COVER

FADE IN:

INT. LAGUARDIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - EARLY EVENING

Hundreds upon hundreds of comers and goers flood the halls, gates and hangars of the infamous airport.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE

Things become a bit more relaxed in the bar, though, as HOWARD THORNDELL, a mid-thirties man dawning a suit and sloppy tie, sits alone at a small table against a far wall of the lounge.

He very slowly sips on a double-shot of whiskey and stares at the passengers as they walk past the lounge. Some slow down to stop in for a drink while others race by to catch their flight.

HANIF and ADARA ADNAN are two that stop in for a drink.

They seem in no particular hurry as Hanif orders a cranberry juice and Adara orders a grapefruit juice.

The middle-aged couple are both dressed extremely well without abandoning their conservative Arabic background. The scarf around Adara's head is probably more expensive than the BARTENDER's dress shirt.

Thorndell, his whiskey still almost full, pulls a twenty-dollar bill out of his wallet and approaches the bar, getting as close as he can to Hanif and Adara.

The bartender sets the cranberry and grapefruit juice down in front of the Arabic couple.

HANTE

That is how much?

BARTENDER

That'll be four-fifty.

Thorndell watches very closely as Hanif pulls a luggage pager out of his back pocket and lays it on the bar. He then pulls out his wallet and hands a ten over.

HANIF

Please, no change.

BARTENDER

Thank you, sir.

Hanif and Adara engage themselves in a foreign conversation and sip from their juices.

The bartender turns to Thorndell.

BARTENDER

(cont.)

Another double of whiskey?

THORNDELL

No, thank you. That cranberry juice looks good, though. I shouldn't be drinking. My stomach churns too much whenever I fly.

The bartender fills another glass of cranberry juice and places it in front of Thornell.

BARTENDER

Two twenty-five.

Thorndell hands over his twenty and waits for the change.

He doesn't leave a tip and walks back to his table.

He continues to eye Hanif and Adara, who continue their conversation.

Soon, the luggage pager starts going off in front of Hanif.

He and his wife stand, gather their belongings together and walk out of the lounge. They nod at the bartender on their way out.

Once the Arabic couple is out of the lounge, Thorndell pulls a walkie-talkie out from his pants pocket and holds it to his mouth.

THORNDELL

They just left the lounge. They're walking towards the West exit now to get their luggage.

The voice of RADELL MARVIN crackles lightly through and Thorndell holds the handset to his ear.

MARVIN

(filter.)

I'll beat them there. Pick you up in five.

Thorndell replaces the walkie-talkie back in his pocket and starts to tail Hanif and Adara from a distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST EXIT OF THE AIRPORT

Hanif and Adara stand by the curb. Four expensive silver suitcases sit at their feet, two on each side of them.

After a few moments, a brand new Cadillac Ceville pulls up to the curb and stops in front of the couple.

The trunk pops open and Hanif lays two of the suitcases inside.

The RENT-A-CAR AGENT hurries out of the driver's side of the car and rushes to help place the other two suitcases gently into the trunk.

He shuts it and hands a few papers over for Hanif to sign.

They exchange a nod and thanks to each other. Hanif walks around to the driver's side and gets in while the rent-a-car agent closes the passenger's door for Adara.

After a moment, they drive off.

On the way back inside, the rent-a-car agent crosses paths with Thorndell, who casually walks towards an older model black Monte Carlo parked further down the walk. He gets in the passenger's side.

THORNDELL

It's the Ceville.

The driver of the Monte Carlo, Radell Marvin, early thirties, pulls out and follows Hanif and Adara in the silver Caddy.

MARVIN

How healthy?

THORNDELL

Couple grand that I saw. Maybe more.

MARVIN

The luggage looked nice.

THORNDELL

Yes it did.

The Monte Carlo follows the Ceville from a distance as it drives away from LaGuardia and towards the giant city.

MARVIN

A couple more minutes. That's when we'll move.

THORNDELL

Out here?

MARVIN

Less civilian casualties in case they decide to fight back.

Thorndell nods.

EXT. ROAD TOWARDS THE CITY

A few more twists and turns and both cars are on a long stretch of road, hardly anybody in any direction.

MARVIN

All right. Here we go.

Marvin reaches and pulls a make-shift siren from the backseat. He places it on the roof of the Monte Carlo and hits the electric switch wired to it. It begins to roar and blink brightly on the roof.

Hanif and Adara hear the loud sound and look behind them.

Hanif moans. They speak something to each other in their language as Hanif pulls over carefully.

Marvin and Thorndell just sit in their car, parked behind the Adnan's. They make the Arabic couple sweat it out a little.

Finally, Marvin gets out of the car and approaches the driver's side of the Ceville.

Hanif, his window already rolled down, looks out to him.

HANIF

Hello, officer.

MARVIN

Can I see your passport and identification, please?

Hanif searches his pockets and pulls out a little book. He hands it over to Marvin.

Marvin inspects the picture on the passport to the driver. Marvin looks back over his shoulder to Thorndell, still in the Monte Carlo, and nods.

Marvin pulls out his wallet and reveals to Hanif his badge as he opens the driver's side door. He motions for Hanif to step out.

MARVIN

(cont.)

Yeah, you're who I thought you were. Mr. Adnan, I'm going to ask you to step out of the vehicle and place your hands on the roof, please.

Hanif reluctantly does.

HANIF

Did I do something,
officer?

MARVIN

We've been surveilling you for quite a while now, Mr. Adnan. You're under arrest for embezzlement and fraudulating American currency.

Marvin frisks him thoroughly.

HANIF

What?

Adara gives a worried look out the window to them.

MARVIN

Do you have a wallet on you, Mr. Adnan?

HANIF

Yes, in my back pocket, but there is a misunderstanding.

Marvin pulls the wallet out of Hanif's back pocket and fingers through it.

HANIF

(cont.)

The money, I just exchanged it from dinar at the airport.

MARVIN

This is a lot of money, Mr. Adnan. Can you tell me why you're carrying almost seven thousand dollars on you?

HANIF

Yes, my wife and I. We're staying here for two weeks.

MARVIN

Well, I'm going to have to take this, Mr. Adnan. And you're going to have to come with us.

Marvin pulls out a pair of handcuffs from his back pocket and cuffs Hanif's wrists behind his back.

HANIF

Please. You are wrong...

Marvin's walkie-talkie crackles.

THORNDELL

(filter.)

Yeah, I need you back here for a minute. We got a situation.

Marvin looks back over to Thorndell, who is now out and standing in front of the black Monte Carlo.

MARVIN

Just wait here, Mr. Adnan, and I'll be right with you. Be sure to stay leaned up against your car there, I don't want you getting run over in case anybody drives by.

Hanif looks into the Ceville towards Adara and they exchange a few comments in Arabic.

Marvin steps over to Thorndell and they mumble to each other for a few moments.

Now, both Marvin and Thorndell approach the car, Thorndell nearing the passenger's side.

MARVIN

(cont.)

Mr. Adnan, what's inside the
trunk?

HANIF

Our luggage from the trip.

THORNDELL

Mrs. Adnan, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to step out of the car, please.

HANIF

But my wife was not guilty of anything. I was not guilty of anything.

MARVIN

What's in the luggage?

Marvin reaches inside the Ceville and pops the trunk open.

Adara steps out and is handcuffed by Thorndell.

ADARA

Clothes and chinaware.

THORNDELL

Is that all?

ADARA

Heirlooms from my family.

All four now stand at the trunk of the Ceville.

Marvin lifts the trunk and they stare at the four silver suitcases. He nods for Thorndell to open the cases.

MARVIN

Mr. and Mrs. Adnan, please have a seat on the curb over there while we take a look.

Hanif and Adara obey.

Thorndell opens one of the cases. A very expensive and beautifully textured set of plateware, packaged between soft cloths, lies inside.

Thorndell opens another case and reveals a gorgeous display of jewelry, necklaces, earrings and bracelets.

ADARA

We've come to give to the Greenstein Corporation. They have shelters for children...

THORNDELL

Mrs. Adnan, I advise you not to speak any further. You might just incriminate yourself more than you already have.

MARVIN

We're going to have to have these checked out, Mrs. Adnan. Make sure they really are heirlooms like you say they are.

HANIF

Please, they are.

MARVIN

Just sit tight, there. You'll both be coming with us. We'll have your car towed for you.

Both Marvin and Thorndell each take two suitcases and place them gently into the trunk of the Monte Carlo.

Thorndell closes the trunk and gets into the passenger's side.

Marvin walks around to the front of the black Monte Carlo and looks at the Arabic couple.

Marvin fishes Hanif's wallet out of his back pocket and pulls out all of the bills, almost seven thousand dollars worth of them.

He stuffs the bills back into his pocket and throws the wallet at Hanif.

MARVIN

(cont.)

There's your wallet back.

Marvin also takes Hanif's passport out and tosses it onto his lap.

MARVIN

(cont.)

And I know those are a bitch to get.

Hanif and Adara only stare at Marvin in confusion.

HANIF

What is this?

MARVIN

Goodbye, Mr. and Mrs. Adnan.

HANIF

Wait one second!

Marvin opens the driver's side door and begins to get in, but stops abruptly.

He pulls out his own wallet, takes his badge out and also tosses that at Hanif. It bounces off his knee and lands on the asphalt road.

It is very cheaply made, like one could buy at a dimestore.

MARVIN

Welcome to New York.

Hanif struggles to stand up and chase Marvin.

HANIF

Hey!

Marvin slides into the driver's seat of the Monte Carlo and starts it up.

He reaches out and pulls the make-shift siren off of the roof and throws it into the backseat.

They turn the music in the car up to full volume and the two men speed off into the sunset towards the city of a million people.

The two tourists are left behind, handcuffed and helpless.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END