

MY BOYFRIEND IS A SECRET AGENT!

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FADE IN:

EXT. EAST EUROPEAN MANSION - NIGHT

NATHAN STONE, 31, tall, lean and handsome, casually skips down the palatial steps, while adjusting the bow tie of his tuxedo. As he reaches the bottom step, two heavily armed thugs appear and intercept him.

Nathan tries to get away but is quickly overpowered and pinned against a limo.

At that moment, the mansion explodes. Debris and bodies fly through the air.

One body arcs through the air and collides with one of the thugs, knocking him over. With one arm free, Nathan pirouettes and judo-chops the second thug, who goes down hard.

As people stream from the remains of the mansion, Nathan dashes low across a wide, manicured lawn. Alarms blare, guards call to one another in Serbian, and guard dogs bark incessantly.

Nathan pushes his way through dense brush at the edge of the lawn. He crouches low, breathing hard. He glances at the luminous dial of his watch, which shows midnight.

Dogs draw near and guards call to one another.

Nathan takes a small spray can from inside his jacket and sprays all around. The dogs and their handlers approach but pass by. Nathan relaxes.

INT. JEAN'S DESK

JEAN EVANS, 29, blonde, with scrubbed-clean, girl-next-door beauty, sits behind a receptionist's desk for Dolan Enterprises, her home for eight and three-quarter hours every day Monday through Friday. She looks about guiltily and picks up her phone. She dials, then puts the phone to her ear.

EXT. BUSHES

Nathan's cell begins to chirp. He grabs it and turns it off...

NATHAN

Damn!

...as lights flood his position. Nathan runs. Bullets fly. A bullet nicks Nathan's arm, but he ignores it.

Nathan reaches the wall surrounding the estate. It's too high. He looks back. The guards and dogs are nearly upon him.

Nathan runs toward the wall, leaps, and lands hard on the heels of his shoes. There is an explosion beneath the shoes that propels him to the top of the wall. He teeters a moment, gets his balance, looks back, salutes, and quickly drops out of sight as his pursuers arrive at the wall frustrated and confused.

EXT. MANSION

ANDREAS KAMINSKI, 55-year-old Azerbaijani billionaire, stands stoically in front of the mansion engulfed in flames. He looks out across the lawn at the lights and sounds of the skirmish. He lights a cigar. An expression of evil washes over his face.

INT. JEAN'S DESK

With the phone wedged between her ear and shoulder, Jean clears off the top of her desk and puts papers in a pile. Her best friend, CARLA BENNETT, 30, short dark hair, athletic build, intense eyes, walks over holding a folded over newspaper, oblivious to the fact that Jean is on the phone.

CARLA

Jean, what's a four letter word for 'impolite.'

Jean holds up her hand. Carla waits. Jean hangs up.

JEAN

I'm tired of leaving messages.

Jean opens a desk drawer, retrieves her purse.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Rude.

CARLA

What?

JEAN

Rude! A four letter word for impolite.

Carla takes her pencil from behind her ear and scribbles on the paper.

CARLA

Thanks!

Jean shakes her head.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jean and Carla walk and talk.

CARLA

Are you coming to the party?

JEAN

Only if Nathan can make it.

CARLA

And if he can't you'll sit home?

JEAN

Maybe.

CARLA

You need more life in your life.
More men.

They step on the crowded elevator.

JEAN

I'm not like you, Carla. I need
stability in my life. (whispering)
You change boyfriends as often as
shoes.

CARLA

Why whisper. It's not illegal. I
could fix you up. Steve has this
really adorable friend...

JEAN

I thought you were dating Alan?

They step off the elevator into the crowded lobby and make
their way toward revolving doors.

CARLA

That was last week.

JEAN

You know, some people would call
you a...

CARLA

Slut?

Jean's shocked. She'd never think of calling her friend such
a name.

JEAN
No! I'd never ...

Carla is already ahead of her through the revolving door.

EXT. STREET

They emerge into the summer sunshine, and walk briskly along with the mob.

CARLA
I know you'd never... But maybe you should? (beat) Have you ever tried to be different?

Jean's upset at the question.

JEAN
What do you mean?

CARLA
Different. You know, not like everyone else. Look at you. Your hair's perfect. You always dress appropriately. You call your mother every Saturday.

JEAN
What's wrong with that?

CARLA
Every Saturday. Couldn't you call her on Sunday once in awhile?

JEAN
So just because I have a routine...

CARLA
Routine lives are lost lives.

JEAN
Who said that?

CARLA
I did!

They arrive at a small restaurant and queue up. Jean looks around as Carla talks to the maitre d'. Jean is still miffed at Carla's comments.

EXT. RESTAURANT

They eat salads and drink ice tea while talking.

JEAN
Have you ever been in love?

CARLA
Constantly.

JEAN
I mean with just one person.

CARLA
That sounds boring.

JEAN
It's not. (beat) See. That's the difference between us. I'm happy when I'm with someone I care about. You're happy when you're just fooling around. (beat) I think you're afraid of commitment.

CARLA
And you're afraid to mess up your hair.

Carla looks at Jean's hair.

CARLA (CONT'D)
You should cut your hair.

JEAN
I like it the way it is.

CARLA
I'll bet it's exactly like it was in high school.

Jean looks down at her food. So what if it is? Carla looks passed Jean.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Get it cut like that!

Jean turns. A girl with a half-dozen piercings and short, short spiky hair highlighted with pink, blue, and chartreuse walks by.

JEAN
Yuck. Besides, I'm a receptionist. I'd get fired.

CARLA
(excited)
You'd get fucked!

JEAN

Carla!

Jean bows her head and shields her face a moment. When she looks up, people are no longer staring.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I'm doing just fine in that category, thank you.

Carla stops eating.

CARLA

So you and Nathan have... How is he?

JEAN

I'm not going to discuss it.

CARLA

Is he hung?

Jean wipes her mouth with her napkin and throws it on her plate. She takes a sip of her ice tea.

JEAN

That's none of your business.

CARLA

Just tell me.

JEAN

No.

CARLA

Come on.

JEAN

No.

MONTAGE BEGINS

- It's quitting time. Jean collects her purse and turns off her computer.

- Jean pushes through a revolving door to exit onto a busy street. She pauses briefly to smile and wave at someone she works with.

- Jean runs to the bus.

- Jean enters a small grocery store and is greeted by the owner.

- Jean trudges up the stairs of her apartment building with two bags of groceries.

- Jean fumbles with a key at her door. One bag of groceries rips and items fall to the floor.

INT. JEAN'S APT.- EVENING

Jean's apartment is just what you'd expect -- neat, well furnished (thanks to Pottery Barn and Eddie Bauer) and comfortable. Jean's hair is in a ponytail and she wears sweats. It's obvious she's just finished working out.

She's sitting in front of the computer, holding a joystick, staring intently at the monitor. In the background, steam rises from a pot on the stove. A Celine Dion recording plays softly. The phone rings. Jean picks it up with her left hand, but continues to play the computer game.

JEAN

Hello?

INT. CARLA'S APT.

Carla's apartment is as different from Jean's as a dandelion is to a rose. Carla's place is furnished with an eclectic mix of old furniture. Things are dusty and disheveled and one bag of garbage is heaped on another. Hard rock music blares. Dirty dishes fill the sink. Carla sits in a lotus position on the floor holding a wine glass. She wears sweatpants and a large T-shirt stenciled with big red lips.

CARLA

What'cha doing?

INT. JEAN'S APT.

JEAN

I'm making my approach to Heathrow.

INT. CARLA'S APT.

CARLA

Huh?

INT. JEAN'S APT.

C.U. on computer monitor displaying the layout of an airport through a simulated cockpit window. The instrument panel of a plane is below. The plane descending.

INT. CARLA'S APT.

Carla makes a 'yuk' face.

CARLA
You're playing that stupid computer
game aren't you?

INT. JEAN'S APT.

JEAN
It's not a game. It's...

Jean picks up the Microsoft Flight Simulator manual and
reads:

JEAN (CONT'D)
It's "As Real as It Gets."

She tosses the manual down.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Of course I should be studying for
my business final.

INT. CARLA'S APT.

CARLA
You're taking another class?

INT. JEAN'S APT.

JEAN
I don't want to be a receptionist
all my life.

INT. CARLA'S APT.

CARLA
You're not a receptionist because
you're uneducated. You're a
receptionist because you think you
can't do anything else. It's like
your flying. If you really want to
fly -- I mean really -- all you'd
have to do is go shake your butt at
one of those fly-boy hangouts near
the airport...

INT. JEAN'S APT.

JEAN
Carla, that's not helpful.

INT. CARLA'S APT.

CARLA
Hey, I'm just telling you what I'd
do.

INT. JEAN'S APT.

JEAN
You wouldn't do that.

INT. CARLA'S APT.

CARLA
Yes I would. Anyway, that's not
why I called. Do you want to go to
a movie?

INT. JEAN'S APT.

Jean continues playing a moment as she considers.

JEAN
I don't know. (beat) Wait. I'm
getting another call.

Jean hits the # key but continues to play the flight
simulator.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Hello?

Jean's face brightens.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Nathan!

Jean lets go of the joystick. On the monitor, the plane
continues down. It crashes and burns.

JEAN (CONT'D)
How was your trip? I'm fine. I
missed you. (beat) Nathan, there's
an office party on Friday and I was
wondering... You can? Wonderful.
Okay. I'll see you Saturday at
eight. Bye!

Jean hangs up the phone but continues to smile at it until...

JEAN (CONT'D)
Oh, my God. What'll I wear?

Jean gets up and races out of the frame. (long beat) Jean races back into the frame and picks up the phone.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Carla?

INT. JEAN'S APT.

Doorbell rings. Jean, in formal dress, runs to the door. She opens it. Nathan, dressed handsomely, stands with his left arm in a sling. In his right hand, he holds a bouquet of Amazon roses. Jean notices his bandaged arm first.

JEAN

What happened?

Jean stands aside as Nathan enters.

NATHAN

I ran into a wall playing squash.

JEAN

Does it hurt?

Jean lightly touches his arm and gently runs her hand between his shoulder and elbow. Nathan looks her up and down.

NATHAN

You look good enough to eat.
Something new?

Jean blushes and twirls for him, then stands on tiptoe to kiss Nathan lightly on the lips, mindful of his arm.

JEAN

Yes it is. The roses are lovely.
Let me put them in water and get my
purse.

Jean takes the flowers and rushes away. There's clinking and thumping noises as Jean searches for a vase in the kitchen.

JEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh, and I'd better bring a sweater.
It's outdoors. Did I tell you it's
at the Brighton? I suppose you've
been there lots of times, but this
is my first.

Nathan straightens his tie and walks about Jean's apartment looking at the photos and assorted doodads. Nathan seems out of place in Jean's apartment. He'd blends better with mahogany, marble, and crystal.

Nathan picks up a small photo of Jean next to an old barnstorming plane, smiles, and puts it down.

JEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I hear it's spectacular! Oh, I'm
 so glad you're in town. I want you
 to meet all my friends. I've been
 bragging...

Jean reappears.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 ...about you I'm afraid.

Jean stops, breathless and looks at Nathan lovingly. She wrinkles her nose.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 Promise you'll come home with me!

As they exit the apartment.

NATHAN (O.S.)
 Why wouldn't I?

JEAN (O.S.)
 You haven't met Jessica. She's
 stunning. And she has these
 enormous...

The door to the apartment closes.

EXT. BRIGHTON ROOFTOP RESTAURANT/NIGHTSPOT - NIGHT

The office party is in full swing. Jean is surrounded by her girlfriends SHIELA, LAURA, DEBBIE, and Carla. They chat (not audible), but pause every now and then to look in Nathan's direction -- the obvious topic of conversation.

Nathan is several yards away near a low wall. He's talking to the C.E.O. of the firm -- a well-dressed man in his mid 50's with tan complexion and chiseled features. Nathan, of course, is taller and better looking than the C.E.O.

LAURA
 What happened to his arm?

JEAN
 Oh, he's such a klutz. He's always
 showing up with this or that. He
 ran into a wall playing squash!

Shiela makes a loud purring noise.

SHIELA
I can't believe it! He's actually
better looking than you said. You
must be a total slut in bed.

The girls all laugh.

SHIELA (CONT'D)
How long have you been going out?

JEAN
Eight weeks.

LAURA
Where did you meet him?

JEAN
Shopping.

LAURA
Shopping?

JEAN
Can you believe it? I was in
Bloomingdale's getting a present
for my nephew. I reached out for
something on the top shelf...

FLASHBACK - INT. BLOOMINGDALE'S

Jean reaches for a toy car on a high shelf. It starts to
fall and Nathan appears from nowhere to catch it. Nathan
smiles at Jean and hands her the car.

EXT. BRIGHTON ROOFTOP RESTAURANT/NIGHTSPOT

JEAN
We started talking. He asked me to
coffee. And... the rest is
history! I love my nephew having a
birthday.

LAURA
I wish one of my relatives would do
something like that for me!

Girls all laugh.

DEBBIE
So what does he do? Actor? Model?
Are you sure he's not gay?

JEAN
He's DEFINITELY not gay.

Girls laugh again.

LAURA
Now I'm even more jealous.

CARLA
Really, what does he do?

JEAN
(unconvincingly)
Oh, he works for the government.

CARLA
What does that mean?

JEAN
(defensively)
Just what I said. He works for the
government.

The girls close in. Something is up.

SHIELA
But what does he doooooo for the
government.

Jean's cornered. She looks about nervously and bites her lip.

JEAN
(slowly, begrudgingly)
I don't know exactly.
(animatedly - hoping no
one will notice she
doesn't know what her
boyfriend does)
He travels a lot. Maybe the state
department.

CARLA
Maybe the state department?

JEAN
He's always flying off to exotic
places. Last week he was in
Bulgaria! And before that...

CARLA
How can you not know what he does?
Didn't you ask him?

Jean squirms.

JEAN
(hopelessly)
Of course I asked him. When we
first started dating, I distinctly
remember asking him.

CARLA
Well?

Jean tries not to make eye-contact.

JEAN
He always changes the subject.

CARLA
And you let him?

JEAN
(angrily)
Well, he's good at it! I mean...
Well... I asked him a gazillion
times, but ... Then ... I gave up.

Jean bats her hand at the air as if it's no big deal.

JEAN (CONT'D)
What difference does it make? I
can't ask now. He'll think I'm a
flibbertigibbet!

DEBBIE
I'll bet he's in the Mafia.

JEAN
What?

DEBBIE
Government employees can't afford
suits like that. And you said he
drives a...

JEAN
Don't be silly. He's not in the
Mafia. He's not even Italian.

DEBBIE
(who looks Italian)
Hey!

JEAN
 Sorry. I just mean it's not possible...

CARLA
 Jean, you are so lame. I'll find out what he does!

Carla empties her drink, drops the glass on a nearby table, checks her hair, and heads toward Nathan.

JEAN'S P.O.V.

Carla walks up to Nathan and the C.E.O. and introduces herself (not audible). They all shake hands and the C.E.O. excuses himself. Nathan and Carla chat.

LAURA (O.S.)
 Did you hear? Shelly's going to Jamaica with that guy from accounting.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
 Alec?

LAURA (O.S.)
 Yes!

DEBBIE (O.S.)
 He's such a sleaze...

Jean continues to watch Carla and Nathan.

Carla is obviously enjoying herself. She touches Nathan lightly on his forearm and tosses her head back to laugh. Nathan puts his drink on a tray that goes by and excuses himself. Carla watches him walk away, then drifts back to where the girls are. She has a big smile on her face the whole way.

BACK TO SCENE

CARLA
 He's so charming.

LAURA
 Well? What did you find out?

Carla can't believe it!

CARLA
 He changed the subject!

The women all looks at one another.

LAURA
(in awe)
Maybe he's a secret agent.

INT. - ANDREAS KAMINSKY'S NEW YORK OFFICE - NIGHT

Andreas Kaminsky sits at his desk in front of a video phone. On the monitor is a 50-year-old Saudi, HASAN BADAR, pudgy and balding, he wears a white lab coat.

ANDREAS
What progress have you made, Hasan?

HASAN
We are in the process of acquiring the necessary contaminant and finalizing the sites, but...

ANDREAS
But what?

HASAN
I am concerned about our Libyan friend. He's asking for more money. I don't think he can be trusted.

ANDREAS
Then eliminate him.

HASAN
Of course.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE

Carla and Jean sift through racks of clothes.

CARLA
You've got to find out what he does!

Jean holds up a top. Carla shakes her head.

JEAN
Why? What difference does it make. I'm sure he's not doing anything illegal. Besides, I don't care.

CARLA
How can you not care? Aren't you curious? Aren't you suspicious?

JEAN
I'm not the suspicious type.

Carla holds up a very daring dress. Jean mouths the word 'slutty.' Carla looks it over again, then puts it back.

CARLA
How can you not be suspicious?

JEAN
Because I'm not like you. I take people at face value.

CARLA
If you grew up where I grew up, you'd be suspicious.

Jean holds up yet another dress. Carla sneers.

CARLA (CONT'D)
So where does he live?

Jean sighs and puts a sparkly dress back in among the others.

JEAN
I don't know.

CARLA
You're kidding, aren't you?

Jean waves it off.

JEAN
He's just never invited me over. It's no big deal... We've only been out...

CARLA
(very matter-of-factly)
He's married.

This has never occurred to Jean! She's horrified!

JEAN
Really? Do you really think...?

CARLA
Nah. He didn't seem married.

Jean breathes a sigh of relief.

JEAN
Can you tell?

CARLA
 Married men have a slimy feel to
 'em. He wasn't slimy. What's his
 phone exchange. That'll give us a
 clue.

Jean continues to look at dresses as though she's deaf.

CARLA (CONT'D)
 Well?

JEAN
 (cautiously)
 He carries a cell phone.
 (reluctantly) He never picks up. I
 just leave messages.

Jean bites her lower lip. Carla shakes her head. This is
 bad.

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT

Jean and Nathan sit across from each other; each with a glass
 of white wine.

JEAN
 Did you enjoy the party?

NATHAN
 I did. You have very interesting
 friends.

JEAN
 You mean a lot of weird friends.

NATHAN
 I didn't say that.

JEAN
 So (beat) will you invite me to
 your next company party. I promise
 I won't embarrass you.

Jean leans forward, puts her elbows on the table and her chin
 in her hand. She smiles effervescently at Nathan. Nathan
 starts to butter a roll.

NATHAN
 You were right about Jessica. She
 is very well endowed.

Jean loses her smile and straightens up.

JEAN
When did you meet her?

NATHAN
(nonchalant)
Getting your sweater.

At that moment the waiter appears. Jean's obviously annoyed by the interruption, but waits patiently until everything's all laid out. As soon as the waiter leaves...

NATHAN (CONT'D)
I think she was coming on to me.

JEAN
That bitch!

Jean stabs her green beans (a.k.a. Jessica). Nathan reaches across the table and takes Jean's hand.

NATHAN
You know, you look like a goddess
in that dress.

Jean touches her throat. She flushes.

JEAN
I do?

NATHAN
Have you seen 'After All.'

JEAN
The movie? No. Why?

NATHAN
The daughter looks just like you.
(beat) Would you like more wine?

Jean is all aglow.

JEAN
Just a little. You know I can't
handle my liquor. You don't want
to get me drunk do you?

NATHAN
Don't I? (beat) I was thinking...
My friend has a villa. Maybe we
could take some time next month and
...

Nathan fills Jean's glass, while Jean melts at the thought of going away with him.

INT. JEAN'S DESK

Carla sits on the edge of Jean's desk, amazed that Jean has failed once again to find out about Nathan.

CARLA
You've got to find out.

JEAN
But how? I can't...

CARLA
Next time he drops you off, just follow him!

JEAN
Follow him?

CARLA
What else can you do?

JEAN
Aren't you forgetting something, Carla?

CARLA
What?

JEAN
I don't have a car. You can't follow someone by bus!

CARLA
You're really hopeless! Lucky for you, I'm your friend. Listen, here's what you do...

Carla leans in close to Jean and whispers. Jean pulls back in disgust.

JEAN
Where would I get that!

CARLA
I'll take care of it.

Jean watched Carla walk away.

JEAN

I know it. I just know it. She's going to ruin the best sex I've ever had!

Jean gathers papers together and thumps them on the desk.

INT. JEAN'S KITCHEN

Nathan on his hands and knees under the kitchen sink. Jean stands well back.

JEAN

I'm sorry to get you over here for such a little thing, but when I heard the ... and the super isn't in and... I really couldn't stand to...

Nathan stands up, holding a mouse trap with a dead mouse in it. He looks around.

NATHAN

Not a problem. Ah, have you got a small bag...

Jean hands Nathan a small 'Big Brown Bag' from Bloomingdale's. Nathan eyes it.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

At least he'll go out in style.

Jean tries to smile as Nathan drops the mouse in the bag.

EXT. JEAN'S APT. BUILDING

Nathan and Jean exit.

JEAN

I'm so embarrassed. Thank you.

Jean kisses Nathan.

NATHAN

I'll call you later.

Jean watches Nathan trip down the steps and get in his car. She waves to him as he drives off. As soon as he's away from the curb, Carla pulls up. Jean runs down the stairs and hops in.

I/E. - CARLA'S CAR

Carla drives a real clunker. It's littered with paper coffee cups and other trash. Jean starts to tidy up immediately.

JEAN

I'm not sure this is a good idea.

CARLA

Of course it is. Here.

Carla hands Jean a notebook.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I wrote down his plate number.
Take notes.

They drive through busy streets. Nathan has a lead foot and it's hard for Carla to keep up.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Your boyfriend drives like a
maniac.

JEAN

He drives just fine when I'm in the
car.

CARLA

Yeah, well he just ran a red.

Carla pulls up to the crosswalk, looks both ways and pulls through the intersection. Horns blare.

CARLA (CONT'D)

He's headed for Manhattan.

Carla races to catch up to Nathan. But as she does, Nathan's car brakes and pulls into an underground garage. Carla drives past, then makes a U-turn and finds a place at the curb in the no parking zone across the street. Carla jumps from the car.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Wait here.

JEAN

Where are you going?

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET

Carla dashes across the street and into the building. She comes out a moment later and runs back to the car.

INT. - CARLA'S CAR

Carla slides back behind the wheel.

JEAN

Well?

CARLA

According to the doorman, nobody
named Nathan Stone lives there.

JEAN

Maybe he's just visiting.

CARLA

Are you sure that's his real name?

Jean looks bewildered. Could he have lied about that?

INT. CARLA'S CAR - LATER

Jean has picked up all the trash in the car and is cleaning
the dusty dash with a paper towel she found in a KFC bucket.
Carla watches the apartment building.

CARLA

What's that?

Carla pushes Jean down. They peer over the dash.

A motorcycle waits for traffic to clear at the garage
entrance. The rider has his heavily tinted face guard up.
It is Nathan. He looks left then right. He jerks his head
forward and the face guard falls into place as he roars into
traffic.

INT/EXT. CARLA'S CAR

Carla drops the car into gear and they lurch forward into
traffic.

JEAN

He didn't tell me he had a
motorcycle.

Carla swerves in and out of traffic, following the
motorcycle. Occasionally a horn honks / brakes squeal.

CARLA

We'll never keep up.

Jean's caught up in the chase now.

JEAN
We've got to!

EXT. FREEWAY

From the air, Carla's car follows Nathan's motorcycle from a distance. The motorcycle takes an exit. Carla's car follows cautiously.

INT. CARLA'S CAR

Jean and Carla on a winding country road, the a good distance ahead. A long black limo pulls out of a drive in front of Nathan. The three vehicles are alone on the road.

As the limo approaches a curve, Nathan accelerates and advances on the limo.

EXT. ROADWAY

C.U. of Nathan passing the limo. His hand goes inside his jacket and returns with a gun. He holds the gun low and fires into the back rear tire. The limo begins to swerve immediately. Nathan accelerates.

INT. CARLA'S CAR

Through the windshield, we see Nathan passing the limo and see a puff of smoke as the rear tire explodes and shreds of it fly wildly. Nathan is already past the limo as it swerves back and forth then suddenly disappears off the road. A huge fireball erupts and smoke fills the sky.

JEAN (O.S.)
Oh my God!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Carla stops the car at the point where the limo left the road and they pile out. They look down the cliff. The limo burns below.

JEAN
We've got to help!

CARLA
No one can help them.

Jean looks at the burning vehicle, then at Carla.

JEAN
Did you see a gun?

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE

It's a zoo. Police cars litter the road. News crews jockey to get close. Jean and Carla stand off to one side. Jean bites her nails. Carla looks cool and controlled. A police detective approaches.

CARLA
(softly)
Let me do the talking.

INT. CARLA'S APT.

Jean and Carla sit on the couch. Two half-empty glasses of white wine sit on the coffee table. The TV is on.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
And this item just in...

JEAN
Turn it up! Turn it up!

Carla grabs the remote and the volume increases.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
The Nigerian ambassador and his aide died in a single car crash this morning on state highway forty-four. Police are on the scene, but early indications are the driver lost control on a curve that has been the scene of other fatal crashes. The Nigerian consulate had no comment and was...

Carla mutes the sound. Jean looks hopeful.

JEAN
They think it's an accident.

CARLA
Maybe it was.

JEAN
You shouldn't have lied to the police. Nothing good can come from lying.

CARLA
You think I should have told them that we were following your boyfriend and that you might have seen a gun?

JEAN

Yes?

CARLA

Yes? You'd be kissing your
boyfriend goodbye. (beat) Did you
really see a gun?

JEAN

I don't know. I don't know. (beat)
What do you think he was doing out
there?

CARLA

You sure as hell can't call and ask
him.

JEAN

What can we do?

CARLA

I don't know. Let me think.

Carla, excited, waves a sheet of paper.

CARLA (CONT'D)

We can trace his car.

INT. MOTOR VEHICLE DEPARTMENT COUNTER

Jean and Carla stand at the counter; a CLERK approaches.

CLERK

May I help you?

Carla hands the clerk a form.

CARLA

Could you tell us who this car is
registered to?

CLERK

There's a twenty dollar charge.

Jean opens her purse and hands Carla a twenty. Carla hands
the clerk the twenty.

CLERK (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Jean and Carla watch as the clerk goes to the computer and
types. He looks at the screen, then up at them. He gets up
and goes into a corner office.

A moment later a GENTLEMAN in a suit comes to the door of the office and looks their way, then he disappears back into the office. A few moments later, the clerk returns, smiling.

CLERK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. That plate is not registered in New York.

JEAN
I'm sure...

CLERK
You must have copied the number wrong.

JEAN
But...

CLERK
(looking past them)
Next.

CARLA
Come on.

INT/EXT. CARLA'S CAR

Carla pulls slowly into traffic.

CARLA
Something's fishy. Did you see that guy in the corner office? I know I copied that number ...

A police siren starts up and lights flash behind. Carla looks in the rear view mirror.

CARLA (CONT'D)
What did I do?

Carla pulls over. A police officer appears at the window. He leans over and looks into the vehicle.

POLICEMAN
Please step out of the vehicle.

CARLA
What's the matter, officer?

POLICEMAN
Just step out of the vehicle ma'am.
(to Jean) You too.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM

Carla and Jean are alone in the room with two chairs and a small table. Carla has her face pressed against a large mirror. Her hands are cupped to block the light.

CARLA
I know it's one of those one-way
mirrors. Don't tell them anything.

JEAN
What's to tell?

Carla turns back into the room.

CARLA
Oh, yeah. Right.

Carla tries the door handle. Nothing.

DISSOLVE:

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Carla paces; Jean sits on a chair at the table. She has her face on the table and her arms are hanging limp at her sides.

CARLA
They can't keep us here forever.
They never even said we were under
arrest.

JEAN
Does it matter? We're here.

Carla bangs on the door.

CARLA
(loud)
Hey! I want to talk to my lawyer!

Jean sits up.

JEAN
You have a lawyer?

CARLA
No. I just...

The door opens suddenly and a DETECTIVE enters.

DETECTIVE
You're free to go.

CARLA
Free to go? But why were we
arrested?

DETECTIVE
You weren't arrested.

CARLA
Then why were we brought here?

DETECTIVE
I can keep you longer if you like.

Jean jumps out of her chair and takes Carla by the arm,
heading for the door.

JEAN
That's quite all right officer.
We'll just be on our way.

Carla tries to break free of Jean's grip, but it is too firm.

CARLA
Wait a minute. They can't...

JEAN
Come Carla. I'm late for yoga.

CARLA
But...

They move down a hall and across the busy squad room.

JEAN'S P.O.V.

Jean's eyes meet with those of a tall, wiry man in a gray
suit who watches them closely as they pass. He looks a bit
like Dave Letterman. Jean looks away.

EXT. CARLA'S CAR

Jean is about to open the door.

CARLA
They bugged the car!

Jean looks over the top of the car at Carla who she is
certain has gone mad.

JEAN
What?

CARLA
They bugged the car.

JEAN
Carla, I think you're being a
little...paranoid. I mean...

CARLA
Why else were we picked up? Why did
they hold us so long? They never
even asked us any questions.

Jean removes her hand from the door. Could Carla be right?

CARLA (CONT'D)
Get in, but don't say a word!

INT. BUSY RESTAURANT - DAY

Jean and Carla sit at a table near the window; the waitress
walks away. They watch her suspiciously.

JEAN
Okay, what's going on?

CARLA
I don't know, but it definitely has
something to do with your
boyfriend.

Jean sighs. Carla drums the table.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I'll bet we can pick up his trail
at that apartment building.

Jean scrunches up her face.

JEAN
Do we have to?

CARLA
Don't you want to get to the bottom
of this?

JEAN
I don't know...

CARLA
First we've got to get a clean car.

Jean sighs again.

EXT. CAR RENTAL PARKING LOT- DAY

Jean and Carla drive out in a red subcompact.

EXT/INT. RENTAL CAR - EVENING

Jean and Carla sit in the rental car watching the underground garage exit. Nathan's car appears and pulls out.

They pull away from the curb and follow. As they do, the camera pulls back to reveal a SEDAN pulling out after them.

EXT. JEAN'S APT. BUILDING

Nathan pulls up and parks. The girls pull up behind.

JEAN

Well, that's clever. We've followed him to my place.

CARLA

Pretend I'm just dropping you off.

JEAN

(to Carla)

You'd better wait for me.

Nathan sees Jean and waits for her.

CARLA

I'll drive around the block. But you better get SOME information. None of that "he changed the subject" crap.

Jean climbs out of the car.

JEAN

(exaggerated)

Thanks for the lift, Carla.

Carla drives off. Jean waves.

JEAN (CONT'D)

What a pleasant surprise.

NATHAN

My trip was cancelled. Thought we could spend the evening together.

JEAN
(forced)
Oh. (beat) That would be great!
Come on up.

INT. JEAN'S DESK

Carla sits on the edge of Jean's desk filing her nails.

CARLA
You look awful.

JEAN
I didn't sleep a wink. (beat) I'm
sorry, I had no idea he'd want to
spend the night. Did you wait long?

CARLA
Not long. I figured you got lucky.

Jean rolls her eyes and looks at Carla.

JEAN
Are you kidding? I couldn't...
Well you know. I told him I had a
migraine. I thought he'd leave.

CARLA
So you just laid there all night?

JEAN
Could YOU sleep with a killer next
to you?

CARLA
You don't really think he's a
killer! What did you find out?

JEAN
Nothing. I couldn't think of any
way to ask him. All I could think
was: 'If I let him find out that we
were following him I will 'a' loose
the most handsome, clever,
interesting and romantic man I've
ever been with or 'b' wind up
wearing a cement overcoat in a
river somewhere.

Jean looks hopeless and helpless.

JEAN (CONT'D)
I think I should end it.

CARLA
You can't do that.

JEAN
Why not?

CARLA
Maybe you didn't see a gun. Maybe
it is all a coincidence. Are you
ready to turn him in?

JEAN
No. But...

CARLA
And did you think what would happen
if he is a killer?

JEAN
No. (beat) You think I'm in danger?

CARLA
Calm down kiddo. Why don't you stay
with me for a few nights, till we
have a chance to figure things out.

Jean brightens at the offer.

JEAN
Okay. I'm taking care of Mrs.
Schneider's cat. I'll take the bus
over later.

CARLA
You want me to pick you up?

JEAN
It's okay. I'll just bring an
overnight bag. You've got yoga.

CARLA
That's right. And I've got a
friend coming over to sweep for
bugs.

JEAN
You know someone who does that?

CARLA
Yeah.

Jean shakes her head.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Just some guy I used to date.

INT. JEAN'S HALLWAY

Jean comes out of her apartment and goes across the hall to Mrs. Schneider's.

INT. MRS. SCHEIDER'S APT.

Jean feeds the CAT and gives it milk, scratches it behind the ears, and then opens the door to leave.

INT. JEAN'S HALLWAY - JEAN'S P.O.V.

A man is at Jean's door, but he's not knocking. He sees Jean, looks quickly and walks briskly away and down the stairs. Jean retreats into Mrs. Schneider's apartment and shuts the door.

INT. MRS. SCHEIDER'S APT.

Jean rushes to the phone and dials. She waits patiently. She looks at her watch.

JEAN
Yoga.

INT. JEAN'S HALLWAY

Jean peers out into the hallway from Mrs. Schneider's apartment door. The hall is empty. Jean leaves Mrs. Scheider's apartment and enters her own.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING

Nathan and ADMIRAL BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 63, salt and pepper hair, sit in a large well-furnished office. Nathan is the guest. Franklin is behind a huge walnut desk.

FRANKLIN
I've got a new assignment for you.
What do you know about Andreas
Kaminsky?

Franklin reaches into his top drawer and pulls out a folder. He tosses it to Nathan. Nathan opens it. Pictures spill out. A dozen pages are attached to the folder.

NATHAN
A rich Azerbaijani billionaire
slash wanna-be despot. Likes busty
women, expensive toys.
(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Your typical megalomaniac.
We've met.

FRANKLIN

That's why you got the assignment.
We think Kaminsky is planning
something big. But we've no solid
information. He's been buying up
oil futures everywhere. He's also
got a place in the middle of Yemen
where he's training a small but
lethal paramilitary force. Again,
we don't know squat. Even our moles
know nothing.

NATHAN

And you want me to find out
something?

FRANKLIN

Infiltrate if you can. We don't
want to be caught with our pants
down on this. You're inside contact
is Aswan Nadir.

Nathan nods approvingly.

NATHAN

I've worked with him. What else can
you tell me?

FRANKLIN

Our spy satellites show...

INT. JEAN'S HALLWAY

Jean looks cautiously out into the hallway from her
apartment. The hall is empty. She exits with a small
overnight bag and skips down the stairs.

EXT. JEAN'S APT. BUILDING

Jean trips down the stairs of her building and walks down the
street. Suddenly, a man steps in front of her. Jean turns
to run, but the man who looks like Dave Letterman from the
police station, stops her. Jean tries to scream; a hand
covers her mouth. She struggles.

WOMAN (O.S.)

What's going on down there?

The men look up. Jean takes advantage of the distraction. She bites the hand over her mouth and kicks the assailant in the groin, then spins free and jabs her thumb in the other's eye. Jean runs down the street. The men recover and pursue her.

EXT. STREET/ALLEY

Jean tears down the street but pulls up when she spots a man standing under a street lamp at the corner looking her way. Friend or foe? Jean thinks the later and darts into the alley. It's dark except for one lighted doorway 50 yards down. Jean makes for it, yanks open the screen door and barrels in.

INT. BAR HALLWAY

Jean pauses inside the door. Ahead, a narrow hallway leads to voices and bar sounds. On her right is the door to the ladies room; on her left the door to the men's room.

EXT. ALLEY

The assailants arrive at the door and enter.

INT. REST ROOM

Overhead shot shows Jean has entered a stall and crouches on the toilet seat.

INT. BAR HALLWAY

One of the assailants runs up the narrow hallway but returns quickly. The other assailant nods toward the ladies room. One of the assailants pulls out a switchblade. They pause, then enter.

INT. LADIES'S ROOM

The assailants look quickly around. Shoes are visible under one of the doors. The assailants stand together in front of the door. One of them kicks it in to reveal a large woman struggling with her panty-hose. The assailants back off, but the woman starts shouting obscenities and pummels them with her purse.

They duck and cover as best they can; the woman hobbles out of the stall after them. Unfortunately, she only manages a few small steps, before her panty-hose trip her and she loses her balance. To break her fall she grabs one of the assailants by his tie. Together they fall to the floor.

INT. BAR HALLWAY

Jean exits the MEN'S room and walks casually up the hallway toward the bar as men rush passed her, responding to the commotion in the ladies room.

INT. CARLA'S APT. - NIGHT

Carla is on the phone eating ice cream. MARK, 35ish and bearded, goes around her apartment holding a weird looking black box with antennae.

CARLA

Pick up.

Mark continues his search. There is banging on the door.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Who's there?

JEAN

(banging) Just open up!

Carla rushes to the door. Jean spills in, out of breath.

CARLA

What happened?

JEAN

(breathing hard)

They tried to grab me!

CARLA

Who?

JEAN

Two men. They were waiting for me when I left the apartment. They thought it was going to be easy, but...

Jean makes a fist and throws a phantom punch. She's still pumped with adrenaline.

JEAN (CONT'D)

...they didn't know who they were dealing with!

Jean grabs Carla and pulls her aside. She looks at Mark suspiciously.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

One of the men who tried to grab me... I think I saw him at the police station this morning!

CARLA

Are you sure?

Jean squirms. She's not sure of anything anymore!

JEAN

No, I'm not sure. (beat) But I'm pretty sure.

Carla sits on the arm of a tattered recliner.

CARLA

That's not good.

Jean looks around the messy apartment with dismay. She starts picking up.

INT. - ANDREAS KAMINSKY'S NEW YORK MANSION - NIGHT

Andreas Kaminsky stands in front of a video phone. On the monitor again is Hasan Badar, wearing his signature white lab coat. This time there is someone with him: YOUSEF BEZOAR, an enormous Arab in traditional garb. Yousef has a huge mustache, a three-day growth of beard, and wears a scimitar at his waist. His left eye is covered with a patch and a long, ugly scar trails from his covered eye to his mouth.

HASAN

We are progressing, but...

ANDREAS

But what?

HASAN

It is Mr. Nadir. He seemed unusually curious when we last spoke.

ANDREAS

So?

HASAN

How confident are you of his allegiance?

ANDREAS

You think he's been compromised?

HASAN

Possibly. I just thought you might want someone to talk to him.

Andreas considers this a moment.

ANDREAS

Yes, perhaps we should have a talk with Mr. Nadir. Yousef!

INSERT MONITOR - Yousef steps toward the camera. He bows slightly.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

Come to New York. You can 'talk' to Mr. Nadir and find out whether his curiosity is just that or something more.

INSERT MONITOR - Yousef smiles delightedly, bows and backs off.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

(to Hasan) I will contact you again in three days.

Hasan bows. The monitor goes black. Andreas turns and looks hard into a huge fireplace. He lights a cigar.

INT. AIRPLANE, FIRST CLASS - DAY

Yousef sips a drink and looks out the window. He's wearing a suit, but still looks sinister. People around him look nervous. A female PASSENGER has her eyes shut and prays.

INT. CARLA'S APT.

Carla and Jean in bed together, awake, staring at the ceiling. Pale light enters from the window.

JEAN

Do we have to?

CARLA

Yes we have to!

EXT. NATHAN'S APT. BUILDING - MORNING

Very early morning. Jean and Carla pace. They are unrecognizable in Gothic attire. Both smoke. Carla actually smokes. Jean just puffs and coughs.

JEAN

Where on earth did you get these outfits? Wait. Don't tell me. You used to go with ...

CARLA

Jason. What a loser. What's this?

Nathan's car appears at the garage entrance, stops and pulls into traffic.

JEAN

Here we go again.

The girls jump into their rental car and follow.

INT. RENTAL CAR - LATER

Driving slowly through a desolate warehouse area. It's seedy and scary looking.

JEAN

I'm so glad I dressed for the occasion.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Nathan's car stops in front of an old warehouse. He gets out and goes up a flight of metal stairs and through a metal door. The girls stop their car half a block back and get out. They slowly approach the warehouse.

JEAN

What now?

Carla looks about. She spies a fire escape and a trash bin near it.

CARLA

Come on.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

Jean and Carla crouch near an open window on the second floor.

CARLA

You first.

JEAN

Me? Why me?

CARLA
He's your boyfriend!

Jean hesitates moment, then crawls through the window.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Nathan paces on the floor of the warehouse. ASWAN NADIR, a flashy dressing American-Arab comes to greet him. He's very nervous.

ASWAN
Nathan. It is good to see you.

NATHAN
Aswan. What have you got for me?

ASWAN
I don't have a lot, but...

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR/SECOND FLOOR OVERLOOK

Indistinct voices can be heard and Jean and Carla follow them till they find a spot where they can see out onto the warehouse floor. Nathan is facing toward them; Aswan has his back to them. The girls pull back.

CARLA
Who's that?

JEAN
I don't know. I've never seen him before.

CARLA
He looks mean.

JEAN
Can you hear what they're saying?

CARLA
Maybe. If you'll stop talking.

For a moment, it is very quiet. Then suddenly there is shouting in Arabic and shots ring out. The girls look. Yousef has appeared with two other men. Aswan is dead on the floor. Yousef and the other men shoot at Nathan as he runs a zigzag pattern across the warehouse floor. The girls scramble back the way they came.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I knew I should have brought a gun.

JEAN
You couldn't shoot anybody.

CARLA
I could if I had to.

JEAN
No you couldn't...

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Jean and Carla run for their car. They jump in. Carla can't find the keys. Someone runs up the street at them. Before they realize what's happening, Nathan jumps into the back seat. He points his gun at them.

NATHAN
Get me out of here!

The girls keep their faces forward; neither one says a word. Carla finds the keys, starts the car, and peels out past a long limo. Yousef and the other guys shoot at them. A bullet smashes the rear window and tears off the rearview mirror. Nathan returns fire out the back window.

CARLA
(to Jean)
I told you to get the insurance!

NATHAN
(sharply)
Take a right!

Carla takes a sharp right and nearly clips a huge truck.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Take a left!

Carla takes a left and almost runs over two men crossing the street with a large crate. The crate is smashed. Ping-pong balls fly all over

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Take another right!

The limo is in pursuit. Nathan trades bullets with the men who hang out the windows. The pursuit takes them through crowded streets and sidewalks and underpasses. Jean and Carla scream and brace, but continue to do as they're told. Finally, as they approach a crowded intersection...

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Pull over!

Carla slams on the brakes and Nathan is out and running. The limo screeches to a halt behind them. The men look at Jean and Carla, but dash after Nathan. Carla slams the car in gear and tromps on the gas.

INT. STAIRWAY/HALLWAY OF CARLA'S APT. BLDG

Shaken and exhausted, Jean and Carla reach Carla's landing only to see a STRANGE MAN emerge from Carla's apartment. He looks at them, they continue to climb stairs to the next landing.

JEAN

Where do we go now?

INT./EXT. SMALL HOUSE IN NICE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Jean and Carla approach the house cautiously. Jean rings the doorbell. A LITTLE OLD LADY looks out suspiciously.

JEAN

Grandma. It's Jean. Open up!

GRANDMA beams and opens the door. Jean and Carla enter the small foyer. It's a nice little grandma's house, with a cat and lots of magazines scattered about.

Grandma looks closely at Jean and Carla. Then to Jean.

GRANDMA

My goodness, child. I didn't know you were a hooker!

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE

Jean and Carla sit on the bed and towel wet hair. They both wear old-lady robes.

JEAN

Did you hear anything before they started shooting?

Carla is not really paying attention.

CARLA

I think I'll report the car stolen.

Jean heads for the door.

JEAN

Okay. I'm going to see if there are any clothes in the attic.

CARLA

See if there's a gun up there.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The desert camp of Andreas's army. Soldiers are busy with trucks and tents and equipment. Several officers bark orders. Tents are raised. Troops march.

INT. TENT

Hasan looks at plans spread out on a table. IVAN, an officer, enters. Four SOLDIERS carry a very heavy box, which they put down and then withdraw. Hasan opens the box. Inside are half a dozen small projectiles with radiation symbols on them.

HASAN

We'll need eight more.

IVAN

General Gorky is working on that.

HASAN

Excellent.

Hasan rubs his hands together and grins evilly.

INT. FRANKLIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Franklin sits behind his desk, weaving a gold pen through his fingers; Nathan sits across from him.

NATHAN

That's all he said before...
Anything new on your end?

Franklin stands and paces to the window. The view shows the Reflecting Pool

FRANKLIN

I wish I did. (beat) Kaminsky's throwing a party this weekend for Senator Towel. I managed an invitation. Take it. See what you can find out.

NATHAN

I'm hoping Mr. Kaminsky will be a gracious host.

FRANKLIN

He won't try anything here. But
watch your back.

Nathan gets up to leave. Franklin picks up a file and begins reading, then stops and looks at Nathan over his glasses.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Nathan.

Nathan stops at the door.

NATHAN

Yes?

FRANKLIN

Try not to blow-up the place this
time. There will be several
senators and congressmen from both
sides of the aisle present.

Nathan looks hurt; surely he's been falsely accused.

NATHAN

I'll do my best.

He begins to leave again.

FRANKLIN

Oh, I almost forgot.

Nathan pauses.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Riley has some new toys for you.

Nathan smiles.

NATHAN

I'll stop by.

Nathan closes the door.

INT. LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM

PEOPLE in white coats involved with various projects. Nathan enters and observes them as he walks.

A BALD MAN with large safety glasses wears a heavy glove. He holds a gun in a very large flame, then tosses it into a bucket of ice water. He quickly retrieves it with an ungloved hand and fires it at a target. Bull's-eye. He nods his head approvingly.

Another MAN in a lab coat works behind a steel shield. On the other side of the shield is a pair of men's shoes to which he's attaching heels. Nathan stops.

NATHAN

Those work great. Keep up the good work.

Across the room, RILEY SMOUGE, 50-something, round face, thin lips, comes forward to meet Nathan.

RILEY

Ah, there you are, Stone. About time. I've got quite a bit to show you, come along.

Riley leads Nathan along till they arrive at a lab bench where a BUSTY BLONDE in glasses waits. Nathan smiles appreciatively and the Blonde returns the smile. She raises a Buck Roger's space gun to Nathan's neck and pulls the trigger. Nathan pulls back.

NATHAN

Ouch!

RILEY

Right, then. You're tagged. If you get eliminated in the field, we'll know before you do. Ha. Ha.

Nathan rubs his neck as Riley pulls him away. The Blonde continues to smile at Nathan.

RILEY (CONT'D)

It's a transmitter, really. Let's us know where you are at any moment. Satellite GPS and all. Ah, here we are.

They have arrived at another work bench. A number of items are spread out. Riley picks up a watch and hands it to Nathan.

NATHAN

What's this do?

RILEY

It's a watch. You use it to tell time.

Nathan gives Riley a hard stare.

RILEY (CONT'D)

It's a companion piece to that necky thing. Once you activate it, if the two are ever separated by more than ten feet, we'll know it and assume you've been captured.

Nathan smiles and puts the watch on.

RILEY (CONT'D)

It's waterproof and what not, so you should wear it at all times. If you must remove it. Keep it on the bed table.

Riley winks at Nathan.

NATHAN

I'll do that.

RILEY

This...

Riley picks up an American Express credit card.

RILEY (CONT'D)

...is actually an explosive. All you have to do to active it is...

Nathan takes the card from Riley and begins to play with it. Riley takes it back.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Please be patient. You don't know what you're doing...

EXT. NATHAN'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Jean and Carla sit in Jean's Grandmother's old black Lincoln.

JEAN

I don't know why I let you talk me into this. We've tried this before. It isn't working.

CARLA

Okay. Fine. If we don't find out something this time, we give up and turn him over to the F.B.I.

JEAN

I didn't mean...

Nathan's car appears at the garage entrance, then pulls into traffic. Carla pulls in behind him.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Jean and Carla stop and watch as Nathan stops at a guarded gate and then gets waved through. For a moment they sit quietly.

CARLA
I've got an idea.

Jean rolls her eyes and Carla drives away.

EXT. MANSION WALL

Carla boosts Jean onto a wall. Jean pauses and looks out onto the dark grounds.

JEAN
Do you think they have dogs?

There's no answer. Jean looks down. Carla is gone!

JEAN (CONT'D)
Hello? (beat) Carla? (beat) Yoo-
hoo.

Carla comes out from behind a bush.

JEAN (CONT'D)
You left me!

CARLA
I had to take care of something.
Help me up.

Carla extends her hand; Jean reaches down.

JEAN
Did you wash your hands?

Carla is not amused.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS

Jean and Carla sneak toward the rear of the mansion.

EXT. BACK OF THE MANSION

Jean bends down and looks in a basement window. She looks up. Nothing.

Carla points to a door that goes down into the basement. They start for it.

MAN

Hey. Where are you going?

Carla and Jean share nervous glances.

MAN (CONT'D)

You're late. Get in the kitchen...

The man tosses his cigarette into the dark and points to the kitchen door with his thumb.

MAN (CONT'D)

...and get your uniforms on.

Carla and Jean start for the door.

MAN (CONT'D)

Tell Angie the next time she sends someone late, I'll take my business elsewhere.

As Carla and Jean push into the mansion.

CARLA

We're terribly sorry.

MAN

Just get in there.

INT. NEW YORK MANSION BALLROOM

A formal party is in progress with people milling about. Overdressed, over-jeweled, overachievers drink and chat.

Jean enters the ballroom from the kitchen with a tray of drinks. Carla enters carrying a tray of hors d'oeuvres. They are not easily recognizable, since they -- as do all the servers -- wear French-maid outfits with very high heels.

They stop after entering the room and look about.

JEAN

These shoes are a size too small.

CARLA

Stop complaining. We're here aren't we?

Carla nudges Jean and nods toward Nathan who talks with Andreas and an extremely beautiful and busty BLONDE WOMAN.

Nathan glances in their direction; Jean turns around quickly.

JEAN
Work your way over there and see
what they're talking about.

CARLA
Me? Why me?

JEAN
'Cause he'll recognize me!

CARLA
What if he recognizes me?

JEAN
He only met you once!

CARLA
So.

JEAN
Jeez you've got an ego. Get going.

Carla works her way toward Nathan, but she's repeatedly stopped for hors d'oeuvres. Before she reaches Nathan, her tray is empty. A butler appears and sends her back to the kitchen. As she passes Jean, she shrugs.

When Carla reappears, Andreas is gone, but Nathan is still talking to the drop-dead gorgeous blonde, who is tossing her hair and laughing at everything he says. Carla notices Jean is watching and not too happy about it.

Carla again attempts to get close to Nathan but again is stopped repeatedly and once again sent back to the kitchen.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN

Jean joins Carla for another tray of drinks.

JEAN
Well?

CARLA
I can't get close!

JEAN
You're not trying.

INT. NEW YORK MANSION BALLROOM

They enter the ballroom a third time. Jean scans the room for Nathan. He's gone. Carla nudges her. Jean follows Carla's stare. Nathan and the blonde are at the top of the staircase, heading...

Jean looses it. She's not going to stand by and let this happen. She hands her tray to a surprised guest and starts up the stairs after Nathan and the blonde.

INT. TOP OF MANSION STAIRS

Jean reaches the top of the stairs only to find the corridor empty. Jean starts down the corridor listening at doors. Suddenly she's confronted by two SECURITY GUARDS. They close in on her.

INT. MANSION WINE CELLAR

The two security guards flank Jean, who is gagged and tied to a tall bar stool at a long fully-stocked bar. A third man, JENSON, 40-something, head of security, stands in front of her. He's dressed like a party guest. Jensen strokes his chin.

JENSON

A thief looking to take advantage
while the party's on.

He steps back and admires Jean.

JENSON (CONT'D)

A pretty little thing, aren't you?

Jean tries to speak, but Jensen laughs.

JENSON (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We'll get to know one
another after the party.

Jenson leans forward and kisses Jean on the forehead. Jean tries to pull away.

JENSON (CONT'D)

In the meantime, imagine the fun
we'll have!

Jenson and the guard leave by the stairs.

Jean struggles wildly with her restraints. She manages to bounce the chair, but the ropes hold tight. Suddenly, a leg of the chair breaks.

Jean falls to the floor, her neck falling across the brass rail beneath the bar. Jean's unable to move and begins choking.

C.U. ON JEAN

Jean struggles, but gets nowhere. She's gasping for breath! Just when it appears Jean will choke, a female hand appears and lifts her up.

BACK TO SCENE

It's Carla.

CARLA

Are you trying to kill yourself?

Carla pulls the duct tape off Jean's mouth.

JEAN

Yeow!

CARLA

Shush!

JEAN

(whispering)

How did you get here?

Carla nods toward a dumbwaiter. Carla unties Jean and they move to the dumbwaiter.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I don't think we're going to fit.

CARLA

One at a time. Get in.

JEAN

But...

CARLA

Don't argue. You go first, then send it back for me.

JEAN

Are you sure?

CARLA

Have you got a better idea?

Jean climbs in reluctantly. It is a very close fit. Carla closes the door and pushes the button. Jean starts up.

JEAN (O.S.)
What if...

INT. MANSION'S THIRD FLOOR

Carla emerges from the dumbwaiter to join Jean in a storage room. They creep to the door.

JEAN
How're we going to get outside?

CARLA
Will you stop asking me stuff!

INT. MANSION HALLWAY

Jean and Carla steal from the storage room into a dimly lit hallway. At the end of the hallway is a window partially open. They slink to it and Carla opens it wide.

INT. MANSION BEDROOM

Nathan and PATRICIA LANGE, the drop-dead gorgeous blonde, are talking.

PATRICIA
...but I haven't been able to find
out anything else.

Patricia moves closer to Nathan.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Do we have to talk shop.

Patricia stokes Nathan's arm affectionately. Nathan's thoughts are elsewhere.

EXT. SMALL ROOF OF MANSION - NIGHT

Jean and Carla step carefully through the window onto the roof. They make their way around it, but the only possible way down is a large copper drainpipe. They stare at it.

Carla nods. Jean looks terrified.

JEAN
It's a hundred feet!

CARLA
It's not a hundred feet! Just don't
look down.

JEAN
It's not LOOKING down that scares
me! There's got to be another way.

Jean looks around, hopelessly. Carla crosses her arms and
waits. Finally, Jean resigns herself to her fate.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Okay. But you go first.

CARLA
Okay. But don't fall on me.

That's not what Jean wanted to hear.

EXT. SIDE OF MANSION

Cautiously, the women begin their descent. As Carla passes a
second floor window she looks in and sees Nathan and
Patricia. Patricia is stroking Nathan's arm. Carla stops her
descent.

JEAN (O.S.)
What's the matter?

Carla's uncertain what to say. She knows it's lame but...

CARLA
(whispering loudly)
Nothing. Nothing at all. Only
don't look in the window.

JEAN (O.S.)
Why not?

CARLA
(still whispering)
It's horrible! Horrible!

JEAN (O.S.)
What does that mean?

CARLA
Just trust me!

Carla continues the descent.

INT. MANSION BEDROOM

Patricia flirts unabashedly with Nathan, playing with his tie
and looking up into his eyes.

PATRICIA

The Libyan? He was taken out by ...

Before she can finish her sentence, a window on the far side of the room shatters. Patricia's eyes turn vacant, she starts to fall. Nathan grabs Patricia as she collapses against him.

EXT. SIDE OF MANSION

Jean makes it to the second floor window. Her eyes are closed and she tries not to look. She gets almost all the way past before her curiosity gets the better of her. She turns slowly toward the window and opens her eyes.

Jean sees Patricia in Nathan's arms! Her eyes pop wide open.

JEAN

That whore!

At that very moment, the drainpipe buckles and jerks. Jean and Carla drop a few feet so Jean can no longer see in the window. Miraculously, the drainpipe holds.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Carla?

CARLA

Hold on.

The drainpipe buckles again and they drop a few feet more. Then suddenly the drainpipe lets go and they fall the remaining ten feet to the ground, disappearing into bushes surrounding the mansion.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS

Jean lays on Carla; Carla pushes Jean off.

CARLA

I told you not to fall on me!

In the distance dogs start to howl and bark. People yell. Jean and Carla clamber to their feet and run along the space between the mansion and the hedge. Carla stops.

CARLA'S P.O.V.

A long black limo waits in the drive, its engine running, the trunk open. Carla looks around.

BACK TO SCENE

CARLA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Carla dashes toward the limo's trunk with Jean in tow.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Get in.

Jean looks at her wide-eyed.

JEAN

Are you nuts?

CARLA

Get in!

JEAN

No!

Dogs are louder, closer.

CARLA

Now!

JEAN

Damn it!

Jean climbs into the trunk; Carla jumps in after her and pulls the trunk shut.

INT. TRUNK

It is almost totally black, only shadows.

JEAN

I hope you know what you're doing.

CARLA

Shush!

The sound of feet approach, then the car lurches as someone gets in. A car door slams. The car lurches again.

ANDREAS (O.S.)

Jenson. You'd better clean things up.

JENSON (O.S.)

You want we should take care of the other one, too.

ANDREAS (O.S.)

No. He learned nothing. Just do as you're told. And Jenson, find that little thief.

The trunk starts to open and Carla and Jean are sure their doomed, but...

ANDREAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Put that bag up here.

The trunk is closed. The car lurches again as a door slams. The limo begins to move. Jean stares at Carla in the dark.

EXT. LIMO - DAY

The limo sits alone on the top floor of the airport parking ramp. The trunk pops open and Jean and Carla crawl from it beat and disheveled. They are, of course, still dressed as French maids. Jean smooths her wrinkled dress and straightens her little hat.

JEAN

You said you could pick the lock in a minute.

CARLA

I did it didn't I?

They assess their bleak situation.

INT. BEDROOM AT GRANDMA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jean sits indian-style on the bed, a bowl of potato chips in her lap. She eats chipmunk like. Carla sits on the edge of a chair next to the bed with her foot on the bed. She polishes her toenails. Both are dressed in pajamas.

T.V. ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)

In local news, police responded to the 800 block of Columbus last night on an anonymous tip and found the body of Patricia Lang, of upstate New York, dead of a gunshot wound...

INSERT T.V. AND PICTURE OF PATRICIA LANG

Jean spews potato chips and jumps up. Potato chips fly; Carla slips to the floor, spilling the bottle of nail color over her top. Jean points to the T.V. and tries to talk with chips flying everywhere.

JEAN
That's her! Oh, my God! That's
the girl that was with Nathan...

Carla looks at the nail polish mess, then at the T.V.

CARLA
Shush! Listen.

T.V. ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)
According to police, Ms. Lang was
shot last night sometime after
midnight. Neighbors reported
hearing an argument and a single
gunshot. Police continue the
investigation. In other...

Jean paces, her arms flailing wildly.

JEAN
That's it! It's over!

CARLA
What do you mean?

JEAN
He killed her!

CARLA
Who?

JEAN
Nathan!

CARLA
Why would he kill her?

JEAN
Well he was with her!

Jean plops on the bed.

CARLA
That doesn't mean anything. He
didn't look like he was going to
kill her when I saw...

Jean freezes her with a nasty stare.

CARLA (CONT'D)
You know, Jean. I think we have to
go to the police.

JEAN
(without enthusiasm)
I know.

CARLA
I'll call a cab. I don't think
this is the kind of thing we can
explain on the phone.

Carla picks up the phone. Jean starts to clean up the mess she made with the potato chips.

INT. TAXI CAB

Jean and Carla stuck in traffic. Carla does a crossword. Jean eats pretzels and looks glum.

JEAN'S P.O.V.

Jean looks out the taxi window and sees another taxi shoot by. Nathan is the passenger.

BACK TO SCENE

JEAN
Uhh!

Carla looks up.

CARLA
What?

Jean swallows and points.

JEAN
Nathan! Follow that taxi!

The driver pulls into the left lane and begins to follow Nathan's taxi which gets in the on ramp to...

INSERT SIGN - AIRPORT

Jean and Carla look at one another. Why is Nathan leaving town?

EXT. AIRPORT

Nathan exits his taxi carrying only a small carry on. They let him enter the airport, then exit their taxi.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

It's a crowded evening.

JEAN'S P.O.V.

From a distance, Jean watches as Nathan buys a ticket at the 1st class ticket counter.

BACK TO SCENE

JEAN
We can't follow him without a ticket.

They run to an open ticket counter for another airline.

JEAN (CONT'D)
We'd like two tickets please.

RESERVATIONIST
To?

Jean is watching Nathan as he gets in the security queue.

JEAN
Anywhere!

The reservationist looks alarmed.

CARLA
What she means is, we'd like two tickets to...

Carla spots a monitor.

INSERT MONITOR

The next flight is to Pittsburgh.

BACK TO SCENE

CARLA (CONT'D)
...Pittsburgh.

The reservationist looks at them with renewed suspicion but begins to type.

RESERVATIONIST
Bags?

CARLA
None.

The reservationist eyes them again.

CARLA (CONT'D)
A friend is watching our carryons.

This seems to appease the reservationist.

INT. BEHIND THE SECURITY SCREEN

Jean stands in her bra and panties looking aggravated. A SECURITY WOMAN looks closely at the heels of her shoes.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE

Jean and Carla rush through the crowded airport.

CARLA
What are you going to do?

JEAN
I'm going to confront him! I'm going to tell him everything. That we know about the girl, that...

Jean stops and looks around, exasperated. The fate of her relationship with Nathan is overwhelming.

JEAN (CONT'D)
We'll never find him.

CARLA
Look.

Carla pulls Jean over to a bank of monitors.

CARLA (CONT'D)
He bought a ticket from United. The next United flight is Phoenix. Gate 35a. This way.

Carla pulls Jean along.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - LATER

They hurry down the concourse and arrive at gate 35a. There are a lot of people, but Nathan is not among them.

CARLA
Maybe he's in the bathroom.

JEAN
Maybe he's on another...

Carla clutches Jean's arm. She jumps.

CARLA

Nathan!

Jean turns just in time to see Nathan, dressed in airport service duds, speed down the concourse on a motorized cart.

JEAN

What the...

Carla pulls Jean toward a SKYCAP sitting on a passenger cart.

CARLA

Hey, you.

The skycap looks up; Jean and Carla jump on.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Follow that guy!

The skycap just looks at Carla. Carla pulls a twenty from her purse and waves it. The skycap points at Nathan's disappearing cart.

CARLA (CONT'D)

That right. But not too close.

They speed away so quickly Carla and Jean nearly fall off.

The skycap weaves deftly through the passenger traffic as he follows Nathan. As they get near the end of the concourse, however, passenger traffic all but disappears.

CARLA (CONT'D)

(in the skycap's ear)

Slow.

The skycap slows. Nathan takes a right and disappears down the concourse at a remote gate.

CARLA (CONT'D)

This is good.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Jean and Carla approach the remote gate.

JEAN'S P.O.V.

She sees Nathan make his way past a guard and onto the jetway. A jumbo jet with Arabic writing on the tail waits outside.

RETURN TO SCENE

Jean pulls back.

JEAN
He went down the jetway.

Carla peeks around the corner.

CARLA'S P.O.V.

The guard looks around and does a little two-step. He has to go to the bathroom. He looks again. The place is empty. He heads for the men's room across the way.

BACK TO SCENE

CARLA
Now's our chance.

INT. JETWAY

Carla and Jean start timidly down the jetway. Jean gives Carla a doomed look as voices rise from the gate. Carla grabs Jean and pushes her toward the plane.

CARLA
(loud whisper)
Stay low.

INT. JUMBO JET

Jean and Carla enter the cabin cautiously. Nathan is nowhere to be seen. They look out a window toward the terminal gate.

JEAN AND CARLA'S P.O.V.

The men that shot at Nathan are just passing the guard.

BACK TO SCENE

JEAN
Oh, my God!

CARLA
This way!

The plane has been retrofitted for private use. At the front is a small seating area with four large chairs facing a small table. A long hallway stretches along the side of the plane with two doors. At the tail, the plane opens up again.

They head toward the tail of the plane but stop at each door and try it quickly. Both are locked. The voices behind are louder. They arrive at the tail of the plane where there is a galley and two rest rooms.

JEAN

We can't hide here!

Carla spots another door across from the far rest room they hadn't seen before. She crosses to it and opens it. It's a small storage closet with a number of small boxes inside and empty hangers. Carla pushes Jean inside and follows. It's a tight squeeze.

Carla shuts the door, just as voices (speaking Arabic) enter the cabin behind.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

The jumbo jet shoots skyward.

JEAN (V.O.)

We're going to die!

INT. PLANE'S CLOSET - LATER

It is too dark to see anything.

JEAN

You need a tic tac. (beat) I need a shower! (beat) Where do you think we're headed?

CARLA

I wonder if I can sleep standing up.

JEAN

I can, but I'll snore.

CARLA

(panicked)
Don't fall asleep!

MONTAGE INT/EXT. PLANE/DESERT AIRSTRIP - DAY

- The jumbo jet lands on a remote desert airstrip.

- People disembark.
- Nathan leaves the cargo compartment wearing a soldier's uniform.
- An Arabic man without clothes is stuffed in a small cargo compartment. Dead.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The door to the small closet opens slowly. Jean and Carla, exhausted, peer out.

JEAN

Well, we've landed. Is it safe?

CARLA

I don't hear anyone.

They exit the storage closet and go to a window.

JEAN'S P.O.V

Desert as far as the eye can see.

BACK TO SCENE

JEAN

This looks bad.

CARLA

Like a giant cat box.

JEAN

Why do I ever listen to you!

Women's voices. The sound of people entering the plane. Carla and Jean rush back to their closet. They peek out and see two Muslim women, dressed in burkas, enter the galley and begin to clean. Carla closes the door. It is black inside.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(through gritted teeth)

I have to go to the bathroom!

EXT. AIRPLANE

The cleaning crew deplanes down the ramp. The last two women out of the plane don't quite fit in and something assures us they are Jean and Carla.

INT. CLOSET OF PLANE

Two nearly naked Arabic women - tied and gagged with duct tape - struggle with their bonds.

PLACEMENT SHOT - DESERT PALACE OF ANDREAS KAMINSKY

INT. DESERT PALACE OFFICE OF ANDREAS

Andreas sits behind an enormous black desk. Hasan stands before him.

HASAN

Troops have moved into their positions and await your orders.

Andreas toys with an unlit cigar.

ANDREAS

Good. Proceed as planned. Tomorrow. Midnight. Have my plane ready for immediate departure.

EXT. DESERT INSTALLATION

A small tent city in the desert, well camouflaged, filled with hundreds of soldiers and equipment.

Some of the soldiers are drilling, some sitting about, some driving all-terrain vehicles, some taking target practice, etc. Nathan moves through, stopping occasionally to return a salute or quickly look into a tent.

INT. DESERT TENT

Two women in burkas, nearly dead on their feet, serve meals to soldiers.

C.U. ON THE WOMEN'S EYES AS THEY STAND NEXT TO EACH OTHER.

It's Jean and Carla.

INT. STORAGE TENT

Nathan slips inside. He looks through things and encounters two crates tucked under the table. They have nuclear symbols on them. Nathan opens the crates. Empty. This is bad.

EXT. DESERT PALACE - NIGHT

Nathan slips over the palace compound wall.

INT. PALACE OPERATIONS ROOM

An officer watches a monitor which shows Nathan enter the compound. He reaches for a microphone.

OFFICER
(in arabic)
Intruder. North wall.

INT. PALACE OFFICE OF ANDREAS

Andreas sits at his desk. Yousef stands near the window. A man enters and whispers to Andreas, whose face brightens.

ANDREAS
We have a guest!

INT. PALACE OPERATIONS ROOM

A monitor shows Nathan edging cautiously along a palace corridor. Officer, again speaks arabic, into a microphone (not audible). Monitor suddenly shows armed soldiers appearing at several points along the corridor. Nathan surrenders.

INT. DESERT TENT

Carla and Jean (still in their burkas) have just finished an enormous pile of dishes.

CARLA
Please let it be bedtime. I can't do anything else. I need sleep.

JEAN
I'm so tired I'd sleep anywhere.

EXT. DESERT

Carla and Jean, their faces unmasked, lay on piles of straw amid a dozen camels, kneeling and chewing their cud. Carla lays face up, Jean is up on one elbow facing Carla.

JEAN
How long before they find those girls?

CARLA
I don't know. I don't care. I'm going to sleep.

Carla closes her eyes and begins to snore immediately. Jean falls back into the straw, then rises up again as if she's going to say something, then falls back into the straw. She closes her eyes and begins to snore as well. The camels chew their cud.

INT. PALACE HOLDING CELL - MORNING

Nathan sits on the floor handcuffed to a metal ring set in a stone wall. TWO PRISON GUARDS with machine guns enter. One frees Nathan, then motions for him to proceed outside ahead of them.

INT. PALACE POOL

Nathan is escorted into the pool area where Andreas swims laps and motioned to sit at a table. Andreas climbs out of the pool, towels off, dons a robe, and comes to sit at the table with Nathan.

ANDREAS

Welcome, Mr. Stone. I trust the accommodations are to your liking?

NATHAN

I've had better.

ANDREAS

Well perhaps it will take some getting used to.

A SERVANT appears with coffee; he pours for both of them.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

You'll find the coffee most enjoyable. Breakfast?

NATHAN

Just orange juice.

Andreas nods at the servant, who quickly leaves. The two guards who accompanied Nathan stand across the room.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

You know, you can't get away with it.

Andreas sips his coffee nonchalantly.

ANDREAS

What's that?

NATHAN

Your plan. It'll never come off.

ANDREAS

Ah. But it will Mr. Stone.

NATHAN

We know all about the dirty bombs.
We just don't know the targets.

Andreas's becomes less playful.

ANDREAS

You would like me to believe that
you know more than you do and that
you have already made contact with
your base. But you don't and you
haven't.

The servant returns with juice and toast.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

Those transceivers and receivers in
your watch are very cleverly
engineered, and the other toys --
the credit card -- quite
impressive. But quite useless. They
are on their way to Pakistan. If
you're being tracked, your handlers
will be looking for you elsewhere.

Andreas examines Nathan and takes a bite of toast.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

Don't look so forlorn Mr. Stone.
Drink up! I'll be happy to show
you around after breakfast. I'm
sure you'll find it quite
interesting.

INT. DESERT TENT - DAY

Andreas and Nathan stand before a large table with a
topographic map of the Mideast; Yousef is with them.

NATHAN

You'll destroy half the oil fields!

ANDREAS

No, no, Mr. Stone. Not destroy.
Once we deliver the packages, the
oil will only be radioactively
contaminated.

NATHAN

And the differences is?

ANDREAS

The oil is still there. Someone will find a way to decontaminate it! In the meantime, my oil contracts with Venezuela, Nigeria, Libya, the Russian's... They will be worth ten, twenty, a thousand times what they are today. I can name my own price for oil.

NATHAN

What of the Arab's? Won't they be unhappy with you?

ANDREAS

I have many friends in the region. Yes, some of their oil will be useless, but what remains...

Andreas stabs at the map.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

Here. Here. Here. These will be worth trillions. And as I said, eventually someone will find a method to decontaminate the oil. It is only a temporary loss.

NATHAN

So only the developed nations lose.

ANDREAS

Exactly, Mr. Stone. Exactly.

NATHAN

And everyone blames it on terrorists.

Andreas smiles and shrugs.

ANDREAS

People are always looking for a scapegoat.

NATHAN

America has a lot of oil...

ANDREAS

But they will have to share it, Mr. Stone. And at what price.

(MORE)

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

America will have oil, but if it doesn't share it will be alone in a very dangerous world. The Arab nations will find themselves more powerful than ever.

NATHAN

The economies of the world will collapse. Recessions, hunger...

ANDREAS

But Islam will prevail. And, of course, I will make a little money as well.

Andreas laughs and waves his hand.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

Now, Mr. Stone, since I know you won't keep my plan a secret, I have no choice but to kill you. But I will wait until all is finished. I've learned, Mr. Stone, you never know when a pawn may be needed. (to Yousef) Take him back to his room.

Yousef grabs Nathan by the collar and pushes him out of the tent.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Jean and Carla stumble through camp, their burkas are dirty and covered with straw. They stop and watch as Nathan is led past them in handcuffs. We can only see their eyes sharing looks of alarm and fear.

JEAN

(whispering)

We've got to do something.

CARLA

(whispering)

What?

Great commotion erupts from the landing strip in the distance.

CARLA (CONT'D)

They found the girls!

JEAN

We better get!

Jean and Carla walk quickly through camp and enter the palace compound under cover of all the commotion.

EXT. PALACE COMPOUND

As they enter, a dozen CONCUBINES -- all tall, buxom, Nordic types -- perform aerobics in the cool morning light.

INT. PALACE OPERATIONS ROOM

The SECURITY GUARD and the OFFICER ON DUTY watch a single monitor on which the concubines exercise. Another monitor (unwatched) shows Jean and Carla slip into the first available door of the palace.

INT. PALACE DRESSING ROOM

Jean and Carla enter a dressing room/locker room for the concubines. Women's clothes are spread all over.

CARLA
I've got an idea.

JEAN
Another one?

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS

Carla and Jean, in skin-tight aerobics gear, slip outside and join the other girls.

The MADAME, who is also the aerobics leader, looks curiously at them but continues the jumping jack set, then walks over.

MADAME
Who are you?

CARLA
I'm sorry. We should have checked in sooner. We came on the plane yesterday. We were really tired, I'm afraid... Weren't you expecting us?

The Madame looks them over, focusing on their small breasts.

MADAME
Aerobics is at seven every morning. You will be prompt. Report to me later.

The Madame goes back to the front and begins running in place. The others run in place.

An ENORMOUSLY ENDOWED BLONDE just to the left of Jean and Carla nudges her neighbor, a WELL ENDOWED BLONDE, as they exercise.

ENOURMOUSLY ENDOWED GIRL
What gives?

C.U. OF JEAN AND CARLA'S PERT BUT SMALL BREASTS

WELL ENDOWED GIRL
Maybe, he's looking for some
variety.

INT. PALACE DRESSING ROOM

Girls shower and dress in harem outfits. Carla and Jean try to find bras that fit. Jean holds up an especially large specimen.

JEAN
I hate this woman.

CARLA
Do you think we can pad?

JEAN
They're see-through!

JEAN'S P.O.V.

Jean spots a MAN at the door with the Madame. They speak. Madame gestures toward Jean and Carla.

BACK TO SCENE

JEAN (CONT'D)
We've been fingered!

Carla looks up.

CARLA
Shit!

Jean and Carla, still wearing their exercise tights, sprint through the room and out the only other available door.

INT. PALACE HALLWAY

Jean and Carla in a long hallway.

JEAN
Where to?

CARLA

Why do you keep asking me? Have I been here before? This way, I guess.

They race down the hallway.

INT. PALACE HOLDING CELL

Nathan's guard takes off one handcuff so he can loop them through the ring in the wall when the intruder alarm starts to howl. Nathan seizes the opportunity and punches the guard, sends him flying into a wall. Nathan dives for the man's machine gun, grabs it and while still rolling, shoots and kills the other guard.

INT. PALACE HALLWAY - NATHAN'S P.O.V.

Looking out of his holding cell. The hallway is empty. Nathan begins his escape.

INT. PALACE BEDROOM

Jean and Carla run panicked and panting into a palatial bedroom and slam the gilded door behind them.

CARLA

There's no lock!

JEAN

Get a chair!

They look around. The only chair weighs maybe 300 pounds.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Okay, how about a...

Bullets rip through the door. Jean and Carla scream and exit outside through ornate French patio doors.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS

Nathan makes his way along the outside of the palace, carefully checking for cameras. He spots a camera, but can see it's pointed away from him. He edges toward it, positioning himself in its blind spot. The camera pans slowly back the way Nathan came. Nathan moves off safely.

INT. PALACE OPERATIONS ROOM

An officer watches the monitor that shows the camera view above Nathan.

EXT. PALACE BEDROOM PATIO

Jean and Carla find themselves in a sheltered patio surrounded by palms, bushes, flowers and other greenery. There are chaise lounges, a table and chairs, and a large hot tub. They look about frantically for someplace to run or someplace to hide. Carla looks up at the palms.

CARLA
Can you climb?

JEAN
Be serious!

CARLA
The hot tub!

Carla pushes Jean to it.

JEAN
But...

Carla jumps in. The water comes to her chest.

CARLA
Come on!

JEAN
But...

Carla reaches over and turns the thing on. Bubbles form as Carla pulls a reluctant Jean in. They take deep breaths and submerge.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS

Nathan sprints across a short section of grass and pushes through brush to the same patio with the hot tub. He hears voices in the bedroom and sprints into the brush on the other side of the patio.

EXT. PALACE BEDROOM PATIO

Guards burst onto the empty patio and search about.

EXT. HOT TUB (UNDERWATER)

Jean and Carla have been holding their breath for a very long time. Jean motions to Carla she has to surface. She does.

JEAN'S P.O.V.

Three guards stare at her. They start to laugh.

EXT. HOT TUB

Carla pops up gasping for air. The guards laugh harder.

JEAN

That's the last time I listen to
you!

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS

Nathan climbs a palm to the top of the compound wall. He scampers over and jumps into a Jeep below. He starts the Jeep and drives off. A beat later, a Jeep with three soldiers speeds through the frame after him.

EXT. DESERT

A chase continues across desert dunes, cars leaping in the air. Gunfire from the trailing Jeep. Nathan's Jeep disappears for a moment as it tops a dune. The following Jeep continues, but as it crests the dune, it finds Nathan's Jeep is right there! The driver of the second Jeep swerves to avoid hitting Nathan's Jeep and the second Jeep nosedives and flips. Nathan floors his Jeep toward an airstrip below.

EXT. DESERT AIRSTRIP

Nathan pulls up to a small fighter jet and scrambles into the cockpit. In the background men run at him. Nathan starts the jet, lowers the cockpit cover, and starts to taxi as soldiers fire at him.

Nathan turns the jet and guns the engine, which blasts everyone within range. A few men are blown away. A Jeep overturns and bursts into flames.

Nathan taxis down the runway. A man runs to jump onto the wing, but trips and gets sucked through the engine. Nathan grimaces. A red cloud explodes behind the jet. Nathan gathers speed and the jet pops into the air, then disappears over a low sand dune as Andreas's men recover.

INT. PALACE TORTURE CHAMBER

Damp and disheveled, Jean and Carla sit strapped to large metal chairs back-to-back. The walls of the room are covered with evil looking gadgets. There's tape over their mouths and they are alone looking terrified.

Yousef enters. He slowly circles the women, whose eyes follow him as closely as possible. Yousef smiles and plays with his mustache.

Finally Yousef goes to a particularly evil looking thing on the wall with spikes projecting from every angle and picks it up. Carla screams quietly into her gag; her eyes filled with terror.

Jean struggles violently, attempting to see what's happening. Yousef returns the evil-looking tool to its place on the wall and comes to stand in front of Carla.

YOUSEF

I think you will be first to talk.

Yousef strips the tape from Carla's mouth. Carla spits out a wad of cloth.

CARLA

(machine gun-like)

I'm just the friend. She's his girlfriend! We were just...

As Carla spills her guts, Jean, surprised and angry, begins thrashing and growling. Yousef smiles and listens.

CARLA (CONT'D)

...following him. But not really.
We had no idea ...

INT. FIGHTER JET

Nathan flies calmly and watches for interceptors. The radio starts to crackle.

ARABIC VOICE (O.S.)

Desert One to Tornado Five...Desert
One to Tornado Five. Mr. Stone?

Nathan looks surprised. He reaches forward and flips on the radio.

NATHAN

Stone here.

ARABIC VOICE (O.S.)

One moment....

ANDREAS (O.S.)

Hello, Mr. Stone.

NATHAN

Mr. Kaminsky? Sorry I couldn't stay for the little party you planned for me but, well you know. What can I do for you?

ANDREAS (O.S.)
 It's quite all right, Mr. Stone.
 It's actually of little
 consequence. In case you hadn't
 noticed, the jet you borrowed was
 awaiting refueling. You won't even
 reach the coast.

NATHAN'S P.O.V.

The fuel gauge is already flashing 'Low.'

BACK TO SCENE

NATHAN
 And you called to offer...?

ANDREAS (O.S.)
 Nothing Mr. Stone. I just wanted a
 friend of yours to say hello before
 you had to ditch. The desert is
 such an inhospitable place for
 foreigners.

INT. PALACE TORTURE CHAMBER

Yousef holds the microphone up to Jean.

JEAN
 (nervous)
 Nathan?

INT. FIGHTER JET

Nathan loses the smirk on his face and looks alarmed.

NATHAN
 Jean?

ANDREAS (O.S.)
 Yes, Mr. Stone. Jean and her
 friend Carla. They decided to drop
 in. Isn't that nice of them.
 Goodbye, Mr. Stone. And don't
 worry. I'll take good care of your
 friends. (demonic laughter)

The connection ends. Nathan looks worried. He banks the jet
 hard left.

INT. PALACE TORTURE CHAMBER

Andreas is still grinning when he hands the microphone to a LACKEY. He leans close to Jean.

ANDREAS

Your boyfriend's going to die a very slow and painful death in the desert. But then, your own death may be equally unpleasant.

Yousef pulls out his scimitar and sticks the point of it against Jean's neck. Jean pulls away as much as possible. Andreas puts his hand on Yousef's arm to hold him back. Yousef resheaths the blade.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

We'll talk more later.

Andreas and Yousef leave Jean and Carla, terrified, alone in the torture chamber.

INT. FIGHTER JET

Nathan scans the desert out the canopy. A low fuel alarm beeps incessantly.

NATHAN'S P.O.V.

Desert, then suddenly a bedouin camp on the horizon.

BACK TO SCENE

Nathan's hand goes to the eject button. He pushes it. The canopy explodes and he's ejected.

EXT. DESERT

A chute opens and Nathan floats to earth. In the distance, the jet crashes and explodes. Nathan lands and begins to shed his parachute when he is suddenly surrounded by two dozen Bedouin SOLDIERS, their rifles aimed at him.

HABBUBA, a huge man and the obvious leader -- bigger and meaner looking than Yousef -- steps forward looking very grim. Nathan sheds his helmet casually, Habbuba grins and rushes forward, arms outstretched. Nathan throws an arm around Habbuba.

HABBUBA

Nathan, my son. We weren't expecting you until tomorrow!

NATHAN

It's good to see you again,
Habbuba, but there's no time to
chat. I need a secure radio.

HABBUBA

(looking serious)
Of course, but why?

NATHAN

I'll explain on the way.

INT. BEDOUIN TENT

Nathan on the radio with COMMANDER BLACK on the aircraft carrier USS Rondevous in the Persian Gulf. Habbuba stands near.

BLACK (FILTERED)

We can't send anyone in. We'd
start a war. It takes more than a
kidnapping to invade, I'm afraid.
You'll have to handle it locally.

NATHAN

And Andreas's plan?

BLACK (FILTERED)

I'll pass the information to
Washington. I'm sure we'll take
action, but we need to go through
channels.

NATHAN

I understand, commander. Signing
off.

Nathan switches off the radio and puts down the microphone.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Any idea on how I can get back to
Andreas's camp quickly.

Habbuba scratches his three-day growth of beard and thinks, then his face brightens and he smiles.

HABBUBA

A package came for you. It may be
just what you need. It was suppose
to help you get to the coast,
but...

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

Nathan and Habbuba stand on the crest of a great sand dune. Nathan is strapped into an incredible contraption that looks for all the world like a giant moth! Habbuba takes Nathan by the shoulders, pulls him close and kisses both cheeks.

NATHAN

Be sure it's dark when you arrive.
Andreas has many men. You'll need
to surprise them.

HABBUBA

Do not worry, my son, we will be
close behind. Until then, may
Allah protect you.

NATHAN

And you as well.

Nathan turns, takes a few running steps, and the wings of the 'moth' contract and carry him noiselessly skyward. A blaze yellow Hummer pulls up next to Habbuba. Habbuba picks up a sub-machine gun resting in his seat, gets into the Hummer and shouts in Arabic.

The camera booms up and back to reveal at least 30 yellow Hummers filled with Bedouin soldiers driving at top speed across the desert in three 'v' formations.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The palace compound illuminated below as Nathan sails into view and lands on the far side of a dune.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Nathan climbs to a rise and looks down through binoculars at the compound. Then he moves forward.

EXT. PALACE COMPOUND

Nathan moves in close to the palace wall.

INT. PALACE TORTURE CHAMBER

Jean and Carla sit alone. Their gags have been removed.

JEAN

Why do you think they took off the
gags?

INT. PALACE OPERATIONS ROOM

On the monitor, Carla turns away from the camera.

INT. PALACE TORTURE CHAMBER

Carla's face is away from the camera monitoring the room.

CARLA
(whispering softly)
They're hoping we'll say something.

JEAN
You already told them everything!

Carla ignores the dig.

CARLA
(whispering softly)
I've got a plan. Play along.

JEAN
Do I have a choice?

CARLA
(loud) Isn't that big guard
gorgeous? Did you see his eyes! I
just love these dark men with their
big brown eyes.

JEAN
What?

CARLA
I don't care. I know they're going
to kill us. I only hope that
before they do... I hope... I hope
they take us many times.

JEAN
What!?

CARLA
I can't help it, Jean. I go crazy
around men like that. Their dark
hair and skin. It makes me hot just
to think...

INT. PALACE OPERATIONS ROOM

The LIEUTENANT and his ASSISTANT stare at the monitor as the camera zooms in on Carla.

CARLA
 ...sounds sick, but I can't help
 it. If they give me a last
 request, I'm going to tell them I
 want to be their sex slave!

JEAN
 Carla!

CARLA
 Wouldn't you LOVE to be their sex
 slave? Just for an hour.

Carla licks her lips sensuously and closes her eyes.

INT. PALACE OPERATIONS ROOM

The soldiers are inches from the monitor, nearly drooling.
 The lieutenant wipes sweat from his forehead.

INT. PALACE TORTURE CHAMBER

Carla has her eyes partially closed.

CARLA
 I'm soooo thirsty. Aren't you
 thirsty, Jean. I'd give anything
 for a tall glass of ice cold water.

Carla licks her lips again sensually.

INT. PALACE OPERATIONS ROOM

The soldiers have their eyes locked on Carla's face, ignoring
 the monitor above them reveals Nathan climbing the compound
 wall.

The following exchange is in Arabic with English subtitles.

SOLDIER
 I think I should bring her some
 water. We were told...

The lieutenant stands back from the monitor and straightens
 his uniform.

LIEUTENANT
 You? I cannot trust you with such
 an important assignment.

SOLDIER
 But I thought the lieutenant was
 never to leave...

LIEUTENANT

That is why you are still a private! You do not understand when it is important to bend the rules. Shut up and stay put. I will see what she is really up to.

The lieutenant leaves. The private watches the monitor.

INT. PALACE ROOM - NIGHT

Nathan enters a room and moves quickly to the door.

INT. PALACE TORTURE CHAMBER

The lieutenant enters with a tray holding a bottle of water and a glass of ice. He approaches Carla, who smiles at him and licks her lips seductively.

CARLA

Is that for me?

Carla bats her eyes. The lieutenant shows his beautiful white teeth.

LIEUTENANT

It may be for you. Maybe not.

CARLA

(very seductive)

I would do anything for a tall glass of cold, clear water.

Carla runs her tongue along her lips even more sensuously than before. The lieutenant's face is beaded in sweat. He looks up at the camera, then back at Carla.

CARLA (CONT'D)

You'll have to untie me if I'm really going to show my appreciation. I promise to be good. I'll be very, very good -- if you know what I mean.

The lieutenant puts down the tray and moves toward the camera.

INT. PALACE OPERATIONS ROOM

The monitor reveals the lieutenant approaching. His hand grows large, then the monitor turns to snow and the speaker turns to static.

SOLDIER
 (in English)
 Asshole. Who want's to watch
 anyway.

INT. PALACE TORTURE CHAMBER

The lieutenant begins to untie Carla's restrains, then stops.

LIEUTENANT
 You are very pretty, but I think
 you are not sincere...

The lieutenant switches his attention to Jean.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
 ...and I am partial to blondes.

The lieutenant strokes Jean's face with the back of his hand and toys with a stand of her hair. Jean cringes at his touch. He laughs and reaches down into Jean's crotch.

CARLA
 Leave her alone!

Carla struggles with her bonds and tries to see what is going on. The lieutenant laughs again. Jean is outraged and struggles mightily with her bonds.

C. U. ON JEAN'S LEFT WRIST AND THE STRAP HOLDING IT

The strap suddenly breaks.

BACK TO SCENE

Jean's fist smashes the lieutenant right on the temple. He goes down hard. Jean screams out victoriously. Carla, unable to see, misunderstands...

CARLA (CONT'D)
 You bastard! Leave her alone!

JEAN
 Carla...Carla. It's okay. I
 knocked him out!

CARLA
 Huh?

Carla stretches to look and sees the lieutenant lying on the floor. Jean frees herself and starts works on Carla's straps.

When Carla is finally loose, she rubs her wrists and goes over to where the lieutenant lies. She kicks him in the groin. He moans and lies still.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Dumb ass.

INT. PALACE BEDROOM

Nathan eases through a partially open door, but an alarm sounds just as he does.

INT. PALACE TORTURE CHAMBER

Jean and Carla hear the alarm and panic.

CARLA

Crap!

Carla starts to run. Jean stands fast. Carla notices

CARLA (CONT'D)

What?

JEAN

I'm not following you. You keep getting us deeper and deeper in trouble.

Carla looks around. This isn't the right time and place for this. On the other hand, Jean looks determined.

CARLA

Okay. You lead.

Jean perks up.

JEAN

Okay, I will.

Jean runs to the doorway and looks out.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Which way do you think we should go?

INT. PALACE HALLWAY

Nathan runs through the palace, he shoots cameras as he goes with a silenced sub-machine gun. Soldiers appear and he exchanges gunfire. The soldiers chase him, but Nathan disappears through a doorway.

INT. PALACE HALLWAY

Jean and Carla are seen from the back making their way along a hallway. The shooting is not close, but appears to be coming closer.

Suddenly two soldiers appear at the end of the hallway. Jean and Carla do an about-face and race back at the camera. The soldiers shout and run after at them.

INT. PALACE HALLWAY

Nathan manages to stay ahead of his pursuers and slips through yet another doorway as soldiers run past.

INT. PALACE BEDROOM

Jean and Carla enter and brace the door with their shoulders while looking for some way to lock the door. It's the same bedroom they were in before!

JEAN

I don't believe this!

The soldiers bang on the door. Jean and Carla leave the door and run out to the patio.

EXT. PALACE BEDROOM PATIO

They look at each other. They look at the hot tub, which is still running. Jean's eyes say 'no.' Carla is already heading for the tub.

Carla jumps in, takes a deep breath, and goes under. Jean reluctantly follows and ducks under just as their pursuers enter the patio.

The pursuers stop and look. Nathan appears through the bushes, surprising the guards. He shoots them dead and continues on.

A few moments pass. Carla and Jean slowly surface. They see the dead soldiers. They look at one another in amazement.

Shouts grow near. Jean and Carla duck again below the surface. Several soldiers enter, examine their fallen comrades and move on. Jean and Carla rise slowly to the surface. The patio is empty.

JEAN

Let's get out of here.

The women climb out the tub and disappear through the bushes.

EXT. COMPOUND WALL - NIGHT

Jean and Carla drop from the wall and scurry away.

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR

Nathan ducks into a closet and closes it. His pursuers run past. After they have gone, Nathan steals out into the hallway and backtracks.

EXT. DESERT AIRSTRIP

The girls crouch behind a Jeep. The jumbo jet on which they came is fifty yards away. There are no guards, the ramp is in position and the doorway is open and dimly lit.

CARLA

We'll hide on board and...

JEAN

That's the first place they'll look!

CARLA

Okay, what's your plan?

Jean stares a long time at the jumbo jet.

JEAN

I'll fly it.

Carla laughs.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I'm serious!

CARLA

You can't fly that!

JEAN

Yes I can.

CARLA

Jean, that's not an 'imaginary' plane on your computer.

JEAN

So? Look. We can't walk out of here. And we can't drive. What choice do we have? I know I can get it in the air. After that, we'll just have to pray we get someone on the radio to help us down.

Jean starts walking toward the plane. Carla balks, then follows.

CARLA
You'll going to kill us both!

JEAN
It can't be worse than drowning in a hot tub. Come on. Before whoever is suppose to be guarding this thing comes back.

Jean and Carla sprint toward the plane.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Jean looks over the instrument panel. Carla enters, slides into the copilot's seat, and begins fumbling with her seat belt.

JEAN
Did you shut the door?

CARLA
I sealed the coffin.

Jean sneers at her. Carla continues to fumble with the seat belt.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Why am I doing this? We're going to die anyway.

JEAN
This looks just like the instrument panel on the computer.

Jean reaches out and presses a button. One of the engines comes to life. The instrument panel lights up. Jean, pleased with herself, gives Carla a smirk. Carla sneers. Jean presses three other buttons. The other engines start.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Now if...

Jean pulls back on the throttles. The engines rev and the plane begins to move.

CARLA
(muttering)
Do you know the Lord's Prayer?

JEAN

Carla, that's not helpful. See if you can find a manual for the radio.

CARLA

Okay. It'll take my mind off death.
(beat) I could use some lights.

Jean reaches over and flips a switch. Lights come on in the cabin.

JEAN

How's that?

Carla leaves her seat and begins looking through the cockpit cabin for manuals.

CARLA

Just 'cause you can find the light switch doesn't mean you're Orville Reddenbacher!

JEAN

That's Orville WRIGHT.

Carla shrugs and continues to look about the cabin.

EXT. DESERT AIRSTRIP

The jumbo jet begins to taxi. A few men are now chasing on foot, and a single Jeep follows them.

The plane gets to the end of the runway and turns. The engines rev up.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Carla has a pile of manuals in her lap.

JEAN

You'd better strap yourself in.

Carla pushes the manuals to the floor and takes the ends of the seat belt.

CARLA

I think I'm going to be sick.

Jean pulls back on the throttles, the jet starts to gain speed.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I know I'm going to be sick.

EXT. RUNWAY

The jet screams down the runway.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Out the window, the end of the runway is visible.

JEAN
Hold on!

Jean pulls back on the yoke, but nothing happens. The plane won't take off. A large sand dune looms ahead. Jean guns the engines and pulls on the yoke harder.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Pull! Pull!

Carla grabs her yoke. They pull together.

EXT. DESERT AIRSTRIP

Just as the plane reaches the end of the runway, it lumbers into the air. But will it clear the dune?

The plane's landing gear just misses the sand dune at the end of the runway. Carla and Jean scream (V.O.). The plane disappears behind the dune for a moment, then it reappears and begins a relatively smooth ascent. Two SOLDIERS fire hopelessly at the plane in the night sky.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Jean and Carla jubilant.

JEAN AND CARLA
We did it! We did it!

JEAN
Get on the radio and find someone!

Carla puts the headphones on and finds a radio switch. A light glows green.

CARLA
May Day! May Day! Hello? Help!
Can you hear me? Can anybody hear
me? May Day! May Day! May Day...
(to herself) I have no idea what
I'm doing.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER OPERATIONS ROOM

A SEAMAN has his headphones on. His head is cocked, listening. Commander Black is nearby.

SEAMAN

Sir, we've got a jumbo on the screen. It just took off from that desert airstrip. Do you think it might be Mr. Stone?

BLACK

Possible. Try to raise it.

INT. PALACE HALLWAY

Nathan is surrounded by soldiers. He drops his gun, puts his hands on his head, and surrenders. Yousef, Hasan, and Andreas appear.

HASAN

You are too much trouble.

ANDREAS

Get rid of him. (to Hasan) And call our friends in Riyadh. Tell them to force that plane down. If they can't force it down, tell them to shoot it down.

NATHAN

(cocky)
Lost another plane?

ANDREAS

(cold)
Yes, we have.

NATHAN

Too bad.

ANDREAS

Too bad for your friends.

NATHAN

What do you mean?

Andreas grins. Nathan looks from one face to another for an answer.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Jean struggles with the controls. The plane weaves back and forth and up and down. Carla is having trouble staying in her seat and shoots Jean dirty looks. A manual lies open on her lap and she has her headphones on.

CARLA
May Day. May Day...

SEAMAN (O.S.)
(crackling)
This is the U.S.S. Rondevous
calling unidentified jumbo. Can
you read me?

CARLA
Yes, Yes. We hear you. We read
you. Help! What do we do? We
don't know what we're doing. We
don't know...

SEAMAN (O.S.)
Please identify yourself.

Carla stares at the microphone a moment, confused. Then...

CARLA
My name is Carla Bennett.

SEAMAN (O.S.)
Is Mr. Stone aboard?

CARLA
No. No he's not. He's ... Listen.
My friend is flying the plane. Jean
Evans. We were kidnapped. We just
escaped from...

SEAMAN (O.S.)
What nationality are you?

CARLA
We're Americans! Now listen...

SEAMAN (O.S.)
Are you requesting assistance?

CARLA
Yes! Yes! Of course we're...
Listen. We don't know what we're
doing. You've got to help us?

Long pause. Jean and Carla share concerned looks.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER OPERATIONS ROOM

Commander Black hovers over the seaman on the radio. An aide stands nearby.

BLACK

Okay, you heard 'em. They've identified themselves as kidnapped Americans and they're requesting assistance. Scramble the wing.

AIDE

Aye, aye, sir.

BLACK

Get me the Admiral on the secure line. Oh, and you'd better get ready to patch me through to the Saudi ambassador in Washington and our ambassador in Riyadh as well.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

SEAMAN (O.S.)

Sorry for the delay, ma'am. Let me speak with the pilot please.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER DECK

Fighter jets take off into the night sky.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Jean is alone in the cockpit with headphones on.

SEAMAN (O.S.)

Okay, you're heading into the interior. I want you to begin a slow one-eighty. Nice and easy. We need to get you to international airspace as soon as possible, but don't make any sudden moves. Let's check your instruments.

Carla comes back carrying a basket full of tiny liquor bottles. Jean obviously disapproves.

SEAMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

How are you for fuel?

Carla climbs into the copilot seat.

CARLA
 You know we'll never land this
 thing.

JEAN
 Don't be such a pessimist!

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER OPERATIONS ROOM

Commander Black speaks into a secure phone.

BLACK
 Yes Admiral. I believe we have
 sufficient cause under
 international law to join and
 escort the plane to international
 airspace. I have your permission?
 Good.

He tucks the phone against his chest.

BLACK (CONT'D)
 Sargent, tell the wing commander
 we're going in.

AIDE
 Commander, the Saudi's have
 scrambled a wing to intercept.

Black's face darkens.

EXT. JET PLANES IN SKY

A formation of ten jet fighters turn on afterburners and
 shoot through the frame.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Jean adjusts the throttles of the engines.

JEAN
 How'm I doing?

SEAMAN (O.S.)
 You're doing fine. But I'm afraid
 I have some rather unsettling
 news...

Carla shoots an 'I told you so' look at Jean, uncaps one of
 the liquor bottles, and lets it spill down her throat.

SEAMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...There are several fighter jets
 on their way to intercept you. We
 have several fighters coming to
 your aid as well, but they probably
 won't reach you in time.

Carla opens a second bottle and drains it.

SEAMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The unfriendlies should reach you
 in about four minutes.

Carla opens another bottle and is about to pour it into her
 mouth.

JEAN
 Give me one of those.

CARLA
 No! You're flying.

EXT. DESERT

Andreas on the radio in his speeding Hummer. He's in a good
 mood.

ANDREAS
 All is proceeding on schedule and
 the teams are in position? Good.
 Tell them to wait for my order? I
 am almost there.

EXT. ATTACK SITE SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDEAST - NIGHT

A COMMANDER gives orders with his hands. A box is opened and
 a cylinder with a radioactive label is removed. The
 commander looks through field glasses.

COMMANDER'S P.O.V.

A small group of men work an oil well. A single security
 guard stands near a small hut. Quick scan to a larger
 building and more lights. The lights turn out one by one
 until all the lights are extinguished.

RETURN TO SCENE

The commander silently motions to move. A squad of men move
 cautiously forward. The commander nods at the man who has the
 nuclear cylinder. The man follows behind the others.

INT. PALACE ROOM

Nathan sits casually in a chair. He is hopelessly surrounded by guards, but untied.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT

Jean flies the plane. Carla sits in the copilot seat with a half-dozen small bottles lined up in front of her. Her head swings back and forth in tune to some unheard melody.

SEAMAN (O.S.)

I'll talk you through some evasive maneuvers, but you have to understand, they probably have Sidewinder missiles.

Jean looks depressed.

CARLA

Ask again why we can't bail out?

JEAN

Why can't we bail out?

SEAMAN (O.S.)

Well, I doubt if there are any parachutes aboard and I also doubt we could rescue you in the desert. Jumping from a jumbo is not advised.

CARLA

(yelling)

Neither is dying in a plane crash!

SEAMAN (O.S.)

Yes. Well, you should begin to see the interceptors about now.

On cue, a jet whizzes past the window, then another, then another.

ARAB VOICE (O.S.)

(on the radio - heavily accented)

This is commander ADDAS of the Saudi Airforce. You must execute a turn and land at Riyadh. This is the only warning you will receive. If you do not do as directed, we will open fire.

SEAMAN (O.S.)

Dive!

Jean pushes forward on the yoke and puts the plane into a steep dive. The bottles in front of Carla clatter to the floor. Jean and Carla share looks of horror.

INT. LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM

Riley sits in front of an oversized computer monitor with Franklin and several other MEN in dark suits standing behind.

RILEY

Quite simple really. Modern jets are controlled completely by microprocessors. The pilot at the controls, while manually adjusting a yoke and foot pedals is only sending signals to a microprocessor which in turn signals other microprocessors to adjust various parameters such as yaw, trim, engine speed, and so on.

Riley's fingers dash along the keyboard and the monitor displays an enormous number of digital readouts.

RILEY (CONT'D)

There we go. Now let's see. Oh, my. They are in trouble.

Riley's hand goes to a joystick to his right. He pulls the joystick back and to the left slightly.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

The plane stops diving and begins to rise and bank to the left. Jean looks mistrustfully at Carla. Carla raises her hands in the air as if to say 'didn't touch anything.'

INT. LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM

Riley is intent on the monitor.

RILEY

That's better. As I was saying, Mr. Kaminsky's plane has two unique features. One of which was Mr. Kaminsky's idea and the other of which was ours.

FRANKLIN

(to the other men)

As you know Mr. Kaminsky has been on our wanted list for some time. When he ordered the jet, we managed to replace the usual microprocessors with modified ones capable of receiving signals from our Safehouse satellite...

EXT. SPACE

Satellite in space. A light blinks continuously.

INT. LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM

Riley pulls back on the joystick.

RILEY

... and gives us control of the aircraft.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Jean and Carla are suddenly thrown back in their seats as the jet begins to climb.

JEAN

What are you doing?

CARLA

I'm not doing anything!

Jean fights with the controls.

INT. LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM

Riley makes fine adjustments with the joystick. The guests are focused on the monitor.

RILEY

It's quite like controlling a video game. In fact, if I enter this mode...

Riley's fingers dance across the keyboard and the monitor displays an image like that of a video game with a large jet image in the middle flying over simulated sand dunes.

RILEY (CONT'D)

...it really does mimic a video game. Now, let me see.

FRANKLIN

Shouldn't we contact the young ladies and let them know we have control?

RILEY

Unfortunately there's no way to do that without tipping our hand. If Nathan were with them we could use his secure line. But if we try the radio, we'll only be aiding the unfriendlies. They'll survive, I'm sure.

FRANKLIN

So what next? I assume you have a plan.

Riley watches the monitor.

RILEY

Ah, the plan. Well, remember I mentioned the plane has another feature. We've got to time it just right...

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Jean tries everything she can to control the plane, but there is no response.

ARABIC VOICE (O.S.)

Bank left and reduce speed immediately or we open fire.

SEAMAN (O.S.)

Dive! Dive!

A jet flies past the window and fires a volley of bullets across the nose, but they are not intended to hit them. Carla, who has a whole lap full of bottles, opens and downs two simultaneously, then opens another.

JEAN

Give me just one!

CARLA

No! You're driving!

JEAN

I AM NOT!

EXT. DESERT

One of Andreas's CAPTAINS looks through binoculars at the planes in the sky. A private holds a radio microphone.

PRIVATE

They have ignored instructions.
What are your orders?

CAPTAIN

Shoot it down.

PRIVATE

(into his radio)
Shoot it down.

INT. LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM

Riley leans close to the computer monitor, intensely focused. The others are still gathered around. The monitor displays the jumbo jet and the six jets tailing it. Suddenly six red lights appear, one on each jet.

RILEY

Ah, there we go. They've armed the
missiles. Now we've got to time it
just so...

We see Riley's thumb go to the button on the top of the joystick, but he does not press it.

INT. ARAB JET COCKPIT

A pilot's hand goes to the button to fire the air-to-air missiles.

PILOT'S P.O.V.

The jumbo jet is in his crosshairs.

RETURN TO SCENE

PILOT

(in Arabic)
Fire!

The pilot presses the button. A rocket shoots from beneath his plane.

INT. LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM

Riley looking intently at the monitor.

RILEY

Here we go.

INSERT MONITOR

The monitor shows a computer generated image of a jumbo jet and six missiles (indicated in red) rocketing toward it.

RETURN TO SCENE

RILEY (CONT'D)

Just a moment...

Riley's thumb is still poised.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Now.

Riley's thumb comes down on the joystick button.

EXT. SPACE

The light on the satellite blinks very quickly.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Alarms blare with deafening sound.

MECHANICAL VOICE

Incoming. Incoming.

SEAMAN (O.S.)

Dive! Dive!

Jean and Carla say goodbye to each other with their eyes.

EXT. JUMBO JET (REAR VIEW)

Missiles approaching. One strikes the tail of the plane and explodes. Other missiles also strike.

EXT. JUMBO JET (FRONT VIEW)

A huge ball of flames begins to rapidly envelope the jet from the rear. But just as the cockpit is about to be engulfed in flame, there is another explosion and the cockpit rockets toward the camera.

INT. JUMBO JET COCKPIT

Jean and Carla scream as fire fills the cockpit windows. Suddenly they are thrown back in their seats as the cockpit rockets forward, escaping the ball of fire.

EXT. JUMBO JET (FRONT VIEW)

The cockpit, which has blasted free from the body of the jet, has developed wings and a tail. A single jet engine, mounted beneath, ignites and the plane rockets forward and down. It is a small, odd-looking thing, but it's a viable aircraft!

INT. LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM

Riley takes a deep breath and leans back in the chair.

RILEY

Simons, take over. Make sure you keep them on the deck. I'm sure the unfriendlies have already headed home, but just to be safe...

SIMONS, 30-something, nerd with glasses, takes control from Riley. Riley stands and Franklin slaps him on the shoulder.

FRANKLIN

Good job Riley. Bradley, send a coded message to Commander Black. Tell him to expect an aircraft in ...

RILEY

Oh about an hour I expect. That escape plane has a Douglas X-58 SPV. Quite powerful actually.

Riley begins to lead the observers away.

SIMONS

Sir?

Riley stops and turns.

RILEY

Yes. What is it?

SIMONS

I don't seem to have control.

Riley purses his lips.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT

Jean and Carla terrified. What's left of the plane rockets toward the desert floor at an amazing speed. Jean fights with the controls.

EXT. DESERT CAMP

The sky explodes with light from the jumbo jet explosion. Andreas watches it for a moment, then a FLUNKY appears and hands Andreas a palm pilot.

FLUNKY

Whenever you're ready, sir. No one moves without your order.

Andreas looks down at the palm pilot. On it is the word GO. His thumb hovers over the 'SEND' key...

EXT. SKY

A huge section of burning plane falling through dark sky.

EXT. DESERT CAMP

The sky brightens suddenly. Yelling and running. Andreas looks up. His face pales in fear. WHAM, he's engulfed in flames. The whole place blows up.

EXT. DESERT ATTACK SITE SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDEAST

Troops crouch in the desert. An Officer looks at his watch.

OFFICER

(in Arabic with subtitles)

Something's wrong. Get Hasan on the radio.

A SOLDIER activates the field radio.

EXT. PALACE COMPOUND

The sky grows bright. We hear yelling and running. Suddenly a large chunk of the airplane lands in the palace compound and blows out a palace wall.

INT. PALACE ROOM

The wall explodes. Nathan and his guards are thrown around. Nathan recovers quickly snatches a machine gun and kills several guards as others scramble away. Nathan heads for the opening in the wall.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS

Nathan runs outside. Chaos. Concubines run around with soldiers. No one has any sense of where they are or what is happening. There are fires and secondary explosions. A SOLDIER rushes by on fire.

Nathan spots Hasan; Hasan spots Nathan. Hasan runs for a Jeep and heads out into the desert night.

Nathan runs for another Jeep and takes off after him.

INT. LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM

Riley and the others watch the monitor sternly.

SIMONS

They've gone off radar.

FRANKLIN

Heaven help them.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT

Jean and Carla stare with horror as the black desert looms ever nearer. Jean continues to wrestle with the controls, but it seems hopeless. Then suddenly, the yoke moves an inch. Jean pulls hard. The plane starts to level off and they start back up. Jean and Carla share relieved looks, but they are short lived. A warning buzzer sounds angrily.

C.U. INSTRUMENT PANEL LIGHT FLASHING RED.

The label next to the light reads 'Fuel.'

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. DESERT

Hasan speeds through the frame. A moment later Nathan speeds through the frame shooting at Hasan.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT

Jean has control now but the buzzer is as angry as ever.

JEAN

We've got to land.

CARLA

In the desert?

JEAN

Well we can't... Wait a minute...

Out the cockpit window is the desert camp, illuminated by multiple fires, and the desert airstrip, dimly lit.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Who says you can't go home again.
(beat) Hold on.

EXT. DESERT AIRSTRIP

The clumsy looking aircraft approaches the runway. The wheels touch down. The plane taxis and stops.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT

Jean sits in the pilot seat absolutely beaming. Carla looks as if she might be sick. Carla notes Jean's expression.

CARLA

What are you grinning about? We're back where we started!

JEAN

I know. But I did it!

CARLA

What did you do?

JEAN

I landed?

CARLA

So?

JEAN

I've never made a successful landing before!

Carla runs out of the cabin and we hear retching.

EXT. AIRPLANE

Carla and Jean emerge from the belly of the plane onto an empty airfield. They can see bright fires from the direction of the palace and others from the direction of the camp. There are no other planes on the airstrip.

A Jeep sits at the edge of the runway and they make for it. Carla hops in the front seat. Jean reaches over and takes the keys.

JEAN

Uh..Uh..Uh.

Carla reluctantly climbs into the passenger seat. Jean climbs in the driver's seat. As she starts the Jeep...

CARLA
What's the plan?

Jean grinds the gears and they jerk several times before she gets the clutch out.

JEAN
I haven't a clue. Let's...

Jean is interrupted as Hasan's Jeep crests a sand dune directly in front of them. Jean slams on the brakes to avoid a collision. A split-second later, Nathan's Jeep crests the sand dune and speeds through their headlights. He's so intent on catching Hasan, he doesn't even glance their way.

For a moment Jean and Carla just stare. Then...

JEAN (CONT'D)
Nathan?

CARLA
Follow him!

Jean grinds the Jeep into gear and tears off after Nathan.

EXT. NATHAN'S JEEP

Nathan drives wildly across the desert after Hasan. He spots headlights in his rearview mirror, aims his machine gun over his shoulder and fires.

EXT. JEAN'S JEEP

Bullets shatter the windshield and bounce off the Jeep. Jean and Carla scream as Jean slams on the brakes. Dazed, they sit in the Jeep and watch as steam and water shoot from the hood and radiator.

EXT. NATHAN'S JEEP

Nathan glances in the rearview mirror and notes the headlights are no longer following. Ahead, Hasan's Jeep has crested another sand dune. When Nathan gets to the top of the dune, Hasan's Jeep is halfway to the desert camp below. Nathan stops and looks down at the camp where fires burn. He turns away.

EXT. DESERT

Jean and Carla sit in the crippled Jeep. Jean tries to get it started but it's no use. They climb out of the Jeep. Carla reaches back and takes a machine gun out of the back.

JEAN

You couldn't shoot anyone.

CARLA

After what we've been through?
You've got to be kidding.

They follow Nathan's tracks.

EXT. DESERT CAMP

Hasan arrives in camp and jumps from his Jeep. He begins shouting orders in Arabic. Several groups of MEN jump in Jeeps and head out after Nathan. Hasan shouts orders to put out a fire then enters a nearby tent. A moment later he comes out looking concerned.

EXT. DESERT

Jean and Carla trudge along, climbing a large sand dune. Bright light comes from the other side. As they near the top of the dune they creep on all fours.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Jean and Carla peek over the sand dune. The desert camp below. Most of the fires are out, but there is still confusion.

CARLA

You think he's down there?

JEAN

He must be. Come on.

CARLA

He better be there!

Jean and Carla crawl over the crest of the dune.

EXT. DESERT CAMP

Hasan looks out into the night when Yousef approaches him and motions for him to follow. Hasan follows. Yousef leads him to Andreas's badly burned body.

C. U. ON ANDREAS'S SEVERED HAND

Miraculously, the hand is undamaged and clutches the palm pilot.

BACK TO SCENE

Hasan reaches down and picks up the hand holding the palm pilot. The display still reads 'GO'. Hasan reaches to press the SEND button, but before he can, a gun shot rings out and Hasan crumbles to the ground, dead.

Yousef looks up. Nathan, illuminated by the glow of the last remaining fire, soars toward him in his fantastical moth-like glider. Nathan tries to shoot Yousef, but his gun jams. Luckily, Yousef is so amazed by Nathan's contraption, that he stands frozen as Nathan lands and sheds the glider.

But Yousef recovers quickly and advances on Nathan with his scimitar.

Nathan has only his jammed machine-gun with which to defend himself. Despite lightning fast reflexes, Nathan's no match for Yousef and his sword; he knows it's only a matter of time before Yousef finds an opening or someone comes to investigate the noise.

EXT. DESERT CAMP - ELSEWHERE

Jean and Carla sneak along behind a row of tents. At each corner, they peak out and scurry onto the next one. It's very quiet where they are; in the distance men shout.

Then they hear the sound of Yousef's sword on the metal barrel of Nathan's rifle.

JEAN

What's that?

Jean leads the way between two tents. When she reaches the edge of the tent, she peeks out to see...

JEAN'S P.O.V.

Yousef mounting a blistering assault on Nathan!

JEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Nathan!

As Jean watches, Nathan's pushed back again and again until he finally loses his footing in the sand and goes down hard. A swipe of Yousef's scimitar rips the machine-gun from his hand and it falls into the night. It looks as though Nathan has had it.

BACK TO SCENE

Jean grabs the machine gun from Carla.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Give me that!

EXT. DESERT CAMP

Yousef stands above Nathan, but does not deliver the lethal blow. A beat later it becomes clear why. While holding the point of the scimitar to Nathan's throat, Yousef reaches down and picks the Palm pilot from the sand at Nathan's feet.

NATHAN'S P.O.V.

Nathan looks up as Yousef blows dust off the device.

ABBU'S P.O.V.

'Go' is still illuminated on the small screen.

BACK TO SCENE

Nathan looks for a way to stop Yousef. There's nothing he can do! Yousef grins and moves his thumb to the Send button.

NATHAN'S P.O.V.

Yousef suddenly freezes. His smirk wilts. The hand holding the scimitar at Nathan's throat goes limp and the scimitar falls into the sand.

JEAN (O.S.)

Move and you're a dead man.

BACK TO SCENE

Nathan scrambles to his feet.

NATHAN

Where on earth did you come from?

Nathan carefully relieves Yousef of the Palm Pilot, turns it off, and slips it in his shirt pocket.

JEAN

You'd better take this.

Nathan moves around to take the gun from Jean, but just as they are making the transfer, Yousef spins around, grabs the barrel of the gun, and yanks it from Nathan's hands. Things look grim. Nathan steps in front of Jean to shield her.

Yousef grins and pulls the trigger; nothing happens.

JEAN (CONT'D)

How about that!

Before anyone can move, the sound of gunfire erupts in the distance followed by shouts and the roar of engines. A bright yellow Hummer screams over the top of a sand dune. Jean gasps and grabs Nathan's sleeve.

NATHAN

It's okay. They're ours.

Yousef shoves the butt of the gun in Nathan's gut. Nathan goes down. Yousef looks at Jean and snarls, then runs into the night.

Jean falls to the ground near Nathan.

JEAN

Nathan!

Carla runs into the shot and kneels by them, spilling an armload of shell boxes.

INT. DESERT TENT

Nathan with Habbuba in Andreas's command tent looks at the grand plan map. Jean and Carla sit on a cot their heads together, nearly asleep. Outside is the sound of sporadic gunfire as the Bedouins mop up. HASSIF, a Bedouin soldier, enters the tent.

HASSIF

Saudi troops have captured positions at Abu Saafa, Ghawar, and Manifa. Captain Astin believes they will have all positions secured in short order.

HABBUBA

Thank you, Hassif.

Hassif turns to go, but Nathan stops him.

NATHAN

Hassif?

HASSIF

Yes sir?

NATHAN

You found no trace of Yousef?

HASSIF

No. Not yet.

EXT. DESERT

Yousef, wearing a burka, herds sheep toward two sentries who celebrate victory and pay little attention. Finally they challenge the 'woman,' but as soon as they get close, Yousef decapitates them without a sound then disappears into the night.

INT. JEAN'S APT. - NIGHT

Nathan's torso protrudes from Jean's open refrigerator door. His left hand holds a cup of coffee. Jean watches him; she looks angry.

JEAN

Why couldn't you just tell me you were a secret agent?

NATHAN

Because.

JEAN

Because why?

NATHAN

Because it's not allowed.

JEAN

But...

Nathan stands up.

NATHAN

Don't you have any cream?

Jean is annoyed that he's ignoring her.

Nathan looks back in the refrigerator, finds some cream, stands up looking self-satisfied, and pours it into his cup. Finally he notices Jean is upset. He puts the cup down and goes to her. He pulls her close.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I couldn't tell you. (beat) But I'm glad you know.

Nathan kisses her passionately.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

You're a hero, you know.

JEAN

Really?

NATHAN

Really. That little Palm Pilot ...

The apartment door suddenly explodes open and Yousef enters a gun in each hand, shooting wildly.

Jean and Nathan run and dive behind the couch. Yousef fires at it. Nathan pulls out his gun and fires back. Yousef takes cover.

While Nathan fires, Jean and Nathan climb out the window onto the fire escape.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

Jean and Nathan begin to descend. Jean slips, rips her blouse, and nearly falls over the rail. Nathan grabs her, but loses his gun, which falls to the ground.

Yousef shoots from above, his shots ricochet wildly.

On the next floor down, Jean and Nathan crash through a window into the apartment.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS APT. BEDROOM

A 10-year old BOY and his 8-year old BROTHER play a video game. Suddenly the window explodes. Jean and Nathan enter and race through the room with the boy's watching. A beat later, Yousef crashes through the window and leaves just as quickly. Again the boys follow the action. The room falls silent; the boys stare expectantly at the window.

BOY

We're gonna get blamed for this!

EXT. JEAN'S APT. BUILDING

Jean and Nathan exit the front door, sprint down the stairs and dash around to the fire escape where Nathan stops to look for his gun, but he can't find it. Yousef appears and starts firing.

Jean and Nathan run toward Nathan's car across the street. More shots ring out. Nathan clutches his chest, stumbles and falls to the ground just at his car door. Jean drops down beside him.

JEAN

Nathan!

Blood oozes through Nathan's fingers. He's loosing consciousness.

Yousef appears in the street. He aims the gun at Nathan.

Jean stand to block Yousef's shot.

Yousef smiles. He puts his gun in his belt, unsheathes his scimitar, and advances on Jean.

Jean stands her ground, defiant. Her cold look of determination gives Yousef pause. Is there some trick?

INT. TAXI CAB

An Arab TAXI DRIVER argues with his Jewish FARE. They both talk excitedly. The driver yells and looks back at his fare, not paying attention to the road.

The fare hits the driver with his hat.

The taxi driver takes a corner without looking.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JEAN'S APT. BUILDING

Yousef is suddenly aware of the approaching taxi. He turns toward it.

INT. TAXI CAB

The taxi driver sees Yousef frozen like a deer in the headlights, and hits the brakes, but it's too late.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JEAN'S APT. BUILDING

Yousef is thrown into the air.

INT. TOUR BUS

A speeding tour bus filled with Islamic clerics point out the window and talk animatedly. The driver nods his head, nearly asleep.

Yousef appears in front of the bus driver, flying through the air, with eyes as big as saucers.

The driver sees Yousef and brakes.

The bus hits Yousef hard --splat -- a bug on the windshield.

EXT. CORNER OF THE STREET

The bus swerves and hits a guard rail surrounding an open sewer manhole with the nose of the bus coming to rest just above it.

Yousef's lifeless body, still clutching his scimitar, slips from the windshield and falls into the open sewer.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JEAN'S APT. BUILDING

Distant sirens wail. People run toward the tour bus and the accident. Jean kneels and caresses Nathan's head.

JEAN

Hold on Nathan.

Nathan's body appears lifeless.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Jean and Carla walk briskly through the lobby toward the elevators. Jean carries a cake pan -- the kind with the top that keeps it fresh. They enter the elevator.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR

Jean and Carla stand and look up at the floor indicator.

CARLA

They're not going to let him have that.

JEAN

Why not? It's his favorite. I made it for him the first time we had dinner at my place. It's raisin plum. That's healthy.

CARLA

He's still in intensive care...

JEAN

But they said he's going to make a full recovery.

CARLA

They're not going to let him have it.

Jean gives Carla a dirty look and the elevator doors open.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Jean and Carla step off the elevator and turn. There is a hallway and on the corner a nursing station with a high counter. Behind the counter is the intensive care ward.

Carla and Jean arrive and wait patiently as a large NURSE finishes making an entry in a patient's chart. The nurse looks up over her glasses.

NURSE
May I help you?

JEAN
(very upbeat)
Yes! We're here to see Nathan
Stone. I'm...

The Nurse spots the cake pan.

NURSE
What's that?

JEAN
It's a cake. It's okay if ...

NURSE
There's no outside food...

CARLA
I told you so.

NURSE
...allowed.

Jean stiffens and slams the cake pan on the counter.

JEAN
Says who?

The nurse looks at Jean, then at Carla. She sighs and turns and begins to walk away.

NURSE
(loud)
Doctor. There's a woman here...

FADE OUT: