

THE HORROR... THE HORROR...

by

NICHOLAS R. ZINGARELLI

US (c) Formerly titled A Tug of War Between Zombies.

nickzing55@gmail.com
312.504.5057

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTH SHORE OAHU - PARKING LOT (DREAM) - SUNRISE

A minivan with a smashed front end. "HALE HO'OMALUH JUVENILE HOME" across the side. Races through the parking lot.

The minivan jumps the curb. Fishtails across the grass past "EHUKAI BEACH PARK" on a signpost. Skids to the edge of the

BEACH

MO KEKOA (19) brutally handsome, wiry, jumps out the minivan driver door in an orange jumpsuit. A splint over his busted nose. Two black-eyes. Bloody gauze hangs out his nostrils.

He runs toward the water. Grabs one of two surfboards upright in the sand near two SURFERS sitting on a towel.

Mo splashes through the water. Dives onto the surfboard and paddles out toward the breaking waves.

PARKING LOT

Several police SUVs, lights ablaze, sirens screeching, jump the curb. Plow through the grass onto

BEACH

The police SUVs swerve around the minivan to a halt at the edge of the water.

Several POLICE OFFICERS jump from the SUVs. Guns aimed at the

OCEAN

Mo paddles the surfboard up a vertical swell toward the belly of a passenger jet flying toward him above.

Suddenly, the bottom drops out. Mo crouches on his board. Flaps his arms. Free-falls down the face of a monster wave:

MO
Surfin' bird!

The thundering wall of rising water behind Mo reflects the shimmering images of the smoking Twin Towers on 911.

The monster wave swallows Mo in an explosion of white spray and foam morphs into gray smoke and rubble rolling down a

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE ALCOVE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Mo sits on a rock in white camo. Shakes snow and rocks off his turban. Stares up the steep rugged incline at male and female snow leopards as they cross the snowy rocks above.

MO
(whispers to himself)
Surfin' bird.

He bites the cap off a felt pen. Draws wavy lines across his cheeks.

ATAL (18) bearded Pashtun male, sits on a rock next to Mo. The headphones on his neck leak smooth jazz from a portable CD player in his lap. He speaks broken English.

ATAL
What is this, "the tug of war?"

MO
Each good war has one. Yo, 911.
Jap's at Pearl Harbor. Nazi's
bombing London.

He sits and waves the pen, accentuating his words:

MO (CONT'D)
Something that sticks in your
crawl. Like repeating: "Yes,
Virginia, they are eating the
flesh."

Atal leans towards him with a curious stare:

ATAL
What is... "Sticks in your crawl?"

Mo grabs the CD player away from Atal and opens the lid.

MO
Shit music like this!

He unloads a bootleg disc titled "Good Intensions."

ATAL
But, the Goose, give that to me.

Mo grabs him by the shoulder, smiling:

MO
The Goose is a born again hippie,
without the high. He don't know
shit 'bout music, or peace.

Atal fingers an imaginary saxophone, pretending to play.

ATAL

But he said: "chicks go for the
sexy saxophone."

MO

Chicks? Atal, yo, come on, brah.
All the hippie chicks he's talking
about are over fifty years old.

He crosses out "Good Intensions" with the felt pen. Writes
"Road To Hell" on the disc.

MO (CONT'D)

Smooth jazz, rots brains. Say it!

ATAL

"Smooth jazz rots brains."

MO

You want the Bees. Ya got to have
the honey.

ATAL

Bees and honey?

Mo pulls an RPG launcher and fifty caliber sniper rifle from
under a snow-covered tarp behind them. Gives the RPG to Atal.

MO

(speaks Pashtun)
Atal, toptshi.
(points up)
Paysee, preewe'zem. Payseewaalaa.
Bling-bling. Bees to honey.

Atal gazes up at a helicopter gunship as it appears over the
ridge above them. Nose down. Launches two rockets.

O.S. EXPLOSION NEARBY.

The slope shakes. Throws Atal to his knees.

Mo crouches, eyeballing the sniper rifle scope with a smile.
The lines raised over his cheeks as he lowers his aim onto an

AL QAEDA CAMPSITE - BELOW

Four bearded soldiers drag a blood-soaked BIN LADEN look-
alike out of a cave and duck behind a boulder.

Two rockets explode into the cave entrance. Destroying it.

O.S. WHINING HARMONICA GROWS LOUDER.

THEO GOOSE (53) big, mustache, cowboy hat, long hair behind his ears. Plays the harmonica. A nylon hockey-bag bounces behind his saddle as he rides horseback into the campsite.

Goose trots his horse up to bin Laden. The Bearded Soldiers drag bin Laden back a few steps. Their guns aimed at Goose.

GOOSE

Who wants to take a shot at ten million?

Three gunshots ring-out as Bearded Soldier 1 executes Bearded Soldier 2, 3, and 4.

Then Bearded Soldier 1 presses his pistol to bin Laden's temple and smiles up at Goose.

BEARDED SOLDIER 1

(heavy Arabic accent)

Drop bag, and back off, John Wayne.

Goose backs his horse up. Raises the bag.

GOOSE

Once upon a time, I was Bronson.

He tosses the bag to the sand.

O.S. CRACK ECHOES. ONCOMING FIFTY CALIBER PROJECTILE ZINGS. Smack into Bearded Soldier 1's forehead. Scoops-out a V-shaped rut across his head. Drags him back without bin Laden.

Goose turns his horse. Knocks bin Laden backward.

GOOSE (CONT'D)

That's my boy.

He raises his stare up at the

MOUNTAINSIDE ALCOVE

Mo shoulders the sniper rifle. Fires a flare-gun aimed over the ridge above him.

EX MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The flare arcs over the ridge.

Two hovering helicopter gunships turn to face an extended cab pickup, leading a convoy of rusty pickups full of heavily armed Pashtun tribesmen along a rocky road through the pass.

ALICIA YENNUA (22) Russian femme fatale, sexy accent. Sits on a nylon hockey-bag alone in the lead pickup rear bed.

She holds an M4A1 across her chest. A black shemagh wraps her face. Shows only her black eyes inside black mascara.

A third gunship lands. Blocking the road. The pickups kick-up a mini-sandstorm as the convoy grinds to a halt.

The third gunship hatch opens. LAPDOG (35) bookish, suit, tie, combat boots, stands in the opening. A laptop in one hand. Sprays breath freshener in his mouth with his other.

LAPDOG
 (crackling voice)
 Gary-- This is--
 (clears throat)
 Gary! This is bullshit! You will
 accept this order!

CIA paramilitary officers: Tommy ADARE (30) lanky, thin cigar and DREW RAVE (30) laconic, African American. Jump out of a pickup.

GARY STEELE (34) linebacker size, CIA paramilitary leader, slings the strap on his M4A1 over his shoulder. As he walks along. Shouts Pashtun to the Tribesmen.

Lapdog jumps out of the gunship. Scurries after Gary:

LAPDOG (CONT'D)
 Gary! You can't ignore me. Remember
 I convinced them to trust you with
 their ten million.

He reaches the new pickup. Alicia lands in his face:

ALICIA
 You will return to your ship now!

Lapdog backpedals. Alicia tosses her shemagh in the pickup bed. Platinum blonde hair adorns the white-skinned beauty.

LAPDOG
 Oo-bay-ee-tsa. How's your father?

Alicia touches multiple scratch scars across her cheek:

ALICIA
 I have not been able to get to "The
 General" for some time now. I would
 enjoy to see him very much though.

Lapdog raises a slight smile. Alicia swoops her M4A1 muzzle under his chin. Forces him on his heels. The muzzle never leaves his chin as he backpedals.

LAPDOG

(whispers)

I believe I can put you two together.

Alicia backs him into the open gunship hatch and leaves him. Gary gets in Lapdog's face:

GARY

Lapdog! You best get back up Rummy's ass, where you came from.

LAPDOG

I'm not here to debate. I need that money back.

GARY

The last sixteen days cost the taxpayers five million dollars. Not to mention the ten good men lost.

He fingers ten notches etched on the stock of his M4A1.

LAPDOG

It's over, Gary! We're done here.

GARY

I'm a mountain pass away from doin' a victory lap around Tora Bora with bin Laden's head.

LAPDOG

I have the authority--

Gary yanks Lapdog's tie taut and pulls his head down:

GARY

Ya think I'm gonna quit so Rummy can play the limelight longer?!

LAPDOG

(chokes on his words)

You will do as you are told.

Gary raises a large combat knife in his eyes.

GARY

I was told to deliver the head of our country's enemy. I guess I can do that much.

He swings the blade. Lapdog falls ass backward onto the helicopter hatch.

Tommy and Drew wrestle Gary backward. Gary laughs at Lapdog's sliced tie dangling in his grip:

GARY (CONT'D)
How they gonna pull ya outta his
ass, now?

Lapdog stands in the hatch and shoves the open laptop screen in Gary's face:

LAPDOG
Would you... repeat all that?

The screen comes alive with the face of a RUMSFELD look-alike and his voice over the speakers:

RUMSFELD
Gary, you're proceeding perfectly
logically toward an illogical--

Gary punches Rumsfeld on the screen. Shoves the laptop in Lapdog's gut. He flops ass-backward in the gunship.

LAPDOG
You need to get with the times,
Gary. We've shifted our focus.

Gary stares up at the gunship as it lifts-off and the rotor blades swirl a sandstorm around him:

GARY
The motherfuckers saved his ass.

EXT. AL QAEDA CAMPSITE - DAY

Mo descends the slope by rope. Jumps to ground. Raises his sniper rifle. Eyeballs the scope. Focuses the lens out an

OPENING BETWEEN MOUNTAINS

Bin Laden rides Goose's horse away down a rock-strewn path.

MO (O.S.)
I got ya... Ya fucking ghost.

GOOSE (O.S.)
Let him ride, Mo.

AL QAEDA CAMPSITE

Mo lowers his rifle. Goose faces him, shouldering the nylon hockey-bag.

MO

Yo, Goose, this is bull. I had "the man," in my sights.

GOOSE

Mo, we're here to do the job we're paid to. We don't want to lose our poster boy. Gotta have an enemy.

MO

What about Saddam?

Goose puts his arm around him.

GOOSE

He's a patsy.

Mo spins from under his arm. Uses his hands and body language to express a rising tide of subdued anger.

MO

Yo, Goose, why didn't ya tell me 'bout any of this bullshit.

GOOSE

Hey, you're the one that don't have time for-- And I quote, "Yo, boring bush-league terrorists."

Mo gets in his face:

MO

But I had "The Sultan of Swat."

The helicopter gunship drops in their midst. Swirling sand.

GOOSE

You picked a fine time to get your head in the game. It's over. Now stick your head back up your ass, and get back on the fucking bench.

He shoves Mo inside the gunship then climbs in.

INT. HELICOPTER GUNSHIP (FLYING) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The ship rises above the mountain ridge. Goose drops the nylon hockey-bag at Mo's feet.

GOOSE

All right Mo, choose... yes sir,
I'll take your stinking money.

He unzips the bag. Exposes stacks of freshly minted hundred dollar bills.

GOOSE (CONT'D)

Or... no sir, I give a shit.

Mo boots the nylon hockey-bag. It slides toward the open side door. Lapdog leaps from the cockpit. Chases the sliding bag.

LAPDOG

You're both fucking lunatics?

The nylon hockey-bag exits the side door. Lapdog grabs the door frame. Hangs out.

The nylon hockey-bag spills a flurry of some of the cash as it tumbles toward the foothills.

Goose pulls Lapdog inside.

GOOSE

You gotta be crazy to think you'd
find anyone sane to do what we do.

He enters the cockpit. Lapdog points in Mo's face:

LAPDOG

Your fucking child here is--

Mo grabs Lapdog's wrist. Drags him toward the side-door:

MO

Ya shouldn't point. It's rude.

LAPDOG

Fuck you!

Mo shoves Lapdog out. Grabs a strap hung from the ceiling. As he leans out. Holding the strap. Dangles Lapdog by the wrist.

MO

Funny, from here, you look fucked!

LAPDOG

Please, Mo! I'll do anything!

Mo pulls him inside onto the floor. Stands over him:

MO

How about another assignment. I seem to be in the throws of a monetary shortfall.

LAPDOG

How about we turn around so you can go down and search for the money?

An RPG hisses by the open side door and detonates.

Shrapnel claws holes in the walls and the gunship yaws. Smoke swirls about the fuselage. A warning bell chimes.

GOOSE

How about, end of discussion?!

EXT. PERSIAN GULF - NIGHT

A black helicopter skims the water's surface and disappears among the distant shoreline lights as it flies toward them.

A submarine breaks the surface just offshore.

A Tomahawk cruise missile launches from the submarine deck.

The afterburner flames become...

EXT. POOL-SIDE CAMCORDER LIVE RECORDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

...A tiki torch flame. As an orbiting moth flirts with the fire and ignites. The moth's fiery wings crash over a lens.

The smoldering moth peels from the lens. PERCY SEBASTIAN (28) nerdy journalist, appears in the frame.

He speaks to the smoldering moth dangling from his fingers:

PERCY

Enjoy your fifteen seconds a flame.

GOOSE (O.S.)

Percy, quit playing with that moth?

Percy flings the moth off his fingers.

PERCY

Done! Now give me a hand.

He disappears off camera. The camcorder focuses on "3/18/03 The-world-as-it-is Prewar Party" written on the palm of Percy's hand:

PERCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Prewar Party. Take two!

Two different hands clap. The lens swings onto Goose:

GOOSE
Ya gotta see this show. Follow me!

He circles a dry pool inside a circle of the tiki torches as he collects cash from PARTYING SOLDIERS out of uniform.

Goose stops at the diving board and grabs the camcorder lens.

He directs the focus onto a "HIRED GUNS" magazine cover showing a voluptuous, topless girl in a camouflage cap and short-shorts. She holds an M4A1 carbine with a silencer atop a grenade launcher across her nipples.

GOOSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Best of both worlds: M4A1 carbine
over M 203, 40 mm grenade launcher.

MO (O.S.)
(gasping)
The horror... The horror...

The magazine lowers to expose Mo, bucket hat, night-vision goggles (N.V.G.s). 'FUCK Y'ALL' T-shirt. Sits on a lawn chair:

GOOSE (O.S.)
Meet my Surfin' Bird, Mo.

PERCY (O.S.)
Why Surfin' Bird, Mo?

MO
My surfer buds hung that name on me
cause-a-the-way I flap my arms like
a bird.

He takes his goggles off. Points to his oversized feet:

MO (CONT'D)
That and the way my size seventeen
left and twenty right talons clutch
a surfboard.

PERCY (O.S.)
Trashmen or Ramones "Surfin' Bird?"

MO
Ramones!

Goose squeezes between them. Raises a handful of cash:

GOOSE

Wait 'til you see him stick to a skateboard! It's magic!

MO

The trick is changing everyone's cash into Goose's.

He grabs for the money. Goose pockets it:

GOOSE

Meet my Surfin' Bird, Mo.

PERCY (O.S.)

Why Surfin' Bird, Mo?

MO

My surfer buds hung that name on me cause-a-the-way I flap my arms like a bird.

He takes his goggles off. Points to his oversized feet:

MO (CONT'D)

That and the way my size seventeen left and twenty right talons clutch a surfboard.

PERCY

Trashmen or Ramones "Surfin' Bird?"

MO

Ramones!

Goose squeezes between them. Raises a handful of cash.

GOOSE

Wait 'til you see him stick to a skateboard! It's magic!

MO

The trick is changing everyone's cash into Goose's.

He grabs for the money. Goose pockets the money.

PERCY (O.S.)

So, Mo, how did you hookup with this mercenary?

GOOSE

Private contractor is the respectable terminology.

MO

I had to enlist to stay outta jail. The Marine recruiter said they didn't any criminals in the Corps. He told me to try Saddam's Army.

GOOSE

Actually, the recruiter's an old war-buddy a-mine. And well...

He laughs. Shakes his head. Smiles:

GOOSE (CONT'D)

He tells me about this nuts-so kid that been living on his doorstep that never shuts up.

MO

So he recruited me. And yo, it's been nothing but sand, sun, rock climbing, surfing Oahu 'til now.

Goose steps away. Calls back:

GOOSE

I see new sheep to shear.

MO

I did my basic training in the sand to battle Hajji on his own turf.

PERCY (O.S.)

So you're a surfer out of water.

MO

I ride surf or turf.

PERCY (O.S.)

Not many skateboard parks around here either.

MO

I-rock and I-roll wherever I go.

PERCY

What about your parents?

MO

My mom was a hooker. I was a juvenile delinquent. We loved each other anyway. She died of AIDS.

PERCY

What about your dad?

Mo shows him a circular burn scar from an electric stove on his right palm:

MO

He taught me to hate before he was stabbed to death in a fight. 911 gave me someone else to hate besides myself. And loneliness.

PERCY

I'm sorry, Mo.

Mo's duct tapes one foot to a skateboard:

MO

Shit, I take enough of these hayseeds' money, I'll buy myself a magic carpet. You a hayseed, Percy?

PERCY (O.S.)

I'm grew up with Goose in Chi-town.

MO

Yo! You're that dropout priest friend of Goose's.

PERCY (O.S.)

Guilty.

MO

You a pederast?

PERCY (O.S.)

Nothing like that. I just lost faith.

MO

Goose, says you've spent your life searching for the grail?

Percy's hand appears. Gives Mo his business card. Disappears:

PERCY (O.S.)

That's Goose's way of saying I'm a priest turned journalist. Actually, I'm more of a documentarian.

MO
 (reads card)
 The-world-as-it-is dot com?

PERCY (O.S.)
 Soldiers send their camcorder
 videos there. I put them on my
 website. So people can watch them.

Mo does a sleight of hand trick. Makes the card disappears:

MO
 Seeing is believing. Huh, doc? Who
 ya here with?

PERCY (O.S.)
 I was embedded with the First
 Marine Recon. Until this morning.

MO
 Ya got caught giving Jar-head so
 they kicked ya out-a-bed, ay doc?

PERCY (O.S.)
 No, the CO, heard I was passing out
 these camcorders to his Marines. I
 got this one left if you want it?

Goose bends over Mo and snatches the business card from him:

GOOSE
 Show-time, Mo.

UNIFORMED SOLDIER 1 and 2 lift Mo in the lawn chair.

MO
 The first thing that flies is...

He flings his hat into the air:

MO (CONT'D)
 My hat.

UNIFORMED SOLDIER 1 AND 2
 On your wheels, Surfin' Bird.

Uniformed Soldier 1 and 2 dump Mo into the

POOL

Mo rolls down the side. Zigzags around. Carves up the bowl.

The Partying Soldiers crowd along the ledge.

Goose lies on the diving board. Waves the wad of cash in his grasp over the board. The Soldiers quiet down.

GOOSE
Step right up. See your money
disappear.

Mo circles the walls. Builds up speed:

MO
Any a-ya pusses want your dead-ass
presidents doubled with interest?!

The Soldiers hoot.

Mo flies out of the pool. Spins a 360 Madonna Trick over the diving board. Grabs the cash from Goose. Rolls into the pool.

Mo grinds up and down the walls. Waves the money:

MO (CONT'D)
Fuck ya, they're mine!

The Soldiers jeer. Crowd onto the diving board. Toss bottles.

The bottles shatter off the bowl. Mo flaps his arms. Dodges a shower of glass.

He swerves under the diving board. Climbs the wall. Sings:

MO (CONT'D)
"Bird, bird, ba-bird's the word..."

He flies out of the pool. Spins a 360 Madonna Trick over the Soldiers. They flop back like dominoes across the board.

Mo twirls in midair. His spinning board morphs into helicopter blades.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER (FLYING) - NIGHT

The PILOT checks his heading. Goose sits copilot. Full gear. Checks his watch.

The cockpit glass is a green night vision display screen. Illuminates the desert terrain below.

PILOT
Coming up on Baghdad. Five minutes.

O.S. PROXIMITY ALARM DINGS.

GOOSE
We good?

PILOT

We good. That's our calling card.

A Tomahawk cruise missile passes them. Appears on the night vision display-screen.

GOOSE

Follow our calling card in.

The missile nosedives into a complex of buildings ahead. EXPLOSIONS light up a crescent moon & star on a mosque roof.

PILOT

That's your marker coming up.

Goose slings his M4A1 over his shoulder. Yells at the Pilot:

GOOSE

Catch you on the rebound!

Mo sits on a bench. Full gear. An M4A1 between his legs. Checks his watch. Loads a DVD in the camcorder. Drops it in his cargo pocket.

Goose exits the cockpit. Mo joins him at the hatch.

GOOSE (CONT'D)

Time we get down to business, Mo.

MO

Race ya.

O.S. PROXIMITY ALARM DINGS.

GOOSE

You win!

He shoves Mo out the hatch.

EXT. BLACK HELICOPTER (FLYING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mo grabs the rappelling rope. Points down.

Goose leans out. Eyeballs Gary, his face hidden in a shemagh and N.V.G.s Fires a grenade launcher mounted under a M4A1 carbine at them. Mo kicks Goose inside. Slides down the rope:

MO

Incoming!

The grenade explodes. Splinters the rotor. The ship pitches. Rotates with its blades. Mo swirls down the rope. No Goose.

MOSQUE COURTYARD

Mo twirls on the rope. Drags his boots in the sand. The rope whips him to the ground. He slams sideways. Loses his grip.

The helicopter crashes. Rolls in a cloud of sand and debris.

Several IRAQI SOLDIERS high-five each other. Fire AKs in the air. O.S. PST-PST-PST... Hailstorm-of-bullets shreds them.

Mo runs out of the cloud. M4A1 ablaze. Guns-down the rest.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER WRECKAGE - NIGHT

Sparks spit out of the darkness. Sporadic flashes create snapshots of the wrecked fuselage carnage and destruction.

Mo enters the hatch. Tosses his helmet. Frantically searches.

MO

Goose!

He flips the bench aside. Finds Goose, beat up and bloody on the cockpit floor. Sits him up against the fuselage.

GOOSE

I bounced around and ended up here.

MO

Ya saved my ass, Goose.

GOOSE

I was pushing you outta my way.

Mo tears Goose's blood-soaked sleeve off. Exposes a deep bloody gash around his compound fractured upper arm bone.

MO

Do yourself a favor. Quit pushin' me. I lost my damn medic bag!

Goose pats his chest over his bloody torn mangled shirt:

GOOSE

Yeah... Mine's in here somewhere.

Mo rips his vest and shirt off. Uncovers his "FUCK Y'ALL" T-shirt. Ties his shirt above Goose's wound. Wraps his vest around him.

Goose sees the Pilot in his seat. His chin on his chest.

GOOSE (CONT'D)
 (to Mo)
 He don't look good.

Mo checks the dead Pilot's pulse. Looks to Goose:

MO
 Nothing!

Mo wipes tears. Snot from his nose. Sucks it in.

GOOSE
 (coughs blood)
 And I'm his soon-to-be-dead ringer.

MO
 Loosen that tourniquet for at least
 a minute every twenty, Goose.

He turns to leave. Goose grabs him. Mo faces him. Teary-eyed.

GOOSE
 Whoa!

MO
 Goose, I'll be back with a vehicle
 soon as I locate the advance team.

GOOSE
 Mo, in case I don't see ya again.

MO
 Yo, check that shit. I don't wanna
 hear no bull 'bout dyin'. Ya ain't
 paid me yet, Goose!

He steps in the hatch.

GOOSE
 Hey!

MO
 Yo?

GOOSE
 Mo, ya know... I love like a son.

Mo smiles through tears. Nods to him. Jumps out.

EXT. PILE OF RUBLE - NIGHT

Mo lies between concrete chunks under an arch of bent rebar.
 Stares in night vision binoculars. Zooms onto

BAGHDAD HOSPITAL BACKSIDE

A stake body truck backs up to an eight-story glass and steel building.

INT. STAKE BODY TRUCK (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Tommy, shemagh wraps his head and face. Sets an AK over the steering wheel. Stares into the driver side mirror at

INSERT - MIRROR

Ten COMMANDOS, no insignias, fire AKs in the air as they shove five Iraqi ADULTS and eight CHILDREN up the basement steps of the hospital.

The Iraqis load crates on the truck.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Hell, take your time rag-heads.

END INSERT - MIRROR

Tommy repositions the mirror on himself. Unwraps his shemagh. Exposes an ancient Persian warrior's gold helmet on his head.

O.S. DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN.

Tommy turns toward Mo. He aims his M4AI at Tommy from the open shotgun door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Boy, what the... I'm American,
okay? My name's Tommy, yeah?

Mo lowers his gun. And his guard:

MO
You the advance team?

TOMMY
Can't you tell we're the good guys?

Mo climbs in. Stands his M4A1 in the corner.

MO
Good as gold.

TOMMY
What boy, this old thing?

MO
Fucking gold, yo.

Tommy winks in the mirror at himself. Taps on his helmet.

TOMMY
Americans deserve the best, yeah?

MO
I see, says the blind man.

Tommy turns to Mo. Mo refocuses the camcorder lens on Tommy.

TOMMY
Who's sorry now?

Mo ducks. Pockets the camera. As Tommy jabs his AK stock over Mo's shoulder. Smashes the rear window. Mo grabs the AK.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Goddamn you!

Mo wrestles him against the driver door:

MO
You first!

He forces the muzzle to Tommy's knee with one hand. His other pulls the trigger. Gunshot muffled. Tommy's knee explodes.

Tommy grabs the handle to open the door. Mo smacks the AK butt across Tommy's chin.

EXT. STAKE BODY (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The driver door bursts open. Mo rides Tommy to the ground.

The camcorder bounces out of Mo's cargo pocket. He slams the AK barrel upside Tommy's head. Knocks him out.

Mo crawls over to the camcorder. Stares at the bright-lit green "POWER ON" light. The lens twists. Auto-focuses.

Mo traces the camera's aim to the Commandos' backs. Their aimed gun-muzzles flash in front of them. The bullets blast the five Iraqi Adults and eight Children against the wall.

Mo tucks the camcorder under his arm. Raises Tommy's AK. The Commandos turn to him. Confusion stymies both sides.

Mo pulls the trigger. The gun jams. He drops it. Runs away. The camcorder points back. The lens twists. Auto-focuses.

The "POWER ON" light glows under Mo's arm and the lens twists as he leaps over Tommy. Bullets tear across Tommy's legs.

Mo jumps into the

INT. STAKE BODY (IDLING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mo ducks in the driver seat. Gunfire-rips the open door apart. Mo shifts into "D". Stomps the gas.

A hailstorm-of-bullets tear the roof off the cab as the truck pitches over rough terrain.

Mo steers one-handed. Holds the camera out the door in his other. Aims the lens at the Commandos as they fire at him:

MO
Seeing is believing, Doc.

The bullets strafe the rear bed as Mo drives over a pile of rubble and down. The truck rattles onto a dirt road.

Mo reaches under his ass. Pulls out something wrapped in a rubber-banded black chamois.

He unwraps the chamois in his lap. Something glows in his face. Casts the cab into daylight.

He squints at a lizard-faced luminescent figurine in his lap.

INT./EXT. BLACK HELICOPTER WRECKAGE - NIGHT

Goose slumps against the fuselage. His ears bleed. Mo kneels. Lays the M4A1 down. Goose watches Mo loosen his tourniquet.

MO
Yo, Goose. I stole us some wheels.

GOOSE
Any sign of the advance team?

MO
Bad sign, brah!

A grenade explodes into the front-end. Lifts the ship. Mo backs into the tail-section. His M4A1 tumbles out the hatch.

The helicopter slams back down. Goose struggles to his feet.

GOOSE
Stay back!

MO
No fuckin' way!

Mo rushes forward. Crashes into the control panel.

MO (CONT'D)
Where's the external lights switch?

Goose reaches around him. Flips a toggle switch.

A cracked spotlight illuminates the rubble across the way...

...Gary stands behind the rubble. Lowers an M4A1 carbine with a grenade launcher. Rips his N.V.G.s off. Exposes himself:

GARY

Bye-bye, motherfuckers, bye-bye!

He raises the M4A1. Blows into the infrared scope. Crouches.

Mo and Goose step to either side of the control panel. An infrared laser dot explores the cockpit.

GOOSE

M4A1 carbine with M203, 40mm
grenade launcher...

Gary fires a grenade at Goose and Mo.

Goose spins toward Mo:

GOOSE (CONT'D)

...best of both worlds.

Mo tries to grab Goose. But Goose shoves Mo backward first:

MO

No!

The grenade explodes behind Goose. His body parts pummel Mo. He flies back. Smashes his head against the rear fuselage.

NIGHTMARE BEGINS:

EXT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL EMERGENCY - NIGHT

O.S. HELICOPTER GUNSHIP ROTOR BLADES WHOOSH AS MILITARY RADIO SQUAWKS CONTINUE THROUGHOUT NIGHTMARE...

A spotlight follows Mo as he skateboards along a driveway toward the hospital. Hugs Goose's bloody torso to his chest.

He swerves past a burning ambulance buried in a bomb crater.

UNIFORMED SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)

Check out the odd-sized boots. We
got the Surfin' Bird here!

UNIFORMED SOLDIER 2 (O.S.)

Mo, we got the Goose! Stay with us!

MO
 (sings sotto)
 "I wanna be sedated..."

He wheels by the five Iraqi Adults and eight Children riddled with bloody bullet holes standing on the sidewalk.

MO (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry 'bout all this, but...
 Goose's all I got in this world.

Mo skateboards into the revolving door entryway. The door twirls faster and faster. Rises into the

BAGHDAD SKY

Tracers streak by on a downward trajectory. Lead surgical strikes. Buildings explode into rubble. Fires everywhere.

END NIGHTMARE

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Lapdog leads Alicia down a plush carpet. Oil paintings adorn the walls.

Two LARGE MEN in bulky suits, military haircuts, finger their earpiece communication devices. Back up. Let them pass.

LAPDOG
 The General has been consulting us
 on Afghanistan.

ALICIA
 Will this become a problem for you?

They halt at a bank of elevators.

LAPDOG
 I'm afraid The General has not lost
 his predatory sex drive.

He hands Alicia a hotel room key-card.

LAPDOG (CONT'D)
 I'm sure after they find his more
 than ample collection of VHS tapes,
 they'll see the problem as over.

O.S. ELEVATOR BELL DINGS. Alicia enters an opening elevator. Feels the multiple scratch scars on her cheek. Bites her lip.

PRESIDENTIAL SUITE ENTRANCE

Alicia eases the door open. Enters. The drapes are drawn. The room's dark as a movie theater without exit-sign-lights.

THE GENERAL (70) silk pajamas, looks-like Stalin (60) sits on a couch. Clicks a remote at static on the big screen TV.

VHS tapes are stacked to either side of a VHS player on top of a TV. The VHS display screen blinks "VCR. 00:00".

The General sniffs a teddy-bear's crotch through little girl's underwear printed with multi-colored lollipops.

THE GENERAL
(speaking Russian)
Oo-bay-ee-tsa...

He thumbs the remote. "PLAY" lights up on the VHS display.

BEGIN PLAYING VHS TAPE:

YOUNG ALICIA (9) long blonde hair rests on her apprehensive freckled cheeks as she stares down.

Her knees shake below a short summer dress. Her bare-feet shift on the cold marble tiled floor.

YOUNG ALICIA
(speaking Russian)
Please, father. Please don't.

THE GENERAL (O.S.)
(speaking Russian)
Unbutton your dress, Oo-bay-ee-tsa.

Young Alicia bites her lip.

YOUNG ALICIA
(speaking Russian)
Absolutely, not ever again.

THE GENERAL (O.S.)
(speaking Russian)
Then I will help you.

He thrashes a riding crop across her face. Young Alicia wipes the blood from her clawed cheek. Bites her lip.

YOUNG ALICIA
(speaking Russian)
I won't because you want me to.

She jumps forward. Thrusts her arms off the screen.

The camera focus drops. The General stomps on her bare-feet. Her knees struggle against his legs in the silk pajama bottoms. Her lollipop panties drop over his slippers.

O.S. FABRIC-TEARS. Her torn summer dress falls to the floor.

END VHS TAPE PLAYING

The TV tips forward. Crashes to the floor. The rear panel flashes with a strobe-light effect through the room as...

...The General leans back on the couch. Alicia rises behind him. Drops a triple loop of VHS tape around his neck. Yanks her crossed fists apart. Draws the noose tight.

YOUNG ALICIA (CONT'D)
(speaking Russian)
Why don't you just scream for me?

She strangles him. He kicks. Squirms. Dies. Not a whimper.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mo skateboards in a skullcap and scrubs along the hallway. Weaves around a few young SOLDIER AMPUTEES in wheelchairs.

A young uniformed LIEUTENANT backs his walker into the wall. Mocks choking himself with his own hands as Mo passes.

MO
Yo, Lieutenant! I don't choke, sir!

He wheels by an open door. Whirls around the corner.

Alicia, dressed in scrubs, steps through the open door. Fixes an ID to her blouse: "CPT. Seau RN" under her photo.

ADJOINING HALLWAY

ZIGZAG (30) easygoing, southern drawl, ponytail, beard, rolls his wheelchair. Slides walkers into slalom course gates.

He backs to the wall. Checks his watch. Looks down the hall:

ZIGZAG
Roy! Y'all tell that Muslim hot dog
Zigzag says he's got twelve ticks!

OTHER END OF HALLWAY

ROY WATTS (25) big jovial African-American nurse's aide, waves a fist full of dollar bills. As Mo skateboards by him:

ROY
Zigzag says hurry, Mo.

MO
Just make sure it's all there, Roy?

He skateboards by Zigzag. Slaloms through the course gates.

MO (CONT'D)
Be right back.

He swings for the last gate. A cane skids out of an open door. Jams under Mo's wheels. Mo flies. Crashes into a wall.

Mo shakes his head. Peers up at Tommy, plaster-cast on his left arm, legs bandaged, raises the cane off the floor:

TOMMY
Do you have something of mine?

MO
Ya fucking axed me!

Tommy bops the cane upside Mo's head. His skullcap flies off as he falls. Mo's shaved head, a road map of surgical scars.

TOMMY
Hell, boy, how goes it?

MO
Yo, I been better.

TOMMY
How 'bout I ax you again, boy?

He whacks the cane over Mo's head. Swings the cane again. Roy grabs the cane. Mid-swing. Drags Tommy back. Mo's out cold.

Zigzag rolls his wheelchair in. Shields Mo from the action. As he sticks a band-aid on Mo's back under his shirt.

Roy steps chest-to-chest with Tommy.

ROY
What's with you?

Tommy pinches Roy's chin. Distracts him as he slips something into Roy's pocket.

TOMMY
Boy, why don't ya go wipe someone's ass? Ain't that a nurse's aide job?

Roy slaps his hand away. Tommy slams his own head and arm against the wall. As if Roy punched him. Busts his cast.

Alicia leads ORDERLY 1 and 2 into the fracas. They separate Tommy and Roy. Roy breaks free.

ROY
The name's Roy, you cretin.

ALICIA
Hold him!

ROY
You got me all wrong.

Orderly 1 and 2 drag Roy backward.

ALICIA
What is this all about?

TOMMY
I won a wager, didn't I, boy?!

He turns. Watches Zigzag wheel away. Mo in his lap. Tommy spins back. Points at Roy:

TOMMY (CONT'D)
He refused to pay, right? I pressed the issue and Roy-boy threatened me with a razor knife, didn't you?

Roy drags the Orderlies near Tommy.

ROY
That's wrong!

The Orderlies subdue him. Alicia inspects Roy's ID.

ALICIA
Roy, please empty your pockets?

Roy reluctantly pulls a razor knife from his pocket.

ROY
I swear I... It's not mine.

Alicia takes the razor knife.

ALICIA
Roy, go make sure Mo is okay.

TOMMY
We need to talk, okay, Nurse?

ALICIA
 I'm Captain Seau.
 (to Orderlies)
 Help him to Ortho for recasting.

Orderly 1 and 2 haul Tommy away.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - ORTHOPAEDICS - NIGHT

Tommy sits between Orderly 1 and 2 in a deserted treatment bay. Offers them a Cuban cigar each.

TOMMY
 Why don't you's two take a break?
 Smoke these Cuban's, yeah?

ORDERLY 1
 Thanks, but no thanks.

Alicia enters. One hand in her pocket. Rubber gloves on.

ALICIA
 (to Orderlies)
 You two can go.

Orderly 1 and 2 grab a cigar each. Leave. Gary jumps up. Yanks the curtain shut. Gets in her face:

TOMMY
 First, who's this Roy character?

ALICIA
 He is wrong man in wrong place.

Tommy pokes her chest. She shakes her head.

TOMMY
 Listen, bitch, you think I need any
 of your help?

ALICIA
 I don't know about any of that.

TOMMY
 You think ya can lie to me, bitch?

ALICIA
 No, Tommy, you got it all wrong.

TOMMY
 Are you telling me Gary didn't send
 you here to kill Mo?

ALICIA

They sent me here to kill you.

She twists his plaster-cast-arm. Tommy squirms in pain:

TOMMY

Ah! Ain't you a fucking bitch?!

She rips the razor knife from her pocket. Slashes his throat. Tommy clamps his hands around his bloody neck. Sits.

She drops the razor knife in a wall-mounted needle dispenser.

ALICIA

Bitch bitch, fucking bitch.

Tommy bleeds all over himself. Alicia shuts the curtain.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - MO'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door slowly opens. A plastic bag flies through the gap.

Mo sits-up in bed. Catches the bag against his chest.

Roy enters. Smacks Mo's boots onto the floor. Shuts the door.

ROY

I'm booting your ass out of here.

MO

What's in the bag?

ROY

Time to let the bloody cat out.

He dumps the contents of the bag. Mo's blood-stained battered camcorder. The rubber-banded black chamois. Plop on the bed.

MO

None of this shit's my bloody cat.

ROY

Took this off you when you came in.

MO

At least you didn't hock it.

He picks up the rubber-banded black chamois.

ROY

I couldn't.

MO

Yo, don't con me.

ROY
Ain't no con.

MO
Yo, fuck dis shit!

He tosses the rubber-banded black chamois. Roy dives over the bed. Grabs the rubber-banded black chamois.

ROY
Just listen to me.

MO
Yo, go head.

ROY
Tommy came in minutes before you.
All busted up. I can tell he's...
(sotto)
C-I-A. He and two other guys been
doing something in a supply room in
the basement. I couldn't get in.

MO
Yo, check that shit. You tripping.

ROY
I saw Tommy's medevac report.

MO
What-a-ya-mean?

Roy pokes the rubber-banded black chamois in Mo's face:

ROY
His point of origin was blank.

MO
Maybe they forgot? Missed it?

ROY
No way.

MO
Why not?

Mo takes the rubber-banded black chamois from Roy.

ROY
Medevac did as they were ordered.

MO
Who does that?

ROY
Same people that deny Morphine so
they don't tell the truth.

MO
Yo! That ax man motherfucker!

ROY
What, me?

He snatches the rubber-banded black chamois back.

MO
No, that speed-bump-motherfucker
that chopped my ride.

ROY
You and that beatnik surfer lingo.

MO
That plaster-cast-motherfucker.

ROY
Come on, I dig. Proceed daddy-yo.

Mo laughs. Roy shakes his head. Snickers.

MO
Check da lingo, cuccini. Even
seniors don't say "dig" anymore.

ROY
All right, so I'm not cool, what
about Tommy plaster-cast?

MO
After he tripped me earlier, he
said, "you got something of mine,"
like he knew me, and I should
remember him, why?

ROY
So what's the answer?

MO
Yo, I don't...

ROY
You don't what?

MO
Know or remember anything much
about him, past...

He rubs a bruise on his head:

MO (CONT'D)

The last impression he put on me
with that cane of his.

ROY

Then why is still in question.

Mo gets out of bed. Takes the black chamois. Unwraps it.

MO

My cracked skull's the not-knowing
answer to that.

ROY

You're missing the something?

MO

What something?

Roy drapes the chamois over Mo's face. Presses the figurine
to his nose. Mo lifts the chamois. Squints at its glow.

ROY

This is that something.

MO

Shiny little guy. Now, why don't
you let me in on this something?

ROY

I checked this out on the internet.
Mesopotamians buried these with
their loved ones.

MO

Sure. But yo, why did they bury the
little guys with them?

ROY

To lead their loved ones out of the
darkness of the underworld.

He takes the figurine from him.

MO

What else ya know about this little
guy. Maybe he can enlighten me.

ROY

Saddam stole him from the Baghdad
Museum with a truckload of other
important historical artifacts.

MO
Stole them for the money?

ROY
Pimp daddy Saddam sat on one of the deepest rivers of crude oil on this planet. You think he needed money?

MO
Don't know any Mesopotamians. But I heard of Iraq. What am I missing?

ROY
The Iraqi's are the descendants of the Mesopotamian civilization.

MO
Sharp dudes, huh?

ROY
Taught the world Mathematics, Astronomy, Medicine, and the alphabet to pass it all down with.

Mo stares in the figurine's eyes:

MO
A conquered people, no history or culture to rebuild on. Lost and wondering, "who's your pimp daddy?"

ROY
Exactly!

MO
We put pimp daddy Saddam in power.

ROY
Absolutely. They need to get their shit together.

MO
They could use this little guy.

ROY
We could all use a light out of the darkness. But it's not that easy.

MO
What, they gonna chop off my hand for taking it?

ROY
Chop off your head and hands.

MO
Yo, the fuck for?

ROY
Five Iraqi adult civilians and
eight children gangland massacred
during the theft. The artifacts
were stashed in Baghdad Hospital's
basement. Now they're gone.

MO
Ya think I was at that hack shack?

ROY
I don't know. Speak to me.

Mo rubs the figurine on his forehead. Sobs quietly.

MO
I... I can't remember. But I damn
well know I didn't have any fucking
thing to do with massacring kids.

ROY
I believe ya don't remember, but...

MO
-But what?

ROY
I don't want any kids' blood on me.
You do what you want with this.

MO
I don't know what to do.

ROY
Try and remember.

MO
When I try and remember how I got
here my brain gets scrambled.

Roy pushes the camcorder's play button. Opens the viewfinder
screen. Percy's business card falls out. Mo reads it.

Roy hands Mo the camcorder on his way out:

ROY
Watch this 'til I get back.

INSERT - VIEWFINDER PLAYBACK DVD RECORDING PART ONE

EXT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL BACKSIDE - NIGHT

The backs of the Commandos. Muzzle flashes in front of them. The bullets massacre the five Iraqi Adults and eight Children against the wall.

END INSERT - VIEWFINDER PLAYBACK DVD RECORDING PART ONE

Mo rips the DVD from the camcorder. Peers at his reflection in it. The door opens. He drops the DVD to his side. As Zigzag wheelchairs in.

ZIGZAG

Our gentleman friend in the cast
had a case of sudden death, y'all.

MO

Dead how, Zigzag?

ZIGZAG

Slit throat. Police pulled Roy in
for questioning. He wants me to
pitch you this.

He throws Mo a money clip of cash. Mo stares at it:

MO

I gotta tell them Roy was with me.

ZIGZAG

I'll tell 'em I was huddling with
Roy the whole time downstairs.
He'll be safe at home by morning.

MO

What can I do?

ZIGZAG

I's supposed to tell y'all about
your dead teammate Theo...

MO

-Goose! Theo Goose.

ZIGZAG

What's left of Goose is down...
What's that there in your hand, Mo?

Zigzag points to the DVD. Its mirror surface reflects a sign over a doorway reading...

"PATHOLOGY DEPARTMENT"

...Mo enters the doorway under the sign and goes into an

AUTOPSY ROOM

FRANK (30) seven-foot tall, Marine haircut, slow deadpan baritone voice, droopy-eyes, sallow face, shuffles along. Leads Mo past empty dissection tables. Speaks slowly.

FRANK

Bear with me. I'm decaffeinated.
And my low thyroid is dragging me
down. Who are we looking for?

MO

I'm delivering Goose to his most
excellent friend Percy in Chicago.

FRANK

Theo Goose. Follow me, sir.

He pulls a magnetized clipboard off a row of stainless steel refrigerator drawers.

MO

You remind me of...

FRANK

-Who, sir?

Mo steps once for Frank's two shuffling steps.

MO

I'm sorry. Yo, forget it.

FRANK

No. Go right ahead. Please.

MO

Some old movie star, Boris,
something, played Frankenstein.

FRANK

My name is Frank. But without my
coffee, I'm more of a Lurch type.

He checks the clipboard against numbers on the drawers.

MO

What about when you drink coffee?

FRANK

I become... a real monster, sir.

He slides a cadaver tray out. Lifts an 18" x 18" sealed bag of brown fluid around a solid mass.

MO
Yo, the fuck did you do to him?

FRANK
Not much left of this one.

MO
Must-a cut out his heart, huh?

FRANK
They're all vacuum seal mummified.
Before we fly 'em home on
commercial airliners. Don't want
anyone noticing...
(sotto)
The smell.

MO
Mum's the word, ay?

Frank reads a list of flight schedules on a clipboard page.

FRANK
If a, we hurry, you'll have time...

He checks his watch. Hands Mo a camouflage backpack.

FRANK (CONT'D)
To catch a non-stop midnight flight
to Chicago.

MO
Sweet.

Frank slams the tray door.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mo bursts out a stairway door. Sprints down a corridor.
Camouflage backpack on. Two skateboards strapped over it.

He heads toward a "loading dock" sign over plastic strips
hanging from a double-wide doorway.

Flashlight beams shine on the other side of the plastic
strips. O.S. INDISTINCT CHATTER. Mo skids to a halt.

He giggles a knob on a locked "SUPPLY ROOM" door. Slams his
shoulder into the door. Hurls himself at the door again.

Several POLICEMEN enter through the hanging plastic strips.

SUPPLY ROOM

Mo bursts through the door into total darkness. Shuts it.
Locks it. O.S. POLICEMEN POUND ON DOOR. RATTLE DOORKNOB.

Mo backs away from the door.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
It's locked. Come on. Let's go.

Mo backs into a rolling cart. A Projector on the cart reel-to-reel whirls to life. Mo follows the projected film onto a...

...Projection screen at the front of the room plays smoke billowing out of the twins towers as the buildings crumble.

Mo pulls a switch on the projector.

As the film slows. Saddam Hussein's laughing face appears in the Twin Towers billowing smoke as they collapse. Before the film melts:

MO (O.S.)
Yes, Virginia, they are eating the
flesh.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - BAGGAGE CHECK - NIGHT

Mo wears the bucket hat, backpack, two skateboards strapped over it. Inspects a line of passengers carrying their shoes:

MO
War makes zombies of us all.

Everyone stares at wall-mounted TVs all around the concourse and gate seating. Replay the film of the smoking twin towers as they collapse.

TSA 1 passes Mo. Nods to Lapdog in a doorway along the wall. Lapdog fingers his nose. Enters the door in the wall.

Mo sets his backpack on a conveyor belt. TSA 1 smacks a plastic tray onto the table. Mo puts his boots in it.

TSA 1
Sir, you're going to have to lay
all your accessories on the table
for me to have a look-see.

TSA 2 views a fluoroscope screen. TSA 1 lifts the skateboards. Reads "GET SOME" across the foot sides.

TSA 1 (CONT'D)
You a Marine?

MO
Trained with First Recon.

TSA 1
You just comin' back?

Mo lifts his hat. Exposes his scar-filled scalp.

MO
Got my meatball tenderized during a
Special Op'.

TSA 1
Goddamn, Uncle Sam!

TSA 3 pulls three bottles of wine out of the backpack.

TSA 3
Shoot, gonna have to shit-can your
plans for a holiday toast, sir.

MO
Yo, my plans are yours, boys. Tip
the vino in an air hostess and lay
her over tonight.

TSA 1
What the...?

He holds the bag with Goose's remains up:

MO
Yo, can ya give me a break on my
smoked Christmas Goose, boys? It
would mean the world to me Mum.

TSA 1
My brother's a Marine Recon. This
one's on me boys if you will?

TSA 1 nods up the conveyor at TSA 2. TSA 3 winks back at him.
TSA 1 repacks the backpack.

BOARDING TUNNEL

Mo follows a CAPELLA TRIO in Fedoras. As they tap-dance
toward the jet. Sing:

CAPELLA TAP DANCE TRIO
"To that same old place, Sweet home
Chicago".

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - MO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gary taps the camcorder on a window. Speaks into a cell phone between his ear and his shoulder:

GARY

Trace all out-and-incoming communications on your bogey! And gimme some good news, Zigzag.

ZIGZAG (V.O.)

We got him, Gary! He's in the air, on a commercial jet headed for Chicago. ETA, two hours.

Gary scowls at the camcorder in his hand:

GARY

Good! Cause he's got us on video!

He smashes the camcorder through the shattering window.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Zigzag watches the laptop screen's frozen frame of Gary's arm through the busted window from outside. Camcorder in hand.

Lapdog tilts Zigzag's chair back. Smiles down at him.

ZIGZAG

You sure know how to push your players' buttons.

LAPDOG

I was schooled hanging from a helicopter over Tora Bora.

ZIGZAG

You got these two in a tug-a-war with you pulling at both ends.

LAPDOG

It's easier to let go that way.

He flips Zigzag's chair forward. He thumps into the table.

INT. COMMERCIAL JETLINER (FLYING) - NIGHT

Mo stares out the window at a starry sky. Cabin mostly empty.

ALICIA (O.S.)

Sir!

Mo turns to the aisle. Alicia leans over the empty seats from behind the refreshment cart in an air hostess uniform.

Mo reads her winged nameplate:

MO
Sandra Dee?

ALICIA
Here's your cranberry juice, sir.

She hands him a juice can.

MO
Didn't know Sandra Dee was Russian?

ALICIA
No?

MO
Not many wahines in Russia?

ALICIA
I don't know that term.

He sticks his hands out. Palms down. Rocks his hips.

MO
Surfer chicks.

Alicia fights off a smile.

ALICIA
I love the surfing.

MO
How 'bout I teach you to surf?

ALICIA
You are the surfer?

MO
Gidget, it's me, Moon-doggy. Mo for short. Don't ya know me?

Alicia rattles a cup of ice.

ALICIA
Would you like some ice, Mo?

Mo waves the cup away.

MO
Yo, ain't I cool?

ALICIA
You are funny, Mo.

He sets the juice can down on his tray by Percy's business card. Watches her push the cart away. Rocking her hips.

MO
You sure got a sexy way with words.

He reads Percy's business card. Smiles across the aisle at JULIAN ASSANGE (22) seated. Click-clacks on a laptop keys.

He plugs a satellite phone into his laptop. Downs a double scotch. Shows Mo an orgy scene on the laptop screen:

JULIAN
Got a tip for ya. Newest thing,
satellite mobiles get you internet
porn from space. Buy in now, lad.

Mo rises. Sips his juice. Trips into the aisle.

MO
Shit!

He spills his can. Julian twists in his seat. Cranberry juice splashes across his shirt.

JULIAN
That's some bloody shit, bloke!

He sets the laptop on an empty seat. Jumps to his feet. Mo leans behind him:

MO
Whoa! Dude, like I'm so, like...

JULIAN
Outta me way, ya yammering yank.

He charges into the bathroom.

Mo sits in his seat. Sets Julian's laptop on his legs. Taps on the keys:

MO
Mahalo nui loa.

INT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Modest furniture, books crammed onto shelves cover the walls.

A pink crib with a farm babies musical mobile next to RACHEL SEBASTIAN (36) short hair, nighty, sleeps under a bed quilt. Beauty marks encircle her left eye.

Percy sits at a laptop on a desk. Scrolls down a page.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

"#1 - Immediately after the 9/11 attacks the US Government offers a twenty-five million dollar reward for bin Laden."

"#2 - Late 2001, Tora Bora, CIA paramilitary forces joined by Pashtun rebels come up short and fail to capture bin Laden as the US state department refuses to commit US troops."

"#3 - March 18, 2003, I make contact with Mo Keoka on my last day in Qatar."

"#4 - March 20, 2003, The US invades Iraq."

"#5 - July 3, 2003, The State Department offers a twenty-five million dollar reward for Saddam Hussein's capture."

"MO" flashes on a winged envelope flying across the page. O.S. BELL RINGS. The cursor opens the e-mail:

"Yo, Doc, still searching for that Grail? If seeing is believing, seek a campfire in freedom woods at 2:30 AM."

"All it'll cost ya is fifteen seconds of flame."

END INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

Percy shuts the laptop. Opens curtains on a window.

Icicle Christmas lights on a gutter next door blur in the frosted glass. A commercial jet flies through snow flurries in the sky.

PERCY

Surfin' Bird's hat is flying again.

He turns to a clock radio on "2:00 AM".

Rachel sits-up under the quilt.

RACHEL

Why are you up so early?

Percy kisses her.

PERCY

Shh. I'm trying to sneak out.

RACHEL
She's already awake.

She lifts her nighty. Exposes her ninth-month pregnant belly.

A mike taped over her protruding navel is plugged into an MD recorder/player on the bed.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I worry about ya going out in that
cold, in the dark.

He peels the mike off her belly. Clicks the stop button on the MD player/recorder.

PERCY
I'll listen to this on my run. It
always brings me home.

Rachel sticks her fingers in her ears. Shuts her eyes.

RACHEL
Sofia says, "you never answered our
question about decorating the house
for Christmas."

She lays one hand on her belly. Whispers:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Please...

She dangles a palm-sized baby doll wrapped in a pink blanket Christmas ornament. "Sofia" cross its white sash.

PERCY
Rachel, we've been over and over
this ever since...

He tears up. Clutches the MD player/recorder and mike. She takes his hand.

RACHEL
I know how much losing Goose hurt
you. And I... I promised not to
mention him, but...

Percy pulls his hand from hers. Turns away.

PERCY
I've got a DVD to process. The
story's going to deadline today.
And it needs more research.

He wipes tears off his cheek. She strokes his back.

PERCY (CONT'D)
We'll talk later. I need to run.

RACHEL
Let's talk now, Percy, please?

He kisses his way up her arm. Rasberries her neck.

PERCY
I've got a surprise for you when I
get back. Let's not spoil it.

Rachel smiles. Cocks her head against his.

RACHEL
Wear that yellow hoodie. You need
to be seen. Here, put this on.

She drops an ID necklace clipped to his driver's license
around his neck. Pecks a kiss on his cheek.

PERCY
I will. You're right. And thank you
for taking good care of me.

RACHEL
We'll have s-e-x for breakfast.

Percy twists a house key onto a ring on the necklace.

PERCY
It'll be Sofia's first white
Christmas.

RACHEL
That's disgusting.

PERCY
It's also against the doctor's
orders of "bed rest" along...

RACHEL
Along with "The least bit of
excitement." I was born with a
heart defect. I had some trouble
lately. But I feel stronger as
Sofia nears.

PERCY
Then please take it easy.

RACHEL
Eggs over easy sounds good.

PERCY

I'll make oatmeal for you too. I
left you some tea on the dresser.

Rachel wraps her arms around him. Percy kisses her.

INT. COMMERCIAL JETLINER - NIGHT

Mo sits with the laptop on his legs. Loads the DVD.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN DVD RECORDING PLAYBACK PART TWO

EXT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL BACKSIDE - NIGHT

Commandos turn sideways. Aim AKs at the lens. They reveal

A MAN in a wide brim pimp hat and fur coat behind them. As he
fires an AK. Guns-down the five Iraqi Adults and eight
Children against the wall.

He joins the Commandos firing at the shaky camera lens frame.
The pimp hat Man's face is hidden behind the muzzle-flashes.

END INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN DVD RECORDING PLAYBACK PART TWO

Mo shuts the lid. Removes the DVD. Puts it in a plastic disc
case. As Julian knocks on the overhead. Wet shirt in hand.

JULIAN

Oi! Ya bloodied me shirt so ya can
watch gangster videos, mate?

MO

Sorry, cuz. Did I nacho ya shirt?

JULIAN

No worries. Name's Julian Assange.

MO

Mo Kekoa. Are ya interested in the
Holy Grail, Julian?

Julian nods as they do the ritual of handshakes. Fist bumps.

INT. ARRIVAL GATE - NIGHT

Mo sidesteps families hugging. Shoulders his backpack. Two
skateboards strapped over it. Wheels pointing outward.

MO

Excuse me.

He steps into pedestrian traffic on their way out.

Tex follows Mo. Pulls his Stetson brim over his eyes.

Mo walks by a bathroom. Doubles-back. Bumps face-to-face into Tex. He steps side-to-side. Mo mirrors his moves.

MO (CONT'D)

Pardon me.

Tex steps back. Mo enters the men's washroom alcove.

ACCUSING MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey you! My suitcase!

Mo skateboards out of the alcove. Toting a red suitcase into a crowd of pedestrian.

Tex chases Mo into the crowd. Crashes over the red suitcase.

TEX

Crap!

Mo disappears in the crowd.

INT. O'HARE BLUE LINE "L" SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Mo leaps off a dead escalator. Skateboard under his arm.

A mechanic lies on his back halfway inside the escalator's service door. Mo steals a flashlight at the mechanic's feet.

BIBS (35) CIA, beard, worn bib-overalls, moth-eaten parka, thumbs through a pile of newspapers in a garbage can.

Mo skateboards around him. Jumps into an

"L" CAR

Mo skateboards past the empty seats to the tail-end.

Bibs enters. Newspapers under his arm. Sits at the doors. Removes his parka. Stuffs the papers down his overalls.

EXT./INT. BEAT-UP PICKUP (IDLING) - NIGHT

Tex exits the terminal. Reaches into the idling pickup truck bed. "AIRPORT SECURITY" across the shotgun door.

He slaps a magnetized "DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION" sign over "AIRPORT SECURITY" on the door. Hops in. Sits shotgun.

Wiz chomps a cigar at the wheel.

TEX

I fucking lost him, Wiz.

WIZ

We got him. He's on the blue line
into the city.

He stomps the gas. Peels-out.

INT./EXT. "L" CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The darkness of the tunnel changes the windows to mirrors.

Bibs sits in the seats facing the aisle. Reads a newspaper.
Mo skateboards past him:

MO

Yo, 'tis the night before
Christmas" and I'm blitzin'.

The train squeals to a halt at an empty platform. Mo rolls
back and forth at the open doors. Bibs springs-up.

MO (CONT'D)

Shit... wrong stop.

Mo rolls backward. Knocks Bibs on his heels. The car jerks
forward. Bibs flops backward into a seat.

BIBS

Crap!

MO

See ya!

Mo kick-flips off the skateboard. Catches it. Exits the door
between the cars.

BIBS

Hey!

Bibs chases him out the door

BETWEEN "L" CARS

Bibs looks left to right at chain guards supposed to connect
the train sections hanging loose. No Mo? He bursts into the

NEXT "L" CAR

He scurries down the aisle. Checks between every empty seat.

BIBS

Where the...

He runs back up the aisle. Busts back out the door

BETWEEN "L" CARS

He stops outside the door as a beam of light shines in his eyes. He looks up. The flashlight hits him in the head as...

MO (O.S.)
I got ya!

...Mo lifts him by the bib-straps. Reaching down from the roof.

MO (CONT'D)
Ya gonna miss me?

The train leaves the tunnel. Passes through a winter wonderland to either side of a busy snow-covered expressway.

BIBS
God, don't!

MO
Ciao, Bibs!

He flings him off the train sideways. He crash-lands in a snowbank along a fence bordering the expressway traffic.

EXT. "L" STATION - ALONG EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

The empty train halts. Ten Commandos in dark overcoats and hoodie hoods enter the cars.

They look between the seats. Suppressed assault rifles swing from under their open overcoats as they lean over and gawk out the windows at a black helicopter hovering silently before a full moon.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER (FLYING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alicia stands behind a PILOT. Gary sits copilot. Headset on.

GARY
(into headset)
I want all of you searching both sides of the tracks, all the way back to your momma's wombs!

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Mo slaloms his skateboard around several oncoming cars and trucks across the lanes. O.S. CAR HORNS. TIRES SHRIEK.

INT./EXT. BEAT-UP PICKUP (MOVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Wiz steers. Smiles. Tex rides shotgun. Grips the bottom of his seat. Widens his scared-eyes. Facing the windshield as...

...They race toward glaring brake lights on the cars and trucks as they screech to a halt on the expressway ahead.

Gary squawks over a two-way radio under the dash:

GARY (V.O.)
Mo's in front of you!

WIZ
Got him!

TEX
He's crossing! Goddamn! Be careful!

They skid behind side-by-side semis. O.S. AIR-HORNS BLOW.

Mo skateboards across the expressway. Through the semis' headlight beams ahead of them. As the semis fishtail apart.

Wiz floors the pickup between the semis. Sparks fly as the pickup fenders scrape along the sides of the trailers.

WIZ
I'm gonna end this.

TEX
We're gonna fucking die.

WIZ
No watch!

Tex ducks as the shrieking semis jackknife apart.

The pickup shoots from between the semis. Shimmies sideways. Slams-crunch onto a snow removal truck's right-angle plow.

The truck plow flings the rattling pickup off the road.

The pickup tailspins across a landscaped roadside.

Wiz wrenches the twisting wheel for control. Tex folds his arms over his chest. Turns from the windshield:

TEX
Watch the damn tree!

Wiz wrestles the wheel straight.

WIZ
I got it. I... don't!

They smash head-on into a snow-covered evergreen. The tree creaks as it thumps an avalanche of snow over them.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

Woods to one side. A strip mall and car dealership decorated for Christmas on the other.

A raccoon crosses the double yellow lines toward the mall.

O.S. METAL-BASHES-METAL. The raccoon runs back to the woods.

ROADSIDE CONSTRUCTION SITE

Mo smacks a flashing construction horse metal legs into a gang-box lock. Cracks it open.

He tosses the horse. Opens the box. Grabs four flares inside.

MO
(sings)
"You light up my life."

He pockets the flares. Takes a homemade machete from the box.

Mo stares up at an air compressor dangling from a crane boom next to a streetlight. He grabs a stone from the pile.

He flings the stone. Shatters the light. Darkness falls.

EXT./INT. BEAT-UP PICKUP (MOVING) - NIGHT

Wiz drives down the road. Steam hisses from under the bent hood on the windshield. The only spot without snow piled on it.

The defroster spews steam on the inside windshield. Tex wipes the condensation off. But the steam keeps fogging the glass.

TEX
I can't fucking do this.

WIZ
You're doing good.

TEX
We'll never find that fuck.

WIZ
This is the road. Hey!

He points through the fogged windshield.

TEX

I don't see any fucking thing.

Wiz wipes the windshield off. Points ahead. To the right.

WIZ

He's there!

Mo skateboards along the right roadside ahead.

TEX

We run this mother down and I'm home to see my little fucking darlings open their presents.

WIZ

Those aren't our orders.

TEX

Fuck orders, it's Christmas!

He grabs the wheel. Jerks it right. Stomps on Wiz's foot. Forces the pedal down. Swerves the pickup onto the roadside.

WIZ

Let go!

The pickup climbs the stone pile. Rolls-over the edge of a

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The pickup churns sideways down the embankment. Slams upside-down. Fuel pours out the cracked gas tank over the bumper.

Mo drops his backpack. Opens the shotgun door. Pulls Wiz clear. Runs back. Drags Tex next to Wiz. Both semi-conscious.

MO

Intelligence agents? More like brain-dead zombies, yo.

He searches the vehicle interior.

WIZ AND TEX

We work for the "Department of Transportation".

They search inside their jackets for their missing sidearms.

Mo clacks two C-4 squares together as he approaches them.

MO

You use C-4 plastic explosives to
clear up traffic jams?

He stashes the C-4 in his backpack.

TEX

That's clay for my kids.

MO

Ya gonna miss Christmas under the
tree with your kids, yo. These guns
presents for your kids too?

Mo dangles their two handguns in their faces.

WIZ

What are you gonna do?

Mo puts the guns in his backpack. Pulls a flare out.

MO

I'm going to shy your helicopter...

He lights the flare. Tosses it under the pickup:

MO (CONT'D)

Outta my fucking sky.

The flare splashes in a puddle of gas. Whoosh. Flames engulf
the pickup.

EXT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT SIDE - NIGHT

O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING PLAYS. Percy hops down the
steps. Headphones and a yellow hoodie on.

The block of houses along a side street bordering a forest
preserve.

Percy jogs through the snow on the sidewalk.

He drops carrots from his pockets as he passes houses lit-up
and decorated for Christmas.

END OF BLOCK

Percy halts at the curb along a road. Three deer stand across
the road just outside the forest preserve treeline.

He scoops up a rabbit hit by a car dying at the curb. Brushes
snow off a mound of leaves. Lays the bunny on the leaves.

He sprints across the road into the

FOREST PRESERVE

A circular meadow surrounded by hills and trees.

He offers carrots to the deer. They creep toward him.

O.S. EXPLOSION IN DISTANCE.

The deer run for the trees.

Percy drops the carrots:

PERCY

No more silent night.

INT./EXT. BLACK HELICOPTER (FLYING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alicia points from behind the Pilot and Gary copilot to the to a fireball as it rises over the trees beyond the woods:

ALICIA

That's near the county road. It's going to attract every news-copter in the Chicago area.

GARY

Put me down in the clearing, now!

PILOT

You got it.

He noses the helicopter down.

GARY

(to Alicia)

I don't want you interfering out there. Remember, only I say when.

ALICIA

Of course.

GARY

(to Pilot)

That's the place. Above the woods.

Gary zips his parka. Points to a hilltop clearing below.

Four Commandos in hoodie hoods and dark overcoats stand at a campfire.

The black helicopter sets down on the hilltop clearing. Gary ties his hood over his head. Jumps out.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Frank enters. Finishes a large carry-out coffee. Crushes the cup by Zigzag's ear.

Zigzag sits at a desk. Works on a laptop. The green screen lights his face. He drinks from a coffee mug with "W" on it.

Zigzag sets the cup down. Fingers the mouse. The cursor blinks on "standby". The screen blackens.

ZIGZAG

I gotta pee like a racehorse.

He tries to stand. Frank yanks his ponytail. Sits him down.

FRANK

I don't care if you double skim
latte your panties. Get that green
screen back up. Reverse the feed.

ZIGZAG

You need to switch-hit to de-cafe.

FRANK

Wanna really be in a wheelchair?

Zigzag keys the laptop. The screen lights up

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

A green night vision eye-in-the-sky view of the forest preserve below.

ZIGZAG (O.S.)

(grunts words)

There. Now can I wet the infield?

Percy jogs backward on a wooded path under his hoodie hood.

FRANK (O.S.)

You're getting up until you show me
what you got so far.

ZIGZAG (O.S.)

I'm gonna have to quicken the pace.

Percy races backward out of the woods. Crosses the road.

FRANK (O.S.)

Slow it down. There's something...

Percy reverses in slow motion across the sidewalk.

ZIGZAG (O.S.)
Ouch... all right, I'll play ball!

LAPDOG (O.S.)
You two having fun?

FRANK (O.S.)
Sorry, sir!

The black helicopter hovers over Percy. The spinning blades slice his movements into single frames of motion.

LAPDOG (O.S.)
Gary's on top of it. Pause it!

The frame freezes Percy between still helicopter blades.

END INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

Lapdog steps around Frank. Points above Percy through the helicopter blades. Touches the top corner of the screen.

LAPDOG
What's that?

ZIGZAG
That's one of my signs.

A cursor drags a two-pigs-fucking-icon to the screen bottom.

LAPDOG
What does it mean?

ZIGZAG
They're makin' bacon on our field.

LAPDOG
I see that. Go on.

ZIGZAG
Oh, it means someone's piggybacking our satellite feed.

LAPDOG
That rat Gary took the cheese.

ZIGZAG
(to Lapdog)
Gotta go to the clubhouse, coach!

LAPDOG
Well, go.

Zigzag races to the door. Gives Frank the finger. Leaves.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING PLAYS.

Percy cuts between tree limbs. Hops over a fallen tree. Jogs down a path along the water's edge. Jumps over the

RIVER

Percy splash-lands on a half-submerged picnic table. O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING PLAYS. He sings:

PERCY

The wife was home when ya left...

He jumps left. Splash-lands on a mostly submerged drum.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Your right...

He jumps right. Splash-lands sideways on a mostly submerged shopping cart:

PERCY (CONT'D)

Sofia's in her belly and ya left...

He jumps left. Splash-lands on a mostly submerged tree limb:

PERCY (CONT'D)

A man's gotta make his mark in this world, Rachel.

He runs up the limb. Leaps onto the bank. Turns down a path between bushes. Sprints uphill. Bursts onto the

HILLTOP CLEARING

Suddenly. O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING STOPS.

Gary drags Percy by the hood facedown. Toward the campfire. Percy's headphones hang out of his hood.

Three Commandos stand on the other side of the fire. SOMEONE, face hidden by a hood, joins them. Zips his fly.

Gary lifts Percy to his feet. Flames flicker in their eyes.

GARY

Who invited you?

PERCY

I was just out for my run.

GARY

I don't believe you. So I'm gonna
roast your nuts until you tell me.

He shoves Percy into the fire.

GARY (CONT'D)

Water-boarding will cool you off.

The Someone runs through the flames in a cloud of hot embers
from the other side. Loses his hood. It's Mo!

Mo knocks Percy back into Gary. Gary punches Mo in the head.
Mo flips Gary over his shoulder. Into the fire.

Gary dives out of the inferno. His hood crackles ablaze. The
Commandos stare at him. Gary rolls himself in the snow.

Mo shoves Percy out of the clearing onto a

RUNNING PATH

Mo and Percy sprint downhill.

MO

The Grail's not in the fire.

They pass Alicia at the base of the hill. She lies in the
snow. Making an angel.

PERCY

Was that a snow angel back there?

MO

The angel of death always leaves
her mark behind.

PERCY

We better split up.

The Commandos run down the hilltop after them.

MO

Where can we meet?

PERCY

North, up on those railroad tracks.

He points to a bridge on the ridge above. Mo slaps his hand.

MO

Don't point. I'll get my bag and
wait up there.

PERCY
I'll be around.

MO
See-ya.

The Commandos run into each other as they stop at the base of the hill. Raise suppressed assault rifles from under their coats.

Mo and Percy run in different directions. O.S. PSST-PSST-PSST. Bullets whiz by them.

WOODS

Percy hurdles through a hedgerow. Lands on a winding path. O.S. PSST-PSST-PSST. Bullets splash in the mud at his heels.

He dives blindly into a thicket. Slams face-first onto a

STEEP SLOPE

Percy slides down a muddy rut under a downed tree along the river.

Commando 1 and 2 stop at the other side of the tree. Angrily bump each other sideways as they look through their rifles night vision scopes along the river.

Percy lies still on the mucky side of the downed tree.

Commando 1 spins around. Smacks his rifle muzzle across Commando 2's nose. They yank on each other's barrels.

Commando 1 kicks Commando 2 in the chest. O.S. PST. Commando 2 shoots Commando 1 in the neck as he falls...

...over the tree into the muck. He aims his rifle at Percy. Staring back at him from under the tree:

COMMANDO 1
He's here--

O.S. PSST-PSST-PSST. Bullets blast Commando 1 in the face.

COMMANDO 2 (O.S.)
Slither the fuck out of there and
die like a man, ya fucking snake!

Blood drips off the tree on Percy as he crawls from under it.

Commando 2 leans over the tree. Blood seeps through his hand on his neck down his barrel poked in Percy's flattened nose:

COMMANDO 1

You... fucking... traitor...

Percy turns his face. O.S. PSST-PSST-PSST. He blinks as bullets splash in the mud onto his face as Commando 2 falls dead over the tree.

Percy stands. Pockets his headphones and MD player/recorder. Tosses his flesh-mud-blood-splattered hoodie behind the tree.

He doesn't notice his house key and driver's license on the necklace sticking out from under his hoodie.

PERCY

Sorry Rachel, but seeing yellow's not always good.

O.S. PSST-PSST. Bullets chip the bark next to Percy. He leaps on the tree. Runs up the half-submerged limb over the water.

He jumps. Splash-lands left on the picnic table. Right on the drum. Left on the shopping cart. Leaps onto the bank.

Wiz shoves Tex down the half-submerged tree-limb after Percy.

Tex jumps left. Splashes in the river. Wiz splashes over him.

RIDGE

Percy stares down at Wiz and Tex splashing in the water.

PERCY

Dam good trick.

He turns toward two Commandos across the way. Rifles aimed at him.

Percy zigzags up a trail. O.S. PSST-PSST-PSST. Bullets mangle the trees in his wake.

He leaps through another hedgerow onto the

RAILROAD TRACKS

O.S. ONCOMING TRAIN WHISTLES. Percy turns to the headlight. The locomotive roars at him. He freezes. As slam...

...Mo flies into Percy. Knocks him off the tracks. The engine blows by. As they tumble onto the gravel.

They scuffle on the ground. Mo gets the best of Percy. Kneels over him. Cocks his arm. Ready to punch him:

MO
What the hell, Doc?!

He stands over Percy. Straightens his skateboards strapped over the backpack on his back.

PERCY
That's the question!

He gets up.

MO
You got an answer?!

PERCY
No. But I got an educated guess!

MO
Yeah, what?!

Freight cars rumble past them. They shout:

PERCY
Judging by what these people...!

MO
The forces of darkness, Doc!

PERCY
Given the manpower, the forces of darkness are expending...!

He shouts in Mo's ear:

PERCY (CONT'D)
We must possess The Grail!

Mo pulls the DVD case from his backpack. Taps it on one of Percy's shoulders. Then his other. Knights him.

MO
It's all on here!

PERCY
You've played it?

MO
Goose and I trumped them at Tora Bora. We snatched Abu Abdallah.

PERCY
You got that on DVD? Bin Laden too?

MO
 Old news, Doc. Goose died in
 Baghdad.

Boxcars change to empty flat-cars. Expose them to the

OTHER SIDE OF TRACKS

O.S. PST-PST-PST-PST. Four Commandos rapid-fire rifles at Mo
 and Percy...

...As they dive on the last flatcar in a line of tankers...

...Bullets pop-holes across skull and crossbones insignias
 over "POISON" stenciled across the tankers.

Caustic liquid gushes from the crooked trail of bullet holes.

Wiz and Tex run alongside the tankers. Smoke rises from their
 boots as they splash through the caustic fluid.

EXT. RIVER BELOW BRIDGE - NIGHT

Percy skids on his heels down a concrete incline. Halts on a
 ledge above the rushing tide of river water.

The caboose clacks across the trusses above. Drowns-out Wiz
 and Tex as they splash-land in the water behind Percy.

Percy runs halfway up the steep incline toward the bridge:

PERCY
 Come on down, Mo!

Mo squirms against the bridge. His backpack hung-up on
 crisscrossing railings. Scuffs his boots on the concrete.

Wiz and Tex drag Percy back down toward the ledge.

TEX
 No more fucking running!

Wiz stabs a handgun muzzle under Percy's ear.

WIZ
 No more anything!

MO (O.S.)
 Hell from above!

Tex, Wiz, and Percy, sneer at Mo as he skids down the incline
 on his heels toward them.

TEX
Fucking shoot 'em, Wiz!

PERCY
Mo!

Wiz releases Percy. Rapid-fires up the incline at Mo...

...As he falls back. Rolling down on the skateboards strapped to his backpack as bullets chip the concrete over his head.

WIZ
He's a goddamn ninja turtle!

Mo boots Wiz in the gut. He slams him backward. Smacks his skull off the cement. Lights out.

Tex strangles Percy on the ground. As he kneels on his arms.

MO (O.S.)
Wheelie!

He cracks the skateboard upside Tex's head from behind. He lies out-cold with Wiz. Mo takes their guns. Percy joins him.

PERCY
Thanks again.

Mo straps the skateboard across the other board on his backpack. Shoulders it.

MO
Yo, Doc, it ain't over yet.

Mo jumps from the ledge. Drags Percy along. They land on a

ROCKY RIVER SHORELINE

A massive storm drain opening looms behind them.

Mo swings the homemade machete. Chops eight inches off an old rope sticking up from under rocks. Percy pats his shoulder.

PERCY
You waiting for them or what?

Mo waves the rope at Percy.

MO
Yo, hemp smokes up like crazy,
makes chaos for night vision gear.

PERCY
Sounds right. Are you ready?

MO

Lead on.

Percy enters the storm drain. Mo winks at Alicia smiling down from the ledge above as he enters the darkness.

EXT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT SIDE - NIGHT

A streetlight shines on "Welcome To Our Home" on a mailbox next to the front door of the bungalow.

Gary smiles with his charred-face under a Santa cap. Jingles the house key on the clip with Percy's driver's license.

GARY

Jingle bells slay me.

Two Commandos in N.V.G.s stand on the steps below.

Gary unlocks the door. Puts on N.V.G.s. Enters. The Commandos sling assault rifles from under their coats. Follow him.

INT. STORM DRAIN - NIGHT

Three Commandos in N.V.G.s creep along the smoke-filled drain.

O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING ECHOES.

The lead Commando stops. Picks up the MD recorder/player on the ground at his feet. Listens to the headphones. Smiles.

A flare whooshes into brightness as it rolls to his feet.

The Commandos turn from the light.

Another flare ignites ahead to them. The super-heated fluid sizzles over a double stack of C-4. Bursts into white light.

The Commandos rip their N.V.G.s off. Raise their rifles. Squint with soot circled eyes into the blinding light.

Mo skateboards up the walls from behind them. Machete raised.

MO

Time to trim the turkeys.

He ducks under a Commandos rifle. Slits his throat as he weaves around him up the wall:

MO (CONT'D)

Nice seeing ya once again, Tommy!

As another Commando fires at Mo rolling down. Mo leans back on the other skateboard strapped on the backpack.

O.S. PSST-PSST-PSST. Bullets smack the wall over Mo's head as he rams his skateboard into the Commando's legs as he jumps off it. Buries the blade in the Commando's ear.

The lead Commando looks down. Stomps on the skateboard under his boot.

Percy reaches from behind him. Snatches the recorder/player from his grasp:

PERCY
My Sofia's in here.

The lead Commando stabs his rifle barrel in Percy's gut. O.S. PSST-PSST-PSST. Bullets slam the lead Commando in the head.

MO
I told ya to wait for me, Doc.

PERCY
I know. But...

MO
Just let me take care of you, Doc.

He disassembles the rifles. Retrieves his skateboard.

O. S. Clap. Clap. Clap.

Mo spins around. Backtracks the sounds to the

OTHER END OF STORM TILE

Alicia crouches. Her face barely lit.

INT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel sits-up in bed. A blade of light from the doorway brightens her wide eyes as she smiles.

RACHEL
Percy!

She slowly crawls across the covers:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Want any help with breakfast?

She sits on the edge of the bed and puts her slippers on:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
No answer, huh?

She shakes her head. Gets out of bed.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
No, I guess not.

The light goes out.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I know, I know, it's my big
surprise. I can't wait!

She pinches the saucer and teacup in one hand. Feels her way forward with her other.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'll keep my eyes closed. Don't
worry...

She slides her hand along the wall. Reaches through the doorway. Follows her hand into the

DINING ROOM

Rachel squeezes her eyes shut. Feels for the light switch.

Gary and the Commandos creep up behind her.

RACHEL
I can't wait for my big surprise.

She smirks. One hand on the light switch. Her other pinches the saucer and teacup.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You're being playful tonight.

GARY
Am I?

She clicks the lights on. Opens her eyes. Smiles at a room full of Christmas lights and a beautifully decorated tree.

RACHEL
Oh, Percy, you've made me so...

The Commandos drag her backward. Follow Gary into the bedroom.

The saucer and teacup wobble across the floor.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

A wobbling sewer cap clangs flat on the snow-covered road.

Mo and Percy climb out of the manhole.

INT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel flops backward onto the bed. Gary leans over her. Stares through his N.V.G.s into her face.

GARY

Your husband! Where will he hide Mo
if he can't come home?!

RACHEL

Who's Mo?

Gary grabs her off the bed. Shakes her. Head-butts her.

GARY

Do you actually believe pretending
innocent or hiding behind your
unborn terrorist could save you?

He drops Rachel on the bed. She squirms. Clutches her belly:

RACHEL

God, help me! Sofia! What makes you
people such horrible monsters?

The Commandos back against the wall. Shakes their heads in disgust. Gary stares at them:

GARY

Get your asses outta this house!

The Commandos leave.

RACHEL

Please, God, no?

Gary gets in her face. Rips the N.V.G.s and Santa cap off. Uncovers his burnt hair. Scalp mingled with charred hood.

GARY

I am a monster. You'll get zero
mercy from me. So don't bullshit.

RACHEL

Ugh! No!

She clenches the nighty over her heart. Squirms in agony.

GARY
What are you trying to pull?

RACHEL
(gasps)
My heart. Percy! Oh, God, please!

GARY
Don't bull...

He slaps the farm babies musical mobile over the crib. It twirls as it plays an ironic lullaby.

GARY (CONT'D)
Shh-shit...

RACHEL
Sofia!

She rolls her eyes back. Twists the top sheet in both hands. Exhales. Arches her back. Shrieks.

GARY
Tell me this isn't happening.

Rachel flattens out. Exhales life's last breath.

Her fist opens. The palm-sized baby doll wrapped in the pink blanket Christmas ornament with "Sofia" across its white sash. Rolls out of her palm.

GARY (CONT'D)
No!

He tears the nighty off Rachel. Sofia kicks inside Rachel. Her tiny feet ripple the skin across Rachel's belly.

INT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - BACK ROOM - MINUTES LATER THAT NIGHT

The door bursts in. Fans an inferno. Mo and Percy dash in. Dodge separate small fires spread across the floor.

PERCY
Rachel's trapped in the bedroom!

He leads Mo into the

KITCHEN

Mo stops at the sink. Grabs Percy. Wrestles him backward:

MO
We need clear plastic bags!

PERCY

Here!

He rips a drawer out. Shoves a bag-of-bags in Mo's chest.

MO

Ya won't get far, Doc.

PERCY

Worry for yourself. I led 'em here with my ID necklace. They unlocked the front door with my key.

Percy smacks the drawer upside Mo's ear as he runs into the

DINING ROOM

Percy enters. Coughs and stumbles to a standstill. Lost in a shroud of black smoke.

O.S. BABY CRIES. He turns. Takes-off toward the

BEDROOM

Percy drops to his knees in the doorway. The fiery ceiling collapses onto the bed and crib.

O.S. BABY WAILING MORPHS INTO FIRE ENGINE SIRENS.

Percy dry heaves. Mo appears. A bag and a wet towel on his head. He drags Percy out.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Zigzag sits at the laptop. The green screen lights his wide smile as he closes his eyes.

ZIGZAG

Time to wet down the field. Cheers,
Dubya. Ah...

O.S. URINE SPLASHES. He pees in the "W" mug between his legs.

LAPDOG (O.S.)

This place smells like a stable.

Zigzag raises the mug. Looks back. Lapdog looms over him. Sprays a can of aerosol disinfectant around him.

LAPDOG (CONT'D)

What are you doing in here?

Zigzag sets the foaming mug of urine next to the laptop.

The screen shows a night vision real-time aerial view of Percy's bungalow on fire.

ZIGZAG
Staying in the game, skipper.

LAPDOG
You stink like a horse.

He turns away. Sniffs a menthol inhaler.

ZIGZAG
I'll hose off when we finish.

LAPDOG
Fly me down, will you?

Zigzag keys the laptop.

The aerial view on the screen zooms down to

EXT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - BACKYARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mo helps Percy down the porch stairs. Sits Percy on the concrete patio table. Mo tears the bag off his head.

MO
I swear I didn't...

He stares at a transponder chip glued to the band-aid Zigzag stuck on his back at the hospital. As it hangs from the bag.

PERCY
What is it?

Mo drops the bag. Stomps on the band-aid and transponder:

MO
Someone tagged me with a
transponder. They must have us on
eye-in-the-sky night vision.

Percy leaps to his feet. Grabs Mo by the collar.

PERCY
Where are they?

MO
They're here with us now, Doc.

Percy spits words through his soot-stained teeth:

PERCY

Why don't the cowards show themselves?

MO

No need to. They're pulling our strings through an NSA satellite as they sit comfortably in the White House basement having hot cocoa.

Percy grabs Mo.

PERCY

What will they do next?

MO

They'll give us time to absorb all this. Maybe you'll breakdown, blame me. We turn against each other.

PERCY

I'm not going to be their puppet.

MO

I just can't figure out why they'd take away their bargaining...

He turns away from Percy.

PERCY

You're talking about Rachel?

Mo stares into Percy's tearful eyes. Shakes his head:

MO

I'm so sorry.

PERCY

No way I let this get to me before I get to them.

He breaks down. Cries in his hands. Mo stares skyward:

MO

Leave it to me. I'll make whoever's responsible for this pay with their lives.

Percy stares at the bungalow. The fire reflects in his eyes:

PERCY

Mo, I'm not a killer, but...

MO

Let's get them down to our level.

Percy stares skyward. Accentuates his words:

PERCY

Read my lips fuckers! Come on down!

Mo grabs Percy by the shoulders.

MO

I'm gonna leave ya awhile, Doc.

PERCY

Why?

MO

You'll have to trust me.

PERCY

I want my hands on 'em.

MO

Then we're on the same wave.

He leads Percy toward the bungalow.

PERCY

What do we do?

MO

Bait them.

He shoves Percy into the

GANGWAY

Percy heads toward fire engines and several FIREFIGHTERS in the street.

PERCY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT SIDE

One Firefighter leads Percy to an idling ambulance. Percy refuses the Firefighter's offers to load him.

He turns to a crowd of ONLOOKERS on the sidewalk.

He follows their attention to two PARAMEDICS loading Rachel's corpse in a body-bag on a gurney onto a second ambulance.

STORK (27) muscular man, tall, jogging suit, steps back away from the Onlookers into the shadows of a

GANGWAY BETWEEN TWO HOUSES

He speaks to a pigtail earpiece/mike. Reaches in his jacket:

STORK

Sir, I have a visual on Percy, sir.
Over.

GARY (V.O.)

Do you see the backpack? Over.

STORK

Negative, sir. Over.

GARY (V.O.)

Any sign of the other particular,
Mo? Over.

STORK

Negative, Sir. Should I take Percy
out, sir? Over.

He eyes a night vision scope over a pistol and silencer.

GARY (V.O.)

Negative. Repeat. Negative. Over.

STORK

Sir, I can remove one threat? Over.

GARY (V.O.)

Continue surveillance only! Over.

Stork sticks his gun down the back of his pants.

STORK

Affirmative, sir. Surveillance
only, sir. Over.

GARY (V.O.)

That order stands until we have
secured the backpack. Over.

Stork disappears back into the gangway between two houses.

PERCY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT SIDE - LATER

Percy sits. Contemplates the curb. Tires pull-up. Splash him.

Stork exits a pickup truck. Fingers his earpiece.

GARY (V.O.)
Responsibility weighs on a good
man. Redemption will lighten his
load. You have my orders. Over.

Stork pockets his earpiece. Sticks the Velcro on his pistol
to a Velcro strip stuck on the tailgate. Opens it.

Percy approaches Stork:

PERCY
Why are you here?

Stork slides a sledgehammer across the truck bed. Stands the
handle against the fender.

STORK
I put up signs.

PERCY
Really!

He shoves Stork backward over the fender. Pats him down.

PERCY (CONT'D)
Where's your gun?

STORK
I don't know what you're talking
about, guy.

Percy throws him down on the curb. Grabs the sledgehammer.

PERCY
I don't believe that. You know just
what I'm talking about.

STORK
I don't know nothing, guy. I'm just
a working stiff, guy, like you.

Percy grips the handle. Cocks the hammer over his shoulder.

PERCY
My rage is about to weigh on your
head. I'm sorry, but I don't
believe you.

STORK
I got something from my company,
guy. Let me show you the order.

He shows Percy a folded paper in his pocket:

STORK (CONT'D)
 I'm just gonna... I'm gonna...
 (hands shake)
 Pull out this work order, guy.

Percy raises the sledgehammer over his head.

PERCY
 I'm not sorry.

Stork dives over the street. Percy stomps on his leg. Stops him just short of the gate.

MO (O.S.)
 Percy, don't!

Mo skateboards from between the houses. Leaps off the board. Tosses the backpack.

MO (CONT'D)
 You're no killer!

He grabs the hammer. The backpack thumps onto the truck bed.

PERCY
 I'm bargaining, Mo.

Mo stretches into the truck bed. Slides the backpack over.

He stares at a white stork cut-out. "Sofia Sebastian born 12/10/03 - 6 pounds 9 ounces" on the bird's delivery bundle.

Stork gives Percy the paper. He unfolds it.

STORK
 You were right.

O.S. PST. The bullet rips through "POW" written across the paper. Punches a bloody bullet hole in Percy's cheek.

STORK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I am the killer, guy.

Percy falls. Sees the smoking silencer flash-psst as Stork turns. Fires at Mo. As Mo whirls the other way the...

...Bullet grazes Mo's shoulder. As he comes around. One-hands the sledgehammer. Bashes Stork's head into the curb.

Mo drops the hammer. Sits Percy against a tree.

Percy's cheek wound oozes thick blood as he speaks:

PERCY
I'm leaving Sofia to you. Find her.

MO
I will, I swear. She'll...

Mo breaks down. Sucks it up. Raises a tearful grin:

MO (CONT'D)
She'll have a castle on the beach.
My surfing princess.

PERCY
Make sure she celebrates Christmas.

He grunts in pain. Doubles over:

PERCY (CONT'D)
Can you get me back up, please?

Mo helps him sit-up against the tree.

MO
I-I can't get ya anywhere.

PERCY
That's... Okay...

Percy's hands shake as he pulls the MD player/recorder from his pocket. Thumps the "ON" button.

PERCY (CONT'D)
I'm going home.

Mo puts his headphones on Percy's head. O.S. RACHEL'S WOMB RECORDING PLAYS. Percy shuts his eyes. Dies smiling.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER (FLYING) - NIGHT

The Pilot noses the helicopter down. Gary sits copilot. His head bandaged under the headset.

Alicia swings a rucksack by the handles behind them.

GARY
I want you down there, Alicia.
Offer Mo the newborn in trade for
the DVD. Once we get the backpack,
you body-bag Mo. Capisce?

ALICIA
Capisco!

Gary opens a laptop over his knees.

The night vision screen displays an eye-in-the-sky view of the front of the bungalow.

Two rusty vans roar toward each other from different ends of the street. No headlights.

EXT. PERCY'S BUNGALOW - FRONT SIDE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Both vans screech to a halt. Grill-to-grill. Over Stork's dead bloody body in the middle of the street between them.

O.S. MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS. MUZZLE FLASHES. Inside both vehicles. As blood spackles the front side windows before they shatter.

Gary squawks orders over the two-way radios inside both vans:

GARY (V.O.)

Team one and two: exit your vehicles. Hey, Wiz, Tex, get the hell out there!

Tex shoves Wiz out from between two houses to van one. Two Commandos slump in the front seats. Heads a bloody mess.

TEX

This one's fucking mine. You get the other van.

WIZ

What makes you...

GARY (V.O.)

Split up!

Wiz creeps to van two. Looks inside. Runs back to Tex:

WIZ

Both of mine are sitting with heads full of holes.

Tex climbs in the busted van one window. Grabs the mike off of a two-way radio mounted under the dash.

TEX

These fuckers too. I better radio Gary.

WIZ

Bumbling idiots.

MO (O.S.)

Ya got a lot of nerve.

O.S. PSST-PSST. Bullets smack the mike out of Tex's hand. Just misses him. Pops holes through the roof.

Tex jumps back into Wiz. They plop their asses on the street.

Mo skateboards face-up on his backpack from under van one. Aims their guns at them. They raise their hands.

Mo crosses his eyes as an infrared dot appears on his nose.

Alicia lays over van two's hood. Eyeballs Mo through an infrared scope over a suppressed M4A1 aimed at Mo:

ALICIA

Mo, slowly remove both your trigger fingers.

Mo complies.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Now set the weapons on the street.

Mo obeys. Tex and Wiz scoot their butts away from Mo.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Raise both hands and weave your fingers together behind your neck.

Mo abides.

MO

Beautiful piece of work, Gidget?

ALICIA

Moon-doggy. Roll over. Play dead.

Mo flips facedown. Alicia searches the backpack. Gun on Mo.

Mo slips the lizard-faced figurine from his pocket. Palms it.

Wiz and Tex grab their handguns from the street. They step over to Mo. Click their muzzles together.

WIZ AND TEX

Merry Christmas!

They aim for Mo. O.S. PST-PST. Mo shudders. Tex and Wiz drop dead. Matching bullet holes in their foreheads.

Alicia collects their guns. Keeps her aim on Mo.

The black helicopter drops. Hovers inches off the ground.

Gary leans out of the hatch:

GARY

Good work!

ALICIA

Assassin's aim to please!

GARY

Time to go!

Alicia climbs in the helicopter.

Three SUVs race from the either end of the block. Converge on the black helicopter.

FBI agents lead homeowners and their families to IDLING SUVs in the alley.

FBI tactical units run through the gangways onto the sidewalk. Guns ready.

Alicia leans out of the helicopter. Sets the rucksack. Wrapped in bulletproof vests and duct-tape on van one's hood.

The black helicopter takes-off. O.S. MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS RING-OUT. A hailstorm-of-bullets chase the helicopter skyward.

Mo shoulders the backpack. Rocks the rucksack on rusty van one's hood.

FBI agents aim rifles at Mo. Infrared dots cover his back.

FBI special agent BEN SANDERS (30) no-nonsense, straight man, steps forward. Aims his gun at Mo:

SANDERS

Turn toward me slow! Or you die!

O.S. NEWBORN BABY CRIES INSIDE THE RUCKSACK.

Mo turns slowly. Faces Sanders. And the infrared dots.

Mo smiles through tears. Hugs the smoked Goose bag in one hand. Squeezes the lizard-faced figurine in the other.

MO

Yo, ya gone and woke the baby!

Sanders raises his hands:

SANDERS

Hold your fire, people!

Mo wiggles his fingers against the smoked Goose bag:

MO

This is juiced-up C-4...

He grips the lizard-faced figurine against his upper chest and neck:

MO (CONT'D)

This here is a pressure engaged trigger device. I just loosen my grip and all our Christmas geese are cooked.

SANDERS

What the hell do you want?!

Mo lifts the smoked Goose bag over his head. Reaches back. Eases Goose into the backpack:

MO

What's your name?

SANDERS

Special Agent Ben Sanders.

Mo lifts the rucksack:

MO

Well, Special Agent Ben Sanders...

He hands Sanders the rucksack. They stare down at SOFIA (0) a beautiful newborn. She kicks and screams turned sideways.

MO (CONT'D)

That is Sofia. Take special care of her. I will be back for her.

Sanders raises a fist. Stops the Agents from further actions.

Mo backs around van one. Across the street. Into the forest preserve.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Lapdog enters. Squirts sanitizing lotion in his hands. Rubs them together.

He sits at the desk next to Zigzag on the laptop.

ZIGZAG

Trade deadline's three days. What then?

LAPDOG

We pay the ransom.

On-screen. Mo jogs through the woods. Turns. Follows a fallen tree-trunk to its ripped-up roots. He kneels. Digs.

Lapdog drops his breath freshener cylinder in the urine-filled "W" mug. Lifts the mug. Sniffs it. Turns away. Sees...

...SOMEONE reaches between him and Zigzag. "Curious George" on his pajama sleeve. That Someone is President GEORGE W.

George holds hands with a SAUDI PRINCE in a "Masters of the Universe" robe.

GEORGE W
(to Lapdog)
Can I have my hot cocoa mug?

Lapdog drops the cup sideways over the keyboard. Spills the piss on the keys. The screen flashes. Blacks-out.

EXT. FORREST PRESERVE - FALLEN TREE TRUNK - NIGHT

Mo digs under the roots. Pulls the DVD case from the hole.

The DVD case reflects an image of the full moon through spinning helicopter blades.

MO
That didn't take long.

He stares up at the black helicopter. Eclipsing the moon. Alicia leans out. Aims a high powered rifle at Mo.

MO (CONT'D)
Take your best shot, Gidget.

Alicia's muzzle flashes. O.S. PSST RINGS-OUT.

Mo drops facedown in the snow. A tranquilizer dart sticks in his neck. The black helicopter's shadow engulfs him.

INT. PRIVATE JET COCKPIT (FLYING) - NIGHT

Alicia pilots. Mo's skateboard across her lap. Gary copilots. Puffs a cigar. Holds the DVD.

GARY
This plastic record has cost me...

He blows smoke through the DVD hole.

GARY (CONT'D)
Actually, I gained three ransom shares.

ALICIA
Then keep it for good measure.

GARY
No...

He snaps the DVD in half.

GARY (CONT'D)
This needs to be broken.

Alicia sets the controls. Stands. Carries Mo's skateboard.

ALICIA
Autopilot's set.

GARY
For the record, you and Mo had a
hand in that profit.

Alicia opens the cockpit door:

ALICIA
Forget it.

GARY
There's a dangerous pun in there.

ALICIA
None that I remember.

She shuts the door behind her as she skateboards into the

CABIN

Alicia wheels down the aisle to a person seated inside a body-
bag. Wound in plastic wrap circling the seat.

She dismounts. Tucks the board under her arm. Kneels on the
seat next to the person in the body-bag. Unzips the bag...

...Mo squints at her from inside. His eyes in a sea of sweat.

ALICIA
As-Salamu 'alayka, Mohammed.

MO
As-Salamu 'alayki...

ALICIA
Alicia, it's pronounced OO-BAY-EE-
TSA in Russian.

Mo extends his head from the body-bag. Gulps air. Fingers a bandage across his shoulder wound:

MO
Nurse Seau fits ya just fine.
Thanks for the stitches.

ALICIA
Do you want to be a hero, Mo?

MO
Perhaps you will be mine.

Alicia holds out the lizard-faced figurine toward Mo:

ALICIA
May I hold onto this for you?

MO
If you answer a question?

She nods. Pockets the lizard-faced figurine.

MO (CONT'D)
Is he still alive?

ALICIA
He is, but... he wouldn't know it.

MO
Drugs?

Alicia blows on him.

ALICIA
He wouldn't stop shouting. Now he smokes heroin and mumbles.

MO
The once noble warriors have become common money-grubbing kidnappers.

ALICIA
Mo, you are anything but common.

She flicks the sweat from his cheek.

MO
Yo, that's where we differ.

ALICIA
You are by far the most engaging man I have ever engaged.

MO

What do you want out of me?

ALICIA

I need you to teach me the surfing?

MO

Engaged for only minutes and you're toying with my affections.

He shakes his head. Throws-off sweat. Alicia stands.

ALICIA

I will stop the toying.

MO

Why am I being kept alive?

ALICIA

Once we are in safe-keeping, there will be the auction for you.

MO

Between who?

ALICIA

Your dearest friends and enemies. A tug-of-war between life and death.

MO

Life's like that.

Gary exits the cockpit. Puffs his cigar. Grins:

GARY

Alicia?!

ALICIA

I have to land this.

She skateboards away. Cuts around Gary.

GARY

Mo, it's always about money.
'Cause, if I had it my way...

He twists the cigar's red-hot end into Mo's Adam's apple:

GARY (CONT'D)

Burn motherfucker burn!

MO

Eat me!

Gary smashes the cigar in Mo's mouth. Zips him up.

INT. EXTENDED CAB PICKUP (MOVING) - DAY

Lapdog unzips his coat. Bounces in the backseat with Frank.

The rear window rattles behind them. Showing a rocky. Sand and stone road between snow-capped mountains.

LAPDOG

God, I hate this place.

He sprays a can of air freshener over the driver's seat.

THE DRIVER (35) bearded Pashtun tribesman, turban, steers. Coughs. Zigzag rides shotgun. Clears his throat.

ZIGZAG

Cut the germ warfare, we're choking up.

FRANK

Quit the bitching, Zigzag, man.

He chugs a large insulated bullet mug of coffee.

LAPDOG

Something smells of dead goat.

THE DRIVER

Smells like more "WMD" bullshit.

LAPDOG

You guys had it coming.

He sprays the can over The Driver. Frank kicks his seat:

FRANK

Just drive this camel, Abu.

ZIGZAG

(to The Driver)

You speak English. That's a kick.

FRANK

He's a stinking heathen spy.

THE DRIVER

I was premed at Bowling Green University, y'all.

Zigzag and The Driver stonewall the backseat occupants and only talk to each other:

ZIGZAG

My sister's premed there now. She raves about Dr. Julius Irving.

THE DRIVER

Ah yes, I had two classes with Dr. Irving before I had to leave.

ZIGZAG

It's a shame ya had to pass on your education. And the cheerleaders.

Frank leans between the seats. Sneers at Zigzag:

FRANK

Where's the shame in the school and your sister's safety?

LAPDOG

Can't save Christians from themselves.

Zigzag ignores Lapdog and Frank as he speaks to The Driver:

ZIGZAG

Were you put-out?

THE DRIVER

They preferred not to have a terrorist with a backpack sitting in their cafeteria.

ZIGZAG

I smell, you can't tell a player without a scorecard, crap.

The Driver adjusts his mirror onto Lapdog:

THE DRIVER

(sniffs)

It's definitely on this one's breath.

He high-fives Zigzag. Frank and Lapdog smirk at each other:

FRANK

You Hajji's all come from the same camel's ass.

LAPDOG

When we're done here, the stone age will be your future.

THE DRIVER
 (to Zigzag)
 Should I shut them up?

ZIGZAG
 Swing away.

He grabs the wheel. The Driver aims an Uzi between the seats. Lapdog sprays his face. Frank yanks The Driver into the back.

The Driver kicks Zigzag's head. The wheel spins one way. The pickup tailspins another. The Uzi aims in Lapdog's eyes as...

...The truck flips. Rolls-over sideways. O.S. UZI BLARES.

EXT. RED SUV (PARKED) - DAY

The eyes of Atal reflect in the rear window. As he opens the hatch. Rubber gloved hands. Face wrapped in a shemagh.

He unloads two million in \$10,000 bundles of 100s from a duffel-bag behind the backseat. Sets them on the rug. Sings:

ATAL
 "You..."

He leans over the duffel-bag. Reaches under the seats:

ATAL (CONT'D)
 "Light..."

He retrieves a shrinkwrapped C-4 six-pack, wired to a cell phone battery pack and an antenna strung to four icicle lights:

ATAL (CONT'D)
 "Up..."

He sets the whole shebang in the duffel-bag. Takes a three-inch silver cylinder with a button on one end from his pocket. It looks like Laptop's breath freshener cylinder:

ATAL (CONT'D)
 "My..."

He holds the button down. Illuminates one light. Then two. As the third lights. He depresses the button. The lights go out:

ATAL (CONT'D)
 "Life..."

He lays a false bottom over the bomb in the duffel-bag. Then gently re-stacks the cash in the duffel-bag:

ATAL (CONT'D)

"You give me..." It does stick in
your craw.

INT. TORA BORA AL-QAEDA CAMPSITE - CAVE - DUNGEON - NIGHT

The body-bag lies on a dirt floor. A finger worms out the top
of the zipper. Unzips it. Mo sits-up. Half inside the bag.

SADDAM HUSSEIN, scraggly beard, wide brim pimp hat, fur coat,
balances on the skateboard. Tokes off a heroin cigarette:

SADDAM

As-Salamu 'Alayka!

The board kicks-out. He slams to the ground. Moans smoke.

MO

The mighty, fall mightily.

Mo snatches the cigarette. Sniffs it. Turns his nose:

MO (CONT'D)

Maybe we'll float out of here on
heroin wings.

Saddam vomits on Mo's boots.

MO (CONT'D)

Here I was in a dungeon, sniffing
heroin packed cigarettes with
Saddam insane, foolishly thinking,
it can't get any worse.

He tosses the cigarette. Wipes his boots off on Saddam.

CAVE - PASSAGEWAY

GUARD 1 (22) skinny, short, African-American, runs under
several strings of red Christmas lights strung along the
ceiling past drapes hung over a storage area.

GUARD 2 (23) rail-thin trash-talking New Yorker, jogs behind.

They halt at the thick wooden dungeon door. Guard 2 fumbles
with a rattling ring of keys. Guard 1 holds a duct-tape roll.

GUARD 1

Come on.

GUARD 2

Got it.

He misses the keyhole with the key. Feels for the hole.

GUARD 1
You are blind.

GUARD 2
You're in my light.

Both guards grip the ring of keys. Tug against each other for it.

Guard 1 punches Guard 2. Takes the keys.

Guard 1 unlocks the door. Rushes in. Leaves the keys in the door.

CAVE - DUNGEON

Guard 1 passes the occupied body-bag on the floor. Whips-out a push-dagger.

The man in the wide brim hat and overcoat turns away. Cowers.

Guard 1 kicks the man. The man drops to one knee.

GUARD 1
Stand, or I'll stab your ass!

The man springs-up. Uppercuts Guard 1's chin. It's Mo! Smiling under the wide brim. Guard 1 falls back on his heels.

CAVE - PASSAGEWAY

Guard 2 shoves the door as he closes it...

...Guard 1 lands headfirst halfway through the threshold. Jams the door short of closed as...

...Mo shoves the door open. Slams Guard 2's head to the wall.

Mo pulls the door back. Guard 2 drops unconscious.

Mo drags the guards into the dungeon.

EXT. TORA BORA AL-QAEDA CAMPSITE - CAVE - ENTRANCE - DAY

An immense boulder to each side of the newly dug opening.

Atal peers out from his shemagh. Sets the duffel-bag on a table. Alicia half-circles him. Trains her M4A1 on him.

Gary leans back on a chair behind a table.

GARY
You do speak English?

ATAL

Yes.

GARY

Empty your pockets please.

Gary opens the duffel-bag. Smiles at the pile of cash inside.

ATAL

All I have is these SUV keys.

He dangles the SUV keys on a ring with the silver cylinder.

GARY

Where is your vehicle?

Alicia swings wide of Atal. Angles to shoot Atal if needed.

ATAL

My red SUV's just outside your
campsite.

GARY

Leave the SUV keys on the table
until this is over.

Atal sets the SUV keys with the cylinder down.

OPENING AT ONE END

Suddenly. The smashed extended cab pickup fishtails into the camp. Disappears in a rising cloud of sand around the pickup.

Alicia leaps in front of the pickup. Rapid-fires her M4A1. OS. PSST-PSST-PSST... METAL PINGS. TIRES EXPLODE. GLASS SHATTERS. The pickup dies inches from her.

The dust settles on the bullet-riddled windshield. Strafed grill spews coolant. Tires hiss air. Full of bullet-holes.

Alicia slaps a fresh clip in her rifle. As she sweeps wide of the driver side. Ready to rock 'n' roll:

ALICIA

Show your hands as you get out! One
at a time! Driver side only!

The driver door creaks open.

LAPDOG (O.S.)

I'm coming out! Don't shoot!

Frank flops out. Bloody bullet holes across his face bleed into the sand.

Lapdog climbs out. Bloody hands high. Steps over Frank:

LAPDOG (CONT'D)
He's dead.

ALICIA
Slow down.

She slams Lapdog facedown on the hood. Pokes her gun muzzle to his head. Surveys the brain-spackled empty car interior.

Gary steps before everyone. Shoulders the duffel-bag.

Lapdog stays over the hood. Looks over at Gary for help.

LAPDOG
Alicia, come-on? Gary, please?

GARY
He's okay, Alicia.

Lapdog slowly backpedals around Alicia. She follows him.

CAVE ENTRANCE

Atal sits on the table. Jiggles the SUV keys with the cylinder.

Gary joins him. Lapdog relaxes in the chair. Alicia paces. Swivels her head. Scans the slopes to either side.

LAPDOG
Let's just get this over with, so I can get back to civilization.

GARY
Tell me about my fifty million?

Lapdog slips a satellite phone from his shirt pocket. Plunks it back in:

LAPDOG
I will make the call and have the monies transferred to your Swiss account as soon as I see Saddam.

He snatches the cylinder with the SUV keys from Atal.

ATAL
Those keys are mine!

Lapdog rattles the SUV keys with the cylinder:

LAPDOG

I've had a rough trip. I need this.

Atal grabs his hand in a tug-of-war for the rattling cylinder with the SUV keys. Gary tosses the duffel-bag toward Atal:

GARY

Here, hold this.

Atal catches the duffel-bag against his chest. Lapdog rips the SUV keys with the cylinder from Atal.

Gary snatches the SUV keys with the cylinder from Lapdog.

ATAL

But, my keys...

GARY

-Give and take is the essence of bargaining.

LAPDOG

Is my ace in the hole still with us?

GARY

He's been drugged. When he comes to, it'll be out of his own asshole.

He gets in Lapdog's face:

GARY (CONT'D)

You and yours, better not fuck me!

LAPDOG

You still don't trust our regime? Even after we restarted the endless Crusade.

GARY

The war for Earth's resources?

LAPDOG

The Holy Grail... Caladium in these hills, for electric car batteries, will not only guarantee our survival, but ensure our world domination for many a future day.

Gary twirls the SUV keys with the cylinder over his head:

GARY

While you bunch of self glorified
gas station attendants are busy
sticking new batteries in cars, the
world's lining up against us!

Lapdog reaches for the cylinder. Gary pockets the cylinder
with the SUV keys.

LAPDOG

Your breath could use a spray too.

GARY

Fuck you.

Atal watches. Shakes his head. Snickers:

ATAL

The tug of war.

Lapdog turns to Atal:

LAPDOG

Who the hell are you?

Atal leans over the duffel-bag and gets in Lapdog's face:

ATAL

Do I stick in your craw?

He hands Gary the duffel-bag. Gary holds it open. Exposes the
cash to Lapdog:

GARY

This is my two million dollar man.

LAPDOG

You're fifty million's in Geneva.

Gary slings the duffel-bag strap over his shoulder.

GARY

Ah, but this will get me there in
comfort.

LAPDOG

Where is Saddam?

MO (O.S.)

I got him.

Mo drags the body-bag into their midst. Gary leans on the
table. Pulls his ear:

GARY
I'll be damned...

Lapdog kicks the body-bag:

LAPDOG
Show me.

MO
Sure.

He unzips the body-bag. Pulls Saddam's head out. By his hair.

LAPDOG
That's enough.

Mo stuffs Saddam back in. Zips the body-bag. Sits on it.

Alicia spins around. Gun aimed at Gary. He shakes his head. Backpedals behind the table:

GARY
Alicia, you're leaving me?

ALICIA
Yes, Gary.

GARY
(smiles)
No shit.

The Driver steps out from around a boulder. Pokes the Uzi muzzle into Alicia's back.

Gary flips the table. Rips the duct-taped pump shotgun from under the tabletop.

THE DRIVER
Y'all toss your weapon!

Zigzag steps out of the cave. Stabs a pistol behind The Driver's ear:

ZIGZAG
Dr. "J" played basketball and
Bowling Green's in Ohio, Y'all!

Alicia twirls her M4A1 in the air over her shoulder. The Driver spins after the rifle. Zigzag shoots his ear off.

The Driver fires over Mo's head. As Mo crouches. Catches the M4A1. O.S. PST-PST-PST. Bullets rip across The Driver's neck.

The Driver whirls around. Fires his Uzi. Bullets riddle the side of Zigzag's head. Tear across one side of the body-bag.

MOUNTAIN PASS

The red SUV fishtails away. The tires spit-sand on Atal. As he flops sideways to the sand. Grips his bloody leg wound...

...As Mo sprints by him:

MO
Are ya okay?!

ATAL
I am!

Mo gains on the SUV as it shimmies-away. Gaining traction.

INT./EXT. RED SUV - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gary wrestles the wheel for control. Shifts gears.

Lapdog rides shotgun. Sprays his breath freshener in his mouth. Reads the "Road to Ruin" CD.

GARY
You're worthless.

Lapdog feeds the CD into the stereo. Crouches on the floor.

LAPDOG
I might as well pave the way for
you.

Smooth jazz oozes from the speakers. Bullets smash the rear window into a shower of glass.

Mo looms in the windowless frame behind them. Aims his M4A1. As he catches up.

Gary reaches the shotgun over the seat. One-hands the wheel.

O.S. PST-PST-PST. Bullets riddle the trunk. Gary blasts the shotgun through the broken rear window at...

...Pellets slam Mo's shoulder. He stumbles. Fires. O.S. PST-PST-PST...

...Bullets rip-up Gary's arm. As he blasts the shotgun. Misses Mo. As he ducks in a blind-spot next to the cab.

Gary jerks the wheel side-to-side. Trains the shotgun along the side of the cab. Waiting for Mo to show:

GARY

Come out, come out!

The SUV fishtails. The fender swats Mo sideways. Slams him into a boulder. He slumps in the sand against the rock.

The SUV digs into a halt. Gary exits. Smiles. Pumps the shotgun one-handed. Drops his smile. Stumbles backward as...

...Mo rises against the rock. Face bloody. Fires his M4A1. PST-PST-PST...

...Gary dives in the SUV. Hailstorm-of-bullets strafe across the side of the SUV as it swerves away and leaves...

...Lapdog plops facedown in the sand. He sits-up. Spits.

Mo drops to his knees. Gasps for air. His shoulder wound bleeds. Soaking his shirt.

MO

Where were you going with Gary?

Lapdog aims the end of the cylinder on the keyless key-ring into his mouth as he clicks the button several times. Peers at it. Clicking as he shakes it.

LAPDOG

I ran and hid in the SUV. Gary followed me. Shit! I stole this for nothing. It's empty!

He throws the cylinder sky high. Like a Hail Mary pass.

MO

But, Yo, I got Saddam for ya.

LAPDOG

I wanted him, but I didn't want to join him in a body-bag.

MO

I got a couple surprises for ya.

The cylinder smacks into a boulder. O.S. EXPLOSION ECHOES.

LAPDOG

Is that one less surprise?

MO

Still got two, yo.

A fireball mushrooms over the ridge.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS ROAD - DAY

The red SUV's interior smolders. Smoke rises from the peeled-off roof. Millions of US hundred dollar bills flutter down.

A PASHTUN SHEEPHERDER leaves his sheep. Follows his GRANDSON (10) as the boy snatches the bills from mid-air.

The Shepherder hugs the boy.

Gary crawls toward them. Slithers his beat-up bloody charred body over sheep-shit on the ground.

GARY
(speaking Pashtun)
Help me, and I will help you.

GRANDSON
(speaking Pashtun)
What should we do, Grandfather?

SHEEPHERDER
(speaking Pashtun)
Leave him.

GRANDSON
(speaking Pashtun)
Perhaps he will help us?

SHEEPHERDER
(speaking Pashtun)
They say they're here to help us,
but only serve their own purpose.

He rips the bills from the boy's hand. Tosses them over Gary.

GRANDSON
(speaking Pashtun)
But, Grandpa, we can use this.

SHEEPHERDER
(speaking Pashtun)
Their money has bought us nothing
but deception and death.

GRANDSON
(speaking Pashtun)
What of this man's fate?

SHEEPHERDER
(speaking Pashtun)
His choices decided his fate.

He points up toward the mountain ridge. A black helicopter roars by. Disappears over the next ridge. He points to Gary:

SHEEPHERDER (CONT'D)
 (speaking Pashtun)
 The snow leopard will feed her
 offspring from his carcass, instead
 of our sheep. His death will serve
 our purpose.

He kisses the boy's head. Leads him away. They laugh.

EXT. AL QAEDA CAMPSITE - DAY

The black helicopter roars above. Alicia helps Atal limp over to Mo and Lapdog.

MO
 Where ya been?

ALICIA
 It's time you earn your keep.

LAPDOG
 Mo, my ride's here. Can I please
 have my surprises now.

Mo unzips the body-bag. Drags the bullet-riddled body of Guard 1 from the side of the bag with bullet holes cross it.

Saddam sits-up in the bag. Unhurt. Smokes a heroin cigarette.

MO
 One down and one coming up.

Mo leads Alicia and Lapdog to the cave. Atal hobbles over to Saddam.

ATAL
 This, I can stick in my craw.

He grabs the heroin cigarette. Takes a big hit.

SADDAM
 Ugh.

Atal punches Saddam's face. Zips-up the body-bag.

ATAL
 Back to your hole.

He sits against the body-bag and tokes.

INT. CAVE PASSAGE - DAY

Mo ushers Alicia and Lapdog past the dungeon door. Halts in front of the curtains hung over the storage area.

LAPDOG

Let's make this fast. And walk gently. I don't want to kick up any primordial germs.

Mo opens the drapes. Alicia and Lapdog follow him into the

STORAGE AREA

Mo strikes a match. Lights a hanging lantern. Illuminates stacked crates. Alicia and Lapdog smile.

MO

Inside these crates are the missing Iraq Museum artifacts.

LAPDOG

You're not crazy.

MO

I just earned my keep. Alicia got me here.

Alicia cradles his blood-encrusted face in her hands:

ALICIA

How can Gidget resist Moon-doggy?

CAVE PASSAGE

US Army Ranger COLONEL MAYHEM (45) barrel-chested, big man, leads an advance team of RANGERS.

Their boots kick up a cloud of dirt. Mayhem halts. Salutes Lapdog. Mo winks at Alicia.

COLONEL MAYHEM

Sir, we have the "Ace of Spades" locked-and-loaded and on his way to "The wishing well," sir.

Lapdog coughs through a handkerchief over his nose and mouth:

LAPDOG

Yes, well... The President gets his Christmas wish.

COLONEL MAYHEM

Well sir, what are your wishes for these stolen Iraqi Museum crates, sir?

LAPDOG

Yes well, Colonel, have your men load these crates then...

COLONEL MAYHEM

Yes, sir.

Lapdog desperately tries to figure a way around him:

LAPDOG

Out of my way then, Colonel.

COLONEL MAYHEM

Of course, sir.

Mayhem steps back. Holds a salute. The Rangers back against the walls. Hold salutes. Lapdog leads Mo and Alicia by them:

LAPDOG

I am so fucking tired of playing Army in this stinking sand.

MO

(snickers)

They certainly seem to wish you well.

ALICIA

(to Lapdog)

Anymore wishes?

They stop in the shadows before the end of the tunnel.

LAPDOG

I just want to fly back to civilization.

They exit the cave.

EXT./INT. BLACK HELICOPTER (GROUNDED) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mo, Alicia, and Lapdog leave the cave. Scurry through the swirling sand under the swooshing helicopter blades. As a Ranger ushers them in the open hatch. Shuts it.

THOMAS HARDY (21) preppy State Department suit and tie type, steps in their faces. He cradles an open laptop in his arms.

THOMAS HARDY
Sir, Mr. Secretary's been waiting.

He clicks enter on a laptop. Rumsfeld appears on the screen:

RUMSFELD (ON SCREEN)
Even though what you've achieved
must go unheralded. Your service
and dedication to this great nation
and its noble cause, will not.

LAPDOG
Mister Secretary, I...

RUMSFELD (ON SCREEN)
-Congratulations, the President
himself has asked me to place you
in Baghdad as the director of the
Coalition's Provisional Authority.

LAPDOG
But, sir!

RUMSFELD (ON SCREEN)
Mr. Hardy will take it from here.

THOMAS HARDY
Sir, might I add my heart felt...

Lapdog punches the screen. Shoves the lid into Thomas Hardy's chest and drops him on his ass.

ALICIA
This is where I came in.

She opens the hatch and jumps out.

MO
(to Lapdog)
You want civilization, yo, ya got
Mesopotamia.

Mo leaps to the ground.

INT. EXTENDED CAB PICKUP (MOVING) - NIGHT

Alicia drives through the mountain pass. Mo sits shotgun.
Atal leans between the seats:

ATAL
How far are we from the jet?

ALICIA
We can be in the air in two hours.

MO

How much money do we have left?

ATAL

I picked up seven million where
hockey-bag landed. Spend two on
your ransom. We have five million
after I make my stop.

Alicia swings around the red SUV's wreckage. Halts.

MO

Who paid for the red SUV?

They lean toward the windshield.

ATAL

I shorted Gary 100 thousand.

The headlights illuminate the snow leopard mother and her
cubs. As they gorge themselves on Gary's charred carcass.

MO

And he's getting shorter.

ALICIA

It looks good on him.

ATAL

Should we not do something?

The mother snow leopard leaps in front of the pickup.

ALICIA

Certainly not.

MO

No leopard worth her spots passes
on a barbecue.

ALICIA

A girl's gotta feed her family.

The snow leopard cubs join their mother.

MO

Spoken like a true femme fatale.

The snow leopards roar morphs into human babies wailing.

EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - DAY

Special Agent Sanders stops before the glass entrance. He turns. Sees two skateboarders. "EAT ME COMMANDO" on their backpacks. As they zigzag down a handicap ramp.

INT. HOSPITAL PEDIATRIC UNIT - DAY

A CHARGE NURSE scurries over to Special Agent Sanders in front of the baby nursery observation window.

CHARGE NURSE

I... I can't find her.

A NURSE passes. The Charge Nurse grabs her:

CHARGE NURSE (CONT'D)

Have you seen? That new nurse,
uh... Nurse Seau, that's it, Seau!

The Nurse enters the nursery.

She checks the nameplates along a row of cribs. The babies scream. She wheels a crib to the glass.

Special Agent Sanders squeaks his nose to the observation window. Peers at the empty crib. "Sofia" on the nameplate.

INT. COMMERCIAL JETLINER (FLYING) - DAY

Roy sits in the window seat. Julian opens his laptop on Roy's tray. Waves his satellite phone in his face.

JULIAN

Your government sells war as peace.

ROY

What keeps those guys from shooting holes in your pursuit of happiness?

JULIAN

I showed Mo this view of his video of the massacre. He's allowed me to download it. For my safe-keeping and his. Have a look-see...

He taps "Enter" on the laptop.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN DVD RECORDING PLAYBACK PART TWO

As the Commandos turn. Fire AKs at the lens. They reveal...

...The Man in the wide brim pimp hat and fur coat behind them. Gunning-down the Iraqi Adults and eight Children.

