

FOR JIHAD

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The door the elevator opens, and men get out. One man carries a satchel. SATCHEL MAN, older, a take charge looking guy, is out in front. Three thugs and a bruiser of a man follow.

SUPER: "KOWLOON."

A woman stands in a vacant parking space. She wears a well-tailored pant suit. Her head slowly turns while she follows the men.

CONNIE SUN, 36, has looks and athletic ability. Her expertise in martial arts is a match for any adversary. A former thief, she is known by international law enforcement as the White Tiger.

CONNIE

You didn't think you'd get away with those bonds, did you?

She steps toward the group then stops. The men stop.

SATCHEL MAN

Connie, I have four men. Are you going to stop me?

Connie sizes up the group.

CONNIE

Looks like an even fight.

SATCHEL MAN

Your boastfulness is only surpassed by your beauty.

CONNIE

Who's boasting? And thanks for the compliment.

Satchel Man waves his arm.

SATCHEL MAN

Get her.

A thug pulls a semiautomatic pistol and fires.

Connie does a cartwheel, springs, and lands on the hood of a car. She reaches behind her back and produces a metal san setsu kon nunchaku. The thug fires several times. Using the nunchaku, she deflects the bullets.

Two more thugs move forward and pull butterfly knives. They rush to each side of the car and slash at her.

She does a backflip onto the roof and springs down beside one thug. With the nunchaku, she knocks the knife from his hand. Several more blows and he sprawls onto the concrete.

The other thug leaps, slides across the hood of the car, and swings his blade. It slices the sleeve of her pant suit.

CONNIE

Damn, I just bought this.

She takes a few agile steps to an SUV. She grabs the luggage rack and swings herself up onto its roof. Two cricket bats extend from a bag. She grabs them. She somersaults off the SUV and lands in front the thug.

She slaps him on each side of the head with the bats. He crumples to the concrete.

The thug with the semiautomatic fires, and she darts behind a stanchion. Bullets ricochet off its concrete.

With nunchaku in hand, she tumbles across the concrete deck and springs to her feet. Down comes the nunchaku onto the top of his head. His eyes cross, and he drops silently in front of her.

Near Satchel Man stands a bruiser of a guy. She sweeps him off his feet. While he's on his back, her nunchaku finds his jewels. He groans and rolls onto his side.

Connie takes the final steps to Satchel Man. Their eyes meet in a cold stare.

CONNIE

You're next.

INT. REGIONAL CRIME UNIT - KOWLOON WEST OFFICE - DAY

Connie strolls in and up to the desk of INSPECTOR LUK, 38.

LUK

What are you doing here?

Connie drops the satchel onto his desk.

CONNIE

Your job as usual. Here are the missing bonds in the Yin case.

Luk's mouth drops open.

CONNIE
Oh, don't thank me.

LUK
I --

She turns and heads toward the door. She looks over her shoulder at the still perplexed Luk.

CONNIE
Inspector Luk, don't forget to log that.

Luk looks on with disdain.

INT. HOUSE - NEAR ZAMBOANGA CITY - DAY

The room is small and not brightly lit. Cases of ammo are stacked against one wall. AK-47s from a nearby open box are propped against cases of RPG rounds.

SUPER: "ZAMBOANGA CITY, PHILIPPINES."

ALBAN AL-KALIDA, 35, head clean-shaven, sits at the end of a table. A scar across the bridge of his nose adds to his hardened appearance. He's a terrorist filled with hostility and a will to destroy.

SAADI HAMMAD, 20s, sits across the table. He wears a traditional Muslim malong. He's Al-Kalidi's right-hand man and blood-thirsty.

Al-Kalidi carefully assembles the components of a bomb. Saadi prepares containers in which the bombs will be placed.

AL-KALIDI
Saadi, the Philippines belongs to the Muslim people. Taken by the infidels.

He inserts a detonator into a block of Semtex.

AL-KALIDI
Abu Sayyaf is rising. I'll lead. The blessings of the great prophet Muhammad be upon me.

SAADI
Al-Kalidi, where we gonna place the bombs?

AL-KALIDI
At the infidel's heart, Manila.

INT. MINING SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Shovels and picks lean against a wall. Rolls of detonator cord are neatly stacked. The SHOPKEEPER, middle-aged and scrawny, stands behind the counter.

A YOUNG BOY, about nine, sits on boxes piled against a wall.

Al-Kalidi and Saadi enter. They are followed by UMDAH, 30, a bearded troglodyte, dressed in brown trousers and sweat stained blue shirt.

The Shopkeeper steps from behind the counter and hurries over to greet them.

SHOPKEEPER
Good afternoon, help you?

AL-KALIDI
Need some timers.

SHOPKEEPER
I have an excellent selection. Over here.

He leads them to a corner of the store and lifts the tops off three small wooden boxes.

SHOPKEEPER
These units are high quality and a very reasonable price.

Al-Kalidi looks over the contents of two boxes. From the other box, the Shopkeeper picks up a timer. He hands it to Al-Kalidi. Al-Kalidi scrutinizes the timer and hands it back to him.

AL-KALIDI
I'll take these.

SHOPKEEPER
All?

AL-KALIDI
Yea.

SHOPKEEPER
Very good, sir!

He happily picks up the box.

SHOPKEEPER
This way, please.

He turns and carries the box to the counter. Al-Kalidi and the others follow. He sets the box down. The Shopkeeper takes a pad and writes up the order.

SHOPKEEPER
New to the area?

AL-KALIDI
Working a contract.

SHOPKEEPER
Oh, where?

Al-Kalida looks annoyed.

AL-KALIDI
Here and there.

The Shopkeeper tears off the slip, looks up, and presents it to Al-Kalidi.

Al-Kalidi looks at the sales slip and hands the Shopkeeper several bills. The Shopkeeper opens a cigar box and hands Al-Kalidi some bills.

SHOPKEEPER
Please come again.

AL-KALIDI
Umdah, the box.

Umdah picks up the box, and the three men stroll out the door.

YOUNG BOY
I'm going outside.

SHOPKEEPER
Don't go far; we're eating soon.

EXT. SANTOS MANSION - DAY

The large house has all the amenities one would expect from upper-class living in Forbes Park. Lush gardens and trees surround the house. With a white net, a domestic workman cleans the pool. A blue Toyota Land Cruiser is parked in the driveway.

SUPER: "MANILA, ONE WEEK LATER."

INT. SANTOS MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY

The sun shines brightly through large jalousie windows. The furniture is dark with a Spanish influence. A bouquet of flowers accents the dining table.

TERESA, 40s, a maid, carries several plates on a tray as she enters the room.

SENATOR LUIS SANTOS, 55, married, is about to have his breakfast. He's a tough politician with integrity and dedication. He is also an unannounced candidate for the office of president. He sits at the dining table.

TERESA
Good morning, Senator.

She sets a plate of food in front of him.

SENATOR SANTOS
Good morning, Teresa.

He takes a drag and butts his cigarette in an ashtray.

TERESA
Getting an early start?

SENATOR SANTOS
I have a big speech before the Senate.

A door opens, and a woman enters. Her Jimmy Choo designer shoes glide over the tile floor. ISABELLA SANTOS, 53, perky, a woman of breeding, is the senator's wife.

ISABELLA
Well, good morning, Teresa.

TERESA
Good morning, Mrs. Santos.

ISABELLA
Something smells good.

She seats herself at the place next to her husband.

TERESA
Lourdes prepared fresh longaniza.

ISABELLA
Thought so. Bring some, please and coffee.

Teresa hurries from the room.

SENATOR SANTOS
Have you heard from Marilou?

ISABELLA

She's with students and Professor Contreras. They're on the way to Palawan to conduct research.

SENATOR SANTOS

It gives her a break from Arturo.

The senator spreads margarine onto his pan de sal.

ISABELLA

Things look serious between them.

Teresa returns with a plate of longaniza and a pot of coffee. She places the longaniza onto the table and pours coffee for Mrs. Santos.

ISABELLA

She's still young.

TERESA

More coffee, Senator?

SENATOR SANTOS

Yes.

Teresa pours coffee for the senator.

The senator takes a bite of his pan de sal.

ISABELLA

I hope they take their time.

Teresa pushes open the door to the kitchen and leaves.

LATER

Senator Santos finishes his coffee and a cigarette. He pats his mouth with a linen napkin. Isabella places another longaniza onto her plate.

SENATOR SANTOS

I'd better go.

He pushes himself away from the table and gets up.

ISABELLA

Good luck, dear. Call and let me know how it goes.

EXT. MANILA - DAY

A car explodes in front of the National Statistics Office. Men, women, and children lined up to enter are struck by debris and the shock wave.

The wails of injured people fill the air. Bloody bodies are strewn about. Thick smoke drifts skyward.

INT. GSIS BUILDING - PASAY - DAY

The Philippine Senate is in session. All eyes are on the podium where Senator Santos gives his speech.

SENATOR SANTOS
Terrorism is a plague on our society. Today's explosion is a direct assault on the people. Deaths, maimings, and property damage must stop.

He shakes his index finger up and down in front of himself while he speaks. Everyone in the chamber looks on.

SENATOR SANTOS
These renegade organizations must be dismantled and those responsible prosecuted.

SENATOR PENA, middle-aged, speaks from the floor.

SENATOR PENA
I'm as concerned as you, we all are. Doesn't this make it convenient to launch your campaign to accede to the presidency?

Senator Santos visually scans the members.

SENATOR SANTOS
It's true. I've been considering a run but have not made a final decision.

SENATOR PENA
Looks like you've decided.

A few senators laugh. Pena looks from side to side at the other senators and grins.

SENATOR SANTOS
If I might continue.

Senator Pena turns his head away in disgust and sweeps his hand toward Santos.

SENATOR SANTOS
I am proposing a Terrorism Task Force to root out this scourge.
(MORE)

SENATOR SANTOS
 The people of the Philippines
 deserve nothing less. Myself, I
 shall not rest until it is
 accomplished.

Senator Santos looks at Senator Pina. Pina has his gaze
 fixed on Santos.

SENATOR SANTOS
 Since Senator Pina was kind enough
 to bring up the election,...

He hesitates; some senators chuckle.

SENATOR SANTOS
 ... I would like to announce my
 intention to seek the office of the
 president. Thank you.

He steps away from the podium and swiftly walks toward his
 seat. Senators stand and clap. Some walk over to shake his
 hand. Senator Pina stares straight ahead.

EXT. SM MEGAMALL - DAY

Customers enter and exit the mall. Some carry packages. A
 young boy and young girl carry balloons attached to sticks.
 They laugh as they skip toward the doors.

INT. SM MEGAMALL - UGL - DAY

A man carries a bag as he exits the SM Supermarket. In
 slacks, docksides, and colorful shirt, he doesn't look the
 part of a cop. Still, JUN ESPINOSA, 35, NBI Special Agent,
 takes police work seriously.

In front of the Jollibee, a YOUNG WOMAN struggles with a duo
 of twentysomething snatchers. A frightened youngster clings
 to her leg. SNATCHER #1 yanks at her purse as SNATCHER #2
 holds her around the waist.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Let me go! Let me go! Somebody
 help!

Mall shoppers look, but no one helps.

Jun rushes over. He low sweeps the feet out from under
 SNATCHER #1. He removes a bottle of Mang Tomas from his
 bag. When Snatcher #1 sits up, Jun clobbers the guy on the
 head. The guy falls back onto the floor.

Jun drops his bag and grabs Snatcher #2 by his baggy shirt.
 He flings him against the wall.

SNATCHER #2

That all you got?

Snatcher #2 flips off Jun. He plods toward Jun like some tough movie goon.

JUN

Try this.

With a flying kick, Jun hits Snatcher #2, and he sails through the Jollibee store window. Glass flies everywhere. Jun hops through the window.

JOLLIBEE

Snatcher #2 scrambles to his feet. They fight.

Jun grabs Snatcher #2 by the front of the shirt and pins him to the top of a table. A teenage girl with her mouth wide open looks on as Jun palm strikes him several shots to the chops. Blood splashes onto the table top.

From another table, Jun picks up an order of spaghetti and smears it onto his face.

JUN

Have lunch.

He grabs the guy by the shirt and trousers. He tosses him to another table where an older man and older woman sit. Their food flies off across the store.

Snatcher #2 lies prone over the table. Jun swipes the cigarette out of the older man's mouth and burns Snatcher #2 on the buttock. Snatcher #2's legs shake while the cigarette sizzles and smokes.

Jun turns, and Snatcher #1 pokes him with a broom handle. Jun snap kicks him in the chest. Snatcher #1 is driven backward through the door and onto the concourse floor. The broom lies beside him.

UGL

Jun marches onto the concourse. He kicks Snatcher #1 multiple times in the ribs and stomach. The guy rolls over onto his back. He gasps for air. Jun picks up the broom and slides the handle along the inside of Snatcher #1's legs until it reaches his crotch.

JUN

If you don't wanna look like a lollipop,... stay there.

SNATCHER #1
 (breathlessly)
 Sure man! Sure!

The Young Woman and the youngster stand by the broken Jollibee window. She is obviously shaken by events. Jun ambles over with the broom still in his hand.

JUN
 You Okay, miss?

YOUNG WOMAN
 (tearfully)
 Yes, thank you. All my money's in
 this purse.

She squeezes the purse to her bosom.

JUN
 Like me to walk you out?

YOUNG WOMAN
 I've shopping to do. I'm very
 grateful. How can I repay you?

JUN
 It's all part of the job, miss.

She smiles.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Thanks again.

She takes the youngster by the hand, and they walk away. Like a shepherd's staff, Jun stands and holds the broom.

EXT. NATIONAL PRINTING OFFICE - NIGHT

There is a boom inside the building. Windows shatter and bright orange flames burst forth. A pedestrian who passes in front is blown into the street by the shock wave. Cars screech to a halt. Inside the damaged building, fires burn.

INT. SANTOS MANSION - NIGHT

Senator Santos sits in a chair in his library. He peruses a book under the light of a table lamp. Isabella enters; she looks quite pleased.

ISABELLA
 I thought you weren't sure about
 becoming president.

She steps over beside his chair.

SENATOR SANTOS

Isabella, I wasn't. That blowhard Pina irritated me. Couldn't help myself. Besides, you should have seen his face.

ISABELLA

You know we're behind you. Anyway, dear, I'm happy for you.

She places a hand on his shoulder, leans down, and kisses him on the forehead. The telephone on his desk rings, and the senator gets up and answers.

SENATOR SANTOS

Hello.... Where?... Thank you for informing me.

He hangs up and stares straight ahead.

ISABELLA

Dear, what is it?

SENATOR SANTOS

The National Printing Office has been bombed. Three employees killed.

He sits and stares at the book clutched in his hands.

EXT. VACANT LOT - HONG KONG - DAY

Connie and GINGER LI, 25, her chauffeur, pitch throwing stars at a straw dummy. Connie runs, tumbles, and throws a star. It finds its mark in the dummy's head.

GINGER

Wow! That's awesome. You can be a ninja.

CONNIE

Ginger, if business gets any slower, I may give it some thought.

Ginger does a double take.

GINGER

Really?

CONNIE

No, not really. They're murders. When I was almost killed, I realized the path I was on. My life had been wasted.

GINGER

What happened?

CONNIE

I was hired to steal artwork. Missing since the 1930s, "The Annunciation," a painting by Rubens was reportedly at a mansion in Russia. I was to be paid well to get it and keep my mouth shut as to its whereabouts.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SUPER: "PUSHKIN, RUSSIA."

Some parts of the walls are covered in ivy. Snow clings to bushes around its exterior.

Connie treads cautiously along a cobblestone walk. Leaves blow past her feet. She turns and looks behind.

A man in the uniform of the Russian Army backs into Connie. They quickly turn and look at each other with surprise.

The soldier reaches for his sidearm. At the same time, he reaches for a whistle suspended from around his neck. Connie snap-kicks him in the chest, and the Russian's pistol discharges. He falls to the ground.

Connie turns and runs.

Other men in uniform exit the mansion. Gunfire erupts.

Connie dashes across the grounds and toward a black metal fence. Bullets hit the snow around her.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The moon shines brightly through thick trees. It glistens on the crust of a generous snowfall.

Connie runs through knee-deep snow. A flurry of snow blows into her face reddened by cold. Her breath is a fog; her eyes dart from side to side.

Men shout, and dogs bark behind her. With flashlights beaming, her pursuers come into view. Six, perhaps seven, men all in uniform trudge along as two barking German Shepherds tug relentlessly on their leashes.

Connie sees a river ahead. The snowfall increases. Connie's feet pound holes in the deepening snow. The German Shepherds close on her.

Connie spots an old cable strung across the river. She cuts off in its direction. The snarling dogs are right behind.

Connie leaps for the cable, and the dogs pull up at the water's edge. She swings back and forth when suddenly the cable breaks loose.

Connie plunges into the icy water. The current drags her downstream, and she disappears beneath a chunk of river ice.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Among clumps of weeds, Connie lies unconscious; her body is partially in the water. Slowly, her eyes open.

The face of a young girl is no more than 30 centimeters from Connie's. The six-year-old's head moves from side to side as she examines her find.

END FLASHBACK

CONNIE

Since that incident, I've had no regrets. I use the stars as tools. I'm proof people can change.

Ginger tosses two stars; they strike the dummy in the chest.

Connie picks up a throwing star from the ground, brushes it off, and looks at it.

Connie runs, drops to the ground, and from the prone position, sends another star into the dummy's chest. She hops to her feet.

CONNIE

Let's practice the bo staff.

She walks over, slips the toe of her shoe under one of two bo staffs, and flips it into the air. She catches it. She does the same with the other staff. She tosses one to Ginger. Ginger catches it and then twirls it.

CONNIE

Attack me.

Ginger spins the staff above her head. The staff can be heard as it cuts through the air. She swings several times at Connie. She pokes at Connie with the end of the staff, but Connie blocks it.

Connie twists then tumbles away. She jumps to her feet.

Connie bounds over to the dummy. She stops and spins the staff from side to side.

She brings it back over her head and lops off the head of the dummy. The head falls to the ground. She thrust the staff into it.

EXT. HOUSE - OBANDO, BULICAN - DAY

The wooden house looks shabby. The railing has pieces missing or broken.

Al-Kalidi strolls in the yard with Saadi. They pause under a tree.

AL-KALIDI
This Santos is trouble.

He considers his words.

AL-KALIDI
He'll have to die.

SAADI
How?

AL-KALIDI
Go to Manila and --

EXT. SANTOS MANSION - DAY

A man stands beside Senator Santos' Toyota Land Cruiser. He is the senator's driver, RAMON, late twenties.

Senator Santos steps out the front door and surveys a bed of flowers in bloom. He strolls to the Toyota.

RAMON
Good morning, Senator.

SENATOR SANTOS
Morning, Ramon.

RAMON
Where to, sir?

SENATOR SANTOS
My office.

The senator opens the back door and settles into the seat. Ramon slips behind the wheel. He backs the Toyota out of the driveway, turns, and slowly rolls down the street.

INT. TOYOTA - DAY - TRAVELING

Senator Santos leafs through papers and makes notes. Gunshots and then the front passenger window shatters. This startles the senator and Ramon.

They look out and see an orange jeepney with gunmen inside.

RAMON
What the hell's going on?

SENATOR SANTOS
Get us out of here.

Ramon punches the gas pedal to the floor.

EXT. MANILA STREET - DAY

More gunfire rips into the Toyota from a blue sedan that follows behind. The Toyota cuts into another lane. The jeepney stays beside it. They roar down the street. At an intersection, pedestrians run for the sidewalks.

INT. TOYOTA - DAY - TRAVELING

Senator Santos looks back at the sedan. Men lean out of windows and fire.

SENATOR SANTOS
Turn! Turn!

EXT. MANILA STREET - DAY

Ramon turns and speeds through a group of uniformed school children. They squeal and run in every direction. The Toyota cuts between and around slower vehicles.

The sedan jumps the curb and streaks along the sidewalk. Pedestrians flee.

INT. TOYOTA - DAY - TRAVELING

The jeepney bumps against the side of the Toyota. Senator Santos and Ramon rock from side to side. It drops back.

EXT. MANILA STREET - DAY

The jeepney pulls up on the left. The jeepney driver turns the wheel and forces the Toyota closer to the curb.

INT. TOYOTA - DAY

Senator Santos can see the snarls on the faces of his would-be assailants.

EXT. MANILA STREET - ONE BLOCK AHEAD - DAY

Several cars are parked along the street. A DHL delivery truck is double-parked, and the driver unloads packages from the rear.

INT. TOYOTA - DAY - TRAVELING

The Toyota closes on the parked cars and truck. The DHL driver tosses the packages aside and throws himself between two vehicles.

RAMON

Oh no!

He raises his hands in front of his face. The senator throws himself onto the seat.

EXT. MANILA STREET - DAY

The Toyota plows into a parked car and tips up onto its left wheels. It hits the rear of the DHL truck and swerves off. The truck bursts into flames.

The Toyota rolls onto its side, slides into an intersection, and is broadsided by a van. It flips onto its roof and slides to a stop. The van bounces off and strikes a parked car before it comes to rest.

The sedan and jeepney slow long enough to spray the Toyota with lead.

INT. TOYOTA - DAY

Ramon's twisted body lies where the windshield was. His eyes are wide open, and blood drips from his mouth.

SENATOR SANTOS

Ramon! My God!

EXT. MANILA STREET - DAY

Senator Santos crawls from the vehicle. Two men help the senator to his feet. The side of his head is cut and bleeds. People gather to gawk, talk, and point at the SUV. Sirens sound as emergency vehicles near.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - MALACANANG - DAY

The walls are dark paneling. White and gold draperies puddle on the floor. The parquet floor shines brightly. Oriental rugs cover some areas.

PRESIDENT CARLOS RIVERA, 51, sits behind his dark wood pedestal desk.

Senator Santos, with a bandage on the side of his head, sits in a chair in front of the president. A few of the president's aids sit on a sofa. The president and Senator Santos sip coffee.

PRESIDENT RIVERA

Luis, I was appalled by yesterday's attack.

SENATOR SANTOS

Quite harrowing.

The president leans back in his chair and clasps his hands in his lap.

PRESIDENT RIVERA

I'm assigning a three-man detail.

SENATOR SANTOS

I've hired home security. Ramon's brother, Miguel, will be my driver.

Santos sips his coffee.

PRESIDENT RIVERA

I would like to wish you the best in your presidential run. Glad I'm not running against you.

Santos grins.

SENATOR SANTOS

Mr. President, you flatter me.

PRESIDENT RIVERA

A campaign and all this are a lot to chew. I've spoken to Director Guzman and instructed him to fast track your ideas.

President Rivera pushes back his chair and stands.

PRESIDENT RIVERA

I would like you and Guzman to meet with General Vasquez. Of course, Senator, you're the point man.

Santos stands; they shake hands.

EXT. INSIDE INTRAMUROS - EXCAVATION SITE - DAY

A backhoe and men with shovels prepare the site for the installation of a sewage line. Concrete sewage pipes line the street. The Pasig River flows not far away.

In a trench, about two and a half meters deep, two construction workers level soil with shovels.

The BALD CONSTRUCTION WORKER, 40s, wipes his brow with a cloth and gets back to work.

His shovel strikes something hard. He pokes at the spot again with the shovel. He stops, bends over, and brushes away soil with his hand. A stone block is exposed.

BALD CONSTRUCTION WORKER
(Tagalog; subtitled)
What's this?

The SKINNY CONSTRUCTION WORKER, 20s, joins him and brushes away more soil. The stone, a rectangle, appears to be a building block. They pull it from the soil.

Sunlight reflects off something shiny. It rests within the imprint made by the stone block. The Bald Construction Worker picks it up. He holds it at arm's length. A gold coin glistens.

SKINNY CONSTRUCTION WORKER
(Tagalog; subtitled)
Gosh, is it real?

Soil falls into the hole. The two men look up. The CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN, 40s, stands with hands on his hips.

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN
(Tagalog; subtitled)
What are you doing? Back to work.

BALD CONSTRUCTION WORKER
(Tagalog; subtitled)
Sir, look.

He holds up the coin.

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN
(Tagalog; subtitled)
Give it.

The Bald Construction Worker tosses the coin up to him. The Construction Foreman looks at the coin and runs off.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES - LABORATORY - DAY

On the walls are archaeological charts and graphs. A bust of Homo-erectus sits on a lab bench.

PROFESSOR FRANCISCO LEGAZPI, 40s, archaeologist, stands and gives an interview. ABS/CBN television's JULIE MAYORGA, 30s, is the interviewer.

SUPER: "QUEZON CITY, THREE DAYS LATER."

JULIE

Professor Legazpi, there's been a lot of speculation the last few days. So much buzz about the discovery at the Intramuros. What can you tell us?

PROFESSOR LEGAZPI

Julie, we believe these artifacts are from the ruins of the palace of Rajah Soliman the third.

JULIE

What has been found?

PROFESSOR LEGAZPI

We are still gathering and cataloging. To date, we have gold coins, a gold bracelet, and a chest in which was found a red flag. A flag of this description was carried by Soliman's Tagalog warriors. The artifacts will be moved to the National Museum.

EXT. HOUSE - OBANDO, BULICAN - DAY

Rain water drips off the corrugated steel roof while clouds drift away. Sunlight glistens on a large puddle near the wooden steps.

Al-Kalidi, Saadi, and other terrorists sit on the front porch. They smoke cigarettes and chatter.

Saadi holds a field mouse in his hand. Al-Kalidi gets up and goes over beside him.

AL-KALIDI

What's with the mouse?

SAADI

When I was a kid, my father would sit and pull the legs off of bugs. One leg off. Then he'd watch. Two legs off. Watch again.

Al-Kalidi humors his associate.

AL-KALIDI

Why?

SAADI

For fun. I thought it was... stupid. Not enough action.

AL-KALIDI

So?

SAADI

I'll burn out this little bastard's eyes. Then put it down and watch what it does.

Saadi takes his cigarette and burns out one of the eyes. The mouse squeaks and struggles. Saadi chuckles. He burns out the other eye as the mouse squirms. He places the mouse on the floor. It runs aimlessly about.

AL-KALIDI

A shame your father wasn't a butcher.

Saadi looks perplexed. Al-Kalidi goes back and sits down on a chair.

AL-KALIDI

The flag of Rajah Soliman will be a call to all Muslim Filipinos. A sign that the prophet has commanded Jihad.

SAADI

Rajah Soliman was our greatest leader.

AL-KALIDI

Yea, and through me, he'll lead us again. With that flag, I'll put all of Southeast Asia under the sword of Allah.

Saadi draws a knife and throws it. It sticks into one of the roof support poles.

SAADI

How you gonna get it?

Saadi's eyes look questioningly at Al-Kalidi.

AL-KALIDI

We'll take it.

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - NIGHT

Two armed security guards walk their posts in front of the building. On the street, a Manila Police District cruiser rolls slowly past the building.

In shadows across the street, several terrorists stand with AK-47s. Al-Kalidi and Saadi are among them.

AL-KALIDI

I learned where the flag's kept.
Let's go.

They slowly cross the street. SECURITY GUARD #1 sees them.

SECURITY GUARD #1

(Tagalog; subtitled)

This is a security perimeter.

Saadi opens up. Security Guard #1 falls wounded.

Security guard #2 fires a forty-five at the group of terrorists. An exchange of fire continues. Moments later, other guards come through the doors of the museum. They return fire with handguns.

An unshaven terrorist is hit. He stumbles and falls to the pavement. A police cruiser speeds down the street. Its lights flash and the siren blares.

A SKINNY TERRORIST, 30s, lights a stick of dynamite and throws it. It rolls across the car's hood then explodes. The top of the passenger compartment is peeled away. The rest of the car bursts into a ball of fire. The Skinny Terrorist pumps his fist into the air.

Another police cruiser speeds onto the scene. The terrorists open up and riddle the car with lead. Bullets ricochet off the pavement.

A MPD officer opens the driver's door and tries to get out. His door is peppered with bullets. His hat is shot off.

Another burst of gunfire and the door's window shatters. The MPD officer's body convulses. He rocks back and forth before he slides down the side of the car onto the pavement. Blood covers the inside of the door. Momentarily, he lifts his head. It drops.

AL-KALIDI

Move in! The infidel's bones will
bleach in the sun.

Announced by sirens and lights, additional police cars arrive. More dynamite is tossed and explodes. Officers are knocked to the ground. The shooting continues.

After several minutes, a phalanx of officers in riot gear quickstep down the street. Their lieutenant motions them to fan out. After doing so, they open up with automatic fire from XM8 assault rifles.

AL-KALIDI

Fall back!

They flee turning back occasionally to release bursts from their weapons.

INT. NBI - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A flag of the Philippines hangs on the wall behind a man who sits at a desk. Military and Manila Police District plaques and certificates are neatly arranged on another wall.

RONALDO GUZMAN, 51, is the director of the National Bureau of Investigation. He has the bearing gained while a member of the military. Previously, he was district director of the Manila Police District.

Senator Santos sits in a nearby chair.

GUZMAN

The bombings and brazen attack at the museum indicate we're dealing with desperate men.

SENATOR SANTOS

Any chance there's a connection between the bombings and my attack?

GUZMAN

Anyone's guess.

Guzman looks at his watch.

GUZMAN

I've assigned our top man.

The door opens, and Jun Espinosa strides in.

GUZMAN

Jun, come in.

JUN

Morning, Director.

GUZMAN

Meet Senator Santos. Senator, Jun Espinosa.

Jun turns to the senator.

SENATOR SANTOS

Good morning, Jun.

Jun strides over. Senator Santos stands, and they shake hands vigorously.

JUN

Pleased to meet you. Senator, I
admire your tenacity.

Senator Santos pats Jun on the shoulder as they continue to
shake hands.

SENATOR SANTOS

I know what's right, and I don't
mince words.

Jun walks over and takes a seat.

GUZMAN

I was telling the senator the museum
attack was Islamic extremists. A
Koran was found at the scene, and
the dead man was wearing Muslim
clothes.

JUN

Director, I agree.

SENATOR SANTOS

Director Guzman has confidence in
you, and that's enough for me.

JUN

Being single gives me lots of time
for work.

SENATOR SANTOS

I have this single cousin who --

JUN

-- Oh no. Tangling with criminals
is all the pressure I can take.

They look at each other and burst into laughter.

GUZMAN

Gentlemen, let's get down to
business. Jun?

Jun leans forward in his seat.

JUN

I'd like to bring in an outsider, a
friend from Hong Kong. Has an
excellent background in crime.

GUZMAN

Who?

JUN

Connie Sun.

Guzman has a look of disbelief.

GUZMAN

The White Tiger Connie Sun?

JUN

The very same.

GUZMAN

Could she be trusted? Would she prove effective?

JUN

She's put away a lot of bad guys.

Guzman strokes his chin.

GUZMAN

Jun, if you're sure. Senator?

SENATOR SANTOS

I concur.

INT. SECURITY CONSULTING - DAY

A sofa and chair in white leather occupy one area of the spacious office. Mounted on the wall is a large-screen television. A glass cabinet displays a collection of martial arts throwing stars and darts.

Connie Sun sits behind her desk, a file open before her. She cradles the phone in her hand while she speaks.

CONNIE

Jun, the last thing I expected was hearing from you.

JUN (V.O.)

I have problems. With your firm's security experience and having been a criminal, you're my natural go-to.

Connie frowns.

CONNIE

Anything to do with the bombings?

JUN (V.O.)

Can't discuss it on the phone. Can you fly in.

CONNIE
I'll catch the next flight.

INT. CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Connie and Jun sit in the back seat. A plain clothes driver sits behind the wheel. The beeps of horns are heard through the closed windows.

CONNIE
Fill me in.

JUN
It started a week ago. First, there were --

LATER

CONNIE
How do I fit?

JUN
You know the criminal mind and terrorists are criminals.

CONNIE
I'd be happy to help.

JUN
Hungry?

CONNIE
I'm famished.

JUN
Like Italian?

CONNIE
Very much.

JUN
Let's investigate some pasta.
Driver, Balducci's.

INT. BALDUCCI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant exudes a cozy ambiance and tasteful Italian décor. Wine bottles decorate areas of the walls. An acoustic guitarist plays and serenades the customers.

Connie and Jun enter. They speak MOS to a young hostess who then leads them to a table. They sit, and the young hostess hands them menus.

JUN
I know this isn't your first visit
to the Philippines.

CONNIE
My second.

A WAITER, 20s, approaches their table.

WAITER
Good afternoon, have you made your
selection?

CONNIE
This is your turf; order for us.

JUN
We'll have the antipasto for
starters then the ravioli with
cream. A nice Chianti but not too
expensive for a cop's salary.

The Waiter smiles.

WAITER
Yes, sir.

The Waiter hurries off.

LATER

Connie and Jun eat their antipasto and sip wine.

JUN
When not fighting crime, what do you
enjoy?

CONNIE
I love history.

JUN
Manila's full of history. I could
show you around.

CONNIE
That would be pleasant.

EXT. INSIDE INTRAMUROS - DAY

Connie and Jun walk along cobbled streets lined with old
colonial homes.

JUN
Intramuros is the old capital.
(MORE)

JUN

Within its walls are the Governor's
Palace, the Manila Cathedral, and
Fort Santiago. This way.

He leads Connie down the street to a large stone building.

JUN

The Manila Cathedral.

CONNIE

Impressive.

They stop and view the facade.

JUN

Through the years, it's been damaged
many times. An earthquake in 1645
devastated the building.

They continue to stroll.

JUN

Let's walk over to Fort Santiago.

They walk to an intersection, turn down the adjacent street,
and continue on.

FORT SANTIAGO

Connie and Jun stand on the battlement and look out over the
Pasig River. A canon from the Spanish period protrudes into
a crenel. Tourists walk casually along.

JUN

It was here Jose Rizal was
imprisoned before his execution by
the Spanish.

THREE TOUGHS strut toward Connie and Jun. They shout and
laugh. As they get closer, they visually undress Connie.

TOUGH #1

Man, that's what I need.

TOUGH #2

That's some fine lookin' ass.

He looks at Jun.

TOUGH #2

Hey, kaibigan, it taste as good as
it looks?

Jun ignores the young hood. They get right alongside of Jun and Connie.

TOUGH #3
He wants it for himself.

JUN
You're playing with fire.

TOUGH #3
Yeah, she's hot.

JUN
You're sticking your mouth in the wrong place.

TOUGH #2
I know where I want it.

He extends his tongue and licks the air.

TOUGH #1
Oh, baby!

Tough #1 reaches for Connie.

Connie grabs his arm and twists it behind him. She shoves him into an old canon and flips him over it. He lands on his back. He hops to his feet.

Tough #3 grabs Connie's shoulder. From behind, Jun executes a knife edge strike to the neck of Tough #3. He falls to his hands and knees.

Tough #2 pulls a switchblade. A blade springs from the white handle.

Tough #3 gets to his feet and also pulls a switchblade. Tough #1 pulls a crude blackjack fashioned from a sock. He swings it about his head. They circle Connie and Jun. The fight continues.

MINUTES LATER

Connie squares off with Tough #2.

CONNIE
If you want something in your mouth,
try this.

She deals him two reverse roundhouse kicks to the face. Blood spurts from his mouth.

Behind them, Jun snap kicks Tough #3, and in the process, the switchblade flies from the guy's hand.

Jun steps forward; in close, he uses a rear arm punch to the head. Tough #3 unsteadily raises his fists.

Jun puts a hook punch on his jaw. He melts to the pavement.

Meanwhile, Tough #2 is on his knees. Connie grabs his shoulders and thrusts her knee into his chest. He rolls onto his side.

Tough #1 dances over to Connie only to be met by drill like multiple punches to the chest and a spinning back heel kick. He falls down nearby steps.

JUN

Connie, sorry.

CONNIE

When I was a young girl, those kind constantly bothered us. It was the catalyst for my learning martial arts.

JUN

You learned well.

CONNIE

I was timid. Martial arts gave me confidence.

JUN

Let's go down to Rizal's cell. It's a museum.

They walk to the steps. Jun looks back at Tough #2 and Tough #3. The two men roll about in pain. They step over the half conscious Tough #1 as they descend the steps.

INT. HOUSE - OBANDO, BULICAN - DAY

Al-Kalidi sits and looks out the window at passersby. Saadi, across the table, sharpens his bolo on a stone.

AL-KALIDI

I was too anxious.

Saadi stops his chore and looks at Al-Kalidi.

AL-KALIDI

The bombings will increase. I'll turn Manila to rubble.

EXT. HOUSE - OBANDO, BULICAN - DAY

Saadi supervises a bearded terrorist and a short terrorist while they load explosives into the trunk of an old yellow Toyota sedan.

SAADI
Pack it tight. The infidels will
pay in blood.

The short terrorist carries two boxes. He loses his grip; one box almost hits the ground. Saadi and the men look at each other.

SAADI
Careful, fool!

The short terrorist nods.

Saadi walks over and opens the back door. He works to remove the backseat.

Al-Kalidi walks out of the house and over to the car. He leans through the window.

INT. YELLOW TOYOYA - DAY

Saadi works to remove the seat.

AL-KALIDI
I'll leave some men here. The rest
will go to Palawan.

Saadi nods.

INT. EDSA LRT STATION - DAY

The bearded terrorist walks along the platform. He stops, looks around, and drops a package into a trash container. He walks away from the tracks and sets another package against a wall. He hurries to an exit and leaves.

The Yellow Line train rolls into the station with its cars filled with passengers. Before it can stop, there's an explosion and then another.

The metal roof of the station buckles, and a section falls onto the train and the tracks immediately in front of it. Overhead electrical cables snap, fall, and throw sparks as they brush the platform.

Injured people lie everywhere on the platform and in the damaged cars. Thick smoke hangs under the remaining sections of the roof. The situation is chaotic.

INT. CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Jun drives, and Connie is in the passenger seat. Jun's cell phone rings. He pulls it from his pocket and answers.

JUN
Hello.... Where?... I'm ten
minutes away.

He hangs up and steps on the gas.

JUN
A light rail station's been bombed.

EXT. TAFT AVENUE - DAY

Uniformed police have the area around EDSA Station cordoned off. Multiple ambulances are parked close to the entrance. Paramedics carry injured people on stretchers toward the ambulances.

INT. CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

As Jun drives down Taft Avenue, a SWAT vehicle drives away from the scene. Jun pulls his car to a stop near the EDSA Station entrance.

EXT. EDSA LRT STATION - DAY

Jun and Connie hop out of the car and stride toward the entrance. When they reach the yellow tape, Jun flashes his badge to officers. They duck under the tape and continue to the entrance.

INT. EDSA LRT STATION - DAY

Connie and Jun walk up the steps to the platform. Emergency medical teams load victims onto stretchers and carry them away. Debris is everywhere.

CONNIE
I wasn't prepared for this; it's
horrible.

They continue through splatters and puddles of blood. They approach a uniformed PNP CAPTAIN, 40s.

JUN
Captain, Jun Espinosa, N.B.I.. What
can you tell me?

PNP CAPTAIN
Dozens injured, seven dead. The
boys from the bomb squad are at it.

JUN

Witnesses?

PNP CAPTAIN

We're interviewing. Those interviewed agree there were two blasts.

Debris falls from the ceiling and lands near Jun. It startles the three of them.

PNP CAPTAIN

(to nearby officers)

Hurry, get the people out. The rest may collapse.

He looks up at the roof. The officers hurry off.

JUN

We'll have a look around.

Jun and Connie gingerly walk down the platform past the front of the train. They climb around twisted steel and step over one of the blue doors of the train.

CONNIE

It's a wonder more weren't killed.

Jun stands with his hands on his hips and looks at the most severely damaged part of the train.

They walk back to an area near the exit. Jun spots a friend, JAVIER, 32, from the crime lab.

JUN

Javier.

The man turns and waves to Jun. Connie and Jun walk over.

JAVIER

Jun, it'll take a couple of days to sift through this mess. If it's like the others, the main charge was Semtex.

CONNIE

Semtex seems to be the material of choice.

JAVIER

Powerful and easy to obtain.

JUN

When you get answers, call.

JAVIER

Will do.

Jun pats him on the shoulder. Connie and Jun head toward the exit.

INT. CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Jun slowly pulls the car away from the EDSA Station.

As they come up on an intersection, four robbers run from a bank. Two of them carry sacks. They are all armed.

EXT. FRONT OF BANK - DAY

Two security guards lie near the entrance their shotguns beside them. The robbers run to a van and jump inside.

INT. CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

CONNIE

A robbery.

JUN

Yeah, and we're outgunned.

CONNIE

Let's go.

Jun steps on the gas.

EXT. FRONT OF BANK - STREET - DAY

The van's doors close. It lays rubber as it leaps from the curb. Jun's car is right behind.

EXT. MANILA STREETS - DAY

The van races down the street. Jun maintains the chase. The rear windows of the van open, and the robbers fire automatic weapons.

INT. CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Jun removes a Glock 17 from the glove box and hands it to Connie. Connie opens the window and returns fire. Jun sets a Colt semiautomatic pistol on the seat.

EXT. MANILA STREETS - DAY

Jun's car speeds along behind the van. Fire from the van demolishes the headlight of Jun's car and walks across the hood. Connie continues to fire.

INT. VAN - DAY - TRAVELING

In the rear of the van are two robbers in their twenties. ROBBER #1 exchanges magazines then pokes the barrel of a Czech CZ2000 light machine gun through the window and fires. ROBBER #2 reloads magazines with cartridges strewn around the floor.

ROBBER #1
Where the fuck did they come from?

ROBBER #2
How the hell should I know?

He picks up a magazine and jams it into his CZ2000 magazine port. He pushes the barrel through a slot in the door.

EXT. HIGH-RISE CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Construction equipment and material populate the site. Workers lug bags of cement toward a construction elevator.

The van slides to a stop on the dusty lot. Robber #1 and Robber #2 scamper out of the rear their weapons at the ready. ROBBER #3 and ROBBER #4 bolt from the front seats. Workers see them and flee.

Jun's car speeds onto the lot. He and Connie jump out and begin to shoot. ROBBER #4 turns and shoots. Connie shoots him. He stumbles backward and falls into a wheelbarrow.

ROBBER #3 hides behind a forklift. He dashes past the front of a portable toilet. Jun nails him in the chest. He falls sideways through the toilet door and sprawls inside.

Robber #1 and Robber #2 run to the elevator. Robber #2 opens the gate, and they get on. As the elevator rises, Robber #2 leans out and fires at Jun and Connie. Bullets strike the ground around them.

INT. CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR - DAY

Two sacks of cash lay on the floor. Robber #2 changes magazines. Robber #1 looks below.

ROBBER #2
They're not gonna get me.

Jun and Connie are almost directly beneath the elevator. He fires at them.

EXT. HIGH-RISE CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Jun draws a bead on Robber #2 and fires. Robber #2 grabs his head before he falls from the elevator.

He screams as he plunges to the ground. He lands with a dull thud.

Connie runs over and grabs one of the elevator's moving cables. She hangs on as it hauls her up several floors. She swings onto one of the floors.

INT. UNFINISHED HIGH-RISE - DAY

The supports and floors are poured, but there are no external walls. Lumber and other construction material sit and wait to be utilized.

She makes her way to a stairwell and ascends toward the next floor. Gunfire rattles elsewhere in the building.

EXT. HIGH-RISE CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Jun crouches behind a backhoe. Bullets bounce off its scoop shovel. He returns fire.

INT. UNFINISHED HIGH-RISE - DAY

When Connie reaches the next floor, she hears Robber #1 as he moves about.

Connie stays low and works her way across the floor until she is a few meters from Robber #1. He paces back and forth with the CZ2000 in his hands. He looks toward the ground below. He fires a burst.

ROBBER #1

Come and get me, you bastards!

He picks up one of the sacks of cash and sits down on a pile of cement bags. He places the sack onto his lap. The CZ2000 is in his other hand.

Connie dashes toward Robber #1. He stands, turns, and raises his weapon. The sack of cash drops onto the floor. Connie kicks the weapon from his hands.

He snatches the sack of cash from the floor and attempts to run. Connie uses a hook kick to the head. Robber #1 is stunned. He rocks back and forth.

He reaches for a sawhorse but tips it over. His legs tangle in the legs of the sawhorse. With the sack of cash in hand, he plummets headlong out of the building.

As Robber #1 falls, the sack opens and money flies everywhere. He lands on his back on top of a tool shed. The empty sack drifts through the air and settles over his bloody face.

EXT. HIGH-RISE CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Connie carries the other sack of cash as she rides the elevator to the ground. Jun walks over. Connie opens the gate and steps off. Philippine currency covers the ground.

JUN

We make a darn good team.

She holds up the sack of currency.

CONNIE

(smiling)

Interest you in dinner?

Jun shakes his head.

INT. NBI - DAY

The phone on Jun's desk rings, and he answers.

SUPER: "TWO DAYS LATER."

JUN

Espinosa.

JAVIER (V.O.)

Jun, I've got something.

JUN

What?

JAVIER (V.O.)

The timing device used in the last bombing was sold to a retailer in Zamboanga City.

Connie walks toward Jun's desk.

JUN

That's great.

JAVIER (V.O.)

That's not the half of it. We got a partial. The guy you're looking for is Alban Al-Kalidi. I'm sending over his dossier.

JUN

Good work, man.

Connie stands in front of his desk. He hangs up.

CONNIE

What's good work?

JUN

We're looking for a guy named
Al-Kalidi. Bought the timer for the
last bomb in Zamboanga City.

CONNIE

Where's that?

JUN

Mindanao.

INT. MINING SUPPLY STORE - DAY

The Shopkeeper arranges a display of hard hats and masks on
a table just inside the door. A male patron carries a box
marked "DYNAMITE" as he walks toward the front door.

Connie and Jun enter. Jun holds the door open while the
Male Patron exits.

SHOPKEEPER

Good afternoon, can I help you?

JUN

Jun Espinosa, N.B.I..

He shows the Shopkeeper his credentials.

The Young Boy wanders into the store. He watches and
listens curiously.

Jun pulls out a mug shot and shows it to the Shopkeeper.

JUN

Seen this guy?

SHOPKEEPER

Yeah, a while back. Sold him some
timers.

JUN

M seventy-eights?

SHOPKEEPER

Sure, had a whole box, slow movers.
Bought the lot.

He smiles satisfyingly.

CONNIE

How many in a box?

SHOPKEEPER

Twenty-four.

Connie's eyebrows rise.

CONNIE
Anything else?

SHOPKEEPER
That one was the foreman. Did all
the talking. The scar is hard to
miss.

CONNIE
That all?

SHOPKEEPER
No, they were in a big hurry.

JUN
Say where they were going?

SHOPKEEPER
No.

YOUNG BOY
(shyly)
I know.

SHOPKEEPER
You don't know. They never said.

He corrects the Young Boy with a snappish tone. He shakes
his finger in the Young Boy's face.

SHOPKEEPER
Don't make stories. These people
are from the N.B.I..

The boy cowers and replies in a timid voice.

YOUNG BOY
I heard them outside.

Jun steps over beside the Young Boy.

JUN
What did they say?

YOUNG BOY
Scar face told the others they were
leaving for Obando.

JUN
Obando. That's near Manila.

Jun takes a coin from his pocket and flips it to the Young
Boy. The Young Boy catches it. He grins broadly.

YOUNG BOY
Thanks, mister.

JUN
(to Connie)
I'll have agents blanket Obando.

MONTAGE - AGENTS CANVAS OBANDO

-- In front of a barbershop, NBI agents question employees and patrons.

-- At a crowded open market, NBI agents question shoppers and stall owners.

-- On a quiet street, NBI agents interview an older woman who trims rose bushes in a yard.

-- NBI agents interview two men who sit in a car.

END MONTAGE

EXT. WATERS OFF PALAWAN ISLAND - DAY

Visible, in the distance, is the beach and its palms. The noonday sun glistens off the clear water.

SUPER: "PALAWAN, FOUR DAYS LATER."

An oceanographic research vessel lies at anchor. Painted on the stern is the name: "CORY AQUINO."

INT. CORY AQUINO - BRIDGE - DAY

An older man and a few younger people all in bathing attire gather around a chart table.

PROFESSOR EDUARDO CONTRERAS, 38, points to a map location. A member of the faculty at the University of the Philippines, his area of study is marine biology.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
This area is of particular interest.
We want to map the coral damage and
document its recovery or demise.

MARILOU SANTOS, 22, stands across the table from the professor. She's the daughter of Senator Santos. An outdoors-woman, she's an expert swimmer and backpacker.

Two other students round out the group. ANGIE, 22, short dark hair, friendly, is a team player. EMILIO, 23, is a shaggy-haired introvert.

MARILOU

Is damage by fishermen still a major problem?

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

Yes, we've tried an education program, but many fishermen are still using dynamite and cyanide to get fish more easily.

ANGIE

Why don't they follow the law?

EMILIO

These people aren't educated. They don't understand the harm.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

Let's get ready.

They make their way from the bridge.

EXT. BENEATH THE WATERS OF PALAWAN - DAY

Overhead, a hawksbill sea turtle paddles through the water. A school of garfish swim nearby. A pair of clownfish swim among anemone.

Professor Contreras examines a coral formation. Marilou takes photographs of the area. Angie and Emilio take water samples and measure temperature.

EXT. WATERS OFF PALAWAN ISLAND - DAY

A high speed boat skips across the water. As it draws closer, a number of terrorists can be seen onboard.

ABOARD SMALL BOAT

Some terrorists hold AK-47s while others pack sidearms.

Al-Kalidi sits at the bow. His hand is wrapped around a Norinco Type 86s semiautomatic rifle with a drum magazine. Saadi sits among the others.

The boat approaches the Cory Aquino.

AL-KALIDI

Take the boat to the back.

The boat glides alongside and bumps the white hull of the Aquino near the stern. CREWMAN #1 aboard the Aquino looks over the side.

CREWMAN #1
 Ano ang Kalimantanan mo? Hindi ka
 puede sumakay dito.

A teen terrorist in the boat shoots him with an AK-47.

EXT. CORY AQUINO - DECK - DAY

Crewman #1 stumbles and falls onto the deck. The terrorists scramble up the ladder and board the vessel.

Crewman #2 comes from below deck and is shot by Al-Kalidi. He tumbles back through the opening to the deck below.

Crewman #3 runs to the far side near the bow and is shot at the rail. His body drapes over the railing. Blood drips into the water.

INT. CORY AQUINO - BRIDGE - DAY

Umdah and a short terrorist search.

BELOW DECK

Saadi and the teen terrorist descend the steps.

Saadi checks one of the compartments. The teen terrorist checks another compartment.

EXT. CORY AQUINO - DECK - DAY

Saadi rushes up to Al-Kalidi.

SAADI
 Nobody else.

Al-Kalidi walks to the rail and peers over the side. Clear water laps the hull.

AL-KALIDI
 Damn, they're in the water.

EXT. BENEATH THE WATERS OF PALAWAN - DAY

A school of rainbow parrotfish graze over the coral reef. An orange-spotted grouper finds a place to conceal itself.

Sharks gather in larger numbers drawn by the continued drip of blood overboard from the Aquino.

Professor Contreras signals the group. Slowly, they surface being watchful of sharks that pass ever closer.

EXT. CORY AQUINO - DECK - DAY

As the researchers board, guns are shoved in their faces, and they are manhandled. Emilio is struck on the shoulder with an AK-47.

EMILIO

Don't hurt us.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

What's this about? We don't have any money.

AL-KALIDI

We're not after money.

Crewman #1 who lies on the deck moans. Al-Kalidi turns and shoots him again. Angie squeals and begins to sob.

AL-KALIDI

Who's Marilou Santos?

Marilou stands next to Professor Contreras. She replies.

MARILOU

I'm Marilou.

AL-KALIDI

You're coming with us. You're all coming.

Marilou takes three steps and dives overboard.

EXT. WATERS OFF PALAWAN ISLAND - DAY

Marilou swims toward Palawan. Her body glides effortlessly through the water.

EXT. CORY AQUINO - DECK - DAY

The teen terrorist fires an AK-47 at Marilou. Al-Kalidi pushes the rifle to one side.

AL-KALIDI

Dumb ass, without her, we've nothing.

He turns to Saadi.

AL-KALIDI

(shouting)

Saadi, bring that bitch back!

Saadi and two others turn and hurry to the ladder.

EXT. WATERS OFF PALAWAN ISLAND - DAY

Marilou swims then stops to look back. The boat casts off from the Aquino. Saadi and two other terrorists are aboard.

She begins to swim again. The boat closes on her. Its engine whines ever louder.

A hand reaches into the water and grabs her then another. She's dragged over the side and into the boat. An AK-47 is pressed against her forehead.

EXT. CORY AQUINO - DECK - DAY

Al-Kalidi stands at the rail. The bearded terrorist stands on the bow and looks out over the water. Professor Contreras, Angie, and Emilio sit on the deck; their hands are tied behind them.

Saadi brings Marilou aboard. Umdah quickly ties her hands. He then stands and holds her by the arm.

Al-Kalidi steps in front of her. He bares his teeth and slaps her hard in the face.

AL-KALIDI

Do it again and you're dead. The others,... I'll cut out their tongues.

Marilou looks at Professor Contreras.

MARILOU

Sorry, Professor. I thought if I could get away they'd let you go.

Marilou pulls free of Umdah.

AL-KALIDI

Umdah, I don't think she likes you.

Umdah's smile shows his discolored teeth.

UMDAH

She hasn't given me a chance.

Other terrorists snicker. He leans over, grabs her head, and attempts to kiss her. She's repulsed by his manner and pulls her head away.

MARILOU

Leave me alone.

AL-KALIDI
I'll stop your father from being
president.

MARILOU
You're making a mistake. My father
wouldn't deal with terrorists.

Al-Kalidi gets nose to nose with Marilou.

AL-KALIDI
(bitterly)
For you, he will.
(to Saadi)
Put'em in the boat.

Saadi and the other terrorists lead their captives to the
ladder and from there into the boat.

EXT. WATERS OFF PALAWAN ISLAND - DAY

They cast off and head in a direction parallel to the beach.

INT. SENATOR SANTOS' OFFICE - DAY

The intercom of the phone rings. Senator Santos walks to
his desk and answers.

SENATOR SANTOS
Yes.

SECRETARY (V.O.)
The Director for you line two. Says
it's urgent.

He switches to line two.

SENATOR SANTOS
Director?

INT. NBI - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Director Guzman sits behind his desk phone to his ear.

GUZMAN
Senator, there's no easy way to say
this. Your daughter is missing and
presumed kidnapped.

He reaches across the desk and removes a cigar from a fancy
wooden humidor.

GUZMAN

The boat she was aboard was found abandoned, the crew murdered. Your daughter and the others gone.

Guzman clips off the end.

INTERCUT - SANTOS' OFFICE/DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Senator Santos sits down on the edge of his desk and holds the phone to his ear.

SENATOR SANTOS

When?

GUZMAN

Best guess, twenty-four to thirty-six hours.

SENATOR SANTOS

Any leads?

GUZMAN

None. I've dispatched agents to the scene.

Guzman puffs on his cigar.

GUZMAN

Jun and Connie will conduct both investigations.

SENATOR SANTOS

I know you'll do your utmost. I must call my wife.

He hangs up. He presses the intercom.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Yes, Senator.

SENATOR SANTOS

Cancel my afternoon calendar. Something's come up.

He stands up, walks around, and sits at his desk. He looks about the room. A family photo sits to one side of the desk. He scans each face in the picture. His eyes return to the cheerful smile of Marilou. He reaches for the phone.

EXT. FARM - DAY

A man totes a Type 79 submachine gun while he stands beside the padlocked door of a plywood walled outbuilding. Several meters away, two men speak MOS while they smoke cigarettes.

Chickens scurry about and peck at the ground.

SUPER: "FARM, NACIDOC, PALAWAN."

INT. OUTBUILDING - DAY

The framing studs are exposed on the interior of the building. A few dirty mats are strewn on the wooden floor.

Marilou and Angie sit on the floor together. Professor Contreras and Emilio sit by themselves.

The door opens, and two guards enter. GUARD #1, 30s, carries plates and spoons. GUARD #2, 20s, carries a pail of rice. Guard #1 hands plates and spoons to the prisoners. Guard #2 scoops rice onto the plates.

Angie looks at her plate.

ANGIE
We can't eat this.

A fly lands and walks across the watery rice on her plate.

GUARD #1
Don't eat it. Eat shit.

He knocks the plate from her hand; it breaks.

EMILIO
Angie, don't get'em angry.

GUARD #2
That's right infidel pigs. Don't get me pissed.

He draws a knife from his waistband and waves it in the air. Contreras stands up.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
Stop!

Guard #2 grabs Contreras and places the knife under his chin. He pushes up until he draws blood.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
Okay! Okay!

Professor Contreras looks frightened. Guard #2 lets the professor go.

GUARD #2
Humph!

Guard #1 and Guard #2 leave. The door slams behind them, and the lock is heard being attached.

The room is silent. The captives exchange looks of relief.

INT. CONTRERAS HOME - DAY

The large kitchen is bright and cheerfully decorated. Ruffled yellow curtains hang at the window. Food cooks on the stove.

GRACE CONTRERAS, 37, motherly and caring, is the wife of Professor Contreras.

Grace busies herself with meal preparation. Her daughter MONICA, 10, enters the room.

MONICA
Mommy, why hasn't Daddy called?
When's he coming home?

Grace dries her hands and sits down at the kitchen table.

GRACE
Here, sit down.

Monica walks over and sits next to her mother. Grace takes her hand.

GRACE
I have bad news. Daddy is missing
along with his students.

Monica looks alarmed. Her voice cracks.

MONICA
How? Did his boat sink?

Her eyes well up, and tears roll down her cheeks.

GRACE
No, someone took them away.

Grace squeezes her daughter's hand.

MONICA
Are they going to keep Daddy?

GRACE
No, he'll be home; we just don't
know when. Go find your brother
Hector and send him to me.

Monica gets up and hugs her mother. She wipes tears from her eyes and heads toward the door.

She turns, steps back, and rests her head on her mother's shoulder.

MONICA

Later, can we go to church and pray
for Daddy?

Grace forces a smile.

GRACE

Yes, dear. We'll go and ask the
Blessed Mother to bring him home.

Monica turns and slowly walks toward the door. The door bursts open, and in runs HECTOR, 9.

HECTOR

Hi, Mom!

INT. - OUTBUILDING - DAY

Professor Contreras takes out his wallet and looks at a picture of his family.

QUICK FLASHES - FAMILY MEMORIES

-- The professor, his wife, Hector, and Monica romp through a stand of trees.

-- The professor, his wife, and children eat ice cream at an ice cream parlor.

-- The professor and his children play a video game.

-- The professor, his wife, and children eat dinner at home.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Professor Contreras slowly closes his wallet.

INT. SENATOR SANTOS' OFFICE - DAY

The secretary carries a thin package into the office.

SECRETARY

This just came.

She hands it to Senator Santos. He places the package on the desk and appears ready to open it. He pauses.

SENATOR SANTOS

Could be another bomb.

SECRETARY

A bomb.

She backs away.

SENATOR SANTOS
We'll have the N.B.I. lab take a
look.

SECRETARY
I'll call.

She hurries from the room.

INT. NBI CRIME LABORATORY - DAY

Lab benches line the center of the room. Along a wall are shelves with numerous bottles of powdered and liquid chemicals. Lab glassware sits about the room.

Connie, Senator Santos, and Jun gather around a lab bench.

JUN
The laboratory techs have been over this package with x-ray, chemical analysis and the like. They found nothing. There's a C.D. inside.

Senator Santos reaches over, picks up the package, and tears open one edge. He shakes the package and out slides a CD. It lands in his open hand.

JUN
We have a player over here.

Senator Santos hands him the CD. Jun steps over and pops the CD into the player. He pushes a button, and it begins to play.

AL-KALIDI (V.O.)
I am the hand of Allah. I have the senator's daughter and the others. The flag of Rajah Soliman is mine.

Men shout in the background.

MEN (V.O.)
(in unison)
Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

AL-KALIDI (V.O.)
Give me the flag. Santos will withdraw from the presidential race. Then I'll release them. Allah be praised.

Again, men shout in the background.

MEN (V.O.)
(in unison)
Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

Senator Santos has an unsettled look on his face.

CONNIE
Let's think this through. Where's a
good gym?

JUN
I go to Mannie's.

INT. MANNIE'S MARTIAL ARTS - DAY

The gym is busy. Two men practice Judo. Several women practice Snake kung fu. Other people work out in groups.

Connie trains on a Wing Chun dummy. Jun does stretches. Connie stops and picks up a towel.

CONNIE
How's your kung fu?

She dries her face.

JUN
Getting better. Wanna spar?

Jun continues to stretch.

CONNIE
Let's give it a try.

Jun stops stretching and walks over in front of her.

CONNIE
Since I saw you last, I've learned Wing Chun kung fu. I'm waiting to spring it on my uncle.

JUN
You won't catch him off guard. He still have his school?

CONNIE
There bright and early.

They step onto a large mat, face each other, and bow. They jockey for position then spar.

LATER

Jun and Connie sit on a bench. The gym is quiet.

JUN
Has the gym gotten your strategic
juices flowing?

CONNIE
I have some things rolling around.

JUN
Wanna share 'em?

CONNIE
Not yet.

EXT. SANTOS MANSION - DAY

ARTURO VEGA, 22, the athletic type, rings the doorbell. He
is Marilou's boyfriend.

Teresa opens the door.

TERESA
Arturo, how are you?

ARTURO
Fine. The senator home?

TERESA
No, but Mrs. Santos is. Can she
help you?

ARTURO
(hesitantly)
Uh, yes.

Teresa opens the door wider. Arturo enters.

INT. SANTOS MANSION - DAY

Arturo stands in the foyer. Isabella Santos enters.

ISABELLA
What a surprise. No classes this
afternoon?

ARTURO
I'm between classes. Have they --
Is there any word on Marilou?

ISABELLA
No.

Arturo has a helpless look.

ARTURO
Anything I can do?

ISABELLA
Nothing right now.

Arturo lowers his head.

ARTURO
You'll call me, right?

ISABELLA
We'll be sure to call.

ARTURO
Thanks, Mrs. Santos. Marilou means
a lot to me.

ISABELLA
To us also, Arturo. To us also.

ARTURO
Better get to class.

He turns and opens the door. Isabella follows him and
pauses in the doorway.

ARTURO
Bye, Mrs. Santos.

ISABELLA
Goodbye, Arturo.

She watches as he shuffles to his car.

INT. OUTBUILDING - DAY

Emilio sits alone in a corner.

EMILIO (V.O.)
Can't let the others see I'm scared.
Why did I even take this damn
course? Could have studied a
language or chemistry.

Professor Contreras strolls over to Emilio.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
Making out alright?

EMILIO
Sure, Professor.

Professor Contreras pats him on the shoulder.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
Good boy.

Emilio watches Professor Contreras ambles over and look out a dirt smeared window.

EMILIO (V.O.)
 Why'd he call me boy? Maybe he sees
 I'm scared.

Angie stares at the cement floor. Marilou interrupts her train of thought.

MARILOU
 What's on your mind?

ANGIE
 I'm thinking about my dog Harmony.
 She's old. I don't know if my
 parents would keep her if anything
 happened to me.

MARILOU
 When did you get her?

ANGIE
 Mom and Dad got her after I fell
 from a coconut tree and had a
 concussion. They said Harmony would
 keep me grounded.

MARILOU
 Cute story.

ANGIE
 She did.

MARILOU
 She did what?

ANGIE
 Harmony kept me grounded.

INT. NBI BUILDING - DAY

Jun sits at his desk and goes over some files. A cigarette burns in the ashtray beside him. Connie pages through a newspaper. His cell phone rings, and he answers.

JUN
 Agent Espinosa.... What? When?...
 I'll be right over.

He hangs up. AGENT SALAZAR, 36, sits across from Jun. He looks over.

AGENT SALAZAR
 What's up?

JUN

My nephew Benito ran away. Ever since his father died that boy's been a handful.

Connie looks on.

AGENT SALAZAR

What's his problem?

JUN

Keeps getting into trouble. I gotta go.

Jun gets to his feet.

JUN

Connie, wanna come along?

CONNIE

Sure.

Connie gets up.

AGENT SALAZAR

Good luck.

Jun and Connie hurry from the office.

INT. JUN'S SISTER'S HOME - DAY

The sala's furniture is old and worn. A pile of laundry sits on a chair. A cat sits on a window sill.

Jun's sister, LITA TORRES, 33, sits on a sofa and sews. Jun and Connie enter.

JUN

Lita.

Lita has a fretful look.

LITA

I'm almost out of my mind. He never ran away before.

Lita sets her sewing aside.

JUN

You sure he ran away?

LITA

We had a big argument about school. I haven't seen him since.

JUN
This is my friend Connie. Connie,
Lita.

Connie gives a little wave.

CONNIE
Good to meet you.

LITA
Hello. You're helping Jun?

CONNIE
We're on a case.

JUN
We'll check the hospitals. Give me
a list of his friends.

LITA
I checked with some. Let me get the
rest.

She rises from the sofa and takes a pencil and paper from a nearby table drawer. She writes on it.

She passes it to Jun. He gives her a little hug.

JUN
Don't worry.

She leans against his chest and sobs, her hand clenched at his shoulder.

MONTAGE - JUN AND CONNIE SEARCH FOR BENITO

-- INT. THE MEDICAL CITY HOSPITAL -- Jun and Connie walk into the main entrance of the hospital. He speaks MOS with the receptionist. She checks the computer records and shakes her head.

-- INT. MANDALUYONG MEDICAL CENTER -- Jun and Connie enter the emergency entrance of the medical center. He shows his badge and addresses the ER receptionist MOS. She checks the files and shakes her head.

-- EXT. MANDALUYONG STREET -- Jun and Connie chat MOS with a group of young boys. They shrug their shoulders or shake their heads.

-- INT. PRIVATE HOME -- Jun and Connie sit in a living room and chat MOS with a boy and a woman.

-- EXT. MANDALUYONG STREET -- Jun stands on the street with a look of frustration. Connie stands beside him.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NOISY STREET - MANDALUYONG CITY - DAY

BENITO TORRES, 10, Jun's nephew, stands at the counter of a sari-sari store.

He digs into his pocket and removes several coins. He places them on the counter.

BENITO
Royal orange, po.

The GRAY-HAIRED WOMAN behind the counter picks up some coins and drops them into a small box behind the counter.

She goes to the cooler and returns with a bottle of orange soda. She opens it and pours the soda into a plastic bag. She hands it to Benito and then hands him a straw.

BENITO
Salamat, po.

GRAY-HAIRED WOMAN
Maraming salamat.

She watches him drift away.

Several doors down, Benito stops and sits against the door of a vacant building. He sips his soda and watches traffic.

INT. SANTOS MANSION - SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Senator Santos walks past the door leading to Marilou's room. He stops and gazes at the doorknob. He grips the knob, turns it, and pushes the door open. He switches on the light and enters.

MARILOU'S ROOM

Awards for swimming are mounted on the wall. On a chest of drawers sits a picture of Marilou with her University of the Philippines Swim Team. Another photo shows her in her high school graduation gown.

The senator gets bleary-eyed when he sits down on the edge of the bed. He studies the room. He picks up a stuffed toy cat from Marilou's pillow.

ISABELLA (O.S.)
So here you are.

He looks up as Isabella enters.

ISABELLA

What are you thinking?

SENATOR SANTOS

When will it end?

ISABELLA

Don't worry, dear. We'll have her back; I'm sure. Let's get some rest.

He sighs.

SENATOR SANTOS

You're right.

He gets up and carefully places the toy back on the pillow. They step from the room. Isabella, with a powerless look, glances back as she switches off the light.

EXT. STREET MANILA - DAY

A white Mercedes sedan carries Senator Santos along President Quirino Avenue. A Lexus with three men inside follows not far behind.

The senator's sedan reaches the intersection with Roxas Blvd. and turns. The Lexus turns and is right behind.

INT. SENATOR SANTOS' SEDAN - DAY - TRAVELING

The driver is MIGUEL, 25, the brother of Ramon. Bodyguard #1 sits in front. Bodyguard #2 sits in back with the senator. Beams of sunlight pour through the windows.

MIGUEL

There's a car following us.

The bodyguards immediately pull their weapons. The senator and bodyguard #2 turn and watch the Lexus.

MIGUEL

What should I do?

SENATOR SANTOS

Let them make the move.

EXT. STREET MANILA - DAY

Suddenly, the Lexus pulls into the next lane and speeds up. It moves alongside the Mercedes and speeds on.

INT. SENATOR SANTOS' SEDAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Miguel gives a sigh of relief.

MIGUEL

Sorry, Senator. I thought --

SENATOR SANTOS

It's okay. We're all a bit jumpy.

INT. NBI BUILDING - DAY

Jun sits behind his desk. Connie sits in a chair beside it. Other NBI employees go about their business.

JUN

Interviews with Palawan locals
turned up nothing.

CONNIE

Why do I think Marilou and the
others are still on Palawan?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Dust blows across a deserted concrete road. What the locals call a caribou meanders along. It stops occasionally to graze on grass.

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

Off to the side of a dirt road, a small rice field flourishes. A breeze gently strokes the leaves as it flows through the field.

An ELDERLY FARMER rambles along the dusty road and turns onto a path.

WOODED PATH

The Elderly Farmer makes his way along.

ELDERLY FARMER

(Tagalog; subtitled)

Maricel, where are you? Where's my
baby?

He gazes from side to side.

Umdah and a SHIRTLESS TERRORIST, late 20s, peer at him from the thick undergrowth.

SHIRTLESS TERRORIST

What'll we do?

Umdah squeezes on a knife that sticks out of his trousers.

UMDAH

I'll kill him.

The Elderly Farmer continues to shuffle farther and farther from the farm road.

Umdah and the Shirtless Terrorist step from the brush. Umdah has his arms folded across his chest.

UMDAH

Where ya goin', old man?

The Elderly Farmer stops in his tracks.

ELDERLY FARMER

Sir, I'm looking for my cow. You see, she wanders off. It's getting late, and my eyes don't work so well in the dark.

UMDAH

Old man, you're gonna to die.

The Elderly Farmer looks frightened. He steps back.

ELDERLY FARMER

Have pity, I did nothing. I've led an honest life. Leave me in peace.

Umdah steps forward.

The Elderly Farmer turns to run. His sandal comes off. He takes a couple of steps.

Umdah's hand reaches out and grabs his shoulder. The Elderly Farmer is spun around. Umdah's hands close around his throat. The Elderly Farmer's eyes plead for mercy. His bony hands pull at one of Umdah's wrists.

Umdah laughs. He tightens his grip. The Elderly Farmer struggles then goes limp. His stare is blank. Umdah lets go, and the Elderly Farmer slips to the ground.

Umdah stoops over the body.

UMDAH

Help me.

Umdah and the Shirtless Terrorist pick up the body and carry it off the path.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Through the window, Al-Kalidi looks at the building where the captives are being held. He looks over at Umdah.

AL-KALIDI

You fool. Why'd you kill him?

UMDAH
He'd a been here in another minute.

AL-KALIDI
Should've found another way.

Al-Kalidi angrily turns back to the window.

AL-KALIDI
Ya get rid of the body?

UMDAH
Buried.

AL-KALIDI
Can't take chances. I'll bring men
from Pagadian.

INT. OUTBUILDING - DAY

Professor Contreras huddles with Marilou. They sit near the
back of the room.

MARILOU
Professor, we have to escape.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
I don't know; it's dangerous.

MARILOU
It's dangerous here.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
Let me think about it. I'm
responsible for all of you.

LATER

Professor Contreras walks over to Marilou.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
What's your plan?

MARILOU
Our best chance is night. We can be
far away before they discover we're
gone.

Professor Contreras shakes his head.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
We don't know where we are. How do
we determine which way to go?

MARILOU

We'll pick a direction and keep moving. They won't be expecting a break; we've not given them trouble.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

When?

MARILOU

Tonight.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

How?

MARILOU

A piece of plywood at the back wall is loose. We can pry it open.

EXT. OUTBUILDING - NIGHT

The short terrorist totes an AK-47 as he walks his post in front of the door.

INT. OUTBUILDING - NIGHT

The four captives gather at the back wall.

EMILIO

I don't like this.

He looks worried.

ANGIE

Stop whining. I wanna get home.

Marilou examines the plywood wall.

MARILOU

Here, Professor? It's loose.

The professor gets down on his knees and shoves the plywood. It moves outward.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

Yes, but can we do it without being heard.

EMILIO

I know they'll hear us.

ANGIE

Quiet.

He turns and shuffles several paces away from the others.

Professor Contreras and Marilou sit and plant their feet on the plywood. They push, and there is some movement of the plywood. A nail becomes visible in the joint.

MARILOU

Angie, help.

Angie quickly sits down and puts her feet on the plywood. She pushes.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

Again!

They push harder. The plywood creaks as the nails give way. They stop and look at each other. Everyone listens intently. Marilou expels a sigh.

Emilio stands with his eyes closed.

They push, and the plywood yields.

MARILOU

Once more!

They push again. The plywood breaks loose on one side.

MARILOU

I think we can squeeze out.

The professor goes first, and Angie follows. Marilou looks back at Emilio.

MARILOU

Coming?

She disappears through the hole. Emilio scrambles through behind her.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

A SLEEPY GUARD, 20s, sits against a tree and dozes. A short distance away an ALERT GUARD, 30s, leans against a palm and smokes a cigarette. Crickets are the only noise.

Marilou, Professor Contreras, Emilio, and Angie creep through the brush. A branch breaks when stepped upon.

ALERT GUARD

Hear that?

SLEEPY GUARD

I don't hear nothin'. Probably some animal.

The Alert Guard moves near the edge of the clearing and gazes into the night. Three meters away the escapees hug the dirt. Momentarily, Alert Guard seems to see Marilou. He then turns and walks back to the palm.

Marilou and the others slowly crawl away and are swallowed by darkness.

INT. SANTOS MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Senator Santos tosses and turns in bed. He gets up, puts on his robe and slippers, and walks from the room.

DINING ROOM

Senator Santos makes his way through the darkened room. He sees light under the door that leads to the kitchen. He opens it slowly.

KITCHEN

EMMIE, 15, is the senator's other daughter. In pajamas, she sits at the table and pours milk into a glass. A container of Milo sits on the table.

EMMIE

Hi, Dad. Why are you up?

Senator Santos enters.

SENATOR SANTOS

I was about to ask you the same question.

EMMIE

Me? Couldn't sleep. Join me?

Senator Santos displays a little grin.

SENATOR SANTOS

Sure, why not?

He walks over to the cabinet and gets a glass. He sits down across from her and holds out his glass.

SENATOR SANTOS

Fill me up.

She pours milk into his glass then slides the Milo across the table. He opens the Milo and spoons the chocolate into his milk.

EMMIE

Dad, what's going to happen? With Marilou, I mean.

SENATOR SANTOS

Only God knows.

(he sighs)

The police and the N.B.I. are on the case.

Emmie takes a sip of her milk.

EMMIE

Is Marilou the reason you can't sleep?

SENATOR SANTOS

Yes.

EMMIE

Me too. I imagine terrible things.

SENATOR SANTOS

Right now, just remember the good things.

He drinks some of his milk.

EMMIE

Dad, how do you manage to handle things so calmly?

SENATOR SANTOS

Things are not always the way they appear.

EMMIE

What's that mean?

SENATOR SANTOS

It means drink your chocolate. You have school tomorrow, young lady.

Emmie looks bewildered as she puts the glass to her lips.

EXT. NAMAYAN PARK - DAY

Benito sits on the grass and watches children play. A dog slinks over and lies down beside him. He looks at the dog, then back at the children.

He gets up and walks casually across the grass. The dog follows. Benito stops and looks back. The dog stops; its tail wags.

BENITO

Go home.

Benito goes a little farther. He stops once more. When he looks, the dog is right behind.

BENITO
Go home. I can't take care of you.

Head lowered, he turns and lumbers out of the park. The dog is not far behind.

EXT. MANDALUYONG CITY STREET - DAY

Benito ambles along. He stops and sits on the curb. The dog slowly creeps up to him.

BENITO
What's the matter, no home?

He pets the dog.

BENITO
Looks like nobody cares about you.
They don't care about me too.

The dog crawls onto his lap. He pets the dog.

BENITO
We can be friends. We don't need
anybody. What can I call you?

He thinks for a moment.

BENITO
How about Andres? You like that?

The dog gets off of his lap and barks.

BENITO
Okay, you're Andres. Andres, I'm
Benito.

He lifts the dog's paw from the sidewalk and shakes it. The dog barks.

EXT. MANGROVE SWAMP - DAY

The roots of old-growth mangrove trees burrow into the gloomy water. Birds of various species flutter among the tree-trunks. Light streams through the trees and reflects off the still water.

Marilou, Professor Contreras, Emilio, and Angie plow through knee-deep water. Marilou spots a Palawan mangrove snake. It sleeps on a low-hanging branch.

MARILOU
Professor, look, a Boiga
dendrophila.

She points toward the snake.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
Yes, a fine specimen.

They give the snake a wide berth.

Angie lengthens her stride until she is several meters ahead
of the others.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
Angie, don't get too far ahead.

ANGIE
I won't, Professor. It's just so
good to be free.

Angie steps into a deeper portion of the swampy water.
Suddenly, the brown haze is chest deep.

A crocodile stirs atop a sunlit knoll and slips gently into
the water. The croc swims toward Angie.

Emilio sees the croc.

EMILIO
Angie, a crocodile!

He springs forward and wades into the deeper water where
Angie stands. He grabs her by the arm and pulls her toward
the shallows. Angie looks back as the croc closes on them.

Emilio pushes Angie to higher ground. He scampers after
her. The croc turns and swims off.

ANGIE
I would've been killed. You were
very brave.

EMILIO
I was?

He smiles broadly.

EMILIO
I guess I was.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
Let's get moving.

They walk swiftly away. Emilio looks in the direction of the croc a satisfied look on his face. He pumps his fist into the air.

EMILIO

Yes!

INT. CHOWKING RESTAURANT - DAY

Connie and Jun sit at a table. Connie eats ice cream while Jun eats halo-halo.

JUN

A farmer near the town of Nacidoc on Palawan has gone missing. May be nothing, but it could be something.

CONNIE

Looks like we're going to Palawan.

They continue to eat.

EXT. MANGROVE SWAMP - DAY

The macaque monkey moves effortlessly through the trees. A monitor is stretched out on a tree limb. Its shades of brown make it almost invisible. Shadows are cast on the murky water.

Saadi, Umdah, and several terrorists plod through the mud. Saadi and Umdah are together. The others are fanned out 20 meters apart.

UMDAH

What I hate more than mud are these damn bugs.

He swats at some bugs that fly about his head.

SAADI

Stop complaining; have a cigarette.

He hands a cigarette to Umdah. They stop, and Umdah lights it. He takes a drag.

UMDAH

Sure this is the right way?

SAADI

Signs show they went east.

The Shirtless Terrorist wades through waist-deep water near a tree. A python drops onto him; it wraps itself around his body. He screams and falls over into the water.

The water churns as the Shirtless Terrorist and python roll over and over. The other terrorists rush to his aid, but it's too late. The Shirtless Terrorist has disappeared.

SAADI
He died for Allah.

He waves his arm, and they trudge on.

LATER

SAADI
What's that?

UMDAH
Where?

SAADI
Ahead, on the left!

UMDAH
I don't see nothing.

SAADI
Come on!

He picks up the pace. They splash through the water.

He sees the backs of Professor Contreras and Marilou just before they pass behind a tree.

SAADI
After'em!

He points where he saw the escapees. Saadi and the other terrorists take off. They sprint through ankle-deep water.

Marilou, the professor, and the others hear someone shout. They look back and spot the terrorists. They begin to run.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
How'd they find us?

A single shot rings out. A slug hits the trunk of a mangrove tree. A piece of the trunk splinters and flies through the air.

Emilio holds Angie's hand while they run.

EMILIO
Come on!

More shots ring out. Professor Contreras is struck in the side. He cries out in pain. He takes a few steps and then leans against a tree. His hand covers his side.

Marilou stops and looks back. She hurries over to the professor.

MARILOU
Professor, is it bad?

He groans. Blood from the wound reddens his shirt.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
Not too bad, but I can't go on.
Leave me.

Marilou is out of breath.

MARILOU
I can't do that. If they get you,
they get me.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
You must.

MARILOU
Sorry, Professor. This time the
student knows best.

Saadi, Umdah, and the other terrorists rush up.

SAADI
Damn you! Thought you'd get away,
huh?

He shoves Marilou; she almost falls.

Emilio and Angie breathe heavily as they stumble toward the others. Their hands are in the air.

EMILIO
We give up, man.

MARILOU
(to Saadi)
The professor's bleeding. He needs
help.

SAADI
You see a hospital? Should kill
him?

MARILOU
Al-Kalidi wouldn't like that.

Saadi looks at Umdah. Umdah shakes his head.

EMILIO
Here.

He removes his shirt and hands it to Marilou. She folds the shirt and wraps it around the professor's ribs. She pulls it tight. Professor Contreras groans.

MARILOU

That should do it for a while.

SAADI

Get moving; it's a long way back.

Marilou and Emilio get on either side of Professor Contreras. Umdah pulls Angie by the arm. Saadi steps out ahead. The rest of the terrorists follow.

EXT. PUERTO PRINCESA - DAY

Shops and outdoor stalls line Rizal Avenue.

Connie and Jun stroll along. Occasionally, Jun looks back down the street. He turns his head forward just as he bumps into a TANNED WOMAN, 30s. His hand brushes across her crotch.

JUN

I'm --

TANNED WOMAN

-- What are you doing, grabbing a feel?

JUN

I --

She looks him over.

TANNED WOMAN

You're disgusting. If there were a cop around -- humph.

She stomps off.

CONNIE

Trying to get to know the locals?

JUN

Funny.

CONNIE

I have an idea. Let's have my picture taken.

JUN

What for?

CONNIE
Tell you on the way.

They briskly walk down the street.

EXT. MANGROVE SWAMP - NIGHT

Saadi looks around as they come up a rise.

SAADI
This'll do.

Almost everyone in the group drops to the ground. Marilou helps Professor Contreras get comfortable against a tree.

MARILOU
There you go, Professor.

Professor Contreras sighs.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
Thanks. I couldn't have made it without you.

SAADI
Umdah, I want two of you on watch.

Umdah nods.

LATER

Crickets and cicadas serenade the night. Marilou sits beside Professor Contreras. The others rest nearby.

MARILOU
How's the wound, Professor?

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS
It feels --

UMDAH
-- Quiet!

Umdah walks over and scowls at them.

UMDAH
Can't kill ya, but I'll bust ya up.

He raises his fist then turns and walks away.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Saadi leads the group into the clearing. Marilou and Emilio help Professor Contreras along. Umdah smokes a cigarette while he walks beside Angie.

SAADI

(to Umdah)

Take'em to the building. This time,
watch'em.

Saadi walks toward the farmhouse. Strange men mill about the property.

Umdah and the other terrorists shove their captives across the clearing and toward the outbuilding. Angie trips, a look of despair on her face. They all look exhausted.

INT. OUTBUILDING - DAY

The door swings open, and the captives are pushed inside.

EMILIO

Never thought this place would look
good.

MARILOU

Me neither.

She helps Professor Contreras over to a corner, and he sits.

ANGIE

All for nothing.

Dejection clouds the professor's face.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

We tried.

Emilio walks to a window and momentarily looks out.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Umdah and some terrorists watch TV.

Across the room, Al-Kalidi and Saadi sit at a table. Saadi has a knife in one hand while the other hand is palm down on the table, fingers spread. As he grins, he quickly stabs the knife back and forth between the fingers. The blade cuts into the wood top.

AL-KALIDI

Aren't you afraid of cutting off a
finger?

SAADI

No. I'd still serve Allah with
nine.

UMDAH

Look at this.

AL-KALIDI

What?

Al-Kalidi and Saadi get up and walk over.

On the TV screen is a wanted poster of Connie. She wears a Muslim hijab.

UMDAH

A daughter of Islam.

The TV camera switches to a MALE NEWSCASTER, 30s.

MALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Naba Matin is wanted in connection with multiple robberies and should be considered armed and dangerous. She was last seen boarding a ship to the Palawan region.

AL-KALIDI

I could use her.

MALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Contact your local police with any information.

AL-KALIDI

You all saw what she looks like. Get out and find her.

EXT. PUERTO PRINCESA STREETS - DAY

Connie hoofs it down the block. A hijab covers her head. She window-shops. On the glass, she watches the reflection of the street behind her. Moving on, she spots a taxi at the end of another street.

Connie goes to the rolled down passenger's window and sticks her head inside. The TAXI DRIVER, 40s, eats his lunch. He looks up.

CONNIE

Take me to the Muslim district?

TAXI DRIVER

Yes, ma'am.

Connie opens the door and slips onto the back seat.

INT. TAXI - DAY

The Taxi Driver carefully wraps his food and sits it on the seat beside him. He gulps down the last of a bottle of Pepsi and tosses the bottle onto the floor.

TAXI DRIVER

On vacation?

CONNIE

Sort of.

He starts the engine and eases from the curb.

EXT. AL FAROUQ INSTITUTE - DAY

The taxi pulls to the curb near the building.

INT. TAXI - DAY

TAXI DRIVER

This is it.

Connie pays and gets out.

EXT. PUERTO PRINCESA STREETS - DAY

Connie walks up and down the streets of a barangay. She watches the locals go about their daily activities of leisure, school, and shopping.

SUPER: "NEXT DAY."

She passes a small restaurant and decides to enter.

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT - DAY

Connie eats and looks out the window.

EXT. PUERTO PRINCESA STREET - DAY

Saadi and Umdah walk along and look up and down the street.

SAADI

Finding this Naba is rough. Bitch could be anywhere.

UMDAH

Women, they're trouble that's all.

A Muslim woman passes in the street a few meters away. Her head is covered by a hijab, and her face is turned away. Saadi dashes over for a closer look. The Muslim woman looks at him and quickly looks away. He walks back to Umdah.

SAADI

Wasn't her.

They pass the restaurant where Connie sits at the window and consumes her meal.

Umdah spots her.

UMDAH
It's her in the window.

SAADI
We'll get her when she comes out.

They keep moving.

LATER

Connie opens the door and steps onto the sidewalk. She takes a few steps; Saadi and Umdah walk up on either side.

SAADI
We know who you are; keep walking.

CONNIE/NABA
I think not. Excuse me.

She moves as though to walk away.

SAADI
Naba, we know who you are.

CONNIE/NABA
What are you, cops?

SAADI
Friends.

CONNIE/NABA
I don't have friends.

UMDAH
Do I look like a cop?

Connie looks him over.

CONNIE/NABA
Guess not.

SAADI
Somebody wants to meet you.

CONNIE/NABA
Who?

SAADI
Our leader.

He pulls her by the arm, and the three of them walk away from the restaurant.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Connie sits at a table with Saadi. Al-Kalidi enters.

AL-KALIDI
As-Salaam-Alaikum.

CONNIE/NABA
Wa-Alaikum-Salaam.

Al-Kalidi sits beside her.

AL-KALIDI
I have a job for you. To serve
Islam.

Al-Kalidi leans forward in his chair.

AL-KALIDI
You know about the flag found at the
Intramuros?

CONNIE/NABA
Yea, so what?

AL-KALIDI
I want you to steal it.

CONNIE/NABA
Why?

AL-KALIDI
For Jihad.

Saadi runs his finger along the blade of his knife.

CONNIE/NABA
For war? I steal for money.

Al-Kalidi looks angered.

AL-KALIDI
It's the will of Allah.

CONNIE/NABA
I bend to the will of Allah, but I
also have a lifestyle to maintain.

Al-Kalidi studies Connie's confident face.

AL-KALIDI
You're shrewd. I'll pay you well.

CONNIE/NABA

After the heist, where do I bring it?

Saadi taps Al-Kalidi on the shoulder. He whispers several moments into Al-Kalidi's ear. They look at each other smugly. Al-Kalidi turns back to Connie.

AL-KALIDI

That, you'll learn later. You'll get paid right after the robbery.

Connie looks warily at Al-Kalidi.

CONNIE/NABA

I wanna see the money.

AL-KALIDI

Don't you trust a servant of Allah?

CONNIE/NABA

Didn't get where I am trustin' nobody.

Al-Kalidi chuckles.

AL-KALIDI

I'll show you our objective.

He reaches into his shirt and produces a paper.

AL-KALIDI

Here's the floor plan.

He spreads it out on the table. He, Connie, and Saadi lean closer to the plan.

LATER

AL-KALIDI

We leave in the morning.

Connie stands up.

CONNIE/NABA

I'll sleep.

She walks to the door. The terrorists watch as the door closes behind her.

Saadi is outwardly angered.

SAADI

She was blaspheming.

AL-KALIDI

She's no better than the infidels.
When she's served my purpose, she'll
die.

Saadi's expression shifts to a grin.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Connie strolls to the side of a barn. She ducks around the corner and leans against its wall. She pulls out her cell phone and enters a number.

JUN (V.O.)

Hello, Connie.

CONNIE

Jun, we leave for Manila in the morning. We'll break into the National Museum.... No, tell Guzman to get ready.

JUN (V.O.)

Will do.

She disconnects the call. Connie smashes the phone on a nearby rock and buries the pieces in the dirt.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Al-Kalidi packs a few things into a bag. Umdah watches.

AL-KALIDI

Umdah, you're in charge. Any problems and you'll forfeit your head.

Umdah swallows like he just ate a croc, whole.

UMDAH

Alban, you know me.

AL-KALIDI

That's why I'm telling you.
Anything goes wrong and I mean anything, there'll be no mercy.

He looks around the room. He closes the bag and walks toward the door.

EXT. MANDALUYONG CITY - ALLEY - DAY

Benito and Andres rummage through boxes and cans. Benito's clothes are dirty and stained. He has the appearance of a street urchin.

Andres finds a bone. He sits with the bone in his mouth as Benito continues to search.

Benito finds a Styrofoam box containing some rice and a few vegetables. With his hand, he wolfs them down.

Benito and Andres proceed down the alley.

INT. PNP PROVINCIAL COMMAND OFFICE - DAY

CDR FLAVIO LADESMA, 40s, stands with Jun before a wall map.

LADESMA

This is where the old man disappeared.

With a pointer, he circles an area on the map.

JUN

That's our starting point.

Ladesma sets aside the pointer. They shake hands.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Darkness hides all but the nearest trees. Fireflies flicker in the night air.

Jun walks cautiously as he reconnoiters the landscape. He stops to rest and leans on his forearm against the side of a tree. He looks around.

Jun moves through the brush. He comes upon a path. He follows it. Ahead, he sees a faint light. He carefully moves forward hiding behind trees as he advances.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Jun quietly approaches. The farmhouse comes into view as do other buildings, including a broken-down chicken coop. A campfire burns in an open area.

Jun lightly treads up to the house. He looks about. He peers through a side window.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Umdah sits with other terrorists in front of the TV.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Jun observes a terrorist who wears an orange shirt and has an AK-47 slung over his shoulder.

OUTBUILDING

Jun stands on one side of the building. He hears footsteps. He leans back against the wall and draws a deep breath.

Orange shirt stops at the end of the building and looks toward the farmhouse. He coughs, turns his head, and spits in Jun's direction. He wipes his mouth on his shoulder and walks back across the front of the building.

Jun tiptoes to the back of the building. He kneels and puts an ear to the wall.

He taps lightly at the plywood. He listens. He taps again.

INT. OUTBUILDING - NIGHT

Professor Contreras sits and leans against the back wall. Marilou and Angie sit together against another wall. They speak MOS to each other. Emilio sits by himself near the front and snoozes.

The professor becomes aware of the tapping. He taps three times in turn. Three taps follow.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

(softly)
Who's there?

JUN (V.O.)

(softly)
I'm from the N.B.I..

Professor Contreras turns to Marilou and Angie.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

Make some noise. Have an argument.

The women look at each other and then at the professor. The professor points to the wall. They nod. Angie crawls over to Emilio.

ANGIE

(loudly)
I resent what you said.

Emilio stirs and opens his eyes.

EMILIO

Huh? What?

Angie points to the professor. Professor Contreras moves his arms like a conductor. Emilio catches on.

EMILIO
 (raises his voice)
 I meant every word.

Marilou walks quickly over to the professor.

ANGIE
 After all I did for you.

JUN (V.O.)
 Help is on the way.

EMILIO
 For me? I saved your life.

Marilou holds her head near the wall.

MARILOU
 Thank God! When?

ANGIE
 That croc didn't get close.

JUN (V.O.)
 Twenty-four hours, maybe. Gotta go.

EMILIO
 Angie, that's because I warned you.

Professor Contreras looks at Angie and Emilio. He gives them the thumbs up. They grin and shake hands.

EXT. OUTBUILDING - NIGHT

Orange shirt stands beside the door and shakes his head.

Jun peeks around the side of the building. Crouching, he works his way slowly to the brush and into the darkness.

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

An unmarked car rolls to a stop. A military-style truck with a canvas canopy pulls to a stop behind it. Ladesma hops down from the passenger's side of the cab.

Jun steps from the car accompanied by three agents. They all wear vests marked: "NBI." One agent has a crew cut, another is mustached, and the last is baby-faced.

Armed PNP officers in camouflage dress pour from the back of the truck.

LADESMA
 Line up, men.

The officers form two ranks.

LADESMA

I don't have to tell you how
critical this operation is.

JUN

We can now reveal that among the
captives is the daughter of Senator
Santos.

Several officers look at each other.

LADESMA

Check your equipment.

The officers check weapons and their protective gear.

Jun checks his forty-five. He looks at Ladesma and nods.
Jun steps forward into the trees.

LADESMA

Move out.

With the wave of his arm, Ladesma follows Jun. The PNP
officers step smartly behind.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Jun leads the assault team through the trees and brush. He
raises his arm, and they stop.

JUN

The hostages are in an outbuilding.
Avoid gunfire that might hit it.

Ladesma turns to a PNP sergeant who wears a ball cap.

LADESMA

Deploy the men.

The sergeant walks among the men. His words are muffled.
Moments later the team disburses.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Umdah and several terrorists sit around the room. Some have
their eyes closed.

EXT. FARM - DAY

A PNP officer moves through the brush. His foot becomes
entangled in the brush. He falls; his weapon discharges.

JUN

There goes our advantage.

Other officers surge forward.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The gunshot pierces the consciousness of the terrorists. They jump to their feet. They grab their weapons. Umdah snatches up an AK-47. They rush for the door.

EXT. FARM - DAY

The door opens, and the terrorists run out. Umdah is the last one through the door.

Pandemonium breaks out. Terrorists carry all types of weapons as they run frantically about. They take cover. Heavy gunfire erupts.

Jun stands and fires multiple times at the teen terrorist who tries to take cover. His head snaps back, and he falls backward onto the ground.

Jun and the NBI agents advance toward the outbuilding. He looks at the NBI agents.

JUN

Stay with me. Our objective is the hostages.

An RPG round explodes and sends a PNP officer flying through the air.

Automatic fire hits the mustached agent and the baby-faced agent. The mustached agent goes down as the Baby-faced agent limps a few steps and collapses against the chicken coop. Jun and the crew cut agent drop to the ground.

A bandana headed terrorist holding an RPG-7 is struck by fire. He falls backward, and the RPG fires. The round sails through the open door of the house and explodes. Debris flies up and outward reducing the house to kindling. Fire laps over the rubble.

Umdah runs toward the outbuilding, his AK-47 at the ready. Jun sees him, fires, and misses.

JUN

Cover me!

The crew cut agent opens up with a forty-five. Jun looks for the opportunity to move.

OUTBUILDING

Umdah blasts off the lock and with the rifle butt pushes the door open. He disappears inside.

INT. OUTBUILDING - DAY

Emilio rushes Umdah and grabs the barrel of the AK-47. They struggle. The weapon discharges. The bullet exits Emilio's bare back.

He grabs Umdah by the shirt and looks at him in disbelief.

UMDAH
Stupid infidel pig.

Emilio slides down the front of Umdah and rolls over onto the floor.

Marilou springs over to shield Professor Contreras. Umdah levels his rifle.

Jun rushes through the door. Umdah turns. Jun kicks the rifle from his hands.

Umdah gets Jun in a bear hug. Jun grimaces with pain. Using both hands, he executes knife-edge strikes to both sides of Umdah's head. Umdah releases him. They fight.

Angie cowers in a corner.

Umdah's knife slips from his waistband and clatters to the wood floor. Jun and Umdah drop to the floor and scramble for the knife.

Jun snatches it up. As he does, Umdah lunges forward, and the blade pierces his throat. Blood spurts from the wound.

Umdah keels over onto the floor. He holds his neck with both hands. His hands turn red with blood. He goes limp.

Everyone gathers around as Emilio speaks through blood covered teeth.

EMILIO
I couldn't let them --

His breathing is labored; he coughs.

EMILIO
I had to prove I'm a man.

MARILOU
We all knew that.

Emilio smiles. His eyes close. Angie holds his hand and softly cries.

Jun presses his fingers to the side of Emilio's neck. He shakes his head.

Jun looks at Umdah; a puddle of blood forms around his head.

PNP officers enter.

EXT. FARM - DAY

The area is littered with wounded and dead terrorists and officers. A PNP medic administers aid a wounded PNP officer. PNP officers lead two terrorists away.

Jun guides the captives through smoke produced by the burning farmhouse. The crew cut agent assists Professor Contreras. Marilou coughs. They step around a small crater and walk down a path.

EXT. PUERTO PRINCESA INTL AIRPORT - DAY

Marilou stands on the tarmac and watches a Philippine military aircraft taxi to a stop.

Steps are rolled to the door just as it opens. Two Philippine army officers disembark and stand on either side of the door.

Immediately behind them are Senator and Mrs. Santos. Their faces beam. Behind them are Emmie and Arturo.

Marilou runs toward the plane. She waves to her family.

Mrs. Santos looks at the senator.

ISABELLA

I told you we'd have her back.

Waving, they quickly descend the metal steps. Marilou runs to Mrs. Santos.

MARILOU

Mom!

Mrs. Santos hugs her and kisses her multiple times. Marilou turns to her father.

SENATOR SANTOS

I knew you were strong.

He hugs her and kisses her forehead.

ISABELLA

She's her father's daughter.

He takes Marilou's hand in his hands. He squeezes and kisses it.

MARILOU

Mr. President, let's get you elected.

SENATOR SANTOS

Isabella, I have my first vote.

ISABELLA

Not just the first.

They all laugh and hug each other. Tears stream down Emmie's face. Arturo stands patiently nearby. Emotion marks his face.

INT. PUERTO PRINCESA HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Professor Contreras lies on a bed. A TV plays across the room. A nurse picks up a tray from an overbed table.

Monica and Hector rush through the door. Grace follows with a broad smile.

MONICA/HECTOR

(together)

Daddy! Daddy!

They hurry to the bedside. Monica scurries around to the other side. They both hug and kiss their father. Elated, Grace stands and watches.

The nurse swiftly walks out acknowledging Grace with a nod and a little smile.

GRACE

Eddie.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

Hi, Honey.

Grace steps to the side of the bed. She leans around Hector and gives the professor a big kiss.

GRACE

I love you. I couldn't imagine life without you.

Her eyes well up with tears. She brushes them away.

PROFESSOR CONTRERAS

At times, I thought I wouldn't make
it. You and the kids kept me going.

She kisses him on the lips once more.

Hector climbs onto the bed.

EXT. HOUSE - CALOOCAN CITY - DAY

ANGIE'S MOM, 50s, stands by the door of a well-kept two-story wood framed house. Several people look out the windows.

A gray car pulls up in front of the house. Angie opens the back door, gets out, and dashes toward the house. Two uniformed Philippine National Police officers get out and stand by the car.

ANGIE

Mom, it was horrible.

Angie's Mom steps forward.

ANGIE'S MOM

I know, but you're safe now.

She hugs Angie and kisses her on the cheek.

ANGIE'S MOM

Your friends are here.

The front door opens, and a dog runs out followed by a group of young people. Angie scoops up the dog. The young people gather round and cheer.

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - NIGHT

Security guards patrol near the main entrance.

EXT. MUSEUM OF THE FILIPINO PEOPLE - NIGHT

In the shadows, Connie, Al-Kalidi, Saadi, and several terrorists wait. Saadi has a small pack on his back.

AL-KALIDI

(to Connie)

Whad'ya think.

CONNIE/NABA

Where's that diversion?

AL-KALIDI

They'll be here.

He glances at his watch.

AL-KALIDI

Ten minutes.

CONNIE/NABA

That lot looks like a good entry to the grounds.

AL-KALIDI

It is. Let's move closer.

They move off.

EXT. ORCHIDARIUM - NIGHT

A car sits on the grass among some trees. Three shadowy figures are inside.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

In back are Director Guzman and a full bird CORONEL, 40s. In front is his NBI driver. They watch Finance Road and the back of the museum.

GUZMAN

Agents are waiting to go.

CORONEL

Worried?

GUZMAN

Nervous as a pig at a lechon party.
(sighing)
It's the waiting.

CORONEL

Figure it'll be tonight?

GUZMAN

It's the third night.

CORONEL

I hope we won't be forced to bring in troops.

GUZMAN

The terrorist leader is Alban Al-Kalidi. From what we've gleaned, he won't be taken alive.

EXT. MAPUA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY - NIGHT

On a parking lot are two military cargo trucks full of troops. Military officers stand beside them.

One officer holds a two-way radio.

EXT. MUSEUM OF THE FILIPINO PEOPLE - NIGHT

Among a stand of trees, Connie, Al-Kalidi, and Saadi look across Finance Road at the side of the National Museum. Several of Al-Kalidi's well-armed terrorists stand nearby.

AL-KALIDI

In those trees is the access to a passage. It leads to an old bomb shelter.

CONNIE/NABA

How's that gonna help?

AL-KALIDI

The shelter's in the basement.

CONNIE/NABA

Ah, perfect.

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - STREET - NIGHT

A blue sedan contains two men as it rolls down Padre Burgos Drive. An old white pickup truck with one occupant comes from the opposite direction.

EXT. MUSEUM OF THE FILIPINO PEOPLE - NIGHT

Al-Kalidi, Connie, and the others observe the vehicles as they arrive on the scene.

AL-KALIDI

Here they come.

Connie and Al-Kalidi exchange glances.

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - STREET - NIGHT

When the vehicles pass the near end of the museum grounds, the pickup truck crosses the line and strikes the sedan's fender. The vehicles stop.

The SEDAN DRIVER, 20s, gets out and examines the damage to his car. He shouts at the driver of the truck.

SEDAN DRIVER

You're one crazy bastard!

The TRUCK DRIVER, 20s gets out.

TRUCK DRIVER

It was an accident. I was lightin' my cigarette.

EXT. MUSEUM OF THE FILIPINO PEOPLE - NIGHT

Al-Kalidi turns to his terrorist band.

AL-KALIDI
Head to the Orchidarium.

The terrorists move off. Al-Kalidi looks at Connie.

AL-KALIDI
Let's move.

Connie springs forward. Al-Kalidi and Saadi follow.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

GUZMAN
There, in the street.

Guzman and the Coronel watch figures steal across Finance Road and into the trees.

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - NIGHT

Connie, Al-Kalidi, and Saadi stand in the trees of the parking lot. Connie examines the cover of the access.

CONNIE/NABA
Rusted away.

AL-KALIDI
Exactly, what I was told.

STREET

The Sedan Driver gets back in his car and drives away. The Truck Driver watches momentarily and then gets into his truck and drives in the opposite direction.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

GUZMAN
That accident was a distraction.

The Colonel picks up a two-way radio.

GUZMAN
Not yet. We'll apprehend them inside.

Guzman's cell phone rings. He answers.

GUZMAN
Guzman.... Good work. Don't move in.

He hangs up.

GUZMAN
More men in the Orchidarium.

CORONEL
It's going down.

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - NIGHT

Saadi removes the pack from his back. Connie and Saadi pull the rusty cover off the access. Saadi moves it to the side.

Al-Kalidi hurriedly reaches into the backpack and produces a black flashlight.

CONNIE/NABA
I'm first.

Al-Kalidi hands the flashlight to Connie. She slips through the opening.

INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT

The beam from the flashlight guides Connie along. All manners of vermin call this home. Water seeps from between the bricks and wets the walls.

A spider's web catches on Connie's hijab. She pulls it off with her fingers.

Al-Kalidi and Saadi catch up to her.

CONNIE/NABA
What a gutter.

A rat runs past, and Saadi stomps on it. Under his foot, the rat squeals and claws at his boot.

They continue to slowly walk. Light reflects off an old steal door. They stop. Connie pulls at the handle; the door reluctantly opens.

INT. BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

In the room are a few wooden shelves. In a corner sits a chair with one broken leg. A kerosene lantern hangs from the ceiling.

Connie leads the way through the door.

Al-Kalidi points toward another metal door across the room.

AL-KALIDI
That door leads to the main floor.

CONNIE/NABA
Gimme the floor plan.

Al-Kalidi pulls the plan from his shirt and hands it to Connie. Connie unfolds it and looks at the plan.

CONNIE/NABA
Lab's not far.

She hands the plan back to Al-Kalidi, and he folds it. They move toward the other door.

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Connie ascends the last few steps to a landing. Al-Kalidi and Saadi are behind her. Saadi pulls a pistol.

Connie pulls down the lever of a wooden door and opens it a crack. She listens then pulls it closed.

FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR

Security guard #3 passes the door and continues down the dimly lit corridor.

STAIRWELL

Connie cracks the door again.

CONNIE/NABA
Too close.

AL-KALIDI
(impatiently)
Move it!

She turns and looks at Al-Kalidi.

CONNIE/NABA
No killin' unless I say so.

AL-KALIDI
Who's runnin' this show?

CONNIE/NABA
I am. This'll be a clean job, or I'm out.

She turns and pushes the door open.

CONNIE/NABA
Well?

Connie treads into the corridor. Al-Kalidi and Saadi give each other a questioning look. They follow.

FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR

Al-Kalidi quickly pasts Connie. He makes his way to an adjoining corridor and disappears around the corner.

ADJOINING CORRIDOR

Al-Kalidi walks swiftly up to a door. A sign on the door reads: "EMPLOYEES ONLY."

AL-KALIDI

This is it.

He tries the knob, but the door is locked.

AL-KALIDI

Do your stuff.

Connie steps to the door, removes lock picks from her pocket, and bends forward. She works the lock with the picks. She turns the knob and pushes the door open. Down the hallway, they hear indistinct voices.

They step quickly through the door and close it.

LABORATORY

The beam of Connie's flashlight dances across the room. At the far end of the room is a desk. Beside and to the rear of the desk is a green-colored safe.

They approach the safe. Connie kneels in front of it.

AL-KALIDI

Can you open it?

CONNIE/NABA

I've been opening these boxes since I was twenty.

She works the dial of the safe, and in a few minutes, she stops. She turns the handle on the door, pulls, and the safe opens.

CONNIE/NABA

Like I said, since I was twenty.

Al-Kalidi and Saadi glance at each other and then back at Connie as she looks inside.

AL-KALIDI

(to Saadi)

The light.

Saadi walks to the door and flips on the switch.

Connie opens the door wider and looks farther inside. She removes a box, rests it on her knee, and opens it. Inside is the flag of Rajah Soliman.

Al-Kalidi reaches down and snatches the flag from the box. He looks it over.

AL-KALIDI
Nothing can stop me.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Director Guzman looks up and down the street.

GUZMAN
(to Coronel)
Let's move.

The Coronel picks up the two-way radio, holds it near his mouth, and keys it.

CORONEL
Team one, move in.

EXT. NEAR ORCHIDARIUM - NIGHT

From various points, NBI agents converge on the Orchidarium.

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - LABORATORY - NIGHT

As he smiles, Al-Kalidi admires the unfolded flag.

Saadi backs up, and his arm brushes a glass beaker. He attempts to grab it, but in doing so, knocks the beaker, some books, and a metal bookend from the desk. They crash onto the floor. Broken glass scatters across the tile.

Al-Kalidi bares his teeth as he glares at Saadi.

AL-KALIDI
Why don't you go to the door and
call'em in?

Saadi displays a sheepish look.

EXT. ORCHIDARIUM - NIGHT

The Skinny Terrorist spots the NBI agents as they advance.

SKINNY TERRORIST
Look!

He fires his AK-47 at the agents. The rest of Al-Kalidi's terrorists open up and take cover behind trees and bushes. The agents seek cover. Cracks of gunfire echo in the night.

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - LABORATORY - NIGHT

The door flies open, and security guard #3 steps through. Saadi raises his weapon and shoots him dead.

Security guard #4 charges in. Saadi fires again. Security guard #4 is wounded. He falls against the inside of the door, and the door slams shut.

Connie produces a throwing star from inside her blouse. With the snap of the wrist, it sails and wedges between the door and the jam. She executes a spinning roundhouse kick. It sends Saadi's gun flying through the air.

SAADI

You no-good bitch!

Saadi seizes a bamboo handled spear from against a wall and lunges at Connie. She twists to one side then the other. He jabs again, and she does a backflip to avoid the tip.

Al-Kalidi holds the flag and watches them fight.

Connie hops onto a lab bench. Saadi thrusts again.

She quickly grabs onto an overhead fluorescent light fixture. Connie swings and knocks the spear from Saadi's hands. Swinging back and forth, she lets go and lands on Saadi's shoulders.

They fall to the floor with Connie sitting on his chest. She jams two fingers into Saadi's eyes. Saadi screams. As she pulls them out, blood runs down his face.

There's pounding on the door. Al-Kalidi scoops up Saadi's gun and fires at it.

Connie rolls off of Saadi and lands behind the bench. Saadi rolls around the floor. Hands over his face, blood drips from between his fingers.

Al-Kalidi fires several times at the bench. Bullets ricochet off its metal frame. He continues to fire until the weapon is empty. He looks at the gun and tosses it onto the floor.

EXT. ORCHIDARIUM - NIGHT

The gun battle between Al-Kalidi's terrorists and the agents continues. Muzzle flashes light up the night.

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - LABORATORY - NIGHT

Al-Kalidi looks at Saadi's motionless body then at Connie.

AL-KALIDI

Who are you?

CONNIE/NABA

Judgment Day.

She springs to her feet and rushes Al-Kalidi. His lack of martial arts skills makes him vulnerable to the deadly strikes of Phoenix Eye Fist kung fu.

He stumbles around the room. The flag falls to the floor. Al-Kalidi pulls a Bunsen burner from its connection and throws it.

He backs up and steps on a piece of broken glass. He picks it up.

AL-KALIDI

I'll cut you good.

He slashes at her with the glass. She dances away and then kicks the glass from his hand.

She moves close in and peppers the vital points of his midsection. She kicks several times at his groin and legs.

Next, she crouches and attacks vital points of the groin and lower body.

Standing, Connie strikes Al-Kalidi at the jugular notch located at the sternum. He chokes and becomes disoriented.

She moves to his head and strikes simultaneously with the Phoenix Eye strike to both temples. His legs buckle as he reaches toward a lab bench. He falls to the floor.

Al-Kalidi crawls toward the flag. With an outstretched hand, he grips it and draws it to himself.

AL-KALIDI

For Jihad.

His head drops onto the flag.

EXT. ORCHIDARIUM - NIGHT

Al-Kalidi's dead and wounded terrorists lie on the grass. NBI agents round up the others.

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - NIGHT

Connie emerges through a front door, slowly walks past the columns, and down the steps. PNP officers and NBI agents dash up the steps.

CONNIE
No hurry, they're not going
anywhere.

INT. CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Connie and Jun sit in back. Jun has his arm in a sling.
Salazar drives.

AGENT SALAZAR
(to Jun)
Congrats! One hell of a job.

JUN
Connie stuck out her neck, but
Al-Kalidi paid the price.

CONNIE
You're the one wounded.

JUN
(to Salazar)
Stop by my sister's.

Jun watches through the window as buildings slip by. He
observes children begging for coins. He looks more closely
and sees Benito among them.

JUN
Stop the car. There's Benito.

The car stops, and Jun leaps from the back. Connie looks
after him.

EXT. BICYCLE SHOP - DAY

Jun strides toward his nephew.

JUN
Benito, where've you been?

Benito looks at his uncle. He observes Jun's arm with a
look of concern.

BENITO
Uncle Jun, your arm?

JUN
Hurt it working.

BENITO
What are you doing here?

JUN
Looking for you. Why'd you run
away?

Jun puts his hand on Benito's shoulder.

BENITO
Nobody cares about me, so I left.

He looks away.

JUN
Why do you say that?

BENITO
(looking frustrated)
Mom's always on me. Can't please
her.

JUN
That's not true. She loves you very
much. We all do. When your dad
died, she tried to fill the void.
She works hard for you and your
sister.

BENITO
She does? But --

JUN
-- Of course. She wants you to grow
up to be successful. She's been
half sick since you left.

BENITO
She has?

JUN
C'mon, let's go home.

He leads Benito toward the car. Benito stops.

BENITO
Wait! Where's Andres?

JUN
Andres?

BENITO
Yeah, my friend.

Jun looks puzzled. Benito turns.

Andres sits in the shade of the building.

BENITO
Andres, come on boy.

The dog jumps to his feet and dashes to Benito.

BENITO
Uncle Jun, meet Andres. Andres,
this is Uncle Jun.

Andres Barks. Jun smiles.

JUN
Let's get you both home.

Jun puts his arm around Benito's shoulder, and they walk the remaining steps to the car. Andres follows.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

In a parking space, the brake lights of a gray sedan go out. Connie and Jun open their doors and exit. They walk across the dirt lot toward a street.

From behind several cars, nine young teen punks pop out. They swarm into the path of Connie and Jun. Out in front, YOUNG PUNK #1 carries a tire iron.

YOUNG PUNK #1
Your money, man. You too, honey.

JUN
What, no please?

YOUNG PUNK #1
(sarcastically)
Please!

JUN
Suppose we refuse?

YOUNG PUNK #1
I'll drop you.

He slaps the tire iron into his hand.

CONNIE
Jun, these guys have better manners
than most muggers.

JUN
I was just thinking that.

CONNIE
Think you can take the money?

Young Punk #1 looks at the other young punks. They all laugh or snicker.

YOUNG PUNK #1
Not gonna be a problem.

He hands the tire iron to YOUNG PUNK #2. He does a series of butterfly kicks and spinning roundhouse kicks. The other punks cheer. YOUNG PUNK #2 hands the tire iron back.

YOUNG PUNK #2
Smash his head.

CONNIE
(to Young Punk #1)
That's impressive.

She glances at Jun.

CONNIE
Jun, did you see that?

JUN
Yeah, I couldn't believe it.

YOUNG PUNK #1
Believe it.

CONNIE
Let me get this straight. You learned all that with the brain of an idiot?

Young Punk #1 looks enraged. He raises the tire iron and plods forward. Connie looks at Jun and nods.

CONNIE
Here we go again.

Connie wades into him. The young punks surge forward. Jun engages one. Mayhem breaks loose.

The tire iron drops to the ground. Young punks fly through the air.

FADE OUT.

THE END