ODYSSEY

"Pilot"

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REVISED NETWORK DRAFT
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Northern Mali Conflict
Fullest extent of rebel territory
January 2013
Area held by all rebel groups
Held by Ansar Dine
Held by MUJAO
Held by AQIM
Held by MNLA
0
100 km
500 km
ALGERIA
Taoudenni
Tessalit
Tinzaouaten
Aguelhok
TOMBOUCTOU
KIDAL
Tilemsi
Kidal
Anéfis
Tombouctou
(Timbuktu)
Gourma-Rharous
Bourem
GAO
Talataye
Ménaka
Azawagh
Goundam
Niger
Gao
Diré
Léré
Niafunké
Ansongo
Hombori
Douentza
Nampala
Ouagadou forest
Konna
Andéramboukane
Tessit
Ouallam
Kayes
Diabaly
Mopti
Sévaré
Niono
Banamba
Markala
Ségou
Bamako
Koulikoro
Niamey
Ouagadougou
BURKINA FASO
Sikasso
SENEGAL
GUINEA
CÔTE D'IVOIRE
GHANA
TOGO
BENIN
NIGERIA
NIGER
MAURITANIA

INT. MUD COMPOUND - NORTHERN MALI - DAY

SOMEONE'S POV, labored, guttural breathing as we run closely behind a line of FOUR SOLDIERS. WE CHASE THEM through a sparsely furnished MUD HUT, break out into a SMALL COURTYARD and take shelter with five others against an OUTER WALL. Just as we settle, AN EXPLOSION OBLITERATES part of the hut we were just in. Fuck, that was close.

SUPER: "NEAR TAOUDENNI, MALI, NORTH AFRICA." "TODAY."

WIDER NOW as we see more of this desolate, hostile desert village. The soldiers move with precision and discipline, most of them sporting beards (which tells us they're SPECIAL FORCES). As they yell, our POV catches glimpses of the other soldiers.

SOLDIER 1
Did you see RPG'S firing point?

SOLDIER 3
Enemy, enemy coming through the trees, my ten o'clock. 150 meters.

SOLDIER 2
Sound came from that direction. Near the satellite dish--

SOLDIER 4
(firing)
I see him.

OUR POV rises over a MUD WALL. A GUN enters frame and starts to FIRE. RETURN FIRE comes back at us. WE DUCK DOWN as--

SOLDIER 1
Man down! Man down!

SOLDIER 3
Medic! We need the medic!

We look next to us. A SOLDIER has been hit in the arm. As we move to assist him... FROM BEHIND we hear...

SOLDIER 5 (O.C.)
(yelling above the noise)
Sergeant Ballard?

Our POV TURNS TO A GROUP OF FOUR SOLDIERS.

SOLDIER 5 (CONT'D)
(RIGHT INTO POV)
Sergeant Ballard?

REVERSE ANGLE -- to identify the person we've been traveling with. A WOMAN. SERGEANT ODELLE BALLARD, mid-thirties, attractive, athletic. The only woman in this squad. Part of the new FEMALE ENGAGEMENT TEAM to engage the women and children of NORTH AFRICA. Strands of a Keffiyeh (Middle-Eastern head dress) tumble out from beneath her helmet.

SOLDIER 5 (CONT'D)
Lieutenant needs you.

EXT. MUD HUT - DAY

ODELLE follows the Soldier towards A LARGER HUT, pocked and riveted by recent fighting. We're away from the main fire fight.

INT. MUD HUT - DAY

ORGANIZED CHAOS. DEAD JIHADISTS on the ground. A HANDFUL OF SOLDIERS, both MALIAN and American, rifle through documents, open boxes, take photos. One SOLDIER sits at a COMPUTER, scouring. Tension still tangible from the FIRE FIGHT that recently took place.

A group of MALIAN WOMEN, huddled, terrified. Except for ONE who holds a baby in her arms. She's angry, gently shoving and scolding, in BAMBARA (local Malian dialect) LT. RICHARD WORTHINGTON (30's authoritative), who's not in the mood.

AN INSURGENT, alive, lies on his stomach, arms behind his back, AN AMERICAN SOLDIER straddles him as he puts on plastic handcuffs. Insurgent tries to lift his head to talk--

SOLDIER
Keep your head down. KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!

LT WORTHINGTON
Sit down Ma'am. Do not touch me Ma'am. Do not touch me!

The Soldier finally WHACKS the Insurgent in the head with his open hand which prompts an MALIAN SOLDIER to walk briskly over and club the insurgent with the butt of his gun. The American Soldier pushes the Malian Soldier abruptly back.

SOLDIER
I've got this!

LT WORTHINGTON
(to the Malian Soldier)
Would you tell her to sit down?

The Malian looks back blankly. Worthington tries it himself.

LT WORTHINGTON
(poorly pronounced)
Kana magan na! Kana magan na!

The Malian Woman persists. ODELLE enters and pulls off her helmet revealing her Keffiyeh underneath. The Malian Woman reacts stunned. A woman soldier?! Odelle gestures to Worthington--

ODELLE
I got this.

Odelle begins speaking to the Malian Woman in PERFECT BAMBARA. She quiets down and responds to Odelle. Odelle reacts astonished as we hear the word "Abbas," and then turns to Worthington --

ODELLE (CONT'D)
We got him?

LT WORTHINGTON
Yeah. We got Abdule Abbas.

ODELLE
HERE? In North Africa?

Worthington points to A BODY on the ground, a few SOLDIERS still staring at it. Odelle STARES AT THE BODY, then slowly approaches as if she were creeping up on a sleeping snake. She can't believe her eyes, but there he is with a bullet through his forehead. ABDULE ABBAS. The #1 Al Qaeda terrorist since OSAMA BIN LADEN was killed. A Soldier moves close to Abbas' dead body and TAKES A PICTURE, to Odelle--

SOLDIER
We're gonna be heroes. Just like Team Six.

ODELLE
How the hell did this happen?

SOLDIER
Luck. Or maybe we're just that fucking good--

Odelle turns back to Worthington. Now getting on the RADIO --

ODELLE
But we were looking for his wife--

LT WORTHINGTON
Apparently so was he.

Worthington moves away to talk on the RADIO. Meanwhile, the Soldier (#2) at the computer calls to Odelle --

SOLDIER 2
Odelle. Think I got something here. Something to do with money, but it's in Bambara. Take a look?

He shows her THE SCREEN filled with CORRESPONDENCE written in both BAMBARA and FRENCH. Three or four MEMORY STICKS lay beside the computer. Odelle sits --

ODELLE
(scrolling)
This is why I love Al-Qaeda. They keep such accurate records.
(she spots something)
Wait a minute.

SOLDIER 2
(re: the screen)
Is that English?

WE SEE correspondence about a wire transfer WRITTEN IN ENGLISH, with a logo in upper left, with THE LETTERS “SOC”.

ODELLE
Looks like a wire transfer. A Riyad Bank to a Sikasso Bank in Mali looking for “confirmation of receipt”.

SOLDIER 2
In fucking English?! What the hell is S.O.C.?

ODELLE
I don’t know. Could be American--

SOLDIER 2
(points)
Open the rest.

ODELLE
Can’t. Looks like it’s encrypted.

LT. WORTHINGTON starts raising his voice on his COMMS SYSTEM.

LT WORTHINGTON
Sir, with all due respect, given our coordinates and the fact that we’re not even supposed to be in country, it’s not safe for us to stand down.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AFRICOM HEADQUARTERS - GERMANY - SAME

General jubilation over the news of Abbas’ death. A stern faced, CREW CUT OFFICER in foreground talks to Worthington.

SUPER: “AFRICOM COMMAND, STUTTGART, GERMANY.”

Approaching fast behind the Officer is COL. STEPHEN GLEN, 50s, enthusiastic, full of energy.

CREW CUT OFFICER
Lieutenant. Those are your orders--

But before he can finish, Glen takes handset out of his hand.

COL GLEN
Lt. Worthington, Col. Glen here. Congratulations, Rich. To you and
(MORE)

COL GLEN (CONT'D)
your team. This is big. You know this is big, right? Any casualties?

LT WORTHINGTON
Thank you, Sir. No, just a few walking wounded. We'll be okay. As long as we can gather and get out.

COL GLEN
You want to get going. I don't blame you. You're in fucking Mali for Christ's sake, but orders came from up high.

LT WORTHINGTON
Sir, we've got SSE capabilities right here--

COL GLEN
From up high. You got that? Now just hold tight, Intel is on their way, they'll gather, get Abbas' body and get out so we can get you home and have a proper celebration. And Lieutenant, one hell of a job. You went looking for a minnow and came back with a shark. Hell, THE shark. Once again, congratulations.

INT. MUD HUT - CONTINUOUS

Everyone watches as Worthington clicks off his COMMS SYSTEM.

LT WORTHINGTON
(to the room)
We're to stand down and wait for Intel. They're coming by rotary-wing across the border so hopefully it won't be long.

Everyone is STUNNED. This is not the way it's usually done. Especially out here. Under these circumstances.

ODELLE
You gotta talk to Col. Glen--

LT WORTHINGTON
That was Glen.

SOLDIER 2
So now what?

LT WORTHINGTON
We wait.

ODELLE looks back at the computer. S.O.C. LOGO STARES BACK.

EXT. PORT - AFTERNOON

SUPER: “PORT OF SHUWAIKH. KUWAIT.”

A bustling shipping terminal. Dozens of CARGO VESSELS coming and going. Several FREIGHTERS are already out at sea. Find ONE SHIP being loaded with CARGO CONTAINERS. The containers are branded with the LOGO OF SOCIETEL MINING, INC. (Including the letters **SOC**).

CAMERA PULLS OUT... quickly... Soaring high above the port... as the large ships become smaller and smaller until...

IT BECOMES A STILL SATELLITE IMAGE -- over the BAY OF KUWAIT -- TANKERS and OTHER SHIPPING VESSELS BECOME COLORFUL SYMBOLS-- this is some kind of TRACKING SOFTWARE --

PETER (O.S.)
It gives a subscriber detailed information about every single vessel at sea in the whole world...

REVEAL we are looking at a LAPTOP on the KITCHEN TABLE of --

INT. DRUCKER HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

An upper-end kitchen in an upper end house on an upper end street in Scarsdale.

SUPER: “DRUCKER HOME. SCARSDALE, NY”

PETER DRUCKER, 45, well-tailored shirt and expensive tie shows his MAC BOOK to daughter, ELLEN (17, pretty, smart, confident). Peter’s son, JOSH (15, sensitive jock) watches a muted TV nearby. Peter’s wife, SARAH (40s attractive, more brilliant than she lets on) serves scrambled eggs. She peers in at the computer --

SARAH
What’s that?

PETER
Pierce Intelligence Group. Did you know that they can determine if a ship’s manifest is accurate depending on how deep it sits in the water?

ELLEN
What’s the point?

PETER
Investors pay big money for this intelligence. Supply and demand patterns. Think about it. Seventy
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
percent of everything you will ever own was once on a ship--

ELLEN
So it's like insider trading.

PETER
First of all, it's not "inside" information. It's available to everyone. Secondly, if it was illegal, which it is not, my company wouldn't be risking hundreds of millions of dollars--

ELLEN
Sounds grievously criminal to me. But what do I know?
(getting up; to Sarah)
Isabella's driving me to school--

SARAH
Eat something--

Sarah shoves some toast at Ellen who grabs it and exits. Peter looks at his wife --

PETER
What happened to the sweet, little girl who worshipped her daddy?

Sarah sits next to Peter --

SARAH
She's a teenager.

PETER
Yeah and her Dad sold out.

SARAH
You know, arguably you're doing more good working at Simons-Wachtel than you ever did as a US Attorney--

Peter regards Sarah. He knows she's trying.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'm serious. Simons has a bad reputation. Everybody knows it. They hired you to change all that --

PETER
Or at least give the impression--

JOSH
Hey, there's your office--

Peter and Sarah turn to Josh who's been eating breakfast and watching TV the entire time. He points to the TV --

ON THE TV - A FOX NEWS BROADCAST

FOX NEWS ANCHOR at her desk, delivering a special report. An INSERT behind her shows us PROTEST VIGNETTES from the current G8 SUMMIT in NEW YORK. Slanted to show the worst element, the UNWASHED HIPPIES, people in OVERSIZED MASKS depicting WORLD LEADERS, others dressed as GUANTANAMO PRISONERS, holding signs, chanting, supporting their laundry list of issues as RIOT COPS keep them sequestered--

JOSH (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Looks awesome.

Peter watches the story for a moment. Sighs --

PETER
Fantastic. Traffic's gonna be murder. Gotta get to work.

As Peter busses Sarah and exits, we MOVE IN ON THE TV to a...

SPLIT SCREEN: Perky, pretty, but not too pretty ANCHOR on one side. On the other, a MIDDLE AGED MAN dressed in a SLOPPY SUIT. Images from the protests continue in the b.g.--

SLOPPY SUIT
I had a friend who actually got shot in the arm by one of these nut-jobs. Right outside his brownstone!

WIDEN TO SHOW -- we are now in --

INT. FOX NEWS STUDIO - DAY

NEWS ANCHOR
You're talking about violence against innocent people. In case you're just joining us, we're in round-the-clock coverage of the protest developing as the G8 Summit of World leaders gets underway in New York City. Getting us a perspective from what's going down on the street, we've got our own Stacey Brooks near Wall Street with one of the protest organizers. Stacey?

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

REPORTER STACEY BROOKS stands with HARRISON WOLCOTT, twenty something, articulate, boyish good looks, an air of

entitlement that comes from his upbringing. They stand in the middle of the MASSIVE PROTEST (picket signs, a sea of people trying to get on CAMERA, general mayhem).

REPORTER
Thanks, Tania. I'm here with one of the protest organizers now.
(re: her notes)
Harrison Wolcott. Thanks for agreeing to talk with us, Harrison.

HARRISON
Thanks for coming down here to talk to us dirty hippies with our extreme views.

REPORTER
You're hardly a dirty hippie--

HARRISON
Gosh thanks, but you have to admit your coverage has been fairly derisive, especially since all we're trying to do is start a conversation. Let's face it, the G8 is just a front for the corporatocracy, for the kleptocrats. It is about dividing up the world so they can all get richer. They need to start talking about world poverty and the collapse of the middle class--

NEWS REPORTER
Can you comment on the reports of violence springing from these protests?

HARRISON
Not really. I think the question completely distracts from the issue-

Just then, the NEWS ANCHOR (TANIA), interjects --

NEWS ANCHOR
Stacey, sorry to interrupt, but can you ask Harrison if he's any relation to author and philanthropist Randall Wolcott?

NEWS REPORTER
Harrison, Tania in the studio is wondering, are you related to Randall Wolcott?

Harrison hesitates, but then is forced to admit --

HARRISON
He's my father. But it's got--

NEWS REPORTER
(smiling)
Well, it's surprising to see someone like you down here. Didn't you grow up on Manhattan's Upper East side? Not exactly part of the collapsing middle class, are you?

HARRISON
Actually, I'm unemployed. My father and his money have nothing to do with--

NEWS REPORTER
What would your father think if these people showed up at his front door?

Harrison is flustered, but he quickly recovers.

HARRISON
Oh I see, so you'd rather talk about my father than the economic injustice that's at the root of--

The Reporter interrupts --

NEWS REPORTER
We're going to have to leave it there, Harrison, we have some breaking news. Back to you in studio. Tom?

INT. FOX NEWS STUDIO - MORNING

A serious looking NEWS ANCHOR (TOM), behind a desk, on CAMERA. Behind him is a PHOTO of ABDULE ABBAS. A BANNER reads: "ABDULE ABBAS KILLED."

ANCHOR #2
Thanks, Tania. This just in. Al Qaeda leader and terrorist mastermind, Abdule Abbas has been killed in Mali, North Africa by what sources tell us was the 24th Special Ops unit, part of the U.S. Army's Delta Force. The fact that Abbas was found in such a remote region of North Africa is significant. We've been reporting for quite some time on Al Qaeda's growing influence in the region,
(MORE)

ANCHOR #2 (CONT'D)
and now that Abbas, Al Qaeda's new number one, was found and killed in Mali, it seems these reports have been substantiated.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MALIAN VILLAGE - LATER - EVENING

All is quiet. Too quiet. AMERICAN SOLDIERS in defensive positions, waiting. Suddenly, a HELICOPTER, flying fast and low SCREAMS IN over one of the hills and circles for a landing.

INT. MUD HUT - SAME

Worthington, Odelle and a few Other Soldiers move to the window as HELICOPTER LANDS. Side door opens and a GROUP OF SOLDIERS run out. Rotors keep turning. They won't be here long. As they get closer, Odelle notices that they're not dressed in ARMY GREEN but in BLACK. Odelle throws a confused look to Worthington--

ODELLE
Those men are XE. PMC. What the hell are they doing here?

LT WORTHINGTON
No idea.

Worthington clicks his COMMS SYSTEM back on and calls HQ as Odelle heads back to the COMPUTER and INSERTS A MEMORY STICK. She begins to DOWNLOAD THE FILE ON SCREEN --

SOLDIER 2
(quietly)
What are you doing?

ODELLE
When I was in the Green Zone, an SUV full of XE Security accidentally rammed into our Humvee. They rammed into us!!

As she tells this story, she and Soldier 2 anxiously watch the COMPUTER FILE slowly download onto the MEMORY STICK. They hear the XE TEAM GETTING CLOSER--

ODELLE (CONT'D)
They got out, pulled their guns, put them to OUR HEADS and made us lay on our stomachs until they got their SUV untangled and left.

They now hear them APPROACHING. The download completes. Odelle reaches for it--

ODELLE (CONT'D)
(whispers angrily)
I-DON'T-TRUST-THEM!!

She steps away from the computer and pockets the MEMORY STICK just as the five-member XE TEAM enters. XE SECURITY PATCHES evident on each arm. They work quickly: filling bags with evidence, taking pictures, wrapping ABBAS' body. One sits at the computer and starts to shut it down.

Worthington finishes on the COMM with HQ, turns to the room as an XE reaches for a SOLDIER'S PERSONAL CAMERA.

XE
I'm gonna need that.

He reaches, the SOLDIER pulls back.

SOLDIER
Fuck that. It's mine-

Everyone freezes. Stand off. The Soldier looks at Worthington--

LT WORTHINGTON
(to the XE)
That's his personal property...

XE OFFICER (O.C.)
(then, from the back)
Rich? Is that you?

Worthington turns to see the XE Officer, 40's, fierce looking. This is FRANK MAJORS.

FRANK MAJORS
Frank Majors. We were in Fallujah?

LT WORTHINGTON
Of course. How are you, Frank? Didn't recognize you out of uniform.

FRANK MAJORS
Different uniform. This one pays better.
(laughs)
Listen, you guys did great. This is a big get.
(addresses the room)
But our orders are to take all evidence in this location, including anything you all might have seen, taken a picture of,
(MORE)

FRANK MAJORS (CONT'D)
souvenirs you might have in your pockets... anything.

LT WORTHINGTON
Orders from who?

Majors ignores the question, instead turns to the Soldier--

FRANK MAJORS
Give us your name, son, and we'll return your camera just as soon as we remove anything sensitive.

Soldier looks to Worthington, who nods. Soldier reluctantly hands over his camera. Majors looks to Worthington as XEs start back to work.

FRANK MAJORS (CONT'D)
Did I hear right? You people came in on horseback? Thought we didn't do that anymore.

LT WORTHINGTON
Pulled it out of mothballs for this mission.

FRANK MAJORS
Makes sense. Didn't see many roads flying in here. At least not in the direction you want to go. Good to see you again, Rich.
(looks him in the eye)
Happy trails.

With that, he exits. Meanwhile, the XE at the computer is ready to shut it off when something catches his eye. He stops what he's doing and looks suspiciously around the room.

Odelle shifts nervously for a moment as she and the XE lock eyes. After a beat, he closes the computer and exits. Off Odelle, relieved --

EXT. WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The G8 PROTEST is in full swing. Small CAMPS of people, bundled in heavy coats, trying to stay warm.

SUPER: "G8 PROTEST RALLY - WALL STREET - NEW YORK CITY."

FIND HARRISON as he grabs a SANDWICH from TABLES OF FOOD set up for the PROTESTORS. As he starts to eat, a few ADMIRING PROTESTORS CLAP or SHAKE HANDS with Harrison. It seems his interview has gotten around. In the b.g., we HEAR--

PROTESTOR (O.C.)
(sings)
There's somethin' happening here.
(speaks)
And what's happening is that we've lost our value as individuals!

Harrison walks away from the table, passing this PROTESTER ranting from the base of a STATUE of a SOLDIER on a HORSE.

PROTESTOR (CONT'D)
(sings)
What it is ain't exactly clear.
(speaks)
But what is clear is we've all become corporate drones. All of us in the service of corporate GREED!

We follow Harrison as he's met by ANNA STONE, twenty-something, beautiful, smart--

ANNA
Hey--

She gives him a quick kiss --

ANNA (CONT'D)
So, everybody's talking about it.

HARRISON
(not enthused)
Great.

ANNA
What?

HARRISON
Did you see it? My fucking father--

ANNA
Sorry. It's been crazy. Worse than Occupy. There's been seven arrests already today. I'll catch it on the way to the office.

Before Harrison can respond, two others join them: JAMES, schoolteacher, lanky, even-tempered and MOLLY SIMMS, 26, very hot. James hugs Harrison.

JAMES
Awesome job, man.

HARRISON
It sucked.

Molly smiles at Harrison --

MOLLY
I thought you were very impressive.

JAMES
Harrison, this is Molly. She works for Time Magazine.

MOLLY
(extending her hand)
If you have time, I'd like to interview you. I'm doing a story on how the G8 summit protests have reignited the Occupy Movement here in New York.

Harrison regards Anna, now back on her iPhone, texting. She looks at Harrison--

ANNA
My boss.
(kisses Harrison)
Gotta run. You good for cash?

HARRISON
(slightly humiliated)
Fine.

Anna exits. James and Molly turn to Harrison --

JAMES
We were just about to grab lunch. You wanna join?

HARRISON
(shit)
I can't. I've got this lunch.
(an idea, to James)
Bring her tonight. We're having a strategy meeting at my place.
(to Molly)
We could talk then.

MOLLY
(smiles)
Sounds great.

Harrison watches Molly go. Then, he hears a FAMILIAR VOICE--

BOB
Harrison? Harrison Wolcott?

Harrison turns to see Bob Offer (this is the PROTESTOR from the statue). He's got a crazy, unapproachable edge--

BOB (CONT'D)
It's me. Bob Offer.
(to trigger his memory)
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)
We met during the Occupy Movement? Spent that night in jail together?

Harrison reacts. Not a pleasant memory --

BOB (CONT'D)
Saw you on Fox News and you're SO right, man. So right. Big media IS a diversion. From everything. I've been doing research...

Bob turns to retrieve his ratty backpack and pulls out an unruly notebook, filled with papers, clippings, etc.

BOB (CONT'D)
...the whole thing is like a cancer. The corporations and how they...

A few pages fall to the ground, and Bob doesn't know whether to retrieve them or continue on with his captive audience --

HARRISON
You want to get those?

BOB
I've got charts - this one links the top 25 corporations in America-- All of the interlocks-- How many of the same people are serving on the boards - and this --

Bob looks for something. Harrison seizes the opportunity--

HARRISON
Listen, Bob, I gotta go--

BOB
Wait, I was--

HARRISON
(trying to be nice)
It's okay. I get it. A little confusing...

BOB
Confusing? Which part?

HARRISON
I don't know, Bob. Maybe if you simplify. Start with one thing. Talk about that.

BOB
(a revelation)
One thing.

Harrison whistles. A TAXI stops. As Harrison hops in...

BOB (CONT'D)
One thing... That's good. Catch you later--

As a hopeful Bob watches the taxi drive off, WIPE PAST TO--

EXT. WALL STREET - MORNING

A TOWN CAR stops in front of a GLASS AND STEEL MONOLITH on West Street. We're a stone's throw from GROUND ZERO. The corporate home of SIMONS-WACHTEL. Peter steps out, briefcase in hand. Before he approaches the building, he spots--

PETER
Don?

DON FENTON, the same age as Peter, but he looks older, less successful, turns and sees Peter. He smiles --

FENTON
Peter! Holy crap--

They exchange a warm handshake and pats on the shoulder --

PETER
What are you doing here?

FENTON
The usual. Still with Internal Revenue. How 'bout you? Haven't seen you in the papers lately--

PETER
Yeah. Got shoved out of the U.S. Attorney's office six months ago.

FENTON
Shit, that's right. I remember reading. Some political nonsense--

PETER
Got caught between administrations.

FENTON
Fuckers. We should get a drink. I'm here for two days on an investigation--

PETER
(a little jealous)
Yeah? Anyone good?

FENTON
Ever hear of Societal Mining? SOC?

Peter reacts. Shit --

PETER
We're financing their merger.

FENTON
(fuck)
You work for Simons-Wachtel now?

PETER
Business Intelligence. Started a few weeks ago.
(then)
You going after Armand Baker?

Crap. Fenton knows he's already said too much --

FENTON
Jesus, Peter. You know I can't--

PETER
How deep is the investigation? Are we talking felony--?

FENTON
(uneasy)
Something may be coming down the pike. I gotta run. Let's not see each other for another ten years...

Fenton exits, leaving Peter troubled--

PETER (PRELAP)
Nothing's gone public yet...

INT. SIMONS-WACHTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

High end. Glass and mahogany. Peter meets with EXECUTIVES around a LARGE CONFERENCE TABLE. At the head of the table is FRANK McDONALD (60s, sharp elbows, the nicest suit).

SUPER: "SIMONS-WACHTEL -- WEALTH MANAGEMENT."

MCDONALD
Your friend said that they're investigating. Not indicting--

PETER
We're into this deal for a hundred million. We're on notice--

MCDONALD
I realize that. I'm just not sure there's anything for us to do--

PETER
We can find out what they're investigating--

JOE
And if it's something major?

Peter turns to see JOE ABRAMS, 40s, more blue collar than white, part of the Business Intelligence team.

PETER
Then we get out. And we advise our clients to do the same.

Silence. Everyone looks around the room. Peter knows what's going on. Finally --

PETER (CONT'D)
You want to ignore this? Fund the merger and take our commission? Okay. But I want my recommendation on file...

Everyone looks at McDonald. His move. McDonald smiles--

MCDONALD
Fine. Rattle the cage. See what you find. But let's not go crazy. Armand Baker is a good man. This merger needs him.

Off Peter realizing what he is. The fly in the ointment.

EXT. SIMONS-WACHTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Peter exits the Conference Room with Joe.

PETER
Fenton won't talk. He felt bad enough already--

JOE
So your "friend" gets you pregnant with this info then vanishes. Very nice. So what's the plan?

PETER
I'll make some calls--

JOE
We're not the Justice Department. No one's bending over backwards to give us intel--

PETER
What do you suggest?

JOE
We do what we can as private citizens. Get a few “no comments.” Call it a day.

PETER
That’s not good enough.

JOE
No one’s expecting anything more--
(off his determination)
Fine. You want info? I have a friend. A trash man. Gets his hands dirty so I don’t have to. Not cheap, but he finds things...

PETER
Nothing illegal--

JOE
He’s creative. Nothing to worry about--
(off Peter’s uncertainty)
Or we can forget the whole thing.

PETER
No. Let’s do it.

Peter walks off. Joe wonders -- What’s in it for this guy?

EXT. DESOLATE TRAIL - MALIAN-ALGERIAN BORDER - NIGHT

Odelle is with the rest of her unit on horseback. The terrain is REMOTE and INTENSE (shot from POV in NIGHT VISION).

SUPER: “MALI - ALGERIA BORDER”

Everyone is quiet. Worthington is on his COMMS SYSTEM talking to HQ. He suddenly holds up his hand. They all stop. He turns and starts riding through the group.

LT WORTHINGTON
We stirred up a hornets nest today. Intel says we’ve got a large Ansar Dine presence in front of us. They’re recommending we hold for the night. Make yourselves comfortable.

Moans and groans as they look for a good place to camp.

EXT. CAMP SITE - MALI-ALGERIA BORDER - LATER - NIGHT

Gathered in a circle as if around a camp fire, eating rations. Horses hobbled nearby.

SOLDIER 1
They're not gonna use your picture, you moron. You want a whole Jihad coming down on your cracker ass?

SOLDIER 2
I'm just saying... we're still gonna be famous, even if they don't know who we are.

SOLDIER 1
That makes absolutely no sense whatsoever.

SOLDIER 3
Maybe I should hire a publicist when I get home.

They all laugh.

SOLDIER 2 (CONT'D)
'Tell you, if some of that shit we saw on the computer comes out... That's gonna blow big.

ODELLE
(patting her pants pocket)
Oh it's gonna come out.

SOLDIER 2
She got it all on a flash drive.

LT WORTHINGTON
(interjecting)
Got what?

SOLDIER 2
In the middle of all this financial stuff in Bambara, we find a file in fucking English!

ODELLE
Most of it was encrypted, but I saw a transfer of a shitload of money from an American company called SOC... Anyone heard of it?

SOLDIER 1
Sure it's not a target?

ODELLE
That's the thing. It was FROM them. Why would an American company be sending money TO Abbas?

LT WORTHINGTON
You defied a direct order?

That stops everyone. All eyes on Odelle.

ODELLE
They were XE--

LT WORTHINGTON
Order didn't come from XE. It came from Colonel Glen.

ODELLE
And I'll make sure he gets this information directly when we get back.

She stands.

LT WORTHINGTON
Where you going?

ODELLE
(walking off)
I gotta pee.

LT WORTHINGTON
Odelle. I gotta report this.

ODELLE
Yes, Sir.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NEAR A TRENCH - SAME

Wandering amongst the horses, Odelle finds privacy: a natural trench, combined with scrub puts her below and out of sight. She unbuckles her pants, pulls out her cell phone and squats. Smiles when she sees her SCREEN SAVER: picture of a 12 YEAR-OLD BEAUTY (GIRL) WITH A BIG SMILE. She hits another button and it's A SAVED FOUR SECOND VIDEO VINE: GIRL APPROACHES CAMERA LAUGHING, "In your face Mama. In your face!" IT REPEATS: "In your face mama..."

Odelle smiles at the video and then, A HIGH WHISTLE. Odelle looks up. She barely has time to pull up her pants as...

A LARGE EXPLOSION SMASHES US TO BLACK.

EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER - LATE NIGHT

Odelle, still hidden in the trench, stirs awake to the sound of a HELICOPTER LANDING. She lifts her head, realizing that she's hurt, blood flowing down her forehead.

In the swirl of prop wash, she can make out carcasses of two horses, a third wounded. She hears VOICES, FELLOW SOLDIERS FROM HER UNIT, WOUNDED, CALLING OUT FOR HELP.

OTHER SOLDIERS EMERGE FROM THE HELICOPTER. Odelle tries to call to them but then.... She sees --

ONE of the HELICOPTER SOLDIERS approaches one of the wounded, POINTS A GUN AT HIS HEAD AND FIRES. Odelle is stunned. THEN BANG. Another shot to someone else's head. Thinking survival, Odelle carefully rolls herself into the depths of the trench. Burrows under scrub, holds perfectly still as--

One of the HELICOPTER SOLDIERS approaches. Odelle freezes, gets a glimpse of HIS GUN. AN AK-47 (the kind used by insurgents). He slowly turns in her direction and we REVEAL--

It's FRANK MAJORS. RICH'S FRIEND. THESE ARE THE SAME XEs from earlier. Odelle burrows in further, clinging to consciousness, but finally she blacks out. We FADE TO BLACK.

We HEAR THE SOUND OF CLINKING.... and then FADE UP ON --

INT. LOTOS CLUB - UPPER EAST SIDE

Elegant private club. White tablecloths. Harrison is seated across the table from his father, RANDALL WOLCOTT, 60's, dignified, erudite, intimidating.

RANDALL
Your mother insists it will be relaxing.

HARRISON
The Mediterranean. This time of year. Should be lovely.

RANDALL
It's a cruise. Dinner with the same people every night. I'll be ready to blow my brains out by day three.

HARRISON
(the elephant in the room)
So, did you see it? Fox News?

RANDALL
Of course. Your mother told me.

HARRISON
And?

RANDALL
(a pause)
It was... interesting.

HARRISON
Wow. Thanks.
(pause)
(MORE)

HARRISON (CONT'D)
I thought it went really well. That is, until you came up.

RANDALL
Well, that can't be helped--

HARRISON
I could change my name.

RANDALL
Or you could own it. Take advantage of the many opportunities that come your way because of it.

HARRISON
Like Bowman and Sons? Is that what this lunch is about? I quit Bowman and Sons because they were criminals--

RANDALL
You were fired and you didn't even bother to tell me. And they're not criminals, they're businessmen--

HARRISON
(a bit too loud)
See? That attitude is precisely what has allowed "businessmen" to rape the American public for the last fifty years while we just bend over and say "thank you" --

A beat of silence. Randall looks around the room uncomfortably. Finally --

RANDALL
You're embarrassing yourself. I thought we were done with all this when that Occupy Movement of yours ended. Now the G8? Harrison, you're making a lot of noise, but you're saying nothing. You need to--

HARRISON
To what? Be you? Believe me, I don't want to be you.

RANDALL
(a smile)
Though you don't mind using my credit card...

The WAITER arrives and serves their lunches--

RANDALL (CONT'D)
(a happier subject)
So, what are you reading these days?

Off Harrison, feeling low --

INT. ROXY COFFEE SHOP - WALL STREET - AFTERNOON

Busy. The lunch crowd. PETER sits in a BOOTH with JOE and a STOCKY, MUSCULAR BALD MAN (20s) named JENJI. Jenji holds a large ENVELOPE--

JENJI
Good thing your friend likes to take long showers.

He passes the envelope to Peter, but holds onto it --

JENJI (CONT'D)
It's gonna cost another grand.

PETER
What? Why?

JENJI
Hotel maid had more scruples than anticipated.

JOE
Won't be a problem.

Jenji nods at Joe, lets go of the envelope.

JENJI
You'll let me know if you need anything else.

Jenji gets up and exits. Peter immediately turns to Joe.

PETER
Another grand?

JOE
You don't want to piss off Jenji.

Peter opens the envelope, slides the contents onto the table--

PETER
Jesus. It's the entire IRS file.

JOE
(re: docs)
Looks like they've got a BSA case against Baker. Corporate slush fund... Structured payments going
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
all over the place. Whistle blower was a woman in Tampa.

PETER
(re: the docs)
Look at this. Just this morning. A man named Danny Gentry in Reno, Nevada. Baker tried to pay off his mortgage, but he sent it all back--

JOE
Why would he do that?

PETER
I don't know.

Off Peter's growing curiosity;

EXT. CAMPSITE - MALI - ALGERIA BORDER - MORNING

Odelle wakes to BRIGHT SUNLIGHT, stirring when she HEARS VOICES... She peeks out of her hiding place and sees FIVE MEN IN TRIBAL GEAR, holding AK-47s, rummaging through what's left behind from last night's attack.

She reaches instinctively for her COMMS SYSTEM, thinks better of it and then, sees her CELL PHONE lying within reach. She ever so slowly reaches for it. Pushes the "on" button. She glances over and sees ONE OF THE MEN wandering towards her. He HASN'T SEEN HER YET.

ODELLE
(quietly to phone)
Come on. Come on. Please!!!

Finally the PHONE BOOTS. That same SCREEN SAVER PHOTO of her daughter with the big smile. Just as the phone catches a signal, and before she can mute, IT CHIMES.

But Odelle doesn't look up. She quickly OPENS HER E-MAIL, finds COL. STEPHEN GLEN'S address and starts typing. Odelle quickly GLANCES UP to see THE TRIBAL MAN walking towards her (having heard the chime). She types as FAST as she can: "ALIVE. Same coordinates. HELP!!" She pushes SEND just as --

THE TRIBAL MAN arrives and KICKS HER IN THE FACE. He tries to grab her phone. She doesn't let go -- she HASN'T HEARD the E-MAIL SEND. He kicks her again, hard, knocks the wind out of her. OTHER TRIBAL MEN descend. YELLING. GRABBING.

She finally loses her grip on the phone, watches it land. THE MAN raises his gun, then the "SWHOOOOSH!" SOUND OF EMAIL BEING SENT, just as the butt of his gun comes down hard, smashing her phone and the IMAGE OF THE LITTLE GIRL to bits.

MATCH CUT TO:

THAT SAME GIRL, IN A HURRY...

Stuffing the last of a BANANA into her mouth. WIDEN TO--

INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

This is SUZANNE, Odelle's 12 year-old daughter, dressed in a leotard for DANCE CLASS. She gathers her things, puts them in her DANCE BAG. From the OTHER ROOM we hear --

RON (O.C.)
Come on, dolly. We'll be late!!

Suzanne runs toward the front door, but then suddenly takes a right turn and runs up the stairs. RON BALLARD, her father and Odelle's husband, late 30's, an obvious goodness to him, watches her go. Suzanne, mouth still full--

SUZANNE (O.C.)
Need to change my shoes.

RON
Why? Those shoes are... fantastic!

SUZANNE (O.C.)
They're too big!

Suddenly, the DOOR BELL. Ron turns to answer the door, throws back over his shoulder, calling upstairs...

RON
We just bought them!

Ron opens the door to COL. GLEN. Standing next to him is a MILITARY CHAPLAIN. The look on GLEN'S FACE freezes Ron.

COL GLEN
Ron. I'm so sorry.

Ron blanches. Is this really happening? WIDEN TO:

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - SAME

Middle class home. Middle class neighborhood. Ron, frozen for a beat, steps aside and lets them in, closing the door.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK -- THE SOUNDS OF WALL STREET

EXT. WALL STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

The city is starting to light. G8 PROTESTORS are everywhere.

SUPER: “WALL STREET. NEW YORK CITY.”

We focus on the monolith that is the SIMONS-WACHTEL BUILDING--

MCDONALD (O.C.)
There he is.

INT. SIMONS-WACHTEL - PETER’S OFFICE - SAME

Peter enters to find Frank McDonald at his desk. Standing nearby is ARMAND BAKER, 50s, CEO of Societele Mining.

MCDONALD
Peter, you know Armand Baker.

Baker crosses to Peter, they shake hands. Peter feels like this is an ambush. McDonald gets up from Peter’s desk--

MCDONALD (CONT’D)
Sorry for the intrusion. Just wanted to make sure we caught you. Armand has some news --

BAKER
I understand you had concerns about the IRS investigation... I wanted you to be the first to know that they are dropping all charges against me and Societele--

MCDONALD
Without an admission of guilt. They are, of course, paying all back taxes, penalties and fines--

PETER
(to Baker)
And the reasons for the slush fund?

MCDONALD
Are confidential.

PETER
With all due respect... Anything that could compromise Mr. Baker--

BAKER
(seeing he won’t relent)
I’ve been married to the same woman for over twenty-five years. I love her very much--

PETER
The woman in Tampa? Extortion?

BAKER
Child support. She became pregnant. Paternity test confirmed the child is mine. I'd appreciate your discretion--

MCDONALD
As long as it doesn't affect the merger, we have no problem, do we?

PETER
What about the man in Reno? Gentry-

Baker freezes. Stares at Peter.

BAKER
Where did you hear that name?

MCDONALD
Peter. The IRS is satisfied. So we're satisfied.

Off Peter, realizing something is being swept under the rug.

INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - LATE AFTERNOON

BOB, the crazy PROTESTOR from THE G8 PROTEST, is at the kitchen counter. A small TV plays in the b.g., turned to local news. The place is unkempt.

SUPER: "BROWNSVILLE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK"

Dishes are dirty, food on the counter. Bob's mind is rattled. During the following, he makes a SANDWICH.

BOB
(to himself)
You can do this. Keep it simple. What was it he said?
(tapping his head)
Think--think--think-- ah. One thing. The most important--

He pours a glass of MILK. Heads over to the LIVING ROOM where he delivers the meal to his mother, ROSE OFFER, late 60's, wearing a frayed bathrobe. Her face is colorless; her hair a mess. She's hooked to AN OXYGEN TANK. She's dying.

BOB (CONT'D)
Here you go, Ma.

Rose notices that Bob is not eating with her.

ROSE
Aren't you going to eat?

BOB
Not hungry.

ROSE
Did you remember to put the milk away? When it sits out, it spoils.

BOB
I will.

ROSE
What were you mumbling about?

BOB
Nothing. I was thinking.

ROSE
You shouldn't do it out loud. It makes you sound crazy.

BOB
(suddenly angry)
Will you stop already?! Why do you have to criticize everything I do?

He realizes who he's talking to. Feels instant regret.

BOB (CONT'D)
It's very important that I keep the message simple - one thing - so that people will listen--

ROSE
You sound like your father did just before--

BOB
Before he was murdered?

ROSE
He had a heart attack--

BOB
No he was murdered for what he knew. Phillip Morris couldn't let him live... He needs vindication for what they did to him.

Rose waves him off.

ROSE
And who's going to do that? You?

BOB
As a matter of fact, I ran into Harrison Wolcott this morning.

ROSE
Do I know him?

BOB
I told you about him. He's a real free thinker -- attractive -- his father is Randall Wolcott, the writer --

ROSE
You two are friends?

BOB
Yes. And he was on Fox News today. He's got access to the media so he wanted me to narrow things down. The one thing we can bring to them--

Bob is distracted by a HEADLINE ON THE TV: "HEROES KILLED."

BOB (CONT'D)
Ma! Quick! Turn it up!

Rose uses the remote control to turn up the volume--

NEWS ANCHOR
...Military sources confirm that the 24th Special Ops Team, the same force that recently killed Al Qaeda leader Abdule Abbas, were tragically ambushed and killed by the Islamic extremist group Ansar Dine in a pre-dawn raid, Ansar Dine, with strong ties to Al Qaeda, control much of the northern tribal region of Mali. The Special Ops Team was reportedly on their way back to a base in Algeria when the attack occurred. Again, all twelve Special Ops forces, American heroes, killed...

Bob listens intently. To his crazy thought process, the death of these troops is the lynch pin to the whole conspiracy theory. Suddenly energized --

BOB
There you go! That, right there... Yesterday those soldiers were heroes, today, they're dead. And we're supposed to believe it's a coincidence?

ROSE
What else could it be?

Bob sits at his COMPUTER, excited --

BOB
Could be a million things. A trillion. But I'm finding the one thing...

ROSE
What are you doing?

BOB
It's called hacking, Mom.

ROSE
Is that legal?

BOB
No. But if the government's doing what I think, it's justified.

As Bob focuses intently...

A WOODEN TRAP DOOR SLAMS in our face.

FIND ODELLE, stripped of her gear, beaten and sweating profusely in--

INT. SPIDER HOLE - HOUSE - MALI - DAY

(NOTE: SCENES SHOT WHILE ODELLE IS IN SPIDER HOLE ARE SHOT SOLELY FROM HER POV.) (*ITALICS* = BAMBARA, subtitled).

Shafts of light and sound pour through the spider hole hatch. Outside, a room filled with the smells of smoke and cooking.

SUPER: "TRIBAL REGION, MALI."

TWO MALIAN WOMEN argue in BAMBARA. One younger than the other. Odelle listens as we see subtitles (text to come). The men have left for a tribal meeting. The women feel unprotected. They keep arguing as they walk out the door leaving silence, except for the crackling sound of the fire.

Odelle looks up through THE HATCH and finds the face of a intelligent-looking SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY, clutching a book to his chest, staring down at her. Sees her looking back. Then--

BOY
(in English)
Hello.

ODELLE
(carefully)
Hello.
(beat)
What's your name?

BOY
Aslam.

ODELLE
Aslam. That means peace, right?
(no response)
What are you reading, Aslam?
(in Bambara)
What are you reading?

Aslam looks down at HIS BOOK, shows it to her.

ODELLE (CONT'D)
Harry Potter! Prisoner Of Azkaban. I love that one. Have you gotten to the part with the Dementors?
(off his stare)
Do you like the Dementors? My daughter thought they were scary.

ASLAM
(smiles, then)
Not scary. Funny.

ODELLE
Funny? *Djoli?*

ASLAM
Djoli.

ODELLE
Aslam, I'm thirsty. Could you get me some water?
(no answer, in BAMBARA)
N bé ji fé?

Aslam walks away.

ODELLE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Shit.

INT. DRUCKER HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Peter, in pajamas, has documents spread across the kitchen table. He reads one of them intently. His wife enters, having woken up and found him missing from bed--

SARAH
There you are. What's all this?

PETER
He's a UAV operator.

SARAH
Who?

PETER
Danny Gentry lives in Reno. Flies UAVs out of Niger in North Africa. He's a drone pilot.

SARAH
How do you know that?

PETER
Found his social security number in the documents. I just got word from an old friend in DOJ --
(then)
Why would Armand Baker and Societele Mining Corporation want to pay off a drone pilot? And why would Gentry return the money?

SARAH
Didn't McDonald tell you to drop all of this?

PETER
This is bigger than I thought--

SARAH
So then call someone. Ed Dixon.

PETER
I'm not giving this to Ed--

Sarah regards Peter --

SARAH
Peter. You have a good job. We just bought this house. Put our kids in private school. You're not a US Attorney anymore--

PETER
(irritated)
I know that.

Peter turns back to the documents. Sarah watches, concerned.

INT. HARRISON AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A compact NYC apartment. We're in the KITCHEN with Harrison (fishing beers from the fridge) and Anna, mid-conversation --

ANNA
How much do you know about this woman?

HARRISON
She's from Time. Writing a feature article--

ANNA
Shouldn't you know her angle before you let her interview you?

HARRISON
She liked what I said on Fox. How bad could it be?

Harrison takes the beers and heads into --

THE LIVING ROOM where A FEW G8 PROTEST LEADERS sit around the coffee table. Molly, James, and OTHERS... Harrison sits next to Molly, hands her a beer.

MOLLY
Everything okay?

HARRISON
(rolls his eyes)
My girlfriend thinks I should ask you what your angle is.

MOLLY
I told you. It's about how the G8 Summit reinvigorated you guys. I mean, Occupy is dead. The US economy is doing better, but here you are, protesting the man. Our readers want to understand that. My angle is you. All of you.

HARRISON
Sounds good to me.

Anna enters, sits across from them. Watching --

INT. BROWNSTONE - BROOKLYN

Bob works at his computer. Beside him is a list of names, all the SOLDIERS KILLED IN ODELLE'S UNIT. A couple of the names have been crossed off the list.

BOB
(singing to himself)
There's somethin' happening here.
What it is ain't exactly clear...

All of a sudden, he hits on something that prompts him to --

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh my god! Ma, you gotta see this.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The E-MAIL sent to Col. Glen by Odelle's account. It reads: "Alive. Same coordinates. Help!"

BOB (CONT'D)
This soldier sent this e-mail 14 hours after she was supposedly killed! It's a cover up! She's alive!

He looks to see that his Mom is out cold in her chair. He gets up and kisses her on the cheek.

BOB (CONT'D)
Sleep tight, Ma. You don't have to worry anymore. I'm gonna be on TV.

Bob grabs his stuff and heads out the door to find Harrison.

INT. HARRISON AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - MUCH LATER

The G8 PROTEST GROUP is active on their SMART PHONES. Molly watches Harrison, engaged. Anna watches Molly, annoyed--

JAMES
How about a flash mob? We invade one of the big brokerage houses--

ANOTHER PROTESTOR
(foreign accent)
We need to break some glass. Get their attention--

HARRISON
(an idea)
Bowman and Sons. My access card still works in the lobby --

LONG-HAIRED PROTESTOR
Awesome.

HARRISON
Mindless destruction. Should be fun--

JAMES
Great. So tomorrow, we invade Bowman and Sons--

Harrison regards Molly. Is she impressed yet? His phone VIBRATES, he looks at the CALLER ID. BOB OFFER.

HARRISON
(to himself)
How the hell did he get my number?

He ignores the call. Meanwhile, the Long Haired Protester pulls out a joint. He regards Molly --

LONG HAIRED PROTESTER
Medicinal.

Molly smiles. Okay by her. The Long Haired Protester lights it up. Passes it around. Harrison clicks on the television so they can watch the news about the G8 PROTESTS.

INT. HOUSE (SPIDER HOLE), MALI - DAY

Odelle rests. Through the SPIDER HOLE... TWO MALIAN WOMEN cook, chattering in BAMBARA. Suddenly Odelle HEARS the words "ANSAR DINE" and subtitles begin. She opens her eyes, listens --

MALIAN WOMAN 1
There will not be enough. How many?

MALIAN WOMAN 2
Fourteen fighters.

MALIAN WOMAN 1
Are they sure that's enough to handle one woman soldier?

They laugh. Suddenly the sound of a LOUD POP and a SCREAM. Peeking through her hatch, best Odelle can make out, a pot of HOT COOKING OIL has exploded on an open fire, and a young woman's face has been burned. SCREAMS OF AGONY AND PAIN as the women around her try shout and attempt to help.

Odelle glimpses Aslam. SPEAKS TO HIM IN ENGLISH AND BAMBARA --

ODELLE
Aslam. ASLAM!!
(he turns to her)
What happened? Is she burned?

Aslam is clearly worried, upset. One of the women runs by. He follows, returns with a BUCKET OF WATER. Odelle sees--

ODELLE (CONT'D)
Aslam stop! I can help. I've got medicine in my pack. *Medicine. It will help with the pain.* If you let me out, I can help.

ASLAM
No. My father, he is coming back soon. *I am the guard.*

The girl SCREAMS IN PAIN as the women try and wash the burns. Odelle is going crazy. So frustrated and helpless.

ODELLE
(trying to engage him)
Aslam, who is she? *Who is she*?! *Is she your sister?*

ASLAM
My friend.

ODELLE
Okay, fine. Go get my pack. You can help her. I'll talk you through it. Hurry!

Aslam thinks for a beat, conflicted, then goes.

ODELLE (CONT'D)
(yelling to women)
Stop rubbing with water! You are making it worse! Please!

It's hard for Odelle to see what's going on, but they seem to be listening. The girl is a little less frantic.

Suddenly, the SOUND of HER PACK hitting the ground above her. Aslam pulls things out.

ODELLE (CONT'D)
Aslam, look for a small pouch with a red cross on it. Do you see it?
(a beat)
DO YOU SEE IT?

ASLAM
Yes.

ODELLE
Open it. You're looking for small, brown container marked FENTANYL. F-E-N-T-A-N-Y-L. DO YOU SEE IT?

ASLAM
I think so.

ODELLE
Show me!

He puts the bottle in her view.

ODELLE (CONT'D)
Yes. That's it. Give her TWO. *Two!*

Aslam goes. The women start arguing with him.

ODELLE (CONT'D)
Tell them the pills are Opiods, not unlike Opium. She must take two right away.

Aslam GETS ANGRY at the women. They stop. Aslam reappears at her hatch.

ASLAM
She took them.

ODELLE
Good. Now find a white tube. *A cream. Says LACTATED RINGER'S SOLUTION. L-A-C...*

ASLAM
(irritated)
I've got it!

He goes. She yells after.

ODELLE
Apply the cream gently. Then put a clean sheet or light blanket on her to equalize her body temperature.
(beat)
Did you hear me? DID YOU HEAR ME?

Aslam doesn't answer, but Odelle hears him working. Finally, the young woman settles down. Her shrieks soften until they stop. A few beats later Aslam approaches, elated.

ASLAM
It's good.

Off Odelle, relieved --

EXT. WALL STREET - LATE NIGHT

Bob is in the CROWD OF PROTESTORS. It's cold out, but he doesn't seem to notice. He's looking for Harrison. He asks random people--

BOB
You seen Harrison? Anyone seen Harrison Wolcott?

INT. HARRISON AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

The coffee table is littered with empty bottles, bags of junk food, etc. Everyone is feeling the effects of the pot-- Molly is mid-interview with Harrison. They're laughing. Anna watches them from a short distance, annoyed, and then gets up, stretches, to Harrison--

ANNA
I'm going to bed. Some of us have to work in the morning. You know, to pay the rent. Things like that. You coming?

An awkwardness between them. Molly tries not to watch--

HARRISON
I'll be in later.

MOLLY
(offering)
I'm almost done with him.

Angry, Anna exits to the bedroom. Harrison and Molly continue as the rest of the room gets even more stoned.

INT. HARRISON AND ANNA'S APARTMENT - A SHORT TIME LATER

Anna wakes to the sound of HARRISON'S CELL PHONE vibrating. Harrison's not there. She rolls over and picks it up -- sees that Bob Offer is calling. Ignores it. Finding it odd that Harrison is not in bed, she gets up and makes her way to--

THE LIVING ROOM

She spots James asleep on the couch. Everyone else is gone.

ANNA
(shoving him)
James. Where's Harrison?

JAMES
(still loaded)
He's not here?

Off Anna, pissed as hell --

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Harrison and Molly arrive at the entrance to a Brownstone.

MOLLY
Well, this is me.

Molly turns back. Harrison goes for it, leans into Molly. They kiss. It grows passionate. As Harrison begins to lead her inside... Molly pulls back. Stops him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Ah... No. Sorry--

HARRISON
(confused)
Something wrong?

MOLLY
Look, it's been fun. The pot. Hanging out. A little like college-

HARRISON
So is *that* what you're going to write in Time?

MOLLY
I said it was fun. Not newsworthy. Good-bye, Harrison.

With that, she exits. Harrison is left, stunned. Wondering what the hell just happened--

FADE OUT.

EXT. GENTRY HOUSE - MORNING

A RENTAL CAR stops at a SMALL TRACT HOUSE in need of repair.

SUPER: RENO, NEVADA.

Peter and Joe exit from the car and approach the front door.

JOE
This is a bad idea.

They arrive at the FRONT DOOR. Joe knocks. After a moment, DANNY GENTRY, 24, athletic, military fatigues, answers--

PETER
Danny Gentry?

DANNY
Who are you?

PETER
Peter Drucker. This is Joe Abrams. We work for Simons-Wachtel, an investment bank in New York City. We're underwriting a merger--

DANNY
I told them I don't want their money.

Danny moves to close the door. Peter stops him --

PETER
Told who?

DANNY
Get your hand off the door--

JOE
Mr. Gentry, Armand Baker tried to pay off your mortgage. You refused. Your house is in foreclosure. Why would you do that?

PETER
Does it have anything to do with your job as a UAV operator with 15th Recon Squadron in Africa?

Danny hesitates. His pretty WIFE, JANINE (20s), comes to the door with their 6 year-old daughter SOPHIA.

DANNY
Stay inside, Janine.

Janine takes a look at Peter and Joe. She becomes a bit frightened and moves quickly back inside with Sophia--

PETER
Danny, if Societele Mining tried to pay you there's got to be a reason. Let us help you--

DANNY
Stay the hell away from us.

PETER
(handing a BUSINESS CARD)
If you change your mind--

-- Danny SLAMS the door. Joe turns to Peter --

JOE
Can we go home now?

Frustrated, Peter and Joe head back to the rental car.

INT. HOUSE (SPIDER HOLE) - LATE NIGHT

Odelle wakes to the SOUND OF SHOUTING. She looks up through the hatch to see THE TRIBAL MAN, ASLAM'S FATHER (the one that captured her) SCOLDING Aslam in *BAMBARA* --

FATHER
(in Bambara)
You are my son! Why would you shame me like this?

ASLAM
Diwa was burned.

FATHER
(he slaps him hard)
I gave you a job to guard this devil. Not to do as she says.

Suddenly, GUNFIRE SOUNDS from outside followed by a LARGE EXPLOSION. THEN ANOTHER. FATHER hands Aslam a gun.

FATHER (CONT'D)
They're here. This time guard her! If they get close, take her to Tessalit and wait for us there. If she tries to run, kill her.

He rushes out. Aslam nervously watches him go, then turns to Odelle, gun in hand. He kneels to her, points the gun at her face, puts his finger to his lips --

ASLAM
Shhhh.

A LONG, TENSE, SILENT BEAT. Odelle tries to peek out, sees ASLAM, RIFLE IN HAND, terrified, looking out the door.

ODELLE
Aslam. Tell me. Who is out there?

ASLAM
(terrified)
Americans.

ODELLE
Okay. Let me out. I can--

Then, ANOTHER EXPLOSION. VERY CLOSE. A CACOPHONY of GUNFIRE. Aslam cowers. A sudden fear comes over Odelle --

ODELLE (CONT'D)
Aslam, this is very important. What color are their uniforms? Are they green or black? Can you tell?

ASLAM
I can't...

ODELLE
Look closer! GREEN OR BLACK?!

Suddenly a large explosion lights up the outside just enough.

ASLAM
Black.

Now, Odelle is terrified. They're getting closer. Aslam points his gun out the door, ready to defend himself.

ODELLE
If you try to fight them, you will die, Aslam. We will both die.

Practically shaking, he holds his position. Suddenly, Odelle SLAMS her shoulder into the hatch. Trying to break out. Aslam is there in an instant, gun trained on her.

ASLAM
What are you doing?

ODELLE
(looking up at him)
Aslam, what did your father tell you to do? What did he tell you?!

As Aslam considers what to do...

EXT. HOUSE - MALI - NIGHT

XEs make their way towards a house, FIRING at anything that moves. A few break formation, enter the house --

INT. HOUSE - MALI

XEs enter. They look around the room, guns pointed... One of them turns and we realize... THIS IS FRANK MAJORS.

They're in the house where Odelle has been kept prisoner. Majors moves slowly around the room and spots THE SPIDER HOLE. It's covered with a WORN RUG. Majors points his gun at the SPIDER HOLE... reaches for the rug. And YANKS it aside... ready to FIRE --

But the spider hole is now empty. He's too late.

EXT. VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Aslam, gun pointed, rushes Odelle through BACK PATHS, BETWEEN BUILDINGS, away from the fighting. Odelle suddenly stops. Abruptly crouches and heads off sharply to the right, behind a low, mud wall. Aslam has no choice but to follow --

ASLAM
(whispering)
What are you doing?! *I WILL shoot you!*

She stops, signalling him to be quiet. Then, Aslam hears it. Faintly. The SQUELCH SOUND leaking from the ear piece of an XE as he and THREE OTHERS walk past by on the other side of the wall. They're only a few feet from where Odelle and Aslam are crouched... As they pass--

Aslam turns back, meets Odelle's eyes. A moment of understanding. Then lifts his gun, points it back at her.

ASLAM (CONT'D)
Move. Now.

As they head off into the night --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - MORNING

Harrison enters a PROTEST AREA, cordoned off by VARIOUS POLICE BLOCKADES. He's on his CELL PHONE. He hears the BEEP of a VOICEMAIL --

HARRISON
Hey, Molly. It's me. Harrison. Wolcott. Just wanted to remind you about that Bowman and Sons thing... I think it's gonna be pretty big. Maybe even "newsworthy." Anyway, call me back--

Harrison hangs up when he spots Anna --

HARRISON (CONT'D)
There you are. Didn't hear you leave this morning.

ANNA
Have fun last night?

HARRISON
What are you talking about?

ANNA
Seriously?

She tries to walk off. Harrison stops her --

HARRISON
Wait. Talk to me--

ANNA
About what? You're a mess. You're impossible to be with. You sabotaged your career. And now you've fucked some stranger because she promised to write about you in a magazine.

HARRISON
Nothing happened...

Anna exits. Before Harrison can follow her, Bob grabs him--

BOB
Jesus, man. Where have you been? I've been trying to reach you all night. I've got something big -

HARRISON
Not a good time, Bob.

BOB
Look at this.

Bob shows Harrison his PHONE. Harrison isn't interested--

BOB (CONT'D)
It's the story about those Special Ops Forces that were killed by Islamic extremists in North Africa... Only the whole thing is a lie. It was a cover-up! I have proof. Look--

Anna disappears into the crowd. Harrison turns his attention to Bob who shows him the e-mail sent from Odelle's account.

HARRISON
(frustrated to Bob)
What? What is it?

BOB
Sergeant Odelle Ballard sent this e-mail 14 hours after she was reported dead by the US military.

HARRISON
Where did you get this?

BOB
Hacked into her e-mail account. You know what this means? They're lying. The military. The feds.

Harrison looks at what Bob has. Realizes...

HARRISON
...Come with me.

As Harrison escorts Bob off --

EXT. TESSALIT, MALI - DAWN

The sun rises on a SMALL ENCLAVE OF HOUSES perched high up on a hillside. Peaceful. A few MALIAN WOMEN wander around doing morning chores.

SUPER: "TESSALIT, NORTHERN MALI."

INT. MUD HOUSE - SAME

Aslam, asleep, gun across his lap. Odelle sits opposite, AWAKE, WATCHING HIM.

ODELLE
(in Bambara)
Good morning.

ASLAM
(in English)
Good morning.

Aslam gathers himself. Quickly checks his gun. He realizes that Odelle could have taken his gun. Shot him. But she didn't. He looks at her for a moment, and then opens his satchel and starts taking things out. First thing that comes out is his HARRY POTTER BOOK. Odelle smiles --

ODELLE
(indicating his book)
Have you read the first?

ASLAM
No. But I've read this one many times.

He pulls out an old model CELL PHONE, sets it aside. Odelle notices. He starts to eat BREAD. Offers a piece to her. She takes it. Eats hungrily.

ODELLE
I've read them all. With my daughter Suzanne. She's 12.
(then)
You'd like them. Especially the first one. Where it all began.
(off his smile)
Maybe some day I'll send it to you.

Now she's gone too far. He's suspicious. Quiet. Then--

ODELLE (CONT'D)
What's the plan, Aslam? What do we do now?

ASLAM
I will guard you until my father comes. And then he will sell you to the Ansar Dine.

ODELLE
Has anyone come? From your village?

Aslam shakes his head.

ODELLE (CONT'D)
Don't you think if they could have come they would have?

ASLAM
(getting to his feet)
My father is not dead.

ODELLE
Then where is he? *The men who did this will not stop until they find me and kill me. And if you're with me they'll kill you too.*

ASLAM
But... they are American soldiers. They were coming to save you.

ODELLE
These are soldiers for hire. And they've been hired to... do something. I don't know what, but somehow it involves killing my entire unit.
(starts to tear up)
My whole unit is gone. My friends. And now they want to kill me, so we have to keep moving. It's very dangerous for us to stay. Do you understand?

ASLAM
My father will come.

He picks up his phone and his gun and starts to leave.

ODELLE
Aslam.
(indicates phone)
One call. To my husband and daughter. Just to let them know I'm alive. Just one. Please.

He considers for a beat, but then --

ASLAM
No.

He leaves. Off Odelle, feeling desperate.

EXT. WALL STREET - CITY STREET - LATER - DAY

Harrison rushes Bob through a CROWD that is gathering.

BOB
Who are we looking for?

HARRISON
A woman. She works for Time Magazine. She's doing a story--

BOB
Can we trust her?

HARRISON
Don't be stupid, Bob.

Finally, Harrison spots Molly on the outskirts of the gathering mob. She's talking to a DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING OFFICIAL. He rushes Bob over to her.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Molly!

Molly turns, annoyed by the interruption. She gives Harrison the "one-moment" finger --

HARRISON (CONT'D)
(insisting)
Molly, you need to meet this guy.

Molly excuses herself and finally turns to Harrison --

MOLLY
(slightly annoyed)
What?

HARRISON
This is Bob. Show her the e-mail.

BOB
(to Molly)
You really work for Time?

HARRISON
Just show her.

As Bob shows Molly the e-mail... She reads for a moment--

MOLLY
This is real?

HARRISON
Of course it is.

Molly looks at Harrison, impressed. Harrison smiles. So does Bob. Just then, JAMES arrives and finds Harrison --

JAMES
We need you.

HARRISON
Hang on, I'm--

JAMES
No. Now. We need that access card--

James pulls him away. Harrison turns back to Molly and Bob--

HARRISON
Wait there. I'll be right back.

James and Harrison move quickly through the growing CROWD, DOWN THE STREET towards BOWMAN AND SONS... when --

A DEAFENING POP - THE SOUND OF A FLASH BANG GRENADE.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
What the hell?!

Harrison and James rush through the THRONG and SCREAMING to find...

THE LONG-HAIRED PROTESTOR IS DOWN, injured. RIOT POLICE are nearby. Harrison kneels next to him --

HARRISON (CONT'D)
What the hell happened?

LONG-HAIRED PROTESTOR
I don't know. They were already here. They just started shooting--

Harrison turns to THE RIOT COPS, holds up his BOWMAN AND SONS ACCESS CARD --

HARRISON
I'm a fucking employee. We're going in --

Before he can step forward, Harrison is SHOT IN THE FACE WITH A RUBBER BULLET! He falls to the ground, in agonizing pain. He clutches his face, blood streaming through his fingers... AS PEOPLE SCREAM --

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

A small, basic, public school in America.

SUPER: "CORBETT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, RENO, NEVADA."

JANINE GENTRY (Danny's wife) makes her way through a throng of children to pick up her daughter, Sophia. She looks around for a beat. Can't find her. Janine seeks out a YOUNG TEACHER.

JANINE
Excuse me, have you seen my daughter? Sophia?

YOUNG TEACHER
Sure. She was just...

Looks around. Can't find her. She regards ANOTHER TEACHER --

YOUNG TEACHER (CONT'D)
Elaine? Have you seen Sophia Gentry?

ANOTHER TEACHER
I think she was picked up already.

Janine reacts. Scared.

JANINE
Picked up by who?!

EXT. RENO STREET - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Janine runs. She's ON HER CELL PHONE --

JANINE
She's gone... I don't know. They said someone already picked her up. Jesus, Danny...

EXT. GENTRY HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER - DAY

Danny and Janine rush out of their car. Danny spots their 6 year-old daughter, Sophia, sitting on the front porch.

DANNY
(relieved)
There she is--

JANINE
My god--

Danny and Janine rush to Sophia. Danny scoops her up into his arms. Holds her tight --

DANNY
Where have you been?

SOPHIA
Your friend picked me up.

DANNY
Who? What friend?

SOPHIA
He was nice. He said he wanted to pay for our house.

Danny and Janine regard each other. Holy shit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

Peter and Joe walk with Danny Gentry, now dressed in UNIFORM. As they walk, they pass Bob, wandering aimlessly, looking confused. They don't notice him.

DANNY
We'd been operating in the tribal regions of Niger and Somalia. Putting down skirmishes, weapons transports and whatnot, so it wasn't surprising to get the call so late. It was a band of Islamic militants on horseback, making their way towards second battalion in Algeria. Thing is, they were in Mali. We never send armed Reapers into Mali. A few of my buddies flew unarmed Predators to help the French with logistical stuff, but never anything with missiles--

PETER
Okay. Than what?

DANNY
Then it got strange. We had no intel analyst. C.O. said there were technical difficulties in Terre Haute. I told him I didn't feel right about it. We had no confirmations. No second set of eyes. But he gave me a direct order. He told me to take them out.

PETER
You think your C.O. knew that you were firing on American soldiers?

DANNY
I don't know what he knew at the time. But after the news came out--

JOE
What?

DANNY
Nothing. I waited. Then I made an appointment to see the base commander. Told him I couldn't keep quiet about this. Next thing I know, I'm put on paid leave.
(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)
Told to sit tight. Everything would be taken care of.

PETER
Is that where Societele Mining fit in?

DANNY
Yes, Sir. The next morning, my bank told me that someone paid off my mortgage. I knew what they were paying me for. It was blood money. I told the bank to send it back. I'm not getting paid off. We killed US soldiers. Heroes.

JOE
Why are you telling us this now?

DANNY
They made it clear they could get to me. It got me mad.

PETER
You think they were from Societele?

DANNY
I don't know. But somebody wants to shut me up.
(then)
We got relatives in Connecticut. We'll stay there until you need me to testify or whatever.
(then)
I read about you on the internet, Mr. Drucker. Said you went after big tobacco and pharmaceutical companies. I figured I could trust you to help me.

PETER
I will.

DANNY
You'll say that it wasn't my fault, right? I was just doing what they told me to do--

PETER
Of course.

Off Peter and Joe, stunned by the revelation.

EXT. TESSALIT, MALI - LATER

A remote, mesa-like outcropping of mud huts. Two women gossip in Bambara, gesturing and shaking their heads as Aslam, carrying an ARMFUL OF CLOTHES, FOOD AND WATER walks into one of the homes.

INT. MUD HOUSE - SAME

Odelle looks up as Aslam enters. He holds up stack of traditional MALIAN WOMEN'S CLOTHES.

ASLAM
These are for you.

He puts down container of water and food.

ASLAM (CONT'D)
And this.

ODELLE
What's it for?

ASLAM
To hide you. It will give you a chance when I'm gone.

She stares at him. He gets uncomfortable.

ASLAM (CONT'D)
(explaining)
These people are Tuareg. Tribal people. Some of the men are traveling to Timbuktu on a pilgrimage. I will hide with them until we move past the Ansar Dine. Then I will meet family in Bamako and be safe from all this.

ODELLE
You mean safe from me.

ASLAM
Yes.

ODELLE
What about your father?

ASLAM
You're right. He would've come by now--

He looks down guiltily --

ODELLE
You have to take me with you. It's the only way I have a chance.

ASLAM
I can't. Only men go on the pilgrimage. I'm sorry. Good luck.

He turns to go.

ODELLE
And when the Ansar Dine find me? What do you think I will tell them?

He looks at her.

ODELLE (CONT'D)
I will tell them it was you that helped me escape. And I will tell them where you went.

He's getting pissed. Grabs his gun.

ASLAM
Then I will take you to them myself. Be a hero.

She stands. Starts walking toward him.

ODELLE
No you won't.

He points his gun at her. She walks right up to it. Grabs the barrel, pulls it hard toward her heart.

ODELLE (CONT'D)
Go ahead then. Kill me. You leave me alone and you might as well pull the trigger yourself. GO AHEAD!

He looks at her hard. Trying to find the courage.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

DARKNESS, except for the sliver of light illuminating a severely beaten face. We can barely recognize it as ASLAM'S FATHER. A door suddenly BURSTS OPEN. In walks Frank Majors with an interpreter at his side. Pulls up a chair facing Aslam's father. Watches him for a beat.

FRANK MAJORS
Good morning.

THE INTERPRETER REPEATS IN BAMBARA (as he will do throughout the scene).

FRANK MAJORS (CONT'D)
(to interpreter)
Ask him if he wants to die today.

He waits for interpreter to finish. Aslam's father makes an unintelligible sound.

FRANK MAJORS (CONT'D)
Good. Now. One last time. We only want the woman. If he tells us where his son took her we will not hurt his son. We will leave this god-forsaken shit hole and let him and his merry band of terrorists live in peace. If he doesn't...

Frank makes a gun with his thumb and forefinger, puts forefinger up to Father's forehead, makes the whispered sound of a gun firing as he pretends to shoot.

End on FATHER'S FACE, bloody, sweating and terrified.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - EVENING

Harrison has a bandage on his head. He's watching the POLICE ACTION against the protestors on TELEVISION. He looks up to see his dad enter --

HARRISON
What are you doing here?

RANDALL
Get dressed. I've already checked you out. Paid the bill.

Harrison looks at his dad.

HARRISON
I didn't ask you to--

RANDALL
Anna called. She wants you out. I think it's time you move back home--

HARRISON
I'm not moving back home.

RANDALL
So what are you going to do? Live in the street? Do your little interviews?

HARRISON
(reacting)
Fuck you. In fact--

Harrison finds his wallet, takes out a CREDIT CARD and tosses it to his father.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Here. Take it.

Randall hesitates a beat, looking at the card--

RANDALL
If this is what you want.

Randall picks it up... and exits. Off Harrison, nervous, but feeling newly independent --

INT. DRUCKER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter and his wife, Sarah, in bed. Sarah looks concerned--

SARAH
They tried to bribe him?

PETER
Yes. He's a good kid though. Gave it all back. It's the only reason we found him.

SARAH
So what do you do?

PETER
I'm taking him to the US Attorney's office tomorrow. And then I'll be resigning from Simons-Wachtel.

SARAH
What? Why?

PETER
Because the minute I talk to the US Attorney, this thing will explode. The merger will fall apart. And the firm will lose over a hundred million dollars...

Sarah looks at Peter.

SARAH
And you'll get your old job back.

PETER
I don't know about that. It may open a few doors though. And it's the right thing to do.

Sarah nods. Peter can see her worried look --

PETER (CONT'D)
It's gonna be fine.

INT. MUD HOUSE - MALI - LATER

Aslam storms in with a STACK OF MEN'S CLOTHING. THE BRIGHT BLUE OF TUAREG TRIBESMEN.

ASLAM
So, you will go. We will hide in the pilgrimage until we get to Timbuktu and that will be the end.
Do you understand?

ODELLE
Yes.

ASLAM
You will go away?

ODELLE
I will go away.

She reaches for the woman's clothing he had left before.

ASLAM
No. Only men can go. You must wear these.

She takes the men's clothes from him.

ASLAM (CONT'D)
And one more thing.

He hands her A PAIR OF SCISSORS. She looks at him, considering the step she's about to take, but knowing she has no choice. She takes the scissors, holds them up to her hair, and STARTS CUTTING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MUD HOUSE - MALI - A SHORT TIME LATER

Odelle, FULLY DRESSED, HAIR CUT SHORT, looking as much a man as she possibly can. Aslam makes a few adjustments.

He reaches up and shakes a cloth necklace full of TUAREG MEDALLIONS (SILVER WITH PALE BLUE STONES). As he does, one medallion falls to the ground unnoticed. Odelle looks at Aslam, grateful, but from Aslam's expression, she can tell he's not pleased.

ODELLE
That good huh?

ASLAM
This is dangerous. At best you look like an old teenager with no beard.

ODELLE
Wow. An old teenager. Not sure if I should be offended or not.

ASLAM
Be serious. This is not a joke. If they catch you, you will be stoned.
(beat)
Okay. We are friends on the Tuareg pilgrimage on our way to Timbuktu to repair Sidi Yahya mosque. Say it.

ODELLE
Sidi Yahya.

ASLAM
Talk as little as possible. Your accent is not good. And here.

He hands her his cell phone.

ASLAM (CONT'D)
One call. To your family. Only one.

Grateful, stunned, she takes the phone and steps away for privacy. She stares at it as if it could tell her how to make this call. FINALLY DIALS.

She waits, and waits for all the circuits to connect. Flinches as she finally hears A RING. THEN ANOTHER.

INT. BALLARD HOME - EVENING

A hushed crowd of friends and food trying to comfort in times of death. COLONEL GLEN walks with Ron, his arm around him, speaking in hushed tones. Suzanne is a ways off by herself.

COL GLEN
She's one of three we could not recover.

RON
But why? It doesn't make sense.

COL GLEN
We don't know.

RON
Not having a body, dog tags, anything. Just makes it so much harder.

COL GLEN
I know.

As the conversation continues, CAMERA BOOMS DOWN until we discover THE TELEPHONE in the foreground. A telephone that should be RINGING, but IS NOT.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA CONTROL ROOM, LANGLEY - SAME

An OPERATOR with a large panel in front of her.

OPERATOR
We're tracking a call from the Kidal region to the Ballard residence.

Operator listens. Then something beeps on her control board.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Yes sir. Coordinates just confirmed.

CUT TO:

INT. MUD HOUSE - MALI - SAME

Odelle hangs up. Stares at the phone. Concerned.

ODELLE
They should've answered. Or the machine. The machine should've picked up.
(beat)
I wanted them to know I'm alive. At least that.

Aslam takes the phone from her, holds it up and TAKES A PICTURE. Types in an address, PUSHES SEND.

ASLAM
Now they will know.

ODELLE
Where did you send it?

ASLAM
Al Jazeera. After that, everywhere.

He then puts the phone on the ground and CRUSHES IT.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

CLOSE UP on a bloody face as it gets smacked hard. Aslam's Father: mottled bruises cover swollen eye sockets, torn lower lip revealing a missing tooth. FRANK sits across from him watching. Curious.

FRANK MAJORS
Stubborn son of a bitch. I almost like him.

An XE SOLDIER walks up to him hands him a satellite phone.

GHURKA
Sir.

Frank stands, takes the phone and walks off a pace.

FRANK MAJORS
Yep.

Listens for a bit.

FRANK MAJORS (CONT'D)
Okay. Got it.

He hands the phone back, walks up behind Aslam's father, takes out his pistol and SHOOTS HIM in the back of the head. Soldier walks quickly up to him.

SOLDIER
Excuse me sir, but what the fuck??

FRANK MAJORS
I've got their coordinates. Know where they are.

Soldier takes this in.

FRANK MAJORS (CONT'D)
Kidal region. I'll go myself. Stay clean. Take everybody else back across the border.

He exits.

EXT. FOLEY SQUARE - MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Peter waits outside of the US Attorney's Office. He glances at his watch. Then, he sees Danny Gentry across the street. Peter waves to him. Gentry sees him, waves back.

Gentry reaches the corner and, when the "walk" signal allows, he begins to cross the street. But before Gentry can make it halfway across, an unmarked WHITE VAN comes rumbling right for him. Gentry doesn't see it, but Peter does --

PETER
Danny!

Danny turns, a beat too late. The VAN PLOWS INTO HIM... Knocking him off of his feet. Gentry lands, hard.

Peter rushes out to Gentry. But when he gets close he realizes... Gentry is dead. Off Peter, blood on his hands --

EXT. WALL STREET - LATER

Harrison, bandage still on his head, looks for Bob and Molly. He passes several people asking how he is, saying how much they hate the cops, but Harrison is focussed on finding them. He finds the LONG-HAIRED PROTESTOR --

HARRISON
Hey man. Have you seen that reporter around? Molly?

LONG-HAIRED PROTESTOR
Who?

Suddenly, A BUZZ. Harrison looks around. People are focused on their CELL PHONES. E-MAILS CHIMING from everywhere. Harrison looks at his own phone and finds--

THE VIRAL IMAGE OF ODELLE in full Arab garb with the word "ALIVE" under it. Harrison is stunned. Then... He quickly walks, looking for someone.

He scans "RECENT CALLS" on his cell. Finds Bob Offer's phone number, hits "CALL BACK".

BOB
(message)
Ladies and gentlemen... the beep.

SOUND of the BEEP.

HARRISON
Bob. This is Harrison. I just saw the picture of that woman soldier. <u>Your</u> woman soldier. You were right. We have to talk. Right away. Where are you? Call me back.

By now he's arrived at the base of that same statue of the SOLDIER ON THE HORSE where we first met Bob. Bob isn't there. Instead, Harrison spots James --

HARRISON (CONT'D)
James. I'm looking for this guy... Bob. He was with Molly--

JAMES
I haven't seen Molly since yesterday. She isn't answering her cell--

HARRISON
Did you try her at work?

Harrison dials his cell phone. Waits for an answer. Finally--

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Hello. I'm looking for one of your reporters. Her name is Molly Simms.
(a beat)
She's working on a story about the G8 protest. Molly Simms.
(another beat)
What are you talking about? Of course she works there...

James looks at Harrison. What the fuck? Harrison hangs up.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
(stunned, to James)
They never heard of her.

JAMES
What? Jesus fuck! Who the hell was she then?

Alarm bells go off in Harrison's head. He thinks the worst. Harrison finds ANOTHER PROTESTOR standing nearby --

HARRISON
Excuse me. Have you seen the guy who's usually here? Bob? Talks a lot?

The Protestor shrugs. HARRISON looks around the park...

HARRISON (CONT'D)
(to Another Protestor)
I'm looking for this guy named Bob. Have you seen him?

CAMERA PULLS BACK, REVEALING THE MASS OF PEOPLE as Harrison continues looking--

RON (PRELAP)
It's on all the news stations--

INT. BALLARD HOME - EVENING

Ron is talking ON THE PHONE. In the b.g., Suzanne watches a NEWS REPORT about Odelle. Behind her, we notice a FAMILY PHOTO of Odelle, Suzanne and Ron in happier times.

RON
We don't know what to believe --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LANGLEY - EVENING

COLONEL GLEN is on the other end of the line.

COL GLEN
I'm sorry, Ron. It's propaganda put out by Al Jazeera. This kind of thing happens all the time--

RON
But you haven't found her--

COL GLEN
I'll come by later to talk. I'm so sorry you have to go through this.

BACK AT THE BALLARD HOUSE

Ron hangs up and looks at Suzanne. How to explain?

INT. DRUCKER HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Peter and his family have dinner. Peter, visibly upset, tries to eat, but his hand shakes. He puts down the fork. Sarah notices --

SARAH
You okay? You look pale--
(no response)
Is it that thing at work--?

Peter doesn't answer. How can he? Ellen looks at her father-

ELLEN
What thing? More deceptively un-criminal criminal behavior?

PETER
(sharply)
Eat your dinner--

ELLEN
Dad, I was kidding.

More silence. Finally, Josh speaks up.

JOSH
You guys see the news about that soldier? One of those Special Ops that killed Abdule Abbas? The ones that were all supposed to be dead? They're saying she's still alive...

Peter reacts, stunned. A ray of hope.

ELLEN
It's all over the internet--

Ellen grabs her nearby Ipad. She brings up AN ARTICLE. "ALIVE." With that picture of Odelle. Peter reads--

SARAH
(sarcastic)
And therefore it's true. The fact the CNN, NBC and everyone including the White House say it's a fake--

PETER
(sill reading)
Do they know where she is?

SARAH
Peter, it's propaganda. That poor family. It's just cruel --

Peter, ignoring her, grabs his CELL PHONE. Walks away from the table. We FOLLOW HIM as he dials. Then, into his phone--

PETER
Did you see it?

JOE (O.C.)
Looking now...

INT. SIMONS-WACHTEL - OFFICE - NIGHT

Joe sits at his desk, looking at his COMPUTER. The SAME IMAGE of ODELLE is on the screen --

PETER
If she's alive--

JOE
Peter. That's an enormous "if."

PETER
We have to find this woman. She's the only one who knows the truth. Jesus, what they've done...

EXT. WALL STREET - NIGHT

Harrison, looking concerned, makes his way through the CROWD. He searches for Bob, feeling horrible As we HEAR a frightened VOICE singing “For What It’s Worth”--

BOB (O.C.)
Paranoia strikes deep. Into your life it will creep.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

Down a cement hallway lined with empty cells, except one. Then we see, Bob sitting alone, terrified, singing --

BOB
It starts when you're always afraid. You step out of line, the man come and take you away...

AN UPDATED VERSION picks up Bob's melody of “For What It’s Worth.” It PLAYS throughout the following--

CLOSE ON ODELLE

She finishes dressing. She reaches for her discarded military pants and pulls from the pocket the JUMP DRIVE that started everything. It now has a lanyard around it. She puts it around her neck, puts on a Keffiyeh.

EXT. TESSALIT - MALI - DAY

THE WOMEN of this small mud hovel gather as Aslam and Odelle (now dressed as a MAN), emerge from their hut. As they start walking, the women gather, swearing, spitting, throwing mud at Odelle. Finally, Aslam aggressively confronts them. The Women back off. ODELLE KEEPS HER HEAD DOWN, KEEPS WALKING.

INT. BALLARD HOME - NIGHT

Suzanne sleeps in her father’s arms. Ron stares blankly into the dark. Unsure of how he’ll cope with whatever comes next--

EXT. TESSALIT - MALI - DAY

THOSE SAME CLUSTER OF HOUSES. Two women stop what they’re doing and look toward us. Into frame walks A MAN dressed in traditional garb, walking away from camera toward the houses.

INT. SIMONS-WACHTEL OFFICES - NIGHT

Joe is on the PHONE.

JOE
It's me. Just got off with Drucker. He's not giving up.

INT. SOC OFFICES - NIGHT

On the other end of the line is ARMAND BAKER.

JOE (O.C.)
He's got friends with resources. Could be a problem going forward.

BAKER
We can handle it.

He hangs up and then DIALS ANOTHER NUMBER. **IT RINGS OVER...**

INT. MUD HOUSE - MALI - DAY

The door opens and the man walks in. Pulls back his head dress. It's FRANK MAJORS. He looks around. Knows he's missed them. Knows they're gone, but where? Sees the SMASHED CELL PHONE on the floor. Then suddenly sees --

On the floor is A TUAREG PENDANT. He picks it up and then finds strands of ODELLE'S HAIR. Rolls it between his fingers. Smiles. HE KNOWS WHERE THEY'RE GOING--

EXT. REMOTE MOUNTAIN LOCATION - MALI - DAY

The PHONE CONTINUES TO RING as... we're on a dirt road, filled with men dressed in ceremonial garb.

FIND ASLAM AND ODELLE, walking down a path to join them. Odelle, keeping her head down, focused, determined. Suddenly among DOZENS OF MEN, all dressed in THE BRIGHT BLUE OF THE TUAREGS, some on CAMELS, most walking, chanting, praying, bumping into her.

BEHIND THEM... AS CAMERA PULLS UP REVEALING SHE'S IN A SEA OF HUNDREDS, A BLUE WAVE, SNAKING AWAY AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.

SMASH TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

Someone UNKNOWN finally ANSWERS BAKER'S CALL...

MAN'S VOICE
Hello?




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