BULLET RUN

by

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Based on the screenplay
"SHOTGUN"
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It's a stormy day. The kind of day horrible things happen.

A fully-restored '73 BMW Coupe glides into a parking space between two giant SUVs. Behind the wheel sits KATHERINE SHAW (30s). A natural beauty in a sharp suit and dark sunglasses.

Just as Kate is about to turn off the ignition, she hears something in the distance...

A SCHOOL BELL.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

There's an explosion of joyous yelling as a wave of hyperactive kids burst from the school. We pick LUCY SHAW (8) out of the crowd. She's the spitting image of Kate and her face lights up when she spots the BMW.

INT. KATE'S BMW - SAME

Lucy hops into the passenger seat and hugs her mom. She's beside herself with excitement.

LUCY
Dad said you weren't coming home until next week!

KATE
(winks)
Surprise.

LUCY
I hate that you both work so far away sometimes.

KATE
So do we, baby.

Kate shifts the BMW into gear and navigates her way to the exit. There are children and SUVs everywhere.

LUCY
Quick, mom, your badge...

KATE
Don't you -- !

Lightning fast, Lucy pulls a black wallet from Kate's purse.

LUCY
Hey, Turner!

On the sidewalk, a pack of POPULAR GIRLS turn around.

Lucy flashes Kate's C.I.A. BADGE.

LUCY (cont'd)
Quit telling people my mom is a janitor.

The girls watch the BMW cruise past, mouths agape.

Kate snatches her badge back and glares at Lucy.

KATE
That's the last time.

LUCY
(sincere)
I'm sorry.

Beat.

KATE
Did she really tell someone I was a janitor?

LUCY
Yep. Dad, too.

They both crack up with laughter.

EXT. ROAD

A blacked-out MERCEDES pulls away from the curb and starts tailing Kate's BMW.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

The Mercedes is occupied by two olive-skinned men in their 30s. Both of North African descent. In the passenger seat, JUNIOR FAZIR, snorts cocaine from a switchblade. He's sweating and clearly coked-out of his mind.

The DRIVER switches lane to keep Kate's BMW in view.

DRIVER
What do you want me to do?

JUNIOR
Make her pull over.

Only now do we see the MP5 MACHINE-GUN in his lap.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN AND KATE'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Wearing a ratty FBI t-shirt covered in engine oil, BEN SHAW (early 30s) is working on a vintage motorcycle. This is what he does to relax.

On a workbench, Ben's CELL PHONE rings. He wipes his hands on a rag, checks the caller ID, and answers the call.

LUCY (v.o.)
Daddy!

BEN
Hey, kiddo!

INTERCUT:

INT. KATE'S BMW

Still riding in the car, Lucy uses the speaker-phone.

LUCY
We're on our way home. What are you doing?

BEN (v.o.)
I'm cleaning the bike. Thinking about taking a ride. Maybe after dinner you could come with me.

Bursting with joy, Lucy looks to Kate for her approval.

LUCY
Can I, mom? Can I?

At that exact moment, the Mercedes pulls past and clips the front fender. The BMW swerves towards the sidewalk, but Kate quickly regains control.

KATE
Are you okay, honey?

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Ben stands in the open doorway of the garage. He can hear something is wrong and he looks concerned.

BEN
Kate? What just happened?

INT. KATE'S BMW

The Mercedes turns onto a side street and stops. The driver sticks his hand out the window, signals Kate to pull over.

LUCY
Some jerk just clipped the front of mom's car.

BEN (v.o.)
Where are you?

KATE
Don't worry, Ben. It's nothing serious. We'll be home soon.

Kate slows down and parks behind the Mercedes.

KATE (cont'd)
Stay in the car and talk with your father, okay?

Lucy nods and Kate gets out of the BMW.

EXT. SIDE STREET - SAME

As Kate walks towards the Mercedes, the passenger door opens and Junior appears.

KATE
You nearly ran us off the--

Kate's face drains of color as she spots the MACHINE-GUN. Junior lifts it to his shoulder...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

Lucy starts SCREAMING as Kate's body is riddled with bullets. She shakes like a ragdoll, blood spraying out of her back.

Finally, she collapses onto the asphalt.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Ben can hear the GUNSHOTS through the cell phone. He's helpless to do anything but listen to his daughter's SCREAMS.

BEN
Kate!?! Lucy!?!

EXT. SIDE STREET - SAME

Lucy continues screaming so Junior turns the MP5 on the BMW and empties the rest of his clip into the car. Huge holes pepper the hood and shatter the windshield.

Then... SILENCE.

Junior walks calmly towards Kate's body and stands over her. Despite the numerous bullet wounds, she's clinging to life.

JUNIOR
Ahmed Fazir was my brother.

Junior spits on Kate then returns to his car and takes off.

Lying in her own blood, Kate struggles to breathe. She twists her head and sees the bullet-ridden BMW. There's no sign of life from Lucy.

Tears roll down Kate's cheeks.

KATE
(weak)
Ben... Ben...

DISSOLVE TO:

5 YEARS LATER...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ben has visibly aged, but he's still handsome and looks just as fit as he did in the opening scene. He sits in a leather chair, staring at a framed photograph of little Lucy.

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Ben... Ben...

Ben snaps out of his trance to find GINA VASQUEZ (30s, sexy, Latino) standing in the doorway of his office.

GINA
The kid's back.

Ben runs a hand across his face and stands up.

BEN
Okay, we're picking up Hughes in 45 minutes. Are the others ready?

GINA
Whenever you are.

BEN
Tell them we leave in 10. Where is she?

GINA
Out front.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

In stark contrast to the high-tech interior, the outside of this building resembles an abandoned warehouse. Rusty corrugated-steel, 5 GARAGE DOORS, and a single entrance way.

Ben walks outside to find a young woman, CHARLEY KNIGHT (24) sitting on the hood of an original 1967 MINI COOPER. She smiles, straightens up as he approaches.

BEN
(re: Mini)
The car looks good. Your dad would be proud of the way you're looking after it.

CHARLEY
I just rebuilt the engine.

BEN
By yourself?

CHARLEY
Of course.

He looks impressed. She can tell.

BEN
So what brings you by?

CHARLEY
Same as before.

BEN
You finished grad school?
(she nods)
What did you study?

CHARLEY
Linguistics. Thanks to you I'm fluent in six languages.

BEN
Wow. You could have a hell of a career with those skills. You could make a lot of money--

Charley cuts him off with a phrase in FLUENT ITALIAN.

CHARLEY
(translates for him)
I still want in.

Ben sighs.

BEN
How old are you now?

CHARLEY
Twenty four. So you can't use that as an excuse anymore. After dad died, you told me to finish high school.
(MORE)

CHARLEY (cont'd)
Then you told me you would take me on after college. Four years later, you insisted I went to grad school. Now I'm back.

BEN
And you still want in.

CHARLEY
Yeah. I do. And if you tell me to go get a PhD, I'll be pissed.

Ben has to smile at that.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
I don't want a desk. Or a lunch hour. I wanna be a bodyguard and I want you to teach me.

BEN
Have you considered becoming a Fed? I can talk to someone--

CHARLEY
The CIA and FBI already scouted me in grad school. But I want to work for you.

Ben sizes her up.

BEN
Was your Dad really okay with this?

CHARLEY
While girls my age were hanging out at the mall, dad was teaching me to pull a reverse 180 and double-tap paper targets.
(beat)
Just give me a chance. Let me show you what I can do.

Her eyes are pleading.

In the background, the garage doors open and a fleet of BMWs roll into view. The fleet consists of: a jet-black 1150 ALL-TERRAIN MOTORCYCLE; an X5 SPORT UTILITY VEHICLE; an M3 COUPE; and a charcoal 745I SEDAN.

BEN
Okay, you win. Come back tomorrow and we'll talk --

CHARLEY
No. No way. Let's talk now.

BEN
I don't have time. I have to drive a client into Manhattan.

A 745i pulls up beside Ben. He opens the passenger door.

CHARLEY
Don't blow me off.

BEN
I'll see you tomorrow, kid.

Ben gets into the car and the BMWs drive away.

Charley watches the motorcade with envy. She desperately wants to be a part of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NJ TURNPIKE - LATER

We pull back from the city, over the Hudson, and land on the New Jersey Turnpike.

Ben's sleek BLACK BMW 745i cruises in the center lane. The heavily-tinted windows deny even a glimpse inside.

INT. BMW 745I

In the front passenger seat, Ben scans the dense traffic surrounding the vehicle. His piercing eyes take in every face, every license plate, every dent, scratch, lug nut...

It's a quiet ride. Tranquil even. Then we hear an old, raspy voice, sing a line from a Johnny Cash song...

MR. HUGHES (o.s.)
"And it's too darn pretty for a man to wanna die..."

Ben looks up at a small mirror in the sun visor and watches the occupant of the backseat.

BEN
Everything okay, sir?

MR. HUGHES (53) is today's client.

MR. HUGHES
I was just thinking it would be a damn shame to die on a day like this. So beautiful.

BEN
You're in the best hands, Mr. Hughes. You won't be dying today.

The BMW's driver, SIMON PARKER (30s), looks over at Ben. He speaks with an English accent. Parker has bright blue-eyes and one of those bed-head mohawks.

PARKER
Holland Tunnel is closed. We're gonna have to take the bridge.

Ben activates his FOXFIRE THROAT MIC, a two-way radio that fits snugly on the throat. Every member of his team wears one, keeping them in contact at all times.

BEN
(into mic)
You heard the man, we're taking the bridge. Let's tighten it up.

AERIAL POV - LOOKING DOWN ON THE HIGHWAY

We briefly see the brake lights of the BMW M3. It drops back a car length and slides in front of the 7-Series. Behind Ben's car, the X5 eases within 10ft of the rear bumper...

It's a lyrical display of driving perfection and a three-vehicle convoy is formed:

An M3, a 745i, and an X5.

EXT. BRIDGE - SAME

The motorcade drives onto a BRIDGE leading into the city. There are THREE LANES moving in either direction and a PEDESTRIAN PATH on the East-bound side.

Riding the BMW motorcycle, Gina roars across the bridge, a short distance ahead of the motorcade. She's the "Scout" for Ben's protection team.

The bike tears up the center lane, passing between two nondescript CARGO VANS. In the bike's wake, a third CARGO VAN pulls into position between the other two...

Suddenly, all three vans HIT THE BRAKES, BLOCKING THE BRIDGE.

A few cars slam into the vans and the chain reaction sweeps backwards fast...

The three BMWs in the motorcade exploit their good spacing and brake with room between them. All the other vehicles become interlocked as they rear-end each other...

Gina hears the screeching tires and looks back over her shoulder. She skids to a stop and flips up her visor.

The traffic is GRID-LOCKED, trapped by the vans. Cars and trucks packed tightly together with nowhere to go.

All of a sudden, EIGHT GUNMEN spill out of the vans. They are clad in body-armor and carry automatic weapons.

GINA
We're being hit! You got 8 hostiles coming your way! Full armor and AKs.

EXT. BRIDGE - SAME

Ben hurries back to the X5.

JAKE (40s) is the X's driver and team mechanic. At 6'6" he looks like a gentle giant, but you still get the impression he's not to be messed with.

"SCOPE" (26) rides shotgun. He's a baby-faced surfer-type, and he's also one of the best snipers in the world.

Ben points to an 18-WHEELER TRUCK.

BEN
I need eyes on the roof. You get a clean shot, take it.

Clutching RIFLES, Jake and Scope clamber over several cars and climb onto the truck's roof. They take up position, lying down, and scan the gridlock for bad guys...

Ben opens the trunk of the 745i.

BEN (cont'd)
Paul, you got a visual yet?

In front of the 745i, PAUL SILAS (36) sits inside the M3. For some strange reason, he's not moving and a MACHINE-GUN sits untouched beneath a jacket on the passenger seat.

BEN (cont'd)
Paul! You hear me?

Up ahead, angry motorists start climbing from their cars.

BOOM!

A random GUY is shot in the chest. It's fast, bloody and shocking. There are screams all around as commuters realize the stoppage is more than a fender-bender.

ON THE TRUCK ROOF

Jake and Scope can see Silas sitting frozen in the M3.

SCOPE
What the fuck is he playing at?

A couple of SMOKE CHARGES explode up ahead and a THICK WHITE CLOUD obliterates their view of the approaching gunmen.

JAKE
Forget him.

Jake shoots one of the gunmen, but his armor stops the bullet and he ducks behind a car.

Ben slings a couple of extra weapons over his shoulder then storms up to the passenger window of the M3. He bangs his fist on the glass until Silas turns and looks at him with a slight smirk on his face.

BEN
What are you doing?

SILAS
Walk away, Ben. Drop your guns and walk away.

Now we understand. Silas has set them up and he's going to remain inside his BULLET-PROOF BMW until the fighting ends.

BEN
You dirty fuck!

Enraged, Ben slams the butt of a handgun against the passenger window. But he knows it's futile. Only an armored-piercing round could penetrate the glass.

At that moment, the real shooting starts. Incoming bullets tear into the surface of the bridge and rip into vehicles. It's a FIRESTORM of large-caliber bullets.

Ben takes cover.

Despite the SMOKE, Scope and Jake can still see the gunmen weaving their way through the chaos, towards the motorcade. Scope lines up a head-shot and pulls the trigger...

CRACK! A gunman's head DISINTEGRATES.

An enormous shoot-out gets under way. Commuters hide in terror from breaking glass, staccato gunfire and the ping of bullet casings hitting the ground...

Crouching by the M3, Ben fires a G3 ASSAULT RIFLE. He nails a gunman in the chest, blasting him off his feet...

BLAM! BLAM!

From a distance, one of the gunmen slides an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE, shaped like a hockey puck, right under the M3.

For a brief second, Ben locks eyes with Silas. They both realize the gunmen are going to kill him, even though he helped setup the ambush.

Ben dives behind another vehicle, just as the device EXPLODES, ripping right through the bottom of the M3. Silas is annihilated...

KA-BOOM!!!

The M3 is reduced to a burning metal carcass.

Ben returns fire, yells into his throat-mic.

BEN (cont'd)
We need off this bridge right now! How does our flank look?

ON THE TRUCK ROOF

Jake is firing in the opposite direction from Scope. The traffic is backed up for miles behind the motorcade and there are more GUNMEN moving between the inert vehicles...

JAKE
There's two more on foot looking to join the party. Wait a second...

Scope has tapped Jake on the shoulder and he's pointing at something 300 yards away.

BEN
What is it?

JAKE
You wouldn't believe me if I told you. Just watch the walkway.

BEN'S P.O.V. --

He scans the mess around him, looking for a way out. Suddenly, on the narrow PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY at the edge of the bridge, Charley's 1967 Mini Cooper screeches to a halt.

Charley yells at Ben through her open window.

CHARLEY
Need a ride?

Jake was right. Ben can't believe what he's seeing. But he doesn't have time to digest, only react.

BEN
Parker!

Ben makes eye contact with Parker. Points at the Mini.

BEN (cont'd)
Grab Hughes. We're swapping wheels.

EXT./INT. MINI COOPER - SAME

Ben stands beside the Mini and provides cover fire for Parker as he escorts Hughes from the 745i. Charley flinches as Ben's gun spits flame and ejects bullet casings. The sound is DEAFENING.

Parker arrives with Hughes and Ben forcibly shoves him into the backseat of the Mini...

PARKER
Aw, shit. They got him!

Hughes is GROANING and clutching his bloody thigh.

Ben drops into the shotgun seat, looks over at Charley.

BEN
Get us out of here.

SCRREEEECCHHHH!!!

Charley lights up the tires and the Mini rockets between the girders along the narrow walkway.

It's a tight fit, but the Mini is able to speed alongside the grid-locked traffic. Some of the gunmen see the tiny little car whizzing past and open fire...

ON THE TRUCK ROOFTOP

Jake and Scope drop a gunman each. They see the Mini making its escape.

BEN (v.o.) (cont'd)
Gina, you see any shields yet?

GINA (v.o.)
SWAT just got here.

BEN (v.o.)
Jake, Scope, can you guys hold out?

Jake fires a short burst.

JAKE
No worries. Like fish in a barrel.

EXT. BRIDGE - WALKWAY

The Mini is remarkably fast considering the weight its carrying. It roars by Gina, who's using her bike for cover. Dozens of POLICE VEHICLES are coming up fast behind her.

Charley swerves sharply back through the girders and the Mini bounces back onto the empty side of the bridge. She speeds towards Manhattan. The police race on by, more concerned with the gun battle than this little green car...

INT. MINI COOPER - SAME

In the front seat, Ben looks impressed.

BEN
There's a hospital a mile from here. You get us there in less than three minutes, you got yourself a job.

Charley downshifts and floors the gas pedal...

EXT. MINI COOPER - SAME

We see the Mini SCREAM through the streets of New York. It SQUEALS around corners, through red-lights, weaves in and out of heavy traffic. Ben can't help but crack a smile...

Charley wasn't kidding. She can really fucking drive.

INT. MINI COOPER - SAME

Ben glances at Hughes in the backseat. He should make it.

BEN
You tailed us the whole way?

CHARLEY
Yep. And you didn't notice me. I told you I was good.

Ben looks out the window, smiles to himself. He noticed her.

Charley throws the Mini into another hard turn...

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE

The remaining gunmen emerge from the smoke and surround the 745i. They SPRAY THE CAR WITH BULLETS...

But it's empty.

Pissed, the gunmen start to reload. Then someone WHISTLES and they look up to see Jake standing over them.

He's holding a SHOTGUN.

JAKE
Jail or the morgue. Your choice.

The gunmen are fucked and they know it.

Suddenly, an army of SWAT OFFICERS appear and they disarm the gunmen within seconds. Weapons clatter to the ground and wire-ties are zipped around wrists.

Police cars surround Gina too. She raises her hands.

ON THE TRUCK ROOFTOP

Jake and Scope lower their guns and reach for the sky. A young S.W.A.T. guy yells at them from below.

Ignoring him, the two bodyguards bump fists.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

The Mini slides to a tire-burning halt and Ben leaps from the front seat. Parker helps him lift Hughes out of back.

Charley stands on the other side of the car.

CHARLEY
Well?

BEN
Don't go anywhere.

CHARLEY
So you're taking me on? After 7 years you're giving me a job?

BEN
You had a job 7 years ago. I just wasn't gonna give it to you until tomorrow.

With that, Ben disappears through the double-doors. Charley pumps her fist.

CUT TO:

EXT. AGADIR, MOROCCO - STREETS - DAY

Agadir is a town on the coast of Morocco, but it's more of a destination for European sun-seekers than a slice of Moroccan culture. There are no goat herders here, only tacky resorts and obnoxious vacationers.

TITLE CARD: AGADIR, MOROCCO

A canary-yellow FERRARI pulls up in front of an outdoor cafe. The door opens and a BRONZE MAN in a linen suit emerges with two buxom women. Moments later, a Mercedes appears and a trio of BODYGUARDS shadow the bronze man's movements, taking a table right behind him.

He's a little older, more tan and larger in the waistline, but there's no mistaking this guy.

It's JUNIOR FAZIR, the man who gunned down Kate and Lucy.

Across the street, sitting in a crappy old Renault, a female PHOTOGRAPHER discretely takes pictures with a long-lens. We can't see her face, but there's a ROUND SCAR on the back of her hand.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S P.O.V.

Junior barks an order to a waiter. He then turns to one of the girls accompanying him and grabs a fistful of ass. The white of his arrogant smile parts his designer beard. He's the kind of wealthy scum only gold-diggers tolerate.

Back in the Renault, the photographer grimaces with disgust and loathing. She snaps more photos.

Sensing he's being watched, Junior looks up. But the old Renault has already driven away...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BMW M5 - OUTSIDE

The CAMERA is inches off the ground, mounted to the front bumper of an accelerating BMW M5. The car is OFF-ROAD somewhere, the engine ROARING in anger at the mud, rain and trees trying to slow it down...

A 9mm semi-automatic sticks out the driver window and fires at two "bad guys" holding pistols. Both wooden targets are decapitated and the BMW eats 7000 rpms as it hunts for the next kill zone.

Now we see that it's Charley at the wheel. She looks cool and completely in control. As she navigates a hard turn, she speed-loads her 9mm with one hand. There's a VIDEO CAMERA mounted on the passenger seat headrest...

INT. HEADQUARTERS - LATER

We're watching Charley's performance on a TV monitor. There are several screens, all showing different angles of the M5. Ben, Parker, Scope, Jake and Gina are watching.

BEN
She's a natural wheelman. Just like her father.

GINA
She might be better than Parker.

PARKER
Not even close, sweetheart. Look at her times.

GINA
Didn't you flip the M on that turn?

PARKER
It was blowout. Doesn't count.

Ben never takes his eyes off the monitors. He looks closely at Charley's face. She's smiling.

His decision made, Ben turns to the team.

BEN
The next assignment we get... the kid is on the team.

PARKER
After only 3 months of training. You really think she's up for it?

JAKE
She drove your sorry ass off that bridge, didn't she?

BEN
Any other concerns? Objections?

GINA
Nope. I'm tired of being the only girl around here.

JAKE
She's got my vote.

SCOPE
Mine too.

BEN
Parker?

Parker strikes a match, lights a cigarette.

PARKER
Sod it. Let's buy her a pint and make it official.

Ben turns his attention back to the video screens as the BMW flies through another turn.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Charley is grinning from ear-to-ear as the whole team raises a beer glass in her honor.

BEN
Welcome to the team.

We see a montage of the evening. Everyone is having fun and they each spend time alone, dispensing advice to Charley.

Towards the end of the night, Charley drops into a seat across from Ben. He's sitting alone, at a corner table.

We see Parker in the distance showing off his dance moves to a bemused Gina.

Ben is watching his team like a proud father.

CHARLEY
Parker is a nut-job.
(Ben laughs)
Where did you find all these guys?

FREEZE ON PARKER'S FACE

BEN (V.O.)
Parker used to be a driver for the MI5. But the British government pays even less than ours.

INTERCUT:

FLASHBACK - AIRPORT TERMINAL - 1994

Parker stands at a baggage carousel in JFK airport terminal. Despite the no-smoking sign behind him, a cigarette hangs from the corner of his mouth.

BEN (V.O.)
One day he drove his boss to Heathrow, resigned, and got on the same plane to New York.

Parker selects a bag from the carousel. He checks the nametag to ensure it belongs to a male and rips it off. He then throws the bag over his shoulder and saunters towards the exit. Across the terminal, we recognize a younger Ben and several other bodyguards escorting a V.I.P.

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
I was in the FBI in those days and my team was assigned to meet Parker's boss.

A deranged IRISHMAN pushes his way through the crowded terminal.

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
As soon as we walked into the terminal, an Irishman with a grudge tries to take him out.

The Irishman reaches into his jacket for a gun as he moves closer to Ben's team and the V.I.P...

BEN (cont'd)
But Parker neutralized the guy before we even saw him.

Parker appears out of nowhere and puts his own 9mm firmly against the Irishman's head.

PARKER
Sorry, mate. I can't stand the bastard either, but I can't let you pop him.

The bodyguards quickly surround them with guns. The Irishman surrenders. Parker enjoys the rest of his smoke.

BEN (V.O.)
The part I still don't understand is how Parker brought his gun on the plane all the way from London.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jake has Scope in a playful headlock. Parker is cheering him on.

FREEZE ON JAKE'S FACE

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
I guess you didn't know this, but Jake is my older brother. He was the one who encouraged me to join the FBI. He worked there for 16 years as their fleet mechanic, but then he quit and started working at a custom shop.

INTERCUT:

FLASHBACK - CUSTOM CAR SHOP - 1998

A huge workshop is filled with custom-built vehicles. From tricked-out SUVs to pimping sports cars.

BEN (V.O.)
The money was better, there was no bureaucratic bullshit, and he was doing what he loved: making fast cars go faster.

A young RAPPER, dressed head-to-toe in designer gansta-wear, swaggers up to Jake. He has his head buried beneath the hood of a Lexus when the obnoxious rapper bangs his fist on the sheet metal.

Annoyed, Jake stands up to his full height. He's huge.

BEN (cont'd)
But Jake soon grew tired of the clientele. When 19 year-old kids from Harlem start making millions of dollars, they quickly become accustomed to getting everything they want.

It's impossible to hear what the rapper is saying because another mechanic is using an air tool. But the rapper is clearly unhappy about something. Jake patiently listens for a couple of moments...

Then he grabs the rapper by the neck, shoves him into the engine bay, and repeatedly slams the hood.

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Lesson learned, when it comes to cars don't question my brother.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Scope is using all his strength to try and bust out of the headlock Jake has him in. But he's out-matched and he's laughing too hard.

FREEZE ON SCOPE'S FACE

BEN (cont'd)
I drafted Scope four years ago...

INTERCUT:

FLASHBACK - SALT LAKE CITY - 2002

It's the Winter Olympics and Scope is competing in the Biathlon. He drops down into position at a set of targets and fires off his shots with superhuman speed and precision.

BEN (V.O.)
An old colleague tipped me off to a kid from Indiana who had all the right traits for a counter-sniper.

Scope gets back to his feet, slings the rifle over his back, and pushes off on his skis.

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
I went to scout him at the Winter Olympics, where he was competing in the Biathlon.

On a sharp bend, Scope gets tangled up and spills into a snowdrift.

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
He wasn't much of a skier.

One of his skis pops off and slides away down a slope.

BEN (V.O.) (cont'd)
But he is hands down the best shooter I've ever seen.

Infuriated, Scope swings his rifle around and takes aim at the runaway ski. He blasts it to pieces while spectators look on with horror and bewilderment...

BACK TO PRESENT:

Charley glances at Gina, who orders more drinks at the bar.

CHARLEY
What about Gina?

BEN
Believe it or not, she was a motorcycle cop.

INTERCUT:

FLASHBACK - SUBURBAN NEW JERSEY

An old Camaro is flying through a small town, drifting all over the road, forcing innocent bystanders to flee. A ROBBER leans out the window and fires a sawn-off shotgun.

The Camaro is being tailed by Gina, on a police bike and in full-uniform.

BEN (V.O.)
She's a perfect fit for our style, but she was a little too wild for the New Jersey State Troopers.

On a straight-away, Gina rides the motorcycle no-handed and takes careful aim with her 9mm. She shoots out the back window, hits the driver.

The Camaro barrel-rolls...

BACK TO PRESENT:

BEN (cont'd)
Plus she hated wearing a uniform.

Ben is still watching his team interact.

BEN (cont'd)
They're a group of misfits but I'd drive into hell with them.

Charley looks down at her glass, nervously swirls the ice. She wants to know something, but she doesn't really want to ask the question.

CHARLEY
Speaking of driving. I was wondering when...

BEN
(finishes the question)
...We'll have another assignment.

Charley's eyes are wide, eager to know when she'll see some real action.

BEN (cont'd)
When I first joined the Secret Service, I asked my c.o. the same question. He said "Never be in a hurry to get shot at, kid, because it hurts like a bitch."

Disappointed, she forces a smile.

BEN (cont'd)
By the way. These are yours.

He tosses her a set of CAR KEYS. Charley's eyes light up. This girl loves cars and she's being handed a brand new one.

CHARLEY
I want to see it!

BEN
Right now?

CHARLEY
Either you drive me or I'll take a cab and break-in.

The chemistry between these two is palpable. But there is zero romance. We're seeing the birth of a relationship that is akin to father and daughter.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAM HEADQUARTERS

A metal garage door rolls open and the lights flicker on...

This is the team's HEADQUARTERS. A converted warehouse.

One half is a garage where the protection vehicles are kept and worked on. All the BMWs are there. The remainder of the building is office space and living quarters.

CHARLEY
(hyper-excited)
Gina said it would be the 5, but Parker said you want me running point so I figured it's a 3.

BEN
Smaller.

CHARLEY
Smaller? But a BMW, right? You always use BMWs

BEN
Always.

In the corner of the garage, there's a vehicle covered in a sheet. Charley knows what car it is just from the shape. She can barely contain her excitement.

CHARLEY
No way!

BEN
We used to run the point with the M3. After the bridge incident, I decided it's time for a change.

Ben whips off the sheet revealing a gleaming charcoal-colored 2006 MINI COOPER S.

Charley visibly weakens at the knees as she steps towards this cool-as-hell pocket-rocket.

BEN (cont'd)
She's fully-armored so she's heavy, but she pulls like an ox and handles like a go-kart.

Charley slides into the driver's seat. This car fits her like a glove.

BEN (cont'd)
Go on. Start her up.

Charley eagerly turns the ignition and the Mini GROWLS to life. It truly sounds like there's a wild animal under the hood. Even the untrained ear would know that this car has been built for some serious performance.

Charley shuts off the engine, admires the Mini's "cockpit."

BEN (cont'd)
You like?

CHARLEY
It's so beautiful...

Charley is gripping the steering wheel, exploring the controls. She looks like a kid on Christmas morning.

Smiling, Ben backs away and leaves Charley to enjoy it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TEAM HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Charley has fallen asleep in the driver's seat of the Mini. She jolts awake when Ben raps his knuckles on the window.

Gina is standing beside him.

BEN
It's gonna start to stink if you keep sleeping in it.

CHARLEY
Funny.

She works out a kink in her neck. Gina hands her a coffee.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
Thank you.

BEN
We're meeting a client in the city this morning and you're driving.

CHARLEY
Can we take the Mini?

BEN
Nah. We use something else for these meetings.

CHARLEY
What? The 7-series?

Gina exchanges an amused glance with Ben.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEAM HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Ben pulls a tarp from a covered vehicle, revealing an old yellow TAXI CAB. It looks like a junker.

CHARLEY
This thing?

BEN
We use it for first contact meets. Cold calls. Most clients insist on anonymity at first and I don't discuss assignments over the phone.
(MORE)

BEN (cont'd)
So we always meet the client in person using the cab.

CHARLEY
But why an old taxi? Just so it won't stand out?

BEN
Partly that, but also for security. I've pissed off a lot of powerful people by keeping my clients alive.

Ben pops the trunk. Inside there's a mounted SHOTGUN aimed at the back of the passenger seat.

BEN (cont'd)
The partition is bullet proof. If our potential new client turns out to be a hostile, looking for payback, we blow them away first.

CHARLEY
Damn.

BEN
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. TAXI - MANHATTAN STREETS - MORNING

Charley drives. Ben rides shotgun.

Behind the cab, Gina follows on her MOTORCYCLE.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MINUTES LATER

The sidewalks aren't too heavy with foot-traffic in this area, not at this time of the morning.

A WOMAN wearing a watch cap stands on the corner. She's holding a NEWSPAPER under her arm.

Gina appears out of nowhere on her BMW MOTORCYCLE and skids to a stop at the curb. She flips up her visor and gestures to the woman.

GINA
You know the Pacers-Knicks score from last night?

WOMAN
This is yesterday's paper.

GINA
Get in the cab behind me.

The woman turns to see the TAXI CAB, idling right behind Gina's bike. She didn't even see it pull up.

INT. TAXI CAB - SAME

The woman slides into the BACKSEAT. Still facing front, Ben gestures for Charley to pull back into traffic.

WOMAN
Hello, Ben.

He turns to face his passenger... It's Kate.

He is shocked to see her.

KATE
You look good.

Ben hasn't seen her in years. He needs a moment to recover.

KATE (cont'd)
It's been 4 years. Aren't you going to say anything?

BEN
Charley, I'd like you to meet Kate.
(beat)
My wife.

Concealing her shock, Charley locks eyes with Kate in the rearview mirror.

CHARLEY
Nice to meet you.

KATE
You look familiar.

BEN
She's Jack Knight's kid.

KATE
Cool. Then you've got the genes for this line of work.

Ben looks at Kate with the most pained eyes.

BEN
4 years, Kate. Where the hell did you go?

KATE
(heartfelt)
I'm so sorry.

EXT. STREET - TAXI/MOTORCYCLE - SAME

The taxi heads west, past the Guggenheim museum.

Gina still follows on the bike. She is wearing her earpiece but she cannot hear the conversation inside the cab.

INT. TAXI CAB - SAME

Ben slides open the bulletproof partition.

BEN
Are you in trouble?

KATE
No. But I want your help. I want to hire the team.

BEN
For what?

Kate looks him right in the eye.

KATE
I've found him, Ben. I've found the man who killed our little girl.

Off Charley's astonished expression we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK AVENUE - LATER

The taxi pulls to the curb and Ben gets out. He opens the back door.

BEN
(to Kate)
Let's go for a walk.
(to Charley)
Give us ten minutes.

Just as Kate joins Ben on the sidewalk, Gina pulls up on the motorcycle. Ben turns, shielding Kate with his body. We sense he doesn't want Gina to see who it is.

Gina climbs off her bike and stands beside Charley. They watch Ben and Kate enter Central Park.

GINA
You hear a name?

CHARLEY
Kate. Apparently, she's his wife.

Gina reacts, stunned.

GINA
That was Kate?

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Ben and Kate stroll along the side of the lake, deep in conversation.

BEN
Are you sure it's him?

KATE
Positive. He doesn't go by Junior anymore, but it's him all right.

BEN
So what did you have in mind?

KATE
I want you to help me run a smash and grab. We snatch him in Morocco, drive to an airfield 50 miles away, and bring him back home to stand trial.

BEN
(angry)
Morocco? So he did go home.

Kate shows him a photograph she took of Junior.

KATE
I've been chasing leads over there for the last year but I only found him last week. In the coastal town of Agadir.

BEN
He looks... comfortable.

KATE
Agadir's a resort town, a destination for European party animals. Junior's family just opened the hottest nightclub and he's their best customer.

BEN
Do you have a plan?

KATE
I have some ideas.

INTERCUT:

EXT. PARK AVENUE

Charley and Gina wait by the taxi and motorcycle.

CHARLEY
Did they have a daughter? She said something about a little girl getting killed.

GINA
They had an 8 year-old. Lucy. Five years ago, Kate was in the CIA. A drug smuggler blamed her for the death of his brother so he shot up her car in broad daylight. Kate survived. Lucy didn't.

CHARLEY
Oh my god.

GINA
It took her a year to recover physically. Then she lost it mentally, she went crazy with guilt. They committed her for another year. Ben supported her, nursed her back to health.
(MORE)

GINA (cont'd)
Then, when she was finally released from a psych facility, she disappeared to Europe.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SAME

Kate has just told Ben something which surprises him.

BEN
So this is a government contract?

KATE
Let's just call it a joint operation. You and I get to see Junior stand trial, and the CIA bleeds him dry for information about his father's shipping line.

Ben looks out over the water. He is silent.

KATE (cont'd)
Well?

BEN
It could go bad, Kate. Real bad. Morocco isn't New Jersey. People over there carry AKs not iPods.

KATE
I don't care how dangerous it is. We're talking about the man who shot me 9 times and put Lucy in the morgue. I want him.

BEN
Where can I reach you?

She offers him a card. He grabs it but she doesn't let go.

KATE
I'm doing this with or without you.

BEN
I know.

Kate releases the card and Ben heads back up the path.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - SAME

Ben returns to where Charley and Gina are waiting.

GINA
What did she want?

BEN
She has a job for us. Overseas.

GINA
Are you going to tell Jake she's involved?

BEN
No. And neither are you.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAM HEADQUARTERS - "THE WAR ROOM" - LATER

Charley, Gina, Scope, Jake and Parker are seated in the "War Room." It looks like a conference room but the walls are covered with maps, schematics, and photos. Intel from operations past.

Ben stands at the head of a long table. He has just briefed the team on the operation.

PARKER
Let me get this straight. We buy new wheels in Spain, take a ferry to Morocco, then drive 900 miles just to clock some fella over the head and stick him on a plane.

BEN
That's the simple version, yes.

SCOPE
And then hand him over to the CIA? What does this guy mean to them?

BEN
His family owns the biggest shipping company in North Africa. They smuggle guns, drugs, and terrorists into the U.S. and he knows all their dirty little secrets.

SCOPE
If he's so valuable, why don't the CIA get him themselves?

BEN
The U.S. has a strange relationship with Morocco. They don't want to get caught with their hands in the cookie jar.

PARKER
Why enter from Spain? Why not fly straight into Morocco and grab some wheels closer to the target?

BEN
They don't sell BMWs in Morocco and we don't drive Mercedes. I've arranged to buy a new fleet from a dealer in Malaga and have them delivered to a custom shop.

PARKER
Do they even have roads over there?

BEN
The Sahara is in the far south of the country. The areas we'll be operating in have decent roads.

Ben waits for more questions. After a beat...

JAKE
We're bodyguards, Ben. What you're talking about is kidnapping.

BEN
We're bringing a guy to justice.

JAKE
It's Junior, isn't it? You've found him.

The mention of Junior's name sends a chill through the room. They all know who he is.

BEN
Yeah. It is. We're going after the guy who shot your niece.

Ben lifts FOUR STEEL BRIEFCASES from the floor and places them on the table, side by side.

BEN (cont'd)
That's why I'm doubling everyone's fee with my own money.

Scope and Parker exchange a stunned glance. So that's what this is all about.

CHARLEY
I have a question. Why are there only four cases?

Ben walks over to Charley and guides her out of the room.

BEN
(to the others)
Talk about it for a few minutes.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Ben closes the door to the War Room and turns to Charley.

BEN
You're sitting this one out.

CHARLEY
That's not fair. You said I could work the next assignment. You said I was ready.

BEN
You haven't even worked a domestic run and we're talking about North Africa. Sorry, kid.

CHARLEY
I'm part of this team.

BEN
We'll be driving through a near lawless part of the world, Charley. If you got separated from the team somehow --

CHARLEY
(blurts out)
I know French.

BEN
I beg your pardon?

CHARLEY
French. It's the second language of Morocco. Does anyone on the team know French?

Ben's silence indicates no one else knows French.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
Face it. You could really use me.

BEN
Dammit. Just don't get any holes in you, okay kid? Will you do that for me? No holes.

INT. TEAM HEADQUARTERS - "THE WAR ROOM" - LATER

Ben and Charley step back into the room.

BEN
Who's in?

GINA
All of us.

SCOPE
On one condition.

BEN
Which is?

PARKER
You keep your money and shove it up your arse.

Ben smiles. Pleased to have his team onboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALAGA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SPAIN - A *WEEK LATER*

A 737 touches down in the scorching Spanish heat.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

The team move through the terminal. They're travelling light, one small bag each.

A man in a SUIT holds a sign that reads: "TEAM L.S." Ben walks right up to him.

SUIT
(Spanish accent)
You are the rally team?

BEN
That's us.

Gina turns to Parker, silently mouths "rally team?"

SUIT
Please follow me.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING STRUCTURE - LATER

A mini-bus, driven by the Suit, drops off the entire team on the top level of a parking structure. As the bus drives away, we pull back to see the team's new fleet:

Two BMW X5s, a Mini Cooper, and a MOTORBIKE.

Each vehicle has been modified for desert driving. Sand-filters, roof-mounted air intakes, wide spiky tires, etc. There are sponsor stickers on the doors and panels, the biggest of which say "Team L.S."

Ben stands next to Jake and pulls several switchblade keys from a manilla envelope.

BEN
What do you think?

Jake nods his approval and makes a beeline for one of the X5s. He pops the hood and examines the turbocharged engine.

JAKE
Impressive work.

Ben tosses the motorcycle key to Gina.

GINA
I hope the CIA is paying for this.

BEN
Me too.

Ben hands Charley the key to the Mini.

BEN (cont'd)
Now you've got a matching set.

She smiles, takes the key, and unlocks the car.

Ben tosses his bag into one of the X5s.

BEN (cont'd)
The ferry leaves in an hour...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FERRY - ALGECIRAS TO TANGIER

The mouth of the Mediterranean Sea is only 9 miles wide, from the tip of Gibraltar to Tangier. From the port of Algeciras in Spain, large ferries carry vehicles and travelers across the sparkling blue water to Morocco.

We see Ben's BMW fleet driving onto the ferry. Later, the team stand on the deck and enjoy the coastline views during the 2 hour crossing.

BEN (v.o.)
Once we arrive in Tangier, we'll put 250 miles on the clock and spend the night in Casablanca. On Thursday, we'll meet up with our CIA contact in Marrakech.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOROCCO COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We see the BMWs driving through the varied landscape of Morocco's Atlantic coastline. They pass fertile farmland, crops of date palms, citrus, cotton and sugar.

Gina leads on the MOTORCYCLE...

GINA
Who knew this place was so beautiful.

BEN
And 70 degrees year round.

GINA
I could live with that.

Charley follows in the MINI. Parker drives the first X5 while Ben rides shotgun. Bringing up the rear, Jake drives the other X5 and Scope rides shotgun.

Throughout, we'll intercut between the vehicles and the team will communicate via their headsets.

SCOPE
Hey, boss. I finally got the iPod hooked up. How about some tunes?

BEN
Just pick something I like this time, will you?

Scope toggles through his music library on the X5's headunit.

SCOPE
Any requests, rookie?

CHARLEY
You got any classic rock?

BEN
Finally, someone with taste.

A beat later, Creedence Clearwater Revival blasts through the speakers in every vehicle. Even Gina can hear it in her motorcycle helmet.

Awesome scenery, great music and she's driving a heavily-modified Mini Cooper S...

Charley is in heaven.

DISSOLVE INTO:

DRIVING MONTAGE --

Even though the BMWs have been customized to look like rally vehicles, they still stand out in the North African landscape. Arab farmers stand with their cattle and watch the fleet speed past.

As the team pushes south, they drive through the outskirts of the Captial city of Rabat. There's a lot more traffic here, but it's mostly old vehicles, bicycles and carts.

The 60 miles between Rabat and Casablanca is all sandy coastline. As the BMWs continue their journey, the sun sets over the Atlantic...

CUT TO:

EXT. CASABLANCA - NIGHT

Shortly after nightfall, Ben's fleet arrives in Casablanca. Once a small fishing village, it's now one of biggest ports in Africa and the population tops 4 million.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - CASABLANCA - NIGHT

The team unload the vehicles and prepare to check into a hotel. Charley climbs from the Mini and takes in her new surroundings. Ben walks up to her.

CHARLEY
I can't believe I'm here. You know it was my dad's favorite movie.

BEN
Kate's too.

They have a breathtaking view of the city. It's very cosmopolitan by Moroccan standards, but for a young American the skyline still provides a culture shock.

BEN (cont'd)
How's the Mini?

CHARLEY
Insanely cool.

BEN
You think those desert tires will slow you down if we run into trouble out there?

CHARLEY
Hard to tell. I would need to pull a couple of hard turns on tarmac.

BEN
Find time on the open road tomorrow. See what the car is capable of.

CHARLEY
Okay.

Charley looks over to ensure Jake isn't within earshot.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
Can I ask you something?

BEN
Shoot.

CHARLEY
What you said to Gina, at the Park, about not telling Jake --

Ben watches his brother check the tires of the X5.

BEN
He doesn't like her. He used to. Before we lost Lucy. They were thick as thieves. But afterwards, Kate just derailed, and he hated what she did to me, for the way she handled things.

CHARLEY
What about you?

BEN
I forgave Kate a long time ago.

CHARLEY
Do you still love her?

Ben opts not to answer. Instead, he picks up his bag.

BEN
Get some rest. If we hit Junior tomorrow it's gonna be a long day.

Charley watches Ben head for the hotel rooms.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOROCCO - *CASABLANCA TO MARRAKECH*

In the mid-morning light, the BMWs push Southeast from Casablanca towards the High Atlas Mountains.

At the foot of the mountains, on the flatlands, lies the most popular city in the entire country...

BEN
That's Marrakech. We're making excellent time.

Gina's bike roars past camera. She's doing 75mph, cruising.

GINA
I live to ride on days like this.

A short distance behind are the other vehicles. The Mini and the two X5's.

GINA (cont'd)
You guys don't know what you're missing.

PARKER
I got a moonroof, that's all the sky I need.

BEN
How you doing, Charley?

Charley has the Mini's moonroof open, her sunglasses on.

CHARLEY
I'm good.

BEN
You get plenty of sleep last night? We might see some fireworks later.

CHARLEY
I'm ready. Bring it.

As the vehicles speed towards Marrakech and the Atlas mountain range, it looks like a TV commercial. But the sparkling glass and waxed paint won't last long...

There will be bullets. Lots of bullets.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF MARRAKECH - DAY

The BMW fleet enters the tiny, narrow streets of Marrakech. They are clogged with life. Scooters, cyclists, and pedestrians everywhere.

EXT. MARRAKECH - MARKET SQUARE - DAY

The X5s, the Mini and Gina's bike emerge from a side street into this world famous market square. They park together at the edge and the team congregate beside the vehicles.

BEN
This is where we meet our contact.

PARKER
Don't they call this place the "Pearl of the South?"

BEN
That's the whole city. This place...

Ben gestures to the market.

BEN (cont'd)
...is "The Square Of The Dead."

CHARLEY
Great name.

Charley is in awe of her surroundings. There are FOOD STALLS spewing charcoal-flavored smoke, TRADERS hawking crafts, FARMERS bartering LIVESTOCK. It's raw commerce.

JAKE
What do we do now?

BEN
We wait.

CHARLEY
Shouldn't we be a little more discreet?

BEN
Why? We're a desert rally team. We might as well be tourists.
(beat)
Besides, we don't have any hardware yet. It's safer in the open.

At that moment, Ben's PDA starts beeping. He checks the screen...

P.D.A DISPLAY -- *"BEN. FOLLOW THE BOY."*

Ben spots a young ARAB BOY, watching them from a distance.

BEN (cont'd)
Scope, Parker, watch the wheels. The rest of you, we follow the kid.

JAKE
I'll stay. Take the Limey.

BEN
You're coming with us. I want you in the meeting.

Ben, Charley, Jake, Gina head into the thick of the market. They are jostled the whole way, harassed by pushy salesman. Ben strains to keep sight of the Arab Boy.

Charley absorbs the sights, sounds and smells. A storyteller with a monkey on his shoulder steps in front of her, gestures for money.

CHARLEY
No. Merci beaucoup.

The storyteller persists. Jake shoves him out of Charley's path and pulls her along.

Charley is loving this experience.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
Makes you look at Times Square in a whole new light, doesn't it.

JAKE
Yeah. A get me the fuck back there kind of light.

Up ahead...

GINA
You should tell him now. Before this goes down.

BEN
If I tell him Kate's involved right now, he'll walk. I'm hoping she can convince him not to.

GINA
So this would be fireworks time.

They push on through the crowd, following the boy.

CUT TO:

INT. RIAD - MINUTES LATER

The boy leads them into a "Riad," an old merchant house converted into lodging. There are no external windows and all the rooms surround a central courtyard. There are a few palm trees and a pool.

At the other end of the courtyard, Kate emerges from one of the rooms. She steps out of the shade, into the light.

KATE
Welcome to Marrakech.

Jake's eyes light up like a raging-bull. He spins on Ben.

JAKE
(super-pissed)
What the fuck is this, Benny?

KATE
(to Ben)
You didn't tell him?

Expecting this reaction, Gina ushers Charley to the side, in case Jake explodes.

JAKE
Is she part of this?!?

BEN
Jake... Calm down...

JAKE
Fuck you, calm down. You never said she had a part in this.

KATE
This isn't about me. It's about Junior.

JAKE
I understand that. But I'm not working with you.

Ben pulls Jake close, whispers to him.

BEN
It was Kate who found him, Jake. My guys over here ran out of leads 2 years ago, I just didn't have the heart to tell you.

Jake is snorting, veins bulging on his forehead. We've never seen him this animated.

BEN (cont'd)
Kate made the deal with The Company. She got us the bankroll. The exit plan. She's handing Junior to us on a platter, man.
(pleading)
I need you, brother. I don't want to do this without you.

Kate calls over Ben's shoulder.

KATE
You and I want the same thing, Jake. Let's work together. Once this is over, you can go back to hating me.

Jake walks right up to Kate. They stand face to face.

JAKE
Long as you know, I don't trust you. I'll never trust you.
(beat)
You fuck up my brother's heart like that again, I'll kill you. You understand me?

BEN
Enough, Jake! Are you in or out?

Jake moves closer to Kate.

JAKE
Somebody has to make sure she doesn't get you killed. I'm in.

Everyone seems relieved. Ben squeezes Jake's shoulder.

BEN
(to Kate)
Ok, let's talk guns.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE BACK OF A JEEP

It's parked inside a garage.

A tarp is whipped up, revealing a HUGE SUPPLY OF WEAPONRY. Kate gestures for Ben and Jake to help themselves.

KATE
I got everything on your list.

Jake climbs in the back and examines some of the guns. There are SHOTGUNS, ASSAULT-RIFLES, PISTOLS, GRENADES, etc.

BEN
Let's transfer the hardware into the X5s and push on to Agadir.

KATE
If we leave now, we'll make it by sundown. We can hit Junior tonight.

Kate tosses a small CANNISTER to Ben.

KATE (cont'd)
This is the gas I told you about.

KATE (cont'd)
They nicknamed the stuff C-SPAN. Exposure to it and you're asleep within seconds.

Jake racks shells into a shotgun, pumps the slider with a...

KLAK-KLAK!

CHARLEY
Are we starting a war?

BEN
If we have to.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOROCCO - *MARRAKECH TO AGADIR*

The BMWs drive another 275 miles Southwest, through some rough terrain in the Atlas mountains.

Charley is fascinated by a pack of NOMADS and their CAMELS, camped around an oasis.

INT. MINI COOPER - LATER

Kate is riding in the Mini, with Charley.

CHARLEY
Jake really seems to hate you.

KATE
I don't blame him. You outlive your own child and it makes you do some crazy shit. I lost my mind.

CHARLEY
Why did Junior attack you that day?

KATE
Back in '98, I was on a joint CIA-FBI task force investigating his brother, Ahmed Fazir. He was bringing hashish and opium into New Mexico. When we raided Ahmed's house, he opened fire on us so I was forced to drop him. Then this idiot reporter puts my name in the paper, and a week later, Junior opens up on my car with an MP5.

Kate's face floods with grief and anger.

KATE (cont'd)
I was wearing a vest, but 4 bullets went through it and another 5 hit my legs and arms. The doctors pulled 3 out of Lucy but 2 were head-shots so she was DOA at the hospital.

CHARLEY
My God. That's horrible.

KATE
Now you know what I wanted to find the son-of-a-bitch so badly.

INT. JAKE'S BMW X5 - DAY

As always, Jake is driving. Scope cradles a rifle-scope in his hands. He periodically stares through it.

SCOPE
(rambling)
I think she's cool, man. You should roll with it. Let bygones be bygones. Especially with the shit she went through...

Jake's cold, hard stare makes Scope go very quiet.

INT. PARKER'S BMW X5 - DAY

Parker drives, Ben in the front passenger seat. He activates his team-mic so he can communicate with everyone.

BEN
We're coming up on Taroudannt. It's another 40 miles to Agadir, but this is where we're bringing Junior once we have him. The airfield is 2 miles north of town and the plane will pick us up at first light tomorrow.

IN THE MINI

Charley looks over at Kate.

CHARLEY
So we're definitely grabbing him tonight?

KATE
Hard and fast. He won't know what hit him.

EXT. BMW FLEET - CONTINUOUS

The BMWs roar by, kicking up dust and sand.

Over this, we hear LOUD, THUMPING CLUB MUSIC...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

We're in Agadir's newest dance club. The kind of half-rave, half-disco which plagues the coastal resorts of Europe.

The place is huge. 500 person capacity. Three stories. The main dance floor is surrounded by supper club-style booths on each level.

Trance music blasts from the speaker system...

Large pipes from the walls move like tentacles, blasting cold AC onto the dance floor. Vents in the floor, pump DRY-ICE SMOKE in the other direction. GREEN LASERS and spotlights cut through the mist, silhouetting the ravers.

The camera finds the LARGEST BOOTH on the second level. Relaxing in a throne-like chair, our villain...

JUNIOR FAZIR

He looks out over the club, as a king surveys his domain. He is flanked by FOUR MOROCCAN THUGS and several HOT GIRLS, a couple of which are topless. There is a huge pile of COCAINE in the middle of the table and a 9mm.

Junior points to one of thugs.

In Arabic, with SUBTITLES:

JUNIOR
Akim, go to my car. There are more pills in the glove compartment.

AKIM reluctantly heads off.

GIRL
I'll get you high right now, baby.

One of the girls dips her breast in the coke and offers it to Junior. He smiles then snorts the drug from her nipple.

Another olive-skinned man, FASHAD (30s), drops into a seat at the end of the booth. He eyes the girl with disgust.

FASHAD
These Eastern European girls are fucking whores.

JUNIOR
You are a religious man, Fashad, I am not. You keep the virgin, I'll take the whore.

Fashad is fidgety, nervous. Junior leans forward, close.

And we switch to English:

JUNIOR (cont'd)
You are acting strange. If something is wrong, tell me.

FASHAD
It is your father.

JUNIOR
What about him?

FASHAD
He is on his way here, tonight, and he wants to see you first thing tomorrow. To check up on you.

JUNIOR
Fuck.

Thud. Thud. THUD!

More thuds. Each like a sack of potatoes hitting the ground.

JUNIOR (cont'd)
What is that noise?!?

The bodyguards pull guns and they all stare at the dance floor. The dry-ice seems thicker, the lasers more dramatic.

It's hard to see. And the music keeps pounding.

Junior squints, shields his eyes from the lasers, and spots something which terrifies him. The fog shifts and reveals everyone on the dance floor has collapsed. They're out cold, lying where they were dancing only moments ago.

Before anyone else in the club can react, the effect sweeps through the room. People drop like flies, THUDDING to the ground...

Those still standing at the edge of the dance floor start panicking, bolting for the exits, screaming... We see the DJ fall onto his music systems, scratching the record... Bar staff are falling into their drink wells...

INSERT: There are canisters mounted inside the AIR VENTS and the DRY-ICE PUMP. Each has a flashing green light, each churns out "C-SPAN," the SLEEPING GAS...

BACK IN THE CLUB

The gas reaches the booths. Scared, Junior yells at his guards.

JUNIOR (cont'd)
Get me out of here. Now!!!

Junior grabs his gun and gets up to leave. His bodyguards react too. Then, within seconds, they all collapse. Face down, out like a light.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Like ghosts, Ben, Kate, Scope, and Gina creep through the fog. They all wear GAS MASKS, carry silenced MP5 machine-guns, and move stealthily over the prone bodies.

Ben leads his crew directly to Junior's table.

BEN
(into throat mic)
Target acquired.

KATE
The sleep agent is effective, but it doesn't last long. We've got less than 5 minutes before people start waking up.

BEN
Is our exit clear, Parker?

EXT. DANCE CLUB - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The BMWs are lined up in the alleyway. Charley and Parker are waiting with them. Parker glances up and down to see if they have any company.

PARKER
All clear. Just say the word and we'll open the back door.

INT. DANCE CLUB - SAME

Scope and Gina scan the interior of the club with their weapons. Behind them, Ben and Kate drag Junior out of his seat and wire-tie his wrists behind his back.

Kate pulls a SYRINGE from her pocket and jabs the needle into Junior's neck.

KATE
Sweet dreams, asshole.

Ben tosses her his gun then throws Junior over his shoulder, firefighter-style.

BEN
The target is ours. Let's go.

With Scope, Gina and Kate sweeping the room with their guns, Ben carries Junior towards the men's restroom. He kicks open the door and the others follow him inside...

INT. DANCE CLUB - RESTROOM

There are a few unconscious clubbers in here too. One guy clearly passed out while taking a piss.

BEN
Blow it!

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

Parker thumbs a remote and triggers a piece of C-4 explosive cord that's been placed on the side wall of the club.

BOOM!

A cloud of dust and wood chips explodes into the alley...

INT. RESTROOM - SAME

Still carrying Junior's drugged form, Ben charges into one of the stalls and plants his foot on the wall. An entire section of the dry-wall crashes into the alley.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

Instantly, Parker and Charley appear at the hole and help Ben carry him into the crisp, night air.

Junior is shoved in the backseat of Parker's X5. Kate moves to get in with him.

BEN
No. Ride with Charley.

KATE
I know what you're thinking, Ben.
I have more control than that.

JAKE
We don't have time for this shit.

Ben locks eyes with Kate.

KATE
If I just wanted him dead, I could
have done that on my own.

BEN
Get in.

Kate pushes Junior's unconscious form across the seat and climbs in next to him.

Jake shoots Ben a disapproving glance then returns to his X5.

Moments later, the BMWs fire up and start moving.

EXT. DANCE CLUB

At the front of the club, a few people are collapsed on the sidewalk. Panic and confusion has gripped everyone else.

Akim, the thug Junior sent to fetch the ecstacy, gets out of a Mercedes and notices the commotion back at the club. A split-second later, he sees the BMW fleet roar out of the alley and take off down the street.

Sensing something is terribly wrong, Akim pushes his way back into the club. By now, the smoke has dissipated and people are starting to stir. There is a lot of coughing, yelling, crying. No one is hurt, but they are freaked out, wondering what the hell happened.

Holding the neck of his shirt over his mouth, Akim hurries to the booth where he left Junior and realizes that he's gone.

AKIM
(Arabic)
Koos emek!!!

He continues cursing and whips out his CELL PHONE...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF AGADIR - MINUTES LATER

The BMWs are driving out of town, into the countryside, as fast as they can go without drawing too much attention.

Gina leads on her bike, then Charley's Mini, then Parker's X5. Jake's X brings up the rear.

INT. JAKE'S BMW X5

Scope is in the back, scanning the moonlit highway behind them. As the lights of the city recede, it becomes clear that no one is tailing them.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Ben watches Kate in his own rearview mirror. She's staring at Junior's sleeping face.

SCOPE (v.o.)
Unless we got a tail without headlights, we're free and clear.

Ben turns in his seat and Kate looks up.

BEN
What could they send after us?

KATE
Nothing. The only immediate response would be from Junior's bodyguards and they're still shaking off a deep sleep.
(MORE)

KATE (cont'd)
Fazir's family live in the North.
They're not a threat.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A 9-VEHICLE CONVOY thunders past camera...

There are 4 motorcycles, a Mercedes limo, and 3 armored Humvees. It almost resembles a presidential motorcade, but this is the billionaire villain version.

INT. MERCEDES LIMO - SAME

In the huge backseat, Junior's father HASSAN FAZIR (60s) rides in silence. He appears peaceful and relaxed in his Saville Row suit, but we sense there is immeasurable evil lurking beneath the surface. Junior is evil enough, but he's only the spawn of this guy.

DRIVER (o.s.)
(Arabic w/subtitles)
Sir. A call for you.

The driver has lowered the partition and he holds a CELL PHONE. Annoyed, Hassan waves him off.

DRIVER (cont'd)
It is regarding your son. He is in trouble.

Hassan just stares ahead, absorbing this. After a moment, he calmly takes the phone from the driver.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAWN

The sun is minutes from appearing on the horizon. In the dark morning light, the BMWs are visible, parked on a ridge overlooking the airfield. It's more of a dirt runway, not a developed airport and there's no one around at this hour.

The team has been here for some time. They sit on the vehicles, alert eyes scanning the skies for aircraft and the road behind them for trouble.

Kate stands in a palm grove, studying the airfield through binoculars. Ben appears beside her.

BEN
It was a good plan, Kate. Things went very smoothly.

Kate glances at Junior, passed out in the rear of the X5.

KATE
This is the hard part. Resisting the temptation to put a bullet in his skull.

BEN
It is tempting, isn't it? But not knowing whether there really is a hell makes me want him to rot behind bars for the rest of his life. Then, when he dies, if there is a hell, what a bonus.

She has to smile at that. For a few seconds, Kate says nothing. Instead, she just looks at Ben, drinking in the face of the man she once loved, then left.

KATE
When we get home, when all this is over, I thought maybe we could spend some time --

BEN
I'd like that.

The moment is shattered by the faint buzzing of an airplane. Ben looks up and points.

BEN (cont'd)
(points)
Is that our ride?

Kate aims the binoculars at a SMALL AIRPLANE in the distance. The drone of its engine gets louder as it comes in to land.

KATE
That's him.

JUNIOR (o.s.)
I don't know who you are, but you're all fucking dead!

In the backseat of the X5, Junior is awake. He pulls at his restraints, kicks at the windows.

Charley watches Kate hurry to the BMW. Parker holds Junior down while she jabs him with another sedative.

PARKER
(to Junior)
Put a fucking sock in it, mate.

Ben addresses the whole team.

BEN
Let's get this piece of shit on the plane and go home.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - MINUTES LATER

The BMWs speed down the hillside and drive to the end of the runway where they'll meet the plane. It's on final approach, landing gear down.

The team emerge from the vehicles to watch the landing. Charley stands next to Ben and Kate.

BEN
First assignment's nearly over, kid. You did great.

CHARLEY
Thanks.

Mission accomplished, the moral of the team is high. Jake hops onto the hood of the X5, starts singing John Denver's "Leaving on a Jet Plane."

JAKE
All my bags are packed, and I'm ready to --

WOOOOOSSSHHHH!!!!!!!!

Suddenly, a surface-to-air MISSILE SCREAMS OVERHEARD...

KA-BOOM!

...And the plane disintegrates in mid-air.

Horrified, Ben spins around to see Hassan's convoy bearing down on the airfield. Thugs lean out the windows, machine-guns blazing...

BEN
Back in the cars! Go!!!

Before the flaming wreckage of the plane hits the ground, the team are in the BMWs and doing 80mph...

Braced in the rear of the X5, Scope fires a G3 assault-rifle out the back window.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

INSIDE THE OTHER X5

BEN (cont'd)
(to Kate)
Who the hell is that?

KATE
I don't know!

Once the BMWs get back onto the highway, the tires grip the blacktop and the speed climbs... 90mph... 100mph...

Only the motorcycles can keep up at these speeds and they soon close in on the fleet. Two in each lane.

INT. MINI COOPER

Charley watches the bikes approach the X5 in her rearview.

INT. JAKE'S BMW X5

Scope is squinting down the barrel of the G3, the wind whipping through the open rear window. He has to shout into his mic to be heard.

SCOPE
I got these guys.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The bikes veer off, two to a side, into a grove of palm trees lining the roadside.

Scope adjusts his aim and fires off a few rounds. He doesn't miss often, but these palm trees are zipping by in a blur and blocking his shot.

In absolute synchronicity, the bikers pull MACHINE-GUNS from their leathers.

SCOPE
Incoming.

The bikes surge forward, back through the treeline. Guns blazing, full throttle...

Bullets ping off the back of the X5...

Scope squeezes the trigger of the G3...

BLAM!

His first shot disintegrates Biker #1's helmeted skull like a watermelon. The headless body rides upright for a few hundred feet until the bike wipes out.

The Kawasakis accelerate at an incredible rate. Biker #2 and #3 pass on one side of the X5, while Biker #4 zips past on the other.

The bikes move beyond Scope's angle of fire. He scrambles to open the sunroof as the bikes spray the SUV with gunfire...

RATTATTATTATTATT!!!!!!

A bullet punches through the driver's door and slices the top of Jake's thigh.

He grits his teeth and jerks the wheel. He tries to take a biker out, but the rider reacts fast, avoids the collision.

INT. PARKER'S X5 - SAME

The bikes bear down on the other X5, the one carrying Ben, Kate and Junior. Parker slaloms the SUV, forcing the bikers to break formation.

BLAM!

Ben fires out the side window and Biker #2 is yanked off his bike by the force of a bullet.

Biker #3 and #4 keep shooting at the X5 until their guns click empty. Their attack has failed, so rather than drop back and face Scope's gunfire, they twist their throttles wide open...

Within seconds, the Kawasaki's are speeding past the Mini and Gina's motorcycle. Riding no-handed, Gina pulls a pair of 9mms and shoots at the bikers on either side.

Biker #3 goes down. Steel and flesh rolling, rolling, rolling...

Biker #4 is clipped in the arm but he keeps going. He's now doing 120mph and easily leaving the fleet behind.

GINA
He's mine.

Gina clamps down hard on the throttle and her bike is jolted by the massive torque... 80mph to 100mph in a heartbeat...

BACK ON THE FLEET

Charley watches Gina's bike tear up the highway.

CHARLEY
Should I go too?!

In her earpiece, Ben's voice sounds controlled.

BEN
Go! Just don't get in her way.

Charley floors the gas pedal and leaves the X5s behind.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Gina has gained ground on the Kawasaki. He's 100 yards ahead, his engine SCREAMING.

Seconds later, Gina's bike blurs past, doing 120mph...

BEN (v.o.)
Gina?

GINA
(like a mantra)
I got him. I got him.

The biker comes up on a LARGE TRUCK. He pulls a HANDGUN from his jacket and cuts in front of the cab. With the back wheel of the bike only 6ft from the truck's front bumper, he FIRES INTO THE WINDSHIELD...

Blood splatters the cracked glass.

Gina slows down, right behind the truck, just as it SWERVES across both lanes. She reacts instantly, squeezing the brakes, dropping out of the truck's path.

Now the entire rear end of the truck is swinging, back and forth, tires screeching. In the cab, the DYING DRIVER fights with the wheel, desperately trying to keep the truck upright.

Gina skids to a crawl. Too dangerous.

Suddenly, Charley's Mini flies past. She swerves around the truck and continues the chase...

Impressed, Gina twists the throttle and takes off after her.

Seconds later, the truck flips over and bursts into flames.

INT. PARKER'S X5 - SAME

Parker swerves around the burning, overturned truck. Fire licks the doors of the SUV.

Ben switches off his throat-mic, muting his conversation with Kate from the rest of the team.

BEN
(to Kate)
You said plan B involves another airfield, right? How far?

But there's something wrong. Ben can see it in her face.

KATE
Plan B fell through. I couldn't get us a backup plane.

BEN
(incredulous)
You couldn't get a plane?!?

INTERCUT:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

The highway is climbing into the Atlas mountains. The sharp twists and turns are forcing the biker to slow down.

Seemingly out of nowhere, the Mini screams around a corner and starts gaining on the bike. Gina is close behind.

INT. PARKER'S X5 - SAME

Parker is focused on driving, but he's rapt in their conversation...

BEN
So this isn't a company contract. You lied to me again.

KATE
(shakes her head)
The CIA don't give a shit about Lucy, Ben. They were never going to help with this.

BEN
Whose money is it?

KATE
Mine.

Ben knows instantly what that means.

BEN
Then we're on our own.

She gravely nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - SAME

The biker leans into another hairpin turn, Charley drifts the growling Mini and stays right with him.

Desperate, the biker pushes his speed... 60, 70, 80mph... But he's going too fast and he eats it...

The bike and its rider go soaring over the edge of the highway, plummeting to the rocks below.

GINA
(into mic)
He's gone!

Charley locks up the brakes and the Mini screeches to a stop. She gets out and stands at the spot where the bike went over the edge. 30ft below, the wreckage lies on a bed of rocks.

Gina pulls up beside Charley. Knows it's her first "kill."

GINA (cont'd)
We never kill good guys, Charley. Remember that.

Charley looks over at her, grateful for that reminder.

INT. PARKER'S X5 - SAME

Ben is using a navigation-computer built into the dash.

BEN
We're 200 miles from Marrakech. And it's another 650 to Tangier.

KATE
Go through Marrakech. I have a contact there. A company man. He's the one who hooked me up with the hardware. He might be able to help us.

She stops because Ben is staring at her. Hard.

BEN
I need to trust you, Kate. If you lie to me again, I'll leave you on the side of the highway.
(beat)
Do you think this guy is our best option?

KATE
Yes. I do.

For better or worse, Ben believes her. He turns on his mic and keeps his gaze locked on Kate as he speaks.

BEN
(to entire team)
OK. As you all might have noticed, the original plan has gone belly up and I've just been informed that our backup plan is also a no-go...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BMW FLEET - DAY

The BMWs roar through the twisting, jagged Atlas mountains.

BEN (v.o.)
...So that means we're improvising from hereon out.

INT. JAKE'S BMW X5

Jake adjusts his earpiece. Scope reloads his rifle.

BEN (v.o.)
Our present objective is to reach Marrakech.

INT. MINI COOPER - SAME

Charley follows closely behind Gina's motorcycle.

BEN (v.o.)
We'll outrun the Humvees in these mountains, but we don't know what else is coming after us so watch the skies.

She twists a knob and the MOONROOF slides open, providing her a clear view of the sky.

INT. PARKER'S X5 - SAME

Ben faces forwards. He can't even stomach looking at Kate right now. He covers his mic...

BEN
(to Kate)
You'd better pray I don't lose anyone today.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - 10 MILES BACK

The Mercedes and the Humvees sit in the middle of the road.

Hassan uses a cane to walk. A group of his thugs are standing around a FALLEN BIKER. They part like the seas as he approaches. Hassan stares down at the dying man.

HASSAN
My personal doctor will be here very soon. May Allah bless you for fighting for my family.

Hassan kneels, tenderly wipes blood from the biker's lips.

HASSAN (cont'd)
Tell me what you saw.

DYING BIKER
Two big cars, a little one, and a motorcycle. I only saw the face of one driver. She was a white girl.

HASSAN
American?

DYING BIKER
I do not know.
(painful cough)
Please, your doctor, is he near?

Ignoring the man, Hassan stands up straight and summons a THUG to his side.

HASSAN
Call Badri. Have him cover the airports and watch our American friend until we arrive.

Hassan glances down at the dying biker, dismisses him, and casually walks back to the limousine.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF MARRAKECH

The BMWs roll back through the market town. Locals watch the vehicles pass, any one of them could be the enemy.

Parker's X5 leads the way and turns onto a dark side street. The BMWs park in a line.

The team emerge from their vehicles, hands resting on their concealed weapons.

BEN
Kate and I are going to negotiate another exit route. Stay here and watch Junior.

Jake pulls his brother aside.

JAKE
This ain't our style, Benny. So many bullets, so few plans. Do I need to be worried?

Ben decides to protect Kate. He doesn't want Jake to know she lied to them. He'd kill her.

BEN
Don't worry. I'll get us out of here.

Satisfied, Jake nods.

Ben feels lousy lying to his brother. He quickly turns and follows Kate into a narrow passageway.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOKAH BAR - MINUTES LATER

Lush red draperies envelop the richly textured walls and there are hookahs on every table. The air is thick with apple and peach scented smoke. Patrons sit on floor cushions and converse in Arabic.

Kate leads Ben towards the back of the bar. In a dark corner sits MIKE BRODY (early 50s). He's clearly American but he looks comfortable in this very Moroccan environment.

BRODY
No refunds, no returns. I told you that last week.

KATE
Relax, Mike. We know the guns work. That's not why we're here.

BRODY
(re: Ben)
Is this him?

KATE
My husband. Yes.

Ben offers his hand. Brody shakes it.

BEN
Ben Shaw.

BRODY
Mike Brody. I know it happened a while back, but I'm very sorry for your loss.

BEN
Thanks.

BRODY
Word is you've stirred up quite a hornet's nest.

BEN
What exactly have you heard?

BRODY
That Hassan Fazir was on his way down to Agadir to visit his son when you gassed everyone in his nightclub and dragged him away. Hassan's not happy about that.

KATE
Did you also hear about our ride getting blown out of the sky?

Brody's reaction indicates he did not know about this.

KATE (cont'd)
We need your help, Mike. We need you to get us on another plane.

Brody is shaking his head.

BRODY
Impossible. Hassan will already have his goons watching every airport between Algeria and the Atlantic.

BEN
What about the smaller airfields? Somewhere remote.

BRODY
There are 39 unpaved runways in Morocco. Fazir owns two-thirds of them and they're used for smuggling hashish. Believe me when I tell you this, there's no way you're getting Junior out of the country on a plane.

BEN
Can you get us a chopper?

BRODY
Sure. But it would take a few days and you'd probably be dead by then.
(beat)
You're best bet is a ferry. Both the Moroccan and Spanish cruise-lines are owned by fierce rivals of Hassan. He has very little control over the routes to Spain and Ibiza. Of course there's a few miles of highway between you and the ports.
(MORE)

BRODY (cont'd)
I don't think you'll make it with Hassan's soldiers prowling the highways.

KATE
If you were us...?

Brody takes a pensive drag from his hookah.

BRODY
I'd make a deal. Give Hassan his son back and go home alive.

KATE
That's not an option.

BRODY
Then I'd drive to the coast as fast as I could. Do you know Melilla?

BEN
Sure. It's a port on the North coast.

BRODY
But it's not part of Morocco. It's actually a Spanish enclave. 12 square kilometers of Spanish soil.

Ben and Kate glance at each other. They didn't know this.

Brody writes an address on a napkin.

BRODY (cont'd)
If you can make it that far, find this address. RWB is an American shipping company. I have a friend there who will help you.

Ben takes the napkin. He's already formulating a plan.

BEN
If we head for Melilla, we need Hassan to think we're heading for Tangier. How good is your network? Can you feed him misinformation?

BRODY
If you pay me enough, I can whisper in his fucking ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARRAKECH SIDE STREET - DAY

Jake, Gina, Scope, Parker and Charley are waiting with the vehicles. Junior remains sedated in the back of Parker's X5.

PARKER
This whole operation has turned into a right cock-up.

CHARLEY
Least we got the guy we came for.

PARKER
Until we get him stateside it doesn't mean bugger all. We get lifted here and he's in the next limo back to his penthouse.

A man wearing a BLACK ROBE, darts across the end of the side street.

JAKE
Shit, they've found us.

The other pull out their guns and take up defensive positions. Scope eyes the roof ledges overhead; Charley scans windows and doorways; Parker slides into the X5 and starts the engine.

JAKE (cont'd)
(into mic)
Ben, we need to roll. Right now. We've been made.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

Ben and Kate are hurrying back towards the fleet. They draw their guns.

BEN
We're 30 seconds away.

EXT. MARRAKECH SIDE STREET - DAY

Gina glimpses another man, all in BLACK, peer over a roof. Gina silently points him out.

Jake nods, pulls a PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN out of his X5. He then signals Scope to follow him and they duck into one of the buildings lining the street.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

Jake and Scope creep out of a stairway, onto a roof. At the edge, they spot one of the BLACK ROBES. He's hidden from the street below, but he's cradling an AK-47 and clearly ready to take part in an ambush.

Jake edges closer, the Black Robe oblivious to his presence.

JAKE
(whispers)
Pssst, asshole.

Startled, the Black Robe spins around. Jake slams the butt of the shotgun into his jaw, knocking him out cold.

Across the street, Scope spies another BLACK ROBE. Then two more. There appears to be a gunman on every rooftop, waiting to rain bullets on our heroes.

JAKE (cont'd)
(into mic)
There's a small army up here.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

Ben and Kate reach the fleet just as a black Mercedes appears at each end of the alley, blocking the exit.

Then the gunners on the rooftops OPEN FIRE and all hell breaks loose...

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

Jake leaps a low-wall, onto another roof, and blasts a Black Robe with the shotgun. BOOM!

Scope drills a robed assassin from 50ft away...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

Down on the street, Ben and the rest of the team fire in every direction.

BEN
We need to move, Jake! Where are you?!

JAKE
Punch your way out and pick us up in the square!

BEN
(to the others)
You heard him. Let's do it.

Ben gestures for Kate to drive Jake's empty X5.

BEN (cont'd)
Open the door and I'll cover you.

Kate slides behind the wheel while Ben fires his 9mm at four BLACK ROBES shielded by the Mercedes. The glass isn't bulletproof so his rounds punch through, taking out two.

Red-lining the X5 in reverse, Kate slams into the Mercedes, spinning it out of the way...

KER-RUNCH!!!

The other two assassins are crushed.

Ben jumps into Parker's X5 and it reverses hard, following Kate's lead. Above, Jake and Scope take out two more gunmen.

Gina's still using Charley's Mini for cover. She watches, pissed, as her motorcycle is destroyed by enemy fire.

CHARLEY
Get in!

Gina has no choice. She leaps into the passenger side of the Mini and Charley hits the gas. She gets up to 40mph and pulls a reverse 180 in the narrow street. The front of the Mini misses the wall by inches...

EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME

Jake and Scope are running across the rooftops, exchanging gunfire with more assassins.

Over the edge, they can see the BMWs making their escape. Several blocks away, the rooftops open up revealing the Square of the Dead.

EXT. MARRAKECH - MARKET SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

The two X5s and the Mini squeal into the market square. Vendors and shoppers leap out of the way.

Dropping out of the sky, Jake and Scope land in the middle of a stall selling rugs. They quickly get to their feet and rush to the vehicles.

An assassin drops from another roof, directly behind them. Kate skids her X5 to a halt and yells a warning...

KATE
Down!!!

They hit the dirt as Kate fires a RIOT PUMP over their heads.

KA-BOOM!

The assassin is blown off his feet.

Jake climbs into the passenger side of the X5, Scope dives into the backseat.

Kate stomps on the gas...

The BMWs rocket through the Square, tires screeching, people diving out of the way. Two more Mercedes give chase, pursuing the team through the narrow streets of Marrakech.

Mercedes #1 pulls alongside Kate's X5 and tries to force her into a wall. Kate taps the brake, slams on the gas, and clips the rear quarter of the Mercedes. It loses traction, slides sideways, and the X5 hits it again...

Mercedes #1 rolls 5 times. He's finished.

Mercedes #2 takes on Charley, but its handling can't compete with the little Mini. She zig-zags, toying with the bulky sedan...

The driver of Mercedes #2 tries to match her pace so his passenger can open up with an AK-47. But Gina beats him to the shot, drilling the driver with a shot between the eyes. The windshield is splattered with blood and Mercedes #2 nosedives into a fountain. Game over.

In the passenger seat of the other X5, Ben scans the streets, looking for more trouble. Stunned locals watch the BMWs blast past, but none of them are armed and hostile.

BEN
We're clear. Let's get the fuck out of here.

INT. JAKE'S BMW X5

Kate uses her forearm to wipe sweat from her brow. She notices Jake staring at her.

JAKE
Thanks --

KATE
(cuts him off)
Don't. It's my fault we went through that.

JAKE
That may be true, but you still saved our ass today. So thanks.

KATE
You're welcome.

He nods. It's a fragile truce.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOROCCAN HIGHWAY P24 - LATER

The BMWs are parked on the side of a desolate highway. You can see for miles in either direction.

The fleet is down to three battle-scarred vehicles: the two X5s and the Mini. They're covered in scratched paint, bulletholes, and cracked glass.

On the hood of the X5, Ben has a map spread out. The team are gathered around him.

BEN
Airfields are out and Algeria's a no-go. We're driving to the coast.

PARKER
We're getting on another bloody boat, aren't we? Fuck.

JAKE
They'll be waiting for us in Tangier, Ben.

BEN
That's precisely what I'm counting on. Our contact is going to spread word that we're heading back there. Then, while Hassan waits for us on the road to Tangier, we'll go East, to Melilla. From there, we'll sail back to Malaga and fly home.

JAKE
And if they're waiting on both roads?

BEN
We'll have to fight our way through them.
(beat)
Stretch your legs and fill your gloveboxes with ammo, because everyone's good on gas and we're not stopping until we reach Fez.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Kate is sitting in the backseat with Junior. He's awake, but groggy from the drugs. She holds a bottle of water up to his mouth. He drinks every drop.

Junior gazes out at Ben briefing the others.

JUNIOR
We are still in Morocco.
(amused)
You are lost.

KATE
Don't get your hopes up. You'll be in an American cell soon enough.

JUNIOR
And will you be satisfied then? Will the knowledge that I'm behind bars be enough for you?

KATE
You'd better hope so.

JUNIOR
Or what? You'll finally kill me. Why don't you do it now? Right here. Go on.

Kate holds his gaze. In a blur of motion, she grabs Junior and SLAMS HIS FACE into the back of the driver's seat.

Blood gushes from his nose.

KATE
Oops.

JUNIOR
You fucking bitch!

Junior tries to spit at her, but Kate's reflexes are lightning fast. She whips up her hand and his bloody saliva hits her palm. She calmly wipes it on his shirt.

KATE
We've got a long way to go. You should try and stay hydrated.

EXT. MOROCCAN HIGHWAY - SAME

Ben looks over to see Kate climb out of the X5.

BEN
Everything okay?

KATE
Great.

He turns back to the others. Kate joins them.

BEN
Anymore questions?

PARKER
Just one. Is it too late to turn this gig down?

BEN
Yeah. It is. Now check your rides and saddle up, we roll in five.

Kate talks low to Ben.

KATE
I'll ride with Charley so Gina can patch up Junior. He busted his nose somehow.

Ben knows instantly that she hit him.

KATE (cont'd)
One of us had to, right?

Ben watches her swagger to the Mini. He is starting to remember how much he loved her.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOKAH BAR - MARRAKECH - EVENING

Flanked by two hulking BODYGUARDS, Hassan Fazir makes his way through the Hookah bar where Kate and Ben met Brody. Recognizing this powerful man, scared patrons quickly exit.

Lounging in the back room, Brody looks completely at ease. Hassan takes a seat across from him.

BRODY
You saved me some effort. I was about to try and contact you.

Ignoring him, Hassan takes a hit from the hookah. He exhales the smoke in a manner befitting his wealth and arrogance.

HASSAN
Strange. An American so immersed in our ways.

BRODY
You know what they say: When in Rome, do as the Koran tells you.

Hassan smiles. But it's the smile of pure evil.

HASSAN
Why were you going to contact me? Does it have anything to do with your visitors? Remember, if I don't like what I hear, I'll have your head cut off.

BRODY
I'm more valuable to you alive, Hassan. It's always been that way. That's why you let my kind exist in your backyard.

HASSAN
Times are changing, Mr. Brody.

BRODY
Dylan fan, huh?

HASSAN
Enough jokes. Who were they?

BRODY
The parents of the American girl. They want to take Junior back to the States so he can stand trial for killing her.

HASSAN
How do they expect to escape Morocco?

BRODY
Same way they came in. The ferry from Tangier to Spain.

HASSAN
No military extraction? No more airfields? Then your people are not helping them?

BRODY
Actually we are helping them, but we want to make a deal with you behind their back.

HASSAN
(scoffs)
The CIA want to make a deal?

BRODY
We want a naval base here, Hassan. And we know you can help make it happen.
(beat)
The kidnappers are going to transfer custody of Junior to us once their ferry reaches international waters. If you agree to meet on the ship, before it docks in Malaga, we'll hand your son right back to you.

HASSAN
And then?

BRODY
Then you go home and put pressure on your friends in the government. You do everything you can to grease the wheels so we get a naval base in Morocco.

HASSAN
Why should I help your President use my country?

BRODY
Because by sundown tomorrow, we will have your son.
(beat)
Your only heir.

HASSAN
That's if those fools in the cars live long enough to hand him over.
(sneers)
No, I don't believe I'll need your CIA. By sundown tomorrow, the people who took my son will be gutted and roasting over a pit.

Brody calmly sips his drink.

BRODY
Well if that doesn't work out for you, my old friend, you know where to find me.

Hassan rises and his bodyguards follow him back through the hookah bar.

Brody watches him vanish in the thick smoke, then pulls out a cell phone. He dials...

BRODY (cont'd)
(into phone)
He bought it. If you can make it to Fez alive, you should have a clear run to Melilla.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOROCCAN HIGHWAY P24 - NIGHT

The headlights of the BMWs light up the blacktop as they cruise at 90mph along this desolate part of the highway.

Out here, the night sky is breathtaking. There are billions of stars visible and a new moon.

INT. MINI COOPER

Charley is driving with the moonroof open. Kate is riding shotgun, watching the dark shoulder of the highway.

They're driving in silence, until...

KATE
You handled the situation in Marrakech like a pro. You were born for this kind of work.

CHARLEY
(caught off-guard)
You really think so?

KATE
Definitely. And you drive like Ben too. The gear selection, the lines you choose. I can see why he took you on.

CHARLEY
He's been really good to me.

KATE
He used to watch you when you were a baby. Did you know that?

CHARLEY
Ben? Seriously?

KATE
I met him when you were 2 years-old, right after your mom passed. He and your dad were inseparable back then. But wherever they went, you went too. Ben was crazy about you. After we were married and we discussed having children, Little Charley Knight was all he could talk about.

Charley absorbs this with a smile.

CHARLEY
I had no idea.

KATE
Don't tell him I told you all that. He'd be embarrassed.

CHARLEY
I promise.

Kate yawns.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
You should try and sleep.

KATE
I have been up for 3 days.

CHARLEY
Don't worry. I'll wake you if anyone starts shooting at us.

DRIVING SEQUENCE --

Under the cover of the night, the BMWs push North on highway P24. The landscape is rugged, with sandstone hills and steep-walled valleys. At times, it looks as if the team is driving on the surface of the moon.

Kate does indeed sleep while Charley drives.

In the early morning light, the BMWs climb into the Middle Atlas Mountains. At this high altitude, the landscape is more lush. The cars drive through apple orchards, terraced farms and dense forests of red and green cedars.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOROCCAN WINE REGION - HIGHWAY - MORNING

The highway here is 500-700m above sea-level and it's a climate which has spawned a region of vineyards.

The BMWs roar past doing 80mph.

INT. PARKER'S X5 - SAME

Ben glances at Junior in the backseat. He passed out with blood-soaked gauze over his nose. Gina rides next to him, wide awake.

BEN
You okay?

GINA
I'm fine. But if you see a Starbucks --

CHARLEY (v.o.)
Roadblock!

Ben turns to look down the highway...

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

THREE MOROCCAN POLICE CARS are parked across the road. Six uniformed officers are standing by their vehicles. They are armed, but their weapons are lowered.

INT. MINI COOPER

Kate is awake, her gun resting on her lap.

CHARLEY
What do you want to do?

BEN (v.o.)
Stop right here. Let's see what they want.

200 yards from the roadblock, the BMWs slow to a halt. Engines idling, waiting for the first sign of trouble.

JAKE (v.o.)
There's another one behind us.

INT. PARKER'S X5 - SAME

Ben turns in his seat and spies another police car spanning the highway behind them.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

A LONE COP steps from behind the roadblock and walks slowly towards the BMWs.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Ben watches the cop approach.

BEN
(to Parker)
You think the cars can handle the terrain in those vineyards?

Parker glances out the window and surveys the actual surface of the vineyard. Amid the forest of vines, the ground looks fairly even, smooth enough to drive on.

PARKER
It'll be a little bumpy but the axles should hold up.

Parker returns to the in-dash computer and adjusts the vehicle's suspension. At the touch of a button, he engages the vehicle's 4-wheel drive system.

BEN
(to the team)
Okay, if this gets ugly, we're going off-road to lose these guys.

Junior is smiling. Ben notices.

BEN (cont'd)
Friends of your dad?

No answer.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Ben climbs out of the X5 and walks up to the Mini. The cop is only yards away.

BEN
(to Charley)
How do I ask if he speaks English?

CHARLEY
Parlez vous Anglais.

The cop arrives.

BEN
(awkwardly)
Parlez vous Anglais?

The cop doesn't reply. Instead, he hands Ben a CELL PHONE.

BEN (cont'd)
(into phone)
Who is this?

INTERCUT:

INT. HASSAN'S PRIVATE JET / EXT. HIGHWAY

In the cabin of his luxurious Gulfstream Jet, Hassan Fazir holds a phone to his ear.

HASSAN
You kidnapped my son.

The cop retreats to the roadblock. Ben watches him go.

BEN
I like to think of it more as a citizen's arrest.

HASSAN
My son was only following my orders. Perhaps the revenge you seek should be directed at me.

This throws Ben for a second. He didn't know that Hassan actually ordered Junior to try and kill Kate.

HASSAN (cont'd)
I'm not sure you understand the grave danger you are in, Mr. Shaw.

BEN
I have a pretty good idea.

HASSAN
Then listen carefully. Release my son and the lives of you and your accomplices will be spared.

BEN
Sorry. I can't do that.

Ben backs towards Parker's X5. He knows the bullets are about to fly.

HASSAN
Then you won't make it to Tangier.

BEN
Try and fucking stop me.

Ben snaps the cell phone shut and hurls it towards the police cars blocking the highway. It clatters on the blacktop and smashes to pieces.

The crooked cops immediately open fire...

INT. PARKER'S X5 - SAME

Ben jumps into the passenger seat.

BEN
(to team)
Into the fields! Go!!!

EXT. VINEYARDS - SAME

All three BMWs spin their tires, swerve across the highway, and nosedive into the grape fields. Within seconds, the vehicles vanish into the rows of vines.

The FOUR POLICE CARS redline and give chase.

P.O.V. FROM HIGH ABOVE

Looking down on the vineyard, the BMWs are side by side in different rows.

The police cars are close behind...

INT. PARKER'S X5

Junior is grinning.

JUNIOR
It is over. They are going to catch you and kill you.

BEN
(to Gina)
Shut him up.

Happy to do so, Gina elbows Junior in the face, busting his nose again.

INT. MINI COOPER - SAME

The little car bounces hard on the uneven ground.

Kate has her back braced against the dashboard, her legs on the seat, and her machine-gun aimed at the rear window.

Through the side windows, Charley can make out Parker's X5, separated by a few rows of grape vines.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Ben glances around, figures out everyone's position.

BEN
(to Parker)
You remember the trick we pulled in that Indiana cornfield?

Parker nods. He likes what Ben has in mind.

BEN (cont'd)
Jake?

JAKE (v.o.)
Call it.

BEN
Charley, go straight. Whatever you do, do not slow down!

CHARLEY (v.o.)
Copy that!

BEN
Ready, guys... Turn!!!

VIEW FROM OVERHEAD:

Parker banks 45 degrees to the left. Jake does the same in the other direction. The police cars tailing them follow suit. Meanwhile, Charley's Mini keeps going straight and two other police cars stay on her tail.

BEN (cont'd)
Okay... Straighten out!!!

Parker straightens the wheel.

BEN (cont'd)
Go Jake!

Jake's X5 cuts back 90 degrees...

Ben counts to himself... 1, 2, 3...

Ben (cont'd)
Parker!

Parker does the same, wrenching the wheel 90 degrees back towards the path Charley is cutting through the vines...

Then it happens:

Jake's X5 and Parker's X5 explode through a row of vines, right into the Mini's wake, then dive back into the wall of grapes on the other side. They've crossed paths, narrowly missing each other...

A millisecond later, the two police cars collide head-on...

KERR-RASHHHH!!!!!

The cars annihilate each other..

INT. MINI COOPER - SAME

Kate watches the wreck through the Mini's rear window. Charley is watching in the rearview mirror.

CHARLEY
That was cool.

At that moment, the back window shatters from gunfire. Police car #3 and #4 are closing in.

Kate fires a volley through the broken window, peppering the hood of police car #3. The hood pops up, obliterating the driver's view and he drops out of the fight.

There's one more pursuer on Charley's tail.

INT. PARKER'S X5 - SAME

Parker's X5 is running right alongside the police vehicle, separated by one row of vines.

Ben points to the enemy.

BEN
Get closer.

EXT. VINEYARD - SAME

Parker cuts the wheel. The X5 bursts through the vines and draws level with the last police car.

The occupants are taken by surprise. The passenger twists in his seat, swings his gun around, just as Ben tosses a GRENADE through his open window. It lands in the corrupt cop's lap.

BOOM!

The grenade detonates and the police car spins out.

BEN
Gotcha.

Parker's guns the X5 out of harm's way.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The two X5s and the Mini emerge from the vineyard and bounce onto a dirt road.

All 3 BMWs are even more battered and bruised. Gouged paint, dented bodywork. It looks as if they've been in a war zone.

There are fragments of vines wedged into every crevice, the fenders, air intakes, etc.

Everyone gets out of the vehicles to inspect the damage.

BEN
Is everybody in one piece?

The team mutter responses. Everyone's fine.

PARKER
(to Gina)
Did I get any grape in my hair?

Gina cracks a smile. If we didn't notice it before, there's a spark between these two.

Kate and Jake approach Ben.

KATE
Who was on the phone?

BEN
Hassan. He seems convinced we're heading for Tangier.

KATE
Perfect.

BEN
There's something else.
(beat)
Junior was acting under his orders. He called the hit on you.

Just as Kate reacts...

KE-RACK!!!

A bullethole appears in Parker's abdomen and he collapses into the dirt.

GINA
(hysterical)
Simon!

Gina drops to his side and cradles him

BEN
Get down, Gina!!!

Too late...

KE-RACK!!!

A second round spins Gina around as it tears right through her shoulder. It's not a fatal hit either, but she's bleeding heavily.

Crouched beside the vehicles, Ben yells to Scope.

BEN (cont'd)
Find the shooter!

Scope scurries to Jake's X5 and grabs his SNIPER RIFLE.

Kate and Jake have dragged Gina and Parker out of the open to the other side of the X5.

BEN (cont'd)
How bad is it?

KATE
Parker's hit in the gut. Gina took a nasty shot to the arm.

BEN
Scope? You see anything.

SCOPE
There's a chopper. A mile up.

BEN
Can you hit him that high?

SCOPE
He can go higher. Won't matter.

Clutching his SNIPER RIFLE, Scope runs back into the vineyard to give himself cover.

Ben suddenly notices the Mini REVERSING AT 40mph along the dirt road. She rips a reverse 180, then locks the wheel and starts burning donuts...

KATE
What is she doing?

BEN
Buying us time.

The spinning tires of the Mini kick up a CLOUD OF DUST.

INTERCUT:

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

In the back of this chopper, a GUNNER and a SNIPER are strapped into harnesses. The sniper is positioned in the open bay door and he aims a high-powered rifle, just like Scope's, at the ground 5000ft below.

But it's not easy hitting a distant target from a hovering helicopter. Especially with a Mini churning DIRT and DUST into the air...

SNIPER'S P.O.V.

Through the rifle's crosshairs, we can see Scope duck into the vineyard. He quickly vanishes amid the dense stalks.

The sniper shifts his aim, targets the Mini...

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SAME

Kate futilely fires her machine-gun up at the chopper.

Meanwhile, Ben and Jake place Gina in the front seat of Jake's X5 and Parker across the backseat.

JAKE
(to Ben)
They'll fucking pay for this!

BEN
We need to find cover, Jake. Fast.

Kate's gun clicks empty. She draws her 9mm and keeps firing.

Jake jumps into the driver's seat and floors the X5.

BEN (cont'd)
Kate! You're with me!

They hurry to the other SUV.

INT. MINI COOPER - SAME

KER-RACK!!!

A round slams into the passenger-side fender of the Mini, narrowly missing the front tire.

Charley straightens the wheel and starts rocketing down the dirt road. She is drawing the chopper away from the BMWs...

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

We can hear someone yelling in Arabic over the sniper's headset. Cursing under his breath, he switches his aim, turning his attention from the lone Mini to the two X5s.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SAME

By now, the X5s are speeding along the edge of the vineyard, in the opposite direction from the Mini.

INT. X5 - SAME

Jake is driving hard and fast. Gina leans around her seat and clutches Parker's hand. He's fighting to stay conscious.

GINA
Stay with me, Simon.

BEN (v.o.)
There's a barn at 10 o'clock.

Jake shifts his gaze, spots the barn immediately. It's a large structure, part of the winery.

JAKE
I see it.

He cuts the wheel, sliding the X5 onto another side road which leads to the barn.

KER-RACK!!!

A round punches the windshield. Just misses Jake.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SAME

Charley throws the Mini into another 180 and takes off in the same direction as the X5s.

EXT. VINEYARD - SAME

Beneath a canopy of vines, Scope lies on his back, his rifle aimed directly up at the sky.

BEN (v.o.)
Scope, you got a shot yet!

To the naked eye, the chopper is a mere speck.

SCOPE
Almost.
(sotto)
Hold still. Yeah, right there...

BLAM! Scope squeezes off a single round.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

The sniper is hit right between the eyes and he slumps in his harness. Looking over his shoulder, the PILOT is in shock. He can't believe they've been hit with small-arms fire at such a high altitude...

The gunner pulls the dead sniper out of the way and hooks an M-60 machine-gun into a sling.

EXT. BARN - SAME

The two X5s come flying towards the barn, kicking up huge clouds of dust in their wake. Jake jumps onto the brake and the SUV slides to a stop inside the barn. A split-second later, Ben brings the X5 under cover.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

The X5s are no longer viable targets.

GUNNER
(to pilot)
Go lower. I want the little car!

INT. BARN - SAME

Jake hops out of the first X5 and throws open the doors on the other side. There's blood everywhere. Ben appears and they lift Gina out first. Then Parker.

Ben and Jake glance at each other. They both know Parker's in really bad shape.

Kate grabs a FIRST-AID KIT from the back of the SUV. She tears it open and hands gauze to Jake. Out of his depth, Jake stuffs them right into Parker's entry wound.

JAKE
I fix engines, Ben. Not this.

BEN
Gina, we need your help. How do we stabilize him?

Weak from her own blood loss, Gina mumbles instructions.

GINA
Keep pressure on the wound. 10 minutes at least... The blood vessels will spasm and the blood will clot...

Kate wraps a tourniquet around her upper arm. Ben takes in the whole blood-soaked scene...

The team's darkest hour.

JAKE
What now, Benny? What the fuck are we going to do?

Ben's attention turns to an OLD PICKUP TRUCK. The wheels are turning in his head again.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD / MINI COOPER - SAME

The helicopter has lost altitude fast, zeroing in on Charley as she makes a hard left onto a smaller dirt track. The Mini shakes from the rough terrain.

The chopper swoops over the vineyard, 80ft above ground...

EXT. VINEYARD - SAME

Scope is sprinting through the field.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Charley zig-zags as much as the road will allow.

DDDRRRAAATTT!!!

Gunfire strafes the ground, shatters the Mini's side mirror.

Charley makes another hard left. A heel-toe downshift, then slams back up through the gears...

DDDRRRAAATTT!!!

Another machine-gun burst...

The Mini's windshield spiderwebs and a hole appears in the hood. Engine coolant splatters the cracked glass.

CHARLEY
I might be in trouble here, guys!

Suddenly, Scope steps out of the vines, onto the dirt road. His rifle is up and he takes aim at the chopper as the Mini roars right past him.

The helicopter is bearing down on Scope but he stands his ground and FIRES...

BLAM!

A neat hole appears in the cockpit glass and the helicopter pilot is instantly killed...

SCOPE
(snarls)
Bitch.

Scope crouches as the doomed chopper soars right over his head. Charley sees the steel bird about to crash so she yanks the wheel and the Mini spins to a halt in the vines.

The chopper SLAMS into the ground and BURSTS INTO FLAMES. It twists, burns, disintegrates...

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - SAME

The Mini skids to a halt inside the barn. Charley and Scope leap out of the car, eager for word about Gina and Parker.

Then they spot the broken bodies of their friends. Kate is kneeling over them, attaching makeshift bandages.

SCOPE
(distraught)
Aw, hell no.

Charley turns to see Jake behind the wheel of the PICKUP TRUCK, revving the engine.

JAKE
There's a half-tank of gas. How far is this town?

BEN
Meknes is 30-35 miles away.

Charley walks up behind Ben.

CHARLEY
What's the plan?

BEN
Jake's gonna slip through the net in this truck and get those guys to a hospital in Meknes. The rest of us will keep heading to Melilla, as fast as the roads will allow.

She is stunned.

CHARLEY
We're splitting up?

BEN
It's the only way. If we stay with Parker and Gina, Hassan will find us. If we keep going and draw him away from Jake, then Parker and Gina will have a chance.

CHARLEY
How will they get home?

BEN
I'll find a helicopter and come back for them.

That may sound like a wild plan, but Ben is deadly serious.

SCOPE
(to Jake)
I'm staying with you.

JAKE
You gotta go with them, partner. When Ben finds a chopper he's gonna need a pilot.

Scope is pretty upset. Jake, Parker and Gina are his family and he's being forced to leave them behind.

SCOPE
We'll come back for you guys or I'll die trying.

JAKE
I know you will, kid.

Jake slaps him on the shoulder.

BEN
Scope and I will drive the Xs. Kate will guard Junior, and Charley will run point in the Mini.
(beat)
Once we get to Fez, we'll drive 10 miles up the highway to Tangier and dump an X5. Then we'll go cross-country and jump onto the road to Melilla. If Hassan bites, we'll be well on our way to the coast before he realizes he's prowling the wrong highway.

Using a penknife, Ben pins a stack of $100 BILLS to a wooden support.

CHARLEY
Is that for the truck?

BEN
Enough to replace it.

Ben turns to Jake and Scope.

BEN (cont'd)
(re: Parker and Gina)
Let's get them in the back and make them as comfortable as we can.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGIER AIRPORT - DAY

Hassan's private jet sits at the end of the runway. The man himself descends a staircase and he's greeted by several MOROCCAN THUGS. One of them opens the door of a limousine. Before he climbs into the backseat...

HASSAN
(Arabic w/subtitles)
Any news from Captain Barek?

MOROCCAN THUG
His men failed.

HASSAN
Then bring his wife to me. And tell him that if my son's abductors slip through his fingers one more time, he will not want her back.

Hassan lowers himself into the limo.

INT. BARN - MINUTES LATER

Parker and Gina are lying in the back of the old truck, on a bed of straw, covered in a tarp. Both of them unconscious.

Kate and Ben are at the driver's window, saying a few final words to Jake.

BEN
Call my cell once they're stable and we'll figure out an extraction.

Kate hands him a SCARF and he wraps it around his head to conceal his face.

KATE
(sincere)
Good luck, Jake.

Kate is pleasantly surprised when he sticks out his hand. The hatchet's been buried.

As soon as Jake drives off down the dusty, dirt road, Ben turns to the others.

BEN
We've got a boat to catch.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

We're back on the road and the BMWs are hauling ass. Two X5s and a Mini driving flat-out through the badlands of Morocco.

The cars maneuver in complete synchronicity, moving around other vehicles as though they're on rails.

They pass a sign: *FEZ 3km*

CUT TO:

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Jake peers over his shoulder, through the broken window, to check on the injured lying in the back. Neither Parker or Gina are moving. Gina still has color in her face but Parker looks to be at death's door.

Jake notices another vehicle, in the far distance, speeding in the opposite direction. They'll pass each other in 10 seconds... 9... 8...

It's a black Humvee.

Jake reaches for the machine-gun on the seat beside him.

7... 6... 5...

The Humvee draws closer, its driver visible. He's checking out the pick-up truck.

4... 3... 2...

Still wearing Kate's "turban," Jake looks straight ahead.

1...

As the Humvee passes, the driver stares right at Jake.

JAKE
(sotto)
Keep going...

Jake studies his rearview mirror. He starts to relax as the Humvee disappears down the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NORTH OF FEZ

The BMWs are stopped at the side of the road. There are no other cars in sight.

Scope pulls a few guns from the back of the soon-to-be-abandoned X5. He loads them into the Mini. From this point on, he'll be riding shotgun with Charley. The two youngest team members rolling together.

20ft in front of the X5, Ben stands beside Charley.

BEN
This is going to hurt.

They both raise their guns and fire a couple of rounds into the engine compartment. Coolant and oil hits the ground.

Ben turns away, sickened by the sight of a dead BMW.

Kate calls from the other X5. She doesn't share their grief.

KATE
You killed it. Let's go.

Charley picks up the spent shells.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEAR MEKNES

Another vehicle appears in the distance. This time it's a police car carrying two OFFICERS. Jake prepares for the worst, but again the enemy just keeps on going.

To be sure, Jake stares at the rearview mirror, waiting for the cop to disappear from sight. But he doesn't...

The police car pulls a U-TURN.

JAKE
(sotto)
Now what did you have to go and do that for?

Before long, the police car is right on the truck's tail, his blue lights flashing.

Jake debates what to do because it's unclear whether the officers are corrupt or not. As the police car pulls around the truck, Jake gets his answer...

The passenger leans out his window with a SHOTGUN.

Jake taps the brakes and the police car rockets forward. He then fires the machine-gun one-handed while he drives. The passenger is cut into ribbons and the police car drops back.

Jake twists in his seat, unable to get a good view or shot at his pursuer.

Suddenly, Gina sits bolt upright in the bed of the pickup and empties a 9mm handgun into the police car's windshield. Red splatters the glass and the vehicle swerves off the road.

GINA
Did I get him?

JAKE
(stunned)
Yeah. He's gone.

GINA
I sure as shit hope his radio wasn't working.

She slumps back out of sight and Jake pushes on to Meknes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - FEZ TO MELILLA - LATER

The X5 and the Mini cross the Moyen Atlas Mountains along a narrow and winding road. Hairpins turns, treacherous drops.

Despite the dangerous conditions of the road, it's a main artery for Northeast Morocco. Consequently, the traffic mostly consists of 18-WHEELERS and CARGO TRUCKS.

INT. X5

Ben drives, Kate rides shotgun.

They stare in disgust as they overtake a truck with the logo FAZIR SHIPPING displayed on the trailer.

Junior is sitting up in the backseat, spewing more venom. But he's defiant in a calm, controlled manner now. Almost resigned to his fate.

JUNIOR
Do you see? Our name is everywhere. My father owns this country. He is a king here.

Kate turns in her seat to face him.

KATE
Did he order the hit on me?

JUNIOR
Of course.

KATE
But his orders were for you to kill me. Not our daughter.

Ben is staring hard into the rearview, right at Junior.

JUNIOR
You were the primary target, she was a witness. When I later told my father what happened, how I killed your little girl, he could not stop laughing.
(loving this)
I had to describe everything to him. The screaming, the blood --

Ben jumps on the brake pedal...

SCCCCRRREEEECCCCHHHH!!!!

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY

The X5 skids to a halt at the edge of the road and Ben drags a protesting Junior out of the backseat. Kate gauges the depth of Ben's fury, what he might do...

KATE
Don't!

Ignoring her, Ben grips Junior by the throat and pushes him towards the edge of the mountain. His hands zip-tied, Junior is helpless.

JUNIOR
(breaking down)
Please!!! I beg you!

In the background, the Mini reverses to a stop and Charley and Scope appear. Charley rushes to help Kate pry Ben's arms from Junior.

KATE
Don't do this, Ben. Don't let it end here.

Junior's feet kick and scuff at the loose soil on the edge of a 1000ft drop.

Ben releases Junior safely onto the ground.

SCOPE
Heads up!

Forgetting Junior, Ben and the others look too see where Scope is pointing. There's a SPOTTER PLANE a mile or so away, following the highway towards them, approaching fast...

BEN
There's no time to hide the vehicles. Can you take it down?

Scope is staring through the sight on his rifle.

SCOPE
Not now. He's banking away.

Scope's right. The plane turns back North.

BEN
We've been made.

KATE
But we've got 90 miles to go. Once Hassan learns we're on this road it'll be crawling with his goons.

CHARLEY (v.o.)
Um... I have an idea.

Ben, Kate and Scope turn to Charley in unison.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

An 18-wheeler is doing 60mph along a straight, desolate part of the highway. Suddenly, the Mini hurtles past, startling the ARAB TRUCKER in the cab.

He watches, confused, as the Mini starts swerving all over the road and WHITE SMOKE starts billowing from the open moonroof and windows...

The hazard lights come on and the Mini slides to a stop on the dusty shoulder. Charley jumps out of the car and flags the truck down. She yells for help in French, plays up the distressed damsel role.

CHARLEY
Au secours! Au secours!

The truck pulls over which a loud hiss of its air brakes. Clutching a fire extinguisher, the Trucker runs to the Mini. Just as he arrives...

Scope emerges from the smoke-filled car. He's wearing a gas mask and he's aiming a gun right at the trucker. Terrified, the trucker puts his hands in the air.

The X5 slides to a stop. Ben and Kate jump out.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
(French w/subtitles)
I am sorry. But we are in trouble and we need your truck.

The trucker shrugs. Charley says something else in French and he starts smiling.

BEN
What did you just say?

CHARLEY
That you'll pay him $500.

Ben reluctantly starts counting out more money.

BEN
By the way, nice choice in truck.

It's the FAZIR SHIPPING TRUCK they passed a short while ago.

Scope opens the back doors.

SCOPE
We're in business. He's running empty and he's got ramps.

BEN
That's the first good news I've had all day. Let's make it $600.

Ben hands the trucker the money then turns to Charley.

BEN (cont'd)
(re: 18-wheeler)
Can you really drive one of these?

CHARLEY
I can drive anything.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEAR MEKNES

Jake rounds a sharp corner in the road and suddenly slams on the brakes.

There's a LARGE BLACK HELICOPTER blocking the road. A tall MAN IN A SUIT emerges and holds up a wallet I.D.

He's C.I.A.

MAN IN SUIT
I have a doctor onboard.

Off Jake's stunned expression...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

The Arab Trucker is sitting on a rock, smoking a cigarette. He watches his 18-wheeler pull back onto the road. With a pocketful of cash, he actually waves.

INT. TRUCK CAB - SAME

Charley works her way up through the gears until the truck is cruising at a good speed.

Ben rides shotgun.

BEN
Are you guys okay back there?

INT. TRAILER - SAME

The X5 is deepest inside the trailer and the Mini is closet to the door. The X5's headlights are on, illuminating the whole space.

Junior is tied up in the backseat. Kate and Scope have the X5's hatch open and they're going over their remaining arsenal of weapons.

KATE
It's a little warm but we're fine.

BEN (v.o.)
Use the scatter-shot to make a few holes. You'll get some ventilation and have gun ports in case we run into more trouble.

KATE
Do we have the road to ourselves right now?

BEN (v.o.)
Fire away. Just don't hit the charges you put on the doors.

Scope ratchets a SHOTGUN then aims at the thin, steel wall of the trailer.

KA-BOOM!

He blows a hole the size of a watermelon in the paneling.

INT. TRUCK CAB - SAME

Charley and Ben can hear more gunshots as Scope drills more holes along the side of the truck.

CHARLEY
You don't think that will look suspicious if we're stopped at a roadblock?

BEN
We're not stopping for anything.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - TANGIER

A large glass window in this penthouse suite looks out over the bay of Tangier. The harbor is filled with cargo ships and cruise liners.

Hassan smokes a cigarette as he stares at the view. Behind him, two THUGS enter the room DRAGGING A MAN. He's been violently worked over, his face swollen and bloody.

As the thugs drop him into a leather arm chair, we realize it is Brody. He slicks back his hair and straightens his collar in a gesture of defiance.

HASSAN
Time is of the essence, Mr. Brody, so I will get right to the point.
(beat)
You lied to me. The people who have my son are not heading here, to Tangier. They were spotted moving Northeast of Fez, on the road to Melilla. I want to know their exact destination and you are going to tell me.

BRODY
I don't know what to say, Hassan, my old friend. They said they were coming here. My people were going to meet them on the ferry.

Hassan signals to one of his thugs. The man moves behind Brody and puts a huge, ugly knife to his throat.

HASSAN
I have heard rumors of a CIA presence in Melilla. An unofficial base of operations supported by the Spanish and tolerated by King Mohammed.

BRODY
No shit. I didn't know that. Maybe I'll ask for a transfer. The nightlife in Marrakech is getting old for me.

HASSAN
Are you brave or just foolish, Mr. Brody? Does the idea of losing your head not frighten you?

BRODY
I'm not a fool, Hassan, I know I'm not walking out of this room alive.

HASSAN
But you have the opportunity to avoid a great deal of pain and discomfort.

BRODY
(re: cigarette)
May I have one of those?

Hassan gestures for one of his men to grant his request. Brody takes a long hard drag, fully aware of his fate.

BRODY (cont'd)
I'll tell you this much. At the edge of Melilla, there's a small army waiting to take your son into custody. If the people who have your son make it that far, you're going to lose.

HASSAN
(angry)
So the CIA <u>are</u> in Melilla!

Brody savors another pull on the cigarette.

BRODY
You know what I learned a short while ago? Something I didn't know. That your father was French. Is that really true?

HASSAN
(proudly)
Yes, it is true. In 1953, he was an advisor to the throne. Why do you bring this up?

Brody wants to avoid decapitation...

BRODY
Because I always thought the French were fucking pussies. Was your dad a big French pussy, Hassan?

...and his plan works.

Boiling with rage, Hassan whips out an automatic and puts a bullet in Brody's skull. His brains are blown all over the giant window.

HASSAN
(seething)
Abandon our hashish farms around Nador. I want every man, gun and vehicle to block the road into Melilla. No one will reach the town alive.
(beat)
Not even my son.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - 10 MILES FROM MELILLA

Dozens of vehicles are clustered around the highway. Land rovers, dirt bikes, sedans, anything that runs and can carry armed Arabs. The amount of firepower is enormous.

They are stopping cars, checking the trunks, harassing the occupant. It's a bandit checkpoint.

INT. TRUCK CAB - SAME

As the 18-wheeler crests the hill, Charley and Ben spot the seemingly impassable roadblock.

CHARLEY
Oh shit. What do I do?

BEN
(into mic)
Kate, Scope, we're about to crash a welcome party so hold on tight. When I give the word, blow those doors and start shooting.

CHARLEY
We're punching through?

BEN
Pick the weakest looking spot and put the pedal to the metal, kid.

Charley downshifts and floors the gas pedal. The truck shudders with torque and picks up speed.

EXT. HIGHWAY / ROADBLOCK

Hassan's soldiers spot the truck barreling towards them. They appear confused because they were expecting smaller vehicles, not an 18-wheeled behemoth.

INT. TRUCK CAB - SAME

Ben braces for impact. Charley tugs on the AIR-HORN.

EXT. HIGHWAY / ROADBLOCK

The soldiers manning the roadblock realize this truck is their target. They open fire, but not quickly enough.

A few rounds punch through the windshield, yet Charley doesn't let up on the gas. Black diesel smoke spewing from the exhaust, the 18-wheeler SLAMS INTO THE ROADBLOCK!

Vehicles are spun out of the way and bodies go flying.

INT. TRAILER - SAME

Scope and Gina are sitting inside the Mini Cooper, which faces the closed doors. The walls of the trailer are riddled with bulletholes and pinpricks of light flood the interior.

EXT. HIGHWAY / ROADBLOCK

The truck clips more cars and jeeps, forcing them aside like children's toys. Soldiers scramble to recover and shoot at the truck. Ben nails a couple as they blow by...

With open road ahead, Charley shifts gears again, her foot still firmly on the floor.

In the truck's wake, the undamaged vehicles turn around and give chase. Each loaded with heavily-armed thugs.

A JEEP with a mounted .30 CAL MACHINE GUN drops right behind the trailer. The GUNNER aims for the back wheels...

INT. TRUCK CAB

Ben glances in the rearview mirror, sees the jeep.

BEN
Blow it!

INT. TRAILER

Scope detonates four explosive charges on the hinges of the trailer door. In a flash, the door jettisons...

EXT. HIGHWAY

The trailer door spins in the air and virtually slices the jeep gunner in half.

Once the smoke clears, the JEEP DRIVER is stunned to see the Mini strapped firmly in the back of the trailer. Sitting inside it, Scope and Kate both open fire...

The jeep is riddled with bullets and drops out of the hunt. In its place, however, there are plenty more aggressors.

Scope tosses a GRENADE and the explosion flips a pickup truck onto its side.

A pair of DIRTBIKES veer away from the open trailer and move alongside the truck.

Kate climbs out of the Mini and moves further back into the trailer. She aims a SHOTGUN through one of the "gun ports."

KA-BOOM!

One of the dirtbikes explodes in a fireball, the rider flung 20ft in the air.

The other biker moves to shoot out the tires. But the passenger door of the cab is thrown open and Ben appears. His arm entwined in his seatbelt, he swings wide and drills the other biker in the head. The biker eats it.

BACK IN THE TRAILER

Scope tosses another grenade. All around him, bullets are ricocheting around the interior.

Kate ducks down beside the X5 and reloads. She glances inside the back, notices Junior curled in a ball, terrified.

KATE
I think daddy's given up on getting you back alive, don't you?

Reloaded, Kate jumps back up and keeps firing...

INT. TRUCK CAB

Charley cuts the wheel, nudges a Land Rover full of armed Arabs off the road. They disappear in a huge cloud of displaced sand.

Another jeep swerves in front and more rounds hit the already-cracked windshield.

CHARLEY
I can't see a thing!

Ben sits back in his seat and kicks out the glass. He then pumps bullets into the jeep and it spins out of control.

P.O.V. FROM ABOVE

The swiss-cheesed 18-wheeler screams along the highway, doing 80mph. In its wake, the road is littered with wrecked and burning vehicles.

There are still between 15 and 20 cars, jeeps and trucks in hot pursuit, engines screaming, guns blazing...

INT. TRAILER

Scope watches a PICK-UP TRUCK, with a mounted M-60, drop right behind the trailer. His gun clicks empty so he crawls out of the Mini, deeper into the trailer.

The large caliber bullets of the M-60 rip into the Mini.

SCOPE
Kate! Give me a hand!

They get to work, cutting the cargo straps that hold the Mini. Once the straps are severed, Scope pushes the rear of the little car with his feet and it ROLLS RIGHT OUT THE DOOR!

EXT. HIGHWAY

For a brief moment, the bullet-ridden Mini is airborne. Then it comes crashing down, right on top of the jeep, crushing everyone inside.

The jeep swerves hard, taking out another two vehicles.

Withdrawing to the front of the X5, halfway back inside the trailer, Scope and Kate continue pouring bullets at the pursuing vehicles...

BOOM!

One of the truck's rear wheels EXPLODES!

INT. TRUCK CAB

Charley fights to keep the truck straight, her small form wrestles with the enormous steering wheel.

CHARLEY
We're not gonna make it!

Ben fires more rounds out the passenger window.

Suddenly, Ben hears a familiar voice over the throat-mic.

JAKE (v.o.)
Make it to the flag, Benny. Just make it to the flag.

BEN
(disbelief)
Jake!?!

As they round the next bend in the low-lying hills, Charley points at something in the distance.

CHARLEY
Look!

Ben stares straight ahead. It's another roadblock, but this one consists of POLICE CARS, a couple of HELICOPTERS and several U.S. MILITARY TRUCKS.

A giant AMERICAN FLAG hangs on the side of a truck.

JAKE
They were here all along, Benny. Waiting for us.

BEN
(to Charley)
You heard him. Get us to the flag.

With a big smile, Charley downshifts and picks up a little speed. The 18-wheeler roars towards Spanish territory.

Another pick-up truck tries to cut in front, but Charley crushes it out of the way.

IN THE TRAILER

Scope and Kate use up the rest of their ammo. Spraying any vehicle that moves into their line of fire.

EXT. HIGHWAY

More tires explode from gunfire. Half the truck's rubber is gone and Charley keeps it rolling on the steel rims.

Faced with a wall of Melilla cops and armed American personnel, Hassan's fleet peel off, abandoning the pursuit.

The truck speeds past the line of friendly vehicles and Charley locks up the brakes. In a cloud of dust and sand, the 18-wheeler groans to a halt like an exhausted steel dinosaur...

EXT. TRUCK

Charley and Ben both drop from the cab and hurry back to the trailer. They're relieved to see Scope and Kate appear in the mouth of the trailer. They are bruised and a little bloody but suffered no serious injuries.

Ben helps Kate down and they embrace. He kisses her and she kisses him back. Watching this, Charley smiles.

Scope drags Junior out of the shadows and pushes him to the ground. He hits the dirt hard.

Two blacked out CHEVY SUBURBANS skid to a stop and Jake jumps out. He hugs a very surprised Ben.

BEN
How did you get here?

JAKE
Chopper. Come on, I'll explain more later. The Spaniards want us out of the open before any press show up.

BEN
What about Parker and Gina?

JAKE
They're both gonna make it.

Jake helps the team into the Chevy. They are still dazed from the heat of the battle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MELILLA - LATER

The Spanish-owned city of Melilla is distinctive because of grim medieval walls and turrets which surround the harbor.

The two Chevy Suburbans, escorted by a couple of military Humvees, turn onto a side street. A giant sliding steel door opens and the vehicles enter a warehouse.

Ben takes note of a sign: RWB Shipping.

INT. CIA'S MELILLA BASE - SAME

As the team climb out of the Chevys, the "man in the suit" appears. His name is RAY TAGGART (late 40s) and he's in charge. Flanked by two hulking AGENTS, he shakes Ben's hand and introduces himself.

TAGGART
Where's Fazir's kid?

Scope pulls Junior out of the backseat.

SCOPE
Right here.

The agents grab Junior and put him in CIA-issue restraints.

TAGGART
I know you guys did all the hard work, but if you're comfortable, we'll take him from here.

KATE
Only if he serves a decent amount of time.

TAGGART
I assure you we'll get what we want out of him and he'll spend 30 years in prison.

Taggart beckons for the team to follow him and he walks towards a large office. Another sign reads RWB Shipping.

BEN
R.W.B.?

TAGGART
(points at a flag)
Red, white, and blue.

Taggart gestures for him to step through the door.

INT. HUGHES' OFFICE

When Ben sees who is sitting behind the desk in this large office, his jaw drops open.

It's MR. HUGHES, the vip they protected on the bridge.

MR. HUGHES
Come in, come in. Don't look so surprised, Benjamin. You knew I was in this line of work.

The team gather around the office. Charley is stunned to see Hughes too. They all are.

MR. HUGHES (cont'd)
Before I continue, I should tell you that Mike Brody was abducted this morning and his body was discovered an hour ago.
(beat)
According to one source, Hassan personally executed him.

This visibly affects Kate and Ben.

MR. HUGHES (cont'd)
Now, you're probably wondering why we didn't help you sooner.

BEN
That thought did cross my mind.

MR. HUGHES
There are two reasons. First, I could not get approval for a hot strike on Moroccan soil. Once we intercepted word of Jake being inbound to Meknes, we were able to pick him up. The rest of you were out of our reach.

BEN
Bullshit. You could easily have picked us up.

CHARLEY
Ben's right. We drove 20-mile stretches with no other cars.

MR. HUGHES
I understand your frustration, but you'll have to believe me. I could not touch you.

KATE
Why the hell not?

Hughes leans back in his chair.

MR. HUGHES
The people I work for have been watching you for months. They liked what they saw, what you are capable of. When you embarked on this quest to abduct the man who killed your daughter, these people wanted to watch you. They wanted to see how you would handle a job gone awry in a country you've no experience of.

BEN
They sat back and watched us fight our way across Morocco? What the fuck for? Kicks?

MR. HUGHES
No, not kicks, Ben. They want to bring your team into the company. It's been a consideration since you saved my neck in New York.

BEN
You want us to work for the C.I.A?

MR. HUGHES
Not exclusively of course, only when the situation calls for it. On occasion, we could use you to...

He chooses his words carefully.

MR. HUGHES (cont'd)
...<u>move</u> things.

BEN
(angry)
You left us hanging out there and now you want us to come and work for you?

MR. HUGHES
I did all I could, Ben. If it weren't for me, two of your colleagues would still be in a Moroccan hospital.
(beat)
Consider the offer. Talk it over.

Ben looks at Kate, the Charley, then Jake, etc.

BEN
Regardless, we won't be making any decisions until we're back in the U.S., until the team is healthy.

Hughes smiles. He'd been expecting such an answer.

MR. HUGHES
I understand.
(beat)
However, there is one small task we thought you might like to carry out before we fly you home.

Ben raises a curious eyebrow.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - TANGIER

One of Hassan's main thugs, whom we saw earlier when Brody was executed, enters the penthouse suite. He walks into the living room, which overlooks the harbor, and finds Hassan sitting on a couch. Only the back of his head is visible.

THUG
Sir, I have received word that your son is already in America.

Hassan doesn't reply.

THUG (cont'd)
Mr. Fazir?

The thug steps in front of Hassan and discover why his boss is so quiet. There's a fresh bullethole in his forehead.

Stunned, the thug turns to see a tiny hole in the middle of the huge bay window.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GULFSREAM JET - NIGHT

The team are heading home, courtesy of a CIA jet.

In the back of the cabin, Parker and Gina are resting but they look in much better shape. They've clearly had some first class medical attention.

Further forward, Scope and Jake play cards.

In the next row, Ben and Kate sit side-by-side. She nudges him and gestures at something with her head. Directly opposite, Charley is crashed out, snoring, mouth wide open.

KATE
You think she dreams about driving?

BEN
Every time.

Ben and Kate watch her sleep.

Like proud parents.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END