

THE HUMANITARIANS

FADE IN.

EXT. AFRICA - SERENGETI PLAINS - NIGHT

The landscape glows green from night vision goggles. Brush thicket to the left, open plains ahead and right. Sounds of exotic animals, fabric rustling, someone walking on dirt ground.

An arm wearing a wrist altimeter reaches to an on/off switch, a gloved finger flips switch to on, pushes start button. Sound of engine idling, revs increase.

Running toward open plains. Sounds of breathing, footsteps, and engine. Lifting off of the ground... flying now. The ground gets further away.

Silhouette of a woman flying with powered paraglider, gaining altitude.

Below, aerial view of plains, herds of animals move slowly, dreamlike. Above, velvet sky is dotted with thousands of stars.

Swooping to treetop level, buzzing animals at watering hole, they scatter. Large ranch house compound comes into view, enclosed by a high wall.

Gloved finger turns switch to off. Engine stops. Sound of wind.

Gliding above the compound. Below, large dogs look up, turning in circles, confused by what they hear. Steaks fall to the ground. Dogs run to steaks.

Circling the house, aiming to backside of a hedge row. Ground approaches fast... 20 feet... 10 feet... 5 feet -- FLARE sail. A perfect landing. Sound of harnesses releasing.

EXT. GENERAL NKWATCHA'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Silhouette of woman walking crouched, toward the house. Looking around, dogs lie motionless. Silhouette sprinting toward house, disappears behind bushes.

Looking in bedroom window, a man is asleep on the bed.

INT. GENERAL NKWACHA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through the green glow of goggles, a large room, eclectic mix of African and West Indies furniture.

Collection of tribal masks, mounted exotic animals. Pictures of a round faced black man in military general's uniform, posing with world dignitaries; uniform reads NKWATCHA.

Moving to the bed, General Nkwatcha is asleep, closed lip smile on his face. He tosses slightly, as if awakening, his smile widens. Pistol with silencer moves toward his head.

MADELYN (O.S.)
(slight Afrikaans accent)
Sweet dreams you bastard.

The POP of the pistol is heard.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. - GRAND BALLROOM - HOTEL - NIGHT

WORDS ONE MONTH LATER FADE IN AND OUT

Overhead view of a formal gala. Big band plays. People dance, talk, and laugh. Move to small group. Waiter with champagne and tray of champagne flutes approaches group.

POP of champagne cork is heard. Champagne pouring into glasses, sparkling effervescently. Men and women's manicured hands reach in, take glasses. Waiter begins to leave, man's hand, less manicured, reaches and takes last glass.

Group includes, DR. MADELYN PUGH, pediatrician, 30s, petite, demure, recent recipient of the Humanitarian Award. The bangs of her bobbed hair often fall across her face, impishly.

BILL ROTH, 60s, tall, weathered, wealthy Texas cattle and oilman, longtime family friend of Madelyn. His wife, BARBARA, bejeweled, tall, slender, 50s, a Southern lady.

The late comer to the group is MIKE ANDERSON, late 30s, handsome, athletic build, rough edged, but mannered; a constant look of suspicion in his eyes.

Group raises their glasses to toast. All glance suspiciously at Mike.

BILL
To the Humanitarian.

Guests toast, sound of clinking glasses. All drink champagne.

BILL (CONT'D)
Madelyn, your daddy would be so
proud.

Tight lipped, Barbara cuts her eyes at Bill. She turns and smiles at Madelyn.

BARBARA
 Congratulations honey, we're all so
 proud of you.

Others in the groups are: MRS. ZUMBADO, South African 50s,
 pudgy, dressed in richly colored tribal attire. MALE GUEST,
 40s, short, fat, half drunk.

Male guest raises his glass, champagne sloshes out.

MALE GUEST
 And you more than anyone deserve
 the award... and my money!

All politely laugh.

MRS. ZUMBADO
 (Afrikaans accent)
 So many of our children will live
 because of your work. You make the
 world a better place, Dr. Pugh.

She raises her glass to Madelyn.

MRS. ZUMBADO (CONT'D)
 To your foundation, life for many,
 and to you.

Madelyn looks at the group.

MADELYN
 Thank you, if I died in my sleep
 they would find me with a smile on
 my face.

All laugh. Mike raises an eyebrow in amused suspicion at
 Madelyn.

MIKE
 I'm an admirer of what I believe is
 your work, Dr. Pugh.

Madelyn moves through the group to Mike.

MADELYN
 I don't believe we've met.

MIKE
 Mike, Mike Anderson.

Mike extends a hand to Madelyn. They shake, hold hands
 extendedly. They look deeply at each other, eyes locked
 together.

MADELYN

And you --

MIKE

Don't practice medicine or open hospitals, but I make the world better too. We help a lot of the same people.

MADELYN

I'm surprised we haven't met before, Michael.

Mike downs his champagne, waiter approaches, without taking his eyes off of Madelyn he places his glass on the passing tray. Mike covers his nose and mouth, slightly choking on champagne.

MIKE

Umph! Excuse me.

He blots his mouth on his sleeve.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Mike, it's just Mike, and I'll be looking for you in the future, Dr. Pugh.

Madelyn pushes her bangs from her face, smiles at Mike.

MADELYN

Madelyn, it's just Madelyn.

MIKE

Madelyn... It seems I always miss you by a day or so... but I'm sure I'll see you again.

Mike nods to the guests, looks at Madelyn, smiles. Madelyn looks at Mike with suspicion and interest.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Congratulations Dr. --

Mike holds up his hand.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Madelyn.

Mike nods to Madelyn, runs his hand through his hair, leaves the group. Guests look at each other bewildered. Madelyn's eyes follow Mike as he walks away.

Mrs. Zumbado places her hand gently on Madelyn's arm.

MRS. ZUMBADO

I don't know how you do it, the suffering you deal with, where does your courage come from?

Madelyn looks down, forces a smile. Guests glance at each other, aware Mrs. Zumbado has touched a nerve.

MADELYN

I grew up on a ranch in South Africa, not far from our new hospital. My vader was active in anti-apartheid, I saw the cruelty and suffering... I learned very young to handle challenges with courage.

As she speaks, Madelyn gets a far-away look in her eyes.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - EXT. - AFRICA - MR. PUGH'S RANCH - DAY

WORDS 25 YEARS EARLIER FADE IN AND OUT.

Madelyn, in jeans, boots, duster coat, hat, and ponytail, is running, screaming for help, hysterical with fear.

A lion running a full speed, snarling.

Madelyn jumps into the arm of her father, MR. PUGH, rugged, late 30s, weathered face, dressed nearly identical to Madelyn. His right hand is clutching a large pistol.

The lion pounces on a young calf, violently bringing it down, ripping its flesh.

Madelyn is in the arm of her father, her feet dangling, father clutching his pistol.

MADELYN

Why? Why didn't you do something vader? Why didn't you stop him! Why did he kill Lucy! She was mine! Why vader?

Mr. Pugh, squinting, eyebrows in a deep furrow, scowl on his face, watches the lion drag the carcass of Madelyn's pet calf into the brush. Look of revenge boils across his face.

MR. PUGH

(Afrikaans accent)

Don't worry, vader will teach you what equal and exact justice means.

He holsters his pistol. Madelyn slides from his arm, he holds her hand. They walk away. Madelyn sobbing gently. Father puts his arm around Madelyn, pulls her in close to his side.

MR. PUGH (CONT'D)
It'll be okay.

EXT. MR. PUGH'S RANCH - PLAINS - DAY - LATER

Lion is stretched out asleep, calf carcass nearby, flies buzz around it. Vultures lurk in branches. Lioness watches cubs play tug of war with hunk of calf meat.

Madelyn watches, mouth agape, lower lip quivering, face damp from crying. A tear streaks down her cheek, she wipes it with her backhand.

Madelyn and father are crouched, father on one knee, in sniper position. He pulls back the bolt of his rifle, chambers a shell, slowly locks the bolt.

Madelyn's face is a collage of nervousness and fear. She looks at her father.

MADELYN
Do you have to kill him vader?
Maybe it's not right...

Mr. Pugh raises the rifle to his shoulder, peers into the scope.

MR. PUGH
It's the right thing to do.

Madelyn clutches his right shoulder, pulling slightly, moving the rifle off target.

MADELYN
But he was just feeding his family,
maybe it wasn't bad... maybe we...
I don't know vader.

Madelyn's eyes blink quickly, chest heaving. She stops blinking, her brown eyes open wide, sparkling like topaz. Her look is youthful naivete; a child seeking truth.

Mr. Pugh lays his rifle across his knee, places his hand on Madelyn's cheek. He rolls his lower lip in his teeth, sighs. He pushes Madelyn's bangs back, looks straight into her eyes.

MR. PUGH

Evil grows, it becomes empowered if allowed to exist. Sometimes one must die, so many can live. That is a truth to live by. Remember this... always.

He raises his rifle, peers into the scope. Sleeping lion is in the cross hairs. Focus on lion's head, his lips curl into a smile.

MR. PUGH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams you bastard.

He slowly squeezes the trigger. Crackling sound of the shot echoes across the plains. The lion's head drops. He is dead.

MR. PUGH (CONT'D)

If you must be humane... kill them in their sleep.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE ENDS

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. - GRAND BALLROOM - HOTEL - NIGHT

MRS. ZUMBADO

I didn't know that you were from South Africa. I wish my husband were here to meet you, but the unfortunate incident with General Nkwatcha has our country in much turmoil.

Smiling widely, she hugs Madelyn.

MRS. ZUMBADO (CONT'D)

But, how wonderful that you take care of our children.

Male guest reaches into his inner jacket pocket, removes an envelope.

MALE GUEST

Well I know why we're here, to raise some money! I'll get the ball rolling.

He hands Madelyn the envelope. Bill reaches into his jacket pocket, removes a five hundred thousand dollar check, made payable to, A Smile to a Child Foundation.

Bill gives Madelyn the check. Madelyn smiles humbly, she blots a tear with her gloved backhand.

MADELYN

Thank you all for your support, I --
I...

Madelyn searches for words.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

You're helping a little girl's
dream come true.

Bill leans in close to Madelyn, he hands her a handkerchief.

BILL

My friends hope that money goes to
your project in Central America,
and if you have anymore delays from
that arrogant little dictator Ruiz,
call me. His pride won't stop our
progress.

Madelyn smiles wryly, shades her mouth with her hand.

MADELYN

I can handle any trouble. If I need
help, you'll be the only person I
call.

BILL

You know your daddy and I could
control the climate of a country.

Bill sweeps an arm across the air, his hand moving downward,
fluttering fingers simulate rain.

BILL (CONT'D)

And if I have to, I can still brew
up a storm!

He raises his glass to Madelyn, drinks his champagne,
massages his temples. Madelyn touches his arm.

MADELYN

I know you can, Bill. What about
those headaches? You need to see a
doctor.

Bill laughs.

BILL

I'm seeing a doctor now.

MADELYN

Really, Bill, how do you feel?

BILL

They hurt, I hurt -- but hell,
everybody hurts... and never mind
me, I'm so proud of you!

Bill holds Madelyn's hand, pats her arm. He looks warmly at her, he smiles.

BILL (CONT'D)

Congratulations darl'n.

Bill hugs Madelyn.

BILL (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

The ballroom windows illuminate from a flash of lightning. Crackling sound of lightning echoes across the ballroom. The lights go out.

EXT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - MAGGIE VALLEY, N.C. - DAY

House sits atop a mountain, a sleek, modern, glass and rock structure, with a panoramic view of the Blue Ridge Mountains awash with fall foliage. Sky is crystal blue.

INT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Madelyn enters the great room wearing night clothes, carrying coffee. She sits at a grand piano by a wall of windows. She sets her coffee on the piano, picks up a picture of her, her father, and pet calf Lucy. She smiles, sets picture back.

MADELYN

I miss you vader.

She picks up an acoustic guitar. Pushes play/record button on recorder, sound of mandolin playing, she plays the guitar. A phone rings. She puts guitar down, answers cell phone, puts it on speaker.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Hello, Bill.

She picks up her coffee.

BILL (V.O.)

Turn on the news, you need to see
this.

Madelyn turns on the TV. ANCHORWOMAN reports the news.

ANCHORWOMAN

...the government said rebel forces are responsible for General Nkwatcha's assassination two months ago. The Peoples Council of Kwatza has unanimously appointed Mr. Zumbado as Council General...

MADELYN

This is good!

ANCHORWOMAN

...Zumbado's plans to unite Kwatza are unknown. He will allow foreign businesses and humanitarian interests to help. Controversially, he also plans to expand oil and mining interests...

MADELYN

This is real good. I'll be damned.

Madelyn turns off the TV, walks to the window, stares out.

BILL (V.O.)

Congratulations little girl, we're in, but I do have one concern.

MADELYN

Concerned? You? About what?

BILL (V.O.)

Remember that man at the fund raiser last month, Mike, Michael? You seemed attracted.

MADELYN

Anderson, Mike Anderson, just Mike... and I wasn't attracted, friend of yours?

BILL (V.O.)

No! No! He headed up the U.S. investigation on Nkwatcha. Now he's nosing into Zumbado's connections to U.S. businesses being allowed in, like my friends, and your hospital.

MADELYN

They blamed Nkwatcha on the rebels.

BILL (V.O.)
 We'll be okay in Africa, but honey,
 Mike's CIA.

MADELYN
 CIA? No kidding... that's not good.

BILL (V.O.)
 Yeah, no kidding, and we don't want
 any more roadblocks. My friends
 want to help with your hospital in
 Central America, but Ruiz is
 trouble, and Anderson is nosey and
 hot on what little trail we have.

Madelyn runs her hand through her tousled hair. A grimace
 grows across her face.

MADELYN
 Bill, I was going to call you. I
 have a bad feeling, and now this
 Mike is --

BILL (V.O.)
 A bump in the road. Listen darl'n,
 we need this to happen down there.

MADELYN
 Bill, I just want to save the
 children; that's been my only dream
 since childhood. This is all
 becoming... feeling wrong.

BILL (V.O.)
 I've known you since you first had
 that dream, we put this together to
 fulfill your dream, and lot's of
 others as well.

Madelyn picks up the picture of her and her father, holds it
 tightly against her chest.

MADELYN
 I don't know, Bill. I just feel
 like this --

BILL (V.O.)
 This needs to happen. Ruiz is a
 hold-up to the good of his country,
 to the children. He needs to go.
 What if my friends put together
 nine million, do you think --

MADELYN

We could call it done.

BILL (V.O.)

Great! That's my girl! The Independence Carnival is next month. Hell of a lot of fun, noisy, lots of fireworks, and there's some great parasailing.

MADELYN

Oh! A vacation?

BILL (V.O.)

My freinds'll sponsor your flying troupe on a trip; they keep the top floor suites at the Miraflores Palacio Hotel for business, all for you and your flying females.

MADELYN

What's your plan?

BILL (V.O.)

Ruiz will be one floor below you. He goes to bed every night at 11:00 p.m., like clockwork. I'm taking a boat down the Pacific coast, and your gonna get sick the day before your group leaves.

MADELYN

While you get things prepared, I'm going to Slovanka next week to visit the hospital. It's up and running, and overflowing; they asked that I come, they said I need to see some things for myself.

BILL (V.O.)

Good deal darl'n. Be sure to tell our friend Vidmar hello for me.

MADELYN

Will do, I'll be in touch, Bill.

Madelyn hangs up, picks up her coffee, stares out at the mountains. She smiles perfidiously. She walks toward the kitchen. As she passes the recorder, the record light is still blinking. She exits the room.

EXT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - PATIO - DAY - LATER

Madelyn lies on a chaise lounge typing an e-mail, sipping a cocktail. The e-mail reads.

MADELYN (O.S.)

Hi everyone, our sponsors are treating us to a parasailing trip in Porte Valerdera for the Independencia Carnival. Private jet, penthouse suites, we just have to fly over the carnival with their logo's on our sails. I assume your all in? Madelyn.

Madelyn presses send, closes her laptop, picks up her cocktail, sighs heavily.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

It's just too easy.

She raises her glass and toasts the mountains.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Vir die kinders... for the children.

I/E. SIRAN, SLOVENKA - EASTERN EUROPE - CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Madelyn gazes at the beautiful Slovanka countryside. Driving the tiny car is the hospital administrator, DR. MATIJA POTONIK, a soft spoken man, short, stout, 60s, thick hair, even thicker eyebrows, he has a constant eye twitch. He is a benevolent man.

MADELYN

I forget how beautiful this area is.

Cresting the hill, the winding road heading down the mountain into Siran looks like a serpent. Built on a peninsula, the ancient city juts into the Gulf of Siran. The gulf sparkles like an aquamarine gemstone.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

God, that's gorgeous! It's just idyllic.

DR. POTONIK

(Eastern European accent)

Ah yes, beautiful Siran, a jewel on the seashore.

(MORE)

DR. POTONIK (CONT'D)

One could not believe it has suffered rebellions, revolutions, and war since before the Romans were here.

MADELYN

It sure looks peaceful from up her.

DR. POTONIK

That, Dr. Pugh, is merely an illusion... but the children are excited to meet you; many call you Saint Madelyn... which is upsetting the local priest.

Dr. Potonik smiles at Madelyn. Madelyn looks at him as though he were joking. He glances at Madelyn.

DR. POTONIK (CONT'D)

No, I'm not kidding. We don't know what we would do without your hospital. Since the assassination of President Horvat last year, the fighting in the region has become worse than ever.

Madelyn's smile turns into a look of distress. She looks attentively at Dr. Potonik.

DR. POTONIK (CONT'D)

The new administration cares nothing about the country's people, and has let in foreign companies to exploit our natural resources and jobs.

Dr. Potonik shakes his head, glances at Madelyn with sadness.

DR. POTONIK (CONT'D)

But the children suffer the most from it all. Last week the hospital was spilling over with injured children.

MADELYN

What?

DR. POTONIK

Yes, this is why I asked you to come, to see. Perhaps because of your Humanitarian Award you can talk politics, talk sense to the politicians...

(MORE)

DR. POTONIK (CONT'D)
perhaps stop the violence caused by
the assassination.

Madelyn looks peaked.

DR. POTONIK (CONT'D)
Last week, a bus full of children
were caught in crossfire, the bus
was hit by a small rocket; but
because of you, we have the
hospital and were able to save many
lives.

He looks at Madelyn, his hurt for the children and his
country is evident.

DR. POTONIK (CONT'D)
Thank you, Dr. Pugh.

Madelyn massages her cheeks with her hand, distressed,
shocked, trying not to break down.

MADELYN
(quivering whisper)
Uh-huh, it's what I do... or, what
I've done.

They drive through the narrow, cobblestone streets of Siran;
the city's medieval architecture looks as though time has
stood still. They arrive at the hospital. The children are
waiting outside. Madelyn and Dr. Potonik exit the car.

EXT. SIRAN - HOSPITAL - DAY

As Madelyn walks toward the entrance of the ancient building,
the children cheer for her, some make a sign of the cross,
others call out.

CHILDREN
Saint Madelyn!

As Madelyn approaches she sees the severity of the children's
injuries. Many are in wheelchairs, still bandaged. As she
passes through the group, the children reach out to touch
her. Madelyn begins to cry.

DR. POTONIK
It's touching, yes? They love you.
But cheer up, Dr. Pugh, tonight we
must attend a party in your honor.
The Minister of Health is throwing
you a party aboard his new yacht,
and we must go and pay homage.

MADLYN

Homage?

Madelyn wipes her face, looks back at the children, turns to Dr. Potonik.

DR. POTONIK

Oh yes, since Minister Vidmar was appointed by the new president, he feels he deserves our respect, and a monthly stipend for allowing the hospital to help the children. He is even in our annual budget.

Madelyn and Dr. Potonik enter the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

The juxtaposition of a modern children's hospital within the shell of a Roman era building is startling, monastic.

Dr. Potonik introduces Madelyn to the hospital's head nurse, LEJA NIKOLA, late 30s, long, thick black hair, chiseled features; she looks like a Roman goddess. She is stoic and cold... for good reasons.

DR. POTONIK

Dr. Pugh, this is our head nurse, Leja Nikola. She will show you around, give you the grand tour of our historic structure.

Madelyn shakes Leja's hand.

MADLYN

Nurse Nikola, it's a pleasure to meet you.

LEJA

(thick Roman accent)

It is a pleasure to finally meet you, Dr. Pugh. If you don't mind, my daughter would like to come with us, she is a big fan of yours. She says she wants to become a doctor, just like you.

MADLYN

That would be wonderful, I can't wait to meet her.

LEJA

Ah, here she comes now, my baby girl.

Madelyn turns around; she turns pale, her legs nearly give out beneath her. A nurse rolls a wheelchair towards Madelyn and Leja.

In the wheelchair is Leja's daughter, LARISA, 10, missing her left hand, her left leg below the knee. Her disfigured face oozing from burns, she is missing her right eye.

Larisa is a ray of sunshine; the epitome of a child's boundless hope and innocence. Her personality is effervescent.

LARISA

(with impediment)

Dr. Pugh! Dr. Pugh!

Larisa nearly pushes herself out of her wheelchair as she reaches to hug Madelyn. Her joyful spirit radiates beyond her monstrous disfigurements, many still wrapped in blood stained bandages.

Madelyn bends down, face to face with Larisa. She gives Larisa a loving hug. Madelyn breaks down and cries. She has to walk away, excusing herself to the ladies room.

INT. HOSPITAL - LADIES ROOM - DAY

Madelyn runs to the sink, her steps echoing from the marble floors. She braces herself on the edges of the sink, nearly sick.

She stares at her reflection in the mirror; her eyes move slowly across her face as she peers deep into herself.

MADELYN

Who are you?

Leja enters the ladies room, walks over to Madelyn. Leja's image is seen behind Madelyn's in the mirror. She looks at Madelyn coldly, searchingly.

LEJA

Are you alright, Dr. Pugh?

MADELYN

Yes... yes, I'm... I'm sorry. I don't --

LEJA

Don't worry, Dr. Pugh, I understand. She is my daughter, my pain for her stolen innocence is --

Madelyn turns to Leja, hugs her, cries on her shoulder. Leja stares off, her eyes empty. With resistance, she pats Madelyn's back, gently pushing Madelyn away. They look at each other. Madelyn wipes her eyes.

MADELYN

I'm okay. I'm sorry.

Madelyn and Leja exit the ladies room.

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Madelyn and Leja return to the others. They all smile.

LARISA

It's okay, Dr. Pugh. This accident has let me know what I want to be when I grow up, it was God's way of telling me... I want to be a doctor, just like you! I want to save children's lives too.

Madelyn is a quivering pool of emotions behind a facade of courage. Leja is like a stone statue, lifeless and cold. Madelyn stoops and caresses Larisa's disfigured face gently in her hands.

MADELYN

Oh sweetie, you don't want to be like me.

LARISA

I do; I'm alive because of you. I'm so happy to be alive... my name even means joyful!

LEJA

And mine means, weary, sorrowful... how ironic names are. Come, Dr. Pugh, let's show you around, please, follow us.

Leja pushes Larisa's wheelchair out of the lobby into an arched hallway, Madelyn follows them.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

The faded frescos on the arched ceilings still reveal cherubs and seraphim. The footsteps of Madelyn and Leja echo off the medieval travertine floor.

As they stop to admire the frescos, it escapes no one that several of the angel's faces bare an uncanny resemblance to Madelyn. Madelyn looks at Larisa and Leja.

Larisa smiles at Madelyn. Leja glares at Madelyn.

LEJA

This building has been a hospital several times throughout the millennia. The angels were painted by the Catholic Church during the 13th century, as a symbol of God's protection over the children... it was a children's hospital then as well.

LARISA

The nun that ran the hospital was sainted. You should be sainted too, Dr. Pugh.

Leja points to the two angels in the frescos.

LEJA

The angels are said to be a portrait of the sainted woman. Legend says her heart was not true, that she was not a saint... but a devil.

Madelyn is numb. She glances at the frescos. Leja looks at the frescos, she looks at Madelyn.

LARISA

I'm so glad you made this a children's hospital again, if not I would have died.

LEJA

If we still had President Horvat, perhaps the children would not need this hospital.

Leja drops her head, looks toward Madelyn. Her eyes show hurt and sorrow.

LEJA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Dr. Pugh, I did not mean disrespect, we are all grateful for your work.

She leans down and kisses Larisa on the head.

LEJA (CONT'D)
I especially am, I just meant --

MADELYN
I know what you mean. I feel the same way.

As they continue, they pass rooms filled with injured children. The further they go, the more confident Madelyn appears, as if she were metamorphosing.

Dr. Potonik approaches.

DR. POTONIK
Oh, there you are. I trust you ladies got to see enough. I hope, Dr. Pugh, you can see what we are up against, what we're facing.

MADELYN
Yes, Dr. Potonik, I saw the problem clearly... as if I were looking in a mirror.

The sound of church bells ringing.

DR. POTONIK
My goodness, the bells of St. George tell me it's getting late. I'll see you tonight then, Dr. Pugh.

Dr. Potonik exits. Madelyn stoops down face to face with Larisa. Larisa smiles, her cycloptic eye darts back and forth as she admires her hero, Madelyn.

MADELYN
Goodbye sunshine, I'll come see you before I leave.

LARISA
Promise?

Madelyn crosses her heart with her finger.

MADELYN
Hope to die...

Madelyn walks away. Larisa waves with her one hand, her one leg bouncing with excitement, her smile beams.

EXT. GULF OF SIRAN - MINISTER VIDMAR'S YACHT - DECK - NIGHT

Madelyn leans against the railing, staring at the twinkling lights of Siran. Sounds of the party are heard. A man walks toward her.

The man is, MINISTER VIDMAR, late 50s, robust, wearing an ill fitting designer suit, his toupee fits him just as poorly. His raspy voice gurgles as he talks.

VIDMAR

(thick Eastern European
accent)

Dr. Pugh, you miss your own party.
Come, be happy, for the people
adore you.

MADELYN

I don't feel well.

VIDMAR

What? Is this not the reality you
expected? Do you not like what you
see? Are you not happy with what
you have created?

He chuckles. Madelyn turns to Vidmar, her hands grasping the railing behind her. Her bangs blow across her face, her blazing eyes are seen between the strands of hair.

MADELYN

(calmly)

No... to all of your questions.

VIDMAR

Humph, Mr. Roth told me to expect
as much.

He takes a slow sip of his drink, his eyes peering over the glass edge, staring at Madelyn.

VIDMAR (CONT'D)

You and I share one thing, Dr.
Pugh.

MADELYN

And what would that be?

VIDMAR

We both find fortune in others
misfortune.

Vidmar sips his drink, gives Madelyn a look of pity, turns and walks away.

As he walks away, he laughs, tilts his head back, guzzles his drink, throws his glass overboard. His back toward Madelyn.

VIDMAR (CONT'D)

Well, Saint Madelyn, perhaps you
need to count your blessings. How
many businesses let you create your
own customers... like yours.

He walks away. His laugh resonates as he disappears into the darkness.

INT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kitchen is sleek, top of the line appliances. Walls of windows frame the fading fall foliage. Madelyn is cooking. The phone rings, she answers.

MADELYN

Hello... yes, Bill, I'm back. How
was my trip? You're kidding, right?

(a beat)

Oh no, I'm through! Bill, I told
you I'm not able to --

(a beat)

After the things I saw in Slovanka,
and in myself --

Madelyn is silent. The sound of Bill's angry, indistinguishable voice is heard. Madelyn's countenance shows defeat.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Bill, don't threaten me! Bill...
have you lost your mind? I --

Bill hangs up. Madelyn holds the phone away from her ear, her jaw plunged open, she looks at the phone. She slowly hangs up.

Madelyn picks up her glass of wine, drinks it straight down. She sets down the glass, slowly stirs the pots, sets the spoon down, picks up her phone, dials a number. Sound of phone ringing.

SUSAN (V.O.)

Hello.

MADELYN

(faking ill)

Susan, Madelyn.

SUSAN (V.O.)

You sound awful, are you okay?

MADELYN

No, I feel terrible. It must have been something in Slovanka. Look, there's no way I can go to Porte Valerdera, you're going to have to handle everything.

SUSAN (V.O.)

Aw, Mad, we need you, you're so good at all that.

MADELYN

No way, but it's all set up. A guide will meet you at the airport, all of the parasail's are there and set up. I'm sorry, but I just can't make it.

SUSAN (V.O.)

Alright, we're gonna miss you. Hope you feel better, I'll e-mail you some pics.

Madelyn hangs up, calls Bill. She gets his answering machine.

BILL (V.O.)

If it's important, leave a message.
If it's not, why are you calling?

Sound of voice mail beep. Madelyn frowns.

MADELYN

All set to sail, captain!

She hangs up, serves herself a plate of food, sits down, pours a glass of wine. She bows her head.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

(in Afrikaans: English
subtitles)

Use me to make the world a better
place, amen.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LUXURY YACHT - TOP DECK - DAY

Madelyn and Bill sit at a table. A steward serves fresh fruit. Sounds of sea and birds.

BILL

We're all set. Holes are tapped,
window's ready, and the roof is
clear. Ruiz arrived yesterday, in
bed by eleven, took sleeping pills
'cause of the carnival noise.

Bill signals for coffee, he touches Madelyn's hand, she draws it back.

BILL (CONT'D)

It's perfect, just perfect. Your
group flew in yesterday. The flying
stuff is on the roof, it's all
arranged for them to take off and
land on the roof.

MADELYN

Then no one will think anything
about me landing on the roof?

BILL

Not a thing, no one will even know
you've been in Porte Valerdera.
We'll be back in U.S. waters by the
time things heat up.

Madelyn looks distracted. Bill looks concerned.

BILL (CONT'D)

Are you ready? We can't have you
off focus.

Madelyn stares at the ocean. She snaps back to consciousness,
shakes her head, sips water.

MADELYN

No, I'm fine, I'm okay. I'm ready.
I'm just thinking. I'm just ready
to be home... or to have one.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LUXURY YACHT - TOP DECK - NIGHT

The deck lights cast an eerie light around the boat. Madelyn
straps on the parasail engine. The wind blows steadily,
gusting hard at times. Bill holds the folded sail.

Madelyn slips on her night vision goggles. The ocean has an iridescent green glow. The shoreline is visible in the distance. Madelyn looks all around.

MADELYN

I feel like I'm in the Emerald City, it's so green.

Bill looks at the skies, concerned.

BILL

I feel like we're in Kansas! You sure these winds aren't too strong?

MADELYN

I'll be fine.

BILL

I'm worried about --

MADELYN

I'm not. I said I'll be okay. I'll just have to fly higher.

Madelyn tightens her harness and sets her altimeter. Bill raises his eyebrows.

BILL

Won't that just --

MADELYN

Bill, shut up! You sure worry a lot lately.

Madelyn presses the start button. Sound of engine idling. She increases the revs, nods to Bill. He releases the sail, it flares instantly.

Madelyn is unexpectedly drug across the deck. She starts running, leaves the deck, drops out of sight towards the water.

Bill runs to the deck edge, Madelyn flies straight up past Bill, tossing in the wind. She gives the engine full throttle, gains altitude.

She disappears from the lights of the boat into darkness. Bill hears her singing, he peers into the blackness...

MADELYN (CONT'D) (V.O.)

"I'LL FLY AWAY OLD GLORY,
I'LL FLY AWAY..."

EXT. ABOVE PACIFIC OCEAN AND PORTE VALADERA REGION - NIGHT

Approaching the coastline, Madelyn sees glowing beaches, mountains covered in thick growth. The wind buffets her sail. Cresting the mountains, she struggles to keep the sail full and steady.

Below, lights of Porte Valerdera twinkle. Flying above the city, circling the carnival, sounds of carnival are heard.

The Miraflores Palacio Hotel comes into view. Madelyn begins her decent. Gusting winds blow her off course. She makes another circle.

MADELYN

Damn! I'll have to land under full power.

Approaching the roof. Coming in fast, unsteady, unnoticed. Powersail equipment is scattered on the roof. Madelyn aims for a clearing in the clutter.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Damn it, damn it -- damn it!

She comes in high, FLARES her sail. She STOPS -- six feet above the roof, turns engine off. Sail collapses. She DROPS... lands hard.

EXT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - ROOF - NIGHT

Wincing in pain, Madelyn grabs her right ankle. She stands. Wind pulls sail along the roof ledge. Sound of sail ripping. Madelyn releases the harness, limps to the roof ledge, grabs the sail, sees a large tear.

MADELYN

Kak!

Madelyn pulls a knife from her leg sheath, cuts the sail loose. She looks around at the parasail equipment.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Great, nothing but small sails.
Just great, it's going to be a rough ride home.

Hurriedly she attaches another sail to her harness. She empties a backpack, stuffs her torn sail into the pack, throws it off the roof. It lands on an adjacent building's roof.

Madelyn locates a hidden rope, clips it to a roof stay, clips it to her body harness, climbs over the roof ledge.

EXT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Madelyn lowers herself toward her suite's window, her feet pushing against the building, in pain. She pushes the window with her foot, it's stuck. She kicks it, it swings open. She slips inside.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - MADELYN'S SUITE - NIGHT

Looking through her goggles. A large parlour, old world charm. She looks at her watch, 10:45 p.m. She takes off her pack and opens it.

Precisely she lays out a .25 Caliber pistol, extension barrel/silencer, fiber optic camera, viewing screen, magnetic socket, curved tubing, and a spent .25 caliber casing.

She looks at her swelling ankle. With her knife, she cuts a pillow case into strips, wraps her ankle. She stuffs pillow case remains in her pack.

Limping silently, she moves a round table from the middle of the parlour; pulls back the rug, locates a small knot in the pine flooring. She pops the knot out.

At an angle, she feeds socket through the knot hole and floor cavity. Unscrews a plug from chandelier medallion in ceiling below. Pulls out the socket with plug attached, sets it on the floor.

She feeds fiber optic camera through the holes, turns camera on. On-screen three armed guards are seen, a FAT GUARD, and two YOUNG GUARDS. She pulls camera back, replaces the plugs, goes into the bedroom.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - MADELYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Madelyn removes a knot in the floor. Repeats process with tools, feeds camera through.

On-screen is RUIZ, 60s, short, bald, pudgy, Hispanic man, dressed in cowboy pajamas. He is getting in bed.

Madelyn looks at her watch, 11:00 p.m., she twists the fiber optic camera, scoping the room. On-screen is PERSONAL GUARD, large Hispanic man, 40s, thick hair and moustache, in a black suit and cowboy boots. He sits in a chair reading a newspaper.

Madelyn waits, massaging her ankle.

Madelyn looks at her watch, 11:25 p.m. On-screen, Ruiz is snoring. Personal guard looks out the window at carnival. Madelyn assembles the gun, attaches fiber optic camera-scope. She waits.

11:50 p.m. On-screen, personal guard looks at Ruiz, exits bedroom into parlour, leaves bedroom door open. Madelyn feeds the curved tube through the holes.

She SLAMS the spent .25 Caliber cartridge through the tube. On-screen she sees it land silently on the rug next to the bed. She removes the tube.

On-screen, personal guard enters the bedroom, closes the door, goes to the window, opens it, leans out window and watches the carnival.

She slips the gun barrel through the holes. Turns on gun camera-scope. Ruiz is on-screen. Madelyn looks at her watch, 12:00 a.m. Sound of fireworks exploding like bombs.

Madelyn aligns the crosshairs on Ruiz's head. She squeezes the trigger. A spreading pool of blood appear on Ruiz's pillow.

She quickly pulls the gun through, replaces floor plugs, pulls rug and table back, packs up, limps to the window, attaches the rope to her harness, exits through the window.

EXT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Madelyn painfully begins scaling the wall to the roof. Behind her, colorful fireworks explode.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - RUIZ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Personal guard leans back in the window, looks at Ruiz, sees the blood, panics. Brandishing his gun, running to the bed, he sees the spent .25 cartridge, picks it up, puts it in his pocket.

He shakes Ruiz. Ruiz is dead.

PERSONAL GUARD
(Hispanic accent)
Oh mierda! No, no, no.

He runs to the door, gun in hand, yanks open the door, startles other guards. He stands frozen in the doorway.

PERSONAL GUARD (CONT'D)
Senior Ruiz is dead!

EXT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - ROOF - NIGHT

Madelyn hops on one foot to her paraglider. Struggling to stand, she harness on the paraglider. Sounds of carnival and fireworks are heard.

She presses the start button. Sound of engine idling. She tightens her harness.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - RUIZ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guards yell at each other in Spanish, search the room for clues. They find nothing. They shrug at each other. They all look at personal guard.

PERSONAL GUARD
I was looking out the window, at
the carnival; I turn around... Ruiz
is dead, shot. I have the shell.

Personal guard takes the spent cartridge from his pocket. Fat guard takes the cartridge, looks at the caliber, shakes his head at personal guard, turns to young guards.

FAT GUARD
(Mexican Spanish accent)
.25 calibre.

Young guards look at each other, they look at fat guard. Fat guard nods to them, they grab personal guard.

EXT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - ROOF - NIGHT

Madelyn pushes throttle to fast, flares her sail. She begins running, stumbles. Sail collapses. She hobbles to roof ledge, looking down, carnival revelers fill the streets.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - RUIZ SUITE - NIGHT

Young guards hold personal guard, fat guard pulls a bullet from personal guard's gun, holds it next to spent cartridge, they're the same. Fat guard slaps personal guard hard, shoves the bullet halfway up personal guard's nose.

FAT GUARD

You idiot, did you think you could get away with this? You killed Mr. Ruiz!

PERSONAL GUARD

No! No! I did not kill him, I was looking out the window, I turned around and he is dead. The bullet was on the floor... I swear to you.

FAT GUARD

You think we are stupid? We know how you felt about Ruiz! You will pay for this crime against our country.

Fat guard spits on personal guard.

FAT GUARD (CONT'D)

You pig!

Fat guard handcuffs personal guard, he turns to young guards.

FAT GUARD (CONT'D)

Call the policia.

EXT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - ROOF - NIGHT

Madelyn perches on the roof ledge, revs the engine, flairs her sail and steps off. She drops down, out of sight. Fireworks explode.

EXT. ABOVE PORTE VALADERA AND REGION - NIGHT - TRAVELING

She gains altitude, passes Ruiz's window, fat guard is yelling at personal guard. Madelyn smiles.

Flying above buildings, revelers look like dancing ants. Fireworks explode, the city fades away.

Coastal mountains come into view, turbulent air makes controlling sail difficult. Fighting the winds, cresting the mountains... Madelyn flies into a fog bank. Zero visibility. GPS signal sporadic, altimeter reads "3500" feet.

She begins a blind decent. Fog thickens. A sail line slips, sail corner collapses. She begins losing altitude, listing right.

Madelyn checks GPS, it reads, "searching for satellites." Madelyn presses call/lock button on her radio.

MADELYN

Bill! Bill! I'm in trouble.

The radio crackles.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Bill! Can you hear? I'm in trouble!

BILL (V.O.)

Madelyn! What's wro --

The radio crackles. GPS reads, "no signal." Altimeter reads, "1500" feet.

MADELYN

I'm past the range, over water.
Can't see. I'm loosing altitude. I
can't find you.

BILL (V.O.)

Your -- ove -- wa --

The radio has only static.

MADELYN

If you hear me, shoot a flare.
Shoot a flair!

No response. Madelyn checks her altimeter, "600" feet.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Shoot a flair! Bill!

Madelyn checks her altimeter, "450" feet... "300" feet...
"150" feet.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Damn it, Bill, can you hear me?
Shoot the flare!

A flare trail rushes into the sky. The fog becomes a burning
green. Madelyn turns hard toward the flare. Altimeter reads,
"100" feet... "60" feet"... "40" feet.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

I'm in the flare zone. I'm going
down, I have to jettison glider.
I'm hurt.

Bill scans the sky with the search light, the light blindly
bounces off of the fog. The paraglider engine goes dead.

Sound of a splash nearby. Bill strains to hear, cups his
hands around his mouth, yells into the darkness.

BILL
Madelyn! Madelyn!

Another splash. Then... silence.

BILL (CONT'D)
Madelyn! Madelyn!

Bill and crew frantically get rescue boat launched, rush toward the splashes, search light bouncing around in the fog.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Madelyn treads water. Waves roll over her in slow motion. Ocean is a ghostly green through her goggles. She is losing strength.

MADELYN
Help me vader...

She begins sinking. She pulls off her goggles. As she sinks, the ocean above her becomes brightly illuminated with white light.

MADELYN (V.O.)
Go to the light.

She struggles upward toward the light. Hands reach into the water, grab Madelyn. Bill pulls her head above water. Madelyn gasps for air.

EXT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Doorman stands waiting. Carnival crowds bustle about, guests come and go. A hand pushes a polished brass revolving door, revealing the lobby.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - LOBBY - NIGHT

Enter lobby. Marble floors, elegant old world architecture, filled with carnival revelers and guests, many costumed.

Sound of shoes walking on the marble floor, approaching receptionist desk. RECEPTIONIST is young, beautiful, Hispanic. She readies for the approaching person, she smiles.

At the desk are two men. They are, MANAGER, 50s, impeccably dressed, gray wings of his hair look very distinguished; also a muscular, bald, security man wearing an earpiece.

RECEPTIONIST

Buenos tarde senior. How may I help you?

A hand lays a badge on the counter. Badge reads, "Mike Anderson, Special Agent CIA." The receptionist looks at the hotel manager.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Si senior. Un memento please.

The two men come to Mike, nod to the receptionist, she leaves. The men look at Mike's badge. They look at each other quizzically.

MANAGER

(Hispanic accent)

We weren't expecting you. Why is the Americano CIA here before the local policia?

Mike looks blankly at the manager.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

You are here about Senior Ruiz?
Yes?

MIKE

I'm here to --

Sounds of sirens. Everyone turns to the front doors. Police cars are visible outside.

EXT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Police exit vehicles.

A well dressed DETECTIVE, toned physique, 40s, chain smoker, stands erect, barking orders at everyone. He stomps out his cigarette, heads toward the front door. Doorman opens the door, detective enters lobby.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - LOBBY - NIGHT

Detective angrily approaches the manager, looks at Mike. The detective tightens and adjusts his tie, glares at manager.

DETECTIVE

(in Spanish: English subtitles)

Who is this man?

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Why are you talking to anyone? What the hell is going on?

MANAGER

He is American... CIA.

Detective squeezes his upper lip, turns to Mike, looks him up and down, grunts. He extends his hand. They shake hands.

Detective removes a sliver cigarette case from his inner coat pocket. Takes out a cigarette, packs it hard against the case, puts it in his mouth. He's agitated.

DETECTIVE

(smooth Hispanic accent)

Well, I am not surprised to see you here, lately your government seems to be everywhere... before we are. What is your business here?

Mike hesitates, looks around at the commotion.

MIKE

I'm here to see Dr. Pugh. I understand she and her group are staying here.

The detective lights his cigarette, looks suspiciously at his watch.

DETECTIVE

You work strange hours, or is your visit to this Dr. Pugh more... social?

Manager looks at detective, then at Mike.

MANAGER

Dr. Pugh is not here. She canceled the day before the others arrived. Her suite is empty. The others are leaving tomorrow.

Detective throws his arms up in mock surprise, gestures to the commotion in the lobby.

DETECTIVE

Oh! So surprising, yes? But none the less, such perfect timing.

He rolls an arm toward the elevator, bowing slightly, falsely accommodating.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Come, Mr. Anderson, let us go to Senior Ruiz's suite; his guards are holding the man they believe shot Ruiz.

Detective and several police officers walk toward the elevator. Mike takes a deep breath, looks around, shakes his head in confusion. He follows the men.

Detective pushes the elevator button, taps his Italian loafer impatiently. He pushes the button again... repeatedly.

Elevator doors open. The men crowd together in elevator. Detective stomps out his cigarette. The doors shut.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Reflections of the men are seen in the polished brass elevator doors. Detective mutters to officers in Spanish, only distinguishable words are CIA, and the grunts of officer's disapproval.

Detective pinches his lip. Mike runs a hand through his hair. They continue up in silence.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LUXURY YACHT - LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Crew members lift Madelyn out of the water, onto deck. Madelyn is wet, shivering, in mild shock. They wrap her in blankets, all go into the cabin.

INT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LUXURY YACHT - MAIN SALON - NIGHT

The crew members lay Madelyn on the couch. Bill kneels down by Madelyn, rubs her forehead.

BILL

It's okay, Madelyn, it --

Madelyn puts her hand over Bill's mouth. She shakes her head. She is exhausted and drained.

MADELYN

It's not okay. I've had enough. I can't do this anymore. Get me home.

BILL

But your father --

MADLYN

Is dead. He's gone. It's over.

Madelyn closes her eyes. She falls asleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE BEGINS:

EXT. SOUTH AFRICA - MR. PUGH'S RANCH (1987) - DAY

Angry white mob outside Pugh house, yelling for Mr. Pugh to come out, threatening to burn house. Several black families are being held at gunpoint.

INT. MR. PUGH'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Pugh loads guns, lays them on the table. He hands a gun to Madelyn and her MOTHER, a natural beauty, quiet, reserved, 30s, wearing a colorful sun dress.

Sounds of angry mob outside. A rock crashes through a window. Madelyn and her mother drop to the floor.

MR. PUGH

I'm going out. If anyone tries to come in the house, shoot them.

Madelyn and her mother stand up, guns in hand. Mr. Pugh kisses them. Madelyn hugs her father.

MR. PUGH (CONT'D)

If they try to come in, shoot them. Do you understand? Remember the lion, Madelyn. Shoot them!

Madelyn stands fearless. Her mother is emotionless, hollow.

MADLYN

Yes vader.

Mr. Pugh walks to the front door, looks back at Madelyn and his wife.

EXT. MR. PUGH'S HOUSE - DAY

John, a large white man, seething mad, steps toward Mr. Pugh, gun in hand. The mob becomes silent. Mr. Pugh brandishes a rifle, his other hand on a holstered gun. They stand face to face.

JOHN

(Afrikaans accent)

I've had enough, Pugh! You sit all high and mighty on the TRC; you deny me amnesty, and now you break the laws!

John turns and waves his gun at the black families.

JOHN (CONT'D)

These blacks are to relocate, but they still live and work on your land!

The mob loudly agrees. Black families look around, scared. Madelyn and her mother look out of the window. Madelyn's rifle is raised, ready.

MR. PUGH

All of you, get off my land... now!

The crowd mumbles. John shakes his gun at Mr. Pugh. Behind the mob, in the distance, a cloud of dust rises. Sound of approaching police vehicles. The crowd becomes restless.

JOHN

(spit flying)

I'm not going to jail! Not while these kaffirs are free, that's not justice. I'll kill you all first!

The mob becomes silent. Sounds of approaching police become louder. Dust cloud grows. John turns towards the black families, raises his gun.

MR. PUGH

John, don't do it. Put your gun down!

Police arrive. Mob opens to expose police vehicles. John turns towards Mr. Pugh. Police exit vehicles. John looks at police, he looks at Mr. Pugh.

JOHN

What happened to my country! My freedom!

Police approach John. He raises gun to his head. Only the sound of wind is heard. Mob stares. Sound of a gunshot. Shocked faces of the crowd are seen.

From the window Madelyn screams, raises her rifle and shoots. John is hit in the chest. He drops dead.

Madelyn runs out of the house, throws her rifle down. In the doorway, her mother stands in shock, hands over her mouth. Madelyn throws herself upon her father's dead body, sobbing.

Police pull Madelyn off of her father. Her blouse and face are covered in his blood. Her eyes boil in anger.

MADELYN

Vader! Vader! No! No!

The police drag Madelyn toward the house. She breaks free and runs to John. Madelyn begins KICKING John's lifeless body.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Lion! Lion!

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LUXURY YACHT - MAIN SALON - NIGHT

Madelyn is asleep on a plush leather sofa. Bill pours whiskey into a crystal tumbler. He turns toward Madelyn, walks closer, strains to hear her mumbles.

MADELYN

Lion... lion.

BILL

Get the poor girl a sedative and get her to her cabin, and captain, get us into U.S. waters.

The captain exits. Bill walks to the rear cabin doors, goes outside onto rear deck, drink in hand.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LUXURY YACHT - REAR DECK - NIGHT

Bill leans against the rear railing, sips his drink. He stares at the sparkling bioluminescence of the boat's wake, mesmerized.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elevator doors open, the men step out. Detective lights a cigarette. They walk toward Ruiz's suite. Young guards stand in the hall. Detective greets them, all enter suite.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - RUIZ SUITE - NIGHT

Fat guard is standing over personal guard, staring angrily. He shakes his head at him as the others approach.

DETECTIVE
Don't touch anything!

Mike leans, peering into the bedroom. The dead body of Ruiz is lying in the bed. His head lies in a shiny, crimson pool of blood.

MIKE
What the...

Detective goes to personal guard, squats, stares him in the eyes. The detective's eyes dart across the guard's face. The guard looks at the detective, unflinching, but pleading.

Detective stands, suspiciously looks at fat guard. Fat guard nervously looks away. Police look at each other. Mike looks amused.

Chopping sound of the ceiling fan.

Detective takes a deep drag from his cigarette, exhales loudly, looks around at everyone, stomps out his cigarette.

DETECTIVE
This man did not kill Ruiz.

Everyone looks surprised. Personal guard breathes a sigh of relief, drops his head. Fat guard steps toward the detective.

FAT GUARD
But detective, we found the empty casing, he was the only one in the room. I think --

DETECTIVE
You think wrong!

PERSONAL GUARD
Gracias Jesus, Madre Mary. Gracias detective.

Detective turns to personal guard, nods.

DETECTIVE
Your welcome my friend, I believe your innocent.

Detective takes a cigarette from his case, packs it, puts it in his mouth. He shakes his head at personal guard, turns around, walks away muttering.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
But no one else will. You will pay
for this crime.

Personal guard shrugs at fat guard, shaking his head. Fat guard runs his finger across his neck.

FAT GUARD
He said your a dead man.

Detective lights his cigarette, starts walking slowly around the room. He stops at the POLICE SARGENT, a large man, thick handlebar moustache, wearing an ill fitting uniform.

DETECTIVE
Take him to the police station.
Charge him for the murder of Ruiz,
and I want everyone out, except Mr.
Anderson... from the CIA.

He takes a deep drag of his cigarette, exhales upward, scans the ceiling. Mike looks up. Detective looks at Mike, extends an arm towards the bedroom.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Well, Mr. Anderson, from the CIA,
shall we?

Mike begins to walk past him, pauses, turns to the detective.

MIKE
Mike, it's just Mike.

The detective raises one eyebrow at Mike, takes a drag, exhales loudly, nods his head up and down.

DETECTIVE
Ah yes, the informality of the
Americanos. I forget, your
presidente doesn't even wear a tie.
Por favor, after you, Mr. Mike.

Shaking his head in disbelief, Mike enters the bedroom. The detective follows.

MIKE
Mike... damn, it's just Mike.

The two enter the room, walk toward the bed, Mike splits off to the right, the detective to the left. They both stare down at Ruiz.

The detective looks across the bed at Mike, takes a drag of his cigarette, looks up, points to the ceiling with his cigarette, ashes fall on Ruiz.

Mike looks up at the detective, looks down at the ashes. Mike frowns. Detective looks at Ruiz, his attitude is nonchalant.

DETECTIVE

He's going to be cremated, what's a few more ashes, Sí?

Mike shakes his head, continues looking at the bullet wound. The detective points up with his cigarette.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

And so, Mike, you say you came to see a Mrs. Pugh... who was supposed to be in the suite above?

MIKE

(distracted)

Uh... yeah... Dr. Pugh.

DETECTIVE

Who is not here? Humph.

He waves his hand over Ruiz's body, ashes fall on Ruiz again. Mike looks at the detective, he looks at the ashes. Mike shakes his head. Detective points to Ruiz.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

At least it's not a wasted trip.

Mike scans the ceiling, his eyes dart side to side. His eyes stop, he has a wide stare. He smiles.

MIKE

He was killed in his sleep!

Mike looks down at Ruiz, nodding his head, runs a hand through his hair.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Just like Nkwatcha.

Mike quickly heads to the door, stops, turns to the detective.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Detective, I need to see upstairs.

The detective pinches his upper lip, looks at Mike with puzzlement and suspicion.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Please, let's go upstairs.

Detective shrugs his shoulders, stomps out his cigarette, spreads his arms, heads to the door.

DETECTIVE
Yes, of course, Mike... from the CIA.

Mike follows the detective to the door, shaking his head in disgust.

MIKE
Mike. Just Mike.

Mike can't see the smirk on the detectives face.

DETECTIVE
Sí.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - MADELYN'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Mike looks around the parlour. Everything is in order. He checks the windows; the snap locks are locked. He enters the bedroom, begins looking at the floor.

The detective is unconcerned. He lights a cigarette, leans against the window frame and watches Mike.

DETECTIVE
I'm unsure what you look for, Ms. Pugh did not stay here, besides, we have our killer. This case is solved, it is closed.

MIKE
Your mind is closed. Ballistics will tell a different story.

The detective bristles, opens the window, throws out his cigarette. He turns to Mike.

DETECTIVE
Oh Sí, ballistics tests, no senior, we don't have those here. We wanted to get that equipment, but they had none... Hollywood had bought it all.

Mike cuts his eyes at the detective, a smile escapes. He continues examining the floor.

MIKE

With all respect, detective, you don't seem interested in finding who really killed Ruiz.

The detective takes another cigarette from his case, packs it, lights it, takes a deep, long drag. He pinches his lip, walks to Mike, looks him up and down.

DETECTIVE

I wish I could say I'm sorry that Ruiz is dead, but in truth, Mike, I'm not. Ruiz was evil, he will not be missed.

MIKE

But that doesn't change the fact that the truth needs to be investigated.

DETECTIVE

Investigate the truth? The truth is, ninety percent of my country's people would like to see Ruiz dead, most of them would have killed him themselves.

He takes another long drag from his cigarette. He shrugs as he exhales a cloud of blue, swirling smoke.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

His own army talked of a coup. I do not have the time to, as you say, investigate. Nearly every person in this country has a motive worthy of killing Ruiz.

Mike stands quietly, looking at the detective. The detective takes a drag, looks at Mike, raises an eyebrow and throws up his hands. He walks back to the open window, looks outside.

MIKE

Who rented this suite?

DETECTIVE

An Americano oil company, from Texas, they reserve this entire floor for the year.

The detective takes a drag, he laughs.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

They come, try to get our oil. This hotel is a politico, how you say, hot spot. They are perhaps... even more suspects in this case, no?

The detective throws his cigarette out of the window, turns and walks to the door. He stops at the door, turns to Mike, takes a cigarette from his case, packs it, puts it in his mouth.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

If you will excuse me, Mike, I must go get ready for a press conferencia. Let the people know I solved this murder. You look around, but please, don't touch.

Mike gets up and shakes the detectives hand.

MIKE

Gracias detective. Buenos noches.

The detective lights his cigarette, nods to Mike, and walks out the room, disappearing behind his own smoke screen.

Mike walks to the open window, leans against the sill, looks out. Carnival is winding down. He runs a hand through his hair, looks around the window sill.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(excited slow whisper)

Well, hello...

Mike grabs a chair, sets it by the window, stands on it. He looks closely at the top window frame, sees a rub mark on the wood, and a rope fiber. He hangs out of the window, looking toward the roof.

Mike leans back inside, gets off the chair, begins pacing, focusing on the knotted pine floor.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I know she was here. I know it!

Mike quickly walks to the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It's time to wake up her friends.

Mike exits the suite.

INT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike begins knocking on doors. The women open their doors, they look at Mike, sleepy, muddled. Mike shows them his badge.

MIKE

Good morning ladies; we need to talk.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LUXURY YACHT - REAR MAIN - DAY (DAWN)

The sea mirrors the dawn sky. A light breeze blows. Bill is having coffee at the table, a steward brings fresh fruit.

A disheveled Madelyn limps out on crutches. Bill glances over the rim of his glasses at Madelyn.

BILL

Good morning. Sit down, sit down. Have some coffee and fruit.

Bill stands to help Madelyn. She grunts in pain. Bill gives the crutches to the steward, points to his coffee cup and Madelyn. The steward leaves.

BILL (CONT'D)

Listen hon, we need to talk.

Madelyn rolls hers eyes at Bill. She grunts.

BILL (CONT'D)

After breakfast

EXT. "MIRAFLORES PALACIO HOTEL" - ROOFTOP - DAY (DAWN)

Parasail equipment is scattered about. Rooftop door swings open. Mike escorts, Susan, a fiery redhead, and two other women out onto rooftop. All of the women are late 20s, early 30s, good looking, slim, with dancers legs.

SUSAN

Hey! My sail is gone! And my lines are cut!

Mike checks the lines. He walks to the roof ledge, stoops, sees buffing on the roof tiles, directly above Madelyn's suite window with buff marks.

Mike stands, walks around the roof ledge, looking down. He sees the backpack on an adjacent building's rooftop.

He goes to Susan, extends a hand. Susan smiles seductively, they shake hands. Mike puts his hand on Susan's shoulder, nudging her toward the roof door. Susan continues to hold Mike's hand.

MIKE

Thank you ladies for your help,
sorry to wake you this morning.

SUSAN

It would be a pleasure to wake up
with you any morning...

MIKE

I hope Dr. Pugh is feeling better.
I'll have your equipment shipped
back to you. You all have a safe
trip home.

Mike herds the women to the door. He gently pushes them through the door, Susan still silently seducing Mike as she goes through. Mike closes the door behind her, returns to the roof ledge. He looks down at the backpack.

EXT. BUILDING NEXT TO "MIRAFLORES HOTEL" - ROOFTOP - DAY

Mike picks up the backpack, looks up to the Miraflores Hotel, dumps the backpack. Out falls Madelyn's torn black sail, cut pieces of harness, a rope.

He stuffs it all back. He smiles. He stands. Sound of a gunshot. A bullet ricochets next to his foot. He runs for cover. Another shot. Another miss.

Mike looks at the Miraflores Hotel roof. A figure dressed in black runs away. Mike stays behind a vent stack.

MIKE

What the hell?

Mike stands, brushes himself off, darts to the roof stairs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm going to find me an African
hillbilly.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LUXURY YACHT - REAR DECK - DAY

Bill and Madelyn sit on chaise lounges in the sun. A steward sets down a tray with pitcher of tea and glasses. Bill motions for him to leave. Bill sits up, leans to Madelyn.

BILL
 Close call last night. Listen, I know you're in a little shock, and a lot of pain, but I need to bring you up to speed on some things you don't know... and should.

Madelyn looks at Bill with concern.

MADELYN
 I sense bad news coming.

BILL
 What do you know about me and your father's relationship?

MADELYN
 You were friends, close friends?

BILL
 Hon, it was more of a business relationship. He worked for me, if not always with me.

Madelyn gives Bill a muddled look.

MADELYN
 What are you talking about?

BILL
 Me, you, your dad, Mike Anderson.

MADELYN
 Anderson? You said Anderson is CIA. I'm not making the connection.

BILL
 Madelyn, I'm CIA... have been for years. Your dad was an operative. After your mother's suicide everything you've learned, everything you've done, has been orchestrated by the agency, through me.

MADELYN
 Orchestrated? My life is not your symphony!

Bill purses his lips and raises his eyebrows.

BILL
 Well... it really is... kind of; but listen --

MADELYN
No! Fuck you, Bill!

Madelyn starts hitting Bill with a crutch, becoming hysterical. A crewmember comes outside, pistol in hand. Bill moves out of Madelyn's reach, she gets up.

BILL
(pleading)
Madelyn, sit down. Listen to me, nothings different.

MADELYN
Nothings different? Everything's different! I told you last night, I've been telling you, I'm through. I've had enough. I knew some --

She stops mid sentence, turns to the crewmember, shaking her head side to side.

MADELYN (CONT'D)
And what? Are you going to shoot me?

She looks at Bill.

BILL
Yes, if he has to. Now sit down and shut up! We need to figure some things out, now!

Madelyn sits down, lays her crutch down, stares at the ocean. She turns to the crewmember.

MADELYN
Put your gun away, the only shot I need is whiskey.

BILL
Bring the bottle.

Bill tries to lighten the mood.

BILL (CONT'D)
Hon, could you watch your language? You sound like a sailor.

Madelyn looks around.

MADELYN
We are on a fucking boat, Bill!

They sit in silence. Madelyn stares at the ocean. Bill stares at Madelyn. The yacht sways, low roaring sound of the engine.

A steward sets down a decanter of whiskey and two crystal tumblers. He leaves. Madelyn turns to Bill, puts her elbows on the table, arms up, hands open.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

I just... I need to... my father?
Anderson? I don't...

Bill touches Madelyn's shoulder. She pulls away.

BILL

Let me make this simple, okay?

Madelyn nods her head, shoots her whiskey, pours another.

BILL (CONT'D)

Your father worked with the agency
doing Intel during apartheid. He
got too involved. He cared too
much, he went too far.

Madelyn looks at Bill, cranes her neck forward, squinting her eyes, she silently mouths, "what?"

BILL (CONT'D)

When he became a member of the
Truth and Reconciliation
Commission, which I begged him not
to, he pissed off a lot of people.
We couldn't help him any longer.

MADELYN

So you threw him to the wolves?

BILL

He chose to --

MADELYN

To die? To die, Bill? You let him
die. The CIA did that? You did
that!

Bill looks away, his guilty feelings are obvious.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

What about Anderson?

Bill smiles.

BILL

Mike's a little green, he doesn't even know I'm in the agency; but the boy's got talent, you two would be a great team.

MADELYN

What?

BILL

Just say'n, y'all'd be good together.

MADELYN

And you knew he was... is, investigating me?

BILL

I'm trying to see how good he is; hell, I'm trying to see how good you really are. I've been grooming you --

MADELYN

Grooming me! Now I'm a fucking circus poodle? You've been playing me, Bill... say it.

BILL

Well darl'n, as they say in the Carolina's, like a well tuned fiddle.

Madelyn sits with arms crossed. Angry. Disgusted.

MADELYN

That sucks, Bill. That really sucks.

BILL

Listen to me, Madelyn. Listen carefully.

Bill slowly sips his whiskey, sets it down.

BILL (CONT'D)

The agency wants you to come in and work for us, on a much larger scale. We need you to --

MADELYN

Now! You're telling me this now? I'm through, especially now. I don't want this anymore.

(MORE)

MADELYN (CONT'D)

I want to be a doctor, you know,
one that saves lives.

BILL

Cut the philosophical crap! We've
been through this since you were a
child. It makes sense, you got your
dream.

MADELYN

Sense? I'm a doctor who kills
people. I kill people, Bill. You
made me a killer. I'm a killer!

BILL

And thousands live because you are.

MADELYN

That's not what I saw in Slovanka.

BILL

You're loosing focus.

MADELYN

You took my pain, my anger, and
mixed it with your ambition... you
took the perfect ingredients, and
made a killer.

BILL

Be sensible, Madelyn.

MADELYN

How can I be sensible, when it
doesn't make sense? I feel like I'm
part of a machine. And for good or
bad reasons, people die,
revolutions begin, and more people
die.

She looks at Bill, shaking her head like a bobble head doll.
She understands now.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Revolution, in every country your
friend's wanted something, My
hospitals, the children, me, all
pawns in your political play. You
bastards, that's not right.

BILL

It paid for your ivy-league
education.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

These friends finance your hospitals. Face it honey, the CIA gave you your dream.

Madelyn grabs her crutches. Bill flinches. She stands up, starts walking to the cabin door. She stops, turns to Bill.

MADELYN

And you, you killed my father. I will never forgive you for that.

She walks away. Bill stands, looks at the crew, nods his head to the captain, the captain nods to the crewmember's, crew gets busy.

BILL

It's all in how you look at it.

Bill sips his whiskey, shakes his head. Madelyn opens the cabin door.

BILL (CONT'D)

Madelyn, get ready to go, a chopper is coming in to take us all to Texas. Be ready to leave in ten minutes.

MADELYN

No thanks, Bill. I'll take the boat back.

BILL

Honey, this boat was never here. I'm not asking you, I'm telling you, be ready in ten minutes.

Bill shoots his whiskey, rubs his head. He searches the sky. Sound of helicopter in distance.

The crew prepares to disembark. Stewards bring luggage top deck, another brings Madelyn up, struggling. Bill searches the sky. Chopping sound of helicopter gets louder.

A huge, Chinook transport helicopter hovers overhead, pushing water in outward waves around the boat. Life lifts are lowered. Everyone is lifted up, all board helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Bill shakes his index finger, signaling the pilot to go. The helicopter flies away from the yacht. Bill looks back, pushes a red button on a remote control.

EXT. YACHT IN PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Ariel view of the yacht adrift in the ocean. The boat EXPLODES.

INT. HELICOPTER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY - TRAVELING

BILL

Madelyn, you're either with us or
against us. You're gonna have to
choose -- soon.

Madelyn looks out the helicopter window. Chopping sound of helicopter blades. She glares at Bill. He looks away.

EXT. HELICOPTER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Madelyn's angry face is framed in the helicopter window. The helicopter flies away. Ariel view of helicopter, vast ocean, and burning yacht.

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE - HOUSTON, TEXAS - DAY

Ramp agents guide helicopter to landing pad, it lands gently. Passengers exit. Luxury Town Car pulls up to helicopter. Barbara exits car, waves to Bill.

Bill and Madelyn walk toward the car. Bill hugs his wife, enters passenger side. Madelyn walks by, zombie-like, gets in rear seat, slumps down like an angry teenager. Military men put luggage in trunk.

Barbara gets in drivers side, starts car, drives away.

INT. CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

BARBARA

How was y'all's trip?

She peers in the rearview mirror, sees Madelyn staring icily at Bill.

BILL

What's for dinner?

BARBARA

Okay then...

INT. ROTH HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill, Barbara, and Madelyn sit at a large dining table set with china, crystal, silver. Candles glow softly. A tiered chandelier illuminates traditional dining room furnished with Queen Anne table and chairs, paneled wainscot, sideboard, Aubusson rug.

There is a feast of food.

BILL

(chewing)

Mmmm, mmmm, honey this is delicious. Now this is a great steak! What do you think Madelyn? Nothing like feed'n on the fatted calf. You grew up on a cattle ranch, you know choice meat, what d'ya think?

Bill takes another bite, exaggerating enjoying it. An old Golden Retriever sits by Bill, gently sets a paw on Bill's thigh. Bill hands him a piece of steak. The dog gently takes it from Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)

Now see, even old King knows a good thing. Did you see how he took that steak? Gently, appreciatively, he knows not to bite the hand that feeds him.

He looks at Madelyn. She returns an angry smirk. Bill puts his fork down hard, shakes his steak knife as he chews and talks.

BILL (CONT'D)

We can dance around this issue all night, but I'm not in the mood to attend a masked ball. So let's cut the crap, Madelyn, you need to make a serious decision.

MADELYN

I told you, I'm through, that's it. I've had enough. I'm finished, Bill. I want change.

Bill swallows his food, laughs sarcastically. He sets his knife down, wipes his mouth, slaps the table with his hand.

BILL

Change? You want change? Well before you make that your final answer darl'n, let me spell out two or three things. You just listen, and then you sleep on it, 'cause you seriously underestimate the consequences of your current decision.

MADELYN

Bill, really, you need to listen.

Barbara touches Madelyn on the arm, pulls it gently. Madelyn turns to her. Barbara has a look of serious concern on her face, her eyes plead with Madelyn.

BARBARA

Madelyn, honey, just listen to Bill.

Madelyn looks at Barbara searchingly, her eyes scanning Barbara's face. Barbara pats Madelyn's hand and nods her head up and down.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Honey, just listen.

Madelyn looks at Bill, nods her head, rolls her hand toward Bill.

BILL

Madelyn, we go back a long time, but in reality, there's only the present; and right now, your at the crossroad of your future... we all are.

Bill slowly sips his wine, sets his glass down gently, looks at Madelyn.

BILL (CONT'D)

Madelyn, the agency wants you to work on an assignment, one that I believe only you can handle. Prince Nasir, second to the throne behind Sarraf, needs to move up a notch. The king doesn't have long, hell, none of us do.

Madelyn looks at Barbara, startled. Barbara forces a cracked smile, her facial expression says, I told you so.

BILL (CONT'D)

Sarraaf needs to go. This operation requires a lot of inside prep. If you do this, my freinds'll fund your foundation for fifty million dollars, upon completion, all or nothing.

Bill takes a sip of wine, leans in to Madelyn.

BILL (CONT'D)

I don't have to say, if you botch this, you won't need the money. If you complete it, you'll never need money again.

MADELYN

That region is unstable, this would light the fuse on a power keg. Why?

BILL

Let me spare you play'n the forty questions game. Prep and logistics ahead of you will be tops. We already have a rouge agent in place as a fall guy. Every angle of this is covered. This is --

MADELYN

Insane. This plan is so destabilizing it's --

BILL

Your only choice. If you don't do it, the agency will ruin you. Funding, hospitals -- gone!

MADELYN

I'm not --

BILL

That stupid. Madelyn, honey, these people aren't play'n around. You'll go down for Nkwatcha and Ruiz. They'll extradite you, and you know you won't make both trials.

MADELYN

I don't see where I have a choice.

BILL

You really don't. You're going to have to trust me, and I know you don't.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

This operation is going to be full of illusions, you won't be able to trust your heart, or what you think you see. You're gonna have to trust me.

MADELYN

That's asking a lot.

He looks at Madelyn, there is a sadness in his eyes.

BILL

Hon, the world's ugly, and the agency is the ugliest of all. I'm just the messenger darl'n, and the code of war has always been... don't shoot the messenger.

Madelyn sits in silent shock. Bill wipes his mouth, sets his napkin down, pushes his chair back, groans as he gets up. He walks around the table, hugs Barbara from behind, kisses her on the head.

BILL (CONT'D)

Honey, that was delicious. I love your cooking. I'd miss that second only to your smile. You ladies excuse me, I'm going to bed, I have a hell of a headache.

He walks toward the dining room doors, massaging his forehead, grimacing from pain, his back to Madelyn.

BILL (CONT'D)

Madelyn, sleep on it. It's either, you only have one decision to make. Make the right one.

Bill walks out, disappears up the stairs.

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

By tomorrow morning!

Madelyn rises from the table, Barbara lightly grabs her arm.

BARBARA

Let's talk for a while.

Madelyn sits down. Barbara pours them more wine. She raises her glass.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
 To the good times past. To the
 future... for better, and the worst
 to come.

Barbara looks away, holding back tears. Madelyn sets her
 glass down, moves closer to Barbara.

MADELYN
 Barbara, what's wrong? What's going
 on?

BARBARA
 (breaking down)
 Oh honey, it's Bill, he's not well,
 he has to get... he...

Madelyn hugs Barbara. Barbara cries on Madelyn's shoulder.

MADELYN
 Slow down, Barbara. Tell me what's
 going on.

BARBARA
 (tearfully)
 Bill's not well. He has a tumor, an
 inoperable brain tumor; it's making
 him like Jekyll and Hyde. And this
 mission in the Middle East, why he
 is even telling me about it, he
 never has tal --

Barbara stops mid sentence, composes herself, gets up, walks
 around the table, her closed hand bumping her mouth gently.
 She stops at Madelyn, puts her hands on Madelyn's shoulders.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
 Madelyn, Bill is right, there's no
 time. You need to believe how
 dangerous his friends are, or the
 agency, whoever. Honey, they'll
 take everything. If I were you, I --

Barbara looks up, exhales deeply, wipes her eyes.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
 I would take the offer. Bill will
 be dead within months, get out
 then. You can't say no. Take the
 money, get out, then you can save
 the children. Right now... save
 yourself.

Madelyn sits with a hollow stare.

I/E. MIKE'S CAR - MAGGIE VALLEY, N.C. - DAY - TRAVELING

Mike drives down Main Street, obviously lost, frustrated.

GPS VOICE (V.O.)
Turn right in one hundred feet.

Mike looks right, at a vertical mountainside. He drives on.

GPS VOICE (V.O.)
Recalculating... continue .2 miles,
then make a U-turn.

MIKE
You sound like a wife! How can you
get lost in this town? How did Pugh
ever end up in this hillbilly hell.

Mike pulls into a restaurant parking lot, stops.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - DAY

Mike dials a number on his cell phone. Sound of phone ringing.

GLORIA (V.O.)
Hey Mike, what's up?

MIKE
Need a favor, Gloria. I need a link
to our satellites, I'm driving in
circles here. You say Pugh is home?
Wherever that is.

GLORIA (V.O.)
Hang tight a second.
(a beat)
Should be linking up, and I'm
showing Dr. Pugh's cell phone and
computer at her house, in use now.

MIKE
Yeah, it's coming up. I'm going to
see Pugh. Thanks, Gloria. Oh,
Gloria, remember to unlink her
signals in a few minutes and block
any alarms. I'll be in touch.

Mike ends the call, pulls out of the parking lot, continues driving.

I/E. MIKE'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

GPS VOICE (V.O.)
Recalculating... drive 3.6 miles...

Mike drives through town, down winding roads, deeper into the Appalachian Mountains. He turns into a steep driveway draped with trees.

Reaching the top of the drive, Mike pulls up to Madelyn's stylish house perched atop the mountain.

MIKE
Nice place, I could live here.

He parks, holsters a pistol inside his jacket, looks in the mirror, runs a hand through his hair, pats the gun, exits the car.

EXT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - MAGGIE VALLEY, N.C. - DAY

Mike approaches the house, walking toward the rear. The mountains and his reflection are mirrored in the glass walls of the house.

MIKE
Hello! Dr. Pugh? Hello, is anyone home?

He taps on the rear door, waits. No answer. Peering through the window, he sees a cell phone and computer on a table near the window. A jumble of wires run from the devices into a black box, LED lights blink continuously.

MIKE (CONT'D)
In use... right.

Mike walks the perimeter of the house, calling for Dr. Pugh, looking in windows. He returns to the rear door, removes a lock pick from his jacket. He picks the lock, opens the door, enters the house.

INT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

MIKE
Hello! Dr. Pugh, Mike Anderson,
CIA, are you home?

Mike glances around the room, nodding his head in approval.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Nice house...

Mike walks through the great room, the kitchen, down the hall, examining nick-knacks as he goes. He enters Madelyn's bedroom, looks in bathroom, closets, opens drawers.

He picks up some of Madelyn's lingerie, nods in approval, puts them back, pushes the drawer shut... almost.

Mike returns to the great room, looks at pictures on the piano, picks up the one of Madelyn, her dad, and pet calf. He sets it back.

He walks around the room again. Presses keys on the piano, strums guitar as he passes. Mike sees the recorder, he pushes the play button.

Sound of mandolin playing, guitar begins to play along. Mike walks to the fireplace, examines fireplace details, runs his hand across the stones. On recorder, sound of a phone ringing, guitar stops, mandolin plays on.

MADELYN (V.O.)

Hello Bill.

Quickly Mike swings his head around, looking at the recorder.

MIKE

Hello indeed!

Mike walks to the recorder, smiling. He takes his phone and begins recording. The conversation gets to...

MADELYN (V.O.)

Bill, I don't know. I just don't feel like this --

BILL (V.O.)

This needs to happen. Ruiz is a hold-up to the good of his country, and to the children. He needs to go. What if they could put together nine million, do you think --

MADELYN (V.O.)

We could call it done.

MIKE

Oh yeah, so done! You are so done.

BILL (V.O.)

Great! That's my girl! The Independence Carnival is next month, hell of a lot of fun, noisy, lots of fireworks, and there's some great parasailing...

The recorded conversation continues. Mike smiles like a lottery winner. Recording ends. Mike presses stop button, calls Gloria.

MIKE

Gloria, Mike. I'm staying in North Carolina, I'm going to get a room. I'll be sending an encrypted file. I need you to locate Dr. Pugh and Bill Roth.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Will do, Mike.

Mike hangs up, walks to the door, opens it, turns and looks around the room.

MIKE

Oh yeah, Dr. Pugh, you could call it done alright.

He walks out, closes the door.

EXT. ROTH HOUSE - PATIO - DAY

Madelyn, Barbara, and Bill sit at a patio table, finishing brunch, lush garden and yard behind them. Man in dark suit takes their dishes.

BILL

Thanks, could we get another coffee.

Bill looks at Barbara, she nods. Madelyn puts her hand over her cup, shakes her head. The man leaves. Bill slaps his hand down on the table, startling Madelyn and Barbara.

BILL (CONT'D)

Well, Madelyn, just say yes or no, then we'll discuss any related details or questions.

Madelyn looks at Bill exasperated. There is extended silence. Bill drums his fingers on the table. Madelyn looks at Barbara, then at Bill.

MADELYN

Yes.

BILL

Well, that's my girl. You go first, questions?

MADELYN

How soon?

BILL

A month -- tops. Lot of up front work, and that foot of yours needs to heal. What else?

MADELYN

How fast can you get me home?

BILL

Today.

Madelyn gets up, sets her napkin on the table, gets on her crutches. Man returns with coffee, sets it down. Madelyn hobbles to the back door.

MADELYN

I'll be packing.

Madelyn enters the house. Bill looks at Barbara, pats her hand, smiles.

EXT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - MAGGIE VALLEY, N.C. - NIGHT

A cab pulls up to Madelyn's house. Madelyn exits cab, limps to the front door, opens the door, enters the house.

INT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Madelyn goes to the alarm control, it reads "Unarmed." Driver sets luggage down, Madelyn pays him, he exits. Madelyn, leaning on a crutch, looks around suspiciously.

She removes a pistol from her handbag, enters the great room, goes through the kitchen, walks down the hallway, enters her bedroom, notices dresser drawer slightly ajar. She opens the drawer.

Perfectly folded lingerie, except what Mike touched. She picks them up, looks around, tosses them back, closes the drawer. She walks to the great room, presses a stone on fireplace, a panel opens.

Six video screens are exposed. She presses a button. The screens show Mike inside and outside of her house. She watches.

Madelyn picks up her cell phone and calls Bill. Sound of phone ringing.

BILL (V.O.)
I didn't expect to hear from you so soon.

MADELYN
Anderson was here, in my house! Did you know that? He broke into my house! Did you authorize that?

BILL (V.O.)
Didn't know a thing about it. I'm going to Langley tomorrow, I'll arrange things. Chances are, he'll come back soon. Looks like you two get to meet again.

MADELYN
What are you going to arrange? What are you talking about?

BILL (V.O.)
I said you two would be good together. Mike's going to be your partner on the assignment.

MADELYN
What?

BILL (V.O.)
Yep. When he shows up, let him in, tell him whatever you want. Take down this number.

MADELYN
Bill --

BILL (V.O.)
Take down this number, don't worry about a thing.

Madelyn opens a small drawer, gets pen and paper.

MADELYN
Ready.

BILL (V.O.)
757-555-0007

Madelyn laughs.

MADELYN
Really, 007?

BILL (V.O.)
 Gotta have some fun with this job;
 look, when Mike shows up, mess with
 him a little, have fun, then dial
 that number and give Mike the
 phone, tell him Gloria will
 explain.

MADELYN
 What if --

BILL (V.O.)
 Let him in. Mess with him. Tell him
 whatever you want. Give him the
 phone. That's it, all you need to
 do. I gotta run, Barbara needs me.

Bill hangs up. Madelyn holds the phone away, looking at it,
 shrugs and hangs up.

MADELYN
 That's it? Mess with him. Oh, I
 will. Tell him anything I want to.
 How about the truth, that's
 stranger than fiction lately.

Madelyn goes to the wet bar, pours a drink, walks to sofa,
 plops down, sips her drink, grinning. She pushes her bangs
 out of her eyes.

MADELYN (CONT'D)
 Come on down, Mike Anderson! Your
 our next contestant...

She sips her whiskey, laughs, a little whiskey spills from
 her mouth, she blots her chin on her sleeve.

MADELYN (CONT'D)
 Mess with him anyway I want...
 okay.

INT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Madelyn plays the piano. Sound of doorbell. Madelyn limps to
 the front door. Mike is visible through the glass. Madelyn
 breaths in and exhales deeply.

MADELYN
 (Bob Fosse like)
 It's show time!

Madelyn opens the door.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Hi, Mike! How are you? Glad to see you. Sorry you wasted a trip to Porte Valerdera to see me, but here I am!

She throws her arms up, lowering them like a game show girl. Madelyn's excitement catches Mike off guard. Mike is speechless.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

What's wrong Mike? Cat got your tongue?

She grabs Mike's arm and pulls him into the house.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Come in, Mike... again.

Madelyn turns and limps toward the great room. She turns down the hallway, disappears into her bedroom.

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

I need to grab a jacket, go on in, make yourself at home, you know where everything is. I'll be right out.

Mike looks down the empty hall. He walks into the great room, stands bewildered, dubious. He pulls back his coat, pats his holstered gun.

INT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Madelyn opens her dresser drawer, pulls out the lingerie Mike touched, slips them on under her dress. She pulls her bangs down, grabs a light jacket.

INT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Mike is looking around the room.

MADELYN (O.S.)

I'll be right there Mike. Get something to drink, there's tea in the fridge.

Madelyn enters the room, sits by the window, facing in. She motions for Mike to sit in the chair across from her. Madelyn props a leg on the chair arm, her slit skirt rides up her thigh. Mike glances.

MADLYN (CONT'D)

Well, Mike, what's up? What is so
important that you would search the
whole world to come see
(fake Southern accent)
little ole me?

She fans her leg, a slight glimpse of her lingerie shows. Mike looks, then quickly glances out of the window behind Madelyn.

Madelyn twists around, as she leans forward, looking out the window, her buttock cheek peeks slightly out of her skirt. Quickly she turns to Mike, he is staring at her. Mike glances out the window.

MADLYN (CONT'D)

Caught you! Enjoying the view?
Aren't the mountains beautiful?

Madelyn turns around toward Mike, shifts a leg, Mike can see clearly up her skirt. He tries not to look. He tries to talk without stammering.

MIKE

Yeah, uh, it's beautiful here...
look, I need to ask you... ah --

Mike stops mid sentence. He eyes are looking down, at Madelyn's crotch. He looks up, Madelyn is smiling devilishly.

MADLYN

These are you favorite, aren't
they, Mike? You do like these the
best, right? Do you like them on me
too?

Mike stands up, runs a hand through his hair.

MIKE

Okay. I can tell --

MADLYN

Tell what, Mike?

Madelyn stands up, moves into Mike, looks up at his face. She's not playing games any longer.

MADLYN (CONT'D)

Can you tell I'm aware that you
broke into my house and played with
my panties?

She lifts her skirt slightly, swishing it side to side, like a little girl.

MADELYN (CONT'D)
 (sing-song voice)
 Mike's got a panty fetish. Do you
 want to touch them again?

Madelyn drops her skirt. Mike runs a hand through his hair, stands in silence, waiting. Madelyn brushes her bangs back.

MADELYN (CONT'D)
 Let's cut the crap! What do you
 want? What do you have to say to
 me? And if you need to see the
 video of you breaking into my
 house, rifling through my lingerie,
 I have it.
 (dramatically)
 Federal Agent Anderson, breaking
 the law... agent perv, hot on the
 tail!

Mike sits down, poker faced, silent. Madelyn limps toward the bar, Mike can't see the grin on her face.

MADELYN (CONT'D)
 You want a drink? I don't know
 about you, but I've had a rough
 week.

MIKE
 Yeah... ah, gin, please.

Mike remains silent. Madelyn pours drinks, goes to the back door, stands with a drink in each hand. She looks at Mike, she looks at the door.

MADELYN
 Can you get the door? You know how
 the lock works. Come on, Mike,
 let's sit outside and talk; so far
 you haven't shown any
 conversational skills.

Mike gets up, walks past Madelyn, his eyes fixed on her, shakes his head, grins. He opens the door, Madelyn exits. Mike stands in the doorway, watching Madelyn as she walks toward the patio set.

MADELYN (CONT'D)
 Hit play on the recorder would you,
 Mike.

(MORE)

MADELYN (CONT'D)

You know where that is too, and
leave the door open when you come
out.

Mike walks to the recorder, presses play. Jazz music plays.
Mike goes outside.

EXT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - PATIO - DAY

Mike and Madelyn sit at the patio table. Mike looks out at
the mountains.

MIKE

It is beautiful here.

He looks at Madelyn, smiles.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Everything is.

Madelyn fans her face, flutters her eyes, lowers her chin,
looks at Mike.

MADELYN

Aw shucks, I bet you tell all the
girls that.

They sip their drinks, stuck for words. Madelyn jumps in.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Tell me what you think you know. I
have some things to say too, so get
to the point.

MIKE

(clearing throat)

I think your a stone cold killer
that works for Bill Roth. I think
you killed Nkwatcha and Ruiz.

Madelyn nods her head, sips her drink.

MADELYN

Is that it? Any other suspicions?

MIKE

Not that concern me.

MADELYN

Do you have any proof that could
convict me, honestly, yes or no?

MIKE

No.

MADELYN

Let me give you some. I killed both Nkwatcha and Ruiz, others as well, and I don't work for Roth.

Madelyn slowly takes a sip of her drink.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

But you do.

Mike shows no emotion. He shoots his gin. He chokes on the shot, sets his glass down.

MIKE

Got any proof? Yes or no?

Mike shakes his head, coughs a little, still recovering from the gin shot. Madelyn laughs.

MADELYN

That you can't shoot alcohol? Yes, the fund raiser and now, you choke every time... didn't you go to college?

MIKE

(chagrined)

Yeah, I went to college... Bill Roth? Tell me about Roth.

MADELYN

Bill told me he works for the agency, and he's seeing how good you are, to get this close to his top assassin.

Madelyn sips her drink, she touches Mike's hand.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Oh, and he thinks we'd make a good team.

Mike stares at Madelyn, mouth slightly open. He reaches for his empty glass. Madelyn stands up.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Need another drink?

MIKE

How do I know you're not --

MADELYN

You don't, but Gloria does.

Madelyn picks up her phone, dials the number Bill gave her, tosses the phone into Mike's lap, she walks away. Mike picks up the phone. Sound of a phone ringing.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Hey Mike, surprise! Everything she's told you is true. Senior Agent Roth is right here. He said to listen to Dr. Pugh and be back in Virginia tomorrow. Bye Mike.

Mike puts the phone down, picks up his empty glass, looks at it, turns his head toward the house.

MIKE

Yes, I do need another drink.

Madelyn, smiling, returns with two bottles, refills their glasses, sits down. They pick up their glasses. Madelyn raises her glass toward Mike.

MADELYN

Well, Mike... who knew. To new adventures.

They toast.

MIKE

I was told to listen to you. What the hell is going on?

MADELYN

I'm sure you know my history, read any files. My father was an operative, I believe the agency killed him. Bill and Barbara, they're the only family I've had since I was a teenager.

She looks out at the mountains.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

And killing... well, killing is all I've ever known to get things done.

Madelyn looks down, holding back tears, her chin quivering. She looks at Mike.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

I don't want to do this any more.
I've told Bill, several times, he
said the agency would ruin me.
Mike, I have to do this next
mission.

Mike draws his head back, Madelyn sips her whiskey, tilts the
glass at Mike.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Oh, and by the way, you're my new
partner.

MIKE

In what?

MADELYN

To kill Prince Sarraf, so Nasir can
take the throne.

MIKE

Nasir take the throne? That's
starting World War III, literally.
Kill Sarraf, no way! I won't be
responsible for the death of
millions of people.

MADELYN

Bill said --

MIKE

I don't give a damn what Bill said!
You told me you don't work for
Roth. Who do you work for?

MADELYN

I really don't know anymore. It was
always Bill's friends with oil and
cattle interests, the money came
from them, or so I thought.

MIKE

I thought so.

Mike tilts his head back, looks at the sky, runs his hands
through his hair. He leans across the table to Madelyn.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Madelyn, I'm assigned as an expert
on Middle Eastern affairs, namely,
keeping peace.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

I've been investigating Ruiz and Nkwacha as part of Intel chatter about a possible coup in the Middle East.

Mike shoots his gin. He doesn't choke or grimace.

MIKE (CONT'D)

A coup that would stir up trouble on a global scale, trouble like you're talking about.

MADELYN.

Are you saying --

MIKE

I'm saying that your backers are the warmongers I've been tracking. They make billions perpetuating wars and rebellions. They've been using you for years to serve their self interests.

Madelyn looks down, hurt.

MADELYN

I've realized that, but I have to --

MIKE

Do the right thing, let one man live so that millions won't die. Sarraf is for peace. If Nasir takes the throne, he'll nuke the U.S. the next day. Nasir is hard-core crazy. Bill's plan is not going to happen.

Madelyn looks out at the mountains, sips her drink, titters, shakes her head.

MADELYN

One lives so millions won't die, the inverted creed I've lived by for years, one must die so many may live.

Mike looks puzzled. Madelyn holds up her hand, shaking her head at Mike. A don't ask gesture. She looks at Mike, gently holds his hand.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

So what do we do?

MIKE

About what, or who?

MADELYN
Saving Sarraf, saving the world...

She looks around, shoots her whiskey, slams her glass down on the table, pushes her bangs back.

MADELYN (CONT'D)
I told Bill I was through, and I am.

Mike raises his eyebrows, runs his hand through his hair, pours them both another shot. They both look out at the mountains in silence. Mike turns to Madelyn.

MIKE
How did you shoot Ruiz? I have to know.

Madelyn leans in to Mike, she laughs, gives Mike a flirtatious smile.

MADELYN
Are you going to arrest me?

MIKE
My mission is to keep peace in the Middle East, as I see it, mission half accomplished.

They toast and shoot their shots.

MADELYN
I hate to talk shop at home, but Ruiz, that's a great story...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VA. - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill and the DIRECTOR are in a stately office. The director, 60s, full head of gray hair, wearing a dark blue suit, white starched shirt, with a tasteful red tie. He has a small American flag pin on his lapel. A patriot.

Pictures of the director with world dignitaries line the office walls. Director walks toward a lighted glass wall with shelves stocked with liquor. He walks past the pictures, pauses, looks at pictures of him with Ruiz and Nkwatcha.

DIRECTOR
Damn, I hate losing these allies, this is the kind of crap that can't happen again. Bill, we've got to stop this.

He shakes his head, goes to the shelves of liquor, pours drinks. He walks back to his desk, gives Bill a drink, sits down. Bill sits across the desk in a plush leather chair.

BILL

I'll see to it myself. I'll be in the Middle East to oversee everything. I'm putting my operative with agent Anderson.

DIRECTOR

Don't let them trust each other, make sure the right hand doesn't know what the left hand is doing. The stakes in this operation are too high, and I'm not sure if we have a rouge or mole among us.

BILL

They think they're on separate missions, and I have an idea of who may have gone rouge.

DIRECTOR

You don't think Ander --

BILL

No, no, no, but give me some time, give me some room on this one. I may have to sail into uncharted waters, do some things not quite aboveboard.

The director holds his hand up to Bill, nodding.

DIRECTOR

Great Bill, handle it; just don't let Sarraf come to harm, or better, don't let Nasir come to the throne. Do what you have to.

Bill finishes his drink.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You want another one? My wife says everyone in this business drinks too much... I'm not sure how else we would sleep at night.

BILL

No, I'm good.

Bill gets up, shakes the director's hand, walks to the door, opens it, pauses, turns back to the director.

BILL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I've got a plan. I'll be leaving for the Middle East in a few days. I'll need a week to set things up, but I need to say goodbye to Barbara tonight.

Bill exits, closes the door.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

Bill walks down the long hallway sporting an iniquitous grin.

EXT. LEARJET - ABOVE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY - TRAVELING

The ocean sparkles below the Learjet. The jet banks hard left, gleaming in the sun.

INT. LEARJET CABIN - ABOVE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Typical corporate jet cabin, six plush leather seats, small tables for work or play. Mike sits, smiling. Madelyn moves to a seat close to him.

MIKE

This sure beats coach and business class, how much money do you make?

MADELYN

It's a time share, the foundation pays for it. I couldn't afford to hangar this thing; but it does get to remote places fast and efficiently... plus yeah, isn't it cool?

MIKE

Sold me.

MADELYN

Though it would.

MIKE

Look, Madelyn, speaking of efficient, can we discuss the mission. Roth has been there a week, he sent Intel that doesn't match yours, we're gonna have to work around him.

MADELYN

How are we going to keep Sarraf safe from Bill?

MIKE

Getting around the palace is one problem, making sure we have the right prince -- now that's the challenge.

MADELYN

Aren't Nasir and Sarraf identical twins?

MIKE

They're nearly impossible to tell apart, and with the threat of a coup, they'll both be using body doubles. We need to know without a doubt we're watching Sarraf.

MADELYN

Fingerprints?

MIKE

Only sure thing, but there's none on file. I'll have to lift a set at the banquet. Once we identify Sarraf, we won't let him out of our sights until he's crowned. This could be like betting on a shell game.

MADELYN

Sarraf's the first born, doesn't he take the throne by birth right?

MIKE

They have all kinds of laws of succession that circumvent everything, and once that crown is laid on a head, any head, they're the king.

Mike leans back in his seat, closes his eyes, gets comfortable.

MIKE (CONT'D)

But now, I'm going to get in some quality think about it time, and get on another time zone.

Mike dozes off. Madelyn reads her Nook. A flying insect buzzes past her, lands on the cabin ceiling.

Three ants walk cabin floor edge, one goes into the cockpit, one to the rear cabin, the other climbs Madelyn's seat.

Another flying insect lands on Madelyn's arm, it bites her. She swats, misses, grunts in disapproval. Mike awakens.

MADELYN

Damn it, they're supposed to fumigate these jets before each flight, this thing is swarming with bugs.

MIKE

What kind of bugs?

Madelyn rubs her arm, shows Mike the bite mark.

MADELYN

Mosquitoes, one bit me.

Mike laughs, picks up his laptop, starts typing.

MIKE

(bad French accent)

Ah, mon sheri, these are special bugs.

Mike turns the laptop toward Madelyn. Screen shows jet cockpit, cabin, and storage bays.

MADELYN

You mean these little pests are --

MIKE

Drones, insect drones, highly sophisticated stuff, check this out.

Mike types, shows Madelyn the screen. Onscreen the pilots are talking. Mike types again. Screen shows Mike and Madelyn in cabin.

MIKE (CONT'D)

They fly, walk, listen, and see. They'll be our eyes and ears inside the palace.

Madelyn rubs her arm.

MADELYN

And the one that bit me?

Mike types again, hands Madelyn the computer. Screen shows Madelyn's picture, personal files, and DNA profile.

MIKE

It took your DNA and put it in my computer, it could have just as easily given you an injection of some type.

Mike shows Madelyn where the drone released blood sample for analysis.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We can use DNA to narrow down the real Sarraf and Nasir, weed out the doubles. It's very difficult to precisely ID twins from DNA.

MADELYN

Cool technology! Guess there's not time for methylation tests.

MIKE

Time is of essence, tomorrow night you'll release the drones at the banquet.

MADELYN

Banquet? Ha! That's a joke. I won't be getting in there, it's men only in that country.

MIKE

Oh, I got you in, you'll see. Once you're in you can place the drones.

MADELYN

You don't think anyone will notice?

Flying insect drone buzzes past Madelyn's face, lands on her arm. It looks just like an insect. Madelyn looks at Mike, smiling.

MIKE

They're computer guided, and no, no one will notice another fly or ant, the country is full of them.

MADELYN

Brings bugging the place to a whole new level.

Suddenly the jet JOLTS, lights flicker, engines slow down. Mike and Madelyn look at each other. The PILOT sticks his head out of the cockpit.

PILOT

That wasn't turbulence. We seem to be having some bugs with the electrical systems.

He returns to the cockpit. Madelyn looks at Mike questioningly.

MADELYN

Bugs?

Mike shrugs.

MIKE

Not mine.

The jet JOLTS again. Cabin lights go out. Dim emergency lights come on. Pilot comes out. He is nervous.

PILOT

We've lost the navigational computers, the main frame has overridden manual controls, it's telling the engines to use half power... and to shut down completely in twenty minutes. I have no idea what's going on.

He turns to go back into the cockpit, gets to the door, stops, turns to Madelyn and Mike.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Prepare for the worst.

MIKE

How far can we make it?

PILOT

Don't know, probably over water, miles out, maybe over land; but there's no way we're making an airport. We're slowly losing altitude... we're going down.

The pilot returns to the cockpit. Cabin lights flicker, engines moan, jet shudders. Mike looks at Madelyn. Their eyes lock. Mike moves toward Madelyn.

MIKE

There's no way I'm dying before I kiss you.

He leans in, softly kisses Madelyn, building to a passionate kiss. They break the kiss.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm ready to die now, but while I'm still alive...

He kisses Madelyn again. A voice is heard from Mike's computer. They look down. Bill is onscreen, smiling.

BILL

Well, it's about time you two kissed.

Cabin lights come on, engines return to full power, jet smooths out. Pilot comes out, shrugs, gives a thumbs up, returns to the cockpit. Madelyn and Mike look at Bill onscreen.

BILL (CONT'D)

Insect drones aren't the only technologies available. I could have flown this jet into the palace or the ocean. Remember, this mission will be completed as assigned.

Madelyn and Mike look at each other, they look at the screen.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'll let you two get back to what you were doing, once you realized the important things in life. Just wanted to remind you of who's in charge.

Bill smiles and salutes. Laptop screen goes black. Madelyn and Mike look at each blankly. Madelyn slides into Mike's lap. They begin kissing.

MADELYN

Tell me, what was the bug up my skirt supposed to do?

MIKE

I wanted to show how they can attach themselves to --

MADELYN

Uh-huh... I'm feeling an attachment now.

They kiss. Madelyn draws away, looks at Mike.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

One of the perks of a private jet
is the ease of membership into the
mile high club.

They smile. They begin kissing passionately.

INT. MIDDLE EAST - ROYAL PALACE - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

Large domed room, decorated as a Moroccan tent. Persian rugs, pillow lounges, exotic foods, Arabic music plays. Unfazed stunt camels stand in sand under huge potted palms, chewing their cud.

From all corners belly dancers emerge. Their bedlah's are timelessly seductive. They sparkle as they shake. Their faces, wrapped in a bukruk, reveal only their eyes. Male guests become more alert, happy, aroused.

Bill and Mike sit with PRINCE SARRAF, the epitome of tall, dark, and handsome. He wears a bisht with the kingdom's royal colors, his good looks and attire make him look like the prince he is.

Palace guards are everywhere, security is high. Several dancers surround the group of men. Security men stand ready. Sarraf raises his golden goblet to Bill and Mike.

SARRAF

(Middle Eastern accent)

Welcome to my country. I arranged
this banquet in your honor, so you
can see our old and new customs,
and perhaps, Mr. Anderson --

MIKE

Please, prince, call me Mike, it's
just Mike.

SARRAF

Yes of course, and perhaps, Mike,
you will find someone special here,
our women are wonderful wives; it's
not good for a man to be without a
wife, if not many.

The men laugh. Several women dance around the group, each pausing in front of the men, one performs for Mike and Sarraf.

As she dances, she locks eyes with Mike. Her sparkling brown eyes are familiar. It's Madelyn. As she bows, she releases an ant drone. She moves on.

SARRAF (CONT'D)

Now she is exotic. Her eyes are,
how you say... kills me.

The prince slaps his forehead, shoots a liquor shot, throws his head back, laughing. He sets the crystal shot glass down. An ant drone attaches to the inside of Sarraf's thawb.

BILL

Now I have to agree with you there,
Prince Sarraf, she does have a
killer's eyes.

Mike cuts his eyes at Bill.

MIKE

You know, Prince Sarraf, I bet
there is a woman here that would
make a great wife.

Bill smiles at Mike. Bill and Mike shoot their liquor, set the glasses down, Mike palms Sarraf's shot glass, puts it in his pocket.

SARRAF

I am sorry your colleague, Dr.
Pugh, could not join us, but it is
our custom.

The prince gestures to the all male gathering.

MIKE

Oh, she's here, if only in spirit

BILL

Don't worry about Dr. Pugh, nothing
gets past her... usually.

Bill leans close to Mike, whispering.

BILL (CONT'D)

I haven't seen so many men dressed
in robes since we investigated the
Klan.

Bill laughs at his own joke. He leans to Mike.

BILL (CONT'D)

By the way, you two are going to be
watching the wrong prince.

Madelyn dances around the room, releasing ant drones near Sarraf's security captain and advisors. Several flying insects are placed in potted trees.

Madelyn dances before NASIR, except for his clothing, he looks just like Sarraf. Her every move is scrutinized by Nasir's security men. She dances and moves on, not daring to release any drones.

Sarraf signals for more drinks, turns to Mike and Bill.

SARRAF

You will excuse my absence tomorrow, but I must visit my father, who as you know is not well, he is dying.

BILL

Of course, we'll get with you tomorrow evening to discuss business. Please, give the king my regards.

The dancers exit. The feast continues. Mike gets a text from Gloria, it reads, "insects online/on the move." Bill leans in to Mike.

BILL (CONT'D)

You'll be watching the wrong prince.

Mike rolls his eyes, drops his jaw, shakes his head. Bill throws his hands up.

BILL (CONT'D)

Just say'n.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - SARRAF RECEIVING ROOM - DAY

Room is modern Arabic design with tapestries, Persian rugs, golden embellishments. Sarraf and Nasir are pacing the floor, arguing.

NASIR

(exact voice of Sarraf)
You are my brother, but I will not let you open our country to foreigners and Western ways.

SARRAF

Like education for our women?

NASIR

Like marriage to foreigners, you dilute our culture, and you cower to the U.S.

Sarraaf stops pacing, looks at Nasir, touches his shoulder.

SARRAF
 Brother, let us go and see our
 father, he grows weak.

NASIR
 As does our country.

They exit the room.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY

Sarraaf heads down the hallway, Nasir stands at the door looking at him. Nasir turns and walks in the opposite direction.

NASIR
 I will come, I must make a call.

The men walk away.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - KING'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Chamber is large, plush, befitting a king. It contains state of the art medical equipment, a private, in-house hospital room.

Sarraaf sits by the bed, holding his father's hand. The king is unresponsive, but his eyes are alert. The doctor adjusts the breathing ventilator.

SARRAF
 Father, I worry about my brother,
 he seeks to undo all you have done
 for our country. He seeks a world
 war. He is crazy.

The doctor looks at Sarraaf, his look is not agreeable to Sarraaf's words.

Chamber doors open, NASIR'S DOUBLE enters, seems distracted. Sarraaf stands to greet him. Nasir double motions for the doctor and nurse to leave. Doctor adjusts the ventilator, then exits with nurse.

SARRAF (CONT'D)
 Are you alright my brother? You
 seem disturbed.

NASIR DOUBLE

I did not receive the news I wished to hear, and it upsets me to be near father like this.

King stares at Nasir double, looking at him with discontent. Sarraf notices his father's stare.

NASIR DOUBLE (CONT'D)

Here father lies, close to death, while you entertain infidels in his palace. It is a disgrace. If I were king I would expel all foreigners, and I would destroy all infidels.

SARRAF

You would start World War III.

NASIR DOUBLE

In Allah's name.

SARRAF

Allah would not allow such things as you talk about.

NASIR DOUBLE

Allah told me to do these things, he speaks to me.

SARRAF

Has he told you that you are crazy? Besides, I am heir to the throne.

Flying insect drone buzzes about the room, lands on Nasir's double, bites his hand, flies away. Nasir double swats, scratches his hand, looks at Sarraf with anger.

NASIR DOUBLE

Your infidel friends have brought flies to the palace, for they are dung.

SARRAF

My brother, they are business associates.

Ant drone attempts to get to Nasir double's robe, as Nasir double turns, he unknowingly steps on the drone.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - MADELYN'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY

Madelyn watches as small video screen goes fuzzy, others show palace under surveillance from drones.

MADELYN

Drone down.

Monitor shows flying drone at Madelyn's door. She goes to the door, opens it. Drone enters, flies to the computer, deposits blood sample. Madelyn puts fresh syringe and barrel in drone.

Computer beeps, Madelyn looks at screen, DNA profile is up. It is not Nasir's DNA. Madelyn calls Mike on her radio.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Mike, we have some problems developing.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - KING'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Sarraf and Nasir double continue arguing.

SARRAF

Brother, you talk nonsense, crazy talk. As king I will do nothing to weaken our country, our people; but we must live and do business in the 21st century.

Nasir double walks to Sarraf, puts his hand on Sarraf's shoulders, kisses his cheek.

NASIR DOUBLE

Brother, let us not fight.

He smiles at Sarraf. He presses his ring into Sarraf's neck, releasing a powerful sedative into Sarraf's bloodstream.

Sarraf, eyes wide, looks at who he thinks is his brother, he becomes woozy.

NASIR DOUBLE (CONT'D)

To take the throne you must be sworn in within one hour of the king's death, our laws dictate immediate passage of power. If you are missing, Nasir will become king.

SARRAF

(spacey)
When I come back...

Sarraf passes out.

NASIR DOUBLE

Who said you were coming back.

The king watches, his eyes darting about, his body motionless. Nasir double presses a stone on the wall, secret door behind the tapestry opens. Two men enter, undress Sarraf, drag him into a secret passage.

Nasir double puts on Sarraf's clothes. A double for Nasir enters. The king's eyes, filled with fear, focus on Sarraf's double.

SARRAF DOUBLE

Your son Nasir will become the king and rid the country of your Western plagues. He will rid the world of all infidels.

Sarraf double turns off the ventilator. The king's eyes are open wide, darting side to side, silently screaming. The king dies. Sarraf's double turns ventilator back on. Both doubles exit the king's chambers.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - SECRET CHAMBER - DAY

Nasir stands across the room from Sarraf, two guards stand by Sarraf. The room is thick stone, no windows, Spartan, and unknown.

NASIR

I have no intention to harm you my brother, I only want the throne.

Sarraf looks at Nasir, he sways from drowsiness.

SARRAF

This won't work.

NASIR

But it is working, in less than one hour I will be king, you will still be missing, unnoticed by your own guards and your Western friends. After I am king, you will be sent to the far corner of my kingdom, to live comfortably, and unseen.

SARRAF

My brother, you are mad.

NASIR

And about to be king.

Nasir exits the secret chamber.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - MADELYN'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY

Madelyn and Mike watch surveillance screens.

MADELYN

I'm losing track of who's who. I only see one Sarraf and Nasir at a time. I've lost the imposter.

MIKE

I said it was going to be a shell game. We need some solid proof of who's Sarraf, and soon.

Madelyn watches a screen showing Nasir's chamber. Nasir double is complaining to security man about Sarraf's Western ways.

Other screens show guarded throne room and hallways leading to the throne room. All seems in order.

MADELYN

I wish we could get back into the king's chamber.

There's a knock on the door. Mike opens the door. Nasir, posing as Sarraf, enters the room, his head down. Madelyn enters the parlour, she looks at Mike.

NASIR

Forgive me, I do not like to see my father in his condition.

MADELYN

How is he?

NASIR

Weak, the doctor has adjusted his ventilator, but I worry.

MIKE

Prince Sarraf, with the stakes so high, and with Nasir's trickery, we need to know for sure it is you that will take the throne. We need to stay with you until you are crowned, we're here to protect you.

NASIR

Of course my friends, I understand. How can I help you?

MADELYN

A DNA test and a fingerprint scan.

NASIR

Of course.

Madelyn goes into bedroom, returns with a medical kit and her laptop. She takes blood sample from Nasir, does a fingerprint scan. Nasir is confident.

Results come up on-screen. The DNA matches Sarraf and Nasir, as expected. The fingerprints match Sarraf's prints Mike lifted from the shot glass.

Mike smiles, relieved. Madelyn shrugs at Mike.

MADELYN

It looks like he's our prince.

NASIR

There, we are all now sure it is me, even with technology, fingerprints are still the key to the truth.

MIKE

Prince Sarraf, I'm sorry for any doubts, you know we back your plans for peace and change, world leaders needed to be sure.

NASIR

I understand, Mr. Anderson.

Mike glances at Madelyn.

NASIR (CONT'D)

And we know, my brother would not tolerate peace and the world's different beliefs from his. He calls you infidels. But, Mr. Anderson --

MIKE

Please, prince, call me Mike.

Nasir looks at Mike, shakes his head.

NASIR

I am not used to your Western informalities, Mr. Anderson.

Madelyn glances at Mike.

NASIR (CONT'D)

As I was saying, Mr. Anderson, I am not like my brother, I will learn to adjust to the different ways and cultures of the world.

Madelyn and Mike look at each other, Mike shakes his head.

Doctor and security guards hastily enter the room.

DOCTOR

The king is dead.

NASIR

But you just adjusted his breathing apparatus. What have you done?

SECURITY

You must come, we have no king, word will spread.

Madelyn tries to buy time.

MADELYN

Prince Sarraf, would you mind if I run a methylation test on your DNA? I... uh... I just want to be sure.

Nasir looks at Madelyn, piqued and insulted. He stays composed.

NASIR

Dr. Pugh, it is time for me to be crowned, you know our laws, I must go now. I am sorry that you doubt me, but you have the fingerprints. I must go.

Nasir and security men head toward the door, Nasir stops, turns to Madelyn.

NASIR (CONT'D)

If it is any consolation, Dr. Pugh, we also conduct our own tests to ensure that an acceptable man is crowned king.

He turns to leave.

Suddenly, Bill rushes into the room, security men stiffen. Bill hold his hands up waist high, palms out. He is cool and calm.

BILL

Good, you're all here. I have word there's danger. We need to stay here for just a couple of minutes, until it is safe.

As he talks, Bill releases insect drones. No one notices.

BILL (CONT'D)

I was notified there's men from your own security, Prince Sarraf, that are lurking, hiding between here and the throne room. They want to stop you from becoming king.

The security men look at each other, exposing their necks. Drones sting security men and doctor, all rub their necks. Mike looks at Madelyn. Madelyn looks at Bill forebodingly.

BILL (CONT'D)

I was sent to ask you to wait a few minutes while the corridors are given a security sweep, and hopefully, Prince Sarraf, we can find those who oppose you.

The security men and the doctor collapse, unconscious. Bill pulls his gun on Nasir.

BILL (CONT'D)

Don't move Nasir.

Bill looks at Madelyn.

BILL (CONT'D)

Do it Madelyn, complete the mission. Kill him.

MADELYN

Bill, this is Sarraf, not Nasir, we did tests and have his fingerprints. I'm not going to do it, Bill.

BILL

Kill him, Madelyn, or the agency will destroy you.

MADELYN

The agency has nothing to do with your plan. You and your warmonger friends want Sarraf dead so there will be war. It's not going to happen.

Bill is unaware that Mike has a pistol aiming at him. Nasir stands still and silent.

BILL
Madelyn, finish the job... or I will.

MIKE
Agent Roth, put your gun down.

Bill looks at Mike, still holding his gun on Nasir. Madelyn looks at Bill, pleadingly. Nasir remains calm.

BILL
You're both disobeying orders, you've got the wrong man; this man is Nasir.

Bill looks at Madelyn, his tone and demeanor are calm, soothing.

BILL (CONT'D)
Madelyn, one must die so that many may live.

MADELYN
One doesn't die, many do.

MIKE
Agent Roth, please, drop your gun... now. Bill, please, drop the gun.

Nasir still remains calm, he looks at Bill, then at Mike. Bill looks at Madelyn.

BILL
Madelyn, you have the wrong man. This is why I wanted you to kill who you thought was Sarraf.
(a beat)
Darl'n, you gotta trust me, not your eyes, not your heart.

Madelyn looks at Mike, her eyes searching.

BILL (CONT'D)
Hon, I know this isn't your MO, he's not sleeping, but --

MIKE
But it is mine.

Mike pulls the trigger. Bill pulls the trigger. Nasir drops, alive but wounded. Bill falls to the floor, a blood stain expands on the chest of his shirt. Mike slowly lowers his gun, picks Bill's gun up.

Madelyn, shocked, looks at Mike. She rushes and kneels by Bill. Bill is murmuring, he takes Madelyn's hand.

BILL

That's my girl, knew you would do the right thing... my phone... get my phone.

MADELYN

Why did you do this?

Bill gasps. He puts Madelyn's hand on his coat, she removes his phone. Blinking on-screen is the word, "Transfer." With a bloody finger, Bill presses send button.

Madelyn looks at Bill with sadness. Screen reads, "transfer in progress."

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Bill...

Screen reads, "transfer complete, fifty million dollars. Bill smiles at Madelyn. Madelyn looks at Bill, a tear rolls down her cheek, she wipes it with her backhand.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Why?

BILL

For you, for Barbara, for me... for the world.

Mike kneels beside Bill and Madelyn.

MIKE

You were the rouge fall guy. You wanted me to kill you, you knew Madelyn wouldn't kill again.

Bill turns to Madelyn.

BILL

I wasn't rouge. In the agency you never know the real truth... that man is Nasir... look at screen... Sarraf, bugs, I put bugs.

Bill nods at Madelyn's computer. Madelyn looks, onscreen is Sarraf and two passed out guards inside the secret chamber.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Save Sarraf... Nasir's
 fingerprints... latex caps... fake,
 get Sarraf.

Bill coughs, his eyes roll, he looks at Madelyn.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Don't be mad at Mike, he saved me
 the suffering... the tumor... death
 is... my way out.

Bill coughs, grabs Madelyn and Mike's hands, puts them on top
 of each other, pats their hands, his blood runs down all of
 their hands. He smiles. His head drops. Bill is dead. Nasir
 looks down, thoughtfully.

Chamber doors burst open, Nasir's guards rush in, brandishing
 machine guns. Nasir raises his hand to guards, they stop,
 lower their guns.

NASIR
 It is all right. Go, get my brother
 Sarraf, bring him to the throne.
 Let us keep peace in our world.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY

Madelyn and Mike hastily follow guards through the halls,
 they enter the kings chamber. Security man presses the stone
 on the wall, opening the secret door. They all enter.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - SECRET CHAMBER - DAY

Passed out guards are zip-tied. Sarraf rises, security men
 bow to Sarraf. Sarraf hugs and kisses the cheeks of Mike and
 Madelyn.

SARRAF
 Mike! My friend, you found me.
 Nasir, is he...

MIKE
 He's okay. We need to get you ready
 to take the throne, and we're
 running out of time.

All exit chamber.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY

High council, dressed in ceremonial thawbs, are waiting. Sarraf, Mike, and Madelyn come to them. They begin walking down the hallway, security men hold Mike and Madelyn back. Sarraf returns to Mike and Madelyn.

SARRAF
 Sorry my friends, you cannot enter
 the throne room.

Sarraf puts his hand on Mike's shoulders, he stares at Mike for a moment.

SARRAF (CONT'D)
 You have done a great thing for
 peace, for the world. I shall see
 you again as king. Thank you, Mike.

Sarraf kisses Mike's cheeks. Sarraf and others enter throne room.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

Throne room is large, ornate, filled with artifacts of the country's history. A golden throne sits in the center, beneath a stained glass dome. Golden ceremonial artifacts surround the throne.

Sarraf sits on the throne. COUNCIL LEADER has just crowned Sarraf. He backs away from the throne, bowing, his long beard nearly touches the floor. All in room bow.

COUNCIL LEADER
 My king, how may I serve you.

SARRAF
 Bring my brother, Nasir, before me.

INT. ROTH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Room is eclectic mix of antiques, an expensive, tastefully decorated room. Barbara and Madelyn sit on the couch, having tea. Madelyn holds Barbara's arm comfortingly.

MADELYN
 Barbara, I'm so sorry. I'm worried
 about you.

BARBARA

Honey, don't be, I'm fine. I have Bill's benefits and retirement, and I received a little gift from King Sarraf.

Barbara sticks her hand out, shows Madelyn an enormous bejeweled ring. Barbara whispers to Madelyn.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

It has a matching brooch and bracelet too. But really honey, I'm fine. I just miss Bill.

Barbara looks down, breathes a deep sigh, looks at Madelyn, holds her hand.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I know this sounds awful, but I understand why Bill wanted to be cremated, it really did save the grief of a funeral. Besides, who really were Bill's friends?

MADELYN

Barbara, if you need anything.

Madelyn pats Barbara's hand excitedly.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

You know, I could put you on the board of the foundation, it would keep you busy.

BARBARA

I'm going to travel, live in new places. When Bill went on his confessional spree he told me a lot of things I had suspected. I just want a new life, one with truth in it.

Barbara smiles at Madelyn, Madelyn drops her head, nodding.

MADELYN

Me too.

BARBARA

I found out three percent of the profits from every business venture Bill opened doors for has been accumulating for decades, they call it his insurance policy.

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I'm a very wealthy woman, but I appreciate your concern.

MADELYN

At least there's a light in all this darkness. I still can't understand some of Bill's actions, even with the tumor. I just wish I knew the truth.

BARBARA

I know you've been through a lot, but there are some things I need to share with you, truths Bill had to carry to his grave, but there's no way I can.

Madelyn sits upright, bracing herself.

MADELYN

After all we've been through, what could shock me now?

Barbara gracefully sips her tea, gently sets the porcelain cup down, looks at Madelyn, holds her hand.

BARBARA

Bill was your father.

Madelyn is stunned, her mouth agape.

MADELYN

Ah... ah, what?... I didn't see that one coming. All these years... why... why didn't anyone...

Madelyn runs out of words. Barbara squeezes Madelyn's hand. They sit in silence. Madelyn looks around, unable to focus on any one thing, unable to cry.

BARBARA

Honey, there's more.

Madelyn looks at Barbara somewhat frightened.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Bill and your mother were having an affair... oh, it was more than that, they were in love for years.

Barbara looks away, catching a tear with her finger. She looks at Madelyn, pushes Madelyn's bangs back from her eyes.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Bill was going to leave me for your mother. I wasn't able to have children. Bill did lead your fath -- Mr. Pugh, down a dangerous path to his death.

Barbara looks away, wipes her tears.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Bill couldn't do it, he couldn't leave me. Your mother was so distraught.

Barbara rubs Madelyn's shoulder.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

That's why she committed sui -- oh honey, you know the story from there. I'm so sorry to tell you all of this.

Barbara and Madelyn sit in silence. Madelyn is emotionless.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Oh, Madelyn, I'm sorry.

MADELYN

My entire life has been a deception, everything, by everyone. I believed --

BARBARA

In yourself, and Bill knew that. Everyone was living their own lies, it's just how people in the agency live, lies are the only truth they have, he didn't want to hurt you.

Madelyn laughs, she finally cries, wipes the tears away with her backhand.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Bill wanted you to pursue your dream. He set up the Middle East project to get you out, that's why he did all the strange things, to get you out.

Barbara hugs Madelyn.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Your free now, you don't exist to
them, no more lies, you can go and
live your own life now.

Barbara gets up, walks to an antique desk, removes a letter.
She walks to Madelyn, hands her the letter.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
This is from Bill.

MADELYN
What is it?

BARBARA
I don't know.

Madelyn opens the envelope, removes a letter. It reads:

BILL (V.O.)
Madelyn, I'm sure by now Barbara
has told you all she knows. I'm
sorry for the secrecy, nature of
the game. Regardless, it was your
mother's wish that I never tell you
while I was alive. I honored her
wish.

Madelyn wipes her eyes with her backhand, continues to read.

BILL (V.O.)
Give Mike a chance, he's a
gentleman, and you'll find that you
both share the same dreams. I
handpicked him for you a long time
ago. Go, live, follow your heart.
Love, Bill, your father.

A tear drops from Madelyn's eye, it lands on the word father.
The ink smears, the word father becomes blurred.

INT. MADELYN'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Madelyn and Mike lay in front of the fireplace, sharing wine,
a warm fire glows behind them, many candles are lit. It is
romantic.

MADELYN
What are you going to do now that
you've quit the agency?

MIKE

Follow my passion, use my college degree to help children.

Madelyn props herself up on an elbow, looks at Mike with curiosity.

MADELYN

Doing what? Do you want to teach?

Mike pushes her hair back from her face, he cups her face gently in his hand, Madelyn tilts her head into his hand, smiling. Mike gently laughs.

MIKE

No, I'm actually a pediatric nurse practitioner. I just got sidetracked in life, I think you understand that.

MADELYN

I didn't know that, I would have never guessed.

MIKE

Yeah, well, I guess we've been so busy living our lives killing people, we forgot that our passion is to save them.

Madelyn cuddles up to Mike, fascinated and intrigued by her new discovery.

MADELYN

What got you interested in pediatrics?

MIKE

I joined the Marines after high school. Over time I worked in counter intelligence, many times along side the CIA.

Mike chuckles, sips his wine.

MIKE (CONT'D)

During my tours in the Middle East I saw a lot of hurt children, damaged for life from the indiscriminate carnage of war. It pulled at my heart. After the Marines I went to college.

MADELYN

And you ended up in the CIA how?

MIKE

Same way you did. I didn't recognize the devil when I made a deal with him. I did some work for them while I was in school, they convinced me to come work with them after graduation, and I did, and here I am, out of work, looking for a job.

Madelyn sits up, beaming with infatuation.

MADELYN

I love this story! I had no idea.

Madelyn sets down her wine glass, moves close to Mike, alluringly gazing at him.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

I know where you can find a job, but it has conditions... and a catch.

Mike rolls his eyes playfully.

MIKE

Don't they all. And where can I find this job?

MADELYN

With me. Come work with the foundation. But I told you, it has a catch.

MIKE

What's the catch?

MADELYN

You.

Madelyn kisses Mike. They embrace, lay back, kissing passionately. The fire glows behind them. Madelyn suddenly pulls away, sits up, looks at Mike.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Mike, will you marry me?

Mike sits up, surprised, smiling. He pulls Madelyn in, kisses her. She draws back.

MADELYN (CONT'D)

Was that a yes?

Mike nods. They slowly lay back. A log in the fireplace POPS, glowing embers look like miniature fireworks. They kiss.

INT. CHURCH - MAGGIE VALLEY, N.C. - DAY

Mike and Madelyn break from a kiss, standing at an alter. Madelyn in a gorgeous bridal gown, the train flowing down the alter steps. Mike is handsome in his tuxedo.

Wedding guests clap for the newlyweds. Mike and Madelyn turn, walk toward the rear doors of the church.

Walking down the aisle they pass, among others, Barbara, King Sarraf, Susan, Dr. Potonik, Leja, and Larisa.

Larisa is beaming with joy. Her white lace dress and smile make her look angelic. Madelyn stops at Larisa, pulls a flower from her bouquet, places it in Larissa's hair. She kisses Larisa's cheek.

Madelyn and Mike continue down the aisle. Church doors swing open, revealing a waiting "Land Rover" shoe polished with traditional newlywed slogans.

EXT. CHURCH - MAGGIE VALLEY, N.C. - DAY

Crowd throws rice as Mike and Madelyn make their way to the vehicle. They enter the vehicle, drive away. The rear window reads, "Just Married." Aerial view of the crowd, church, and "Land Rover" driving away.

I/E. "LAND ROVER" VEHICLE - MIDDLE EAST - DAY - TRAVELING

A swirling dust cloud rises behind "Land Rover." Dusty shadow on rear window barely reads, "Just Married."

Ariel view of the vehicle traveling in vast desert, on the horizon is an oasis with a large modern building.

Madelyn is driving, Mike looks up and out of the windshield. A helicopter flies past, low and fast, it lands at the oasis. Mike and Madelyn arrive at the oasis compound.

EXT. OASIS COUMPOUND - MIDDLE EAST - DAY

Sarraaf exits the helicopter. Madelyn and Mike exit vehicle. They walk toward each other. Sarraaf greets them with open arms, smiling.

SARRAF

Greetings my friends.

Sarraaf kisses Mike and Madelyn's cheeks, he turns toward the compound. Two men open large, ornate gates, exposing a gleaming modern Arabic building.

It is a state of the art children's hospital, sitting amidst the lush oasis. All walk into the courtyard. Sarraaf turns to Mike and Madelyn.

SARRAF (CONT'D)

My gift to you, and you are a gift
to our children.

He bows his head to them.

SARRAF (CONT'D)

May Allah bless you both.

Sarraaf motions for his guard. He comes, baring an envelope. Sarraaf faces Mike and Madelyn.

SARRAF (CONT'D)

Perpetuate your kindness to our
children's children.

Sarraaf nods to the guard, he hands Madelyn the envelope that is sealed with the symbol of the royal kingdom.

SARRAF (CONT'D)

Some thought my death was worth
millions, how much more should my
country reward you for saving my
life.

He bows to Madelyn and Mike. They both bow to Sarraaf. Sarraaf nods toward the envelope.

SARRAF (CONT'D)

From my country, thank you.

MADELYN

Thank you, King Sarraaf.

Sarraaf turns to Mike, puts his hands on Mike's shoulders.

SARRAF

And what can be given to the man
that saved the world from nuclear
war? Mike, my friend, I have
arranged a special gift for you.

He shakes Mike's hand, the royal insignia ring and their
clasped hands are seen.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The royal ring and clasped hands of Sarraf and Mike are seen.
They stand on a stage. Sarraf wears royal attire, Mike, a
tuxedo. Aerial view of a black tie gala.

Sarraf smiles at Mike, he approaches the microphone.

SARRAF

Distinguished guests, ladies and
gentlemen, tonight we honor and
present Mike Anderson --

Sarraf turns to Mike, smiles.

SARRAF (CONT'D)

Mike, this year's Humanitarian
Award. His courage has maintained
world peace and averted war.

Sarraf holds an outstretched arm toward Mike.

SARRAF (CONT'D)

Because one man lives, so do
millions.

Audience claps. Madelyn comes on stage, Sarraf kisses her
cheek, steps back to the microphone.

SARRAF (CONT'D)

Dr. Madelyn Pugh, recipient of last
years Humanitarian Award, will
present this years award to her
husband, Mike.

Sarraf steps aside. Madelyn presents Mike the award. Aerial
view of crowd giving a standing ovation. Cameras flash.

Mike and Madelyn kiss. They embrace. Madelyn subtly runs
Mike's hand across her belly. Mike smiles. Madelyn leans up
and whispers into Mike's ear.

MADELYN

Maybe it's time we take care of our
own children for a while.

MIKE

Children? Did you say children...
plural?

Madelyn nods and smiles, they hug each other. Sarraf turns
and stretches out his arms toward Mike and Madelyn.

SARRAF

Ladies and gentlemen, the
Humanitarians.

Ariel view of stage, audience giving standing ovation, Mike
and Madelyn kissing.

FADE OUT.

THE END