

C O D E N A M E V E I L

How to Arm Both Sides in a War
and Win the Nobel Peace Prize

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Based on Real Events

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FADE IN:

EXT. COASTAL CITY - DAY

A cheesy 80s song like "Controversy" by Prince PLAYS as we skim across the sea toward the beachfront hotels of a major city. Miami? Honolulu? Monte Carlo?

Then TWO ISRAELI F-16S THUNDER PAST, rattling the camera. The jets bank over the city, dropping bombs. Paradise explodes.

SUPER: BEIRUT, LEBANON - 1985

Welcome to Beirut. Once a thriving tourist destination, it's now a civil war-torn hell. Entire city blocks have been reduced to rubble. Columns of smoke rise from the ruins.

EXT. TARMAC, BEIRUT AIRPORT - DAY

TWO CIA GUYS, both in their 20s, stroll across the tarmac carrying AK-47s as casually as some men carry briefcases.

JOSH

If you could be any character in
"Star Wars," who would it be?

TOBY

Han Solo, of course. Duh.

JOSH

What? No way. I'm the pilot.

TOBY

Dude, I already called it. You
gotta be somebody else. Be Luke.

The first one is wearing the classic spook uniform: short-sleeved dress shirt, *sans* tie, and aviator sunglasses. This is JOSH MCKENNA. Despite his clean-cut appearance, Josh has the flexible morals necessary to be a great spy.

The other man is TOBY KOHLER, an ex-Marine who did two tours in 'Nam. He wears a "Rock'n with Dokken" T-shirt, camouflage pants, and Ray Ban Wayfarers.

JOSH

Luke sucks. You be Luke.

TOBY

Dude, you're a brainiac. You speak
like five languages. Be C-3PO.

They walk up to a twin-engine Cessna where TWO GUYS are loading a stack of crates into the back.

Josh and Toby climb in the cockpit as the loaders finish up.

INT. CESSNA - CONTINUOUS

While Josh powers up the engines, Toby turns on a boom box and "Controversy" continues to PLAY. Josh taxis down the runway toward a wall of bombed-out high-rises.

TOBY

I think you're going the wrong way.

JOSH

Hang on, Chewie. We're about to make the jump to light speed.

Josh jams the throttle forward. The Cessna races down the runway. They're never going to clear the buildings.

TOBY

Dude, quit fucking around!

Josh finally yanks back on the wheel, and the plane lifts off in a steep climb. Josh banks the plane hard and the two men SCREAM as they slip between the buildings SIDEWAYS.

INT. BOMBED-OUT BUILDING - DAY

TWO GUERILLAS track the Cessna with Strella shoulder-fired missiles. As the plane BUZZES past, the guerillas FIRE.

INT. CESSNA - FLYING OVER BEIRUT - DAY

As the plane skims over the rooftops, Toby spots the missile's contrails CLOSING IN on them.

TOBY

Shit! SAMS! Four o'clock!

JOSH

Hang on!

Josh puts the Cessna in a hard turn. The first missile STREAKS BY. The second SLAMS into the port engine and EXPLODES. The wing disintegrates in a streak of fire.

They're losing altitude, fast. Josh struggles to steer them toward an empty street. The remaining wing clips a telephone pole and is SHEARED OFF. The fuselage hits the ground hard. It skids down the street throwing up sheets of SPARKS.

They're speeding straight toward a burned-out tank sitting in the middle of the road. Josh and Toby SCREAM.

WHAM! The plane crumples and the crates in the back slam into the bulkhead, EXPLODING in a CLOUD OF WHITE DUST.

Coughing, Josh and Toby stumble out of the wreckage, COVERED HEAD-TO-TOE IN WHITE POWDER.

JOSH

What is this shit?

TOBY

You look like Casper the Ghost.

Dozens of duct-taped packages are strewn along the ground. Josh picks one up and examines it. It's obviously cocaine. Josh and Toby exchange an "oh shit" look and we FREEZE FRAME on their powdered-white faces.

JOSH (O.S.)

I knew when I joined the CIA I was signing up to do America's dirty work, but I had no idea how dirty it would get.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YALE UNIVERSITY - DAY

It's graduation. A distinguished-looking speaker delivers the commencement address to a sea of students in caps and gowns.

SUPER: THREE YEARS EARLIER

INT./EXT. BELFRY, HARKNESS TOWER - DAY

Josh sits in the belfry of the Gothic tower, smoking a joint. He's a whole lot softer than the guy we just saw in the plane crash. He takes a deep drag off the joint, and holds it in.

A man in a CHEAP SUIT, 40s, comes huffing up the steps. He reaches the belfry and leans against the wall, sucking wind.

CHEAP SUIT

Josh McKenna?

JOSH

I've already been expelled and denied my degree. There's nothing else you can do to me, so fuck off.

Cheap Suit flops down next to him, trying to catch his breath. He pulls out a note pad and flips it open.

CHEAP SUIT

Let me see if I got my facts straight: your mother died when you were 6. Your father works for Chevron and raised you in Saudi Arabia, where you still have friends in the House of Saud. You speak fluent Arabic, and have a Class 2 pilot's license.

JOSH

What are you? Some kind of cop?

Josh takes another hit, then offers the joint to Cheap Suit.

CHEAP SUIT

I'm with the Central Intelligence Agency.

Josh COUGHS on the smoke, LAUGHING.

JOSH

Get the fuck out of here!

Cheap Suit opens his briefcase and hands over several editions of the Yale Herald. We glimpse a few headlines: SCANDAL: STUDENT ELECTION RIGGED; ELECTION THIEF EXPELLED.

CHEAP SUIT

Stealing that student election was sneaky, underhanded, devious, and we loved it. We want you to join the agency.

Josh looks at him. This guy is serious. Holy shit.

JOSH

But I got caught.

CHEAP SUIT

We don't want you to rig elections, we want to send you back to the Middle East. We just had 50 Americans held hostage in Iran for over a year. Those bastards kicked us in the nuts, and the worst part is we didn't see it coming until the fanatics were climbing the walls. You know why? Because President Peanuts gutted the agency. We didn't even have one guy over there who could speak Arabic.

During this speech Josh has filled a balloon with water from a bottle. He ties the end of the balloon off.

JOSH
Actually, Iranians are Persian,
they speak Farsi, not Arabic.
(to crowd below)
Bombs away, assholes.

Josh drops the water balloon on the crowd below, LAUGHING.

CHEAP SUIT
See? You know this stuff. So what
do you say, Josh? Can your country
count on you?

Off Josh's stoned expression we CUT TO:

MONTAGE

A flurry of images zips by: Cabbage Patch dolls, break-dancing, Nancy Reagan says "Just say no," leg-warmers, Flashdance, "gag me with a spoon," Return of the Jedi, Michael Jackson's Thriller, Magnum PI.

We end on a shot of Josh and a bunch of other recruits being sworn in at CIA headquarters in Langley.

SUPER: 1983

EXT. GLEN COVE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Josh whips into the parking lot in a Porsche 911 convertible, BLASTING Judas Priest's "Breaking the Law." He cuts off a giant Cadillac, and SCREECHES into a parking space. He gets out of the car carrying an open Heineken and a gym bag.

EXT. TENNIS COURT, GLEN COVE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Josh and his dad, DONALD, play a heated match. Both men are soaked with sweat. They talk between volleys, panting.

JOSH
That's the second graduation you've
missed in the last year.

Josh lunges across the court for the ball, but misses.

DONALD
Game point. So you finished your
training and now you're all gung-ho
to go overthrow some Third World
governments, train some death
(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)
squads in Central America. I'm real
proud of you.

Donald's an overbearing Ivy League WASP with a taste for
yachts and exotic cars. He's also the superior player.

JOSH
Give me a break. It's not like
that. I'm going to be on the front
lines of American foreign policy-

Donald serves. Josh runs for it, returns. They go back and
forth for a minute, then Donald scores and wins. Josh CURSES.

DONALD
Looking a little ragged there,
kiddo.

The two men towel off and gather up their stuff.

DONALD
I talked to Dan in New York this
morning. I cashed in some chits,
and got him to up the offer. We're
willing to pay you triple what the
CIA is. That's serious money for-

JOSH
We've been over this a thousand
times. I hate the oil business. I'm
not interested.

Donald's not used to being rejected out of hand. He EXPLODES.

DONALD
You just don't want to grow up!
This is another one of your half-
assed adventures. Like the time you
dropped out of school to wander the
desert with the Goddamn bedouins-

JOSH
It was an independent study
project! I'm not doing this again.
I just came to say goodbye. I'm
shipping out tomorrow.

Donald is taken aback.

DONALD
Tomorrow? Where?

JOSH
It's classified.

DONALD

Knock off the top secret bullshit.
I'm your father Goddammit.

JOSH

I'm going to Lebanon. To Beirut.

DONALD

Jesus Christ! Do you have any idea what the hell's going on over there? Sabra and Chatila? A thousand Palestinian refugees just got massacred because of us. The President signs a treaty to protect those people and two weeks later he violates it and pulls the Marines out? It looks like we winked at the Christians and okayed the attack!

JOSH

Thanks, Dad. I just got out of a six hour briefing, and they forgot to mention that.

Josh walks off toward the parking lot. Donald follows.

DONALD

You think sending the Marines back to hand out candy to some Arab kids is going to fix this? Get real! You know how the Arab world works.

JOSH

It's a civil war, Dad. That means they shoot at each other, not us.

Josh shoves his racket and gym bag in the car.

DONALD

Okay, bigshot. Fine. But when you get yourself in trouble, don't come calling me to bail you out.

JOSH

Don't worry. I'm done making that mistake.

Josh climbs in his car, revs the engine, and PEELS out.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Josh is packing his suitcase. In the background, news footage of the Sabra and Chatila Massacre plays on TV. Dead women and children lie in the streets of a shanty town.

JOSH (V.O.)

Sure, Beirut was the worst shit-hole in the world, but it was my first assignment and I couldn't wait to get there.

SMASH CUT TO:

US Marines dive behind pallets of gear, DODGING SNIPER FIRE.

EXT. BEACH, NEAR BEIRUT AIRPORT - DAY

The entire landing has ground to a halt. GUN SHOTS RING OUT from the bombed-out high-rises overlooking the beach.

Josh, lugging two suitcases, hurries after a MARINE CAPTAIN.

MARINE CAPTAIN

Until we root out these snipers, we can't unload a damn thing. That means I've got no jeeps, and you've got no ride.

The Captain moves on, BARKING OUT orders, leaving Josh standing there. Another shot ZIPS BY and he ducks for cover.

INT./EXT. TAXI, BEIRUT - DAY

Masked guerillas shoot it out in the streets. Duran Duran's "Hungry Like the Wolf" PLAYS on the radio as the driver calmly navigates through the daily violence that is Beirut.

JOSH

Is it always like this?

TAXI DRIVER

No, no. Usually it's much worse. Today is not bad.

Josh peeks out the window: An RPG streaks by and BLOWS UP the car in front of them. The cabbie calmly swerves around it.

TAXI DRIVER

Be sure to see the Roman ruins in Baalbek. Very old. Beautiful.

Josh looks back. A MAN ON FIRE stumbles from the car.

EXT. US EMBASSY, BEIRUT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The cab pulls up and Josh gets out. The Embassy's an old pink hotel overlooking the Mediterranean. This part of town's been hit hard by the fighting. Most of the buildings are pock-marked with bullet holes, and a few have even collapsed.

INT. OFFICE, US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh sits across from WADE JACKSON, a stern man in his 60s. Throughout the scene, artillery EXPLODES close by, RATTLING the building so hard that dust snows down from the ceiling.

JACKSON

Now I spoke to Charlie in Near East the other day and he was singing your praises. He thinks you're the Second Coming of Lawrence of Arabia or something.

SUPER: WADE JACKSON - CIA STATION CHIEF, LEBANON

JOSH

Thank you, sir.

JACKSON

That's not what I think, that's what Charlie thinks, and if you ask me Charlie's dumber than a fence post. Now. Any questions?

JOSH

Is the President's plan for us to distance ourselves from the Christian Phalange?

JACKSON

What the hell for? The Christians are our dog in this fight, and we're going to stand by them.

JOSH

I thought we were trying to broker a fair settlement?

JACKSON

That's just what we say on TV. A fair settlement would be a disaster for America. We can't let the Soviets get a toe in the door.

JOSH

The Soviets? I'm sorry, sir. I don't follow.

JACKSON

If we allow Lebanon to have a real democracy, the Muslims will align themselves with Syria, and Syria's a Soviet client state. That's why we have to back the Phalange, even
(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

if they are maniacs. The Cold War's a chess game between us and the Soviets. Lebanon's a pawn, but an important one, and we're not going to let her go without a fight.

JOSH

What happens when the Muslims realize we're just jerking them around?

JACKSON

Who's asking the questions here? You or me? You know a lot about the Arabs, I'll give you that, but you don't know shit about the commies. These Third World hellholes are where the Cold War gets fought. A lot of innocent people get caught in the middle, but that's just the way it is, so don't go all bleeding heart on me. The other guys will help you get up to speed. If you're as smart as everyone at Langley thinks, you'll have your training wheels off in no time.

INT. BULLPEN, US EMBASSY - DAY

Two men, TOBY and BEAR, lead Josh to his desk. We recognize Toby from the opening plane crash.

TOBY

Toby Kohler. Welcome to the Root.
(re: Bear)
This homo's Dalton Ragsdale III.

With his barrel chest, long hair, scraggly beard, and leather jacket, Bear looks more like a member of the Hell's Angels than an ex-Navy SEAL. He ends every statement with a ROARING LAUGH, whether it's funny or not.

BEAR

If you ever call me that, I'll rip your arm off and beat you with it. Call me Bear, like the animal.

JOSH

Okay, Bear it is.

The three arrive at a desk surrounded by towering stacks of boxes. Josh is a little taken aback.

TOBY
(re: boxes)
We haven't had an Arabic speaker
here in years, so we're a little
behind on the translating.

Bear pulls some papers out of a box and hands them to Josh.

TOBY
Hey, hey. Not so fast.

Toby hands Josh a note with some Arabic writing on it.

TOBY
This is hot intel, straight from
the field. I need it translated
ASAP.

JOSH
(reading)
Milk, humus, cheese, flour, sugar.

Bear ROARS with laughter.

BEAR
(to Josh)
He paid a hundred bucks for that.

TOBY
Man, fucking Abdul. I'm going to
kick his scrawny little ass.

Toby snatches the page away from Josh and storms off.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Small and spartan. Josh tries to watch Johnny Carson, but the artillery fire outside is deafening. An EXPLOSION RATTLES the place so hard it seems it's going to collapse. Terrified, Josh crawls out of the room on his hands and knees.

INT. BATHROOM, JOSH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A mattress lays across the bathtub, covered with dust and broken plaster. The mattress is shoved aside and Josh emerges from the tub, still half-asleep.

INT. BULLPEN, US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh sits at his desk translating. He's glassy-eyed and bored. He glances up at the clock. It's only 2 PM...

INT. BAR, COMMODORE HOTEL - SUNSET

Josh walks into the smoky room and scans the crowd.

JOSH (V.O.)
Every city has a place where people
go to buy and sell information. In
Beirut, it was the Commodore Hotel.

JOSH'S POV: TEXT appears ON SCREEN labelling the crowd: ARMS
DEALER, SYRIAN INTELLIGENCE, BBC REPORTER, BOMB MAKER, etc.

CROWD'S POV: Over Josh's head the words "AMERICAN SPY"
appear. The patrons go back to their drinks, unimpressed.

The song on the jukebox ends. ABC's "The Look of Love" comes
on as an Arab woman with striking eyes walks in. Her utility
vest, cargo pants, and combat boots can't hide her natural
beauty. This is NASEERAH AL-HASSAN.

She sits down at the bar and orders a Coke. Josh walks over
and takes a seat next to her. She's examining a zoom lens;
the glass is chipped. She notices Josh.

NASEERAH
500 dollar lens, ruined. That's the
second time this week.

The bartender places a drink in front of her. Josh throws
down a five spot.

JOSH
Then you won't mind if I pay for
your drink.
(to bartender)
Scotch and soda.
(to Naseerah)
Josh McKenna.

NASEERAH
Naseerah Al-Hassan. You're
American.

JOSH
Fresh off the boat.
(re: lens)
What happened?

NASEERAH
Bullet fragment.

JOSH
Close call. You a photojournalist?

NASEERAH

No, well, yes. I'm a reporter, but the photographer I normally work with got shot last week.

JOSH

Really? I'm sorry.

NASEERAH

Don't be. His photos were terrible.

(smiles)

Besides, he'll live. So what brings you to Beirut?

JOSH

The waters.

(off her look)

It's a line from "Casablanca." I work at the embassy.

NASEERAH

Ahhh, so you're a spy.

Josh is caught off guard by her directness. A large, weasely MAN standing nearby overhears this and perks up. This is MANUCHER GHORBANIFAR. We'll meet him in a minute.

JOSH

Nothing that glamorous. Just a political attaché.

NASEERAH

Like I said, a spy.

She grins mischievously. He LAUGHS and smiles back. She finishes her drink and grabs her things.

NASEERAH

It was nice chatting with you, Josh, but I have to run. Ciao.

JOSH

Wait, what are you doing for dinner tomorrow night?

NASEERAH

I don't know. You trying to bed me or recruit me?

JOSH

You'll have to have dinner with me to find out.

But the flirting is interrupted as Ghorbanifar steps in to introduce himself. Wearing gold chains and a flashy suit, he's gregarious and friendly. Maybe a little too friendly.

GHORBANIFAR

And I thought I knew everyone in Beirut. Manucher Ghorbanifar, at your service.

NASEERAH

I'll let you two get down to whatever it is you spooks do.

(whispering)

Be careful: He's Iranian, but I hear he's working for Israel.

JOSH

So are you going to have dinner with me?

NASEERAH

Why not? Meet me here tomorrow at 8:00 o'clock.

Before Josh can respond, Naseerah is gone, and Ghorbanifar has him cornered, invading his personal space.

GHORBANIFAR

(conspiratorially)

I have information which might be of interest to the Americans. Do you know anyone with whom I might speak regarding monetary compensation for such information?

INT. OFFICE, US EMBASSY - DAY

Jackson chews Josh out.

JACKSON

A Libyan hit squad is going to assassinate the President? Give me a break. Ghorbanifar's a professional liar. He been peddling bogus tips for years, so Langley put out a burn notice on him. That means you could be fired just for talking to him. Comprene?

Jackson puts Josh's report through the shredder.

INT. BULLPEN, US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Josh exits Jackson's office. The whole staff is waiting for him. Bear holds the phone out.

BEAR
It's Ghorbanifar. He says it's urgent. Something about the Libyans and a Domsday Machine.

The whole staff cracks up LAUGHING.

JOSH
Ha ha, very funny.

Josh walks over to the kitchenette and pours himself a cup of coffee. Toby and Bear walk over.

TOBY
Don't beat yourself up; he sold me some bullshit about the PLO blowing up the Statue of Liberty when I first got here.

BEAR
How's the translating going?

JOSH
It sucks. I'm dying to get out of here and see some action.

TOBY
We've got an op going down. Why don't you tag along?

He holds up a manila folder stamped "Top Secret - Eyes Only."

INT. TOBY'S JEEP - TRAVELLING - DAY

Toby drives Josh and Bear through the rubble-strewn streets.

TOBY
This op is serious. In fact, it's a matter of life and death. You think you're ready for it?

Josh nods, and Toby hands him the folder. Inside is an ad featuring 80's supermodel Paulina Porizkova.

JOSH
What's this?

TOBY
Your mission is to get me laid.

JOSH

What?

BEAR

That's mission impossible!

Bear ROARS with LAUGHTER.

TOBY

Dude, I've been trying to score with these Arab chicks and let me tell you: they do not put out. I've been wanking to Paulina for months.

Josh drops the photo.

TOBY

You speak Arabic. You have to tell me what to say. Write love poetry for me and shit. You know, like that guy with the big nose.

JOSH

Cyrano De Bergerac.

TOBY

The guy with the big nose. You know, hiding in the bushes?

BEAR

Cyrano, you Goddamn redneck!

JOSH

I'm not much of a poet.

TOBY

I don't want excuses; I want pussy.

EXT. GOLF COURSE, EAST BEIRUT - DAY

An upscale neighborhood with manicured lawns and palm-tree lined boulevards. Only the presence of military checkpoints tells us we're not in Beverly Hills.

A tank and a Camaro are parked on the side of the road. A group of men are gathered around the back of the car as the trunk pops open, revealing ten pairs of night-vision goggles.

SANDERS

Here they are. Better depth perception, and these don't give you the pounding headaches like the old ones.

BUCK SANDERS is an ex-commando turned CIA operative. You could drop Sanders anywhere in the world and he'd be running the place in no time.

BASHAR

Is this some kind of joke? Where are the missiles? You said you could get us Stingers.

BASHAR KARAM is a macho killer who wears a prominent gold crucifix around his neck. He's one of the top men in the Christian Phalange, the deadliest militia in Lebanon. FOUR PHALANGE GOONS, armed to the teeth, hover behind him.

SANDERS

That was before you went crazy and slaughtered a bunch of refugees. You're on America's shit list, pal.

Bashar laughs like it's all a joke.

BASHAR

(to his men)

Listen to this guy, what a kidder!

(to Sanders)

You get us the missiles, we'll kill everybody you want. Fadlallah, Assad, Arafat, you name it. We make it look like the Jews did it, that way your ass is covered. Hell, we go to Cuba and whack The Beard.

SANDERS

Do you want the Goddamn goggles or not? If you don't, I'll go down the street and sell 'em to the Amal.

BASHAR

How much?

SANDERS

A thousand bucks each.

Bashar snaps his fingers and one of his men opens a briefcase full of jewelry. Sanders picks through the baubles while the Phalange goons grab the goggles.

BASHAR

What about our other item of business? Did you think about my proposal?

SANDERS

I told you: the agency's out of the drug business.

(slamming the trunk shut)

See you around, Bashar.

ACROSS THE STREET

Toby, Josh, and Bear pull up and climb out of the jeep.

TOBY

(re: Sanders' car)

Check it out: '79 Chevy Camaro Z28.
400 cubic inch V-8, dual overhead
cams, Hurst shifter. Sanders won it
from a Colombian drug lord in a
poker game. It's like the
Millennium Falcon of cars.

A cheesy desert landscape is airbrushed along the Camaro's sides. A busty woman, with a pet rattlesnake around her neck and a six-shooter in each hand, adorns the hood. "LA BANDITA" is stenciled below her in a flowery script.

JOSH

Isn't it a little conspicuous?

BEAR

He's non-official cover, posing as
a Texas oil man. It's all part of
his character.

Bashar and his crew walk by with the night-vision goggles on, and Toby and Bear do a double-take.

SANDERS

You're late.

TOBY

Are those the new night-vision
goggles? We just got those in.

SANDERS

You're as gullible as those
dipshits. Those are the old ones
that give you the pounding
headaches.

Sanders, Toby and Bear LAUGH, then Sanders sizes up Josh.

SANDERS

Who the fuck is this?

BEAR
He's the new guy.

Josh sticks out a hand, and Sanders shakes it.

JOSH
Josh McKenna.

SANDERS
(recalling)
You're the kid that rigged that
student election at Harvard.

JOSH
Actually, it was Yale.

BEAR
(razzing Josh)
He's a great secretary. Types 70
words a minute and makes a mean cup
of coffee.

TOBY
(piling on)
When he saw us leaving the office
without him, he practically started
crying. Been here four days and
thinks he's ready for the streets.

SANDERS
Look, I don't play tour guide, and
I sure the fuck don't play baby-
sitter. You want to work with me,
you better be ready to get your
hands dirty.

Sanders opens the car door. Josh gets in without any
hesitation.

INT./EXT. SANDERS' CAR - DRIVING - DAY

"Legs" by ZZ Top PLAYS on the radio as Sanders drives. Josh
rides shotgun; Bear and Toby are crammed in back.

SANDERS
The first thing you have to
understand is there's rules to this
stuff. Take your little election
stunt for instance. It was clever,
you showed some initiative, but you
fucked up. Big time.

JOSH
Yeah, I got caught.

SANDERS

Everybody gets caught at some point
- you confessed. Always deny
everything. That's rule number one.

JOSH

At least I saved three of my
friends from getting expelled.

SANDERS

What are you? A Boy Scout? Rule
number two: don't get attached to
your agents. They get captured, get
killed, and you never know when you
might have to sell one of them out.
Forget everything they taught you
in training. You have that stupid
pen, the one with the camera in it?

JOSH

Yeah. Why?

Sanders motions for it, and Josh hands it over. Sanders
throws it out the window.

SANDERS

Forget the James Bond crap. You get
caught with one of those gadgets,
there's no talking your way out of
it. You're dead meat. A good spy
only needs his eyes and ears.
That's rule number three.

TOBY

Don't forget about the press.

SANDERS

Oh, right. And never talk to the
press. You go off the reservation,
that's it. Your career's over.

(beat)

You know who the Druze are?

JOSH

They're a splinter sect of Islam
that broke off from the Ismailis in
the 11th century-

SANDERS

I don't need the entire Goddamn
history of the Middle East. These
guys are one of the toughest
militias in Lebanon, stone killers.
I need to sell 'em some guns and,

(MORE)

SANDERS (CONT'D)

well, let's just say we're not on
the best of terms at the moment.
You think you can handle it?

Josh nods.

SANDERS

You ever negotiated with a warlord
before?

JOSH

No, but one time I negotiated the
sale of a train of camels at a
bedouin market.

Sanders LAUGHS.

SANDERS

Close enough.

EXT. BOMBED-OUT PLO BUNKER - DAY

La Bandita pulls up, and everybody gets out. Josh notices
several gunmen lingering around menacingly.

JOSH

(re: La Bandita)

Is it okay just to leave it here?

SANDERS

If anyone fucks with my lady, they
wind up in a dungeon with jumper
cables clamped to their nuts, and
everyone in Beirut knows it.

TOBY

He's kidding.

Josh looks at Sanders. He doesn't look like he's kidding.

INT. BOMBED-OUT PLO BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

A TURKISH MAN in a fez AD LIBS hellos with Sanders. This is
AZIZ. He pushes aside a shot-up Pac-Man arcade game,
revealing a dirt tunnel, and waves them through.

Sanders, Josh, Toby and Bear stoop through the passage into

A BOMB SHELTER

Packed to the ceiling with weapons. The Cyrillic lettering on
the crates attests to their Soviet origins.

SANDERS

Two days ago the Christian Phalange picked a fight with the Druze, and the Druze have been kicking their asses. We need an excuse to jump in, and bail the Phalange out. If we can sell the Druze these weapons, it'll look like they've gone commie, and we can say we're trying to stop Soviet aggression.

JOSH

Clever plan. Will it work?

SANDERS

How do you think we overthrew the government in Guatemala?

BEAR

This is crazy. He's not ready for this.

SANDERS

Sure he is. Aren't you, kid?

Josh nods, trying to seem more confident than he is.

EXT. APRICOT GROVE - DAY

A DRUZE GUERRILLA tracks a passenger jet with a Strella shoulder-fired missile. He makes a FIRING NOISE, then LAUGHS. Josh CURSES in Arabic and takes the Strella away from him.

Josh, the Druze Man, and his COMRADES are gathered around the back of an old truck, packed with Abdul's weapons. Josh resumes heated negotiations with the Druze in Arabic.

INT. LA BANDITA - DAY

Sanders, Toby and Bear watch Josh through binoculars while Aziz chain smokes. One of the Druze points a gun at Josh.

TOBY

Oh shit, here we go.

Toby and Bear pull out guns and go for the doors, but Sanders stops them.

SANDERS

Hang on a sec.

Josh YELLS even louder, getting in the gunman's face. Then the Druze seem to beg forgiveness. Finally, they open a

briefcase and show him the contents. Josh acts insulted by the offer and storms off. The Druze follow, pleading.

MOMENTS LATER

Josh climbs in the car carrying the briefcase.

SANDERS
You get the one fifty?

JOSH
No.
(grins)
I got two hundred.

AZIZ
Allah be praised!

Sanders opens the briefcase and inspects the money.

SANDERS
Alright, kid. I'm impressed.

Sanders hands Josh several packets of bills.

JOSH
What's this?

SANDERS
Your cut. And leave it out of your report. Langley expects us to raise money for our operations, but they don't want a paper trail, you follow?

Josh nods. He looks at the money, then pockets it.

SANDERS
You have a Swiss bank account?

JOSH
No.

SANDERS
You better get one. You're going to need it.

EXT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

La Bandita pulls up. Sanders is dropping Josh off.

SANDERS
That reporter's a good lead. You should pitch her. Is she cute?

JOSH
Yeah, she's a babe.

SANDERS
Good. You can recruit her and fuck her.

JOSH
Seriously? We can do that?

SANDERS
You can shack up with Svetlinka the KGB She-Wolf if you want. Just make sure you're playing her and not the other way around.

JOSH
What about all that 'never talk to the press' stuff?

SANDERS
Never give her anything real, but you can give her fake stories to cover up our ops. She's perfect. And since she's already made you, there's no need to pussyfoot around. Go nail this broad.

INT. LA MER CAFE - NIGHT

A nice French place. Josh and Naseerah are eating dinner.

NASEERAH
... but the Ambassador's going to kill the deal. Then you're going to tip me off, I'll break the story-

JOSH
Wait, why am I going to do that?

NASEERAH
Because you find me irresistible, and want to impress me. Then I'll break the story, win the Pulitzer Prize, and go write for the New York Times.

JOSH
You're a good reporter, and you obviously have a lot of connections. I could use someone like you. Come work for me. I'll give you a thousand bucks a week.

NASEERAH

It's tempting, but I can't.

JOSH

I could get you tips on stories before they break. Maybe help you win that Pulitzer Prize.

NASEERAH

I know you want to help, but things are complicated here, and America doesn't do complicated very well.

JOSH

Try me.

NASEERAH

Six months ago my brother Hamad was visiting friends near the border when some guerillas fired rockets into Israel. The Israelis didn't know who did it, so they rounded up all the men in the village, old men teenagers, everyone, and shipped them to Israel in violation of international law. Hamad's only 16, but they labelled him a terrorist, and locked him up without a trial. I haven't heard from him since.

JOSH

I'm so sorry.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Josh and Naseerah stroll down the deserted path. Josh is in the midst of an impassioned speech.

JOSH

...no, seriously. I'm excited. Washington has good intentions, but a lot of people just don't understand what's going on here. I grew up in the Middle East, so I do. Things are going to get better.

She chuckles, but is touched by his conviction.

JOSH

We're not supposed to talk about politics on a first date, are we?

NASEERAH

No, but that's the only thing
people talk about here.

They stop and look out over the ruins of an amusement park.
The skeletal remains of a Ferris wheel looms over them.

NASEERAH

I used to come here when I was a
kid. Now look at it.

(ruefully)

"The Paris of the Mediterranean."

Suddenly, GUNFIRE ERUPTS and bullets WHIZ by. Josh shoves
Naseerah into a dark alcove as TWO GANGS take up positions at
opposite ends of the street. Josh and Naseerah huddle
together in the dark, terrified, as the crossfire rips by.

NASEERAH

I don't think they saw us.

As the shooting drags on, they realize just how close they
are: he has his arms wrapped around her, she's clutching his
shirt, their faces just inches apart. Then they're kissing
passionately, fueled by adrenaline and lust.

EXT. FALAFEL STAND - DAY

Toby and Sanders are trying to order by pointing to things on
the menu. Josh and Bear are already sitting at a table,
chowing down. The Embassy's a block away, in the background.

BEAR

I think it's cool you speak Arabic.
When I was in 'Nam, I was the only
guy in my unit who could speak
Vietnamese. It came in pretty
handy. Hell, that's how I met my
wife. Check it out.

Bear pulls out his wallet and starts showing Josh pictures of
his wife and their four kids, ages 2 to 12.

BEAR

That's Khuyen, my wife. My oldest
girl Lilly. Summer and Ruby. The
little one's my son, Bear Jr.

JOSH

You got a good looking family.

BEAR

Thanks, man. Hey, I was wondering
if you'd do me a favor. I bought
(MORE)

BEAR (CONT'D)

these tapes on how to speak Arabic and they fucking suck. Maybe we could get together a couple nights a week, and you could help me with them. I mean, if you have time.

JOSH

Yeah, sure. I'd be happy to.

BEAR

Cool. But don't say anything to the guys. I want to surprise 'em. One day I'm just going to waltz in and start talking in Arabic like it's nothing. They're going to shit their pants!

JOSH

Our secret.

Just then Sanders and Toby walk over and sit down.

TOBY

Who's going to shit their pants?

BEAR

You are, after I kick your ass, you little Marine Corps pussy!

INT. BULLPEN, US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh is translating. Toby sits nearby typing a report. Bear and a couple of other guys hurry by.

BEAR

You're going to miss the fireworks.

Josh and Toby exchange a look - what fireworks?

EXT. ROOFTOP, US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh, Toby, Sanders, Bear, Jackson and the other agents stand on the roof watching the battleship USS NEW JERSEY fire her big guns. Explosions rock the hills overlooking the city.

JACKSON

Turns out the Soviets are backing the Druze. Gave us the perfect excuse to get in this ball game.

Sanders winks at Josh. Josh grins.

JOSH (V.O.)

My first op was a home run. I'd advanced the President's agenda, and influenced our foreign policy. It had taken me less than a week to prove my Dad was full of shit.

EXT. THE CASBAH - NIGHT

Josh, Toby and Bear walk down the street. Josh is wearing a T-shirt, black floodwater pants, and penny-loafers with white socks, ala Michael Jackson's 1983 look.

JOSH

Naseerah said a bunch of Amal guerillas hang out here watching Michael Jackson videos all day. Sounds like the perfect place for us to recruit some agents.

He pulls a red "Beat It" jacket from a shopping bag, rips the tag off, and pulls it on. Toby looks at him like he has two heads. Bear ROARS with LAUGHTER. Josh pops up the collar.

JOSH

Just follow my lead.

INT. THE CASBAH - NIGHT

A seedy bar. A bunch of Arabs are watching a guy break-dance when Josh, Toby, and Bear walk in. Someone turns the music off. Silence and angry stares. Some of the guys have AK-47s slung over their shoulders. Josh momentarily loses his nerve.

BEAR

Come on, man - say something.

JOSH

(in Arabic)

Uh... I bet I can out dance anyone in this room.

Everyone just stares at them. Toby flashes the peace sign.

TOBY

Al salaam alaykum, muchachos!

BEGIN MONTAGE

"Sussudio" by Phil Collins PLAYS over:

- Josh break-dances. He does the moonwalk and some other Michael Jackson moves. He's good but not great. Toby and Bear CHEER him on.

- Josh and Naseerah roller-skate under a spinning disco ball. Josh skates backwards in front of her and they kiss.
- Josh watches as an Arab man in his 30s, FARAZ, break-dances like a pro. His moves are awesome, totally fluid. He finishes his routine with a dramatic HEADSPIN. The Arab crowd CHEERS wildly. Josh shakes his head. He just got schooled. Big time.
- In a movie theater, Josh and Naseerah watch "An Officer and a Gentleman."
- Back at the Casbah, Josh, Toby, and Bear sit in a corner chatting with Faraz. Faraz is wearing the "Beat It" jacket.
- Josh and Naseerah fall into bed, kissing passionately. Josh peels off his shirt, and Naseerah slithers out of her jeans. Then he's on top of her and they're making love.

END MONTAGE

EXT. MARINE BARRACKS, BEIRUT AIRPORT - DAY

It's a hideous concrete building at the end of the airport, guarded by rings of barbed-wire and sandbags.

The Marines are having a B-B-Q. Some lay in the sun, others play frisbee, volleyball, etc. Sanders is waxing La Bandita. Jackson sits under an umbrella reading a John Le Carre novel.

Bear rolls up on his Harley-Davidson in full biker gear.

LATER

A basketball swishes through a net bolted to the side of the barracks.

It's a game of 3-on-3; Josh, Bear, and BRIAN versus Toby and two of his Marine buddies, GUNNY and RADAR. Everybody's shirtless and in shorts except Bear, who's wearing motorcycle boots, jeans, a Lynyrd Skynyrd T-shirt, and a bandana.

GUNNY

Yo Josh, I think your boy Bear's about to pass out. You oughta get him one of them Arab headdresses.

BEAR

I drink gasoline and piss fire.

BRIAN

Dude, ignore him. He's psycho.

Bear pulls up a sleeve, revealing a tattoo of an eagle clutching a trident in its claws.

BEAR

I was a Navy SEAL for ten years. I did three tours in 'Nam and was awarded the Navy Cross. I am impervious to pain, heat, hunger, thirst, or any form of discomfort.

BRIAN

Like I said, psycho.

Bear passes the ball to Josh, who shoots and scores. He and Bear high-five.

Toby gets the ball. Josh tries to cover him, but he's all elbows.

JOSH

Hey, aren't you playing for the wrong side?

TOBY

The agency's a job, dude. The Corps is for life!

Toby drives forward, shoots, scores. Gunny passes the ball back in. It arcs toward Josh, then EXPLODES in mid-air!

BEAR

SNIPER!

Everyone scrambles for cover. Josh and Toby hunker down behind a wall of sandbags. Another shot rings out, hitting the keg. A golden stream of beer arcs out onto the ground.

GUNNY

Motherfuckers! The beer's hit!

JOSH

(to Toby re: Marines)
Why aren't they shooting back?

TOBY

They're "peacekeepers." Their Goddamn guns aren't even loaded.

JOSH

What kind of fucked up rules of engagement are those?

Bear holds out a plastic cup and catches the stream of beer. The Marines all SHOUT at him to take cover.

BEAR

Relax, I'm bulletproof.

A shot shatters one of La Bandita's headlights. Everyone waits to see how Sanders is going to react...

SANDERS

Alright, now I'm pissed.

He pops the Camaro's trunk and pulls out a Barrett .50 caliber sniper rifle with a high-power scope. As he unfolds the bipod, a shot ZINGS off the car, missing him by inches. He doesn't even flinch. He braces the gun on the roof of the car, chambers a round, and takes careful aim.

RADAR

We don't have permission to fire!

SANDERS

You don't have permission. I'm CIA,
I can do whatever the hell I want.

Sanders fires. The sniper tumbles from a sixth floor window, dead. Everybody CHEERS.

SANDERS

Nobody fucks with my lady.

INT. LA BANDITA - DRIVING - SUNSET

Sanders drives Josh home.

SANDERS

Things are going to be a little
dicey for awhile. When the New
Jersey shelled the hills last week,
a bunch of civilians got killed.

JOSH

We didn't hit the Druze?

SANDERS

Somebody gave the Navy the wrong
coordinates and we hit a village by
mistake. Typical: we execute a
flawless op and Washington fucks it
up. Now we've all got bullseyes on
our asses.

JOSH

How many people were killed?

SANDERS

I don't know. A lot. The point is:
I need you to step it up. You've
got all those leads, but you
haven't closed a single deal.

JOSH

It takes time. I'm building relationships, earning trust-

SANDERS

Forget all that tribal ceremony shit. It's great you speak Arabic, but you gotta learn to speak the universal language.

JOSH

Esperanto?

SANDERS

What? No. Money, kid, money.

JOSH

I tried that with Naseerah and it didn't work.

SANDERS

Chick's have to be seduced. Guys are easy. They'll do anything for money. So quit screwing around and close some deals.

INT. FARAZ'S HOME - NIGHT

It's cramped, but filled with personal touches. Josh pulls a brand new Atari 2600 out of a bag. Faraz's SIX CHILDREN, ages 2 - 11, go crazy.

MOMENTS LATER

Josh and the kids are playing Pac-Man on the Atari. One of the kids is sitting on Josh's lap. They clearly adore him. Faraz, and his wife FATIMA look on, smiling.

EXT. FARAZ'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Faraz is showing Josh around the cluttered garage. Faraz pats an old ice cream cart affectionately. They speak in Arabic.

FARAZ

Before the war, I used to sell ice cream down at the beach. I had six men working under me. Now, there is no business, no work. If something doesn't change soon...

JOSH

I could give you a job.

FARAZ

What would I have to do?

JOSH

Nothing you don't already do. Keep an ear to the ground. Tell me about rumors you're hearing. This militia's planning a big attack, that militia was behind the latest car bomb. Stuff like that.

FARAZ

Are you asking me to be a spy?

JOSH

I'm asking you to help your country. Help us help Lebanon.

Faraz looks skeptical. Josh tries to salvage the situation.

JOSH

We'd pay you 500 dollars a week.

Faraz perks up. We FREEZE FRAME on his expression as the following text TYPES its way across the screen: "FARAZ AL BARADEI, CODE NAME: COOL BREEZE"

JOSH (V.O.)

And that's how I recruited my first agent.

INT. BAR, COMMODORE HOTEL - NIGHT

Josh parties with Toby, Sanders, Bear, Jackson, the other CIA guys and a bunch of Marines, including Gunny and Radar.

JACKSON

(a toast)

Josh finally lost his cherry!

The guys CHEER. Toby and Bear pour pitchers of beer over Josh's head. Then Bear pours another pitcher over his own head, and everyone howls with laughter. Just then someone snaps a photo and we FREEZE FRAME on the moment.

INT. NASEERAH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Josh and Naseerah are kissing goodbye at the door. He tries to pull away, but she holds on and keeps kissing him.

JOSH

I gotta go. I'm going to be late!

EXT. SEASIDE PROMENADE, NEAR US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh waits to cross the street. The Embassy can be seen in the distance, a block away.

A pickup truck pulls up to the light and stops. The DRIVER is feverishly muttering something to himself over and over. Josh glances from the driver to the cargo, which is covered by a tarp. The truck sags under the weight.

Josh glances over to the Embassy. A Mercedes parked out front FLASHES ITS HEADLIGHTS THREE TIMES, then pulls away.

THE PICKUP DRIVER SEES THE SIGNAL AND STOMPS ON THE GAS.

It's obvious some bad shit is about to go down. JOSH TAKES OFF AFTER THE TRUCK, SPRINTING THROUGH TRAFFIC. Cars screech and swerve, nearly hitting him.

As it approaches the Embassy, the truck slows and Josh closes in, running as fast as he can. He SCREAMS at the Marines guarding the entrance to the driveway.

JOSH

STOP THAT TRUCK! STOP THAT TRUCK!

But they can't hear him over the din of the street. The truck makes a wild left turn on two wheels, nearly capsizing, and barrels into the embassy's driveway, blowing past the guards.

The truck SMASHES through the Embassy's front doors and EXPLODES. Every window on the block SHATTERS. The blast hurls Josh through the air like a rag doll.

The entire face of the Embassy COLLAPSES WITH A ROAR. The American flag on the roof is the last thing to disappear, sinking down into the billowing cloud of dust.

La Bandita RACES UP and SCREECHES to a stop. Sanders and Toby jump out and stand there frozen with shock as the first survivors stagger out of the dust cloud, covered in blood.

Then they see JOSH LYING IN THE STREET, writhing in pain. They run over and help him to his feet.

TOBY

Dude, you okay?

Josh nods, but he's a mess. His skin is scorched and peppered with broken glass. His clothes are in tatters, and a pencil sticks out of his leg like an arrow.

The three men stand there gaping at the devastation. They just can't believe it.

DISSOLVE TO:

DAYS LATER

Framed photos of the dead, including BEAR, JACKSON, BRIAN and the OTHER CIA GUYS, are spread out over several tables.

At the base of the Embassy's shattered edifice, a memorial service is wrapping up. Dozens of jittery Marines stand watch while the visiting officials climb into a fleet of SUVs.

As the convoy rolls out, a dozen guys remain behind, lingering over the photos: Josh, Toby, Sanders, BILL CASEY, BILL BUCKLEY and SEVEN NEW GUYS.

CASEY
(incredulous)
Some crazy raghead pulls a kamikaze
on us and kills 63 people. Christ
Almighty. These Arabs are as bad as
the Japs. Goddamn savages!

SUPER: WILLIAM CASEY, DIRECTOR OF CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE

Casey's a cranky, foul-mouthed man in his 60s. From being a spy during WWII to running Reagan's Presidential campaign, Casey's done it all, and not always with the most integrity.

CASEY
Jimmy Carter let these barbarians
push us around, but there's a new
sheriff in town. His name's Ronald
Reagan and he's pissed. He wants
these guys caught and strung up by
their balls. Bill, get over here.

Buckley steps forward. He's a quiet man in his late 50s, but don't let his low-key demeanor fool you: he's been with the agency since the early years, and he's kicked a lot of ass.

CASEY
This is Bill Buckley, your new
Station Chief. Bill's an old
friend, and one of the best
clandestine officers the agency's
ever had. He has generously agreed
to come out of retirement and help
you get back on your feet. Bill?

BUCKLEY

First, I just want to say I'm sorry. I know you guys lost a lot of friends. Second, I want to thank Buck Sanders for agreeing to sign on as Deputy Chief. Third, I don't like spending too much time in the office. I came up through the army, Special Forces. We're going to be out here, on the streets, mixing it up with these guys. I can't promise it'll be easy, but I will promise you this: we're going to get the sonsofbitches who did this.

EXT. SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

East Beirut, the Christian side of town. The new Embassy is set back off the street, and is protected by a stone wall and a heavy-duty gate. Concrete barriers have turned the long driveway into a twisting maze.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh, Toby, Sanders and the new guys are sitting around a table, trying to make sense of the bombing. Movers are hauling in new office furniture in the background.

TOBY

Maybe they got the driver out of the loony bin, like a retard or something. They could've tricked him. Cut the brake lines and detonated it by remote control.

SANDERS

Exactly. Who's going to blow themselves up on purpose? This was a one-off thing.

JOSH

I don't know. I spoke to Eyal this morning. Remember that car bomb that hit the Israelis two weeks ago? He said it wasn't your usual car bomb. It was a kamikaze attack.

While Josh is speaking, Buckley and Casey enter.

BUCKLEY

Has anyone claimed responsibility for the bombings?

JOSH

A new group of shi'ite radicals
that split off from the Amal
militia. They're calling themselves
Hizb'allah.

CASEY

What the fuck is a Hazbollack?
Jesus Christ. Speak English, kid!

JOSH

It means "Party of God." It's from
the Qu'ran. "Verily the Party of
God shall be victorious."

BUCKLEY

What do they want?

JOSH

As far as we can tell, they only
have one purpose: to drive the
"infidel crusaders," America and
Israel, out of Lebanon.

CASEY

These dirtballs are nothing! We're
going to crush 'em! And when we
expose the Soviets' involvement,
everyone will see they're the Evil
Empire the President says they are.

JOSH

Sir, I'm not sure-

CASEY

That's who's behind your Party of
God. I'd bet my daughter's
virginity on it. There's thousands
of Soviet advisors in Syria. You
think they're just laying in the
sun jerking their peckers? The
commies never rest. But this time
they've gone too far. They may be
laughing now, but they won't be
laughing when America strikes back.

EXT. BEIRUT - DAWN

As the first red sliver of the sun appears, the sound of a
muezzin calling the faithful to prayer ECHOES across Beirut.

INT. NASEERAH'S APARTMENT - DAWN

It's silent. Josh and Naseerah are asleep in each other's arms. The clock reads 6:22 AM.

A HUGE EXPLOSION IN THE DISTANCE RATTLES THE BUILDING, waking them. Josh jumps out of bed and runs to the window. In the distance, a black cloud of smoke rises up over the city.

Just then another MASSIVE EXPLOSION GOES OFF. Josh watches as a ball of fire billows into the sky.

EXT. MARINE BARRACKS - DAY

A PILE OF BROKEN CONCRETE. Unlike the Embassy, this building has completely collapsed. Muffled MOANS and SHOUTS for help come from under the rubble.

Marines swarm over the pile searching for the trapped survivors. Officers SHOUT orders, trying to get things organized, but it's chaos.

Josh, Toby, Buckley and Sanders pitch in. Josh and Toby carry a wounded Marine toward the triage area. As they walk, Josh spots a dead Marine hanging in a tree, impaled through the chest by tree limb.

They pass a CORRESPONDENT reporting live from the scene.

CORRESPONDENT #1

...the death toll is not yet known,
but is expected to be in the
hundreds. A few miles away, a
second suicide bomber rammed the
French peacekeepers, killing at
least fifty more. The two attacks
were executed just seconds apart...

Josh and Toby reach the triage area, and set the wounded man down. Dazed and bloodied men are everywhere. Two guys walk by carrying a stretcher piled high with severed arms and legs.

A Marine comes running over to Toby.

MARINE #1

It's Gunny.

ON THE PILE

Josh, Toby and several Marines gather around a gap between two huge slabs of concrete. Toby shines a flashlight into the space. A few feet down, Gunny's head, shoulder and right arm are visible. The rest of his body is buried in the debris.

GUNNY
I can't feel my legs.

TOBY
Hang on, dude. We're going to have
you out of there in no time.

Gunny's not going for the pep talk. He's scared.

GUNNY
I don't want to die down here. Not
like this. Not like this.

TOBY
You're not going to die. We been in
worse scrapes than this. Remember
Quang Tri?

While Toby talks, Josh, Buckley, Sanders and some Marines are using hacksaws to cut through the tangles of rebar. The sun is rising higher in the sky, and they're sweating profusely.

Toby lays down on the pile and reaches down into the hole.

TOBY
Reach up and give me your hand.

Gunny reaches up. Their fingertips brush. Toby strains to reach him. Finally, the two men clasp hands.

TOBY
I'm not letting go until we get you
out.

GUNNY
You always were a homo, Toby.

NIGHT

Spotlights illuminate the rubble pile as the Marines toil through the night, trying to save their buddies.

At the perimeter fence, hundreds of Lebanese civilians look on, holding a candlelight vigil for the trapped Marines.

Toby's still lying down on the rubble, reaching down through the gap to hold Gunny's hand. Gunny is fading.

TOBY
Come on, Gunny. Talk to me. That's
an order, Marine!

Gunny opens his eyes. Croaks weakly.

GUNNY

I'm cold.

TOBY

I know, man. I know. Hang in there.
We're almost there.

Josh comes running over. He kneels down next to Toby and sticks his head down in the crevice.

JOSH

Hey, Gunny, we got some good news.
They just pulled Radar out of the rubble. He's pretty banged up but he's going to make it.

TOBY

If that pussy can hang on, then I know you can.
(beat)
Come on, man, keep talking. Gunny?

Gunny begins mumbling the Marine Corps hymn, barely audible.

GUNNY

From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli...

TOBY

We fight our country's battles on the land as on the sea...

The other Marines join in.

EVERYONE

First to fight for right and freedom, and to keep our honor clean...

They belt out the final stanza, many with tears in their eyes. Gunny smiles, then the light fade from his eyes.

EVERYONE

We are proud to claim the title of United States Marine.

Gunny's hand goes limp in Toby's. Toby sits up and buries his face in his hands for a minute. Then he looks up. Tears have washed paths through the concrete dust on his face.

A hush settles over the men. Gunny's gone and everyone knows it. Josh puts an arm around Toby's shoulder. Off this moment of tenderness we CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF ARCHIVAL NEWS FOOTAGE:

As President Reagan addresses the nation, we intercut with news clips of the nation's reaction to the tragedy.

PRESIDENT REAGAN

More than 200 of the sleeping men were killed in that one hideous, insane attack. Those who directed this atrocity must be dealt justice, and they will be.

- Dover Air Force Base. A hangar is filled with flag-draped coffins. President Reagan walks past them, visibly moved.

PRESIDENT REAGAN

Many of you are asking: Why should our young men be dying in Lebanon? Well, the answer is straight forward: to help bring peace and stability to the vital Middle East.

- Camp Lejeune memorial service. In the pouring rain, Reagan shakes hands with some wounded Marines in wheelchairs.

PRESIDENT REAGAN

Syria has become a home for 7,000 Soviet advisors and technicians who man a massive amount of Soviet weaponry. Can the United States stand by and see the Middle East incorporated into the Soviet bloc?

- All across America, people hold candlelight vigils for the fallen Marines. Yellow ribbons are tied around trees.

PRESIDENT REAGAN

If we were to leave Lebanon now, what message would that send to those who foment instability and terrorism?

- At the Commodore Hotel, Josh, Toby, Buckley, Sanders and the other CIA guys huddle around a TV, watching Reagan speak.

PRESIDENT REAGAN

We cannot and will not dishonor the Marines and the sacrifices they've made by failing to remain as faithful to the cause of freedom and the pursuit of peace as they have been.

EXT. MARINE BASE, BEIRUT AIRPORT - DAY

A long line of Marines, many of them injured, shuffle down the docks to their ships. Josh and Toby are shaking hands with them as they pass, AD LIBBING farewells and semper fi's.

JOSH (V.O.)

The President vowed not to pull the Marines out, but it was just empty rhetoric.

A man rolls up in a wheelchair, his head wrapped in gauze. It's Radar. Josh and Toby shake hands with him, then Radar wheels on down the dock.

SUNSET

Josh and Toby stand alone, the base abandoned, looking out to sea. The ships are distant silhouettes against the sunset.

INT. BULLPEN, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

The entire staff is gathered around as Buckley speaks.

BUCKLEY

When you walk out that door, you're on Hizb'allah's turf. From now on I don't want anyone travelling to or from work alone, so pair up and carpool. Watch for surveillance. Vary your routes and schedule. Don't. Get. Predictable.

(beat)

The President is counting on us to catch the guys who did this. The American people are counting on us. And the families of those Marines are counting on us. Now let's get out there, and get these pricks. Turn up the heat. I want these shitbirds running for their lives!

The staff CLAPS and CHEERS. They're fired up.

LATER

Sanders, Toby and the other guys are sorting through a box of guns and arming up. Buckley turns to Josh.

BUCKLEY

What are you packing?

(off his look)

What kind of sidearm do you carry?

JOSH
I don't.

BUCKLEY
From now on you do.

He pulls out a pearl-handled Colt .45 and gives it to Josh.

BUCKLEY
Don't go anywhere without this.
When you take a shit, you hold it
with one hand, and wipe with the
other.

"You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest PLAYS over:

INT. GUERILLA HIDE-OUT, BEIRUT - DAY

BANG! A cop KICKS THE DOOR IN. Lots of shouting in Arabic as a dozen Lebanese cops storm in, and the four Arab occupants try to scramble out the back.

Josh KICKS OPEN the back door, hitting one of the men in the face. He, Toby and Sanders rush in with M-16s. Three of the men surrender, but the fourth one SHOUTS at them in Arabic. Sanders slams the butt of his rifle into the guy's head, and he goes down hard.

INT. CARPET STORE - DAY

Josh shows some photos to one of his ARAB AGENTS.

JOSH
What about this guy? Abu Muhammed
Kalifa?

ARAB AGENT
Muhammed Abu Bin Kalifa?

JOSH
No, Abu Muhammed Kalifa.

ARAB AGENT
That is Muhammed Abu Bin Kalifa.

JOSH
Then who's Abu Muhammed Kalifa?

ARAB AGENT
How should I know?

EXT. SKI LODGE, MT. LEBANON - DAY

La Bandita crunches through the snow and pulls over.

INT. LA BANDITA - DAY

Sanders is at the wheel, Josh and Toby in the back.

SANDERS

This guy works at the Soviet
Embassy, and says he's got some
info on Hizb'allah and the KGB.

MIKHAIL, a pale man in his 40s, opens the door and gets in.

INT./EXT. LA BANDITA/MOUNTAIN ROAD - DRIVING - DAY

Sanders speeds down the winding mountain road.

SANDERS

So what'd the KGB do? Provide
surveillance? The C-4? What?

MIKHAIL

What? Nothing. We don't even have
any contacts in Hizb'allah. We-

SANDERS

Don't try to change your story. I
want to know who helped them blow
up our guys, and how they did it.

JOSH

Hey, I think we picked up a tail.

Mikhail turns around and sees the tail, a black Mercedes with
tinted windows. He ducks down, terrified.

MIKHAIL

It's the KGB! If they see me with
you, they'll kill me.

Sanders FLOORS it and the Camaro ROARS off. The KGB car gives
chase. The cars SCREECH and FISHTAIL down the winding road.

SANDERS

If you want to live you better
start talking.

MIKHAIL

Hizb'allah has declared jihad on us
because we are killing Muslims in
Afghanistan. I called you because I
wanted to warn you: last week they
kidnapped four of our agents.

SANDERS

If I find out you're lying, I'm going to personally make sure you spend the rest of your life in a Siberian gulag. Understand?

(beat)

Get ready to jump.

La Bandita SCREECHES around a hairpin curve, and the KGB car vanishes from view.

Sanders reaches over and flings opens Mikhail's door.

SANDERS

Jump!

MIKHAIL

Slow down! You're going too fast!

Sanders shoves Mikhail out. SCREAMING, the Russian cartwheels down the embankment into a ditch.

Sanders swerves into the other lane, dodges an oncoming car, and roars past a truck. As he speeds away, Sanders checks the rear-view mirror, but there's no sign of the KGB car.

MOMENTS LATER

The KGB car speeds down a straight-away, but La Bandita is nowhere to be seen. Then the Camaro ROARS out from behind some trees, and races up behind them. Sanders hits the horn, which BLASTS "La Cucaracha," startling the Soviet agents.

Sanders nudges their rear bumper in a "pick-and-push", causing the KGB car to SPIN OUT. Sanders WHOOPS as it SKIDS off the road, and ROLLS down the hill.

Sanders stops and backs up. THREE KGB AGENTS come climbing up the hill, CURSING.

KGB AGENT

Goddamn you, Sanders! That was a brand new car. How am I going to explain this to Moscow?

SANDERS

Tell them the CIA has a better driving school. Hey, no hard feelings. You guys want a lift back into town?

KGB AGENT

That would be very nice. Thank you.

SANDERS
EAT SHIT, COMMIES!

Sanders floors it, spraying the KGB guys with gravel. They COUGH and SPUTTER as the Camaro ROARS away.

EXT. RUBBLE-STREWN STREET - DAY

A guerilla unloads an AK-47 on full-auto at a series of bottles lined up on some rubble.

GUERILLA #1
INSHALLAH!!!

He doesn't hit a single bottle. Three other guerillas jeer him. Josh takes the AK, reloads, and fires off a rapid series of shots. One by one the bottles explode. The men CHEER.

LATER

Josh sits off to the side with one of the guerillas.

JOSH
I thought Fadlallah was the most important shi'ite imam in Lebanon?

GUERILLA #2
He is. But Hizb'allah does not follow him, they follow the Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran. They want to turn Lebanon into an Islamic theocracy. This is why Khomeini finances and trains them.

JOSH
Are you saying Iran is backing Hizb'allah?

GUERILLA #2
Not just backing - created. Without Iran, Hizb'allah would not exist. They share a base in the Bekaa Valley, in Baalbek. It was an empty army barracks, but now Iranian soldiers live there. They train Hizb'allah to shoot, to make bombs, to become shahuda, martyrs.

EXT. PASDARAN BARRACKS - DAY

Josh, Toby and Buckley, faces hidden behind keffiyehs, hide under some scrub brush on a hill overlooking the sprawling compound. It's swarming with activity. This isn't just some terrorist training camp, it's a FULL-SCALE MILITARY BASE.

SUPER: PASDARAN BARRACKS - BAALBEK, LEBANON

BUCKLEY

See the ones in uniform? They're
Pasdaran Guard, Iranian Green
Berets, force multipliers.

TOBY

It's like we just found the Death
Star or something.

JOSH

We have to wipe this place off the
map. How long before we can get an
airstrike in here?

BUCKLEY

Depends. Could take weeks. We'll-

JOSH

The 6th fleet's in the Med. They
could scramble fighters and be here
in thirty minutes.

BUCKLEY

That's not how it works. The White
House is going to want proof.

JOSH

And when we get it?

BUCKLEY

Then Casey will personally take it
to the President.

INT. BULLPEN, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh is on the phone. In the background, some of the staffers
are putting up a Christmas tree and other decorations.

JOSH

...I'm trying to find a log of some
intercepted phone calls, but no one
seems to know what happened to
them. John Harms at the NSC said
you might be able to help me.

(...)

Well, I'm fluent in Arabic. If you
can get me the tapes, I could
translate them myself and get them
off your desk.

INT. BAR, COMMODORE HOTEL - NIGHT

Sanders is at the bar, chatting up two hotties in skimpy dresses. Josh and Toby are sitting in a booth with Naseerah and one of her ARAB GIRLFRIENDS, chatting and laughing.

NASEERAH

Come on, just give me something.
I'm not going to quote you.

JOSH

Okay, but it's top secret: you have
the prettiest smile I've ever seen.

NASEERAH

Lame. How about a simple yes or no
answer: are you getting close to
catching the bombers?

JOSH

You know I can't talk about that.

NASEERAH

What's the matter? Don't trust me?

JOSH

Never talk to the press. That's
rule number four.

NASEERAH

What's rule number one?

JOSH

Always deny everything.

She nibbles at his ear and whispers:

NASEERAH

I have ways of making you talk.

JOSH

I'm trained to withstand torture.

He goes to kiss her, but she pulls back, teasing him. Just then there's a commotion at the front of the bar. SIX HIZB'ALLAH THUGS with full beards and green headbands burst in with lead pipes, SCREAMING in Arabic.

THUGS

ALLAH U AKBAR! ALLAH U AKBAR!

They leap over the bar, attacking the bottles of booze. The bartender PLEADS with them as they smash everything.

The men fan out through the bar, grabbing drinks and smashing them. Thug #1 approaches Josh, Toby, Naseerah and her friend. He SCREAMS at them in Arabic, motioning to the women.

Under the table, Josh pulls out his pistol and, without taking his eyes off the thug, COCKS back the hammer. The thug BARKS out a question.

JOSH
Canada. Montreal.

Satisfied, the thug storms off. He and the other thugs march for the exit, pumping their fists and CHANTING.

THUGS
ALLAH U AKBAR! ALLAH U AKBAR!

Then they're gone. Josh exhales and puts the pistol away. Naseerah clings to him, shaken. Toby turns to Josh.

TOBY
It's always a party when the Party
of God's around.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A badly injured man, with no arms or legs, lies in bed with bandages over his eyes. This is BIJAN. Faraz sits beside him, arguing with him in ARABIC. Josh stands nearby, listening.

FARAZ
...at least tell me his name.
(off Bijan's silence)
Why do you protect them? They don't
deserve your loyalty! Who is the
butcher who did this to you?

BIJAN
Mugniyah. Imad Fayez Mugniyah. He's
the Enforcer. This is what he does
to those who fail him.

FARAZ
Can you describe this man?

BIJAN
5'10. Average build. Brown eyes.
Black hair and beard.

Josh and Faraz exchange a look - this is practically useless.

BIJAN
Is someone else there?

FARAZ
Just the doctor.

BIJAN
Doctor, will I ever see again?

JOSH
God willing.

EXT. ISRAELI CHECKPOINT - SUNSET

Josh greets EYAL ARAD, a tough Israeli officer in his 40s, with a box of Cuban cigars. Eyal runs one of the stogies under his nose, savoring the sweet scent.

LATER

Josh and Eyal sit on a tank, smoking cigars.

EYAL
We've been trying to get a fix on
Mugniyah for years. He's a ghost.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Josh straps on a kevlar vest. Pulls a shirt on over it. He tucks the chrome .45 in the back of his pants, then parts the curtains and checks the street. All clear.

EXT. JOSH'S APARTMENT BLDG. - MORNING

Josh scans the area as he walks to his car and gets in. Across the street TWO ARAB KIDS sit behind the wheel of a burned-out car, pretending to drive. They wave to Josh.

EXT. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT BLDG. - MORNING

Josh pulls up and HONKS. Buckley exits the building, crosses to the car, and gets in.

INT. BULLPEN, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

Buckley looks on as Josh updates an organizational chart of Hizb'allah. At the top, Josh writes "Imad Mugniyah." In place of a photo, he affixes a question mark drawn on a blank card.

JOSH
When Mugniyah was a kid, he was
wounded by a Phalange artillery
shell. The blast killed his older
brother right in front of him. Two
years later, he joined Arafat's
Force 17 and started learning how
to make bombs. He was only 14. Now
(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

he runs Hizb'allah's SSA, Special Security Apparatus. He's the mastermind behind all of their attacks, including the suicide bombings of our Embassy and the Marines. He's basically the most feared killer in all of Lebanon.

BUCKLEY

What else do we have on him?

JOSH

Nothing. The Israelis call him "the faceless one" because no one even knows what he looks like.

BUCKLEY

Keep digging.

INT. BULLPEN, SECOND US EMBASSY - NIGHT

It's 4 AM. Josh sits alone in the dark, wearing headphones. He listens to a phone call in Arabic play on a tape deck while furiously scribbling out a translation.

Then he hears something so shocking he stops writing. He hits rewind, and listens again...

INT. BUCKLEY'S OFFICE, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh, Sanders and Buckley are on speaker phone with Casey. We intercut with Casey at his desk in Langley as needed.

BUCKLEY

Iran shipped the explosives to their Embassy in Syria using the diplomatic pouch. Then Iran's Foreign Minister called their Ambassador in Damascus and gave the attack the greenlight.

CASEY

What's your sourcing on this?

Buckley looks to Josh. Josh clears his throat.

JOSH

The phone call was intercepted by the NSA. Sir, it's the smoking gun we've been looking for.

CASEY

Who else has heard this call?

SANDERS

No one. There's a six-month back log on translating at the NSA, so Josh translated the tapes himself.

CASEY

So where do we hit back? What are the targets?

JOSH

The Iranian Foreign Ministry and Pasdaran headquarters in Tehran; the Iranian Embassies in Damascus and Beirut; and the Pasdaran Barracks in the Bekaa Valley.

CASEY

What about Moscow?

SANDERS

We looked into the Soviet angle, and we couldn't find any evidence-

CASEY

Horseshit! I'm tired of hearing about a bunch of Arab goatfuckers. There are commies behind this, and you better find 'em!

BUCKLEY

He's right, Bill. It's a dead end. If the President is serious about hitting back, this is his chance.

CASEY

Fine. I'll talk to the President. You happy now? Goodbye.

Casey hangs up. Off Josh, Sanders and Buckley's look:

INT. BULLPEN, SECOND US EMBASSY - NIGHT

The last few stragglers are filing out for the night. Sanders and Toby grab their coats and head for the exit.

SANDERS

Sure you don't want to come?

JOSH

I'm going to stick around in case the Director calls back.

TOBY

You're missing out. The Commodore's
got the best turkey dinner in town.

They AD LIB "Merry Christmas"s, then Josh is alone.

INT. BUCKLEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Buckley's hunched over a diorama of a Revolutionary War battlefield, painting a miniature soldier. Josh sits across from him, nursing a glass of Scotch.

BUCKLEY

The first shots of the American
Revolution were fired right here at
Lexington. You know what the
deciding factor in the battle was?

Josh studies the diorama. The patriots are scattered about, taking cover behind trees, bushes, wagons, etc. Several lines of Red Coats stand in perfect formation out in the open.

JOSH

Our guys didn't stand in a line
like a bunch of idiots?

BUCKLEY

Espionage. The British were on a
secret mission to seize the armory.
If they could keep all the
gunpowder to themselves, the
rebellion would've been crushed.
But Paul Revere got word of the
plan. He made his famous ride and
we got there first. When the Red
Coats showed up, they got the
surprise of a lifetime. We chased
'em all the way back to Boston.

(beat)

Here, you do this one.

Buckley hands Josh the paintbrush and a soldier. Josh takes them, and tentatively applies some paint to the figure.

BUCKLEY

The trick is getting the details.
The eyes, the brass buttons. That's
what brings them to life.

(beat)

There you go. You're getting the
hang of it.

JOSH

How's Candy doing?

BUCKLEY

Busy. Lots of last minute shoppers.
Says the store's doing real well
without me there screwing it up.
What about you? You call your Dad?

JOSH

I sent him a postcard. I drew
flames on the skyline in red ink
and wrote "wish you were here."

BUCKLEY

I know he wasn't around much when
you were growing up, but he's
probably going to be pretty lonely,
tomorrow being Christmas and all.

JOSH

Christmas was never a big deal in
the McKenna household. He's going
to be in Vail hot tubbing with some
snow bunny he met on the slopes.
(re: soldier)
What do you think?

The paint job's pretty sloppy compared to Buckley's
painstakingly detailed figures.

BUCKLEY

Not bad. Let's put him over here.

Buckley takes the figure and places it on the battlefield.

IN THE BULLPEN - LATER

Josh sits at his desk studying the various clocks on the
wall. It's 9 PM in New York. He picks up the phone and dials.

DONALD (O.S.)

(recording)

You've reached the McKenna
residence. I'm not here right now-

INTERCUT WITH

INT. DONALD'S HOME, LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

Donald sits on the couch watching "It's a Wonderful Life" on
TV. He hears the answering machine and picks up the phone.

DONALD

This is Donald.

Josh doesn't know what to say.

DONALD
Hello? Hello?

Josh hesitates, then hangs up. Looks off into the dark.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK, USS ENTERPRISE - DAWN

It's like the opening of "TOP GUN." Fighter pilots man their aircraft. The first F-14 taxis into position. The full force of American firepower is waiting to be unleashed...

EXT. ROOFTOP, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAWN

Josh, Buckley and a few other guys look out to sea with binoculars. Buckley turns to Josh.

BUCKLEY
Making the case for this strike was
great work, kid. I'm proud of you.

Josh grins and raises his binoculars, looking for the jets. A LONG BEAT. Josh looks at his watch. Something's wrong.

CIA GUY #1
Where the hell are they?

Toby comes running up out of the stairwell.

TOBY
The mission's been called off.

BUCKLEY
What? By who?

TOBY
Weinberger. He went chicken shit as usual.

JOSH
The President signed off on this!

TOBY
The President's in China and can't be reached. The Defense Secretary's calling the shots.

JOSH
Motherfucker!

Josh hurls his binoculars across the roof.

INT. BATHROOM, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh splashes cold water on his face. Sanders comes out of a stall waving a SOLDIER OF FORTUNE magazine to clear the air.

SANDERS

Heard the airstrike got called off.
Tough break. You know, the French
are looking to get some payback
too. You could slip 'em the intel.
Maybe they'd take a crack at it.

Josh is taken aback by the suggestion.

JOSH

If Bill found out, it'd be my ass.

SANDERS

Then don't tell him. I won't.

Sanders walks out. Josh stands there, contemplating the idea.

EXT. BEIRUT - DAY

A dozen French Super Entendard fighter planes come streaking over the rooftops, rattling windows across the city.

EXT. HILLSIDE, NEAR THE PASDARAN BARRACKS - DAY

Josh, Toby and Sanders watch as the jets come ROARING in. They rain bombs down on the barracks, and volcanos of dirt erupt into the sky, blocking out the sun. Our guys cheer and high-five like they just won the Super Bowl.

Finally, the air clears. All of the buildings are still standing. Giant craters pock the ground all around them.

SANDERS

Goddamn French couldn't pour piss
out of a boot if the directions
were on the heel!

INT. HALL, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh hurries down the hall. Buckley falls in step beside him.

BUCKLEY

Where the hell have you been?

JOSH

There was some looting over on Rue
de Neuf, so I went by to check on
the safe house. What's going on?

BUCKLEY

All hell's breaking loose.
Hizb'allah just kidnapped two
American journalists, and the
French tried to blow up the
Pasdaran Barracks.

JOSH

Did they get them?

BUCKLEY

Hell no. They're French! You heard
of a group called the Dawa 17?

JOSH

Yeah, they're a group of Kuwaiti-

BUCKLEY

Good, you can explain it to the
Ambassador.

A SECRETARY comes running after them.

SECRETARY

Sir, Director Casey's on the line
again. He says it's urgent.

BUCKLEY

Tell him I'll call him back.

(to Josh)

Somebody started a whisper campaign
saying I put the French up to this,
and Casey's furious. I bet you it
was Sanders. He set me up.

Off Josh's stunned look...

INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh and Buckley meet with AMBASSADOR BARTHOLOMEW.

BUCKLEY

They nabbed Terry Anderson of the
AP and Jeremy Levin of CNN, and are
demanding the release of the Dawa
17.

BARTHOLOMEW

Who the hell's that?

JOSH

They botched a car bomb attack
against our Embassy in Kuwait a few
months ago. They got caught, and go
(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)
on trial tomorrow. The leader is
Imad Mugniyah's brother.

BARTHOLOMEW
Christ. You get the word out to all
of the news agencies?

BUCKLEY
They've been told not to leave
their hotels without security.

JOSH
Sir, how many Americans are still
in Beirut?

BARTHOLOMEW
Around 200.

BUCKLEY
We should evacuate them.

BARTHOLOMEW
You think there's going to be more
kidnappings?

BUCKLEY
I wouldn't put anything past these
guys.

BARTHOLOMEW
I'll talk to Schultz, but the last
time I suggested it, the President
shot it down. It's hard to claim
we're making progress here if we're
evacuating our citizens.

INT. NASEERAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The power's out and the only light comes from dozens of
candles scattered about the place. Josh, Toby and Buckley sit
around the table talking while Naseerah clears the dishes
away. Josh has had a few glasses of wine and is all riled up.

JOSH
They took those reporters hostage
because they think they can get
away with anything. This is what
happens when we don't strike back.

NASEERAH
Maybe they think they're hitting
you back.

She takes some more dishes, and disappears into the kitchen.

TOBY

Why would they be hitting us back?
We haven't done anything to them.

NASEERAH (O.S.)

America's been meddling in Iran for
thirty years. The CIA staged a coup
in 1953 and overthrew Mossadeq.

JOSH

That doesn't count. He was a
communist.

She comes back in with a cheesecake and some plates. She cuts
the cake, and passes out the slices. Toby hungrily digs in.

BUCKLEY

The commie talk was CIA propaganda.
Mossadeq was democratically elected
and we overthrew him because he was
going to jack up the price of oil.

NASEERAH

(to Buckley)

Thank you.

(to Josh and Toby)

So you put a corrupt puppet in
power and the people hated him.

TOBY

(mouth full)

The Shah totally modernized the
country. He gave rights to women.

NASEERAH

He was also a tyrant. That's why
there was a revolution. But since
he'd used his secret police to kill
anyone who spoke out for democracy,
there was no one left to take over
except the Islamic radicals. Iran's
a mess, but it's a mess America
helped create.

JOSH

Whatever. That doesn't justify
bombing the Embassy or the Marines.

NASEERAH

I'm not justifying it. I'm just
telling you why they did it.

EXT. BALCONY, NASEERAH'S APT. - NIGHT

The city is completely blacked-out. Josh and Buckley watch flashes of gunfire light up the night like lightning.

JOSH

We gave the President a smoking gun, and he didn't do shit. I mean, what is he waiting for? A repeat of the fucking Alamo?

BUCKLEY

He doesn't want war with Iran.

JOSH

I got news for him: we're already at war.

BUCKLEY

That's not the way they see it in Washington. This conflict's at a low simmer, and they want to keep it that way. If it boils over into all out war, it could push Iran into the arms of the Soviets.

JOSH

We have to take this into our own hands. It's time to get dirty.

BUCKLEY

You mean like farming out that airstrike to the French?

Josh reacts. He didn't know Buckley knew about that.

BUCKLEY

You let Sanders play you. You're too clever for your own good. Forget the dirty tricks.

JOSH

Oh, come on, Bill. We're in the CIA. Dirty tricks is what we do.

BUCKLEY

We tried that with Iran, and look where it got us. We work in secret, but we should conduct ourselves as if we didn't. Don't do anything you'd be ashamed of if it ever got out. Sanders has his rules, well, that's my rule.

JOSH

It's kinda fucking corny. Sometimes you have to fight fire with fire.

BUCKLEY

Is that how we defeated the Nazis? By sinking to their level? The Soviets lost more troops in World War II than America, Britain, and France combined, but no one says the Soviets beat the Nazis. They say America did. You know why? Because the Soviets raped Berlin. Because the Soviets let half a million POWs starve to death. We treated people with respect and mercy, even our enemies, and the world has never forgotten it.

Josh wavers. Buckley tries to make the most of the moment.

BUCKLEY

Let me ask you something: How many agents do you have?

JOSH

Twenty. I'm close on a couple more.

BUCKLEY

That's more than twice what the rest of the staff has, combined. You've got the potential to be one of the best Case Officers the agency's ever seen. I know you admire Sanders. He's a hustler, and a damn good one, but hustlers don't change the world. If you want to settle for that, that's your choice. You'll be a great spy. But my question is this: do you have what it takes to be more than that? Do you have what it takes to be a great man?

We hold on Josh as Buckley's words sink in.

EXT. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Josh pulls up and HONKS. He fiddles with the radio while he waits. He HONKS again, and Buckley appears, munching on a bagel. He picks up the paper, and heads toward Josh's car.

Behind him, SIX GUNMEN JUMP OUT OF A MERCEDES SEDAN.

JOSH
BILL! LOOK OUT!

Buckley spins around, drawing his gun. He SHOOTs the first guy, but the rest of the kidnappers swarm over him.

Josh jumps out of the car, FIRING, and takes out two of the kidnappers. They fire back, spraying Josh's car with AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE. Bystanders are SCREAMING and running for cover. Several are hit by stray rounds and collapse.

One kidnapper takes careful aim. Josh doesn't know it yet, but this is IMAD MUGNIYAH. The Faceless One. The Enforcer. Mugniyah FIRES. JOSH IS HIT THREE TIMES AND GOES DOWN HARD.

He lays writhing in the street, clutching his chest. The kevlar vest has saved his life. His shoulder's been hit, and blood pours down his arm. He fumbles to reload while the kidnappers dump Buckley in the trunk, and dive into the car.

Josh FIRES, blowing out the windows. The car ROARS up the street, straight at him. He empties the clip into the windshield, then jumps out of the way.

The car SCREECHES around the corner and disappears. Josh scrambles into his car and races after the kidnappers.

EXT. STREETS OF BEIRUT - DAY

A high-speed chase ensues, the cars weaving through traffic. Josh rams the Mercedes, but the gunmen FIRE out the windows at him and he's forced to turn onto a side street.

In an overhead shot, we see him race ahead on a parallel street, then make a wild turn, sliding around the corner.

The two cars, travelling at right angles to each other, speed toward the same intersection on a collision course. As the Mercedes enters the intersection, Josh floors it. He's going to T-bone the Mercedes at full speed.

He races through the red light, straight at the driver's door. But as he crosses traffic a car in the other lane SLAMS into him. The crash sends both cars SPINNING out of control.

As the kidnappers speed away unscathed, we see Josh, face covered with blood, slumped over the wheel, unconscious.

INT. BULLPEN, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

Sanders is on the phone, barking out orders. He's as close to panicked as we'll ever see.

SANDERS

No this is not a joke, and it's not a drill. The Station Chief has been kidnapped, and we have another agent wounded, possibly dead.

Toby and a dozen Marines come running in, armed to the teeth.

TOBY

Which hospital did they take him to?

SANDERS

I don't know. Just find him before Mugniyah does.

Toby and the Marines run out.

SANDERS

(into phone)

We need a Delta Force team dispatched to Beirut immediately.

(...)

Then pull him out of the fucking meeting!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, BEIRUT - NIGHT

Josh lays in bed with tubes in his nose and arms, Sanders and Toby at his bedside. Armed Marines stand watch at the door.

SANDERS

We emptied the safe, handed out over a hundred grand. We've got every militia, snitch and scumbag in the city looking for him.

TOBY

Delta Force is on alert, but there's nothing they can do until we find where they're holding him.

Josh looks half-dead. He speaks in a raspy WHISPER.

JOSH

Pasdaran... Barracks.

TOBY

The Pentagon moved a spy satellite over the barracks. We're watching it around the clock, but so far there's no sign of Bill.

JOSH
Don't... wait. Hit it... now.

SANDERS
The candy-asses in Washington won't do shit until we can prove he's in there. It's too "risky."

Josh looks totally despondent.

TOBY
Don't worry, dude. He'll be back at his desk before you know it.

- More TV clips fly by: We Are the World, Gorbachev comes to power, New Coke flops, crack cocaine, Madonna, Stallone is Rambo and Rocky (IV), the Miami Vice fashion craze, Swatch watches, Pee-Wee Herman, the Brat Pack, St. Elmo's Fire, the Super Bowl Shuffle. The date fills the screen. It's

1985

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY - DAY

An aerial shot of the wooded campus.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CIA HQ - DAY

Under the words HOSTAGE LOCATING TASK FORCE, an entire wall has been devoted to the SIX Americans being held hostage in Beirut. There are photos, biographical details, maps, etc.

We pan across the photos (Terry Anderson, missing 384 days; Jeremy Levin, 384 days; Bill Buckley, 381 days; Ben Weir, 308 days; Lawrence Jenco, 184 days; and David Jacobsen, 65 days) and settle on Josh, Toby, Sanders, and TWO MEN in suits picking over a spread of stale donuts.

The first man, MCFARLANE, is a short bulldog in his 50s.

MCFARLANE
I love these with the sprinkles on 'em.

SUPER: ROBERT "BUD" MCFARLANE, NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

TOBY
(to second man)
Colonel North, I don't know if you remember me, but I took your survival class. Okinawa, 1979. You chewed me out for wearing a Led Zeppelin T-shirt.

You may remember OLIVER NORTH'S gap-tooth grin, but instead of his Marine Corps uniform he wears a dapper silver suit.

NORTH

Hmm, yeah, no. It's not coming to me. I trained a lot of guys.

TOBY

That's okay. Your class was fucking awesome. Sir.

NORTH

Stand down, Marine. We're out of uniform. And call me Larry. It's my middle name.

North takes a bite out of a donut, and gets powdered sugar all over his mouth. We FREEZE FRAME on his oblivious grin.

SUPER: LT. COLONEL OLIVER "LARRY" NORTH

Josh looks on impatiently. He isn't the same man we last saw. He's recovered from his wounds, and put on a lot of muscle. There's an intensity about him that wasn't there before. A steeliness in his eyes, and in his demeanor.

Just then Casey storms in, face flushed, in a foul mood.

CASEY

Fucking hell! I just heard Hizb'allah kidnapped another Goddamn American from the university this morning. What the fuck is happening over there? I thought we were paying for extra security? Christ in a sidecar!

SANDERS

They were disguised as cops. Said they wanted to give him some tips on how to avoid being kidnapped.

CASEY

They've got balls, I'll give 'em that. Cocksuckers! Have we heard anything? Any demands?

SANDERS

Same old shit. They want to trade the hostages for the Dawa 17.

MCFARLANE

Over my dead body. The Dawa 17
tried to blow up our Embassy in
Kuwait for Christ's sake.

*
*
*
*

CASEY

Are we going to sit here all day
chit-chatting like a sewing circle?
Where's this Goddamn presentation?

MOMENTS LATER - IT'S DARK

Josh is narrating a slide show. Photos of the hostages, the
Pasdaran Barracks, etc., are projected onto a screen.

JOSH

This is the married men's quarters
at the Pasdaran Barracks before
Bill Buckley's kidnapping-
(next slide)
And after. As you can see, all of
the windows have been blacked out,
and guards have been posted at all
the exits. We have numerous
secondhand sources that tell us
Bill's being held in this building.

TOBY

Our best hope of saving him is a
rescue mission. We hit the barracks
and take him by force.

NORTH

Delta Force won't launch unless
they can have eyes on the hostages
for 24 hours, and you don't even
know if they're in there.

CASEY

When Carter sent Delta Force into
Iran they lost eight guys and
didn't free a single hostage. No
one wants a repeat of that
clusterfuck. This is too dicey. The
Chiefs will never go for it.

But Josh, Toby and Sanders have anticipated this.

SANDERS

That's why we're going to do it
ourselves.

Casey, McFarlane and North exchange a look, intrigued. Sanders nods to Josh. A slide of Bashar Karam, the Phalange maniac Sanders sold the night-vision goggles to, comes up.

JOSH

This is Bashar Karam. He's one of the top men in the Phalange militia. He's offered to handpick his best fighters and create a secret paramilitary rescue team. We'd train them, and once we locate Bill, we'd launch our own raid on-

MCFARLANE

For Christ's sake, the Phalange carried out the massacre at Sabra and Chatila. They're maniacs!

JOSH

Well, we're fighting maniacs, sir. The kidnappers are the same guys who blew up our Embassy, and killed 241 Marines.

MCFARLANE

Son, I know exactly who they are.

Casey observes the exchange. He likes Josh's pluck. Toby steps in and tries to get things back on track.

TOBY

The Israelis have agreed to provide air support. They'll take out these buildings here, here, and here with laser-guided bombs, killing the Iranian troops while they sleep.

MCFARLANE

What's plan B if the Israelis miss or get shot down?

Josh and Toby don't answer. There is no plan B.

CASEY

And we have no other options?

No one answers. Casey SIGHS and flips on the lights.

CASEY

Let's talk turkey. You all know the law. Before we can carry out any covert action the President has to notify Congress, and Congress will kill this faster than you can say
(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)

cock-a-doodle-do. We're going to have to do this off the books. We'll raise the money using some of Buck's operations. I want proof Bill's in there before we launch the raid. That's my only condition. Other than that, I don't care if you hire the Phalange, the Knights Templar, or the Goddamn Harlem Globetrotters. Just find him and get him out. Do whatever it takes.

THE TRAINING MONTAGE

"Rebel Yell" by Billy Idol PLAYS OVER the following:

- Josh, Toby and North inspect the Phalange fighters. They're a rough bunch, stone-cold killers with blank expressions.
- North SHOUTS at the men as they run through an obstacle course with Josh and Toby FIRING guns over their heads.
- Mugniyah and his men surveil the second US Embassy from a nearby rooftop.
- Josh, Toby, North and the Phalange go over aerial photos of the Pasdaran Barracks, looking for entry points.
- At the real barracks, Mugniyah looks on as a van practices zigzagging through a mock-up of the concrete barriers in the driveway of the second US Embassy.
- In an empty warehouse, the rescue team storms in. Human-shaped targets pop-up and the team blows them away, including the ones clearly intended to represent hostages.

EXT. SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

A quiet morning in East Beirut. A van turns into the Embassy driveway, accelerates, and CRASHES through the steel gate. The driver weaves through the concrete barriers with expert precision, closing in on the building...

At the entrance, TWO MARINES open fire, killing the driver. The van rolls to a stop. The Marines creep closer...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh, Toby, North, Sanders and the other agents are eating lunch when a FIREBALL BLOWS THE WINDOWS IN, spraying them with glass. Coughing, cut and bleeding, the staff stumbles out. Behind them, the outer wall collapses and falls away.

EXT. SECOND US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh, Toby, Sanders and North stand around, watching emergency workers extinguish burning cars and collect body parts. Josh points to the parking garage under the building.

JOSH

If he'd made it into the garage,
the bomb would've brought the whole
damn building down.

Off their grim looks...

EXT. THIRD US EMBASSY, BEIRUT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Amidst battle-scarred buildings we settle on the third and final embassy, a windowless bunker surrounded by guard towers, steel walls, razor wire, and machine-gun nests.

INT. BULLPEN, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Several case officers put the Hostage Locating Task Force board and the Hizb'allah hierarchy pyramid up on the wall. Others are getting settled in, setting up their desks, etc.

Josh sets up Buckley's Revolutionary War diorama. He brushes some debris off the battlefield as Toby and North walk over.

TOBY

Bashar called. He wants a meeting.

MOMENTS LATER

Josh, Toby and North get geared up to go out. They strap on kevlar vests, and stash an assortment of weapons in their clothes. Guns, knives, clips of ammo. Last, they wrap their heads in checkered keffiyehs, so only their eyes are visible.

The other guys watch them like they're rock stars.

CIA GUYS

Good luck, guys. Watch your backs.

IN THE BASEMENT

Josh, Toby and North come down the stairs. Two Marines guard a heavy steel door. They open it, revealing a TUNNEL.

INT. BASEMENT, BOMBED-OUT BUILDING - DAY

A fake slab of concrete is pushed aside, and Josh, Toby and North emerge from the tunnel, guns at the ready.

GROUND LEVEL

Josh, Toby and North slink through the ruins. Through a gaping hole we can see the Embassy ACROSS THE STREET. The men peer out a door into an alley. All clear.

EXT. STREET, BEIRUT - CONTINUOUS

The guys emerge from the alley and slip on sunglasses. They're just three thugs going about their business.

INT. BASHAR'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bashar's lair. Phalange thugs are hanging out, cleaning their weapons, etc. THUG #1 leads Josh, Toby and North down a hall to a steel door.

THUG #1

Wait here.

On the other side of the door, SOMEONE IS SCREAMING IN AGONY. Josh, Toby and North exchange uncomfortable glances.

NORTH

Does he know we're here?

But Thug #1 is already gone. Josh, Toby and North try to ignore the intermittent SCREAMING.

TOBY

So Rocky IV opens on Friday. Who do you think's going to win? Rocky or the Soviet dude?

NORTH

I used to box a little.

TOBY

Get out of here.

North throws a couple of punches in Toby's direction. Toby puts up his dukes. North starts dancing around.

NORTH

Watch it, Marine. I took the Brigade Championship at Annapolis.

ANOTHER AGONIZED SCREAM. Then a GUNSHOT RINGS OUT and the screaming stops. Toby and North freeze.

The door opens and Bashar emerges with blood on his shirt.

BASHAR

I'm sorry to keep you waiting. The team is making good progress, no?

NORTH

I'd say another month and they'll be ready.

BASHAR

I told you, my men are the best fighters in all of Lebanon. They are willing to risk their lives for the American hostages, but...

(shaking his head)

I wonder if you're just using us?

JOSH

America and the Phalange go back decades. We've stood by you through thick and thin, even after the thing with the refugees, so-

BASHAR

Then where is the Semtex you promised? We've been waiting for weeks. This is not a game. We're in a war here.

JOSH

I know, and we're working on it. But we can't just buy 800 pounds of high explosives at the local 7-11.

Bashar feigns sympathy. He's a good actor.

BASHAR

Of course. I understand. I hope this doesn't effect the mission, but I'm going to have to pull some of my men off the team and put them back on the front lines. Just a few. No more than a dozen.

JOSH

Whoa, hang on. We're short-handed as it is.

TOBY

We can't pull off an assault like this with fifty men. It's crazy.

BASHAR

I'm sorry, but I have no choice. We're fighting for our lives here.

NORTH

What about our previous offer? A hundred grand is more than enough-

BASHAR
It's not about the money. The
Syrians took out our supplier with
a car bomb. His whole family. Poof.

Josh looks to North and Toby. North shrugs: what can we do?

JOSH
We'll see what we can do. In the
meantime, don't pull anyone off the
team. Alright?

Bashar nods, placated.

EXT. BASHAR'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Josh, Toby and North climb into Toby's jeep.

NORTH
I'll call General Secord when we
get back to the office. He can get
his hands on anything.

JOSH
Larry, we can't give him 800 pounds
of explosives. For now, let's just
keep stalling him.

TOBY
And when we can't stall him any
longer?

JOSH
I don't know.

EXT. BEIRUT MARINA - DAY

Most of the slips are empty, but there's still a few boats
left. Josh, Toby and North walk down the dock toward one of
the bigger yachts.

NORTH
I'm telling you, this guy has
connections in Iran up the wazoo.

On the deck, oiled up and naked except for a speedo and some
gold chains, MANUCHER GHORBANIFAR appears and waves.

GHORBANIFAR
Larry! Josh! Toby! Welcome!

This is the Iranian guy who sold Josh the bogus tip about the
Libyan plan to assassinate President Reagan.

JOSH

Please tell me you didn't bring me
all the way out here for this guy.

EXT. YACHT, BEIRUT MARINA - DAY

Josh, Toby, and North sit with Ghorbanifar, who's sipping a piña colada. Two SWEDISH MODELS lounge around in bikinis.

GHORBANIFAR

Iran is desperate for weapons. They
want what you're selling to Saddam.

JOSH

Why can't we just pay them, and let
them buy weapons from the Soviets?

GHORBANIFAR

They want the best. They want
American. Look, my friends, this is
the deal of a lifetime: 500 TOW
missiles for all of the hostages,
including Mr. Buckley. And, as a
bonus, the Ayatollah will step
down, and hand the government over
to the moderates. Just think of it:
America and Iran, back in business.

INT. SANDERS' OFFICE, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh, Toby, North and Sanders discuss Ghorbanifar's proposal.

SANDERS

It's got potential, but what about
the arms embargo? It's illegal to
sell weapons to Iran.

NORTH

So we have Israel sell Iran some of
their old missiles, then we sell
Israel new ones to replace them.

SANDERS

We can't get missiles from Defense,
even for Israel, unless the
President signs a Finding, and once
that Finding goes to Congress,
they're going to know we're up to
something.

NORTH

The law says we have to notify
Congress, but it doesn't say when.

(MORE)

NORTH (CONT'D)

So we sit on the Finding until we get the hostages out.

JOSH

We don't even know if Ghorbanifar can deliver. He's a con artist looking to make a big score. Not to mention he failed every question on the polygraph except for his name.

NORTH

This polygraph?

North picks up the report, and feeds it into a shredder.

SANDERS

Josh is right. Ghorbanifar's a loose cannon. What are we going to do if this whole thing blows up in our faces?

NORTH

Then we shred the Finding, and no one will be the wiser.

Sanders thinks it over.

JOSH

This is a bad idea, Buck. Iran needs a constant flow of weapons for their war with Iraq. This is only going to encourage them to take more hostages.

TOBY

Besides, the contact person in Iran is the sonofabitch who ordered the attack on our Embassy in Kuwait. These guys are total hardliners.

NORTH

The President doesn't have to know that. We tell him we're dealing with a moderate faction. If we back them now, we keep Iran's oil away from the Soviets later. The moderates will end the war with Iraq, and the President will get the credit. Heck, he could end up winning the Nobel Peace Prize!

JOSH

Larry, that's ridiculous. You don't get the Nobel Peace Prize for arming both sides in a war!

NORTH

I know that, I'm just saying that's how we sell it to the President.

"Money for Nothing" by Dire Straits PLAYS over:

EXT. ISRAELI AIRFIELD - DAY

Josh, Toby, North and Sanders watch a forklift load the missiles into a large 4-prop cargo plane. Ghorbanifar, in full camouflage and a beret, walks around, smiling and slapping hands with everyone.

JOSH (V.O.)

Everyone in Reagan's cabinet hated the proposal except McFarlane and Casey. They managed to get Larry some face time with the President, and somehow Larry talked him into the damn thing.

TOBY

What if this whole thing's a trap, and they take us hostage?

Sanders hands them each a small tin. Josh opens his. Inside is a large glass pill.

SANDERS

Cyanide. Bite down on it, and inhale. It's a quick death.

Josh and Toby exchange a look. North claps Josh on the back.

NORTH

Some day, this is going to make us famous. Good luck!

INT. COCKPIT, C-130 - FLYING - DAY

Josh is at the controls, Toby in the copilot's seat. They're circling over the Iranian desert. Ghorbanifar wrestles with a large topographical map, trying to figure out where they are.

GHORBANIFAR

The airfield is supposed to be right here!

JOSH
Well, it's not. We've circled
around for an hour, and we're out
of fuel. I have to set her down.

As the engines SPUTTER, Josh starts their descent.

EXT. HIGHWAY, IRANIAN DESERT - DAY

A car bails off the road as the C-130 drops out of the sky
and touches down. It bounces hard, then rolls to a stop.

HOURS LATER

Josh, Toby and Ghorbanifar sit under the wing, playing UNO.

GHORBANIFAR
Uno!

Toby grabs Ghorbanifar's last card. It's actually three cards
aligned to look like one.

TOBY
You cheating bastard!

Ghorbanifar grins sheepishly. Josh spots a plume of dust
rising on the horizon.

JOSH
Hey, somebody's coming.

MOMENTS LATER

Sunlight spills into a crate as a soldier pries the lid open,
revealing a rusty missile emblazoned with the Star of David.
"YOUR FATHER IS A JEW!" is spray-painted along its length.

Josh and Toby look on, held at gunpoint. AN IRANIAN OFFICER
starts YELLING at Ghorbanifar in FARSI. He pounds the missile
with his fist, and one of the tail fins falls off. Shocked,
the Officer pauses, then starts YELLING even louder.

EXT. GHORBANIFAR'S YACHT, COAST OF BEIRUT - DAY

Josh, Toby, North, Sanders and Ghorbanifar meet.

GHORBANIFAR
They considered the Israeli
markings profanity against Islam.

NORTH
Well, the missiles were from the
Israeli arsenal. That was the deal.

GHORBANIFAR

They were junk! We tested one, and it went up a few hundred feet then crashed down on top of us! We were nearly killed! Tell him, Josh!

JOSH

It's true.

NORTH

Look, if they want different missiles, we can talk.

GHORBANIFAR

Talk?! They are furious! It's over!

INT. NASEERAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Josh is translating some documents. Naseerah walks over and kisses the top of his head.

NASEERAH

I'm going to bed.

Josh nods without looking up.

NASEERAH

When was the last time you got more than four hours sleep?

Josh just shakes his head. He can't remember.

NASEERAH

Subburah and her husband just got back from this resort in Egypt. She said it was really nice. Maybe we could take a few days off and go.

JOSH

I can't.

NASEERAH

You need a break. It'd just be-

JOSH

I don't have time for a fucking vacation. Bill's being tortured in a dungeon somewhere, and you want me to work on my tan?

NASEERAH

You think you're the only one who cares about Bill? Well, I care too.
(trying to connect)
(MORE)

NASEERAH (CONT'D)

My brother's been in an Israeli prison for over three years. I don't know if I'm ever going to see him again. I pray to God that I will. But in the meantime, I'm trying to do what Hamad would want me to do which is to live my life.

(gently)

People disappear here all the time. This is Beirut.

Josh just stares off, not wanting to accept it. Naseerah tries to comfort him, but he doesn't react.

EXT. PHALANGE TRAINING CAMP - DAY

Sanders and Toby lean against La Bandita, watching Josh and Bashar having a HEATED ARGUMENT in the distance. North tries to calm them down. A few dozen Phalange goons mill about.

SANDERS

Doesn't look good, does it?

TOBY

Nope.

Josh and North come trudging over.

JOSH

He pulled half the guys off the team and says he's not putting them back on until he gets the Semtex.

SANDERS

I thought you had this guy under control?

Josh doesn't answer. Sanders chews on it for a minute. Then:

SANDERS

Don't get it from any of our guys. Get it from the Libyans. Use a cut-out. If this thing goes south, I don't want it coming back to us.

Everyone nods grimly. This is the price of doing business.

SANDERS

If he hasn't used it by the time we get the hostages out, we can try to get it back. That's all we can do.

NORTH
(to Josh)
Let me handle this.

North walks over to where Bashar and his men are standing. Sanders turns to Josh and Toby.

SANDERS
We gotta raise some money. Fast. I got a shitload of Uzis on the cheap from the Israelis awhile back. Some joker up in Athens has been trying to buy them off me for six months. You think you can handle it?

Josh and Toby nod. Off their looks we SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BEIRUT STREET - PLANE CRASH - DAY

We're back to the FREEZE FRAME of Josh and Toby, covered head-to-toe in cocaine, gawking at the packages of drugs. We resume action and Josh SNEEZES.

TOBY
I see why people like this stuff. I feel like I could take on every guerilla in the city.

Josh spots a DOZEN GUERILLAS in keffiyehs coming down the street toward them. They're all carrying AK-47s.

JOSH
You just might get your chance.

The guerillas OPEN FIRE. Josh and Toby take cover behind the wreckage, fishing their guns out of the cockpit. Bullets THUNK and PING off the fuselage. Josh and Toby return FIRE.

We HEAR an OMINOUS RUMBLE. A TANK rounds the corner, joining the guerillas. Its turret rotates toward Josh and Toby.

TOBY
Down!

They DIVE away from the plane as the tank FIRES. Behind them, the wreckage EXPLODES into a million pieces. Josh and Toby pick themselves up and take off running for their lives.

EXT. THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

A taxi pulls up and Josh and Toby get out.

INT. BULLPEN, THIRD US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

The staff stares at Josh and Toby as they walk through the bullpen, still covered in white powder.

INT. SANDERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sanders is on the phone when Josh and Toby walk in. Josh tosses a packet of coke onto his desk.

SANDERS

I gotta call you back.

He hangs up the phone, shoves the coke into a desk drawer, and shuts the door. Josh and Toby glare at him in silence.

SANDERS

What happened?

JOSH

The drugs got blown up by a tank.

SANDERS

What?

JOSH

Well, first we got shot down by a surface-to-air missile, and nearly died. Then the thing with the tank happened.

SANDERS

Alright, you're pissed, I can see that.

TOBY

You lied to us.

SANDERS

I wanted to give you plausible deniability in case anything went wrong.

TOBY

You mean in case we were arrested and thrown in jail for drug trafficking!

SANDERS

We're out of money. Alright? We can't go to Congress, and the arms deals are off, so I'm going to do whatever it takes to keep the rescue team going. If you two want

(MORE)

SANDERS (CONT'D)

out, fine. There's the door. We'll
save Bill without you.

Toby turns and storms out. Josh swallows his anger.

JOSH

How soon can you get more?

SANDERS

I don't know. Couple of days.

JOSH

Get it.

SANDERS

What about Toby?

JOSH

I'll talk to him.

INT. BAR, COMMODORE HOTEL - NIGHT

Toby's drinking by himself. Josh walks in and sits down next to him. Toby's looking at a photo of the CIA guys partying.

TOBY

Remember that night? You'd just
recruited your first agent.
Everybody was wasted, even Jackson.
Remember when Bear almost started a
bar brawl with those French
peacekeepers? If the Marines hadn't
been there to back us up... The
next morning I was so hung over, it
took Sanders 20 minutes to get me
out of bed. That's why we weren't
at the office when the bomb hit.
That's why I lived and they didn't.

(beat)

What are we doing, Josh?

JOSH

We're trying to save our friend.

TOBY

I saw this shit in Vietnam, man. I
promised myself: never again.

JOSH

It's just until we get Bill out.
You remember when Luke blew up the
Death Star? It was only because Han
Solo swooped in and saved his ass.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

We're a team, man. I can't do this without you.

EXT. ATHENS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

It's pouring rain. Four thugs in soccer jerseys transfer the crates of drugs from a new Cessna to a van. Josh and Toby, soaking wet, look on grimly.

EXT. PASDARAN MOCK-UP - DAY

Dozens of carpenters are hammering and sawing, erecting a full-scale replica of the Pasdaran barracks out of plywood.

Amidst the piles of lumber, we find Josh, Toby and North meeting with Bashar and his men. THEY'RE GATHERED AROUND TWO DOZEN CRATES STAMPED "DANGER! HIGH EXPLOSIVES!"

Bashar examines the blocks of plastic explosive inside one of the crates and nods, satisfied.

BASHAR

I knew you could do it if you put your mind to it. Unfortunately, we have another problem. Sheik Fadlallah is planning to announce Hizb'allah is moving into politics.

TOBY

Who the fuck is Fadlallah?

JOSH

He's the most important shi'ite cleric in Lebanon.

BASHAR

With his influence, Hizb'allah could end up sweeping the election and taking over Parliament.

JOSH

So rig the election.

BASHAR

The shi'ites are the majority. Everyone would know it was rigged. We must find a way to ruin his credibility with the people.

TOBY

We could start a rumor he's into little boys.

BASHAR

Maybe. Fadlallah's popularity derives from his charities, the orphanages, the clinics. What if we tamper with the medicines he gives to the poor?

JOSH

We've made enough stupid mistakes, we're not going to add poisoning a bunch of kids to the list.

NORTH

(to Josh and Toby)

What if we poison Fadlallah with a depilatory agent like thallium, make his beard fall out? It worked on Castro.

TOBY

What? No it didn't!

BASHAR

A Muslim cleric without a beard - he will look like a fool! He will be disgraced forever. I love it!

NORTH

We could send him a poisoned Qu'ran. Heck, while we're at it, let's send one to the Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran!

Bashar and North LAUGH and do an awkward high-five.

BASHAR

This is genius. We must put this plan into action immediately.

JOSH

We'll look into it. But until we rescue the hostages, I need you to keep a low-profile. So don't do anything stupid. Understand?

(beat, sternly)

I'm serious, Bashar. Don't fuck me.

Bashar isn't used to being lectured in front of his men.

BASHAR

Watch how you speak to me, my friend. Or I might poison you and make your dick fall off.

Bashar and his men burst into MANIACAL LAUGHTER.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Josh, Toby, and North sprint through the airport.

JOSH (V.O.)

Our inability to get the hostages out had become so embarrassing, third parties like the Church of England started stepping in to see if they could help. It was like the Peace Corps coming in to save the Green Berets. The Church's special envoy, Terry Waite, was flying to Beirut to hear Hizb'allah's demands. He had the potential to be a gold mine of information but, in typical fashion, we couldn't even get to the fucking airport on time.

Josh, Toby, and North are at the ticket counter, panting.

TICKET AGENT

I'm sorry, sir. That flight has already pushed back from the gate.

NORTH

Ma'am, I'm with the National Security Council of the United States, and we have a personal message for Mr. Waite from President Ronald Reagan.

She picks up the phone. North looks over at Josh and WINKS.

EXT. RUNWAY, HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

A 747 idles on the runway. Frustrated travellers peer out the windows, glaring at what's delaying them: Josh, Toby and North talking to TERRY WAITE on the runway.

Waite, 40s, is a tall, bearded Englishman with a mop of curly hair. He hands a photo of Buckley back to Josh and SHOUTS over the ROARING jet engines.

WAITE

I can't do anything that might jeopardize the position of the Church as an impartial negotiator. I'm very sorry.

JOSH

We're not asking you to spy for us,
we're just asking you to find out
how our friend's doing. That's all.
Just ask how he is. Please.

Waite mulls it over, then reluctantly nods "yes."

INT. BAR, COMMODORE HOTEL - NIGHT

Mostly empty. Josh and Naseerah talk by the jukebox. Josh looks for a song.

NASEERAH

I want to ask you something off the
record. Are you working with Bashar
Karam and the Phalange?

JOSH

Where'd you hear that?

NASEERAH

Friend of a friend. She says
Bashar's running all over town
saying he's working with the CIA.

JOSH

Well, he's lying.
(re: jukebox)
Where the hell's "Rock Me Amadeus?"

NASEERAH

During the massacre at Sabra and
Chatila, one of Bashar's men took
50 women and children prisoner. He
radioed Bashar and asked what to
do. Bashar told him to kill them,
and to never interrupt him again
with such a stupid question.

Josh finally looks up and makes eye contact with her.

NASEERAH

I'm not asking you to blow an
operation, or to go on the record.
I'm just asking between you and me:
are you working with him?

JOSH

I already told you. The answer's
no.

She knows he's lying, and he knows she knows it.

NASEERAH
Always deny everything, right?

She glares at him, hurt, and walks away.

INT. HALLWAY, NASEERAH'S APARTMENT BLDG. - NIGHT

Josh knocks. No one answers. He knocks again, louder.
Naseerah finally opens the door, but doesn't let him in.

JOSH
I'm sorry about earlier. I really
am, but I can't talk about that
stuff.

She says nothing. Josh digs deep. It isn't easy for him.

JOSH
I love you, Naseerah. I want us to
be happy. Please. Don't make this
about us.

She searches his face and sees he means it. She steps aside
and lets him in. The door shuts and we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Josh, Toby and North wait anxiously. There's a CODED KNOCK at
the door and Josh opens it. Terry Waite's standing there
clutching a bed sheet around his otherwise naked body.

TOBY
Dude, what happened to your
clothes?

WAITE
They made me strip, then threw my
clothes out the bloody window.

LATER

Waite updates Josh, Toby and North on his meeting.

WAITE
...Mugniyah wouldn't let me see any
of the hostages, but he assured me
they were all in good health. He's
determined to trade them for the
Dawa 17. He was quite emphatic
about that. If we can get Kuwait to
play ball, I think we just might be
able to get your man out.

INT. BULLPEN, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh and Toby confer with Sanders. North is on the phone.

SANDERS

If this church mouse can make a deal we won't get in the way, but the President's position is firm. We don't negotiate, and we don't pay ransom. If they kidnap Santa Claus, we'll cancel Christmas before we give in to these pricks.

North hangs up the phone.

NORTH

That was Ghorbanifar. The Iranians decided to give us another chance.

TOBY

Isn't selling missiles to Iran like paying a ransom?

SANDERS

No. It's a bribe. It's different.

Off Josh and Toby's skeptical look we CUT TO:

EXT. IRANIAN AIRFIELD - DAY

A C-130 taxis over to the terminal and stops. A banner strung across the building reads: "AMERICA CANNOT DO A DAMN THING."

Josh, Toby, North and Ghorbanifar climb out of the plane. North is carrying a chocolate cake. Josh sees it.

JOSH

I told you to leave that in the plane. It's Ramadan. They're fasting. You're going to insult them.

NORTH

It's a friendship cake. Who doesn't like cake?

They walk over to the waiting Iranian delegation, and Ghorbanifar motions to the cake, EXPLAINING IN FARSI. An IRANIAN OFFICIAL spits on the cake, then CURSES North.

LATER

The Iranians inspect the gleaming missiles. They seem pleased. The soldiers present Ghorbanifar with three suitcases. He opens them, revealing MILLIONS IN CASH.

INT. HANGAR, BEIRUT AIRPORT - DAY

Josh, Toby, North and Sanders are talking.

NORTH

They're going to release Buckley tomorrow morning. They'll call and tell us where to pick him up.

SANDERS

SEAL Team Six is on standby in Cyprus. Once we get Buckley's position, they'll make the grab. If this is some kind of double-cross, these assholes are going to be in for the surprise of a lifetime.

INT. NASEERAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Naseerah's curled up next to Josh, sleeping. Josh is wide awake, staring at the ceiling.

3 AM - Josh sits on the edge of the bed, waiting.

5 AM - It's still dark out. Josh is up, dressed, and pacing in the kitchen. Naseerah, in her bathrobe, walks in still half asleep. She gives him a kiss.

NASEERAH

Let me make you something to eat.

EXT. GHORBANIFAR'S YACHT - DAY

Josh, Toby, North and Ghorbanifar sit around waiting for the phone to ring. Josh and Toby are agitated and restless.

JOSH

Is this going to happen or what?

GHORBANIFAR

Be patient. They will call.

TOBY

When? They were supposed to call hours ago.

GHORBANIFAR

They will call. Relax, my friends. Look. "Miami Vice" is on.

Ghorbanifar turns up the TV as the opening credits play.

LATER

Josh and Toby BICKER as the end credits roll.

TOBY

Now that's funny. Look, dude: you'd be Tubbs, I'd be Crockett.

JOSH

Get out of here. I'd be Crockett. My Dad has a Ferrari.

GHORBANIFAR

You're both crazy. I'd be Crockett.

Josh and Toby look at him, incredulous.

TOBY

You'd be one of the drug dealers!

GHORBANIFAR

I am a legitimate businessman!

The phone RINGS and everyone lunges for it. Ghorbanifar answers in FARSI. He listens for a minute, then hangs up.

GHORBANIFAR

I'm sorry, my friends. They're not releasing anyone. And they want another 500 missiles by next week.

JOSH

What? Fuck them. No hostages, no missiles.

GHORBANIFAR

I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you don't have a choice. If they do not receive the missiles by next Friday, they will order Mugniyah to execute one hostage per day until they are delivered.

Josh, Toby and North exchange dismayed looks.

GHORBANIFAR

They also want the CIA to provide them with satellite photos of Iraqi troop positions, and to help them assassinate Saddam Hussein.

TOBY
That's it. You're shark bait,
asshole!

Toby grabs Ghorbanifar and tries to shove him overboard. Josh and North grab Toby, and the four men collapse in a pile.

INT. SANDERS' OFFICE, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh, Toby and North look on as Sanders gets chewed out over the phone. The SCREAMING finally ends and Sanders hangs up.

SANDERS
Casey's having the satellite
imaging sent over. Obviously, we
can't assassinate Saddam, he's one
of our only allies in the region,
so we'll have to try to stall them.

JOSH
And the missiles?

SANDERS
We don't have any choice.

Josh and Toby are pissed. Toby glares at North.

TOBY
Got anymore bright ideas, Larry?

THE ARMS DEAL MONTAGE

"MR. ROBOT" by Styx PLAYS over:

- Josh, Toby, and Ghorbanifar land in Iran. They look on as the Iranians unload the missiles, smiling and laughing.
- Josh and Toby walk into a BCCI bank in Geneva, Switzerland. They're each carrying two large suitcases.
- North enters the White House. He transfers stacks of cash from his briefcase to a safe. The safe is so full of money, North can barely get the door closed.
- North records all of the transactions in a LEDGER.
- Josh and Toby look on as several Iranian Generals examine poster-size spy satellite photos of Iraqi troop positions.
- The rescue team stages a dress rehearsal, raiding the mock-up of the Pasdaran Barracks. Their attack is flawless.
- We slowly PUSH IN on the Hostage Board. The "Days Held" numbers spiral through the hundreds. The count for Buckley

goes from 592, through the 600s, and finally stops at 712 as we settle on a tight shot of his photo...

INT. BULLPEN, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Sanders pulls Josh aside.

SANDERS

Prime Minister Saad was just wounded in a car bomb attack. The Phalange are denying they were behind it, but it's got Bashar's fingerprints all over it. Casey wants the rescue team shut down.

JOSH

We're this close to launching the raid. We can't call it off now.

SANDERS

If he blames us, we're fucked!

JOSH

If we pull the plug now, we might as well go home. The arms deals are a bust, Waite's spinning his wheels in Kuwait. This is our only chance!

SANDERS

These guys are bored, armed to the teeth, and out of control.

JOSH

Let me talk to Bashar. I can handle him.

SANDERS

What am I supposed to tell Casey?

JOSH

Whatever. Tell him we shut it down. After we get the hostages out, he's not going to care that we lied.

SANDERS

If we get them out. We don't even know if they're in there!

JOSH

And what? All of a sudden you're Mr. By-the-Book?

The two men stare each other down. Finally:

SANDERS

I'm not gambling my career on a Goddamn hunch. You want me to lie to Casey? Then prove they're in there. You've got 48 hours.

Josh is already halfway out the door. Sanders calls out:

SANDERS

Josh. If I have to clean up your mess, you're not going to like it.

INT. FARAZ'S HOME - DAY

It's all noise and chaos: Faraz's children are running around shrieking, Fatima's trying to soothe a crying baby, etc. Toby looks on while Josh tries to bully Faraz.

JOSH

Have we paid you well? Have we treated you well?

FARAZ

Yes, you've been most generous.

JOSH

Then it's time for you to hold up your end of the bargain. You work for the CIA. We don't do charity.

FARAZ

Mr. Josh, I'm very sorry. I cannot do this. These people-

JOSH

I'm serious, let's go. Get your shit.

FARAZ

No.

Josh grabs Faraz's coat and shoves it at him.

JOSH

Goddammit, I said get your shit!

FARAZ

Please. Mr. Josh, my children-

JOSH

You bought this house with a loan from a warlord. What do you think he's going to do when you start missing your payments?

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)
(pointing to the kids)
You want to see them get hurt?

Faraz shakes his head, humiliated. Toby's angry.

JOSH
You've got five minutes.

INT. JOSH'S CAR - DAY

Josh and Toby watch Faraz say goodbye to Fatima. Josh catches Toby glaring at him.

JOSH
Don't look at me like that. I did
what I had to.

EXT. ALLEY, BAALBEK - DAY

Josh and Toby pull Faraz's cart out of the trunk. Toby stocks it with popsicles while Josh shows Faraz how to work a camera hidden in a pack of cigarettes. Faraz is nervous and sweaty.

JOSH
It's got a couple cigarettes in it,
but the rest is taken up by the
camera. This little pin hole's the
lens. To take a photo, just point
and squeeze like this. That's it.

EXT. PASDARAN BARRACKS - DAY

Faraz pushes the ice cream cart towards the building with the
BLACKED OUT WINDOWS. He BANTERS with the guards and passes
out free popsicles. While reaching into the cart, the pack of
smokes falls out of his shirt pocket and lands at his feet.

UP IN THE HILLS

Josh and Toby lie under some scrub brush watching through
binoculars.

AT THE BARRACKS

Guard #1 picks up the pack, and pulls out a cigarette. He
motions for a light. Faraz searches his pockets, but can't
find the lighter. The guards watch him. Finally, another
guard gives #1 a light. #1 hands the pack back to Faraz.

Faraz hands out a few more popsicles, then acts like he
urgently needs to piss. He's overdoing it, but the guards buy
it, and wave him on. Faraz disappears into the building.

UP IN THE HILLS

Josh and Toby exchange a look. They can't believe it.

MOMENTS LATER

Josh and Toby wait anxiously for Faraz to exit.

TOBY

He should've been out by now.

Another moment goes by, then, at last, Faraz appears. He waves to the guards, grabs his cart, and heads for the main gate as quickly as he dares.

Josh and Toby are visibly relieved: he's going to make it.

Then two men rush out of the building. The first, an Arab civilian, points to Faraz. The second, a Pasdaran soldier, runs after him, YELLING at him in Arabic.

Faraz keeps his cool as the man approaches. The guard whips out his pistol and SHOTS FARAZ IN THE FACE without warning.

Josh and Toby RECOIL as the shot echoes off the buildings.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Fatima and the kids are crying in the hall when Josh and Toby enter. Fatima flies at Josh, SLAPPING and CURSING him. A relative grabs her and restrains her.

We stay on Josh as he keeps walking, trying to keep it together. In the background, Fatima WAILS at him in Arabic.

REFRIGERATION ROOM

The coroner slides a table out. There's a bullet hole in Faraz's forehead. His lifeless eyes stare up at them.

JOSH

(to Coroner, in Arabic)

Could you give us a minute?

The man exits. Josh grimly goes through Faraz's pockets. He finally finds what he's looking for: the pack of cigarettes with the hidden camera. Avoiding Toby's eyes, Josh exits.

Toby brushes his hand over Faraz's face, closing his eyes.

TOBY

Al salaam alaykum, amigo.

INT. DARK ROOM, THIRD US EMBASSY - NIGHT

Josh and Toby look on as a techie develops the film.

CIA TECHIE
Looks like there's two exposures.

Josh hovers over the guy's shoulder, but Toby just sits there like a zombie. The techie drops the photographic paper in the fixer and an image slowly emerges. It's Bill Buckley. He's blindfolded and chained to a wall, but it's him.

Off Josh's grim satisfaction we CUT TO:

INT. SANDERS' OFFICE, THIRD US EMBASSY - NIGHT

Josh and Sanders are going over the calendar while the rest of the staff looks on, murmuring with excitement.

SANDERS
There's a new moon in two nights.
We'll have total darkness. That's
our window.
(to staff)
In 48 hours we're hitting the
Pasdaran Barracks with everything
we've got!

Before he even finishes, the guys are all cheering and clapping. Everyone except Toby.

SANDERS
(to Josh)
Put Bashar and the Israelis on
alert. When this is over, I'm going
to talk to Casey and recommend you
for the Intelligence Star.

Sanders claps Josh on the back. Conflicted, Josh nevertheless flushes with pride.

INT. BULLPEN, THIRD US EMBASSY - NIGHT

Josh walks over to the Hostage Board and starts updating the "Days Held" numbers. Under Buckley he changes 715 to 716.

JOSH
Hang in there, Bill. We're coming.

Toby appears behind him.

TOBY
I know you think everything you do
is for Bill, but if he could see
you now, he'd be disgusted.

JOSH

What's your problem? Rule number two: don't get attached to your agents. We got the proof we needed, and now we're going to save Bill.

TOBY

You know what, Josh? Fuck you, man. Fuck you and fuck your bullshit. I'm done with this shit.

Toby storms out. Josh watches him go.

INT. BATHROOM, THIRD US EMBASSY - NIGHT

Josh splashes some water on his face. He catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror and looks away. Hands trembling, he reaches for a paper towel and THROWS UP. He falls to his knees and pukes again. He wipes his mouth, and pants for air.

INT. BULLPEN, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh, several CIA guys, Eyal, and a few other Israeli advisors are going over a schematic of the Pasdaran Barracks. Toby's nowhere to be seen. Sanders comes out of his office. He grimly motions to Josh, and Josh walks over.

SANDERS

Someone just tried to assassinate Sheikh Fadlallah. They blew up the Bir-Al-Abed mosque.

Sanders' look says it all. Josh turns to KENT, a wide-eyed agent who looks like he should still be in high school.

JOSH

Grab your shit. You're with me.

Eyal and the Israelis look on as Josh and Kent hurry out.

EXT. STREET, BEIRUT - DAY

There's a huge crater in the street. An apartment building has collapsed on one side, a mosque on the other. Dead bodies and severed limbs are strewn everywhere.

Josh and Kent, their faces hidden behind keffiyehs, push through the chaos, passing a South African news crew.

CORRESPONDENT

...even by Beirut standards this is a shocking attack. Rumors are flying that the American CIA was behind the bombing, but no one...

Josh and Kent duck into a darkened doorway as some men raise a banner across the devastation. It reads: "MADE IN THE USA." Someone lights an American flag on fire and the crowd starts CHANTING "Death to America!"

Josh spies Naseerah across the plaza, photographing a woman weeping over a dead child. Naseerah kneels down next to the woman, trying to comfort her.

INT. PHONE BOOTH, A BLOCK AWAY - DAY

Josh is on the phone, trying to maintain his composure.

JOSH
Bashar, it's Josh again. We gotta
talk about this. Call me. Now.

He hangs up, and bows his head in defeat. Then, in a fit of rage, slams the handset down over and over.

JOSH
FUCK!

INT. NASEERAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Josh enters. Dozens of photos of the bombing hang from a couple of clotheslines, drying. Naseerah comes out of the dark room and clips up a few more shots.

Josh walks over and puts his hand on her shoulder. Neither says anything. Then she starts to cry, quietly. Josh puts his arms around her and she breaks down.

LATER - NIGHT

Naseerah's asleep on the couch. Josh sits in a chair next to her, staring at the photos. He snaps out of his trance, picks up the phone, and dials a number.

JOSH
It's me. Get up, get dressed. We
gotta find Bashar.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, BEIRUT - NIGHT

A car SCREECHES to a stop, and Josh and Kent get out.

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BLDG. - NIGHT

Josh and Kent march up to Bashar's door. Kent is about to knock when Josh grabs his arm. THE DOOR IS OPEN A CRACK.

Josh pulls out his .45. Kent fumbles with his pistol, terrified. Josh pushes the door open and they creep into

BASHAR'S APARTMENT

TWO ASSASSINS exit the bedroom and nearly walk headlong into Josh and Kent. They go for their guns, and Josh OPENS FIRE, blowing them away. Josh and Kent share a stunned look.

IN THE BEDROOM

They find Bashar lying in bed, the sheets stained with blood. His throat's been slit. Kent looks like he's going to faint.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Josh rifles through the pockets of the dead assassins. He finds a sheet of paper covered with Arabic writing.

KENT

What's it say?

JOSH

It's everyone on the rescue team...

(realizing)

It's a hit list.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, THIRD US EMBASSY - NIGHT

Toby, North, Kent and the other agents wait anxiously.

TOBY

How the fuck did Hizb'allah get a
list of the rescue team?

Silence. No one knows. Sanders and Josh walk in.

SANDERS

Half the team's dead. Ten more are
missing. We rounded up the rest and
stashed them in a safe house,
but... It's over, guys.

Silence. Everyone's devastated.

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

Josh sits in the dark, alone, staring at the photos of the hostages on the wall. Sanders comes out of his office, and heads for the exit. He sees Josh and walks over.

SANDERS

It's not your fault.

Josh doesn't respond. Sanders puts a hand on Josh's shoulder for a moment. Then turns and walks out.

JOSH (V.O.)
 Hizb'allah had gotten revenge on
 Bashar and his men for the bombing,
 now it was America's turn to pay.

INT. BULLPEN, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh, Toby, North, Sanders and the rest of the staff watch live coverage on CNN of the HIJACKING OF TWA FLIGHT 847.

ON TV: The iconic image of CAPTAIN TESTRAKE leaning out the cockpit window while a hijacker clamps a hand over his mouth and holds a gun to his head.

REPORTER (ON TV)
 ...the jet, loaded with American
 tourists, had just left Athens when
 the hijackers seized control and
 diverted it to Beirut...

ON TV: A PASSENGER appears in the doorway, his face a bloody mess. This is Robert Stethem, a 23-year old Navy kid. A ski-masked hijacker forces him to kneel, then shoots him in the back of the head. Stethem's body falls to the tarmac below.

EXT. TERMINAL ROOF, BEIRUT AIRPORT - DAY

Toby, Sanders, North and dozens of other officials look out over the tarmac, where the TWA jet sits surrounded by over two dozen Hizb'allah terrorists armed with AK-47s.

JOSH (V.O.)
 For the next 17 days the White
 House tried to negotiate with the
 terrorists, without *looking* like
 they were negotiating with them.

Bijan, the quadruple amputee, sits in a wheelchair. He's regained his sight and Josh holds binoculars up to his eyes. Josh points to a hijacker who's conferring with two others like he's in charge.

JOSH
 The one on the right, with the
 radio.

Bijan turns white as a ghost and curses.

BIJAN
 That's the man who did this to me.
 That's Imad Mugniyah, the Enforcer.
 (off Josh's look)
 You know him?

JOSH

Yeah, he shot me three times.

Josh marches over to a surveillance post and talks to the men. They snap photos of Mugniyah through telephoto lenses.

EXT. ISRAELI CHECKPOINT - DAY

Josh and his Israeli contact Eyal drink expensive brandy and smoke cigars.

JOSH (V.O.)

Israel finally stepped in and saved our asses. In exchange for the TWA passengers, they released some of the Lebanese detainees they'd been holding. I made sure Naseerah's brother Hamad was one of them.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Josh and Naseerah look on as the detainees spill out of several buses. Naseerah's nervous. She kisses Josh.

NASEERAH

Thank you.

He just grins, and kisses her back. Then she spots HAMAD in the doorway of a bus. He's just a kid. 18 at most. She waves and he raises a hand in return. Naseerah runs through the crowd of rejoicing families and throws her arms around him.

Josh looks on and smiles.

INT. BULLPEN, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh pins a photo of Mugniyah to the top of the Hizb'allah hierarchy chart, and draws a bull's-eye over his face.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh, Toby, North, Sanders and the staff meet. They're all exhausted and frustrated.

SANDERS

What about the church mouse, you know, what's his name?

TOBY

The Kuwaitis aren't cooperating. It's not looking good.

North holds up a belt with an extremely suspicious black metal box for a buckle.

NORTH

(re: belt)

It's time to put a tracking device on Waite, and let him lead us to Mugniyah.

JOSH

Yeah, they'll never notice that.

TOBY

They don't even let him wear pants! What are you going to do? Shove it up his ass?

NORTH

If we have to.

TOBY

You're going to get him killed!

NORTH

You got any better ideas?

TOBY

Yeah, how 'bout we stick it up your ass, and see how you like it.

The room is silent. Finally, Josh speaks up.

JOSH

Iran's been blackmailing us for months. We gotta call their bluff. We've given them everything, and they've given us nothing. We-

NORTH

Now, hold on, Josh. That's not exactly fair. They've paid us millions of dollars-

JOSH

That wasn't the deal. The deal was for the hostages. Either Iran puts them back on the table, or we call their bluff and cut 'em off.

SANDERS

What if they're not bluffing?

JOSH

They need weapons for their war with Iraq, and the hostages are their only bargaining chip. They're not going to kill them.

TOBY
 (ice cold)
 Like they weren't going to kill
 Faraz?

The room is shocked. No one can believe Toby went there. Josh and Toby glare at each other from across the table.

JOSH
 It's better than sticking that
 thing up Terry Waite's ass!

SANDERS
 (it's decided)
 I'll talk to Casey.

TOBY
 Have all of you lost your minds?
 Listen to what you're talking
 about. Who's more expendable? Terry
 Waite? One of the hostages? We're
 supposed to be the good guys!

Toby slams his chair against the wall and storms out.

EXT. TEHRAN AIRPORT - DAY

Josh, Kent, North, and McFarlane shake hands with a bunch of black-robed MULLAHS. McFarlane presents a Bible to one of them, while Ghorbanifar interprets.

MCFARLANE
 Islam and Christianity are both
 religions of peace. This Bible was
 autographed by President Reagan,
 and I present it to you as a
 gesture of America's good will.

The mullah hands over a Holy Qu'ran and speaks in Farsi.

GHORBANIFAR
 'In return, please give this Holy
 Qu'ran to your President on behalf
 of the Ayatollah Khomeini. And now,
 as you say in your country, let us
 get down to business.'

As everyone grins stupidly and tries to make nice...

JOSH (V.O.)
 Incredibly, calling their bluff
 worked. They agreed to trade Bill
 for 800 TOW missiles. And just like
 (MORE)

JOSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
that the arms-for-hostages merry-go-round was up and running again.

EXT. TEHRAN AIRPORT, IRAN - DAY

Josh and Kent look on as the Iranians unload the missiles.

EXT. BEIRUT AIRPORT - DAY

Josh and Kent exit the C-130. Sanders and Eyal are waiting for them. The two men pull Josh aside.

SANDERS
We need to talk.

EYAL
A few hours ago a suicide bomber
blew himself up at one of our
checkpoints and killed 12 soldiers.

SANDERS
It was Naseerah's brother.

JOSH
That's impossible.

SANDERS
How did Hizb'allah know Buckley was
the Station Chief? How did they
find out about the rescue team?

JOSH
What are you saying?

SANDERS
Naseerah saw your list, Josh. She
copied it, and gave it to them.

JOSH
There's gotta be some mistake.

Sanders and Eyal just look at him: there's no mistake.

INT. NASEERAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Josh is rifling through her things. He finds a manila envelope at the bottom of a drawer. He opens it and pulls out a series of SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Bashar and the rescue team. Josh and the CIA guys are in a few of the shots.

Josh picks up a chair and throws it across the room.

JOSH
FUCK!

He starts tearing the place apart, knocking things out of the cabinets, ripping drawers out. He shoves all of Naseerah's notebooks, photos, negatives, etc., into a duffle bag.

EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES - DAY

Naseerah exits and hurries down the busy sidewalk. Josh steps out of a doorway and follows her.

EXT. HAMRA MARKET - DAY

Josh tails Naseerah through the crowded open-air market. He loses sight of her as she turns down an alley. Josh rounds the corner - the passageway is empty. As he hurries down it, Naseerah jumps out of a doorway and grabs him.

NASEERAH

Gotcha!

She LAUGHS. But Josh is furious.

JOSH

Who taught you to spot a tail?

NASEERAH

What?

JOSH

Who taught you counter-surveillance? Who are you working for?

NASEERAH

Josh, what are you talking about? I saw your reflection in a window.

He grabs her arm, and backs her against the wall.

NASEERAH

Josh, that hurts!

JOSH

How much did they pay you for Bill Buckley?

NASEERAH

What are you talking about?

JOSH

ANSWER ME! HOW MUCH?

NASEERAH

Josh, you're scaring me. I'm not a spy and you know it. I-

JOSH

Then what the fuck is this?

He shoves one of the photos in her face. She finally realizes how serious this is, and tries to explain.

NASEERAH

It's not what you think. I was working on a story about Bashar and I got a tip about a meeting. I had no idea you guys were going to be there. I snapped a couple photos before I even realized-

JOSH

You're a Goddamn liar!

NASEERAH

Listen to me. Remember that night at the bar? I tried to talk to you about it, but you lied to me. What was I supposed to do? After the attack on Fadlallah-

JOSH

Is that what this was about? Revenge? Is that why you sold out the rescue team?

NASEERAH

What rescue team? I could've run a story about Bashar and the CIA working together and I didn't because I wanted to protect you. Because I love you.

JOSH

Bullshit! You played me to get your brother out. You knew he was a terrorist-

NASEERAH

My brother is not a terrorist.

JOSH

Really? That's funny, because he just blew himself up at an Israeli checkpoint a few hours ago and killed twelve people.

Naseerah takes it like a punch to the gut. Her face crumbles and she bursts into tears.

NASEERAH

What?!

JOSH

You won, Naseerah. You really
fooled me good. You happy now?

Naseerah leans against the wall for support, but her knees give out. She slides to the ground, SOBBING. Josh turns and walks away, his face contorted with betrayal.

INT. BASEMENT, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh and Sanders pass a bottle of Cuervo back and forth. Josh takes Naseerah's stuff from the duffle bag and throws it into the incinerator.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sanders helps Josh in. Josh is fall down drunk, barely conscious. Sanders lays him down on the couch, then goes into the bedroom. He returns with a blanket, and covers Josh with it. Josh comes to for a minute, mumbling.

JOSH

I loved her, Dad. I really loved
her.

SANDERS

I know. Get some rest, kid. We'll
talk about it tomorrow.

MORNING

POUNDING at the door. Josh is still passed out on the couch.

KENT

JOSH! OPEN UP! JOSH!

Josh slowly comes to, GROANING.

JOSH

What do you want? Go away!

KENT

THEY RELEASED A HOSTAGE! WE THINK
IT'S BILL!

Josh whips off the blanket and jumps up.

INT. BULLPEN, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh hurries through the hall, still in yesterday's clothes. A small crowd is gathered around the door to Sanders' office. Josh pushes his way through and bursts into

INT. SANDERS' OFFICE, THIRD US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Sanders, Toby and North are talking to a man whose back is to the camera. Scraggly hair, emaciated limbs, and tattered clothing indicate he's been in captivity for some time.

JOSH

Bill!

The man turns around. It's not Buckley.

WEIR

Sorry, son. Name's Ben. Ben Weir.

JOSH

Where's Bill?

Josh looks to Sanders and North. Sanders looks away. North tries but can't get the words out.

WEIR

You must be Josh McKenna.

JOSH

That's right. Where's Bill?

WEIR

He's dead, son. He died six months ago. I'm very sorry.

Josh collapses into a chair, then bursts into tears. Toby punches the wall, then storms out to hide his own tears.

WEIR

He'd been sick for weeks. He had a fever and got delirious. One morning he said: "I'd like some poached eggs on toast," and that was it. He just stopped breathing.

(beat)

He talked about you a lot, you know. He knew you were doing everything you could to save him.

JOSH

I could've done more.

WEIR

He said you'd say that. Toward the end, he knew he was dying. He made us promise that if any of us got out we'd find you and remind you of a conversation you once had. 'Tell him he has what it takes.' He said you'd know what that meant.

IN THE BULLPEN

Josh makes his way toward the Hostage Board. The photo of Bill Buckley stares back at him. Josh reaches the board and takes it down. Someone in the back of the room SOBS.

INT. CASEY'S OFFICE, CIA HQ - DAY

Casey, looking old and frail, sits at his desk in tears.

A BRIEF MONTAGE:

- Josh and Kent deliver more missiles. Josh goes through the motions like a robot. The spark is gone.

JOSH (V.O.)

Hizb'allah released two more hostages, but over the next few weeks they kidnapped six more. They now had more hostages than when we'd started. The arms deals had been a complete Goddamn failure.

- Josh, Toby, Kent and some of the other guys watch Terry Waite holding a press conference on CNN.

JOSH (V.O.)

With the press asking questions about the hostages' release, North and Sanders went to work getting us a cover story.

WAITE (ON TV)

...as a result of our negotiations, Hizb'allah decided to release these men as a gesture of good faith. I hope the government of Kuwait will step forward and reciprocate...

JOSH (V.O.)

Of course Waite knew nothing of the arms deals with Iran. Larry lied to him, and tricked him into taking credit for the hostages' release.

- At the airport, Josh and Waite have a heated argument.

JOSH (V.O.)
I warned Waite his credibility was
ruined, but he was convinced he
could fix things with Mugniyah.

- Josh watches as Waite walks away. He pushes open the doors
to the street, and disappears into the blinding daylight...

JOSH (V.O.)
He was wrong.

- Josh pins a photo of Waite to the Hostage Locating Task
Force board. Under it he writes: "Days Held: 1"

EXT. ROOFTOP, BEIRUT - NIGHT

Josh looks out over the bombed-out shell of the first US
Embassy, drinking a bottle of whiskey.

JOSH (V.O.)
Just when it looked like things
couldn't get any worse, Kuwait
announced it would execute the Dawa
17 in one week. Mugniyah vowed to
kill the hostages in retaliation.
We didn't have a single card left
to play. We were totally fucked.

Josh finishes off the bottle and hurls it into the darkness
with a SCREAM of frustration and despair.

INT. BULLPEN, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Josh sits at his desk, staring off into space, completely
despondent. He looks like he hasn't slept in days.

Toby walks up and feeds a memo through the fax machine.

TOBY
Bummer about the hostages. It's
going to be pretty hard to make
money off them once they're dead.

JOSH
What's that supposed to mean?

But Toby just walks away. The question hangs in the air.

LATER

Everyone's gone home. Josh sits in the dark staring at
Buckley's Revolutionary War diorama, lost in thought.

LATER

Josh rummages through a drawer full of junk and finds a lock-pick. He goes over to North's office and picks the lock.

NORTH'S OFFICE

Josh rifles through North's desk, until he finds the ledger. Josh flips through the pages. It's filled with thousands of financial transactions. Over and over we see the words: "Wire transfer to Lake Resources."

INT. HALLWAY, CONDO HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

Josh POUNDS on a door. Loud music is blaring on the other side. Josh gets tired of knocking, and KICKS THE DOOR IN.

INT. GHORBANIFAR'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

A woman SCREAMS as the door CRASHES OPEN and Josh storms in. Ghorbanifar's in bed, cavorting with two call girls. There's champagne and lines of coke on the night stand.

GHORBANIFAR

What are you doing?

Josh grabs a pile of clothes and tosses them at the girls.

JOSH

Party's over. Beat it! I said: get out!

GHORBANIFAR

You're a crazy man. How dare you come into my house like this.

The call girls are still wrestling with their stuff. Josh grabs it and throws it into the hallway. They run from him like he's a maniac, and he slams the door behind them.

JOSH

What's Lake Resources?

GHORBANIFAR

Those were my guests. You come in here like a lunatic-

JOSH

You want to see lunatic?

Josh starts smashing all of Ghorbanifar's stuff. He kicks in the TV, throws a lamp across the room. Ghorbanifar flutters around, clutching his head and moaning.

JOSH
HOW'S THAT FOR LUNATIC? NOW TELL ME
WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE MONEY!

GHORBANIFAR
I don't know what you're talking
about.

Josh grabs Ghorbanifar and drags him out onto the balcony.
They're twenty floors up. Josh grabs him by the lapels of his
silk bathrobe and SLAMS him up against the railing.

JOSH
So help me God I'll throw you off
this fucking balcony!

GHORBANIFAR
It was Larry's idea! I had nothing
to do with it!

JOSH
With what?

GHORBANIFAR
Sending the money to the Contras.

JOSH
What Contras? In Nicaragua?

GHORBANIFAR
Congress had banned the CIA from
helping them and Sanders and Larry
were very angry. I said maybe we
could use the profits from the arms
sales to help them-

JOSH
I thought you said it was Larry's
idea?

GHORBANIFAR
It was! I was joking, but they took
it seriously. They told Casey, he
got Larry a meeting with the
President, and the President loved
it. So Larry created Lake Resources
so they could launder the money.

Stunned, Josh lets go of Ghorbanifar and turns to leave.

GHORBANIFAR
Josh, wait, please. You must help
me. I am in big trouble.

JOSH

Really? Good!

GHORBANIFAR

This isn't funny. The Pentagon sent the Iranians a catalogue with the real prices in it. It's been seven years since the Shah was overthrown - update your mailing list for God's sake!

JOSH

What do you mean "real" prices?

GHORBANIFAR

We were overcharging them. I said let's charge them double, but Larry said let's charge quadruple. Idiot! Now they know we screwed them. They took out a \$40 million insurance policy on me so they can kill me and get their money back. I'm warning you: pay them back, or I will go to the press.

JOSH

Are you trying to blackmail me?

GHORBANIFAR

I'm not trying, I am doing!

INT. SANDERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sanders walks in and turns on the lights. He's startled to see Josh sitting in a chair in the corner.

SANDERS

Jesus! You scared the shit out of me. What are you doing?

Josh doesn't answer. Instead he takes a drink from an almost empty bottle of Jack Daniels. That's when Sanders notices he's holding Buckley's chrome .45 in the other hand.

SANDERS

You come here to kill me, Josh?

JOSH

I'm thinking about it.

SANDERS

You're drunk. I'm calling you a cab.

Sanders picks up the handset and dials a number on the old rotary base. Josh FIRES and the base explodes. Sanders is left holding the handset and a dangling wire.

SANDERS

Jesus Christ!

JOSH

You ruined Terry Waite on purpose. You wanted the crisis to go on so you could keep making money off the arms deals. But you didn't count on the Kuwaitis setting an execution date, did you?

SANDERS

What the hell are you talking about?

JOSH

Spare me your bullshit. Ghorbanifar told me everything. Lake Resources. The Contras. The overcharging.

SANDERS

Shit. I told Casey we should've had him whacked.

JOSH

Bill Buckley worked for the agency for 30 years and you sold him out!

SANDERS

And Congress sold out the Contras! If we'd let Nicaragua go commie, Mexico would've been next! Then there's Soviet Migs flying over Texas. And this isn't just about Nicaragua; it's about the fate of the world. Angola, Afghanistan, Cambodia, Ethiopia-

JOSH

Angola wasn't our mission! Ethiopia-

SANDERS

The hell it wasn't! Our mission is to defeat the Soviet Union! That takes priority over everything, and Bill would've understood-

JOSH

Our mission was to get the hostages out, and you blew it!

SANDERS

I'm sorry Bill's dead. I really am. But this is war, and sometimes you have to send your men up a hill knowing none of them are coming back. I got where I am because I'm willing to make the tough calls.

JOSH

Was selling out the rescue team to Hizb'allah one of those tough calls?

SANDERS

I warned you if I had to clean up your mess you wouldn't like it.

JOSH

Jesus Christ, Buck. Bill was still alive then. We could've saved him!

SANDERS

What can I say, kid? It's a nasty business.

JOSH

Naseerah was never working for Hizb'allah. She was just your cover story, wasn't she?

SANDERS

I fed you some ideas, but I didn't make you betray her. You did that all on your own.

JOSH

What's wrong with you? You can't just play with people's lives like this! The hostages are about to be killed, all so you and Larry could make your own foreign policy. Who the hell do you think you are?

SANDERS

I'm the guy that keeps America safe.

Josh has had enough. He turns to walk out.

SANDERS

Before you get any stupid ideas, just remember: you're in this up to your eyeballs.

INT. BEIRUT AIRPORT - NIGHT

Josh calls his Dad from a pay phone.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. DONALD'S OFFICE, CHEVRON BLDG. - DAY

Josh's Dad sits behind his desk in a huge corner office overlooking midtown Manhattan.

SECRETARY

Your son's on line 3. He says it's urgent.

Donald picks up the phone.

DONALD

Josh, where are you? You okay?

JOSH

I'm in big trouble, Dad. I need your help.

EXT. PALACE, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

Josh gets out of a limo and walks up the steps of an opulent palace. PRINCE AL RASHID, flanked by servants, greets him.

AL RASHID

Your father told me you had become a man, and I see he was right.

JOSH

It's good to see you again, your Highness.

They shake hands, then disappear into the palace.

INT. BCCI BANK - GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - DAY

Josh, carrying a briefcase, approaches a teller.

JOSH

I'd like to empty my account.

EXT. FARAZ'S HOME - DAY

Josh steps up to the door. He summons his courage and KNOCKS. Fatima opens the door. She glares at him, then lets him in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Josh sits across from Fatima. The briefcase sits open between them, FILLED WITH CASH. Josh places an envelope on the table.

JOSH
These are residency visas. They'll
get you and the kids into America.

Fatima, shocked, says nothing. Josh gets up and walks out.

EXT. STREET, BEIRUT - DAY

Two militias trade GUNFIRE in the streets. Naseerah and a few other journalists SNAP PHOTOS from behind a pile of rubble.

Josh makes his way toward Naseerah, ducking for cover as bullets WHIZ by. She sees him and tries to get away.

NASEERAH
I don't want to hear it.

JOSH
I'm not here to make excuses for
what I did.

NASEERAH
Then what do you want?

JOSH
I promised I'd give you a big story
one day. Well, I've got one.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Josh talks while Naseerah scribbles away furiously.

NASEERAH
This story's going to ruin you too.
You know that, right?

Josh nods. He knows.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Josh and Naseerah exit the cafe. This is goodbye.

NASEERAH
Promise me you're not going to do
anything stupid.

JOSH
Just run the story. No matter what
happens.

They hug. Despite everything, the attraction's still there. Naseerah lifts her head and looks him in the eye.

NASEERAH

I wanted to hate you for what you did. I tried, but I couldn't do it.

JOSH

I'm sorry. I should've trusted you.

She rests her forehead against his. Their lips are so close. It seems like they're going to kiss, then she pulls away.

NASEERAH

Goodbye, Josh.

She turns and walks away. Josh watches her go. It's harder than he thought it'd be.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Josh is at the table, writing a letter. It begins "Dear Dad."

LATER

Josh tucks the letter in an envelope and writes "In the Event of My Death" on the front. He lays it on the table next to the pearl-handled .45 Bill Buckley gave him, and walks out.

EXT. SHI'ITE SLUMS - DAWN

Josh walks down the middle of the street toward a checkpoint. Yellow Hizb'allah flags, a fist clutching an AK-47, flutter from the rooftops. People stop and stare as Josh walks by.

AT THE CHECKPOINT

Two tanks are parked nose-to-nose, blocking the street. A dozen guerillas lounge around smoking cigarettes. They see Josh coming, and raise their AK-47s.

Josh raises his hands but keeps walking. He's not afraid. In fact, he's more at peace than he's been in years. He reaches the men and holds out his passport. They examine it, baffled.

JOSH

(in Arabic)

My name is Josh Aaron McKenna. I'm an employee of the Central Intelligence Agency, and I want to see Imad Mugnyah. I have important information about his brother.

The guerillas debate what to do. Then one steps up and SLAMS the butt of his AK-47 into Josh's face and we CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

Josh, blindfolded, hangs from a pipe by his wrists, unconscious. His face is cut and bruised, and his shirt is stained with dried blood. He's obviously been badly beaten.

The door SCREECHES open. Two thugs enter and unchain him. Josh comes to as they drag him out.

ANOTHER ROOM

The guards shove Josh down in a chair. Two bodyguards enter carrying AK-47s. Then an Arab man in casual clothes enters and everyone snaps to attention. It's the man who shot Josh during Buckley's kidnapping. It's Imad Mugniyah.

He has a pistol tucked into the front of his pants. He glares angrily at Josh for a moment, then sits down at the table.

MUGNIYAH

You have information on Youssef?

JOSH

Better. I have a deal that will save his life.

MUGNIYAH

You're not in a position to make any deals.

Mugniyah glances to one of the guards, and he pummels Josh with his fists. Bored, Mugniyah finally calls him off with a wave of his hand. Josh spits out a mouthful of blood.

Mugniyah walks over, grabs Josh by the hair, and yanks his head back so they're face-to-face.

MUGNIYAH

If it was up to them, you would already be dead. Fortunately for you, I am merciful.

Mugniyah roughly shoves Josh's head away, disgusted. He wipes his hand on his pants.

JOSH

Merciful? You murdered 241 Marines while they were sleeping.

MUGNIYAH

Invaders. Occupiers who bombed our villages. I kill soldiers at their base. You kill women and children while they worship.

JOSH

I didn't come here to debate you. I-

MUGNIYAH

-came here to make a deal. You already said that. Bill Buckley said you were smart, but you don't look so smart to me.

Mugniyah rises and opens the door. A TORTURER enters, pushing a cart loaded with the tools of his trade.

MUGNIYAH

(goodbye)

Your friend was not an easy man to break. I think you are not so strong. We'll find out soon enough.

JOSH

Your brother's going to get his head chopped off in 24 hours. If anyone was going to offer you a deal, they would've done it by now. No one's coming. They saw what happened to the last guy who tried to negotiate with you. So I'm not just the best deal in town, I'm the only deal in town.

Mugniyah thinks it over, then sits back down, smirking. Disappointed, the Torturer retreats into a darkened corner. Mugniyah motions for Josh to go on.

JOSH

I know a member of the Saudi royal family who is close friends with George Bush, the Vice President of the United States. He convinced Mr. Bush to talk to the Emir of Kuwait, and pressure him to commute your brother's death sentence to life in prison. If you and I can make a deal, Mr. Bush will make the call.

MUGNIYAH

I thought America didn't negotiate with "terrorists."

JOSH

This wouldn't be made public. It'd just be between my friend, Mr. Bush, and the Emir.

MUGNIYAH

What do you want in return?

JOSH

Your word you won't take any more hostages, and that you will not harm Terry Waite or the others.

Mugniyah considers this for a long moment.

MUGNIYAH

As long as Iran is profiting from the hostage taking, they'll find someone to do it for them.

JOSH

Then we'll have to take away the profit motive.

MUGNIYAH

How?

JOSH

You'll see it in the newspaper in the next day or so.

MUGNIYAH

If this is a trick...

JOSH

It's no trick. I'm ready for this to be over. Are you?

MUGNIYAH

If the Dawa 17 live, then Mr. Waite and the American prisoners will live. If the Dawa 17 are set free, your men will be set free. But if my brother dies, I will personally kill all of the hostages, starting with the Englishman.

JOSH

If any of the hostages die, then the deal's off, and your brother loses his head.

They glare at each other, a bitter understanding between them. Mugniyah motions to his men, and they cut Josh loose.

EXT. STREET, BEIRUT - DAY

A car slows down and Josh is shoved out. He hits the ground hard, and rolls. He sits up, pulls the black bag off his head, and squints in the harsh sunlight.

EXT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Josh comes down the steps, his face badly bruised, carrying two suitcases. There's a taxi waiting at the curb.

TOBY (O.S.)

Hey, Josh.

Josh turns and sees Toby walking towards him.

TOBY

Sanders said you handed in your resignation.

Josh nods. It's true.

TOBY

The Dawa 17 got their death sentences reduced to life in prison this morning. Rumor has it some mysterious American got himself kidnapped by Hizb'allah, then made a deal to save the hostages.

JOSH

(playing dumb)

I heard something about that.

TOBY

You're fucking crazy, you know that?

Josh grins. Toby sticks out a hand. They do one of those fancy handshake things, then Toby pulls Josh into a hug.

TOBY

Al salaam alaykum, amigo.

JOSH

And peace be upon you as well.

Josh gets in the cab. Toby watches as it pulls away.

INT. SANDERS' OFFICE, THIRD US EMBASSY - DAY

Sanders picks up the morning paper. The headline SCREAMS:
U.S. MAKES SECRET DEAL WITH IRAN. By Naseerah Al-Hassan.

Off Sanders' shocked expression we CUT TO:

- **OUR LAST 80s MONTAGE:** Glasnost and perestroika, baby Jessica stuck in a well, Jessica Hahn and Jim Bakker, Dirty Dancing, Wall Street, Roseanne, 21 Jump Street, the Beastie Boys, Debbie Gibson, Spuds McKenzie, and in Berlin Reagan says "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall." That's right, it's

1987

"Dirty Laundry" by Don Henley PLAYS over:

- President Reagan answers questions at a press conference.

PRESIDENT REAGAN

Our government has a firm policy not to capitulate to terrorist demands. That no-concessions policy remains in force, in spite of the wildly speculative and false stories about arms for hostages and ransom payments. We did not, repeat, did not, trade weapons or anything else for hostages.

- North and his secretary, Fawn Hall, frantically shred documents while someone POUNDS on the door. Hall starts shoving papers in her boots, North shoves some down his pants. The door BURSTS open and Capitol Hill Police and Justice Department officials storm in - BUSTED.

- Reagan addresses the American people from the Oval Office.

PRESIDENT REAGAN

A few months ago, I told the American people I did not trade arms for hostages. My heart and my best intentions still tell me that's true, but the facts and the evidence tell me it is not.

JOSH (V.O.)

Larry had shredded the Finding the President had signed and, like a good soldier, volunteered to be the fall guy. He offered to take responsibility for everything, and more importantly, to only tell the Congress what they already knew.

- North, in his Marine Corps dress uniform, a chest full of medals, raises his right hand and is sworn in. We're in

INT. HEARING ROOM, US CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

North testifies before a Congressional panel.

NORTH

I saw the idea of using the
Ayatollah Khomeini's money to
support the Contras as a good one.
I still do. I don't think it was
wrong. I think it was a neat idea.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Josh sits next to Casey, who lies in bed, his face gaunt, his head crisscrossed by ugly, red craniotomy scars. Casey's clearly dying. The two men watch North testify on TV.

CASEY

Look at that ham! The uniform was a
brilliant touch. He's lucky it
fits. He hasn't worn it in years.

CONGRESSMAN HYDE (ON TV)

Colonel North, you've been accused
of shredding the Constitution-

NORTH (ON TV)

I don't believe that's one of the
documents I shredded.

ON TV: LAUGHTER. The CHAIRMAN bangs his gavel.

CHAIRMAN INOUE (ON TV)

The creation of a secret shadow
government is a serious matter, not
something to joke about!

CASEY

(to Josh)

Just because you got immunity from
the Special Prosecutor, doesn't
mean anybody cares what you have to
say. Larry's lying through his
teeth and everyone knows it. But
nobody wants another Watergate, not
even the Democrats. You go in there
shooting your mouth off, these guys
will bury you.

Josh doesn't waver.

JOSH

Bill was counting on me to do the
right thing, and I let him down.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

This is my last chance to try to
make things right.

Casey sees there's no dissuading him. He's anticipated this.
He hands Josh a worn copy of "Othello."

CASEY

Go on, read it.

Josh opens the book to a marked passage.

JOSH

"I have done the state some
service, and they know it. I pray
you, when you shall these unlucky
deeds relate, speak of me as I am.
Nothing extenuate, nor set down
aught in malice. Then you must
speak of one that loved not wisely,
but too well."

CASEY

Veil. The code name was Veil. All
the off-the-shelf stuff, the secret
programs. Don't try to protect me
just because I'm dying. Tell them
everything. For Bill.

EXT. STEPS, CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Two cops escort Josh through the crowd of Ollie North fans.

INT. HALLWAY, CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Josh waits nervously in the marble hall with his Dad. The
huge oak doors are flung open to reveal the hearing room,
crowded with spectators and reporters. Josh and his Dad
exchange a look, then Josh walks into

INT. HEARING ROOM, CAPITOL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

DOZENS OF FLASHES GO OFF as Josh makes his way down the aisle
to the Witness Table. He raises his hand and is sworn in.

CHAIRMAN INOUE

Do you swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth, and nothing but the
truth, so help you God?

JOSH

I do.

CHAIRMAN INOUE

You may now read your opening statement.

JOSH

You've heard all about the arms sales, and the diversion to the Contras, but Colonel North didn't tell you about dozens of other covert actions we carried out. Operations that got assets, and even civilians, killed.

Several Congressmen shift uncomfortably, exchanging glances. They don't like where this is going...

JOSH

These operations were part of what Director Casey called 'a CIA within the CIA.' This program, which answered to no one, not even the President, was code named Veil.

Josh is cut off by a snarling Congressman, DICK CHENEY.

CHENEY

Mr. Chairman, this touches upon sensitive National Security issues, and I ask that we move these proceedings into Secret Session.

CHAIRMAN INOUE

Motion granted. Can we clear the gallery? Clear the gallery, please.

The room starts to clear out. Josh watches in dismay.

"Born in the USA" by Bruce Springsteen PLAYS OVER:

EXT. STEPS, CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Josh ambles down the steps, lost in thought.

JOSH (V.O.)

Casey was right - no one wanted another Watergate. My testimony, along with that of dozens of other witnesses, was sealed and made secret. And what did the American people think of all this?

JOSH'S POV: A cheering mob of Ollie North fans.

FAN #1
OLLIE NORTH FOR PRESIDENT!

JOSH
His friends call him Larry.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

Josh strolls past row after row of headstones. He finds the one he's looking for. It reads: LT. COL. WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, US ARMY. Josh solemnly lays a bouquet of flowers before it.

JOSH (V.O.)
Bill once asked me if I had what it
took to be a great man. I don't
know if I do or not. But I'm
trying, Bill. I'm really trying.

SUPER OVER BLACK:

DURING IRAQ'S 1990 INVASION OF KUWAIT, THE DAWA 17 ESCAPED FROM PRISON. HIZB'ALLAH THEN RELEASED TERRY WAITE AND THE AMERICAN HOSTAGES, ENDING THE SEVEN YEAR CRISIS.

OLIVER "LARRY" NORTH WAS CHARGED WITH SIXTEEN FELONIES AND WAS FOUND GUILTY ON THREE COUNTS FOR HIS ROLE IN THE IRAN-CONTRA COVER-UP. HIS CONVICTION WAS LATER OVERTURNED ON A TECHNICALITY. HE CURRENTLY HOSTS "WAR STORIES" ON FOX NEWS.

IN 2004, THE US GOVERNMENT WAS BACK IN BUSINESS WITH MANUCHER GHORBANIFAR, WHO PROMISED TO DELIVER PROOF OF WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION IN IRAQ. THE WEAPONS WERE NEVER FOUND.

IN 2002, JUST MONTHS BEFORE THE SECRET IRAN-CONTRA TESTIMONY WAS DUE TO BE MADE PUBLIC, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH ISSUED AN EXECUTIVE ORDER SEALING THE RECORD INDEFINITELY.

EXT. MARINE BARRACKS MEMORIAL - DAY

Rain pours down on the marble wall. THEY CAME IN PEACE is carved in the stone, along with the names of the dead.

SUPER: NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN ARRESTED IN CONNECTION WITH THE ATTACKS ON THE US EMBASSY AND MARINE BARRACKS IN BEIRUT.

IMAD MUGNIYAH REMAINS AT LARGE. SINCE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED HE HAS TWICE UNDERGONE PLASTIC SURGERY TO ALTER HIS APPEARANCE.

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF OSAMA BIN LADEN, HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER OF MORE AMERICANS THAN ANY OTHER TERRORIST IN THE WORLD.