

THE DEVIL'S RISE

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FADE IN

EXT. IRAQI/TURKISH BORDER - NIGHT

It's dark, nothing but sand dunes and stars -- there's silence in this remote dessert spot -- a lizard crawls out of the sand to snoop the surface, finds nothing and creeps back in the sand quickly - dug in the sand and watching is SCOTT BLAINE, bearded, mid thirty's, active explosive expert turned private contractor for the CIA, leads a covert operation waiting patiently with his team of combat vets to make his move -- flips over his back, he's got time, looks at the stars... his memory travels back in time to his hometown...

FLASHBACK

Back home, leaves a night joint with his girl -- he embraces her -- she cuddles -- they buss with feeling -- boozed high, they jump in his FWD and take off screeching rubber. It's their night and last.

BACK TO THE SAND DUNES

He flies back quickly from his memory stray -- a dim light out in the dark distance flashes intermittently -- a portable radio transceiver to his side receives a call,

TRANSCEIVER(O.S.)
They're here, late on time but
looks good.

He looks for the beaming signal with his night vision scopes, sees nothing, picks up the call.

TRANSCEIVER (CONT'D)
Scott, you there?

SCOTT
I'm here, keep your post.

He's not alone.

SALIM, Scott's alter ego with Arab headscarf, turned military snitch, crawls to his side, wants to verify the blinking signal before they make their move.

SALIM
I'll check and see if they're
really Kurds and not Gaesh.

Unties his AK-47 strapped to his back and slithers down the sand slope holding a flashlight.

SCOTT
(hisses)
Flash thrice when you get there if
everything's cool. If no flash, no
deal.

SALIM
Understand.

Salim snaking through the sand dunes disappears in the dark.

Scott waits... a brief, then three blinks are flashed.

MIKE, with a limp as war bounty from the Iraqi invasion and decorated ex-sniper ranger working for Scott, crawls in to take Salim's place.

MIKE
Ready to move boss?

RICK
Don't fuckin' call me that, I've
had too many of them fuckers and
burned all their bridges too, hate
it.

MIKE
Sorry, are we all set?

SCOTT
Not before Derek sends his bird.

INTERIOR ARMY HUMVEE

DEREK, Army black sheep and expert drone operator inside an army customized humvee is ready listening through ear phones, waits for Scott's signal...

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Send the bird.

DEREK
Gottcha.

EXTERIOR SAND DUNES

Derek, out of the vehicle, monitoring through a portable PC screen, sends his night drone flying to its target.

VIDEO MONITOR

The night vision drone seeks and swirls over the Arab rebels stalking in the dark -- they get edgy with the drone hovering over their heads they can't see and only hear -- Salim with them, appeases them to stay put.

IN ARAB

SALIM (SUBTITLE)
Stay calm, it's ours.

The Kurd HEAD REBEL anxious to get the job done, waits for Scott's signal to start the swap.

HEAD REBEL (SUBTITLE)
(with angst)
It's not good, I can feel it...

SALIM
Stay calm, look the signal!

Scott beams the signal -- the head rebel nods.

An army Truck, with no markings storms in -- the unloading of crates with weapons begins -- several cases with AK 47 assault rifles, dozens of RPG's and thousands of ammo with grenades safely packed, are swiftly moved. Curiously, a couple of boxes, marked- FOR: CHIEF AHMED- with fine scotch whisky and a supply of Viagra sex arousal pills, worth gold in the Arab market, is part of the haul.

The Head Rebel makes an attempt to take the special marked boxes.

SCOTT

No, leave that. I'll deliver that personally. Everything ordered is here, check to verify, when done, take me to see CHIEF AHMED.

The head rebel grins.

HEAD REBEL

(accent)
He's waiting.

SCOTT

(stirred)
Bet he is, that wise old lizard, can't wait to see him. Come on, take me to him.

HEAD REBEL

After we finish.

SCOTT

Aren't you gonna verify to see if it's all there as agreed?

HEAD REBEL

No need to, there must be some honor between insurgents and bandits.

SCOTT

(jolts)

That's a good one, but not on me,
I'm no bandit. Only doing my job.

HEAD REBEL

So it seems.

SUDDENLY OUT OF THE DARK SKY a swirling chopper grazes over
their heads spitting fire!

SCOTT

(shouting)

Shit the Turks are here! RUN FOR
COVER!

SURPRISE ATTACK, Turkish helicopters dive on them riddling
with automatic fire at everything below them -- the rebels
and Scott's team ditch for cover-- Scott CRIES OUT an order.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Let's get the fuck out of here
before we're chopped to pieces,
NOW!

Scott, the head rebel and his team scam from the skirmish
reaching the Humvee -- they jump in and zigzag as they flee --
a chopper trails close looking for a kill -- shoots but
misses.

FROM HUMVEE INTERIOR

SCOTT

(shouting)

Get him quick Mike before he blows
us to pieces!

Mike gets hold of an RPG.

MIKE

Lock and loaded!

Riding in the rear seat, Mike opens a top hatch, points the
RPG, aims and fires.

The chopper BLOWS UP in the air.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(vexed)

THAT'S ALL YOU GET FROM ME YOU DICK
LICKING FUCKING TURKS!

The humvee scrams out of the chase disappearing in the desert.

EXT. KURDISH CAMP - DAWN

Scott's Humvee makes its way in a desert camp with tents scattered over the sand -- they stop before an eye-catching TENT rising taller than the rest -- he hops out of the vehicle, Salim follows carrying boxes of 18 year old Buchanan Master bottles and the special box of sex pills.

INSIDE THE TENT

Chief AHMED, old Kurd warlord with turban and Muslim guise, sits surrounded by female combatants. A young servant girl, provides him with assorted delectable munchies as he bids Scott his welcome.

CHIEF AHMED

(chewing)

My beloved friend. Come, come and sit with us our trustworthy infidel. You are always welcome in my humble hovel. Blessed be Allah for the solidarity and arms you bring us to preserve our surviving dignity and may the providence safeguard our enduring alliance.

Scott crouches in front of him -- his eyes beamed on his armed female bodyguards.

Salim keeps a prudent distance behind Scott.

SCOTT

Thank you chief for your most generous welcome. But we almost didn't make it...

You see, we had an utmost unwelcome reception from your dire enemy.

(MORE)

7.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But we've got all the goods you ordered, plus a personal gift from me.

CHIEF AHMED

Yes indeed I am aware of the unfortunate attack. The Turks will never stop until they annihilate us completely.

(a beat)

Where are all your men, saw few as we drove in?

CHIEF AHMED (CONT'D)

In the front, fighting ISIS as convened in the political and military agreement with your government servant.

SCOTT

You must mean WAYNE.

CHIEF AHMED

Precisely, Why is he not present with you?

SCOTT

(gulping)

Uh? Yeah, well he's busy in his camp, dipping heads in water buckets. His favorite sport.

CHIEF AHMED

Could you be more explicable?

SCOTT

(blunt)

He's mostly busy asphyxiating suspects for information.

CHIEF AHMED

Difficult job for a man of his intelligence.

SCOTT

Not really Chief, he loves his job.

Hands Chief Ahmed the special box.

Chief Ahmed stops chewing, eyes Scott's present with a glare.

A full carton of sex-arousal Viagra pills.

Chief Ahmed orders the special box of Viagra pills to be put away quickly.

CHIEF AHMED

No surprises please, just what I ordered.

Salim stands up with the special box and steps forward.

SCOTT

(unabashed)

In addition of my appreciation for you, here's a twelve bottle carton of fine scotch, just specially for your private enjoyment, plus the pills to keep you with a healthy erection.

Chief Ahmed coughs and gulps with a stuck.

CHIEF AHMED

(abashed)

Please be discreet, as you can see I'm not alone, they may not understand my special needs and judge your kind generosity unfairly.

The female guards look to each other, smirking.

Scott nods Salim to put down the box of scotch.

SCOTT

Shit chief! I know your religion prohibits alcohol, but you're a man of your own, you do what you want and I respect any man getting things done his way... Which too, is my way.

CHIEF AHMED

Don't say the S*** word, your cursing is not well received under my tent. Allah forgive me!

SCOTT

Sorry chief.

CHIEF AHMED

May Allah reward you for your solidarity for preserving our cause and grant you the riches you deserve to fulfill your sinful greed.

SCOTT

Thank you Chief.

The Chief sends his she-guards away, except his young servant.

CHIEF AHMED

(aiming Salim)

Your Iraqi servant too, please.

Scott waves Salim to wait outside.

CHIEF AHMED (CONT'D)

Now lets talk business. Have you delivered what I ordered to the number?

Scott hands him over a list of goods.

SCOTT

You'll find everything in this list, 20 crates with three hundred AK-47's, 12 crates with 75 RPG's and a quarter million rounds of 7.62 Ammo to keep your army in top gear and ...

(chuckles)

Plus my special present to keep your sexual health in prime shape.

CHIEF AHMED

Again, watch you tongue.

SCOTT

Please forgive me for my slips.

CHIEF AHMED

(adamant)

The prophet in the Koran preaches:
"Two ears to listen amply and one
tongue to remain idly".

SCOTT

Didn't know that one, I'll start
practicing the proverb to change my
gutsy manners.

CHIEF AHMED

There's something else important I
must request from the agreement...

SCOTT

What could that be chief?

CHIEF AHMED

Our ground fighters are being
devastated by Turk air superiority
of which we have no defense.

SCOTT

Are you thinking of anti-aircraft
defense?

CHIEF AHMED

Exactly.

SCOTT

Hmm... Let me give you some advise
Chief. For foot soldiers, they are
heavy and difficult to carry,
slowing down their pace and making
them more vulnerable in battle. I
may have something better for you.

CHIEF AHMED

What?.

SCOTT

Stingers.

CHIEF AHMED

I have asked WAYNE PARKER for them,
but he's is reluctant to allow us
to have them because of the past
experience with Al Qaeda...

(a beat)

Fearing we might turn against you
in the long run.

SCOTT

He's right in some way, but I might
be able to help you if we make a
personal deal.

CHIEF AHMED

And how will that be?

SCOTT

I deliver the goods and you pay. As
easy as that. No questions asked.

CHIEF AHMED

How long will you take to deliver
and at what price?

SCOTT

Give me a couple of weeks to snoop
the market and I'll get you the
best price there is. I don't bilk
my friends, It's my personal
trademark to keep me rolling in
this hot business.

CHIEF AHMED

Without Parker's approval? It might
rise some inconveniences.

SCOTT

It might, but it has to be my way,
not his. Trust me.

The young servant offers Scott a small cup of Arab coffee.

Scott's eyes the young servant with lewdness.

The chief grips the hold.

CHIEF AHMED

I see you still have the infidel's
lewd weakness for young flesh?

SCOTT

Don't you chief?

CHIEF AHMED

(gulps)

Now you are being insolent and
impudent,

(hands raised)

May Allah the almighty, the
merciful, forgive me for bringing
this lewd infidel to my home and
have to listen to his sinful
blasphemy.

Scott sips de coffee to the end.

SCOTT

Getting back to our proposal, how
bad do you need the portable SAMs?

CHIEF AHMED

Now! Or tomorrow may be too late
for us.

SCOTT

A bit hasty but I'll start working
on our deal right away.

CHIEF AHMED

Please do, the prophet will reward
you.

SCOTT

(mocking)

I prefer you with the blessed old
greens frankies... and please
chief, ask the prophet to guard our
next run.

CHIEF AHMED

Must Parker know of this?

SCOTT

I'll take care of it.

(a beat)

Uh, well... as I said before, WAYNE PARKER is a busy man. but I'll have him look the other way to make my run.

CHIEF AHMED

May Allah bless your good will to help us.

SCOTT

Blessings to you and your people too Chief. Now, have you got my money?

Chief Ahmed points to a artisan carved wooden chest.

CHIEF AHMED

There's the amount as agreed inside.
You may count it if you wish.

SCOTT

No need to chief. Besides, there must be some honor among us smugglers and forthright insurgents.

CHIEF AHMED

Where did you learn that wicked saying?

SCOTT

From one of your boys.

CHIEF AHMED

Please get me those weapons without delay.

Chief Ahmed crouches back to his pillows, the servant cuddles close to accommodate him.

CHIEF AHMED (CONT'D)

Now please leave, our talk has been most productive and I wish it to continue for the sake of our mutual interests, but I must pray now.

SCOTT

Trust me Chief, I'll get you the weapons you're asking for.

CHIEF AHMED

Yes, weapons of death but unfortunately necessary. May Allah protect you and guide your steps, our beloved brother.

Chief Ahmed rolls his eyes back with grief, pleading for hope and forgiveness.

EXT. DESSERT ROAD - NIGHT

The Humvee leaves the camp heading back for the desert, as they drive back, Scott remembers...

FLASHBACK

Scott driving at high speed is crossed on the road by a strayed deer -- he evades -- she screams -- he loses control and tumbles rolling over several times.

EXT. BAGHDAD/MOSQUE STEEPLE - DAY

A wailing pray out of a minaret announces friday's morning prayer -- the City -- the streets -- its people in pious prostration and respect -- a City once prosperous with a millennial history.

EXT. GREEN ZONE/INT. SCOTT'S PLACE - NIGHT

No outdoor view, secluded for security , dim lit with a solid brick wall and an ironclad door as only access. A bunker.

INT.

In his chambers, Scott sips a drink. He's eye fixed staring at a picture of him with his girl. They look happy but he's gloomy. He goes back to...

Salim cuts in his strayed memory.

SALIM
Still remembering her?

SCOTT
(strayed)
Guess she'll never be out of me.

SALIM
Time to get over the past, to move on, see a new day. Let her go.

SCOTT
(a sigh)
You don't know how hard it is, how I miss her every day of my life, we were having a good time and suddenly it all turned into a nightmare...

Scott wipes out the past with a blink, flips the picture down.

SALIM
What is meant to be, must happen.

SCOTT
Guess so, you know Salim, this beautiful ancient city could be a corridor to heaven if it wouldn't be for the blood-spilling hate among you people.

SALIM
It's been like that since the birth of civilization, Sumerians, Assyrians, Persians, you can name them all and the rivalry still persists.

SCOTT
Yeah, I've heard it all started
here.

SALIM
(ominous)
And will end here.

SCOTT
Not before the oil is drained and
you and me are out of the game with
a tombstone and an unmarked grave
five feet under.

A cel buzz interrupts their talk.

Scott looks at the phone screen: WAYNE PARKER.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Looks like the boss is here.

SALIM
May Allah protect us from his
wrath.

SCOTT
Guess why he's here. Let him in.

Salim opens the door.

WAYNE PARKER, the truth-squeezer, responsible CIA operative
to keep the covert arms deal running for the agency, storms
in with his private security contractors.

He's mad.

WAYNE
(steaming heat)
Just learned you fucking shot down
a Turk apache out of the sky on
your visit to the Kurds!
(wipes to Salim)
Get your Iraqi snitch out of here,
this is official matter.

SCOTT

No, he stays. He was there with me to stand witness in case you flip the coin on me.

WAYNE

I don't flip coins, I'm fact driven. Start by telling me were you got the stinger to down the chopper?

SCOTT

(slouching)

Got my own sources for self defense you're not providing when I'm in harm's way.

(a beat)

In fact there was no stinger, but an RPG.

WAYNE

You wanna play hardball with me?

SCOTT

No, I just pitch you straight.

WAYNE

You have the fucking Turkish Airforce pounding the Kurds in reprisal, trailing their ass, when this was not suppose to happen, it's a don't ask, don't tell swap and now you've breached the rules of a binding deal thinking you can get away with it. You could've started an international incident blowing out of proportions of which I'll be no part of...

(a beat)

I'll ask you again, where did you get the stinger from?

SCOTT

I've already answered, it was not a stinger, but an RPG.

WAYNE

I don't give a fuck of what you said before. How or when did you get greenlit to down the chopper?

SCOTT

It was a life or death decision, I chose to live.

WAYNE

What? You think you can hold back on me? You're not suppose to carry this ordinance for personal use.

SCOTT

I know, but when it comes to survive, I do it my way, besides...
(a beat)
it was Russian left over armament from Sadam available in the bazaars, so cool down.

WAYNE

(steaming)
What's gotten into you? Are you going stupid?
No, I don't cool down when I have a contractor, breaching the rules, smuggling arms to Kurds sideslipping me. Don't you fucking know that if this leaks diplomatically, it can create an international incident? Even loose my job and you too will be out in the street begging for help.

SCOTT

(eased)
All you've gotta do is sidestep the oversight of my own doing, of which I know you can do easily. Your swap has been an illegal covert deal from the start, so don't play legal counsel with me. Your truth-getting-bucket-dippin' torture to get a confession is as bad as my stray from the rules.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(eye to eye)

We're both weed from the same crop buddy.

WAYNE

Don't stretch your luck beyond the red line or I'll root you out the game. This will not happen again, you understand that?

SCOTT

Let me ask you something Wayne? How many runs I've done for you under the secrecy of your clout and dagger shit and what do I get? An dinky pay enough to cover the expenses of throat-cutting ventures you get the credit for, and what's left for me? the scraps to pick up and fuck off.

WAYNE

I don't give a fuck about your unsatisfied remorse, we have a deal and you seem to be forgetting. You should've looked at the contract thoroughly before you signed, because as of now, you're off the deal.

SCOTT

Yeah, you do that, take me out. I've done my job professionally without ever asking where, who or why I'm doing this. I get the spoils and you get the medals.

WAYNE

Don't fuck with me Scott! You were hired to do a job under binding rules for covert operations and better stick to them.

SCOTT

Do you know how I've had to survive every time you send me to a boiling pot of which there may be, a no return?

WAYNE

That's part of the job. You're bound by a contract you don't seem to give a shit for, and for which you'll have to answer if you don't abide. Not now maybe, but back home a court of law hearing will be waiting for you to put you away. Is that what you want?

SCOTT

You know that won't happen. I'm sure you won't let it pass, unless you wanna end at the bottom of the well with me. I know things.

(a beat)

Besides I'm not planning to leave, I'm doing fine here.

WAYNE

Than stay, leave, or do what you want, but don't go indie, comply with the rules you're bound to respect.

Salim breaks in.

SALIM

(insolent)

It was better when Sadam was in power, he made sure no one stepped the red line.

WAYNE

(slams)

You shut the fuck up snitch! This concerns you too. You're still an informant under my heel to keep you away from the noose.

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Don't forget I saved you in time after being found guilty in a Sunni court sentencing you to hang in a public square for radical terrorism, remember?

SALIM

I don't forget, as Allah is my witness and protector and if he, not you, chooses me to live or die is his divine will, not your abusive protection.

WAYNE

Don't bet your ass on it the next time you feel the noose tightening your neck because, I won't be there to save you for all the heads you've chopped off, in Allah's name.

Salim's eyes spin rage, Scott appeases.

SCOTT

No need to boil over the past. He's repentant and he's with me now.

WAYNE

If he's under your umbrella, better have him tell you how many bodies he's hacked for pay.

SCOTT

I know, that's why he's with me.

WAYNE

If so, pray you won't be one more in his list.

Salim thrusts toward Wayne, but is stopped by Wayne's bumpers.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(aggressive)

Yeah, show me your anger, I've seen better stunts than yours now lying six feet under!

SCOTT

It won't happen with me Wayne, I trust him with my life.

WAYNE

Then Good luck to you and don't come back in two pieces.

SCOTT

A new negotiable agreement is the best way out of our differences.

Wayne's wrath fumes to the top.

WAYNE

New negotiable agreement? No, you must be off your fucking mind! You don't change the rules! The agreement specifically mandates for the Federal Agency's oversight of every clandestine operation to supply weapons for the Kurds, and you, you wanna play Secretary of State creating a diplomatic mess with the Turks shooting down one of their choppers with unpredictable consequences of which you have no fucking notion of what it might do!
(inhaling)

You've been put on notice. Back off

SCOTT

If you're willing to talk, fine. If not, take me out of your payroll and get the fuck out of here.

WAYNE

Think over what you just said. You're still under a Federal binding contract and I can have you shackled.

SCOTT

Wayne, don't you fuckin' know me? Don't you fuckin' know you can't come in and bully me as though I'm your tail-wagging underdog?

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You can loose your hounds on me and have me disappear the same way you eliminate your captured prisoners after you dip'em in the bucket, but I will rise from the grave to strip you off your balls and have you eat them!

Wayne takes it seriously.

WAYNE

(eye to eye)

Don't play tough with me tail wagger and do something stupid. In which case, tour body will never be found and nobody will ever know what happened to you.

That does it!

SCOTT

Get the fuck out of here.

Wayne leaves followed by his security.

Salim spits after Wayne leaves.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(swaying)

Fuck Wayne.

(a beat)

As we were saying Salim... how can you say that Sadam ruled fairly with fear reserved only for a tyrant! We liberated you from that fuckin' dictator.

SALIM

A Satrap, not a dictator. There's much you need to understand our way of ruling. We need strong rulers to keep our feuding leaders from slaying each other as they've done for centuries.

SCOTT

You mean you prefer dictatorship
better than democracy?

SALIM

Democracy works for you, not for
us. Satrapy is our law of the land
of which you know little.

SCOTT

Whatever you mean by that, I stick
to our freedom and democratic
system. Won't give it up for
nothing.

SALIM

Freedom for free dumbs.

SCOTT

That's from a Jimmy Hendricks
performance. How'd you know that.

SALIM

I enjoy his music.

SCOTT

(dumbstruck)

No shit... Didn't know you liked
rock.

Mulls over.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Anyway, how can you say that? We
brought stability and security, you
can't deny that. You're doing fine
with me, better than being under
Wayne's boot. Aren't you?

SALIM

(smirks)

Wayne is a blood sucker.

(MORE)

SALIM (CONT'D)

As for Stability and security,
there's more blood drenching the
streets of Baghdad today than ever
before, with an Oil Cartel draining
our wealth and profiting greedily
from our cursed black gold.

(a beat)

Nobody controls anything here
anymore, blood will run to the
sewers every day until we are left
bone-dried to die in the streets
and our children begging Allah for
total extermination of the
infidels.

SCOTT

I don't share your pessimism...

(a beat)

Sure it was hard after the
invasion, but we have invested
heavily to rebuild the economy,
reshape the oil industry and best
of all,

(chokes joking)

We have chief Ahmed as our business
partner. Can't do any better than
that.

SALIM

Chief Ahmed will only be loyal to
your side as long as you keep
supplying weapons for him.

SCOTT

What makes you say that?

SALIM

I just happen to know.

Scott drinks his glass to the end.

SCOTT

Lets drop this divisive shit talk
and keep politics afar. Politics is
poison for the people, makes'em
hate each other and I'm sure you
don't want that.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Surely not now that I'm planning a move to get the stingers for the kurds without papa Wayne.

SALIM

Then it is written.

SCOTT

I thought it was Lawrence who said that.

SALIM

Who was Lawrence?

SCOTT

You mean you don't know who Lawrence was? Man, for an Arab, that's unforgivable to ignore the man who started this whole fuckin' mess.

SALIM

Was he Imam or Sultan?

SCOTT

No, he was a stool-pigeon officer of the British crown sent to appease the Arab uprising making business safe for western powers,
(gloating)
big business! Oil.

SALIM

Then it is also written that ISIS was destined to become a western terrorist threat to big business usurping our wealth and looting our sacred land.

SCOTT

You can put it like that, but... nothing can stop greed, my close brother. Nothing can surpass the military power of the united States. That is written.

SALIM

Then... what happened in Vietnam
was not a defeat?

SCOTT

That's a different story.

SALIM

I think it will repeat itself here,
you and I will not live to see a
settled ending of this carnage.
ISIS will still be here long after
we are gone, that is, if you don't
stop them here.

(a grin)

That is truly written.

Scott pours himself another glass.

SCOTT

I'll drink to that one, want one?

SALIM

You know I don't drink.

SCOTT

Just like Chief Ahmed, pious during
daylight, sinner by night. The
perfect blend of a Muslim cynical
cocktail to avoid hell and remain
clean.

SALIM

That's blasphemy.

Scott down his drink.

SCOTT

Be it or not, it's time go and see
Derek for my drone lessons, he's
waiting.

Picks up his cell and dials.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Derek, we're on our way.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Scott and Salim leave the City heading for an isolated open field in the desert.

Derek, drenching sweat is waiting.

DEREK

What took you so long?

SCOTT

Papa Wayne showed up, steaming heat and kicking asses.

DEREK

Good or bad.

SCOTT

As usual, showing off the bad ass he is, reminding me who calls the shots.

DEREK

No shit, what did he want?

Derek walks toward his truck, opens the hatch back.

SCOTT

Had to shoot down a Turk chopper before he got us in our last swap, slamming us and giving prevalence to the Turks instead of us, hate this motherfucker.

DEREK

What did you expect? You're expendable, he's not. He works for Langley and the Turks, are you forgetting?

SCOTT

No, I just don't wanna take his slamming bullshit anymore.

DEREK

Did you split?

SCOTT

About to.

DEREK

Not smart to be here without his shield.

SCOTT

I know, that's why I've taken his shit so long.

DEREK

Let me show you what I've got.

Derek draws an RC Quadcopter drone from his truck and displays the state of the art device.

DEREK (CONT'D)

This beauty you see here can handle a night or day video cam with GPS navigation, can carry a load of two kilograms and can fly for sixty minutes.

SCOTT

Can it shoot while airborne?

DEREK

It could be adapted.

(a beat)

Are you targeting something special? If it's Wayne you're thinking of, I won't be part of it.

SCOTT

No, he's off my reach.

DEREK

Good to hear, want you to know I'm leaving.

SCOTT

Leaving? Where to? There's still so much we can do together, with toys like these and a selected target.

DEREK

I know but I'm done here, been here since the invasion and want out.

SCOTT

In our trade, you never know when a device like this becomes useful in skilled hands. Stay

DEREK

No, gotta leave before my time's up in this hell's kitchen.

SCOTT

(joking)

What if I wanna take Wayne down with your help.

DEREK

You don't need me for that, you've got Mike to snipe and Salim to slice.

SCOTT

Wish good I could take the motherfucker down with a little help from a friend...

Eye each other for an instance and burst with malicious laughter.

DEREK

Your sense of humor upsets my guts. Get the fuckin idea of your head and concentrate on what we'll be doing now.

SCOTT

You never know when things might get hot serious.

DEREK

(serious)

Lets cut this bullshit and get to work,

(a beat)

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

Now here's what you've gotta do with this toy before you start playing with it.

SCOTT

Show me master.

Derek powers the drone, checks the RC control levels and makes his demo.

DEREK

I'll make it simple for you. Did you ever play video games with joy sticks before?

SCOTT

Never gave a shit for a joystick game, but I can still learn.

DEREK

Then it's not going to be simple handling RC controls.

SCOTT

Drop the nagging Derek, just teach me how.

DEREK

(serious)

If you're planning to take Wayne down, I'm out right now.

SCOTT

(smirking)

No Derek it won't happen... just joking, might flip though,

(a beat)

All I want from you is to teach me how to operate this fuckin' drone. How I use it, or whatever I do with it, it's my shot. Come on do your job.

DEREK

You know Scott, I was beginning to like how you were taking over the weapons deal getting a fair cut for all of us.

SCOTT

Not fair anymore, from now on it's greed.

DEREK

Here we go.

The drone takes off.

SCOTT

Are you sure you wanna leave? There's a lot left to do for men with our talents.

DEREK

Got a better bid, being contracted for a covert deal in Yemen. Good pay

SCOTT

(nodding)
You're stepping in a bad man's land, It's pretty rough what's going on there.

DEREK

I'll take my chances.

SCOTT

When are you leaving?

DEREK

Waiting for the call.

SCOTT

Come on, teach me the craft.

Derek brings the Drone down.

DEREK

Rule number one, make sure your batteries are at full peak, you check this by observing this LED light that will go dimmer as the power is consumed. Number two, you then continue to turn on the motors one by one, and check for RPMs...

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Scott grabs the RC device.
- Derek supervises.
- Joysticks on the move.
- The drone takes off again.
- Derek takes distance for a safer view.
- Scott takes control of the drone making a razing maneuver over Derek's head -- he ducks in time.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Shit Scott! Why'd you do that for?

SCOTT

Just learning how to dive. Did I do it right?

DEREK

Damn right you did! Almost took my scalp.

Another low pass, Derek ditches for cover.

Scott laughs his guts out.

EXT. SCOTT'S JOINT - NIGHT

Parker arrives at the joint with his escort and armored Humvees followed by a Benz. Out of the Benz an Iraqi couple, formally dressed for the night, hop out. She veils her face with a hijab on.

INT. JOINT

Western style Bar and drinking hideout. Americans, Europeans and Asians mingle for a night's bliss avoiding the Muslim liquor ban.

Scott at the bar joined by Salim and Mike.

Wayne Parker walks in accompanied by the Iraqi couple, ISSA FAROUK, a local politician, matured late 40's, and his young wife RAISHA. She unveils her face, STUNNING swan neck with eyes beaming out an innocent gaze.

PARKER
(salutes)
Busy night uh boys?

SCOTT
(blunt)
As usual for a toxic friday, what brings you here?

PARKER
Personal business.

SCOTT
No grudge felt.

PARKER
No grudge, got a job for you.

Farouk and Raisha draw near.

PARKER (CONT'D)
May I introduce Mr. Issa Farouk and his charming wife.

SCOTT
(to Parker)
Your friends are my guests.

Farouk takes the lead.

FAROUK
Allow me to introduce myself and...
(becks to wife)
my wife Raisha.
(MORE)

FAROUK (CONT'D)

Fine club, didn't know it existed.

Scott gazed by her discreet glamour, blends in.

SCOTT

(beheld)

Scott Blaine, welcome to my place
Mr. Farouk, and... of course Mrs.
Farouk.

She shies to extend her hand.

RAISHA

(eye to eye)

Nice place you have Mr. Blaine.

Scott responds.

SCOTT

Do my best to get by avoiding the
ban.

FAROUK

(sharp-spoken)

Thank you, but would it be too
difficult to find a table for us to
sit and talk please.

SCOTT

Not at all if you give me a minute.
Wasn't expecting such special
guests.

Scott eyes Parker, Parker peeps back a grin. Something's
cooking.

PARKER

Mr. Asami wants to collaborate with
us.

SCOTT

Us? You must mean you and Langley.

PARKER

Could we talk privately?

SCOTT
Sure, follow me to my office.

As they head for Scott's office.

PARKER
We need to talk in total privacy,
Mr. Asami might prove valuable for
my mission here.

SCOTT
No problem, I just like to know why
I'm in.

PARKER
Cut the formal bullshit, something
has come up and I need your help.

SCOTT
If it's give and take, I might
listen.

Scott waves for a waiter to come close.

Cute Iraqi.

WAITER
Sir?

SCOTT
Get us a table to accommodate our
guests please.

WAITER
Can I get you all a cocktail to
start? It's on the house.

WAYNE
For me, Scotch on ice, our guests
don't drink, a mild beverage will
do.

Raisha shocks all.

RAISHA
I'll have a scotch too, please.

Scott amazed, begins to like it.

Farouk unappeased, flares a grin.

FAROUK

(impatient)

I hope it won't take long to find a
table, if I may ask.

Raisha cuts in politely.

RAISHA

You are very kind Mr. Blaine, we
won't mind waiting.
Thank you for receiving us.

Scott wooed, shows them in his office.

INT. OFFICE

A disgraceful mess.

SCOTT

Please accommodate as best you can,
as you can see, I'm not very house
groomed.

Turning to Raisha.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

As for you Mrs. Farouk, you're
quite charming. I'll do my best to
hear what your husband has to say.

Parker takes the lead.

PARKER

I'll do the talking. Mr. And Mrs.
Farouk have asked for exile, but
have been put on hold for vetting
clearance by the embassy.

SCOTT

So, why come to me? What can I do
that the Embassy can't?

Farouk cuts in.

FAROUK

Excuse me for interrupting Mr. Blaine, but we need help to dismiss the vetting and reach the Turkey border without delay.

SCOTT

What sort of help?

FAROUK

(dismissive)

Mr. Blaine, as I have been told by Mr. Parker, you have special connections with the Kurd rebels that can provide a safe passage to cross the border to Turkey.

SCOTT

My connection with the Kurds is strictly business. I don't know what our dear friend Parker has told you but if I change the rules, by taking people to jump the fence, it'll be the end of our alliance,

(a beat)

I sense your obvious dislike for the Kurds is evident, why come to me?

FAROUK

(stutters)

Me- we- need to cross the border without delay. I'm being targeted by enemies who, who- want me dead for my political stand favoring your forces to remain and preserving whatever order is left in this hell-driven rift.

SCOTT

I understand your situation, but the religious rift going on is not of my trade, but again. Why come to me?

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I don't mess with politics,
especially here. This is an issue
for you Wayne, not me.

PARKER

As I said before they're on hold
until clearance and Mr. Farouk is
in clear and present danger.

Raisha intervenes.

RAISHA

Please Mr. Blaine, listen to what
my husband has to say, we need your
help.

Farouk shuns her.

FAROUK

(rapt)

Be quiet! Let me explain what my
situation with my political rivals
is so he'll understand why we are
here. The Shiites in power, whom I
presume are in good terms with your
State Dept. are determined to wipe
out any Sunni influence left over
from the Saddam regime, of which I
was part of as a Baath party
member, placing me in a critical
and very unsafe position for me to
remain here.

SCOTT

Look Mr. Farouk, I'll say it again,
and don't take me wrong, but I just
don't mess with politics here. It's
not safe. I'll be putting myself in
your own risky position.

RAISHA

(poignant)

My husband will be assassinated if
we don't leave Baghdad soon.

SCOTT

It's not my responsibility, Wayne here, can take better care of you. Can't you Wayne?

PARKER

(wry)

Not so without clearance. Besides you owe me, unless you need approval for your next independent move.

SCOTT

What move?

PARKER

I know.

Scott and Wayne separate from the couple.

SCOTT

(hissing)

Who ever spoke of any next move? I haven't said anything, you're off your heels.

PARKER

No I'm not, I know about your deal with Chief Ahmed for delivery of some stingers.

SCOTT

How'd you find out?

PARKER

Chief Ahmed sent a message.

SCOTT

No shit.

PARKER

Instructions from Langley are clear. The Kurds are needed to hurt the Syrians and we side with them.

(MORE)

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PARKER (CONT'D)

The deliver of the stingers must be a covert swap without compromising Washington's foreign policy. You understand?

SCOTT

Mmm... interesting but not convincing.

PARKER

Goods will be ready for delivery, if...

(a beat)

we have a deal with Farouk.

SCOTT

Now it's convincing, we're back in track in our never ending partnership.

PARKER

It's more than that, I still call the shots.

SCOTT

Fine, lets get back to Mr. Farouk's run, I may come up with a plan.

They join back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Mr. Farouk, I may be able to help you after all.

The conversation extends...

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Farouk explains.
- Scott listens.
- Parker nods with approval.
- Raisha weeps in joy.

PARKER

Time is up Mr. Farouk if you want me to escort you to your place we have to leave now.

FAROUK

Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Blaine, we are in your hands.

RAISHA

Most grateful Mr. Blaine.

Kissing her hand.

SCOTT

It's been a pleasure Mrs. Farouk, Scott from now on.

Wayne and the couple leave the joint.

Scott walks back to the bar.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Salim, need you to check out who Mr. Farouk really is, where he lives, what he does... gotta make sure I wont be sticking my ass out in hell's way.

SALIM

I'll do some checking of my own to find out who he is.

SCOTT

Please do, and do it fast.

SALIM

Why the haste?

SCOTT

Got an offer I can't refuse.

SALIM

Then we are back in business?

SCOTT

Seems so.

EXT. CITY/SUBURB - DAY

Salim in a scooter, trails Farouk's Benz to his home in the city's outskirts: A walled premise.

EXT. FAROUK'S PLACE

Salim Finds a spot, crouches and begins peeping through -- sees a walled mansion with a huge gate and an SUV with people waiting, its driver hops out to talk(unheard) -- the gate opens to let both vehicles in.

Salim, unseen, observes from a distance, checks off and leaves.

EXT. SCOTT'S JOINT/GATE - DAY

Scott's Humvee exits his ironclad gate and speed out.

INT. HUMVEE

Salim driving.

SALIM

Where are we going?

SCOTT

To see Wayne.

SALIM

Shit!

SCOTT

Uh-huh no cursing, I know you don't like the man but it's all we got now,

(a beat)

Find anything on Farouk?

SALIM

Few things, lush home, has his own personal security. Doesn't look to me he's on the run. Something tells me he's holding back on something.

SCOTT

What makes you say that?

SALIM

Because, if he's a man running for his life, given the circumstances he's under and knowing how differences are settled in this political rift, he'd be dead by now.

SCOTT

I agree with that, but why... come to me, keeps my head spinning

SALIM

Because Parker thinks you're the man for the job. He needs you

SCOTT

I buy that, but something tells me Wayne is after something more.

SALIM

That he didn't make clear, the question is: How far are you willing to go along with him calling the shots?

SCOTT

Can't refuse, I cut a deal with him.

A rough bump sends the Humvee up in the air.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(shaken)

Watch the holes will you!

SALIM

That was no hole.

SCOTT

No? Pretty big for you to go over it without seeing it. What was it?

SALIM

A bomb crater.

SCOTT

Then watch the road for suicide maniacs, will you?

SALIM

If it's not meant to be, it won't happen.

SCOTT

Cut your destiny crap and watch out. I don't like surprises.

SALIM

Yes boss.

SCOTT

Don't fuckin' call me that?

Another bump on the road sends them hopping again.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I better do the driving.

SALIM

Does Parker know we're coming in unannounced?

SCOTT

No problem, our man better listen to what I have to say. He seldom leaves his camp when doing wet interrogations... loves his job.

SALIM

Waterboarding to persuade his suspects to confess?

SCOTT

That's his job, convincing faithful believers, turned radicals, to cooperate before sends them to see Allah,

(a beat)

(MORE)

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SCOTT (CONT'D)

He's good at it, always, gets what he wants.

Salim remarks.

SALIM

Not always, some die-hards will not talk. His methods raise a growing hate hard to appease.

SCOTT

It's not of my say to question Wayne's methods, Salim.

SALIM

Yes I know, it's only torture.

Another bump.

SCOTT

Shit!

SALIM

Blasphemy!

SCOTT

Bullshit!

They divert upon a cross road leading to a U.S. Military compound.

EXT. MILITARY GARRISON - DAY

AN WARNING SIGN: -CAMP BUCA, U.S. ARMY- NO TRESPASSING BEYOND THIS POINT

AT SENTRY POST

A military guard securing the camp entrance commands to stop. Scott is frisked, identified and cleared. The sentry guard takes a second look.

SENTRY

You're cleared to proceed sir. Your company must step out of the vehicle and remain as instructed.

Scott takes the wheel.

SCOTT
Sorry buddy, security protocol. I
won't take long.

Salim, pissed off, gets off the vehicle keeping a safe
distance from the post and waits... begins kicking dirt.

Scott rides off.

Salim takes a few steps further.

A LOUD SPEAKER warning.

LOUDSPEAKER
Remain where you are and do not
displace.

Salim curses.

SALIM
(mumbling)
May Allah strike me dumb and blind
for taking this abuse.

EXT. CIA FACILITY

Barbed wire, electrical fences surround the camp, video
surveillance and guards all over -- dogs bark as Scott walks
inside Wayne's installations.

INT. WARD

A functioning room with a locked door and flashing a red
sign:

INTERROGATION IN PROGRESS

Scott sits and waits.

Parker, dripping water with a cold grim, comes out of the
interrogation room.

PARKER

(blunt)

Can't see you now Scott, I'm in the middle of an important interrogation.

A LOUD CRY is heard.

SCOTT

Sorry to bump in like this Wayne but I need to talk to you. It's important.

PARKER

Not now I can't, I'm in the process of grilling an ISIS prisoner and you're interfering.

SCOTT

Sorry, but I've gotta see you.

PARKER

After I'm done here.

SCOTT

When will that be?

PARKER

Don't know, it could be hours, a day or even days, don't know it depends on the suspect.

SCOTT

Make time to see me. I've got questions about the Farouk deal.

PARKER

Tell you what. I'll stop by your place once I'm done here and we'll talk. Can't now, gotta go.

Wayne goes back in his room.

Another shivering LOUD CRY is heard again.

Scott leaves.

EXT. SENTRY POST

Scott clears out.

Salim in the humvee fumes heat.

INT HUMVEE

RICK

Sorry you had to go through this, try to understand, it's security procedure off limits to Iraqis.

SALIM

(grouched)

What I try hard to understand is why the distrust. I've been trained to snitch and have worked for you people with heart and soul and still, I'm not trustworthy. No wonder you have a hard time winning hearts and minds here.

SCOTT

It's not hearts and minds we're here for Salim. It's oil for the Texan oil cartel that's fueled the war making the profits. The US military destroys and they reconstruct. Perfect deal, that's how it works. Leaving people like you and me to settle for the spoils.

SALIM

It wasn't Weapons of mass destruction the pretext to invade. It was all about Blood oil, and a working dictatorship no longer useful? What else are we being liberated from? Tell me.

SCOTT

There was no legal reason, just high interests justifying for an intervention.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You may not understand now, but once we leave, you'll see the change.

SALIM

You're never going to leave. The loot is too big to let go.

SCOTT

May be so, but take my word. If things here start going bad for us, we better start asking Chief Ahmed for a job.

SALIM

He'll take you, not me.

SCOTT

We'll see about that.

SALIM

In here, you'll have to face a growing insurgency filled wit hate, blood and rage

(a beat)

You fail to recognise that the extermination between ourselves serves your country's interests. It's all about greed and making a profit. That's all there is.

SCOTT

Even if you're right, it's up to the Iraqis to run their country. Can't speak against the private investment here, I've Done well since I've been contracted and you've been part of it.

(a beat)

Otherwise I'd be back home doing digging, planting explosives in some fucking mine for an eight hour shift and probably ending buried up in some shit hole if I fail to do the job right.

SALIM

Why do you cuss so much?

SCOTT

You want the facts, I give'em to you. It helps me to gut out the burning feeling telling me there's no other way out for me, but here,

(a beat)

Guess there isn't any...

(eye to eye)

Salim, don't let fuckin' politics get between us, we're in this together to the end, we're brothers. Aren't we?

Salim concedes.

SALIM

So it seems... from different shores.

EXT. SCOTT'S JOINT/GATE - NIGHT

Placid night before hell breaks loose.

Mike, strapped with his rifle, opens the iron gate.

A silenced SHOT pierces the Humvee's window shield missing Scott's head.

Stunned, Scott shifts to reverse and backs up rapidly -- grabs his weapon and jumps out.

Salim takes the wheel.

SCOTT

(yelling)

Clear out, a sniper!

MIKE

(shouts)

SNIPER!

Mike, runs for cover taking position with his infra-red scope rifle and scans for the shooter.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Where the fuck is he?

Aerial view of the surroundings in a quiet night.

Scott from his secured position yells out.

SCOTT
He's somewhere out there!

Another shot zips grazing Scott's head again.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Better Get him Mike, before he
takes me down!

Salim maneuvers the humvee to face the sniper's direction expecting to blind the shooter with the high beam exploring lights -- he crawls out of the Humvee firing his pistol and taking cover -- a bullet zips through bruising Salim's neck, he bleeds.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(in panic)
Shit Mike! What's taking you?

Out comes Derek shooting providing cover, sides with Scott.

DEREK
(panting)
Heard the shots!

SCOTT
A sniper out there in the dark,
keep down.

DEREK
We need to spot him.

SCOTT
He's out there somewhere. Where the
fuck is Mike?

DEREK

He's up somewhere trying to spot
the shooter.

Mike, up in an elevated position by now, spots the shooter.

SCOTT

(yelling)

Mike, You up somewhere?

No answer, he's busy cross-eyeing his target.

Scopes' night vision of the shooter in a roof.

Mike sights in point blank -- zeroes on the target and
shoots.

Target down.

Total silence.

DEREK

Guess he got him. Never misses.

The smoke settles.

They sit back against a wall.

SCOTT

Who the fuck is behind this?

DEREK

Obviously someone wants you gone,
better start guessing.

SCOTT

Where could this be coming from?

DEREK

Looks like the beginning of a very
complicated mess.

SCOTT

Better have a talk with Wayne, I
think this has to do something with
his Muslim protegee showing up the
other night? Never had this before.

DEREK

Heard you've been chatting with him
in good terms. Something is going
wrong...

SCOTT

An arrangement to get his protegee
out to Turkey, but you're putting
bugs in my head, gotta find out.
You may be right...

(a beat)

Gotta know.

DEREK

Better start scooping, there might
not be a second time.

SCOTT

You still wanna leave?

DEREK

Given the circumstances, think I'll
give it a second thought.

SCOTT

Thanks.

EXT. SCOTT'S JOINT/GATE - DAY

The gate slides open, out comes Salim speeding in a high
cylinder bike -- heads and reaches the city's downtown
square.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - DAY

A tumultuous place full of Arabs haggling goods and bidding
for best prices -- he easily mixes with the throng
penetrating unnoticed.

MARKET SHACK STAND

Salim walks into a shack filled with oriental miscellanea and
pipe smoking Arabs -- an old SHACK TENDER crouches in silence
puffing his pipe.

IN ARAB

SALIM (SUBTITLE)

Good day in Allah's name my elder
and wise friend.

SHACK TENDER

(immovable)

May Allah be praised for these eyes
that see you again in good spirit
and still living, Salim.

Salim goes to the bottom.

SALIM

Something bad happened to us last
night and I seek your help.

SHACK TENDER

What could be worst then the
calamity of this endless war the
infidels have brought upon us?

SALIM

A sniper hiding in the dark, almost
took my boss down last night.

SHACK TENDER

Ah yes. But you work for an
American, no?

SALIM

Yes. Why do you ask.

SHACK TENDER

Hatred is the calamity we face
every day ever since the infidels
invaded our land. It's the curse of
Allah for not standing against the
oppressors before setting foot on
our sacred soil.

SALIM

I accept your wise concern, but I'm
not here for lament, need to find
out now something urgent.

SHACK TENDER

If it's violence you seek to clear
your mind, you'll find your answer
in the Um-Al-Qura mosque, among the
Sunni clergy. They lead the
insurgency.

SALIM

But that's a difficult and
worshipping place to look for an
answer. Besides, who will I look
for? Surely you are better
informed. What do you know about a
dissident named Issa Farouk?

SHACK TENDER

Dissidents have strayed from the
Koran, they have become worst than
the invading plague. They spread
hate to spill our blood, it's
Allah's curse.

SALIM

I understand old man, I have become
one like them but without straying
from the Koran.

SHACK TENDER

Blessings be with you Salim. That's
all I can help you with. May Allah
guide your path.

END OF SUBTITLE

As the old shack tender ends his last words, a loud EXPLOSION
blasts everything within reach.

EXTERIOR MARKET PLACE

Salim dust covered, walks out stumbling and dragging the old
man badly wounded, lays him down for his last breath to die.

EXTERIOR

A huge smoke cloud grows out of the market place.

Salim still shocked with minor bruises, dusts off his ash covered body walking without looking back.

Total destruction for a place an instant before was a trade market -- people screaming and running in panic -- scattered bodies -- debris and blood splattering everything. A huge carnage.

INT. SCOTT'S JOINT - DAY

Salim still covered with dust meets Mike.

MIKE

(impressed)

Man! Where've you been, did you cross a desert storm or something? You look like a roach out of a wheat flour bag.

SALIM

Almost didn't make it back.

MIKE

Huh, how's that?

SALIM

(stuttering)

A bomb in a market place - it was devastating - killed lots of people - it was close.

MIKE

Shit!

SALIM

Where's Scott?

MIKE

Inside his office, chewing over last night's incident.

SALIM

Got to see him.

INTERIOR SCOTT'S QUARTERS

Salim finds Scott pondering.

SCOTT

You're a mess. What happened to you?

SALIM

Went to see an old friend, who now lies dead in the market place asking for some information, almost didn't make it back.

SCOTT

Tell me.

SALIM

The usual carnage, the spiteful hatred chewing our guts with no end in sight.

SCOTT

Well, seems you've got nine lives and eight yet to go.

(a beat)

We're still in the dark, did you get anything?

SALIM

All I got from the old man was, the answer lays in a mosque. Didn't know or didn't want to tell me about Farouk's background, but he's a big fish.

SCOTT

That's a lead to nowhere.

SALIM

Your arrangement with Farouk, has to do with it. There's no head or tail in this deal.

SCOTT

What? I'm compromised, you understand that.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I don't back off a deal just because some loony night shooter wants to kill an infidel so he can get his ticket to the doors of heaven.

Salim lights a smoke.

SALIM

The shooter is no loony night shooter. As I see it, he was not on his own.

SCOTT

Now you're being creepy.

SALIM

I think there's much more than Farouk's bid for protection, it goes far beyond a border crossing.

Sits back.

SCOTT

What's he really after? If you know more, spill it out.

SALIM

What you're getting into is not easy to crack.

SCOTT

Come on Salim, let it out, what's buzzing you?

SALIM

I think Farouk is not telling us his real reason to get away.

SCOTT

Don't be a hard ass, get to the point.

SALIM

Can't get there yet. I just missed an informant killed in front of me who might have given us a lead.

SCOTT

Shit Salim, bombings happen here every day. What's so query about this one?

SALIM

He referred to a Mosque for an answer to our inexplicable stand, an important shrine for Sunni's worshipping.

SCOTT

A mosque? Don't get it?

SALIM

He didn't get to finish, but my instinct tells me Farouk wants you out after clogging you with his plea to get out.

SCOTT

But I haven't even done my job?

SALIM

That's precisely the answer to our riddle.

SCOTT

What the fuck are you talking about?

SALIM

He's going after you for a reason we don't know yet. But his first move was to gain your trust and apparently he has, what is next it's not clear yet.

SCOTT

Seems to me Wayne is behind all this, wants me out of the game without being tagged for my downing.... What's he really after?

SALIM

You'll have to find out from some source.

SCOTT
What source?

SALIM
Farouk himself

SCOTT
Gotta an idea where to start?

SALIM
I saw you how you laid eyes on his
wife the night of their visit

SCOTT
Have to admit she crushed me... but
how do I get to her.

SALIM
She'll come to you to bid for her
husband

SCOTT
When?

SALIM
Soon, their time is running out.

SCOTT
Salim, I wouldn't know what to do
without you.

SALIM
(pious)
May my guess be blessed by Allah
almighty and merciful

Scott ponders.

INT. SCOTT'S JOINT/BAR - NIGHT

Wayne and Salim engaged in talk at the bar -- Mike behind the
counter listens.

SALIM

(vexed)

May Allah strike me blind if my prediction is wrong.

WAYNE

About what?

SALIM

About this arrangement with Farouk

WAYNE

You don't have to like it, just stick to it

SALIM

You're not the person I should be talking to,

WAYNE

Then tell your boss, he'll listen, let it rattle in his head.

SALIM

I've already tried, but he pledges to the commitment before reasoning.

WAYNE

I Don't think he's wrong.

SALIM

You don't take me seriously then, do you?

WAYNE

Salim, what you think is irrelevant, he has accepted to do a job and that's the bottom of it.

SALIM

Have you any clearance on Farouk's activities?.

WAYNE

Why are you so concerned about the arrangement?

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

There's nothing you can do once
he's made up his mind, know him
more then you do.

SALIM

I care for the man.

Farouk and Raisha pop in the place quibbling.

Salim shuns.

SALIM (CONT'D)

Talking of the devil, he's here and
boiling

Mike cuts in.

MIKE

They're the same couple from the
other night,

Farouk and Raisha occupying a table.

SALIM

Of course they are, it's the cane
and bait scheme to hook Scott.

MIKE

Don't get it.

SALIM

You will in time.

WAYNE

(to Mike)

Mike, give me another scotch, so I
can keep listening to Salim's
fears.

(to Salim)

Want one?

SALIM

How many times do I have to remind
you people, my Muslim faith does
not allow me to drink.

MIKE

Sorry, keep forgetting how abstentious you are, You only do hash.

SALIM

It's less toxic and not forbidden by the Koran.

WAYNE

Yeah, yeah as Scott says, pious by day sinner by night.

SALIM

You'll be responsible for whatever happens in the arrangement if something goes wrong.

WAYNE

Been so since the beginning.

Wayne downs his scotch and scans the bar looking for Scott.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Let me worry about that. Where's Scott? Haven't seen him.

SALIM

Out somewhere getting himself killed to keep his word. He doesn't listen to my counsel, he's only committed on carrying out the arrangement with Farouk and his woman.

WAYNE

Trust him, he doesn't step in mud easily. He just likes to do thing his own way and you can't change that, he's a hard ass.

SALIM

True, but It's not his character I'm worried about, it's the attempt on Scott the other night.

Wayne scans for Farouk and Raisha -- finds them.

WAYNE

If I'm following you... you think they have something to do with the shoot-out the other night?

SALIM

You should know better, you brought them here.

WAYNE

Yeah, I brought 'em here of which I take responsibility, just what are you getting to

SALIM

Maybe he'll listen to you. You've been his boss all the time and my perception tells he's playing a very particular game

WAYNE

Scott's no dumbbell, whatever he gets involved in he can handle it, it's his style, gotta trust him.

Scott bumps in.

SCOTT

Well, if it's not my superior in my joint pressing my man for a scoop he can use against me.

WAYNE

Close call, but not exactly.

SCOTT

If it's Salim's skeptic hunches you're after, don't listen to him. For him, everything is fated.

WAYNE

Suppose you light me up in what's up in your mind.

Scott takes a stool by his side.

SCOTT

Well it so happens that...

(pointing)

See your friends sitting over there?

(Scott waves)

Hi there!

Farouk and Raisha turn their heads and wave back.

WAYNE

Yeah, they've been here before you showed up. Lets go join them.

SCOTT

Well, I'm planning to take the man out to the Turkish border, with pre-arranged security coming from you in case we're interfered by the military.

WAYNE

No problem, What's the story?

SCOTT

We think he's not being what he pretends to be.

WAYNE

Tell me.

SCOTT

Salim believes the man's bid is not legit and i take he's right. Clear him out before I make my move for his leap tothe border

WAYNE

Scott, there's something you must know. We've known who he is and what he's up to. What I need to do is nail him red handed.

SCOTT

And you've been setting me up as bait? That's real smart

Salim cuts in.

SALIM
You see, I told you.

WAYNE
Fuck off Salim.

Salim pissed, takes off. It's Wayne and Scott alone.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Listen to me, everything is being coordinated with utmost care and planning and you're just part of the operation. Protocols impede me from leaking whatever I undertake for the agency.

SCOTT
Part of what? Why tell me now. What kind of a sucker you take me for? You think you can keep me in the dark for your convenience without me knowing?

WAYNE
If you want my approval for your dealings with Chief Ahmed to go through, better listen to me.

SCOTT
Always in the shadows, I get it, you want me to take the wrap if something goes wrong in the crossing. Why didn't you tell me that in the first place? I could've thought of something better

WAYNE
Because it had to be kept under stealth rules. First things first, that's the way my side works.

SCOTT

(smirks)

For you that is, not with me in the middle for your scheme playing patsy for you. Fine way to put it but I'm not buying.

WAYNE

(cynical)

All you have to do is take Farouk to the border so we can nab him on the Turkish side. That's all.

SCOTT

Why not do it here? You can set up a smart pretext to nab him

WAYNE

Can't be done without Iraqi government approval.

SCOTT

Huh? I'm sure you can sidestep that.

(sighs)

Let me understand this, you want me to snatch your man while you get the medals and I get the spoils?

WAYNE

It's a fair deal Scott. It gets you were you wanna be, doing direct autonomous business with Chief Ahmed with a prosperous stay in Baghdad. Isn't that what you want?

SCOTT

Sure, but not the way you see it.

Wayne downs his drink to the last and leaves.

WAYNE

See you guys.

Salim returns.

SALIM

See what I've been telling you? My warnings prove I'm right. I never thought Wayne would use you like this.

SCOTT

It's his way of doing things, he'll sell his mother's soul for a goal.

(a beat)

I now know how to outwit the game he's been playing with me.

Scott leaves Salim to join Farouk and Raisha with Wayne sharing the table.

His eyes on her.

She shuns.

FAROUK

(blunt)

Have you made any advancement in our arrangements?

SCOTT

We are working on it, it takes time

(a grin)

It's good to see you here.

FAROUK

I'm afraid we don't have much time left ourselves for informal chats. When can we leave? We're unsettled and in grave risk if we don't leave soon.

SCOTT

I can understand that, but before I ship you out, I need to know a few things in advance.

FAROUK

Like what? I'll pay sound cash, in American dollars if that's what's worrying you.

SCOTT

That's one main issue to consider, but what I need to know is, what's your real situation? Political persecution or religious rift?

FAROUK

I didn't think the issue is so relevant for you to know. I understood Parker had briefed you on the subject fully.

SCOTT

Mmm... Not totally, that's why I'm asking.

FAROUK

Ridiculous question. Smuggling is your trade, isn't it?

SCOTT

You can put it whatever way you like. You see...
(eye to eye)
I don't deal blindly.

FAROUK

Are you backing off?

SCOTT

Absolutely not, all I want are facts to get the job done my own way.

FAROUK

Then it is settled. When can we leave?

SCOTT

I'll get back to you when everything is ready.

FAROUK

Trust you're a serious man to deal with.

SCOTT

Oh I am, just making sure
everything works out as agreed. I
have a commitment with Parker I
can't refuse.

FAROUK

(sarcastic)

Parker, Parker... nothing seems to
go right without you,

Parker nods and toasts.

Raisha pleads.

RAISHA

Please Mr. Blain, we need your
help... there's no one else we can
go to.

SCOTT

I'll get you out, just keep safe
till I'm ready.

FAROUK

(blunt)

If I don't hear from you shortly,
the deal is off. Thank you for your
time Mr. Blain.

Farouk rudely gets up and leaves.

Raisha lags behind.

RAISHA

Thank you so much anyway Mr.
Blaine.

Eyes on each other.

SCOTT

Sorry if you find me unpleasant
but, I must be frank with your
husband.

RAISHA

I need to be back and see you.

SCOTT
Welcome any time.

She walks away.

INT. SCOTT'S JOINT - DAY

Scott sits it out alone in his bar, sipping an early bourbon.
Mike interrupts.

MIKE
You've got a visitor.

Raisha alone, walks in wearing Arab nikaab... uncovers her face.

RAISHA
Good morning Mr. Blaine.

SCOTT
Surprises sometimes come early in the day. What can I do for you?

RAISHA
I hope I'm not interfering.

SCOTT
Not at all. What brings you back to me? Aren't you hot in that garment?

RAISHA
I Need to be unnoticed and to push our arrangement forward before it falls apart.

SCOTT
Our arrangement?
(a beat)
I thought it was between me and your husband...

RAISHA
Not so. Don't take my visit as interference in the agreement.
(MORE)

RAISHA (CONT'D)

I'm really here to make sure it's done, but time is running out and it's not on our side.

SCOTT

And how do you suppose you'll make it work.

RAISHA

You see, there's something you must know.

Scott downs his drink.

SCOTT

Tell me.

She sits next to him.

RAISHA

My husband faces great danger, but unfortunately, I am part of it. The political differences he faces will get us both killed sooner than later if we don't leave Baghdad

SCOTT

(muddled)

That I understand completely, but what puzzles me is why your confidence in me is bigger than your husband's?

RAISHA

Because I see in you resolute and committed to keep your word, but...

(a beat)

It's him I want you to help, not Me.

SCOTT

Now you've got me dangling in the dark.

RAISHA

I'll explain the whole situation in a short manner.

(MORE)

RAISHA (CONT'D)

(seductive)

Is there a more intimate place where we can confide privately?

Scott takes a deep breath.

SCOTT

The only place I can think of is my office, if it's privacy you want.

RAISHA

Please.

INTERIOR SCOTT'S OFFICE

She drops her Arab scarf to reveal her lovely swan neck.

SCOTT

The night you were here I didn't get a chance to look at you so closely, but now I can cherish how beautiful you really are, Mrs. Farouk.

RAISHA

And I can be all yours if you just help my husband flee. It's all I can offer.

SCOTT

You must love the man a lot to come this far.

RAISHA

I did once... not any more.

SCOTT

Why is that?...

(a beat)

If I'm not getting too personal.

They cuddle close.

RAISHA

(moaning)

I don't know why I'm doing this.

(MORE)

RAISHA (CONT'D)

I wouldn't go this far if I didn't need to.

He's on her breast now.

SCOTT

Want me to stop?

RAISHA

No, I started this and I'll finish it.

Lured inevitably to undress.

SCOTT

What is it you want from me?

Her body stripped, he starts feeling her.

RAISHA

(panting)

Please understand why I'm doing this.

(kissing)

I'm not used to this kind of indecency.

SCOTT

(hissing)

A sacrifice as this is worth a round trip to hell. I knew I must have you the minute I laid eyes on you... knew it.

He's on top gently penetrating... meets her lips... she concedes to every caress he feels touching.

RAISHA

I'm only doing this to help my husband, you must believe me.

SCOTT

(panting)

Oh I do... what ever reason you have, I'll be on your side from now on.

He blends kissing her down to her venus.

For an instant, she resists.

RAISHA
(panting)
Will you keep your promise?

RICK
(caressing)
I'll do anything for you...

She spreads wide, he thrusts.

EXT. FAROUK'S WALLED DWELLING - NIGHT

Raisha drives in.

LIVING ROOM

Farouk is waiting.

Raisha walks in.

IN ARAB - SUBTITLED

FAROUK
Where have you been? I missed you
for dinner,

Raisha drops herself in a couch taking off her shoes.

RAISHA
My feet hurt... I was seeing Mr.
Blaine, had a talk with him.

FAROUK
For what purpose?

RAISHA
To speed our arrangement.

FAROUK
I forbid you to see him without my
permission?

RAISHA

Issa, you have been very rude each time we asked for his help. I thought I could do better.

FAROUK

(vexed)

That's no concern of yours how I handle my affairs! I forbid you to leave this house without my knowing.

RAISHA

Forgive me, but I had to do something unholy to convince him to get us out.

FAROUK

And just what did you do to get his compliance besides the money I offered him?

RAISHA

I've found a way. You must trust me.

Farouk muddled, boils up.

FAROUK

You will not see this man again!

RAISHA

I'll do as you say my dearest. I have done enough for one day to help you out, my ungrateful husband. I'm tired and wish to retire.

She gets up and walks away.

FAROUK

Don't you walk out on me!

RAISHA

Good night Issa.

END OF SUBTITLE

EXT. SCOTT'S JOINT/STREET - DAY

A block away from the place, Farouk inside his chauffeur driven car snoops Raisha's steps. She walks in the joint -- he grins.

The car drives away.

INT. JOINT

Scott meets Raisha with a hot buss.

RAISHA

Scott, things are getting difficult with my husband, he's following my steps,

SCOTT

Don't worry about him, I'll help you get rid of him soon.

RAISHA

I don't know, laws are different here and...

(grief)

I can be snatched and stoned to death for infidelity.

SCOTT

I won't let it happen.

RAISHA

You sound so sure of yourself not minding the risk I'm taking coming here to...

SCOTT

All I want from you now is to hold steady, I'll protect you,

RAISHA

Yu make it look so simple when it's not.

SCOTT
I'll take care of everything, trust
me.

RAISHA
Not sure...

Another smooch.

SCOTT
I do care, that's why I want you to
feel safe with me.

RAISHA
Scott...

Chokes her.

SCOTT
Love you.

They roll over again.

EXT. SUNNI MOSQUE - DAY

Farouk's car drives through a heavily guarded gate.

INSIDE THE MOSQUE

Muslim architecture with medieval gardens and pious
worshippers in praying.

Farouk bends on his knees and crouches with forehead touching
the ground begging for forgiveness.

A Muslim cleric watches as he finishes his praying and waves
him to approach.

IN ARAB - SUBTITLED

CLERIC

(consoling)

My faithful and truthful brother,
you are most welcome to this shrine
of faith and rejoice in the name of
our holy prophet, blessed be his
name.

FAROUK

(repentant)

May Allah's blessing be praised for
your kind words, but I come in
grief and for consolation.

CLERIC

Allah always listen to the grieved.
What can I do for you,

FAROUK

I only bring distress and confusion
in need for healing.

CLERIC

Please share your grief with me.

EXTERIOR GARDEN

Farouk walking alongside the cleric.

FAROUK

I am being persecuted by our
treacherous Shia brothers and need
your cooperation to safeguard my
life and...

(twisting)

to help me destroy a sinful
American den serving the devil
with alcohol, and peccant
gatherings here in our city
corrupting our people.

The cleric ponders.

CLERIC

We know the infidels have brought their corruption with their occupation, but why do you want to destroy this place?

FAROUK

Because I was there witnessing how they spread the illness of their spiteful decadence.

CLERIC

Where is this sinful den you so denounce?

FAROUK

In the heart of our city, The Green Zone. A clandestine private club for western infidels spitting on our sacred culture.

CLERIC

And what is it you so need to be done?

FAROUK

Need two things. To destroy this devil's den and to...

(ponders)

apply the Shakria Law to my infidel wife engaged in an affair with the American proprietor.

CLERIC

The complexity of your predicament abides for thoughtful meditation before undertaking any action.

FAROUK

I want her sequestered, judged and stoned to death according to our Islamic law.

CLERIC

Stoning her must be done with previous judgement, but the American... how do you propose to dispose of him?

FAROUK

I want to make him spill his blood and pay for his deed.

CLERIC

This is a matter of our law to settle. I will see it is taken care within the rules of our justice.

Farouk looks up.

FAROUK

How can I pay you for all your kind understanding.

CLERIC

A modest contribution of your wealth will suffice to erase your bereavement. If It is Allah's wish to carry out his will, it will be done.

FAROUK

May Allah be praised for his everlasting protection of our faith and the expulsion of the infidels.

CLERIC

Praised be his name, now go back in peace to your home. We must begin to execute this deed to be fulfilled.

They cross pious kisses and depart.

END OF SUBTITLE

INT. SCOTT'S JOINT - NIGHT

Wayne speaks, Scott listens. Not all looks well.

WAYNE

Got anything definite on Farouk's arrangement to split?

SCOTT

Working on it. It depends on how fast you deliver me the goods promised to chief Ahmed.

WAYNE

It's not gonna happen?

SCOTT

What? Gave him my word.

WAYNE

Lansing turned it down after the State Department disapproved it. Their decision is final,

SCOTT

You did it before for the Talibans you can do it again now for the Kurds, they depend on our support.

WAYNE

They were not Talibans by then, they were freedom fighters facing a Soviet invasion, different timing.

SCOTT

Whatever flip has to be done now, means I won't be counting on you. I've better start looking for the stingers in the black market. Won't break my word with Chief Ahmed, he needs those toys and you better tell your office to step back and provide the gadgets if they wanna keep the kurds on their side.

WAYNE

After you downed the Turk chopper, it went viral with Intel. They hold the Kurds responsible, not you fortunately, to avoid creating a big diplomatic mess.

SCOTT

Had to, otherwise I wouldn't be
here talking to you,

WAYNE

I know that, you know that, but
they just don't give a shit what
happens covert contractors, it's
the way it works.

SCOTT

Suppose it is, raises questions if
homeland really knows what's going
on here.

WAYNE

They know, it's the way the dice
rolls in this game.

SCOTT

Thought it was a fair swap...

While talking a surprise ATTACK unleashes!

Hell breaks loose at Scott's hangout -- a team of terrorists
storm in the joint with automatic weapons riddling the place
with gunfire -- the clients panic ducking for cover, yelling
and screaming to save their lives.

Wayne and Scott dodge the attack -- Scott crawls behind the
bar counter looking for a stored weapon -- Wayne draws his 9
mm Glock, but the hail of bullets is overwhelming -- Scott
finds a UZI, cocks and fires back -- one of the assaulters
goes down -- gunfire is intense, everybody on the floor for
safety -- after finishing their ammo, the assassins retreat
dragging one blood-trickling shooter with them, leaving the
place a total mess.

EXTERIOR JOINT

The hit squad jump in a pick-up truck waiting and taking off at full speed from the joint.

Mike and Salim, alerted, retaliate shooting at the assaulters as they flee.

BACK IN THE JOINT

The place is a total destruction -- dead and wounded clients wailing in panic with some bleeding and others lying dead.

OUTSIDE THE JOINT

Unscathed, Scott dashes out SHOUTING hell after the fleeing shooters.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(vexed)

YOU WANT MY BLOOD, IT WON'T BE EASY
YOU FUCKIN' MUSLIM SHIT, I'LL HAVE
YOURS GUTS FIRST AND EAT'EM WHILE
YOU WATCH. HEAR ME GOOD!

Wayne holds him back.

WAYNE

Better hold yourself, the place is
not secured yet!

Mike and Salim snoop to make sure for no more shooters.

Furious, Scott goes for his Humvee and storms out of the gate driving in a hell-loose rage.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is he going?

EXT. FAROUK'S PLACE - NIGHT

Scott rams through the gate with his vehicle, taking down a gatekeeper once inside the premise.

INTERIOR HOUSE

He kicks down the front door -- hears Raisha SCREAMING, looks for her and finds Farouk lashing her.

Confronted, Farouk stops the beating, draws a pistol and fires -- Scott dodges -- he then points the gun at her.

FAROUK
(enraged)
STOP, Or I'll kill her!

SCOTT
You're gonna pay for what you've
done to me!

Helpless, Scott abides putting down his gun -- Farouk holds her hostage.

FAROUK
Now kick it over here.

Scott does as told, kicking so hard the pistol smashes Farouk's knee not enough to release Raisha.

EXTERIOR ENTRANCE YARD

Farouk drags Raisha out at gun point until he reaches his car -- tries violently to push her in -- she resists desperately trying to free herself -- unable to tame her, he strikes her head, she falls unconscious -- shoots Scott missing again -- Farouk flees burning rubber in his car.

Scott holds Raisha in his arms thinking she's dead... she reacts.

RAISHA
What took you so long?

SCOTT
Came as fast as I could. He's
behind the attack that destroyed my
place.

RAISHA
We're all lucky to be alive,

SCOTT
Where's he going?

RAISHA

Heard him make some arrangements
with some border guards on his own.

He embraces her fondly as Farouk flees.

INT. SCOTT'S JOINT - INT.

The place is a total disaster, blood stains, bullet holes all over -- Wayne with security back-up present, sifts through the destruction.

Scott returns to his ripped place with Raisha, her face bruised.

SCOTT

Farouk did this, he's on his way to
the border.

Mike pokes his finger in one of the holes on the bar.

MIKE

7.62's all right.

Salim ponders.

SALIM

Are we going to let him go?

SCOTT

(raged)

No, he's on the run right now, way
ahead of us. Better contact Chief
Ahmed to stop him.

Scott picks up his Sat Phone.

Wayne cold as a snake, warns.

WAYNE

Want him alive.

Scott walks away with Chief Ahmed on the phone.

SCOTT
All set, Chief Ahmed will be
waiting for him.

WAYNE
No time to waste, need this bastard
before he meets Allah!

EXTERIOR YARD

SCOTT
(tense)
Salim, Mike, jump aboard!

WAYNE
Where to?

SCOTT
The Turkish border, he's made a
fix.

WAYNE
I want him secured not skinned.

SCOTT
Not, if I get him first.

WAYNE
Won't discuss it with you, I'll
have him arrested once he crosses
the border, need him alive, you
understand?

SCOTT
(callous)
Salim, get the guns, we're going
after him.

WAYNE
This matter is still under my
jurisdiction!

SCOTT
Fuck you Wayne! This is my call
now.

Wayne shrugs and concedes.

They takes off in pursuit, Wayne trails behind with his team.

EXT. DESERT ROAD/IRAQ-TURKISH BORDER - DAWN

They reach the border meeting Chief Ahmed.

INTERIOR HUMVEE

SALIM

Nothing gets through that border
without a Kurd's pass.

SCOTT

Better get there before the fucker
leaps into Turkey, want him bad.

MIKE

Once he beats us, we could loose
him.

SCOTT

Not if Chief Ahmed gets him first.

SALIM

Parker thinks is not a good idea to
mix the Kurds in this situation.

SCOTT

What? He's funding these rebels,
they'll do what he says.

EXT. ON THE ROAD

The humvee is forced to stop intersected by several pick-ups
blazing .50 Cal turret machine guns with gunners ready.

INT. HUMVEE

SCOTT

Chief Ahmed got my message.

SALIM

So it seems, better let Parker do
the talking.

SCOTT
Formalities got no place now,
(a beat)
Where's chief Ahmed, don't see him.

SALIM
He's here, some where among his
troops.

Scott spots Chief Ahmed, hops off the Humvee.

SCOTT
Good seeing you Chief, see you got
my message. We're tracking a
fugitive!

A hug with a three buss Arab salute.

CHIEF AHMED
So I have been briefed. Who is the
infidel you are after!

SCOTT
He's no infidel but a Muslim who
disgraces your religion and spits
on your laws heading this way. Need
your help to track him down and
ditch him in a pit.

Wayne approaches from behind.

WAYNE
(adamant)
Good to see you Chief. We, - I need
to capture him.

SCOTT
Shit Wayne, you're interfering.

WAYNE
No, I'll remind you again, we'll do
this my way or you'll do it alone

SCOTT
SHIT!

Chief Ahmed intervenes.

CHIEF AHMED

No quarrel among friends please, I have been informed the fugitive is at the border check-point right now waiting for clearance. We must hurry if you want to capture him.

(to Wayne)

Do we still hold our special relationship?

WAYNE

Yes Chief Ahmed, but now is not the time for bargaining. We better get there before he takes the leap into Turkey.

CHIEF AHMED

As you say.

They rush to the border check-point.

EXT. BORDER POST - DAY

Arriving, find Farouk's mercedes parked next to the border guard's post.

Chief ahmed assaults the check-point and does the talking to two shivering Iraqi guards.

INTERIOR POST

IN ARAB WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLE

CHIEF AHMED

Greetings disgraceful trash, we are looking for the owner of the car parked outside. Where is he?

BORDER GUARD (SUBTITLE)

(trembling)

He just left a while ago.

CHIEF AHMED

Where to and why did you cleared him so fast?

BORDER GUARD

He showed a passport and paid an entrance fee, and was picked up by a van on the Turkish side. That's all we know.

CHIEF AHMED

You mean he bribed you and you let him pass!

Supplicating for his life.

BORDER GUARD

No, no he was armed and threatened to shoot us!

CHIEF AHMED

You excrement of the devil, I'll have your tongues for this!

The guards YELL and PLEAD for their lives.

EXT. BORDER POST

Chief ahmed walks out holding their blood-dripping tongues and tosses the organs to the sand.

CHIEF AHMED (CONT'D)

A meal for the scorpions.

END OF SUBTITLE

Chief Ahmed walks back to Scott and Wayne.

CHIEF AHMED (CONT'D)

We are too late, he has crossed the border into Turkish territory.

SCOTT

(frustrated)

SHIT! Blame me for this, I should've taking him down when I had him.

CHIEF AHMED

Don't curse or you will not be helped by Allah, the almighty, in your plight.

SCOTT

(dumbstruck)

Chief! You just ripped those two poor bastards off their tongues, and you worry about my cussing?

CHIEF AHMED

It was written what I must do, now I must get back to my camp. Don't hesitate if you need my help again. May Allah be with you.

SCOTT

And may he be with you too, my fearless tongue-ripping friend.

WAYNE

Thank you for your cooperation Chief.

CHIEF AHMED

Until we meet again.

Once chief Ahmed separates...

WAYNE

Scott, you're beginning to talk like them.

SCOTT

It's the only way to win their hearts, something you and your CIA band of thugs don't understand.

WAYNE

You wanna meddle in my affairs?

SCOTT

No Wayne, it's just my humble opinion.

Chief Ahmed takes off with his caravan of vehicles.

SALIM

What do we do now?

PARKER

He's probably already under safe Turk custody by now, I'll check it out once I'm back in my camp.

SCOTT

You do that, and let me know where to find him.

WAYNE

I'm afraid that won't be possible.

SCOTT

And why not?

WAYNE

Because he's now a valuable intelligence asset you can't get your hands on.

SCOTT

That's really consoling,

PARKER

I'll let you know once we're done with him so you can have his scalp. As of now, lets get the hell out of here, need to be back at my camp before they send an alarm looking for me.

They take the desert road and head back.

EXT. CAMP BUCA/CIA COMPOUND - DAY

Heavily guarded fenced garrison with video high watching towers and barking dobbies on alert.

INT. WAYNE'S WORKSPACE

Opens his PC's internal data server, scans files and finds an interesting security report.

PC SCREEN

ISIS suspect member docket 00573-01 unconfirmed.

Name: Issa Al Farouk, age 47, Imam believed to be an Al Kaeda member and recruiter presumed original from Yemen, personally close to former Yihadist leader Osama Bin Laden, last seen in Cairo during the Arab Spring in revolt supporting candidate Mussi, Arab Brotherhood overthrown by the Egyptian military. Suspect believed to have moved to Irak to organize surge bomb-suicide squads. Suspect considered a furtive and high risk non-combatant with strong Muslim religious Suni ties. Confirm regional head office of whereabouts if spotted...

The report continues to flow out, Wayne reads and has it printed.

EXT. GREEN ZONE/SCOTT'S JOINT - DAY

As Scott approaches in his Humvee, he sees as a vehicle being abandoned before his joint's front -- the driver leaves in haste hopping in a waiting motorcycle -- he immediately sniffs something bad.

SCOTT

SHIT!

Gets off his vehicle, grabs his pistol, but never makes it -- a BLAST blows him back -- the smoke settles -- his sight blurred and badly shaken, tries to recover.

Finds the joint's front wall totally destroyed, it crumbles down into rubble as he staggers close.

Salim armed crawls out dispersing dust.

INTERIOR

Scott rushes inside stumbling, finds Mike down, charred, bleeding badly... saying his last.

MIKE

(stuttering)

What-the-fuck-happened?

Wayne arrives simultaneously with his report finding total havoc. The smoke to settles.

WAYNE
(stunned)
Damn mess! What happened here?

Scott, on his knees, holds Mike's body on the ground watching as he dies.

Wayne joins him crouching next to him.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Shit Scott, sorry.

SCOTT
(spiteful)
So they want war, I'll show'em the gate to hell like they've never seen before...

Mike exhales.

Lifts Mike's body and takes him inside. Wayne follows.

WAYNE
Hold on, this needs to be investigated, don't jump to conclusions or retaliate without finding culprits first.

SCOTT
I know who they are and were to find them.

WAYNE
Scott listen to me. Let me investigate then you can take action, I've found enough evidence on Farouk to nail him and bring him to justice.

SCOTT
(hate in his eyes)
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's too late for that, no justice,
down on earth or up in heaven will
ever make me pardon these blood-
sucking vamps. This is my take
against these fuckin' fanatics,
I'll roll down to hell with'em if I
have to, but they'll pay for
this...

Salim joins them.

SALIM

How's Mike?

SCOTT

Dead.

Scott, speechless and broken, lays Mike flat to rest. A
rancorous venom sparks out from his eyes.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

Morning wail call to praying from a minaret.

EXT. ROOF FROM A DISTANCE - DAY

Scott lurking from a roof top -- assembles an RC drone
attaching a pack of powerful explosives to its belly -- sets
the drone flying straight to the Mosque.

Bird's eye view of the Mosque below.

AT THE MOSQUE ENTRANCE

A pious prayer kisses his young son good-bye before walking
in the mosque.

The boy, with a red birthmark exposed on his left cheek, sees
as his father walks away for the morning pray.

As the drone approaches the Mosque, it takes a steep dives.

INTERIOR MOSQUE

Packing a flock full of faithful prayers bowing down in submission to Allah -- a powerful **EXPLOSION** blasts -- everything within reach is blown to pieces -- the mosque crumbles down burying everything under its dome -- mauled bodies lay dead, survivors crawl out for safety **SHOUTING** and **Coughing** -- they weep crouched banging their heads with a frenzied despair to appease the strike.

The smoke settles...

EXTERIOR MOSQUE

A distance away, Scott with binos, checks the destruction, grins with sadistic satisfaction and leaves.

EXT. FAROUK'S HOUSE - DAY

Scott in a different vehicle waits impatiently.

Raisha hops in, they drive away.

SCOTT
No sign of him?

RAISHA
Non.

SCOTT
Do you think he'll come after you?

RAISHA
Don't know, if he does, I've got you now.

Scott grins.

SCOTT
Did you pack your things as I told you?

RAISHA
Yes I did.

SCOTT
Why are you so quiet?

RAISHA
Where are you taking me?

SCOTT
To Turkey.

RAISHA
Please drive on.

He kisses her.

SCOTT
Good, lets get out of this
scorching hell.

EXT. ON THE ROAD - DAY

While driving, they're abruptly intercepted by various Iraqi military vehicles with troops quickly surrounding them.

Under gun point, Scott with hands up, is compelled to hop out.

Raisha remains in the vehicle.

Surrounded and overpowered Scott flips to her.

SCOTT
(stressed)
What's this?

From inside the vehicle.

RAISHA
I'm sorry Scott.

Scott down on the ground, is handcuffed.

SCOTT
(vexed)
You fuckin' bitch! You sold me out,
why are you doing this? I should
have let him kill you.

RAISHA

Perhaps.

Another military armored vehicle screeches in and intervenes in the situation.

The military brass in command hops off and gives an order to the officer holding Scott in Arab.

Wayne reveals himself, but remains in the vehicle.

IN ARAB

GENERAL (SUBTITLE)

Release the detainee to my custody.

IRAQI OFFICER

I have orders to detain this man to answer for terrorism.

GENERAL

Do as you are told.

IRAQI OFFICER

Yes sir.

GENERAL

Secure him in my vehicle.

END OF SUBTITLES

The Iraqi officer and two soldiers drag Scott to the general's armored vehicle.

SCOTT

Wayne, what's all this?

WAYNE

(cool)

Didn't expect to see me huh? I'm saving your ass.

SCOTT

No... shit. Can you tell me what this is?

WAYNE

Just getting you out of the fuckin'
mess you've gotten into.

Scott is baffled.

GENERAL (SUBTITLE)

(to the officer)

Uncuff him.

The officer complies.

END OF SUBTITLE

INSIDE THE GENERAL'S MILITARY VEHICLE

SCOTT

So, what the fuck is this? A set up
to have me disappear?

WAYNE

Just get in and sit quietly, I'll
explain.

The general jumps in the front seat.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Scott, meet general Arkawi.

Scott numbed in confusion.

SCOTT

General...

The general turns back.

WAYNE

I had to set you up in order to
save you and get you out.

SCOTT

Set me up? Get me out where?

WAYNE

Back home, you're all set to go, deported as an undesirable element before the Iraqi authorities found you and mostly, hang you in a public square.

The general speaks up.

GENERAL

You're being deported never to come back.

WAYNE

We know what you did.

SCOTT

Had to.

WAYNE

Whatever reason you had, killed a lot of innocents. Stupid move.

SCOTT

So I did. Why are you doing this for me?

WAYNE

It's my own concern to save your skin, with the most valuable collaboration of the General and... Raisha.

SCOTT

Raisha? That bitch set me up!

WAYNE

Wrong, she helped you out by telling us your plan to escape, so we could intervene and put up this act.

SCOTT

(baffled)

She was coming with me to Turkey and she...

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(a beat)
backed off without me knowing.

WAYNE

She did her best to save you,
otherwise you'd be caught and
hanged summarily without a trial.
She's still your girl, she's right
behind us. Say good bye to her.

Scott looks back.

Raisha behind in another vehicle.

Scott gets out and walks to her.

SCOTT

Sorry it had to end like this.

RAISHA

(tearing eyes)
It's better like this, for both of
us.

SCOTT

Thanks for what you've done for me,
don't know if I'll ever see you
again...

RAISHA

I know.

They kiss fondly.

RAISHA (CONT'D)

Good bye Scott,

SCOTT

Be seeing you...

They separate and ride off in different courses.

BACK HOME USA

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE CEMETERY - DAY

Scott holding flowers walks to a grave.

TOMBSTONE: Kirsten Lou Flynn,
Born March 16, 1976 - Died Sept. 5,
2006

Stays a while, sadness in his face, eyes shut in grief.

SCOTT

(to self)

It's been some time but I'm back in
one piece... Wish I could be lying
by your side forever... sorry for
whatever went wrong... Can only
say, I'll keep you in my heart
forever.

Eyes wet, leaves the flowers, walks back to his car and
drives away.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAWN

Scott in a bad dream, quivers in his bed...

THE DREAM

In darkness goes back to the day he blew up the Mosque --
torn dismembered cadavers rise up to haunt him -- he runs
from them, but the dead catch up and begin smearing their
blood all over him -- he yells for forgiveness.

Panting and sweating, wakes up.

INT. COFFEE PLACE - DAY

Cold morning, sipping a hot cup of coffee, his cel rings,
looks, it's Wayne.

OVER THE PHONE

SCOTT

Scott here,

WAYNE

Wayne, where are you at?

SCOTT

My hometown, you should know.
What's up?

WAYNE

There's some work for you, good pay
with soft contract, and... a
thrilling surprise.

SCOTT

(hesitates)

I don't know... working for you
hasn't been easy.

WAYNE

Better take it, she's there.

SCOTT

Who?
(a beat)
Raisha?

WAYNE

Non other, she's working for us now
as an interpreter helping us track
down her fugitive ex. Want the job
or not?

SCOTT

Where to?

WAYNE

Yemen.

Scott ponders... grins.

FADE OUT

