit-- people die. Don't you ever do that again.

Gordon nods. This time he means it.

PHELPS
Mossadegh was Iran's last democratically elected leader. He got this radical idea in his head that the Iranian people should be able to make a little money off their own oil-- so the Brits and CIA took him out, replaced him with Reza Shah, who pillaged the country. Eventually led to Ayatollah Khomeini's ability to take over a relatively secularist, highly educated country and the coining of the term 'blowback'-- *heard of that?*

Gordon nods. Phelps returns his attention to the BLACK SILHOUETTE.

PHELPS
Now. How helpful is that picture in figuring out what Uqlidisi looks like?

Gordon's shitting his pants.

GORDON
Not very-- I mean very-- I mean I don't have a clue.

PHELPS
It's useful 'cause I know with absolute certainty--

Phelps steps over-- taps the SILHOUETTE.

PHELPS (CON'T)

-- he doesn't look like this. Plus, it reminds me of the last time I almost caught him, which still pisses me off, and I'm always smarter when I'm angry, which is why I'm always angry.

JULIE BLUE

Only reason we put up with him.

Phelps taps Gordon's head. Then jumps inside it.

PHELPS

No-no-no! Just because I don't seem mad, doesn't mean I'm not blowin' up like ten Nagasaki's right at this very moment. Understand?

(Gordon nods)

You payin' close attention?

(like a bobble-head)

The people we hunt are just like me. They're never gonna show you a goddamned thing. They're so good-- they don't even leave a trail. Cops get to look for clues. What do we have to look for?

(Gordon: blank)

Their absence. Take a fingerprint; our boys use an acid wash to make sure they don't have any. So?

GORDON

You, um, look for acid residue?

PHELPS

No, we look for something we know ten people have touched. When we only get nine sets of prints off it, we're getting somewhere. Got me?

Gordon can do nothing but nod.

PHELPS

Now that you know how we do this, Gord-on, walk me through what I'm gonna learn from the two lists.

He just gulps.

PHELPS

You can do it. After cross-referencing two massive lists, one theoretical, one seemingly unrelated, what will we know if we get nothing?

GORDON

Um. We'll know Voice A is --
 (the light goes on)
 -- an entirely new person.

PHELPS

That a pepper; and if we get a hit?

GORDON

(gaining confidence)
 We'll have-- a new, relevant
 voiceprint of a known terrorist--

Phelps gives him a cheerful pat, strolls off. Washington leans in.

WASHINGTON

I remember when I used to think I was
 smart. Harvard?

Gordon just nods mournfully.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN - NIGHT

Even Camelot has a sewer-- and Pete's in Dubai's version of it now. Garbage. Rats. Embee pulls the car to a stop. Opens the luggage. Takes his security Guard uniform off. Italian guy's clothes are loose on him, but they're nice threads.

PETE

Where are we going?

EMBEE

My school.

PETE

You're a teacher?

EMBEE

I volunteer.

They ditch the car-- head in. Friday night-- people are everywhere. They pass kick-down shacks with people living three to a bed--

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - BAGHDAD - CONTINUOUS

Julie Blue just got something--

JULIE BLUE

Target of the manhunt is American--
 Peter Hodges. They're also looking for
 a security guard, but I don't have a
 name yet.

Julie Blue and Washington both start researching--

JULIE BLUE
Peter Hodges-- hot shit--

WASHINGTON
-- Hedge Fund Managers started calling him the 'Threat Killer', which was the title of his dissertation at U.C. Berkeley--

JULIE BLUE
-- nominated for a Macarthur Genius Grant at the age of 27--

WASHINGTON
-- Business Week called him his generation's brightest-- economist.

All eyes meet. As Washington reaches for the Neural Network printout-- Phelps is already on his way out the door--

PHELPS
Gor-don, you know what I need!

HUSTLING OUT OF THE COMMAND CENTER--

-- through the halls, up the stairs-- everyone barking into CELL PHONES--

WASHINGTON
No, a jet!
(waits a beat, interrupts)
An hour from now will not work--

PHELPS
Tell 'em to commandeer one of Halliburtons. They sure as shit owe us a favor--

JULIE BLUE
I got the DDO--

Phelps takes the phone.

PHELPS
Sir, each of the hotel bombings involved a relative of a powerful economic policy maker. One of the parties responsible for the bombing was voiceprinted talking to someone in Dubai-- where one of the world's top economists is presently the target of
(more)

PHELPS (CON'T)

a massive manhunt. Even if it sounds circumstantial, three connected coincidences always make a certainty in my playbook. Whatever this is; it's nowhere near over-- and Peter Hodges is a big fuckin' piece.

EXT. AIRPORT - BAGHDAD - CONTINUOUS

Washington, Julie Blue, and Phelps run out of a BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER-- towards a waiting LEARJET.

PHELPS

(into his phone)

CIA Deputy Director of Operations has authorized the activation of all Badgers operating out of the Emirate of Dubai--

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel is sitting on a couch. Arms folded defensively. Ali walks out from a hallway.

ALI

Rachel. Have you thought of anywhere else he may have gone?

She shakes her head. Very wary about all of this. Ali walks back down the hall, slides a LIGHTSWITCH OVER revealing a BIOMETRIC SCANNER. As it SCANS, Rachel rounds the corner. Sees it.

RACHEL

What's that?

ALI

Go sit, Rachel.

SECURITY MAN steps in front of Rachel as the door opens. Rachel knows something is off. Ali doesn't bother changing her mind; she's a corpse with a pulse. He steps into--

INT. THE DARKENED COMMAND HUB - CONTINUOUS

-- and finally crosses paths with Mehmet Hatyr.

THE SCREENS SHOW: satellite views. Maps. Ali examines the news reports of THE HOTEL BOMBINGS--

HATYR

Targets one, two, and three have been captured without incident. All are
(more)

HATYR (CON'T)
still classified as 'missing persons'
as they sort the rubble. Stage two is
set to go off as planned.

ALI
What about Hodges?

HATYR
No word, but the Security Guard-- is
not who he seems.

EXT. COMMERCIAL BLOCK - NIGHT

A little neon. A lot of trash. A CROWD spills out from a ragged
BAR-- AFRICAN MUSIC pulses out--

PETE
This is a *school*?

EMBEE
No class on Friday nights.

Embee WHISPERS something inaudible to the DOORMAN--

INSIDE

A PACKED CROWD OF AFRICAN IMMIGRANTS-- having a blast-- curing
their homesickness-- dancing their asses off. As Embee leads
Pete through the syncopated throng-- he notices a wounded look
on Pete's face.

EMBEE
What?

PETE
My wife would love this place.

EMBEE
Not fancy enough for you?

Pete ignores the comment. As they head around the stage-- DOWN
A STAIRWELL--

EMBEE
Careful. These puddles are not water.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The music is still audible. They enter a classroom. POSTERS OF
DINKA TRIBESMAN-- of supermodel ALEX WEK.

LUOL, another African immigrant, is sitting at THREE OLDER
COMPUTERS-- when he turns to see EMBEE, he blanches.

Very clear that he's scared of him. Makes Pete even more wary--
 Luol and Embee converse in DINKA before Embee waves Pete over.
 Luol and Pete shake.

PETE
 Thanks for helping.

LUOL
 You have the disk?

Pete hands him the PENDRIVE-- Luol gets to work on it.

PETE
 Can you send an untraceable email?

LUOL
 Yes of course.

PETE
 I'm dead serious-- untraceable.

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ali walks out, sits across from Rachel.

ALI
 You two have a fight?

Rachel crosses her arms. Not going to have this conversation--
 Ali's summoned by his phone. Walks back into--

THE DARKENED COMMAND HUB

One of Ali's email accounts is open onscreen. Suit #1 works the controls-- a message from Pete reads: 'WHAT NOW?'

ALI
 Where is it from?

HATYR
 Helsinki. But I'm cycling it back.
 Should have a location in a few minutes.

ALI
 Let's keep him occupied--

Ali leans over the keyboard, types an EMAIL--

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Pete reads THE EMAIL-- from Ali--

PETE

Abu Dhabi tomorrow morning? How the hell am I going to do that?

LUOL

If you want to talk to him, I can send the call through the internet to mask its origin?

Pete nods. Luol gets the call going. Computer BEEPS. Luol pulls Pete's pendrive out.

LUOL

What system did this come from?

PETE

My office.

LUOL

Then that is the only place to read it. Proprietary. Like CIA-level. The whole thing has been wrapped in a coded 'sheathe'. Means I cannot even make a copy.

Pete reels.

EMBEE

We cannot go back to the office.

INT. CIA JET - CONTINUOUS

As Gordon's face pops up on the GALLEY CONSOLE, Phelps, Julie Blue and Washington crowd the screen. Gordon is very excited.

GORDON(O.S.)

Sir-- okay-- these days, almost all surveillance systems are set up to be monitored remotely. Which is great. Only took about three minutes to crack through the firewall--

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE SHOWS:

A BUILDING LOBBY-- TWO CARS pulling up outside--

GORDON(O.S.)

The man we're looking for talked to Almohri from this building-- and the call took place four minutes after this footage was recorded--

THREE SECURITY ESCORTS step out, open the door for a MAN. He drags a WOMAN IN A BURKA out of the car. As they walk towards the camera with their heads down-- the image FLICKERS TO STATIC. Five seconds pass. The Image comes back up. The Man and his Entourage are gone.

GORDON(O.S.)

Nothing to work with before they jammed it, so I tracked the vehicles on the traffic cameras like you said. Five miles back, I got this.

FOOTAGE OF AN INTERSECTION:

Shows THE MAN climb into the SUV. IMAGE FREEZES. Enhances. To reveal-- a very clear image of MEHMET HATYR.

GORDON(O.S.)

Like you said, we're looking for the absence of clues, right? Well, I ran him through our facial recognition software-- and we've never seen him before.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Luol puts the phone on speaker-- RING--

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Ali answers--

ALI

Relax. She still thinks I'm on your side.

Suit #1 tags the internet connection-- TWO COLUMNS cycling through web addresses. One is a few seconds behind, but gaining on a lock.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY-

Ali steps out into the room-- followed by HATYR-- who lays the CELL PHONE in front of Rachel, puts it on SPEAKER.

ALI

Talk to your husband.

PETE(O.S.)

Rach? Can you hear me? Do not trust him! Rachel?

Rachel looks at the phone, at Ali. At Hatyr. All she wants to do is talk to Pete-- tears well.

PETE(O.S.)
Rach, please, are you okay?--

Rachel's cycles to the conclusion-- guessing where it ends; she purses her lips. Shakes her head, no.

PETE(O.S.)
-- I need to know you're there-- if you're okay, Rach? Rachel?

HATYR
Speak to your husband.

Rachel, terror growing, digs deep. Discovers the resolve to defy him. Hatyr is fast as a viper with his fists. The haymaker comes out of nowhere. Blasting her lip open. She goes down. Spits blood.

PETE(O.S.)
Let me talk to her, Ali!

ALI
Peter, she's not cooperating.

PETE
Rach, they're killing people! I've seen it-- so don't fuck around with them! Rachel?

She spits the blood at Hatyr. He dodges.

ALI
Honestly, I really do love your wife--

Ali steps over to the lamp. Unscrews the LIGHTBULB. Hands it to Hatyr.

ALI
-- but you have to talk some sense into her. She thinks if she doesn't speak, then you won't trade for her. Trying to keep him safe is very noble, Rachel.

SECURITY MEN step over. But Hatyr waves them off. She tries to fight him silently. Very easily, he immobilizes her, but in the process, the top buttons of her shirt pop off. HANDCUFFS her hands behind her back, then grasps her neck. Pulls her hair back.

HATYR
Squeeze a neck in the right place, humans can't keep their mouth closed.

Rachel's mouth pops open.

ALI

But you can't make someone scream. So,
a lightbulb is going into Rachel's
mouth--

-- She can't fight as hard as she'd like for fear of breaking
it. She tries to spit it out-- can't.

PETE(O.S.)

*Rachel if you're there just say
something! I'll be fine, just TALK!*

Rachel, metal tip protruding, dripping tears.

HATYR

Grunt in a recognizable way.

Bearing anything to save her husband; Rachel beams 'fuck you
eyes' at Ali and Hatyr-- then closes them-- readying herself.

ALI

Last chance, St. Joan--

Hatyr draws back--

PETER(O.S.)

RACHEL!? Ali! This is bullshit!

-- he UNLOADS ON HER FACE! Left-Right! CRUNCH-TINKLE. Rachel
can't inhale to scream. Can't gag. Just WHIMPERS as she opens
her mouth to let the METAL END fall out, along with a few bits
of glass-- and a puddle's worth of blood. Ali can't hide his
respect for her.

ALI

Round one goes to Mrs. Hodges.

HATYR

Congratulations.

Suit #2 steps out-- holds up FOUR fingers.

ALI

Peter. Call me back in four minutes,
exactly. Clock is ticking.

PETE

Hold on a--

ALI

(hangs up on him)
Let's move.

(to Suit #2)

Stay and watch her.

Hatyr directs Ali's Agents to grab their weapons. Coats. Etc. Ali kneels down, looks Rachel in the eyes.

ALI

Know something ironic? I learned that from a book on Hitler.

They hustle out. Leaving her on the ground, drooling blood. In her torn shirt. With Suit #2 to watch over her.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Luol turns around, looks at Pete--

PETE

Get him back. Just get him back--

(to Embee)

You think he was lying?

EMBEE

No.

NEWS is on a television-- as Pete waits for someone to answer. Ring. Ring. Ring.

NEWSREPORTER

-- Iranian Intelligence just issued a statement. They believe the hotel bombings in Cairo, Athens, and Istanbul are only the first wave-- and they have reason to believe that three more bombings are due to go off within the next four hours. This has led to near anarchy conditions in and around hotels worldwide.

LUOL

Not answering.

NEWSREPORTER

Coupled with the global upheaval, the dollar dropped significantly against the Yen and Euro seconds after the head of the German Central Bank issued a strongly worded warning to the US government about the long-term viability of servicing their debt.

JAPANESE FINANCE MINISTER (60's) is giving a press conference. He looks haggard.

NEWSREPORTER

This comes on the heels of a similar statement made by the head of Japan's Central Bank--

The screen shows his name: MINISTER ISHIKAWA. Pete suddenly starts to see the Matrix--

PETE
(to Embee)
His son was staying at that hotel--

IMAGE SHOWS FOUR SEASONS, ISTANBUL--

Pete sees the Cairo Bombing-- words about the German Delegation. The hotel in Athens. The statement from Iran. The drop in the dollar.

PETE
(grave as a reaper)
-- I need to make another call.

EXT/INT. MINISTER KARBASH'S STUDY - NIGHT

We've been here before--

Minster Karbash is sitting at a bank of computers, watching the developments unfold. An AIDE hands him a CELL PHONE.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY--

PETE
I didn't take the money.

MINISTER KARBASH
Then who did?

PETE
Ali-- and someone else.

MINISTER KARBASH
Santa Claus or the Easter Bunny?

PETE
The attack in the Golan Heights was orchestrated by Iran, wasn't it? Khalifa al Merri's presence there was common knowledge. It was an assassination meant to work in conjunction with the Statoil announcement. Iran wanted to crush their own economy. Because if they could predict it, they could profit off it. You bragged about how they were setting themselves up for a bright future you egomaniacal fuck! So how about I take a stab at what you're planning--

ON PETE-- can't believe it.

PETE
-- he hung up on me--

INT. MERCEDES SUV - NIGHT

Ali answers his phone--

MINISTER KARBASH(O.S.)
He knows.

ALI
Perhaps if you hadn't gotten in a
pissing contest over the Statoil
contracts--

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY--

MINISTER KARBASH
-- *Hodges was your end!*

ALI
Even if he figures it out, everything
leads back to him--

MINISTER KARBASH
And if he maps it out for the
Americans?

Out the window-- heading into the shantytown--

ALI
He'll be dead in two minutes.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Luol looks at Pete-- still waiting for someone to pick up the
ringing phone--

PETE
I need to get in touch with Sheikh
Massaud. Can you do that?

Luol, too scared to question the request, goes to work.

EMBEE
Would you like to talk to the
President of the United States too?

PETE
What I'd really like-- is to know why
he's so scared of you?

EMBEE
It is not your business.

The moment is heightened when THE DOORMAN enters. Hands Embee a HANDGUN with a few extra CLIPS then withdraws. Pete grows even more uneasy.

PETE
If we have to trust each other, it is my business.

Embee turns on Pete--

EMBEE
Unlike you, I have no fancy credit cards; no chips to cash in. If I had not involved myself by saving your life, I would not be risking mine right now. You want more than that?

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUIT #2 watches Rachel. Blood surrounds her head. Not moving. He gets a little concerned. He pulls her over a little to the side, to see if she's breathing. She is, but part of her ample breast spills out of her ripped shirt. She shifts a little, revealing more.

Human nature. Even a pro can't help but glance-- as RACHEL SPITS BLOODY GLASS INTO HIS EYES-- then--

Just like she did in the bedroom with Pete when she pulled his shirt over his head--

Rotates her cuffed arms up and over head-- in front of her-- and claws the glass deeper into his eyes. He's blinded. His hands find her waist, but he can't see. As he starts to get control, he grabs her throat. She paws his waist, desperate-- her hand finds COLD METAL as he lifts her by the neck--

HIS POV-- through blood-- eyes all fucked up, blinking like crazy (which only dig the shards in deeper)-- he sees the last image of his life: RACHEL, using his gun--

FIRING A BULLET INTO HIS FACE--

-- the death is violent and ugly and real. Rachel gasps. Shakes as she gets it together. Turns towards the door. To run.

This is her moment to escape.

Instead, she wills herself calm, searches the corpse of SUIT #2. Gets the key. Unlocks her cuffs-- and drags him towards the BIOMETRIC SCANNER. Takes everything she's got. Wipes his bloody hand on her dress, lays it on the PAD--

INT. BASEMENT - MINUTE LATER

Pete and Embee. Neither talking. It's tense until--

Luol's call connects to--

RECORDING

You have reached the general information line for the Royal Family of Dubai. If you would like to know our motto, please press one. If you would like to find out about tours, please press two--

INT. COMMAND ROOM - MOMENT LATER

Suit #1 hears the door open, turns around to see--

RACHEL with the gun. Looks like something from a nightmare as she tries to steady the barrel. Hands shaking. She reads the screen-- a beacon is blinking on a MAP OF THE SHANTYTOWN.

ANOTHER SCREEN shows what looks like an overhead view. Coming from a helicopter-- at least TEN VEHICLES are streaming through the shantytown-- towards the beacon.

Rachel manages a WHISPER through her ruined mouth--

RACHEL

Tracking his call?

SUIT #1

Yes.

RACHEL

Call him back.

Suit #1 searches Rachel's eyes: nothing in them but desperation. She's not Dirty Harry. But she knows what he's looking for-- resolve.

RACHEL

Please don't make me do it again.

A mouthful of blood pours out as she heels the door-- revealing the corpse of SUIT #2--

INT. BASEMENT - MINUTE LATER

Pete is still listening to the Royal Family Options--

PETE

I need another number--

LUOL

The Sheikh is not even in the country.

PETE

Just do it.

(heavily)

You were right, Embee. Framing me was
just the beginning--

Eyes fixated on the news reports. Of Iran. And the bombings.
And the drop in the dollar. Embee points to the PENDRIVE.

EMBEE

And that is the key.

Pete nods-- as the PHONE RINGS-- he snatches it--

INT. COMMAND ROOM - MOMENT LATER

PETE(O.S.)
(on speaker)

Hello!?

Fighting through the pain. Needing to be understood.

RACHEL

Peter they're--

Suit #1 lunges-- SHE FIRES! MISSES. His hands touch her-- she fires again. BULLET explodes his shoulder -- knocks him back, but it's not enough. He lunges again--

ON PETE-- hears SCREAMING and GUNSHOTS-- he's dying inside--

PETE

Rachel! Talk to me! Rach?--

ON RACHEL'S BATTLE

Suit #1 gets his hands on the gun. She FIRES. Misses. FIRES. FIRES. Missing with both. He falls on her.

PETER(O.S.)

Rachel?!!!

She tips the barrel towards his neck. FIRES. A hydrant of blood geysers out. Must've hit an artery. A pulsing spray covers her. She pulls the trigger again. Again. No more bullets, but she keeps squeezing. Firing ghosts. As Suit #1 struggles, weakening by the second, his eyes start glazing over-- the hatred replaced with a deathmask.

No way Rachel will ever forget this man's face.

PETE(O.S.)
 -- *If you can hear me, get to the American Consulate!*

Rachel has to get it back together, looks at the screens. Sees MEN POURING OUT OF THE VEHICLES-- from three sides of the Dance club-- seconds away from the BEACON that is Pete--

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- Luol pulls up the location of the American Consulate. Looks to be about five miles. Might as well be an ocean.

RACHEL(O.S.)
Pete they tracked your call! They're outside! Run NORTH!

PETE
Where are you?

ON RACHEL-- must be total agony to even talk.

RACHEL
Right NOW! North! I'll meet you at the Consulate!

INT. DANCEHALL - NIGHT

POLICE and Ali's Agents rush through the crowd from both entry's-- leaping down the steps, three at a time-- kicking open the door--

OUT ON THE DANCE FLOOR--

We see LUOL. Shakin' it! Blends right in as he watches the police and Mehmet Hatyr out of the corner of his eye--

EXT. SHANTYTOWN - CONTINUOUS

ON PETE AND EMBEE

-- running North. Up a flight of exterior stairs-- to a raised road-- where FIVE POLICE CARS skid to a stop. SIRENS BLARING. Back down they go, retracing their steps, looking over the ledge. They jump out--

Only a four-foot drop on to the TIN ROOF of a shack-- but it's enough to collapse the structure. Thankfully, the sirens are LOUD.

ON EMBEE-- looking out from below the collapsed roof-- sees the Police streaming down the stairs behind them. Then spots-- a round, head-high drainage-- running under the road-- only ten feet away. He whispers--

EMBEE

Peter, wait for me to wave--

Embee commando crawls over to the edge-- duck-runs out the house. He arrives at the drain. Turns. Police are rounding the house-- three more seconds, and they'll have Peter. He waves. Pete runs across. Fast as he can.

POLICE POV-- rounding the corner-- WE SEE-- the heel of a dress shoe disappear into the darkened drainage. They don't.

INT. CIA JET - NIGHT

Washington reads a SCREEN in the Galley's COM CENTER--

WASHINGTON

All Badgers have checked in and are now moving to shadow the American Consulate. Should be in position within the next ten minutes.

Phelps and Julie Blue are sorting through everything they've got on Pete. Photos of him as a kid. Bruised. Bloodied.

JULIE BLUE

Upbringing alone qualifies him to become a terrorist. He and his brother got pulled out of three foster care situations in a row for physical abuse.

PHELPS

Ain't gonna help your patriotism.

JULIE BLUE

But after that, nothing else fits. Turned down a wrestling scholarship to Deerfield Academy-- three times until they agreed to take his younger brother too. Doug Hodges-- died of cancer two years ago.

Washington, on his computer, reads about Rachel--

WASHINGTON

He's been married for three years-- wife Rachel was at the airport tonight. Bought a ticket to New York at the last minute. Checked in. Never got on the plane--

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A SHADOW, stumbles down the sidewalk-- a car approaches--

INSIDE THE CAR--

A THAI COUPLE are in the middle of an argument-- when the man stomps the brake. Neither one can believe what they're seeing-- Rachel, in the street, looking like a movie poster for 'Carrie'. Covered in blood. A lot of people wouldn't help her--

RACHEL

(a whisper)

Please. American Consulate.

EXT. DRAINAGE EXIT - NIGHT

Embee and Pete emerge, scramble up a mound of dirt at a construction site. A good view of the city from here--

PETE

Consulate is -- that way?

Their eyes pass over THE MOTHER OF ALL SKYSCRAPERS we saw earlier. (soon to be the either the first or second tallest building in the world)-- then shift back. Holding on the sight.

PETE

Think the people constructing the world's tallest building might be using the world's biggest trucks?

INT. CIA JET - CONTINUOUS

Phone BEEPS. Washington answers. Listens. Types--

WASHINGTON

Dubai's Intelligence Ministry is asking for background on the security guard. Name is Embee Deng. We've got a file on him--

-- here it comes-- photos of Embee holding an AK-47.

WASHINGTON

Left Uganda six years ago-- moved to Dubai-- where he's been working as a Security Guard and-- volunteering with former Child Soldiers. Trail ends there--

PHELPS

-- until he guns down a precinct's worth of police officers while helping Hodges escape with a billion bucks--

WASHINGTON

Allegedly.

EXT/INT. MERCEDES SUV - NIGHT

-- hauling ass out of the shantytown-- Mehmet Hatyr closes his phone, turns back to Ali--

HATYR
Rachel Hodges escaped--

He puts his cell on SPEAKERPHONE:

RACHEL (RECORDED)
I'll meet you at the Consulate!

EXT. THE AMERICAN CONSULATE IN DUBAI - CONTINUOUS

Encircled by a wide, thick gate, it's bunker-like. Only one entry-- through a gate manned by U.S. MARINES.

ALI (O.S.)
-- station all remaining units within a five block radius of the American Consulate. No one gets in.

EXT. POLICE CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

We see TWO POLICE CARS. Poised to stop Pete. A CAR pulls up. It's the Thai couple. Rachel in the back--

THAI WOMAN
We picked this woman up about five minutes ago.

The Police look at Rachel. Mouth, lips are swollen now. Caked in blood. She doesn't even look like the same person.

OFFICER #1
Looks like she needs to go to a hospital. Miss? Miss?

THAI MAN
I think something bad happened to her mouth. It's swollen shut.

OFFICER #1
Are you an American?
(Rachel nods)
Do you have a passport?
(Rachel shakes her head: no)
I'll need to look in your trunk.

Thai Man pops it. Nothing in there.

OFFICER #1
Without a passport I don't think they will let you in, but you can try.

They drive off. Officer's RADIO squelches. He walks back, answers it. Eyes flash back to the car. He jumps in-- peels out, lights flashing after them.

INT. THAI'S COUPLE'S CAR - NIGHT

They round the corner-- Consulate entry is right there-- but A POLICE CAR SKIDS TO A STOP right in front of them! Rachel jumps out to run--

Officer #1 jumps out in front of her-- aims his gun-- right at Rachel--

OFFICER #1
Hands up! Get them up!!

Rachel looks past him-- at the Marines-- twenty feet away-- who can't do a goddamned thing except stare.

RACHEL
Um uh Umerihan!

This exchange could be amusing, but it's not. The Thai Couple climb out as well--

THAI COUPLE
She is an American!

A FLEET OF MERCEDES sweeps around the corner-- since Rachel's seen them before; she knows who they're carrying--

Fuck it; she runs forward-- is Officer #1 going to shoot? Nope. He brings her down, tackling her mere feet from safety-- where the U.S. Marines have no choice but to simply watch--

As Mehmet Hatyr and Ali jump out of one Mercedes, and Agent Gurg and more Agents jump out of another-- all FLASHING BADGES to Officer #1 and the Marines.

RACHEL, pinned to the ground, says 'they did this' to the Marines, but it comes out--

RACHEL
Eh ih ish!!!

No weapons come up yet-- but the Marines are human-- and trained protectors-- and they can't take much more--

MARINE CAPTAIN
Ma'am? You're an American?

Rachel nods emphatically. Ali walks right up to Marine Captain.

ALI

Rachel Hodges is a suspect in the theft of a billion dollars from The Crown Prince of Dubai. You want to offer her amnesty, fine, but you are going to have to get her--

Points to a line--

ALI

-- over there. In order to do that, you'll have to start a war-- right here-- on the sovereign soil of the United Arab Emirates.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - BURJ DUBAI - NIGHT

Embee and Pete scale a fence. The building is mind boggling to look at, even though it isn't even close to topped out.

They see at least TEN OFF HIGHWAY CATERPILLAR DUMP TRUCKS, the largest vehicles on earth. Each one is capable of carrying 300,000 pounds in their back bed. Each tire is thirteen feet tall and costs \$40,000. Almost too large to believe.

With the construction schedule in Dubai, again, we see the site is as busy now as at any time of day. Allows our boys to blend in.

INT. CIA JET - NIGHT

Washington, at the computer console, spins to Phelps--

WASHINGTON

We just dropped the ball. This is three minutes ago.

Watching the CONSULATE'S SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE: of *Rachel trying to get into the Embassy-- and failing--*

WASHINGTON

Pretty sure that's Rachel Hodges.

Julie Blue looks at timecode, then her watch--

JULIE BLUE

The first Badger must've arrived less than a minute after they put her in the car.

Phelps locks on something.

PHELPS

Rewind it. That. Blow that up.

THEY BLOW UP a still frame: MEHMET HATYR getting out of the SUV.

PHELPS

The Hodges connection just ceased
being circumstantial.

INT. OFF HIGHWAY DUMP TRUCK - MINUTE LATER

AUSTRALIAN DRIVER is listening to CHEESY SOURCE MUSIC in the cab. He's way up here. Looks down as Pete and Embee run into the road, waving at him. He stops. They climb the ladder. Takes awhile.

PETE

Hey brother, you speak English?

AUSTRALIAN DRIVER

What can I do for you, mate?

PETE

You can drive this thing right over
that fence and head West.

Australian Driver smirks--

AUSTRALIAN DRIVER

That's the dream, but I like the job.

EMBEE

Then here is the good part--
(shows the gun)
You have no choice.

EXT. CINDERBLOCK FENCE - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE on a small LADYBUG ensnared in a spiderweb. Got less than a second to live since-- the wall EXPLODES OUT!!!

Cinderblock and spiderwebs present themselves as equal obstacles for the FRONT WHEELS of the Off Highway Dump Truck as they PULVERIZE twenty feet of fence-- then ROAR out onto--

THE STREETS OF DUBAI

Top speed is thirty-five miles an hour. AUSTRALIAN DRIVER has it redlined at thirty-eight--

EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

-- barreling through everything-- taking out cars, trees, anything in the way as if they're reflector bumps.

INSIDE A POLICE CAR--

-- the Officer sees it coming. Can't believe it. Takes him a full two seconds to snatch up his RADIO handset--

EXT. ALI'S FLEET OF MERCEDES - NIGHT

They WHIP down a wide boulevard-- and into the WAKE OF DESTRUCTION left by--

INT. THE TRUCK - NIGHT

Embee can't help it. He's grinning as the music plays.

AUSTRALIAN DRIVER

If I do everything you tell me, are you going to hurt me?

PETE

Nope.

AUSTRALIAN DRIVER

Then I think I'll just have to enjoy this.

No one on the street is getting hurt, since you could literally walk out of their way.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

POLICE careen in. Ali's FLEET catches up to them. FIRING. Bullets spark.

INT. THE TRUCK - NIGHT

They tuck themselves into the cabin. Too high to be hit from the ground. The top of the BED covers the roof, so no helicopter fire will get them from above.

ON THE STREET

- Police skid around corners.
- Helicopters swoop in overhead.
- Ali's MERCEDES SUV's race along a parallel street.
- They all fire at the TRUCK. They fire at the TIRES. No air in there, solid. Doesn't do a thing.

The Truck won't be outrunning anything, but it won't have to. Like a Blue Whale swimming the Pacific.

They take a corner. Up ahead, a half-mile or so, they see the American Consulate. Stars and Stripes glow in a spotlight.

AT THE AMERICAN CONSULATE-- THE ALARMS GO UP--

If you've ever wondered what happens when you attack an American Consulate in the Middle East-- here's the answer:

PYLVONS THICK AS A MAN shoot up from within the ground, blocking almost anything from driving in or out. Sirens blare as--

-- MARINES pour out, weapons up, surrounding the Consulate. BLAST BARRIERS RISE. SHARPSHOOTERS take up positions behind them--

ON THE ROOF. They can see the OFF HIGHWAY DUMP TRUCK RUMBLING towards them-- surrounded by an absurd amount of DUBAI GOVERNMENT VEHICLES.

INT/EXT. ALI'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Ali's Driver pulls-- even-- with the DUMP TRUCK--

Then veers out, jumping the divider, gassing it into the oncoming lane, splitting traffic. Accelerates, then weaves all the way back-- right in front of the Dump Truck.

ALI'S AGENTS jump out the back-- onto the ladder--

-- led by Mehmet Hatyr--

INT. TRUCK CAB - MOMENT LATER

Can't see the men on the ladder from this angle, too high. Actually, they're so high up, they can't even see Ali's Mercedes down below, directly in front of them.

Mehmet Hatyr is first, climbing THE LADDER, followed by other agents. Cool as ice, he doesn't go the whole way. That's not the idea. He yanks the pin on a GRENADE, forces it through the RADIATOR. Taking cover as he hangs off the side--

-- BOOM!!! Shrapnel flies out. But the engine still sounds good, roaring strong. Another sixty seconds they'll be at the Consulate gates.

The Agents pull out ANOTHER GRENADE. And ANOTHER. Drop them in. BOOM! BOOM!! BOOOOM!!!! The engine RATCHETS! HISSING a wounded SQUEAL-- before finally LOCKING UP! A massive cloud of smoke BILLOWS OUT-- engulfing the entire Dump Truck-- but something this big still has momentum--

AUSTRALIAN DRIVER

-- jams it into neutral and lets her roll. Engulfed in the smoke of the burning engine-- Pete's going to use it to their advantage--

PETE
 Roll through the side of that
 building.

Driver turns the wheel-- barreling towards the building.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - MOMENT LATER

DUMP TRUCK GORES the outer corner! Savagely exploding GLASS AND STEEL! The leviathan takes out three floors worth of windows, keeps rolling, but slows considerably--

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Embee and Pete jump off the side-- into the building. Rolling over the glass-blanketed carpet; got to hurt. The room is entirely filled with smoke-- as they pick each other up and run--

TO THEIR LEFT, the Dump Truck is down to five miles an hour-- POLICE in a red and blue blinking haze of smoke-- surround it-- as Pete and Embee run-limp towards the consulate-- fifty yards from the line of marines-- from safety-- they emerge from the smoke--

AMERICAN RADIO VOICE #1(O.S.)
 Saber Four has a shot--

AMERICAN RADIO VOICE #2(O.S.)
 Saber Six has a shot--

AMERICAN RADIO VOICE #3(O.S.)
 Shoot-to-wound. Saber Team is weapons free.

The Mercedes SUV's SKID to a stop near the dump truck-- ALI's MEN LEAP OUT-- THEN-- see--

PETE AND EMBEE--

Running, limping, bleeding, everything they've got towards the line of Marines -- Pete stumbles, falls. Face smacks a MANHOLE COVER. Dazed, he stares at it, until Embee yanks him up.

The Marines are yelling encouragement, but they can't do a thing to help them until they cross over--

PETE
 Americans! We're AMERICANS!!!

WE SEE ALI'S MEN raising weapons-- in SLOW MOTION-- they OPEN FIRE! BULLETS rake in, zeroing on their footstep--

Lucky for Pete and Embee, Ali's men have to walk the shots in low -- so they don't accidentally shoot the Marines in front of Pete and Embee-- but the next burst will find the mark-- Bullets spark in-- half a second more---

MIXED RADIO CHATTER(O.S.)
Saber Four. Firing. Six Firing.
Firing.

THE CIA BLUE AND GREEN BADGERS (that Phelps ordered) OPEN FIRE -- on Ali's men!

Dressed in civilian clothing, they've arrayed themselves around the Consulate vicinity. Hiding behind parked cars. Up on rooftops. Using FANCY RIFLES to unload--

INCREDIBLY SKILLED COVER FIRE--

-- that forces Ali's men to drop and dive! A few get shot in their legs. Knees explode. Thighs too. But no one dies.

FROM BEHIND THE MARINES-- looking out-- we see Ali's Agents spin to target the new threat--

Pete and Embee pass a point of no return-- if Ali's men shoot at them now-- they'll be shooting at Marines. Marines have already sighted their targets-- weapons locked on--

Twenty of Ali's men-- who will die in a second if they fire; including Ali, Mehmet Hatyr, and Agent Gurq.

MARINE CAPTAIN
(yelling at Ali)
OPENING FIRE WILL BE AN ACT OF WAR!
HOLD YOUR FIRE! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

Ali has no choice. Waves his men to disengage-- as Pete and Embee CROSS OVER TO SAFETY!

Catching their breath. Look at each other. Pete pats Embee's arm. Embee nods back. But only for a moment. Marines force them to the ground, and cuff them.

MARINE CAPTAIN
You boys are under arrest.
(warmer than expected)
You boys are also alive.

Ali steps over-- locks eyes on Pete. So does Mehmet Hatyr.

EMBEE WATCHES CAREFULLY-- whatever this moment is, it's primal as hell.

Ali-- slowly sets a CELL PHONE on the ground.

ALI
-- Give this to Mr. Hodges--

PETE
(to the Marines)
-- do you know if my wife is here?
Rachel Hodges? Do you know if she made
it?

Marine Captain looks at Pete's desperate face. He is a hard man, seen everything, but even he stutters--

MARINE CAPTAIN
They took her at the gate--

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

Two SUV's pull up to the docks. Rachel, cuffed hands, definitely been drugged, is perp-walked onto a SPEEDBOAT.

MARINE CAPTAIN(O.S.)
-- sonsofbitches beat the shit outta
her too.

Full power, the boat ROARS out-- into the Persian Gulf.

INT. HOLDING CELL - U.S. CONSULATE - NIGHT

Embee finds Pete' eyes. Pete is a caged beast. Even though he isn't moving.

EMBEE
This man, the one chasing you--

PETE
Ali Qasami--

EMBEE
Do not bargain with him. You must trust me. I know this kind of man.

PETE
Not bargaining means she dies.

EMBEE
If you had endured what she endured to save your life, would you want it thrown away?

As Pete speaks, he's different. The polish is gone--

PETE

I spent my whole career looking at the big picture. Shit on me all you want, 'cause my ego isn't as important as what I can do. But there's never been a question where my line is. Right, wrong, reason, logic; none of 'em exist when it comes to my wife. If Gandhi slapped her, I'd put him in a fuckin' morgue.

Embee looks at Pete in a whole new light.

EMBEE

Who is this man?

PETE

I know you think I'm some silver-spoon sissy, but growing up, I had a brother, and he had me. And that was it. Then I met Rachel, and just that fast, a bad world became a good place. I lost my brother a couple years back. A lot of me went with him. I don't have the strength to sacrifice my wife.

EMBEE

There are worse things.

News to Pete--

PETE

Like what?

Embee doesn't answer. Looks away.

PETE

Forget it. Fuck your secrets.

When Embee looks back, his face may be the most complicated visage ever put on film.

EMBEE

I became a soldier when I was eleven. By sixteen, I commanded a battalion. We used to snort a mixture of cocaine and gunpowder called brown-brown-- then we would go kill. Sometimes fast. Sometimes slow. I have done the worst things a man can do-- and liked it.

(more)

EMBEE (CON'T)

But six years ago, we attacked a village. This man-- one man-- managed to kill six of my men with a stick before we brought him down with rifles. Thirty-seven bullets and his heart was still beating. So I went to look. Only then did I recognize him. I was thankful his eyes were filled with blood, so he could not see his own son. I put my rifle down next to him and walked away. That was my last day of war, but it will always be who I am--

The DOOR opens--

GUARD (O.S.)

Let's go.

Embee blocks Pete from leaving, speaking soft but serious--

EMBEE

If there is one thing I know for certain-- it is that a man does not know what he can survive, or what he cannot, until it has been done.

As Pete tries to push past him, he growls a whisper--

PETE

I'm not giving CIA the disk.

Embee growls right back--

EMBEE

I was talking about my father.

INT. CIA PLANE - NIGHT

Phelps and his team are poring over information.

WASHINGTON

Sheikh Massaud cancelled his trip. Turned his plane around. Should be back in Dubai within the hour.

PILOT (O.S.)

We'll be on the ground in ten minutes.

Julie Blue spins, holding her receiver--

JULIE BLUE
 Pete Hodges just turned himself in to
 the American Consulate--

PHELPS
 (snatches the phone)
You are holding-- hello?

Phone just went dead. To Washington--

PHELPS
 Get 'em back!

WASHINGTON
 Working on it, satellite links can be
 a little fickle at 20,000 feet--

INT. CONSULATE OFFICE - NIGHT

STATESMAN sucks down coffee, blinks away the sandman as he settles at his desk. Pete and Embee sit in front of him, handcuffed to their chairs. A GUARD stands near the door.

The room is more formal, more fancy than the others. Curtains, dark wood. Rather clubby. A piece of home in a foreign land.

PETE
 I'm not trying to be difficult, but I
 asked to speak with an economist.

STATESMAN
 Little tough at three in the morning.
 (eat shit)
 But I'll do my best to keep up.

ASSISTANT brings the CELL PHONE from Ali in.

ASSISTANT
 It's clean.

He withdraws, leaving them. Waves for Pete to start--

PETE
 Three days ago, Dubai Capital Partners
 illegally got word the Iranian
 government was not going to renew
 their contracts with Russian Statoil.
 I'm sure you've heard.

STATESMAN
 (slurping)
 We've been loving it. They kneecapped
 their whole economy.

PETE

No they didn't. They secretly bet against themselves while retaining control of their oil assets. If their plan works, they won't have cash flow problems for decades, if ever again.

Statesman is looking at Pete as if he's a bumbling Area 51 conspiracy theorist.

PETE

All of these terrorist attacks? They're related. The Japanese Finance Minister's son was staying at the hotel in Istanbul. Add in the German delegation in Egypt and--

STATESMAN

You're saying Iran killed their families?

PETE

No. I'm saying that the Japanese Central Bank, and the German Central Bank have come out against the dollar when it is not in their interest to do so. Leaves only one probable explanation: Iran kidnapped someone important to the bankers, used the bombings to cover it up, and is now manipulating their economic policy. Means these bombings are the first wave of a coordinated assault on the U.S. dollar.

STATESMAN

(still disbelieving)

Sounds terrifying.

PETE

One nation goes bankrupt, other nations, including the U.S., step in to help. A hundred nations go bankrupt, including the U.S., fifty years of progress vanish in a day.

STATESMAN

(such a dick)

And the government of Dubai is working in cooperation with Iran to do this?

EMBEE

You are supposed to be a diplomat?

PETE

-- I don't know how high it goes, but I know, at a minimum, Dubai's Finance Minister is involved.

STATESMAN

The Dirham is pegged to the dollar. Dubai would be bankrupting itself.

PETE

If they play the market correctly and bet against the dollar, the royal family could bankrupt Dubai and still come out a hundred billion ahead. That's how big this is-- the Fed cannot handle the amounts of money I'm talking about. On margin you can leverage twenty times your assets, and we're talking about the assets of countries. As long as Iran can prevent other nation's central banks from jumping in to prop up the dollar, it could happen. We know they've got the Germans and the Japanese out of the game. Whose family did they snatch in Athens before the bomb went off? And Iran has warned of three more attacks--

STATESMAN

-- since they're behind the whole thing, of course, they'd warn us.

PETE

Middle Eastern oil is the lubricant of the U.S. economy. The closer the Middle East moves toward anarchy, the more unstable the dollar becomes--

Here comes the epiphany--

PETE

-- they said three more attacks.

FLASHBACK TO PETER -- the moment he discovered he was being framed-- reading the SIX SETS of numbers on his Office screen--

PETE(O.S.)

Six bombings--

BACK ON PETE--

PETE

We may be able to stop the next three.

STATESMAN

I'm sure--

PETE

-- Listen shithead; I'm not sitting here asking you for a fucking Green Card!

The cell phone rings. From Ali.

PETE

I need to answer that.

STATESMAN

Dubai Capital Partners has already sent over the records of your offenses. We'll begin with insider trading off the Statoil contracts--

PETE

I need to answer that-- I'll give you the account numbers--

STATESMAN

-- illegal profiteering off an assassination in the Golan Heights, then again after the bombing in Cairo--

-

PETE

They have my wife--

STATESMAN

All trades executed by you on your computer-- and that was before you went on to steal over a billion dollars and murder seven law enforcement officers--

PETE

That was their set-up! I need to answer that phone!

STATESMAN

You're so much smarter than everyone else, right, so you get us to do what you want, and your stolen billion turns itself into twenty--

Pete shakes his chair-- cuffed--

PETE

LET ME GET THAT!

STATESMAN

-- Sorry, but I don't think I need a PHD in economics to smell bullshit.

Phone stops ringing. Pete sags.

PETE

I have six sets of account numbers you can trace to the organizations responsible for these attacks. The three that already happened, and the three that are left.

STATESMAN

Quite a leap, especially since those account numbers won't be traceable.

PETE

Using SWIFT they are. The Fed set it up to track terrorist accounts after 9/11. Swiss accounts aren't so secret anymore. The numbers I give you can be tracked all the way through to their terminus. You can be the guy that stopped the next three bombings. You'll be a Senator in five years--

Phone starts RINGING AGAIN!

PETE

-- worth a shot for letting me answer a goddamned phone call!

Statesman nods to a GUARD, who unlocks him. Pete answers.

ALI(O.S.)

The Ski Slope in the Mall of the Emirates is open all night. If you're not on the chairlift in thirty minutes-- I will behead your wife and send you the tape. Clear?

PETE

I'll be there.

ALI(O.S.)

Bring your spear-chucker.

Ali hangs up on him. Pete closes the phone. From memory, he SCRIBBLES ALL SIX ACCOUNT NUMBERS on a piece of paper.

As Statesman reads them, Pete takes stock of the room. Now, he's got to figure out a way to break out.

Embee is hawking him-- not missing a beat.

PETE

(to Statesman)

Iran and Dubai would not risk this unless they could guarantee a run. They're waiting for something else.

How do you break out of a consulate? Wheels are spinning.

PETE

Call the Fed. Call CIA. Find out if there is a major economic announcement about to be made. Anywhere in the world.

Pete's eyes lock on the thick CURTAINS. The window--

PETE

They're waiting for a catalyst. The moment it goes, they pull the trigger.

Regular phone on the desk RINGS. Pete locks on Embee, making sure he's paying attention. He is--

PETE

Once a run starts, it's a busted dam, and the best outcome we can hope for is a second worldwide great depression--

The moment Statesman answers the PHONE-- Pete throws the CELL PHONE -- drills him in the face, follows with a haymaker! As Guard draws-- Embee kicks his chair back into him. Pete dives, snatches the GUARDS GUN-- points it--

PETE

UNLOCK HIM!!!

Guard does it while Pete yanks the curtains aside, looks out the thick window-- to the street-- where POLICE are still congregating.

PETE

Embee, if you stay here. You'll be safe.

Embee gives Pete the withering look he was hoping for; with him to the end. As Pete rips the CURTAINS off the wall, we CUT TO--

EXT. CIA PLANE - NIGHT

-- the wheels touching down at Dubai International Airport.

INSIDE

-- they're watching the FOOTAGE of Pete's interrogation--

JULIE BLUE

He's not exhibiting any
characteristics of deception. Eyes
aren't searching. No facial tics.

Washington answers the phone--

WASHINGTON

He's what?!

INT. HALLWAY - AMERICAN CONSULATE - MOMENT LATER

THE CURTAIN, covering four people, floats along like a clumsy ghost. Marines are surrounding it-- guns up, but they can't see who to shoot.

PETE AND EMBEE

(from under curtain)

GIVE US A CROWBAR. A CROWBAR OR WE
KILL THEM!!!

EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Before the CIA JET STOPS-- the door hisses open. PHELPS, on the phone, and Washington and Julie Blue run out to a waiting US GOVERNMENT SUBURBAN--

EXT. FRONT GATE OF CONSULATE - NIGHT

THE CURTAIN shuffles down the driveway-- stepping over A CROWBAR, laid on the pavement--

A GUARD IN THE BOOTH waits, ready to trigger--

-- a MODULAR CROWD CONTROL MUNITION (shaped like a flat screen TV, it's a non-lethal explosive loaded with hundreds of rubber balls)---

Marine Captain is yelling at the Dubai Police --

MARINE CAPTAIN

Hold your fire! We have embassy
personnel under there!

INSIDE THE CURTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Embee and Pete are back-to-back-- sandwiched between STATESMAN and GUARD, who are cuffed, gagged, and most importantly-- FACING OUT. Pete clutches the crowbar.

IN THE GUARD BOOTH

Marine is still waiting-- watches the Police and Marines get out of the way-- in his ear mic--

RADIO(O.S.)
Three. Two. One. Mark.

THE CROWD CONTROL MUNITION EXPLODES! A BARRAGE OF RUBBER BALLS-- drills the curtain--

IN THE CURTAIN

- gotta hurt STATESMAN like a motherfucker; since he took the brunt of the balls! As he collapses in welted agony, Embee can't resist--

EMBEE
I do not need a PHD in physics to know that must've hurt--

EXT. STREET - MOMENT LATER

While THE CURTAIN COLLAPSES--

MARINES and DUBAI POLICE-- RUSH IN.

GUNS UP-- YELLING-- they tear the curtain back to reveal-- Guard and Statesman lying there, MMMPHHHHING! Next to the MANHOLE PETE FELL ON EARLIER-- No Pete. No Embee. And since the two of them slid the manhole cover back into place--

MARINE CAPTAIN
Get me another crowbar! FUCK!

-- no access.

INT. MALL OF THE EMIRATES - SKI SLOPE - NIGHT

At the SKI SLOPE: people are swishing down the slopes, even though it's so late-- it's early.

ALL AROUND-- Ali's Agents-- are blending in. Watching. Waiting-- for Pete's arrival.

INT. THE SEWER - NIGHT

Embee and Pete are splashing along, fast as they can.

EMBEE
Know where we are going?
(Pete nods)
Are you going to trade the disk for her?

PETE

If fifty million people starve to death because I tried to trade for Rachel-- she'd kill me herself.

EMBEE

But you said--

PETE

If we trade, there's no way to make it work, right?

EMBEE

They will have an army surrounding the drop. They know you can't copy the disk, so you can't give a backup to a third party. Even if you got her away from them, you would be on the run forever.

PETE

Then the only way out is to make her too valuable to kill.

EMBEE

I take it you know how to do this?

(Pete nods)

Fifty million? We could really save that many lives?

PETE

Bankrupted countries can't pay civil servants, police, or their military. Soon as their government ceases to operate, stock markets crash, banks go under, and anarchy ensues.

ON EMBEE-- this resonates. An important moment for him.

EMBEE

So where are we going again?

PETE

Only place we can stop this thing--

EXT. DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS BUILDING - NIGHT

The buildings around it. Under construction. Sparks. Hammering. SKYCRANES -- hard at work.

PETE(O.S.)

-- and I know how to get back in.

INT. MALL OF THE EMIRATES - SKI SLOPE - NIGHT

Ali, hears the latest report. Looking at his watch. Everything could be back on schedule in five minutes.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - NIGHT

BALLY, the crane operator from the beginning, pulls his TRUCK to a stop. Construction workers all around. Pete and Embee pop out from a hiding spot. Wave him over.

BALLY

You do know this isn't where I work?

PETE

But it's the same company?

Bally nods-- Pete points up at the SKYCRANE above them--

PETE

And you know that guy, right?

(Bally nods)

If this works I'll make you both millionaires. If it doesn't, I promise you'll get fired-- but so will he-- along with every other crane operator in Dubai.

EMBEE

You have nothing to lose.

BALLY

He had me at millionaire.

Bally gives them construction shirts. And hard hats so they blend in.

BALLY

How did your wife like her shit?

(to Embee)

This guy spent forty thousand dollars to put shit on his roof.

They both laugh at Pete.

EMBEE

And you said you are an accountant?

PETE

More of a money manager.

Even funnier. Pete and Embee need this moment of release.

On the hood of Bally's truck, Pete sketches math equations.

BALLY

Even fully extended, the crane can't
reach that roof.

PETE

But it'll be close.

EMBEE

How close?

BALLY

Three feet--

Embee and Pete-- okay with it.

BALLY

-- assuming the wind up top is the
same as it is down here.

PETE

If it isn't?

Bally assesses the wind-- looks at the placement of the
SKYCRANE in relation to the Building--

BALLY

It's blowing against the crane's
superstructure. Could put you out of
range. If you wait, it will usually
die down around dawn.

INT. THE CIA SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Racing towards the Consulate-- CIA GRUNT is driving.

WASHINGTON

They lost him in the sewer.

PHELPS

Take us where he went in.

Julie Blue hangs up the phone--

JULIE BLUE

Treasury just used SWIFT to match the
first three accounts to the
organizations responsible for the
first three bombings. The other three
linked to terrorist organizations
operating out of Chechnya. Spain. And
Indonesia.

WASHINGTON

If Hodges just helped stop the next attacks, we'll know whose side he's on.

Phelps looks incredulous. Pete's not the only one who is putting the puzzle together.

JULIE BLUE

Could be both.

PHELPS

Which means neither. There's still the missing billion.

Julie Blue's phone rings.

JULIE BLUE

(listening)

Your boy Gordon just nailed the Voiceprint match! You're gonna love this. Seven months of hormone replacement therapy gave a ninety-three percent probability that Voice A is Ayman al Uqlidisi.

Phelps entire body language changes--

PHELPS

I don't give a fuck about Hodges. Guilty, innocent, I'd run over the Virgin Mary on Christmas Eve to get Uqlidisi.

(an order)

We clear?

INT. MALL OF THE EMIRATES - SKI SLOPE - NIGHT

Ali is standing beside Agent Gurq. Looks at his watch.

ALI

He's late. What's the status of the office?

AGENT GURQ

Completely locked down. Ten Royal Secret Service, and twenty police.

HIGH ABOVE THEM

Mehmet Hatyr is on a CATWALK-- Eye-in-the-sky--

Ali's voice filters through his earpiece--

ALI(O.S.)

Go.

Hatyr opens a door behind him-- out of here.

INT. CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Rising in the elevator-- passing SPARKS from welders. Hammers, etc--

EMBEE

I am scared of heights.

Embee looks at Pete: too scared to even comment. As they rise up, we see PETE'S OFFICE BUILDING across the way. Elevator finally stops, they step off--

IT'S EXTREMELY WINDY UP HERE--

They look at each other. Blanche. As they look out and up at the SKYCRANE CONTROL BOOTH-- and the ant sized figure of BALLY-- climbing in.

A CLAW/BASKET SWINGS OVER--

-- hanging from a cable attached to the SKYCRANE. Basket comes to a rest against one of the REBAR PILINGS. Wind whips. Tap. Tap. Tap goes the basket. Fifty stories in the air. BALLY'S VOICE comes through the Radio.

BALLY(O.S.)

Sure you won't wait?

Pete, deep breath, steps into the CLAW/BASKET. Embee looks down. Looks at Pete. Closes his eyes, and steps in with him. Pete talks into a RADIO--

PETE

Ready.

BALLY- IN THE SKYCRANE CONTROL TOWER--

-- swings the crane tip away -- towards Pete's Office--

DOWN BELOW

PETE AND EMBEE sit inside the CLAW/BASKET. No cutaway. No cheating. CAMERA floats around them as they're swept away from the building-- first time we've seen Embee scared-- the cable reels them up-- higher and higher-- out-- out-- out--

PETE

I might be pissing my pants, but I'm
too scared to look down and check.

Embee sure can't tell: his eyes are pinched closed.
Closer and closer to the building. Finally.

BALLY

(filtered through radio)

Okay, this is as close as it gets--

Pete and Embee look out at the building-- looks like a TWELVE
FOOT GAP!

PETE

No, no-- keep going--

BALLY(O.S.)

That's it.

PETE

That's not it.

Embee and Pete shuffle to the edge-- look out.

EMBEE

You'd have to be *Spiderman*.

Gives Pete the answer-- which he's not happy about.

PETE

Can't believe I'm going to say this;
Bally swing the crane tip back, and
then swing it out--

BALLY(O.S.)

Make the basket like a pendulum? Are
you sure?

EMBEE

No, no!

(closes his eyes)

Yes.

Bally rotates the crane back for a few seconds, then forward--

Pete and Embee have moved from pissing-their-pants-- to
shitting them-- and it's completely understandable-- sweeping
back-- then swooping forward-- ready to jump at just the right
moment-- up, up, up--

BALLY(O.S.)

Hold it! Next one.

Back down they go-- back--back-- pausing-- then forward-- forward-- here we go-- they're still going to have to--

DIVE OUT!!!

Flying through the air, fifty stories of nothing below them-- Embee lands first-- slips a bit, but grabs a guard rail--

Pete doesn't make it as far-- just pinches the guardrail with one hand, but can't get a grip-- an inch further, he would have been able to wrap his fingers-- now-- he's squeezing the bar. Legs dangling. Slipping. Embee lunges. Reaching through the guardrail with both arms, one hand grabs for Pete-- as Pete slips-- hands miss connecting by an inch--

But with his other hand, Embee's able to grab Pete's collar-- as it tears, it's enough to whip their hands together--

Veins gorging. Pete, fifty stories up, just dangles-- tries to pull himself up-- but he just pulls Embee down--

Embee splays his legs out-- out-- to lock them in the guardrail-- and *finally*-- starts making progress! Pete gets a hand on the guard rail. Then the other. Climbs over. Sits in a gasping pile. Both of them.

BALLY-- IN THE CONTROL BOOTH

looks down on them-- sees the door to the roof open down below. An ANT SIZED POLICE OFFICER steps out. Lights up a cigarette right in front of an ANT SIZE Pete and Embee--

BALLY

Don't move--

ON THE ROOF

Pete and Embee lay there. Right in police officer's line of sight, but amidst the clutter of the construction across the way, and the air conditioning units, it doesn't draw his eye. Police Officer takes a few more quick puffs-- then heads back in. Closes the door.

They breathe huge sighs of relief.

As they stumble over to the door-- the BASKET gets reeled in. And Bally rounds the crane tip away.

Pete types his security code. It fails. Doesn't work.

EMBEE

*This is how you thought we were
going to get in? With your code?*

PETE
I was hoping. Try yours.

Embee, not at all chastened, tries. FAILS. Glares at Pete.

PETE
Worth a shot-- but that's not how I figured we'd be getting back in.

Pete nods towards the WINDOW WASHING BASKET--

INT. MAIN OFFICES OF DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS - NIGHT

-- Wind whips in through the SHOT-OUT WINDOWS. The ones shattered earlier; when the soldiers were hunting Pete.

PETE(O.S.)
Earlier tonight, they made us a door.

EXT. STREETS OF DUBAI - NIGHT

A Mercedes-- lights flashing-- skids to a stop in front of The Dubai Capital Partners building--

Mehmet Hatyr jumps out--

INT. THE CIA SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

They play the recording from earlier, with Mohammad Almohri-- and VOICE A (which we now know is Ayman al Uqlidisi). This time it's far clearer. Voice A sounds familiar, but spoken in scratchy, low volume English, it's not obvious--

GORDON(RADIO)
It's still not done. You can make out most of the words, though--

UQLIDISI(RECORDED)
Nothing could be more satisfying than killing the devil with his own sword.

MOHAMMAD ALMOHRI(RECORDED)
For five million, we're in.

PHELPS
(remembering)
Gordon, pull up the Uqlidisi voiceprint you matched to Voice A. Should be our most recent.

(putting it all together)
Five million for each bombing. Matches each of the accounts Hodges gave up. So those accounts paid for the bombings. This conversation proves Iran's agent, Uqlidisi, set the bombings up--

GORDON(RADIO)
 Here we go; this was before his voice
 was altered through hormone
 replacement. It's four years old.
 Recorded in--

PHELPS
I was there, just play it--

Phelps listens to the call that started it all--

UQLIDISI(RECORDED)
 -- two Devils go to war, the world
 cannot survive. But get one of them to
 fall upon his own sword; the world
 remains worth ruling. This is the
 singular lesson of the Cold War.

PHELPS
What's the Fed doing right now?!

WASHINGTON
 Given Hodges present credibility, I
 don't think they're quaking in their
 boots--

PHELPS
*Get 'em quaking. We couldn't nuke the
 Soviets, so we got 'em to 'fall on
 their own sword'. We bankrupted them.
 Four years ago, Uqlidisi was talking
 about tonight!*

INT. OFFICES OF DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS - NIGHT

Wind whips LOUDLY through the shot-out windows. Papers flutter.
 A head, drops down. Looking in.

It's Embee. Upside down. A moment before the window-washing
 basket lurches down into view. Pete uses the controls to shift
 the basket over the shot-out window--

THEY'RE BACK INSIDE THE DARK MAIN OFFICE AREA

Crouching at a hall. Looking out on a few POLICE OFFICERS,
 chatting in a corner. They wait, then slip in behind them.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

They have to leave the door open so as not to make the Police
 suspicious-- Embee crouches as the lookout, while Pete gets to
 work.

His access codes have been cancelled, but that's fine.

IN FLASHBACK--

Pete watches the REFLECTION -- as Ali does the Royal Bypass-- his fingers on the keypad-- punching in the PASSWORD--

BACK TO PRESENT

-- screen crashes to black. Then the box pops up. And he inputs the PASSWORD Ali used--

The familiar 'REROUTED' pops up in the corner. He's got access. Now he opens the PENDRIVE FILES and as he starts searching. Embee crouches, standing sentinel at the door. Thankfully the WIND is making a hell of a racket as it whips through the office--

EXT. MALL OF EMIRATES - NIGHT

Ali is still waiting. Pete is now long overdue.

ALI
(into radio)
Sweep the office.

OUT BY THE ELEVATOR --

The door glides open. Mehmet Hatyr exits, flashes his BADGE to a POLICE OFFICER-- strides right over to Pete's office--

STEPS INSIDE--

Embee is crouched in the hall that connects to Ali's office-- but his gun is aimed at Pete's desk; covering for him. Seeing nothing amis-- Mehmet Hatyr steps back out.

Pete crawls out from under his desk, turns the monitor on--

Going over the files again--

The six batches of FIVE MILLION DOLLARS were funneled from Minister Karbash through Sheikh Massaud's account-- while they were in Sheikh Massaud's account, the file reads:

'an error has occurred. This transaction may not be secure'.

PETE
They're framing the Sheikh too.

He makes a couple more transactions-- from his personal accounts. Armed with all the weapons he needs, he nods to Embee-- who hustles down the Private hallway into--

ALI'S OFFICE

Shoves all the furniture in front of the door. LOCKS IT. Then runs back into Pete's office. At the exit, he looks both ways, slips out the door, back the way they came-- towards the MAIN OFFICE AREA--

Pete, quiet as possible, closes the door behind Embee, locks it, shifts as much furniture as he can in front of it. Soon as he's barricaded himself in. He makes a phone call.

ON THE OFFICE PHONE.

INT. SHEIKH MASSAUD'S JET - NIGHT

Sheikh Massaud is watching the news.

INTELLIGENCE MINISTER
 Your highness-- Mr. Hodges is making a call to the Managing Director of Goldman Sachs. *From his own office.*

EXT. MALL OF EMIRATES - CONTINUOUS

Agent Gurq, Ali, everyone jumps into the Mercedes-- they peel out! Zero-to-sixty in seconds--

INT. CIA SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

Off they go as well-- whipping a turn at full speed!

WASHINGTON
 -- call is being routed through Dubai's Intelligence Ministry-- patching us in--

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PETE sees another LINE light up. Using the Royal Bypass, he's got access to all the office security features. The origin of the call is being masked. But Pete knows who it is--

ALI(O.S.)
 Hang up with New York or listen to her scream.

PETE
 Let me talk to her. And I mean talk, or I blow this whole thing open--

ON ALI-- hits a button, establishes a conference with--

RACHEL - not on a boat. She's in a bedroom. Drugged out, mumbling into the phone. Can't talk--

PETE(O.S.)

RACH?

RACHEL

-- feefer--

A SOLDIER yanks the phone away--

ON PETE-- relief floods over him-- *Rachel's still alive.*

ALI(O.S.)

You haven't hung up with New York.

But that isn't the reason Pete needed to talk to her: the real reason he asked to speak with her is that--

THE ORIGIN OF THIS CALL-- shows up on his SCREEN.

Somewhere a few miles off the coast. Pete memorizes the COORDINATES. Now his demeanor changes.

PETE

Ali, I'm stopping this no matter what you do, and when I'm done, I'll be worth a hundred million dollars, bare minimum--

ALI

You have three seconds--

PETE

-- release Rachel, the money's yours. You harm her any further-- every penny of it will be dedicated to hunting you down--

ALI

Two--

EXT. HALLWAY OF DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS - NIGHT

Police rush towards the door to his office--

PETE(O.S.)

Take the money Ali, you're going to need it--

ON PETE--

PETE

-- 'cause I'm about to make you the most wanted man in the history of the fucking world--

And Pete HANGS UP ON ALI! We read the agony: knows this is the only way to save her. Hits a button, picks up the other line--

WALL STREET SECRETARY (O.S.)
 Mr. Spanier of Goldman Sachs, Mr. Wilson of Bear Stearns, Mr. Lawson of Morgan Stanley. More as they call in.

OUT IN THE OFFICE

The Police attempt to open Pete's door--

INT. DARKENED COMMAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Suit #1's corpse isn't moving (the guy Rachel killed). Neither is THE CLOCK (*the one that started at 104 Hours*)

It simply reads: 00:00:00-- superimposed over--

-- THE LIVE FEED SHOWING:

THE BUILDING with the CHINESE FLAG we saw earlier. Except right now, the building is surrounded by madness. Near anarchy conditions as THOUSANDS OF CHINESE try to get through a MILITARY BARRICADE--

BACK ON PETE

BEAR STEARNS(O.S.)
 -- Peter, we're getting slammed right now, so make it fast!

PETE

What's happening?

BULLETS start PINGING! OFF THE DOOR-- Plexiglas; they can't fire through it.

GOLDMAN SACHS(O.S.)
 -- China just announced they're going float the Yuan--

Pete's eyes bug: the missing piece.

PETE
 -- Everyone in China will rush to convert their dollars before they drop--

GOLDMAN SACHS(O.S.)
They already are--

PETE
-- China will be forced to start
dumping U.S. T-Bills-- and they'll
have their run!

INT. DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS OFFICES - NIGHT

The Police are kicking at Pete's office door. Won't open. Down the hall, more police are trying to get into Ali's Office, but it's the same; Blocked by the barricade built behind it--

POLICE LEADER
Get explosives.

Mehmet Hatyr looms-- something catches his eye in the MAIN OFFICE AREA. A hint of a SHADOW-- moving. He draws his GUN.

INT. CIA SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Getting close. The Dubai Capital building is visible--

MORGAN STANLEY(O.S.)
Sheikh Massaud would have to be
complicit in ruining his own country.

PETE(O.S.)
He's being framed. When they track the
funds that paid for the terrorist
attacks, the trail will end with a
transaction error in Sheikh Massaud's
personal account. It's their smoking
gun--

INT. MERCEDES SUV - MOMENT LATER

Ali is listening to the call-- cold fury--

PETE(O.S.)
If The Sheikh is tied to the terrorist
bombings, Iran won't even have to
depose him--

AGENT GURO
(a warning)
It's a conference call. You talk, it
won't be encrypted.

Ali understands. Makes a choice, and talks anyway.

ALI

Gentlemen, this is Ali Qasami,
managing director of Dubai Capital
Partners--

EXT. BIRDSEYE VIEW - ABOVE THE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Sirens and lights. ALI's MERCEDES SUV's skid around a corner.

ALI(O.S.)

--and you are being fed a steaming
pile of horseshit by a thieving,
murdering psychopath--

POLICE CARS streak in-- creating a web of lights and security
around the building.

EXT. DUBAI CAPITAL PARTNERS- MAIN OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Embee gun up, sees a reflection of a SHADOW-- dives-- right as
BULLETS SHATTER GLASS BEHIND HIM!

Embee-- rolls, crawls-- looks back-- just enough light to get a
good look at Mehmet Hatyr's face. Recognizes him. Embee
snatches SCISSORS off a desk, then a PAPERWEIGHT-- that he
throws into the darkness--

Hatyr hears the CRASH! Spins to the noise-- right behind him,
Embee dives! Cat-quick, Hatyr reacts, flipping Embee down in a
heap, bringing his gun in for the execution; but the gun won't
rise. Hatyr blinks. Can't lift his arm-- Blood bubbles, then
drains in a torrent from the MASSIVE GASH in his neck. Embee
rises, scary as Satan's Agent-- holding BLOODY SCISSORS.

EMBEE

(sotto)

I saw you at the Consulate. But--
(searching his eyes)
-- you are not the dangerous one.

INT. CIA SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

Up ahead of them-- a maelstrom of Red and Blue light reflect
off every mirrored surface-- a block away from The Dubai
Capital Building-- Julie Blue's LAPTOP starts-- BEEPING!

ALI(O.S.)

-- Leaving aside the fact that Mr.
Hodges has spent a good part of the
evening killing police officers--

ONSCREEN: TWO VOICEPRINTS SYNC: 'Uqlidisi, Ayman al'.

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD

-- they all see ALI jump out of a Mercedes-- see ALI'S MOUTH
MATCHING THE WORDS-- fifty yard away--

ALI

-- He's poised to capitalize on any
 moves you make to prop up the dollar.

JULIE BLUE

That's not the guy--

PHELPS

(To Washington)

Contact Dubai's Intelligence Ministry-

(to CIA Grunt)

*Tell CENTCOM we're about to take down
 an Agency Priority Target--*

(to Julie Blue)

*The man in the surveillance footage
 was dragging a woman in a Burka.*

Wasn't a woman--

(points at Ali)

-- *It was Ugildisi.*

-- as they see Ali hustle towards the building-- Phelps slaps an EARPIECE in-- a neck radio. TWISTS the bezel on his watch.

PHELPS

*This is Phelps. I need all Badgers
 zeroed on my CSEL beacon NOW!*

Time for war. BULLET PROOF VESTS. Stuffing ceramic HANGAR PLATES in the front and back. Chambering backup handguns. Breaking out M-5 SPECIAL FORCES ASSAULT RIFLES. Phelps looks angry-- which is a very good thing--

PHELPS

(to everyone)

Fuck all rules of engagement.

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Police are clustered across the hall-- AN OFFICER places the SEMTEX EXPLOSIVE-- steps out to put it on the door-- but right as they move-- EMBEE FIRES out from the darkness! Bullets-- SPARK AND PING! Right in front of them. Forces them to jump back-- no one is injured--

PETE(O.S.)

*If you all don't stop this right here
 and now; this will be the future--*

Down the hall, other Police try for Ali's Office-- Embee shoots at them too-- keeping them away from the door--

INT. CIA SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

Only one problem-- as CIA Grunt weaves the vehicle through the maze of Police Cars-- they're outnumbered twenty-to-one.

WASHINGTON

We really gonna take him here?

PHELPS

I'm not losing him again.

(to Washington and Julie Blue)

Muzzles down 'til we're in close. Take him on the angle.

Phelps hands CIA GRUNT a LOADED RIFLE.

PHELPS

Cover us.

He nods. Before they even skid to a complete stop-- Julie Blue, Washington and Phelps ARE OUT-- holding BADGES UP with one hand, while keeping the other hand firmly on their rifle triggers. Hustling towards the entrance --

PETE(O.S.)

After the run, Dubai's economy will be in tatters, which will make it easy pickings for Minister Karbash to take over--

INT. MAIN OFFICE SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Every time the police try to get at Pete's office door-- BULLETS SPARK. Embee is a hell of a shot. Scaring them without hurting them.

PETE(CON'T)

I never stole any money; Minister Karbash did. Then he put it up on margin. A successful run on the dollar will make him one of the wealthiest men in the world--

PUSH OUT THE BROKEN WINDOW----

ROUNDING THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING

-- THEN DROPPING DOWN ON--

THE FIRST MOMENT OF THE LARGEST MEXICAN STANDOFF EVER--

SLOW MOTION-- AS ALI-- AKA -- AYMAN AL UQLIDISI-- instinctively positions himself behind his AGENTS--

PETE(CON'T)

*And the quid pro quo? Dubai becomes a
fiefdom of a newly crowned Iranian
superpower--*

Phelps, Julie, and Washington, on the angle-- SNAP THEIR GUNS UP-- AND RUSH HIM-- YELLING-- ALI'S AGENTS smother him; swinging their GUNS TOWARDS the CIA OFFICERS-- POLICE take positions behind their car doors-- all sides YELLING-- no sides firing-- yet.

PETE(CON'T)

*-- positioned to rake in hundreds of
billions off a run of the dollar.
They'll be able turn their military
into a juggernaut--*

AGENT GURQ, gun up, furiously barks for Phelps to stand down-- Phelps yells the same back-- GUNS COCK-- seconds from erupting-- the CIA OFFICERS go back-to-back in a protective cluster-- completely fucked-- unless they're waiting for something-- or someone--

PETE(CON'T)

*-- Iraq will fall first. Wiping out
the Sunnis will take a matter of
weeks, long as the Ayatollahs have the
stomach for genocide, which they
already proved during the Iran-Iraq
war.*

Phelps and company have no shot at taking Ali--

(Note: for continuities sake we'll keep calling him Ali)

PETE(CON'T)

*With thirty percent unemployment, the
United States won't be able to spend a
penny on any nation but itself, ditto
for Europe, Japan will be striving to
match North Korea's GDP, China simply
won't give a shit, and neither will
the hundred other nations fighting
interregional wars just to try and
feed their starving populations--*

PHELPS, whispering into his mic, locks eyes with Ali--

INT. BUILDING ACROSS THE WAY- SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

THREE CIA BADGERS rush through an insurance company hallway-- to the windows-- overlooking the crazy standoff-- drop to a crouch, whip RIFLES to target--

BADGER RIFLE POV-- trying to get a shot on Ali-- Washington's head is blocking the shot.

CIA BADGERS
(into mic)
Eyes on target. No shot. One-Eight
Yankee-- shift a foot to your left.

ON ALI-- SLOW MOTION-- SEES WASHINGTON SHIFT.

ALI knows CIA doesn't act alone-- he grabs the GUN of one of his own SECURITY-- shoots WASHINGTON-- in the chest! It doesn't penetrate the ceramic hangar plate--

ONE OF ALI'S AGENT'S-- takes the headshot; skull blowing out like a ripe tomato--

POLICE turn-- see SHATTERED BITS OF WINDOW falling from the building behind them-- where the bullet came from. They unload on the BADGERS POSITION!

PETE(CON'T)
Iran won't touch Israel for the time being, due to the nuclear situation, but they'll roll over the Saudi's without a second thought. They know we'll finally let that one slide--

Phelps, Washington, and Julie, dive behind a PLANTER BOX-- which suddenly sparkles with bullets--

PETE(CON'T)
-- since oil consumption will decline so steeply in the ensuing worldwide depression that it will no longer be a factor in any geopolitical equation--

INT. BUILDING ACROSS THE WAY - CONTINUOUS

The badgers are already on the move-- shifting positions as the room DISINTEGRATES behind them-

INT. THE DOOR OF PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

THREE OFFICERS nod at each other-- TWO UNLOAD TOWARDS EMBEE-- cover fire for the Third Officer to wrap Pete's door with SEMTEX (plastique explosive)--

EXT. SIDE OF THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Ali's Agent's shuttle-run him towards a wall-- while FIRING TOWARDS THE PLANTER BOX--

CIA Grunt CLOMPS the suburban up a set of stairs-- skids in front of the planter box-- HOSES COVER FIRE!

Julie Blue dives in-- WASHINGTON TAKES A BULLET in the ass--

WASHINGTON
Fuck! I'm okay! I'm okay!

Phelps pushes him in, falls in after him. CIA Grunt guns it, but catches the bumper on the planter box in front of them!

EXT. SIDE OF THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Agent Gurq takes a RIFLE with a GRENADE LAUNCHER-- aims--

CIA SUBURBAN'S TIRES-- SQUEAL as they KICK INTO REVERSE-- tearing the front bumper off-- the vehicle careens backward smashing THE PLANTER BOX BEHIND THEM. Blocking their progress--

AGENT GURQ-- FIRES A GRENADE at the BACK OF THE SUBURBAN-- then another--

INSIDE-- they see it happen--

PHELPS
INCOMING!!!!

The Suburban absorbs the first GRENADE-- the armored back plexiglas blackens, but holds. CIA GRUNT guns it forward again-- as the second grenade EXPLODES underneath! Blowing the BACK AXLE LOOSE--

Suburban rolls over its own broken Axle-- tottering forward and skidding to a BRIGHT SPARKLING STOP!

PETE (CON'T)
After Syria, Jordan and Egypt have been forced to submit, the Ayatollah's will have achieved control of a fundamentalist caliphate spanning the entirety of the middle east-- and the death of America as a superpower.

Ali-- coldly to Agent Gurq--

ALI
Kill them all.

His MEN UNLOAD ON THE SUBURBAN--
HUNDRED BULLETS A SECOND--

The Police are still occupied with the Badgers-- they're blowing the building behind them to bits--

AGENT GURQ

-- chambers another Grenade. TUMP!-- a second passes as it settles below the suburban. THEN BOOOOOM!! This one lifts the suburban off the ground-- crashes in a red flaming heap.

INSIDE HIS OFFICE--

Pete grabs his chair. SWINGS IT AT THE WINDOW. Bounces off.

PETE

(phone, cradled in neck)

The beauty is that all arrows will point to Sheikh Massaud and Peter Hodges as the greedy masterminds who slayed the Great Satan using its own weapon: economics.

Swings Again-- this time it spiderwebs.

PETE (CON'T)

-- there is no evidence to link Iran to this-- except for the information I've placed on the servers in this office your highness!

IN THE MAIN OFFICE--

The police rush a desk-- guns BLAZING! Finally got Embee? Nope-- he's nowhere to be found. But the SHOT OUT WINDOW is close by. And the Window Washing Basket is gone--

IN PETE'S OFFICE

BOOOOM! The door explodes in. Same with the door to Ali's office! Shocking everyone's senses. Police rush in-- rifle mounted flashlights slicing smoke--

MORGAN STANLEY(O.S.)

The Fed would know--

GOLDMAN SACHS(O.S.)

CIA would be on the case--

We hear the battle below. Coming through the broken window.

BEAR STEARNS(O.S.)

-- And I'm not about to bet this company on your word.

The Police officers look around. Pete isn't here.

INSIDE THE SUBURBAN --

PHELPS-- NOT QUITTING--

Aims through a crack in the door, spits blood-- shoots AGENT GURQ'S FOOT-- Bullets PING off the armored glass right in front of him-- but Phelps doesn't even flinch--

-- he knows Agent Gurq is about to fall into range-- the moment he does, they lock eyes-- Phelps is not a merciful weapon. He blows Agent Gurq's head apart--

FROM A DIFFERENT BUILDING

-- CIA BADGERS mow down THREE of Ali's Security detail --

THIRTY ROYAL SECRET SERVICE VEHICLES-- as well as TWENTY FEDERAL POLICE VEHICLES-- SKID to a stop. Through Radios. Loudspeakers--

RADIO CHATTER
CEASE FIRING! CEASE FIRING!

The New Arrivals, hands-up, rush the burning suburban- PRY the doors open and extract the CIA OPERATIVES--

The Badgers disappear into the chaos.

Phelps is helped out-- still focused like a laser on one thing-- his enemy. His prey. Uqlidisi. Nowhere to be seen.

IN PETE'S OFFICE

Police peek their heads out the broken window- look up to see NOTHING-- look down to see-- Pete and Embee ZIPPING DOWN IN THE WINDOW WASHING BASKET-- AT FULL SPEED--

THE MANAGING DIRECTORS CAN STILL BE HEARD ON THE LINE--

ASSISTANT(O.S.)
China just started dumping T-Bills!

OTHER ASSISTANT(O.S.)
Someone else-- just executed a 20 billion dollar put order --

GOLDMAN SACHS ASSISTANT(O.S.)
-- followed by 100 billion more, now 200 billion--

OTHER VOICES(O.S.)
China's putting 500 billion up for sale-- MOTHERFUCKER! WE GOT A RUN!

ON PETE AND EMBEE

Flying down-- a few stories from the ground-- they both grab the emergency stop and crank! Makes an AWFUL NOISE as it SMOKEs! HISSES! Only a few feet left-- going too fast-- Basket CRASHES! They bounce with it. Blinking. Painfully stunned.

Pete sees a SPARK off metal right in front of him. HEARS gunfire. Doesn't put two-and-two together until he looks up-- at the top of the building--

POLICE ARE FIRING DOWN ON THEM FROM HIS OFFICE!

Shit! He and Embee spill out-- stumble-running-- around the corner-- away from--

INT. THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING - NIGHT

DUBAI INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS and POLICE wave their POLICE CARS to reposition-- having them fan out.

Ali's (surviving) Agents are being handcuffed. Phelps, Washington, and Julie Blue hobble down a street. Washington's holding his bleeding butt cheek. After a moment, they know it's futile. Ali Qasami-- AKA Ayman al Uqlidisi-- is a ghost. Again.

EDGE OF THE CONSTRUCTION SITE

On foot, Embee and Pete haul ass-- close enough to hear the YELLING as the government agencies try to coordinate. They round the corner and--

LIKE AN ACCIDENTAL LINEBACKER--

Pete crushes right into ALI-- who-- with his specialized training, reacts instantly and rams Pete's head into a wall. Pulls his gun out to kill him-- but Embee dives to stop it!

Grabbing Ali's gun hand. Punching him in the face! Ali isn't even stunned-- without missing a beat-- he reaches up-- crushes Embee's windpipe! As Embee releases to clutch his neck, Ali presses his gun to Embee's chest and shoots THREE times. Right into Embee's heart!

Ali turns on Pete--

Who rolls behind a wall as Ali FIRES! Misses-- but now Ali's got Pete in his sights-- except Embee yanks his leg! Crushed windpipe. Dead heart. Still fighting! Police round the corner-- Ali has a choice-- fire again and expose himself-- or run. Ali slips away.

Pete, blinking his wits back-- sees Embee-- gulping like a fish out of water. Can't speak. Pete pulls him back by the corner, and holds him. As the water in Embee's eyes is replaced with blood--

PETE

You saved fifty million people tonight. Wherever you're going-- you'll be fine.

And Embee Deng-- for the very first time since we met him, loses the haunted look in his eyes-- and finds his peace.

It's as if his entire life force gets vacuumed up by Pete. Never seen a man radiating this much power. He grabs Embee's GUN. An extra CLIP. And runs.

The night is almost done.

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - PRE-DAWN

Not a lot of traffic but enough. Pete runs into the intersection. LADY SKIDS!!!! Curse words spit from her lips until Pete aims the gun right at her head.

PETE

Out of the car! Out of your car!

No hesitation. Nothing to lose. She's out. He's in.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

FOUR BLACK CLAD SOLDIERS, wearing the uniform of Iran's Revolutionary Guard-- flank Rachel. Still alive. On a bed. Morphine dripping into her arm.

DOWN THE HALL WE SEE-- MINISTER KARBASH'S STUDY

-- Karbash takes one last look at the screens. Watching his world unravel because of one man. Out the window-- a HELICOPTER LANDS on the lawn.

KARBASH PEEKS INTO A BEDROOM--

-- sees Mrs. Karbash sleeping. He leaves her there-- hustles out, trailed by TWO PORTERS carrying luggage.

INT/EXT. STOLEN CAR - THE COASTLINE - DAWN

Pete eyes the marina-- looking for a boat to jack. Anything with a person on it, then he sees something far better--

A NEWS HELICOPTER coming in for a landing. He floors it.

EXT. THE HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

HOT GERMAN REPORTER steps out of a van, trying to shield her hard-as-a-helmet hair from the rotor wash. Behind her--

Pete drives through a gate-- out on to the helipad. Jumps out. Gun up. Yelling. Helicopter is too loud to hear anything. Doesn't matter. It's very clear what he's saying.

A MOMENT LATER--

-- the news helicopter lifts off and heads out to sea.

BACK IN PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sheikh Massaud's Royal Secret Service rush in, start searching Pete's computer files. Seizing the servers. TIGHT ON THE PENDRIVE. Finally safe.

INT. NEWS HELICOPTER - DAWN

Flying towards a fogbank-- Pete writes numbers down on a piece of paper--

PETE

(to pilot)

These are the coordinates.

(to Reporter)

Call them in to the police, the American Consulate, Sheikh Massaud. Everyone.

EXT. DUBAI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAWN

Sheikh Massaud rushes down the steps of his jet, getting briefed, amidst a swarm of GOVERNMENT SECURITY.

ATTACHÉ

Looks like a core group of Royal Security Agents were recruited over the last two years. Kept close by Minister Karbash.

SHEIKH MASSAUD

So Ali Qasami never existed?

ATTACHÉ

Records show he did; the two men look nearly identical. They must've gotten rid of the real Ali before Minister Karbash 'hired' Uqlidisi--

SHEIKH MASSAUD

(can't believe it)

--four years ago.

EXT. FRONT OF DUBAI CAPITAL - MOMENT LATER

As a BLACK HELICOPTER LANDS in the street--

WASHINGTON

Hodges just sent us his location!

Phelps, Julie Blue, and Washington hop in.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAWN

Minister Karbash runs from his helicopter-- to his GULFSTREAM JET.

EXT. UNITED ARAB EMIRATES MILITARY BASE - DAWN

U.A.E. FIGHTER JETS -- ROAR up into the air.

SCRAMBLING TO INTERCEPT.

INT. THE NEWS HELICOPTER - DAWN

Pete tears his shoes off. His shirt off.

PILOT

Coming up on the coordinates.

HOT REPORTER

(German tinged English)

You are Peter Hodges!? May I interview you? It will make my--

She looks at him. Shuts up instantly. Too dangerous.

PETE

(like a wolf)

Any of you pack a lunch?

SCARED CAMERAMAN holds out his brown paper bag. Pete tears it open. Finds a ziplock sandwich bag. Dumps the sandwich. Puts his GUN in it, then tucks it in is waistband.

EXT. HELICOPTER - MOMENT LATER

In the fog, the helicopter slows, over the water. Pete jumps out into gray. The noise of the helicopter covers any sound of a splash. It's as if Pete has become a phantom.

As the helicopter flies up and away. No island is visible.

IN PHELPS' HELICOPTER

Flying into the fog bank.

WASHINGTON

Turkish SWAT teams just rescued the son of the Japanese Finance Minister-- the other terrorist groups are on the run--

JULIE BLUE

Think Hodges has any idea who he's hunting?

Phelps shakes his head: nope.

A BEACH - MINISTER KARBASH'S ISLAND - DAWN

Pete slips out of the water. Like a predator. Unwraps his gun. Can't believe how much he's changed. Looks like his heart could take thirty-seven bullets and keep beating too. So bad-ass he barely feels like an underdog.

OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND

Ali - hurries out of the house, carrying briefcases. IRANIAN REVOLUTIONARY GUARDS surround ANOTHER HELICOPTER-- powering up-- SUDDENLY BLASTED with head shots-- coming from-

JULIE BLUE and CIA GRUNT

Harnessed; hanging out of their helicopter. Using THERMAL SCOPES to see through the fog-- watching the bright red shapes of Ali and the Iranian Soldiers scatter--

PHELPS is not in here. Neither is Washington.

ON PETE

-- as he uses the confusion to run across the foggy lawn. Right at Ali. Gun up-- he fires. FIRES! FIRES! FIRES!! Not skilled, he hits Ali in the shoulder, only once.

Ass the Iranian Soldiers turn to kill Pete-- both of them GET DROPPED-- red mist about their head as blood pours out-- can't see the shooters-- Pete is so focused on Ali he doesn't even notice the soldiers drop. He's lost all reason; own life is no longer a part of the equation.

With Ali injured by the bullet --

PETE DIVES ON HIM

-- drills him with two good punches.

Ali, with only one good hand can't take Pete down like he did Embee. There's also the matter of Pete being a Pac 10 wrestling champion, which he uses to great effect as he grapples in close quarters--

-- they tumble off the grass, on to the beach-- at which point-- Pete slips under Ali, gets him in a wrestling move called 'The Iron Cross'.

All four of Ali's limbs go spread eagle. Pete, holding him from behind, breathes heavily, mercilessly, in his ear--

We hear a POP-- it's Ali's right leg. Popping free of the pelvis. On Pete's face we read something. It's not satisfaction, but it's pretty fuckin' close--

Pete carefully, slowly, pops Ali's other femur out of his pelvis. Sonofabitch isn't running anywhere.

FOUR IRANIAN SOLDIERS emerge from the fog-- Pete rolls behind Ali-- as they sweep their rifles to target--

PHELPS, a protective gray ghost on the edge of the fog -- drills TWO BULLETS through TWO HEADS.

WASHINGTON, on a knee, drops the other TWO.

Pete-- POPS Ali's right shoulder out. Then his left. Rolls off him, looks down.

All four of Ali's appendages are grotesquely dislocated. But Ali doesn't scream. Pete takes the gun, eyes of a killer. Right on Ali's forehead. Panting.

PETE

Where's-- my-- wife?

ALI

It's just pain-- partner.

Pressing the barrel to Ali's forehead--

PETE

WHERE'S MY WIFE!!!!!!

Ali grins. Pete nods: you want to play it this way, fine. He drops the gun. Grabs Ali's head with both hands-- then drags Ali into the water-- by his HAIR!

Once it's waist deep, Pete flips Ali face down. Ali's head wiggles. Can't move. Can't breathe. Can't swim or float with all his limbs dislocated. 100% Pete's bitch.

PHELPS(O.S.)

Peter.

Pete spins-- Phelps emerges from the fog. Wet as Pete. Gun up. Right on Pete. Not taking any chances as he combat glides over. Washington's covering his back--

PHELPS

Rachel's inside.

PETE

Is she alive?

Phelps---- nods.

PHELPS

We got her. She's gonna be fine. Now you want to turn your boy over. He's kind of valuable.

Pete turns Ali over-- who gasps and sprays like a porpoise blowhole. Pete drags Ali back onto the beach.

PETE

Sheikh get-- my message-- in time?

Washington limps out from the fog. Gives him an 'all clear' handsign. Phelps holsters his gun.

PHELPS

Last I heard, he put his entire kingdom on margin to hold the line until the others jumped in. The two of you stopped it.

PETE

Three.

PHELPS

Mr. Deng?

Pete nods. Gets his feet-- Phelps helps him hustle towards the house-- towards Rachel.

INT. MINISTER KARBASH'S GULFSTREAM - MORNING

A white-knuckle ride. Until--

PILOT

We just entered Iranian airspace.

Minister Karbash breathes a sigh of relief--

EXT. ISLAND LAWN - MORNING

Flanked by Phelps and Washington-- Pete single-handedly carries Rachel to the MEDICAL HELICOPTER. One look at Pete's stony face and it's clear he's not letting anyone else lay a finger on her.

EXT. SHEIKH MASSAUD'S PALACE - MOMENT LATER

SHEIKH MASSAUD STEPS OUT OF AN SUV. An AIDE hands him a phone.

SHEIKH MASSAUD
(calm and cool)

Mr. President. An attack on our financial infrastructure represents a clear and present danger to the territorial integrity of the United Arab Emirates, as well as our allies. If you allow the fugitive asylum, it will be considered an act of war.

IN MINISTER KARBASH'S JET

The Pilot smiles--

PILOT

Airborne contacts. Iranian fighter jets. Looks like they're going to escort us in.

His casual demeanor changes.

PILOT

(frantic)

They're painting us! They're--

EXT. IRAN - MORNING

Blue sky. Beige earth. MISSILES STREAK IN! This loose end ties itself in a FIREBALL!

INT. ROYAL HOSPITAL - DAY

ON WASHINGTON-- IN THE OPERATING ROOM--

Winces as a DOCTOR pulls a bullet out of his ass. Phelps and Julie Blue peek their heads in-- Phelps WHISTLES a catcall--

-- Washington, without looking, flips him them the bird.

THE ROYAL WAITING ROOM - MINUTE LATER

Makes The Ritz look like an outhouse. Phelps and Julie Blue, are sitting with Pete-- when SHEIKH MASSAUD hustles in.

He looks at Peter, bows his head.

SHEIKH MASSAUD

I'm sorry, Peter. I should've known.

PHELPS

No offense, highness, but *no you shouldn't have*. I've been hunting Uqlidisi for twelve years.

Which prompts them all to look at Pete-- still can't believe he took him. Neither can Pete--

PETE

I thought he was an accountant.

A NURSE steps out--

NURSE

Mr. Hodges. You can go in now.

-- Pete's already on his feet--

IN THE RECOVERY ROOM

Rachel is sleeping. Mouth full of gauze. She opens her eyes. Sees her husband. As tears of relief slip down his face, he takes her hands, holds them as if they are his lifeline. Kisses them, since they are.

When he lets go, Rachel looks down. Something in her hand. Everything is repaired-- with a PEACH.

-THE END-