

"THE TIP OF THE SPEAR"

by

Martin Neilan

SPEC SCRIPT

WGAEast registered #I227201

Library of Congress registered 4/11/11

Copyright# TBD

## "THE TIP OF THE SPEAR"

FADE IN:

INT. BEIT AGHION - JERUSALEM, ISRAEL - NIGHT

A lazy summer evening at the Prime Minister's residence. Two men talk over beer and olives. One man, tall, late 40s, prematurely gray, arrogant to the point of childishness, examines a stack of enlarged photos. Israel's youngest Prime Minister ever, he is BENJAMIN 'BIBI' NETANYAHU.

The other man, late 50s, stocky, Sephardic, paces anxiously. The director of the Mossad, he is HENRY WAKNINE.

THE SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS

show a husky, bearded Arab: getting out of a car, ascending a stairwell, his silhouette behind a tinted window. In nearly every one he's shadowed by a linebacker-sized bodyguard.

NETANYAHU

grins as he shuffles the photos. Seeing this, Henry SIGHS.

HENRY

This is a needlessly risky operation. Tear up the plan and let us conceive a new one.

NETANYAHU

While they continue sending their human missiles into our cities?

Henry shakes his head, disgusted by his boss's dishonesty.

HENRY

You know that's not the point. - We shouldn't be doing this in Jordan.

NETANYAHU

Unfortunately, that's where these murderers live.

HENRY

Marzouk goes to Cairo every month. And he's their military mind.

NETANYAHU

Good. - We'll be showing him a better world next.

HENRY

Could you stop changing the topic? Doing this in Amman is tantamount to abrogating every agreement we've ever signed with the King. - Without cabinet approval!

NETANYAHU

Henry, we've had de facto peace with Jordan since the 70s. Furthermore, out of deference to The King—gratuitously, in my opinion—you're not leaving any fingerprints.

HENRY

The absence of a forensic paper trail is a very thin smokescreen Hussein, and everyone else, will see through *immediately*.

NETANYAHU

Of course they will! That's the plan!! Hamas will suspect it's us but when they go to point the finger they'll find they can't.

HENRY

They can still blame the King, Bibi. And we assured him we...

NETANYAHU

They're going to blame the midget anyway, Henry. That's what they do! There won't be any repercussions for us.

HENRY

There will be repercussions for *him*, Bibi. Now that we're public allies, that means repercussions for us.

Netanyahu swallows a few olives with a swig of beer. Then he stands, signaling the end of the matter.

NETANYAHU

Your objections are, as always, considered and welcome. But I can't act on them here. I have an obligation to protect my citizens.

INT. KFAR YONA PRISON - ISRAEL - NIGHT

Two teenage Arab convicts go about the day's first chores. One of the boys holds a bucket of warm soapy water. The other holds a sponge and fresh towels. He dips the sponge and proceeds to clean something cautiously, almost sensuously.

AN OBSOLETE WHEELCHAIR

holding a frail, wisp-like man, his face shrouded in a keffiyah, his head tilting to one side. One boy raises his arms, very gently, so the other can sponge them clean. They then do the same with his stick-like legs, keeping him covered at all times. Apparently, the frail old man is in a wheelchair because *he can't move his own limbs*.

THE OLD MAN'S EYES

stare ahead, lifeless, as the boys clean him for morning prayers. Not only is the old man crippled, *he's blind*.

THE BLIND PARAPALEGIC

is the founder and 'spiritual leader' of Hamas, Sheik Yassin.

EXT. WEST BANK - ISRAELI SETTLEMENT - NIGHT - SAME

CAMERA PANS the uniform adobe houses, all painted alabaster, all sitting on the same island of lawn. Not a single car moves thru the unpaved streets. Every house but one is dark.

CLOSE ON the one lighted window on the windswept plateau.

INT. SETTLEMENT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A young man, blond, bearded, late 20s, tosses clothes into a suitcase. Clad only in boxers, he has the lithe, muscled arms and chest of an Olympic gymnast. He is BARRY BEADS.

INT. SETTLEMENT HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

Beads, dressed neatly, packed suitcase in hand, marches through the living room. WE HEAR his footsteps descending the stairs as the CAMERA PAUSES on a wall of photographs.

THE FRAMED PICTURES

feature an older religious man, wearing a yarmulke atop his head in each photo, with numerous national and military leaders of Israel: Ezer Weizman, Moshe Dayan, Rafael Eitan, Ariel Sharon, Menachem Begin.

INT. SETTLEMENT HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BEADS' FATHER, the older man from the photos, sits at the windowsill in his pajamas. His aging wife, her head wrapped in the scarf Orthodox women wear, snores in the nearby bed.

MR. BEADS' POV

his strapping young son striding up the dusty settlement road. A government car with tinted windows and official plates, its engine running, waits to collect him.

BACK TO SCENE

Mr. Beads watches from the window. Outside the house, a car door SLAMS. Mrs. Beads stirs in the bed behind him.

MRS. BEADS (O.S.)

Where's Ami going at this hour?

Like her husband and son she speaks English at home *not* Hebrew-English with a British accent. The Beads are a family of English Jews. Proudly, Mr. Beads watches the car carrying his son depart the settlement.

MR. BEADS

He's going to work.

INT. SHAMIYAH OFFICE BUILDING - AMMAN - DAY

Three Arab men in sports jackets and suit pants rapidly descend a stairwell. Neither man talks, passes the others, or glances at any of the exit signs that rush passed. *They're deliberately eschewing the building's elevators.*

The men descend four flights. As they round the final corner WE RECOGNIZE the burly bearded man from Netanyahu's surveillance photos. He is Hamas leader, KHALED MESHAL.

EXT. SHAMIYAH BUILDING - AMMAN - CONTINUOUS

The architecture is unusually ornate for an office building. Roman colonnades form an exterior lobby. Meshal and the two others hurry through the pillars to a waiting limousine. Thirty meters away, a couple and two men pose for pictures.

A PRETTY BRUNETTE

mid 30s, holds the camera. She is RONIT. Like the others, she's dressed casually and smiling contentedly. She signals for her three associates, mid 40s, to stand closer. As she

raises her camera the door to Meshal's limousine OPENS.  
Briefly, barely perceptibly, her carefree smile vanishes.

HER POV

Meshal's profile as he's hustled into the limousine.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERUSALEM - DAY

a city square in the wake of a suicide bombing. Corpses and body limbs are strewn across the cobblestone. Paramedics cart away stretchers holding survivors in shredded clothes. Police vans with Hebrew lettering arrive, their sirens WAILING.

CLOSE ON an orthodox Jew, scraping a piece of flesh off a bloodied rock to include it in the forthcoming burial.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHAMIYAH BUILDING - AMMAN - CONTINUOUS

A tall, bearded young man closes the door behind Meshal. Early 20s, all muscle, he is MOHAMMED ABU SAYF, the ubiquitous bodyguard from the surveillance photos. The much slighter man, mid-40s, is Meshal's driver, HASSAN ABU MAHER. As Hassan opens the driver door a hand closes over his.

ABU SAYF

stands behind him, inappropriately close. He WHISPERS.

ABU SAYF

Don't get in the car just yet  
and don't turn around - Look  
in the door mirror. Do you see  
those people behind us?

IN THE MIRROR

Ronit and her husband hold hands and laugh. Neither they or their friends are Arabs, a rarity in this part of Amman.

BACK TO SCENE

HASSAN

I saw them the moment we walked  
outside. Just as you did.

ABU SAYF

They look very Western to me.  
What do you think?

HASSAN

You see their cameras don't you?  
They're tourists.

ABU SAYF

Tourists? - There's nothing to  
see over here.

Abu Sayf examines the four foreigners. CLOSE ON his eyes  
moving back and forth, repeatedly searching the vicinity.

ABU SAYF (O.S.)

Let's get Brother Khaled home.

Hassan opens the door and finally takes a seat.

ABU SAYF

You leave first then pull over  
and wait for me to call. I'll  
stay here to see if they follow  
you.

He drives off. Abu Sayf starts up his town car but stays  
idle, his eyes on the rearview mirror. Fifty meters behind  
him, the four white 'tourists' continue to enjoy themselves.

INT. BEIT AGHION - JERUSALEM, ISRAEL - DAY

Netanyahu emerges from an elevator, bodyguards in tow. A  
uniformed officer waits outside his quarters holding a sealed  
telegram. Netanyahu opens the envelope right there.

A PINK SHEET OF PAPER

with a single name typed on it in Hebrew, "Khaled Meshal".

NETANYAHU

grins like a schoolboy when he sees the name on the document.  
A bodyguard hands him a pen. The prime minister signs the  
assassination order and returns it to the messenger. The  
soldier seals it in a new envelope and departs at once.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Netanyahu closes the doors on his bodyguards and crosses the  
room to his desk. Alone for a change, he smiles to himself.

NETANYAHU

Good. - Now we can get the one  
who's spilling our blood all  
over Jerusalem.

EXT. AMMAN, JORDAN - DAWN

BEGIN TITLES

The sun rises over the hills of the ancient city. A few storm clouds hover forebodingly.

END TITLES.

INT. SPACIOUS APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Meshal sips tea at the table over a pile of morning FAX's. A beautiful Arab woman, mid 30s, enters the room. A white coat covers her dress and a stethoscope dangles from her neck; she is his wife, a pediatrician, MRS. MESHAL. She rummages in a kitchen drawer for her keys.

MESHAL

You're leaving already?

MRS. MESHAL

I have a staff meeting at the hospital. You'll have to take the children to get their hair cut.

At this, her husband feigns indignation.

MESHAL

Is it any wonder the movement keeps me out of the leadership when my own wife gives me orders?

Mrs. Meshal saunters to the table and drops into her husband's lap. Grabbing his beard she plants a long kiss on his lips.

MRS. MESHAL

We both know, darling, you're not that kind of Muslim.

She climbs off him and departs for work. She pokes her head in their children's bedroom on her way to the door.

MRS. MESHAL

Wake up, boys. It's time for breakfast.

Meshal watches her go admiringly.

MESHAL

Make sure you put on your veil before you go outside.

Mrs. Meshal whirls around, displeased, a finger raised accusingly. Khaled CHUCKLES at the success of his joke.

MESHAL

I'm only kidding, my love.

Three young boys stumble into the kitchen in their pajamas.

EXT. MESHAL APARTMENT BUILDING - AMMAN - SAME

Mrs. Meshal, her stethoscope and long hair swinging, crosses the street. Not far from her Mercedes, several men stand around a dark-haired realtor. Two green Hyundais are parked nearby the potential home buyers. The realtor holds a clipboard and points repeatedly to the villa behind them. Notably, she speaks English and her clients look European.

Seeing the non-Arab strangers, Mrs. Meshal's face DARKENS. She keys into her car.

THE REALTOR

is Ronit from outside Meshal's office. Two of the men are her fellow 'tourists'. The others are Beads and a tall, dark-haired man, mid-30s, built like a weightlifter, JOHN KENDALL. Feigning Arab hospitality, Mrs. Meshal bids them good morning.

MRS. MESHAL

As Salam Alakum.

There's no response. She gets in her car and starts it. Nervously, she adjusts the mirror. She glances in it.

IN HER REARVIEW MIRROR

John Kendall appears, watching her depart.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST BANK, 1967 - PALESTINIAN VILLAGE - DAY

In sepia a Palestinian family is driven from their home. Israeli soldiers, guns pointed, repeatedly shove and beat them while a tank opens a gaping hole in their house. The tank reverses and, debris falling from it, collapses another wall.

CLOSE ON a young girl, Mrs. Meshal as a child, plaintively watching her home being destroyed to ensure she and her family can never return.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Mrs. Meshal, with one eye on the mirror, drives off.

INT. MESHAL FAMILY APARTMENT - SAME

Meshal cleans plates at the sink. At the table, his eldest son studies a framed photograph on the wall.

SHEIK YASSIN

in his wheelchair, his blind and lifeless eyes peering out from his keffiyah-shrouded face.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

more photographs of the crippled, blind leader and two elaborate portraits, prominently displayed.

ELDEST SON

The man in all the pictures is Sheik Yassin, right Father?

MESHAL

You know who he is, Salah.

SALAH

Why are there so many of *him*?

Meshal joins his son at the table. He pulls him into his lap.

MESHAL

Sheik Yassin is the leader of our people, son. Do you see how he's always seated in a chair?

SALAH

I do, father! I see it!

MESHAL

That's not a chair like the one you and I sit in now. It's a wheelchair. Sheik Yassin can't walk. Nor can he see. Indeed, he can hardly hear. Close your eyes.

The boy does as he's told.

MESHAL

Imagine spending every day in the dark, trapped in a body you can't move. - Open your eyes!

The boy opens his eyes, mesmerized.

MESHAL

Although this country isn't our home we have made a home here. Millions of Palestinians, Salah, are not so fortunate. Our own leader is in an Israeli jail! Never again will he hold his son as your father holds you now.

The boy listens intently, captivated.

MESHAL

But despite being imprisoned he continues to fight for our people imprisoned under foreign occupation. And his strength inspires us all. If this blind old man who can't even move can resist, then they, who can't move from their camps and villages, can be strong too.

EXT. AMMAN SUBURBS - QUIET SIDE STREET - SAME

Mrs. Meshal makes a phone call from her parked Mercedes.

INT. MESHAL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A phone RINGS in the kitchen. Meshal's youngest son answers.

YOUNGEST SON

Hello!

MRS. MESHAL (O.S.)

Kamal, put your father on the phone immediately.

The boy walks over to the bathroom. WE HEAR a shower running.

YOUNGEST SON

Mommy wants to talk to you, Daddy. - Daddy!

He returns to the phone.

YOUNGEST SON

He's in the shower.

MRS. MESHAL (O.S.)

Kamal, take the phone and stand by the door right now.

The young boy does as he's told.

MRS. MESHAL (O.S.)

Are you standing by the door?

YOUNGEST SON

Yes, Mommy.

MRS. MESHAL (O.S.)

Don't move until your father comes out. The moment he does you give him the phone and tell him to call. Do you understand?

YOUNGEST SON

Yes, Mommy.

MRS. MESHAL (O.S.)

Okay. I'm going to say goodbye  
now.

There's a CLICK. Her young son remains by the bathroom door.

EXT./INT. MESHAL'S LIMOUSINE - AMMAN - SAME

The limousine cruises down a busy city thoroughfare, Abu Sayf's black town car directly behind it. They share the road with countless other cars in the morning traffic.

INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE

Meshal talks on his phone. His three sons sit nearby.

MESHAL

I'll tell Abu Maher and Abu Sayf  
as soon as I get off the phone.  
If there's something amiss  
they'll already know.

OUTSIDE THE LIMOUSINE

A green Hyundai pulls alongside Meshal's car. Kendall sits in the front seat; Beads is in back beside Ronit. Cigarette in hand, she peers into her bag in search of a light.

RONIT'S HANDBAG

isn't filled with make-up or personal belongings but medical equipment: a scalpel, syringes, bottled formulas.

RONIT

Does anyone have a light?

In the front seat, Kendall opens the glove compartment. He rummages through it.

A PISTOL

fills the tiny drawer. Kendall's fingers finally brush against a lighter. He hands it to Ronit in back. To her right, Beads looks out the window.

BEADS'S POV

Meshal's broad silhouette behind the tinted limousine window.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERUSALEM - DAY

a city square in the wake of a suicide bombing. Corpses and

body limbs are strewn across the cobblestone. Paramedics cart away stretchers holding survivors in shredded clothes. Police vans with Hebrew lettering arrive, their sirens WAILING.

CLOSE ON an orthodox Jew, scraping a piece of flesh off a bloodied rock to include it in the forthcoming burial.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MESHAL'S LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Khaled Meshal finishes the call to his concerned wife.

MRS. MESHAL (O.S.)

Please call me when you get to your office. And be careful.

MESHAL

I always am, my love. Don't worry.

He closes his phone. His middle son points out the window.

MIDDLE SON

That's our school, Daddy!

Meshal raps on the back of the driver's headrest.

MESHAL

Pull over please, Hassan.

SALAH

What are you doing, father? We don't have school today!

Glancing behind him, the driver heads for the curb.

EXT. AMMAN GRAMMAR SCHOOL - SAME

Meshal talks with his sons' pretty, voluptuous schoolteacher. Abu Sayf stands a mere two meters away, his eyes repeatedly searching the vicinity as always. Though she says nothing, the teacher is obviously confused that this hulking young man is observing their conversation.

MESHAL

It's just that his mother is concerned.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Hassan waits with Meshal's sons on the adjacent street. As he reads his newspaper in the front seat he notices something.

HASSAN'S POV - A GREEN HYUNDAI

the same one that passed them earlier. CLOSE ON Kendall in

the front seat and Beads in back, peering ahead innocuously.

BACK TO SCENE

Hassan, suddenly anxious, turns to the backseat.

HASSAN

Children, stay in the car.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Hassan steps outside. The Hyundai rounds a bend and disappears. Across the street, Abu Sayf keeps a close watch on Khaled with the schoolteacher. Seeing this Hassan EXHALES, relieved.

EXT. AMMAN GRAMMAR SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

MESHAL

Thank you for making time for me, Um Walid. I know this is your day off.

SCHOOLTEACHER

Like all your sons' teachers, Mr. Meshal, we are always available for our children.

Khaled touches his hand to his heart and his sons' teacher does the same: a *Muslim co-ed farewell handshake*. He walks back to the car, Abu Sayf right behind him as always.

MESHAL

Do you have to follow me everywhere? Can I not even talk to my children's teacher without it being a production?

Abu Sayf respectfully says nothing.

MESHAL

It's like I have two wives but privileges with only one.

ABU SAYF

I'm here at the behest of the movement, Brother Khaled. I have to keep you in my sight at all times when you're in public.

At the limousine where Hassan waits, Meshal responds.

MESHAL

Everyone has their... flaws.

He takes a seat and Abu Sayf closes the door after him. Hassan

approaches immediately, his face taut with concern.

HASSAN

We're being followed.

ABU SAYF

The green car, I saw it too.

HASSAN

Should we send for some  
brothers?

The driver is obviously nervous. Abu Sayf, however, stays cool. His eyes scanning rapidly, he shakes his head.

ABU SAYF

We're not far from the office.  
And he's safer there than he'll  
be waiting for back-up here.

HASSAN

What if that car returns?

ABU SAYF

You go ahead. I'll stay back a  
short distance and ram it if  
they try anything.

EXT. SHAMIYAH BUILDING - AMMAN - SAME

Meshal's limousine parks. Though the green Hyundai is gone and there are no pedestrians in sight Hassan does a visual sweep just in case. Abu Sayf's town car pulls into view behind him.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Meshal bids his sons goodbye.

MESHAL

After your haircuts, Hassan will  
take you to your grandparents.  
Salah, help your mother with  
dinner when you get home. She has  
a long day today.

SALAH

I will, father.

Meshal KNOCKS on the window.

EXT. SHAMIYAH BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Hassan holds open the door. Meshal steps out onto the pavement. A mere fifteen meters away, Abu Sayf looks on from behind the wheel of the town car. *Begin slow motion...*

CAMERA FOLLOWS Meshal as he circles the limousine. He rounds

the trunk, the length of the car..

JOHN KENDALL

unseen, lurks behind a nearby colonnade, holding a soda can.

MESHAL

rounds the hood. Behind him, Hassan opens the driver door. He's about to sit back inside when he notices something.

BARRY BEADS

in sunglasses, a large bandage on his right hand and arm, crouched by the pavement. As Meshal approaches Beads stands upright as if to strike him but comes to a sudden halt instead.

CLOSE ON a tiny silver nozzle, a miniature gun, protruding from the gauze.

MESHAL

startled, turns to see who is standing so inappropriately close. Beads' bandaged hand, a mere inch away from his ear, turns with him. An eerie HISS fills the air. Meshal steps back abruptly and there's a very slight EXPLOSION. *End slow motion.*

Meshal, shivering, falls back against the hood of the limousine. Hassan rushes over and grabs Beads by his shirt.

HASSAN

What the hell did you just do?

Feigning fear, Beads shakes off the slight Hassan. Kendall observes from behind a nearby colonnade. As Abu Sayf rushes over, Beads sprints up the street. Abu Sayf notices Kendall glance at Beads and concludes the two are together. With surprising agility given his size, Abu Sayf rushes to Kendall. He knocks the bigger man to the ground with one forceful shove.

HASSAN

(frantic, to Abu Sayf)

Brother Khaled was attacked! The one with the beard did it!

He points up the street toward Beads. Abu Sayf races over to Meshal, leaning against the limousine, slightly dazed. Beads watches from afar with an odd, self-satisfied smile.

ABU SAYF

Where are you bleeding? Where did they shoot you?

MESHAL

They didn't shoot me.

ABU SAYF

You're not wounded?

Meshal, in shock, rubs his hands down his chest. He shakes his head 'no'. Behind them, Kendall picks himself up. Puzzlingly, he throws the soda can he's been holding at Abu Sayf. Then he too jogs up the street in the footsteps of his accomplice.

ABU SAYF

The Mossad work in teams. They're probably sending another right now. Get inside and stay there.

Behind them, Kendall and Beads continue jogging, crest a rise in the street, and disappear from view.

MESHAL

I can't leave my sons.

Abu Sayf grabs Meshal. He literally drags him to the entrance.

ABU SAYF

The Jews would never target your children. You have to hide.

He takes off his suit jacket and addresses Hassan.

ABU SAYF

Take the children to his parents in my car. I'll try to catch these dogs.

Tossing his jacket onto the limousine he takes off running.

EXT. WASFI AL-TAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Beads and Kendall jog. Notably, neither man looks back once.

THEIR GREEN HYUNDAI

waits beside a restaurant on adjacent Makkah St. Beads and Kendall calmly clear the remaining distance, slowing to a walk when a hostess appears with two customers. Nearly a hundred meters behind them, Abu Sayf tries in vain to catch up.

BARRY BEADS

finally looks back as he opens the rear door. Spotting Meshal's bodyguard running after them he again flashes an amused smile. Abu Sayf stops to write the plate number on his hand. Beads jumps in the backseat and the Hyundai speeds off.

ABU SAYF

panting, his eyes flitting, ponders his next move. A car engine SOUNDS behind him. He whirls around and charges the car, flailing his arms until it veers to a stop.

As if the car were his, Abu Sayf lets himself in.

ABU SAYF

There's a problem! The car just ahead of us! Follow that green car!

The driver, a woman, early 30s, in a hijab, does as directed.

ABU SAYF

They're probably heading to Medina Munawara street. I apologize for the imposition; I assure you it's an emergency.

WOMAN DRIVER

It's no problem. - Can you put on your seat belt please?

ABU SAYF

Of course, madame.

As Abu Sayf straps in we hear a RUSTLING in the back seat.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Abu Sayf, stunned to hear a child's voice, whirls around.

IN THE BACK SEAT

A young girl, 7, sits with her brother and sister, 4, fraternal twins. All three children stare at him unabashedly.

YOUNG GIRL

Why are you in our car?

INT. GREEN HYUNDAI - CONTINUOUS

Ronit saws through the bandages covering Beads' hand with a scalpel. Beads' arm rests on a miniature plastic tarp.

CLOSE ON Ronit's petite hands, encased in surgical gloves. The gauze separates to reveal the compact, miniature gun with the silvery nozzle. She plucks it from the bandage and deposits it, and the tarp, in a medical waste bag.

In front, Kendall peers out the window at Amman. Like the others he's perfectly relaxed. He spots something. In Hebrew...

KENDALL

That Arabush who knocked me over  
is tailing us.

Ronit stuffs the remaining gauze into her bag. In Hebrew...

RONIT

What?

DRIVER

(in English)

Don't break cover! We're supposed  
to speak English at all times.

KENDALL

Well we have a slightly bigger  
problem now, don't we?

Beads peers out the back window. The others wait for his  
assessment. He turns back around not at all concerned.

BEADS

This isn't a big deal. Lior, pull  
over.

The driver doesn't oblige. He takes this in, puzzled.

LIOR

You want to lose him on *foot*?

KENDALL

We're not getting out! Are you  
crazy?

BEADS

He'll ram the car and trap the  
four of us if we don't.

LIOR

He's not *driving* the car. We're a  
few blocks from that highway. We  
can shake him off there.

BEADS

When we jump out he'll do the  
same. There's two of us; we'll  
lose him in a minute.

KENDALL

And if we don't?

BEADS

Once we get out, Lior, hit the  
gas like you're fleeing. Then  
double back and pick us up on the  
west side of Medina street. Tell  
Yoni to head there too.

He slides Ronit's scalpel into his back pocket and turns around for a final look. In the front seat, Kendall fishes in the glove compartment. CLOSE ON the gun in his hand.

Lior closes the drawer on Kendall's wrist. Lior now looks panicked too.

LIOR

You can't do that.

Kendall, displeased, begrudgingly lets go of the pistol.

BEADS (O.S.)

When I say now, pull over.

INT. YOUNG MOM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Abu Sayf, still panting, keeps his eyes on the green Hyundai several car lengths ahead. The young Mom's daughter leans over the front seat. She eyes the hulking stranger suspiciously.

YOUNG GIRL

Mother, I don't think father  
would approve of you giving this  
strange man a ride.

Abu Sayf grabs the door handle and shakes off his seat belt.

ABU SAYF

Please stop, Madame! Pull over!

EXT. AMMAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls over and Abu Sayf jumps out. He glances down the street for a glimpse of Beads and Kendall but sees only the Hyundai racing out of view. He runs after the car yet again.

INT. GREEN HYUNDAI - CONTINUOUS

Lior races through the crowded urban streets with the aplomb of a Nascar champ; it's no accident he's driving. He slows down and makes a sharp right. Highway ramparts sail over the car. Lior turns left and charges up an entrance ramp.

EXT. ONE WAY RAMP - CONTINUOUS

Another car races toward Lior. Both drivers slam on their brakes. The cars SCREECH to a halt a few feet from impact. The other driver, obviously incensed, walks over to the Hyundai and shouts at Lior in Arabic. As there's no room to turn around, Lior reverses. The angry driver follows on foot.

A BOX TRUCK

speeds up the ramp. Lior BEEPS frantically until the box truck

brakes. The Jordanian driver jumps down and the first driver begins yelling at him. A passenger gets between them.

INSIDE THE HYUNDAI

Lior and Ronit hang their heads; they're trapped.

EXT. AMMAN - CONTINUOUS

Abu Sayf runs until his panting gives way to the WHIR of cars. PULL BACK TO REVEAL the elevated highway he's running toward. He charges up an embankment and scales a small guardrail.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

Abu Sayf scans the packed highway in both directions. A hundred meters away, Beads and Kendall jog along the eastern shoulder separated by four lanes of traffic and a concrete divider. *They didn't split up as planned or reunited thinking they'd shaken Abu Sayf.* Both men repeatedly scan the passing cars, trying to spot their ride. Looking around so, they soon spot Abu Sayf.

BEADS AND KENDALL

leap the guardrail and vanish down the far embankment.

ABU SAYF

sets off after them yet again. When he's across from the point where they left the highway he wades into the traffic. A volley of BEEPS drives him back to the shoulder. He makes another attempt to cross, flailing his arms this time. Once again, not a single car slows to let him through.

THE CONCRETE MEDIAN

the halfway point, tantalizingly close yet unreachable.

EXT. AMMAN - WESTERN SUBURBS - SAME

An Arab businessman heads to his car. Handsome, beard-less, early 40s, he is Hamas' spokesman in Jordan, ABU NAZZAL. As he pulls out his keys the rear door of his car OPENS.

MESHAL

his jacket and pants wrinkled from hiding in his colleague's car, steps onto the sidewalk. Nazzal takes this in, stunned.

NAZZAL

Brother Khaled? - What are you doing here?

INT. NAZZAL'S APARTMENT - SAME

The men discuss the attempt on Meshal's life minutes earlier.

NAZZAL

Can you prove it was the Mossad?

MESHAL

Of course I can't! They didn't leave a business card.

NAZZAL

How do you know these men were Israeli?

MESHAL

They *looked* Jewish. And they definitely weren't Arab. Besides, who else would it be?

NAZZAL

We have to go to the press.

Meshal mulls this over.

MESHAL

We can't do anything without consulting Mousa and the others first. They'll be here shortly.

Nazzal dismisses this suggestion out of hand.

NAZZAL

It's public knowledge the Mossad spies on us here with the King's blessing. If this doesn't make the news, he'll put them on the next plane to Tel Aviv to make sure *it can't*. We have to act.

MESHAL

Fine. - Call Randa.

INT. JORDAN NEWSPAPER - BUSTLING OFFICE FLOOR - SAME

CAMERA PANS the rows of reporters, writers, and copy editors, typing on computers and taking phone calls at their desks.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An attractive, chubby woman, early 40s, reads at her desk. She is RANDA HABIB, the paper's foreign correspondent and a

local television personality. Her phone RINGS.

RANDA

This is Randa.

As the man on the phone speaks Randa listens, nonplussed. CLOSE ON her eyes, literally widening; she can't believe what she's being told. Astonished, she stares at the receiver.

RANDA

What?!

EXT. URBAN MARKET GARDEN - SAME

an 'urban' garden on the other side of the highway. CAMERA PANS row after row of zucchini, eggplant, tomatoes, lemon and pomegranate trees. There's an open air market adjacent to the orchard. Customers stroll passed tables of vegetables. A few cars idle on a nearby street of brick houses.

Beads makes his way alone through the orchard. He scans the market for a quiet corner through which he can escape to the street. Uncharacteristically nervous, he trips over a tree root. He stands up and brushes petals from his jeans.

KENDALL (O.S.)

Ahhhhh!!

The shoppers look up, startled. Two head toward the SCREAMS. CLOSE ON Beads taking cover behind a lemon tree. So calm and unflappable before, he now looks genuinely frightened.

EXT. URBAN MARKET GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Abu Sayf has Kendall in a headlock on a slight hill of rough ground above a ditch. He tries repeatedly to drag the bigger, older man up the hill. Though unable to break Abu Sayf's vice grip, Kendall stymies his efforts to move him. The men grapple until the patter of FOOTSTEPS overwhelms their groans.

Abu Sayf looks up to see Beads advancing, his right arm in the air. Beads deftly and clinically drags the scalpel across Abu Sayf's forehead. A flap of Abu Sayf's skin falls open. Abu Sayf SCREAMS and stumbles back but somehow retains his grip on Kendall. Beads raises his hand to slash him again. Abu Sayf, blood dribbling down his face, makes no move to block Beads' arm. Presumably, he can't see his attacker now with all the blood in his eyes. Then, just as Beads' scalpel descends again, Abu Sayf dodges. He swings his mammoth fist at Kendall.

KENDALL

Ahhhh!

There's a sickly CRACK as Kendall's nose breaks. Beads trips and his scalpel slides into the ditch's irrigation channel.

Abu Sayf, still holding Kendall, draws back to punch him again. As his fist flattens Kendall's nose anew Beads leaps onto his back. The bodyguard loses his balance and all three fall down the hill.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a small crowd of puzzled Jordanians observing the brutal and most unusual life or death struggle.

The three men collapse near-but not on top of-each other alongside the irrigation ditch. The Israelis immediately rise to their feet but Abu Sayf lies motionless, perhaps unconscious from the loss of blood. Seeing this, Beads rushes to aid Kendall. He examines his colleague's badly broken nose.

ABU SAYF

stirs unseen behind them. CLOSE ON his hand furtively dragging the wet grass by the narrow canal. Clumsily, he pulls himself to his feet.

BEADS

approaches, his hands in a boxer's stance. He fires several punches at Abu Sayf's throat. WE SEE the rock concealed in Abu Sayf's right hand. Gasping for air, he smashes Beads' jaw.

BEADS

Ahhhhh!

Beads falls to his knees clutching his face. Kendall charges the wounded bodyguard. He pins Abu Sayf's arms behind him.

CLOSE ON the water moving through the tiny irrigation canal.

INT. BATTERED OLD CAB - CONTINUOUS

A slight, young man, early 20s, sits in the cab. He shares the worn bench seat with laundered tan slacks and shirt-the summer uniform of the Public Security Force, Jordan's police department. The driver BEEPS twice. The policeman looks up.

A SIZEABLE CROWD

has formed. More locals head over, blocking the cab.

POLICEMAN

Pull over here, please.

EXT. AMMAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The battered old cab slows to a halt. The policeman exits.

CABBIE

Hey! You can't leave without paying first!

POLICEMAN

I'm not leaving. Stay there;  
I'll be back in a moment.

The policeman wades into the crowd.

EXT. URBAN MARKET GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Kendall lies atop Abu Sayf beside the canal. He presses Abu Sayf's bloody face into the water while Beads scans the wet grass. Beads' bruised and bloody jaw twists into a smile. He reaches down to grab what he's found *with both hands*.

A GASP rises from the observing crowd. An older Jordanian woman tugs on her paunchy husband's arm.

OLDER WOMAN

I think he's going to hurt one of  
them with that. You must do  
something!

NEARBY MAN (O.S.)

Leave it to the police.

The man announces this so forcefully, in an accented voice, that several people turn their eyes from the fight to him. He's one of the 'tourists' from yesterday. Another stands nearby, hoping for an opportunity to rescue their colleagues.

AGENT #2

He's right. We mustn't interfere.

The policeman from the cab arrives. His eyes WIDEN. As Beads raises a boulder to crush Abu Sayf's head, the policeman sprints down the hill. With one kick to his waist he knocks Beads into the canal. He kneels on Kendall's back, grabs his head with his left hand, and reaches into his own waistband.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Let go of him or you're dead.

CLOSE ON John Kendall's face, bloody and filthy from the long fight, the revolver in his nose. The policeman COCKS the gun. Kendall takes this in, stunned. Abu Sayf rolls over, gasping and spitting out water. Behind them Barry Beads climbs out of the irrigation canal. The policeman motions, with his gun, for Beads to raise his hands. Sheepishly, Beads obliges.

ABU SAYF

Don't let them get away! They're  
Mossad! They tried to kill Khaled  
Meshal.

EXT. AMMAN SUBURBS - LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

A cab idles outside Nazzal's building. Several strapping Hamas

members in suits huddle both in and outside the lobby. A chubby, bearded, bald man steps down from the cab and literally sprints toward the entrance. Early 40s, with a slight falsetto voice, he is Hamas leader, MOUSA ABU MARZOUK. Recognizing him, the bodyguards hold open the lobby doors.

CLOSE ON a pistol tucked in one bodyguard's pants.

INT. NAZZAL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

In the kitchen Nazzal makes tea for his many guests. In the living room a seated Meshal retells the failed assassination attempt to several senior Hamas officials.

MESHAL

There was a hissing noise and a slight explosion. It felt like an electric shock.

HAMAS POLITBORO MEMBER #1

Then what happened?

MESHAL

Hassan tackled the man and Abu Sayf tackled his accomplice. Then, both men took off running. Abu Sayf chased them while Hassan brought my sons to my parents. I ending up hiding in Nazzal's car.

At this, the men CHUCKLE. The apartment door OPENS and Marzouk rushes in. Frantic, without a word of greeting to his many associates present, he approaches Nazzal in the kitchen.

MARZOUK

What hospital was he taken to? Do you know where was he shot? How many times? What did the doctors say his chances are?

Nazzal, amused like the others, points toward the living room.

NAZZAL

Brother Mousa, I think you should direct your questions to him.

KHALED MESHAL

obviously unhurt, smiling in a chair in the corner.

ABU MARZOUK

speechless at the sight of his longtime colleague in one piece. He squints as if to verify he's seeing correctly.

ABU MARZOUK

Is this some kind of prank? I was told the Mossad tried to *kill* you!

MESHAL

It's no joke, Mousa. They did try but they missed.

MARZOUK

They *missed*? - You weren't shot?

Meshal shakes his head 'no'. Marzouk begins to WEEP.

MARZOUK

This is no joke. It's a miracle! I thought we'd lost you.

He joins the others in the living room. Meshal stands and the two men hug. Marzouk weeps openly as he kisses Meshal's cheeks three times Arab-style. The other men observe, touched and a little taken aback by Marzouk's emotionalism.

POLITBORO MEMBER #2

I don't know if Mousa is tough enough to continue chairing our military wing.

Everyone, Meshal and Marzouk included, burst into LAUGHTER.

MARZOUK

Any man would cry upon learning his brother escaped from the grave! *Allah* stopped that bullet! Allah saved brother Khaled for the movement!

EXT. ISRAELI EMBASSY - AMMAN - SAME

A three floor office building atop a small hill. Three guard stations, a trailer between two tanks, encircle the building. Two soldiers with machine guns sit atop each trailer in a sandbagged post. Two more guard the garage entrance. As the CAMERA PANS the embassy WE HEAR a frantic call to its staff.

STATION CHIEF (V.O.)

What went wrong? You didn't get him?

MOSSAD AGENT #2 (V.O.)

Ami and Igor were arrested. - You better call Henry.

STATION CHIEF (V.O.)

Arrested? - Arrested by *who*?!

MOSSSAD AGENT #2

A Jordanian cop.

STATION CHIEF (V.O.)

Then go to the goddamn police station and get them out!

The Hyundai races up to the embassy. The garage door OPENS.

INT. GID HEADQUARTERS, AMMAN - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - SAME

A blunt, mustachioed, pot-bellied man, late 50s, works at his desk. One of King Hussein's most trusted advisers, he is SAMIH BATIKHI, the head of the GID, Jordan's intelligence agency. The door opens and a young man in stylish business clothes, late 20s, enters. Handsome, ruthless, openly gay, he is NADIM, Samih's aide and unofficial protégé.

GENERAL BATIKHI

What the hell are you doing here?

NADIM

The Israelis just tried to kill Khaled Meshal.

The General's mouth literally falls open.

GENERAL BATIKHI

What?!

NADIM

They attacked him outside his office this morning.

The shrewd General goes into damage control mode instantly.

GENERAL BATIKHI

He's at the Islamic hospital, right? Is he under an assumed name?

NADIM

He wasn't shot. They missed.

For the second time, the unflappable General is stunned.

GENERAL BATIKHI

Are you joking?

NADIM

They missed! He's fine. I just got off the phone with Nazzal.

GENERAL BATIKHI

If that's true, it's a gift from Allah.

NADIM

I also just got off the phone  
with Randa.

The savvy General understands instantly. He SIGHS.

NADIM

If this story breaks we'll never  
hear the end of it.

GENERAL BATIKHI

Hamas is going to demand His  
Majesty press charges, end our  
treaty with Israel. If he doesn't  
Marzouk will claim we fired the  
gun ourselves.

The tough General has an epiphany.

GENERAL BATIKHI

You said Meshal wasn't wounded,  
right?

NADIM

Correct.

GENERAL BATIKHI

Then there's no proof! We'll say  
they made it up.

Now it's Nadim's turn to SIGH.

NADIM

Unfortunately, the Israelis left  
considerable evidence.

EXT. JORDANIAN POLICE STATION - REAR ENTRANCE - SAME

Two dozen uniformed officers stand guard as Beads and Kendall—  
filthy, bloody, and palpably embarrassed—file out of the  
battered taxi with their hands behind their heads. The  
policeman who arrested them follows, his gun at their backs,  
his neatly pressed uniform in his other hand. Abu Sayf, a  
bloody mess like the captives, stumbles out of the front seat.

POLICEMAN

Put them in a cell and call the  
GID; they'll be handling this. I  
need an ambulance too.

As the Israelis are led into the station Abu Sayf follows. The  
cab policeman who saved his life politely stops him.

POLICEMAN

We've got them, Mohammed. Thanks  
to you, we got them. Now we have  
to get you to a hospital.

ABU SAYF

I can't leave. I have to...

He passes out mid-sentence. The slight policeman struggles to keep him upright. Two officers rush over to help.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Officer? May I have a word with you? I'm Jane Sullivan with the Canadian Broadcasting Company. We understand that two Canadian citizens...

The policeman explains AD LIB in Arabic that he doesn't speak English. He points to the station entrance. The cab policeman, holding Abu Sayf upright with the others, overhears the exchange. Leaving Abu Sayf to the other officers, he walks over to investigate.

THE REPORTER

is Ronit. The man balancing a camera on his shoulder at her side is Lior. He's now wearing a suit. Though the cab policeman hasn't seen them before he knows something is amiss. He looks on anxiously as Ronit and Lior enter the station.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF AMMAN - MILITARY AIRPORT - SAME

CAMERA PANS a unit of soldiers looking on expectantly. A Lear Jet swoops down onto the heavily guarded airfield's one runway. As the plane lands WE HEAR an earlier conversation.

HENRY (V.O.)

It's Henry, Samih.

A heavy SILENCE follows.

GENERAL BATIKHI (V.O.)

You're not calling about that fiasco this morning, are you?

HENRY (V.O.)

As you guessed, Samih, I am. As soon as you tell me what airport to use, I'm on my way. - They're our guys, okay? So don't hurt them.

The jet's staircase falls to the tarmac. Henry appears in the door as an Army jeep speeds down the runway to collect him.

INT. GID HEADQUARTERS, AMMAN - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - SAME

Henry and General Batikhi have a tense discussion.

GENERAL BATIKHI

You made a serious error in judgment pulling a stunt like this on our soil.

HENRY

We're in full agreement on that point, General.

GENERAL BATIKHI

More than a mere egregious violation of our sovereignty, this is a personal insult to The King, an affront he can't ignore.

HENRY

We don't expect him to, Samih. Just tell us what you want. - A couple tanks? Some helicopters?

General Batikhi takes this in, astounded.

GENERAL BATIKHI

Do you never tire of insulting us? Do you think His Majesty can be bought off with a few toys?

Henry allows the General to vent.

GENERAL BATIKHI

This morning's actions have forced The King to admit what he's long suspected about your current leader: his word is meaningless. - Your embassy is closed indefinitely.

HENRY

Very well.

GENERAL BATIKHI

My driver will take you there before you fly back so you can notify the staff: all security cooperation between us is over. - Permanently.

HENRY

When can I collect the men you're holding?

GENERAL BATIKHI

That I don't know, Henry. The King may try them for attempted murder. Meshal is a citizen.

Knowing it's not the time to push back, Henry says nothing.

GENERAL BATIKHI

You're awful lucky your boys missed their target. And on a Thursday of all days! If that man had died every Palestinian mosque would be calling for revenge tomorrow. We'd have a civil war!

Henry listens, a thinly veiled triumphant smile on his face.

HENRY

My boys *didn't* miss.

GENERAL BATIKHI

What are you talking about?

HENRY

Meshal's dead, Samih. They just don't know it yet. - Why do you think I'm here?

INT. JORDANIAN POLICE STATION - SAME

TWO PASSPORTS, written in English and French, are examined. The fingers flipping the pages, testing the stock, rubbing the laminated photos of Beads and Kendall, are WHITE.

A TALL CAUCASIAN MAN

with the demeanor and physique of a career military officer reviews the passports. An official at Canada's consulate in Amman, he is DANIEL NEARING. Two GID officers observe.

DANIEL NEARING

These are not forgeries; they're ours. - May I have a word with my countrymen?

INT. JORDANIAN POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

Beads and Kendall, still dirty and bloody, sit in a spare, unpainted concrete room before a sizeable two-way mirror. The door OPENS. Daniel Nearing enters.

DANIEL NEARING

Hello *et Bonjour*. You two have had a rough morning! My name is Daniel Nearing, I'm the First Secretary of the embassy here. I'm going to get you fellas out of this. And home.

Neither man responds. Indeed, both glare at him sullenly.

DANIEL NEARING

For me, home is Churchill at the very top of Manitoba. There's a polar bear in the zoo here and I swear I recognized him! - Where do you two hail from?

Neither man answers. They continue to stare at him sullenly.

DANIEL NEARING

Can you tell him where in Canada you were raised? What province? City? The name of the first street you lived on?

Again, neither man speaks. Daniel takes this in, puzzled.

DANIEL NEARING

In order for me to persuade the Jordanian authorities to release you, I have to convince them you're in fact Canadian. - Do you not speak English? *Vous etes Quebecois? Parce que je ne parle pas français.*

There's another long SILENCE.

BEADS

Would you like us to recite Wayne Gretzky's current scoring total?

KENDALL

Or sing "O, Canada"? How about "Summer of '69"?

BEADS

What if I tell you when Calgary hosted the winter Olympics? Will that suffice?

The consul is stunned. Saying nothing further, he departs.

EXT. JORDANIAN POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Nearing hands the passports back to the Jordanian police.

DANIEL NEARING

Those men are *not* Canadian.

INT. GID HEADQUARTERS, AMMAN - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - SAME

The General does his best to throw off pesky Randa.

GENERAL BATIKHI

Randa, as you well know, as the entire world knows, we have a peace treaty with Israel. Even Netanyahu wouldn't torpedo that by committing such an act.

RANDA (O.S.)

That's well and good but their political bureau claims...

The GID Chief bangs his fist on his desk.

GENERAL BATIKHI

From where are they making these claims? From their offices! If Israel tried to kill Meshal wouldn't he be in a hospital?

RANDA (O.S.)

With all due respect, General, if there was no attempt on his life why would Hamas state otherwise?

GENERAL BATIKHI

Because they're megalomaniacs! They blame the Mossad every time one of their limousines gets a flat tire!

There's a loud KNOCK.

GENERAL BATIKHI

I have to go, Randa. Visit Mr. Meshal if you'd like confirmation of our account. And please don't upset the Palestinians by printing incendiary rumors. We have to share our country with these people. - Come in!

Nadim enters. The General puts down the phone.

GENERAL BATIKHI

That was Randa. Who else knows?

NADIM

No one—as far as I can tell. They won't print anything without talking to me first anyway.

GENERAL BATIKHI

What else?

NADIM

The second team is back at the embassy. We think they have orders to stay put. If they do move, they won't get passed the driveway.

GENERAL BATIKHI

You called Nazzal back, right? And told them to take him to a doctor?

NADIM

I suggested that, yes, but he won't go. They're too busy working the phones.

The General SIGHS. He shakes his head forlornly.

NADIM

I was thinking... when the story breaks we can use their passports to squash it. It won't stand, the consulate knows they're not Canadian, but it will buy us some time. - Enough time, hopefully, for Meshal to recover.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - NAZZAL'S APARTMENT - SAME  
Nazzal, Meshal, Marzouk, and the others talk strategy.

ABU MARZOUK

We have to insist The King press charges.

NAZZAL

The King will never put these men on trial, Mousa.

ABU MARZOUK

Yesterday, Nazzal, I would have said the same. I would not be so certain now. Frankly, this is a gift from Allah.

The others wait for him to elaborate.

ABU MARZOUK

As everyone here knows, I lived in the US for years. Most recently, rent free in the federal prison in fashionable downtown Manhattan.

At this witticism, the men burst into LAUGHTER.

ABU MARZOUK

The American government, like their citizens, believes we're the 'bad guys'. Now their client state is caught red handed engaging in the terrorism they forever accuse us of. Their actions here are so hypocritical even the Americans won't be able to pretend otherwise.

The men ponder Mousa's analysis and advice.

ABU MARZOUK

While we must seek his help very cautiously, I think we'll find an ally in the King on this matter. Netanyahu, who's barely been in an office a year, has already humiliated him several times. Now Hussein can return the favor. - Brother Khaled?

Marzouk and the others wait for Khaled, the star and source of all this drama, to weigh in.

KHALED

considers Marzouk's analysis.

MESHAL

Brother Mousa's arguments are, as always, strong. My only concern is the charges not sticking. Perhaps if I'd been shot...

ABU MARZOUK

The Mossad team is in custody; that's irrefutable evidence! And Abu Sayf was severely wounded.

MESHAL

But they didn't get *me*! I'm fine!

NAZZAL

And we're all very pleased that you're still with us, Khaled. But we still have to do our part to hold these men accountable.

Abruptly, Meshal's expression sours. He's not displeased by their debate; he's in physical pain. He clutches his stomach and, lurching, makes his way across the kitchen.

NAZZAL

Brother Khaled? - Are you not  
feeling well?

Meshal leans over the sink and vomits.

SLOW PAN

of the other men in the apartment watching, the reality of  
their colleague's sudden nausea clear to them instantly.

EXT. AMMAN HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - SAME

A fleet of town cars fills the semi-circle to the wail of  
police SIRENS. The police cars form a protective wall as the  
men from Nazzal's apartment pour out of their cars.

NAZZAL

Get a wheelchair!

CLOSE ON Meshal, muttering prayers to himself in Arabic, as  
the others move him. His head lolls to one side like a stroke  
victim. His face, so full of life a few minutes ago, is  
ghostly white.

Abu Marzouk steps on the wheelchair's brake before Meshal is  
led away. He drapes a checkered keffiyah over his colleague.

ABU MARZOUK

Keep him covered. The brotherhood  
doesn't own this hospital.

He and Nazzal look on anxiously as their wounded colleague,  
barely visible in the swarm of bodyguards, is taken inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME

The Hamas staff shuttles Meshal through the hospital corridors  
as fast as they safely can, taking the corners on one wheel.

MESHAL

sits slumped and barely recognizable in the racing wheelchair.  
Incapacitated, his head lolling, his ruddy bearded face ashen,  
his head hidden in a keffiyah, his eyes half shut as he slips  
in and out of consciousness, *he bears a haunting resemblance  
to the imprisoned paraplegic founder of Hamas, Sheik Yassin.*

MESHAL'S POV

with his head slumped so, the hospital floats by at a 45  
degree angle, a LONG PAN of nurses shuffling between rooms,  
guests clustered in visitor's lounges, aides rolling food  
carts, stray doctors en route to operations, all staring

quizzically at the shrouded figure in the racing wheelchair.

TWO SPECIALISTS

already in scrubs and surgical gloves, wait outside an intensive care unit. The sign above the open doors reads, "Cardiac Care". They wave the Hamas posse inside.

IN THE INTENSIVE CARE UNIT

The staff transfers Meshal to a waiting bed. A pair of hands cuts through his clothes while another fits an oxygen tube to his nose. A doctor scans Meshal for punctures. The LEAD CARDIOLOGIST, early 50s, applies EKG pads to his chest. He leans his ear to Meshal's mouth.

The Lead Cardiologist stands upright, stunned.

LEAD CARDIOLOGIST

My God... he's not breathing. - We need a ventilator!

A young doctor goes to locate one. The Lead Cardiologist check's Meshal's throat for a pulse then leans over and performs mouth-to-resuscitation. Behind him a nurse politely drives out the Hamas bodyguards and the room doors swing shut.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

A young doctor, stethoscope around his neck, studies his clipboard en route to his next patient. He looks up, puzzled.

A SIZEABLE CROWD

of policemen and Hamas activists in bulletproof vests, milling about outside cardiac care. A rotund nurse approaches.

YOUNG DOCTOR

Linda!

LINDA

Oh... hi Amin.

YOUNG DOCTOR

What's going on?

LINDA

The Israelis poisoned the leader of Hamas.

INT. GID HEADQUARTERS, AMMAN - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Henry sits at a table with three hostile Jordanian Generals. A phalanx of less senior military men line the walls.

GENERAL #1

Send one of your doctors to undo whatever you did. Then we can talk.

HENRY

I'd like to turn the clock back too, General. But I can't. Meshal is going to die and we may as well deal with the consequences.

GENERAL #2

You don't want to know the consequences for your assassins if this man dies in Jordan.

Henry waits for the Generals to resume pressing him.

GENERAL #1

You're running out the clock, Henry, when you should be working with us to resolve this. Meshal dying here will hurt both our countries.

HENRY

Do you think I don't know that, General? You have my men! For all the room I have to move, you may as well throw me in with them.

GENERAL #2

A path you're heading down this very moment with your stalling.

HENRY

The point is, I'm at your disposal. I will take whatever message you like to the Prime...

GENERAL #2

There is but one message: send us the antidote for your poison.

HENRY

There is no antidote, General. I can't press a button and erase what happened this morning.

GENERAL #3

Your country is a nuclear power. Do you expect us to believe you're suddenly helpless now?

The door OPENS and Samih Batikhi steps inside. He glances at the seated Generals. They immediately stand. Henry, a frequent

visitor to Amman who's familiar with this ritual, does the same. All the men direct their attention to the door.

KING HUSSEIN

a diminutive man, late 50s, with a sparse gray beard, his head nearly bald from chemotherapy, enters the room between two bodyguards.

CLOSE ON his eyes scanning the conference table. Spotting Henry, he marches over to where he's standing.

HENRY'S POV

The King, literally shaking with anger, glaring at him.

THE GENERALS

observe the exchange, stunned. They've never seen their usually calm leader so enraged.

INT. JORDANIAN POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Beads and Kendall, still bloody and filthy, sit in the bare concrete room. As tough as each man is, both look terrified.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Henry Waknine, a GID official at his side, examining his men through the two-way mirror. He looks as anguished as them.

GID OFFICIAL (O.S.)

Come, Mr. Waknine. Your  
helicopter is waiting.

INT. AMMAN HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - SAME

A very distraught Mrs. Meshal, her eyes red from crying, rides the elevator with the Hamas guard who's been tasked with escorting her. The car stops. Slowly, the door opens.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Meshal runs down the corridor, her escort at her heels, toward the BROUHAHA outside the cardiac care unit. Two Hamas activists in bulletproof vests block her path.

HAMAS ACTIVIST

Madame, this wing is closed.

YOUNG ESCORT

She's Brother Khaled's wife.

The activists step aside and Mrs. Meshal takes off running

again. WE SEE the crowd outside the unit has grown larger.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nadim discusses Meshal's condition with the Lead Cardiologist. Loud CHATTER from the crowd outside the cardiac care unit renders their hushed voices barely audible.

NADIM

What did Shahir say it is?

LEAD CARDIOLOGIST

He doesn't know. And he's *never* missed an id. Either he's suddenly lost the ability to perform his job, or they used something untraceable.

NADIM

Can your team identify the poison by process of elimination?

LEAD CARDIOLOGIST

We've already done that. But this is not your standard benzodiazepine. Whatever they gave him is *continually* attacking his respiratory system. He was sprayed with some bizarre, experimental drug probably for this very purpose; it can't be countered.

NADIM

Is there any way to synthesize a corrective?

LEAD CARDIOLOGIST

He's too *weak* to experiment. If he wasn't such a big man he'd have died en route. With literally no room for error, we can't move forward. He's barely alive as it is. And I may have to put him in a coma to *keep* him alive.

The door OPENS. The nurse addresses the Lead Cardiologist.

NURSE

Pardon me for interrupting but Mrs. Meshal is here. Do you want Mohammed to talk to her?

LEAD CARDIOLOGIST

I'll take care of it, Reem. Just give me a moment.

NADIM

I'm aware you're under terrible pressure, Doctor. It's at the behest of The King that I ask: do you understand how important it is for Jordan to save this man's life?

LEAD CARDIOLOGIST

I'm Palestinian, officer.

NADIM

His Majesty needs to know, definitively, if it's possible to do so. Please do not embellish.

The Lead Cardiologist mulls this over.

LEAD CARDIOLOGIST

If you can talk Israel into telling us what they used on him, maybe. Short of that miracle, no.

NADIM

Thank you for your time, Doctor.

Without saying anything further, Nadim exits the tiny office.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CARDIAC CARE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is a maelstrom of uniformed Jordanian soldiers, hospital staff, and armed Hamas bodyguards. Meshal's wife, still in her doctor's uniform, her eyes red from crying, waits for a word with her husband's doctor. Nadim flashes his GID i.d. to two Hamas guards who approach him and again to two soldiers. They wave him through.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The crowd thins passed Meshal's rooms. Nadim searches the comparatively quiet corridor for another empty office. Finding none he dodges into a room occupied by an old man lying in a deep sleep on his hospital bed. Nadim locks the door behind him and pulls out a cell phone.

GENERAL BATIKHI (O.S.)

What'd you find out?

Nadim SIGHS.

NADIM

He's not going to make it.

INT. ISRAELI EMBASSY - SAME - DUSK

The four male members of the second Mossad team, Israel's female consul general, and her sexy young spokeswoman, relax in an embassy lounge. A platter of sandwiches sits on a coffee table. Though aware of the arrest of their colleagues, none seem at all perturbed by the bungled mission.

MOSSAD AGENT #3

If Ephraim doesn't show up with plane tickets in the next hour, I'm taking a cab back.

MOSSAD AGENT #4

How unlike you, Yoni, to be thinking of yourself when two members of your squad are in a foreign prison.

Yoni casts a withering look at his colleague.

YONI

Give it a rest, Dov! What's going to happen to them?

DOV

We don't know. In the meantime, you should be grateful you're not in their shoes.

YONI

What don't we know? The midget knows his place. He'll probably fly Ami and Igor home himself! They'll get back before we do.

An odd RUMBLE sounds from outside the embassy. The lemonade glasses on the table begin to RATTLE.

DOV

What the hell is that?

He gets up to have a look outside. Notably, all the window blinds are drawn.

FEMALE CONSUL GENERAL

Don't go to the window.

At this, two of the agents LAUGH aloud.

YONI

It's a little late for that precaution, Amira, don't you think?

EXT. ISRAELI EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

A column of tanks rolls up the drive. With surprising agility, the lumbering vehicles move into position around the building. The six tanks parked alongside the guard trailers start their engines. Each tank rolls forward or backward a few meters then falls into place with the others. Ominously, their turrets swing toward the building they're charged with defending.

Atop a trailer, two soldiers holding machine guns behind a sandbagged post stand and reposition their chairs. Then they sit back down and point their weapons at the embassy.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A crack in a third story window blind, the Consul General, Amira, barely visible behind it.

EXT. GEORGETOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

A handsome tree-lined street of brownstones and ornate stone apartment buildings. CAMERA PANS the stoops and the BMWs and Lexus's parked across from them, halting on a parking sign.

THE SIGN

reads, 'US Defense Dept. parking only'

INT. GEORGETOWN DUPLEX - NIGHT - SAME

A phone RINGS in the spacious bedroom of a sleeping household. One of two sleeping figures in a double bed stirs. The phone RINGS again. A woman's slender arm reaches for the nightstand.

SLEEPING WIFE

Hello? - *Who did you say you were?* - Well it is...

She, an attractive, patrician woman, early 50s, glances at the alarm clock. To her right, her husband SNORES peaceably.

SLEEPING WIFE

...four in the morning. - Okay. I'll tell him.

She pokes her husband's broad back. He doesn't respond.

SLEEPING WIFE

You have a phone call, honey.

SLEEPING HUSBAND

Is it the President?

SLEEPING WIFE

No.

SLEEPING HUSBAND

Then tell 'em to call back later  
and hang up!

SLEEPING WIFE

I think you better tell him that,  
babe.

At this, her husband sits up. Chubby, pugnacious, intelligent,  
late 50s, he is National Security Adviser, ROBERT HAINES.

ROBERT HAINES

Who the hell is it?

MRS. HAINES

He says he's the king of Jordan.

INT. BEIT AGHION - JERUSALEM, ISRAEL - NEXT DAY

Henry, anxious about his imprisoned agents in Amman, and  
Netanyahu, characteristically blithe, depart the prime  
minister's residence early Friday afternoon. Two hulking  
bodyguards stand behind them in the elevator.

HENRY

Whatever your grand scheme was or  
is, things have changed. We're  
not holding all the cards  
anymore. Hussein has two rather  
sizeable ones now. And that  
doesn't seem to have registered  
with you.

NETANYAHU

You know as well as I we'll get  
them back in a couple days.

HENRY

What are you prepared to offer  
The King to release them?

NETANYAHU

Given that he's not taking my  
calls I can't offer him anything,  
can I?

Henry rolls his eyes at his boss's childishness.

HENRY

Even with Jordan's help on a  
press blackout, we can't keep  
this under wraps much longer.  
Eventually, someone will snap a  
photo and people are going to  
start asking why our embassy is  
surrounded by tanks.

NETANYAHU

Tell them the chemo's gone to Hussein's head. Apparently, it has. Why else would he pull such a stunt?

HENRY

It's not a stunt, Bibi.

The elevator opens. Outside the building, an armed motorcade waits to shuttle them to a cabinet meeting.

Netanyahu stares at Henry incredulously as the two men cross the lobby.

NETANYAHU

The midget's going to attack sovereign Israeli territory?

HENRY

If he doesn't do something substantive, the Palestinians are going to think he authorized the Meshal hit.

NETANYAHU

They also think they're moving back to nonexistent villages here. The Arabs believe a lot of nonsense.

EXT. BEIT AGHION - CONTINUOUS

Henry continues trying, in vain, to persuade his boss.

HENRY

This nonsense they can act on. The Palestinian half of his country will claim Hussein gave us the go ahead. There will be calls for his overthrow in every city in Jordan!

Netanyahu has a seat in the limousine. He gives an odd, self-satisfied smile—*not unlike Beads calmly fleeing the scene after his 'bungled' hit.*

NETANYAHU

Hussein can put down a few riots.  
- He's done it before.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Henry joins his boss inside. He fixes the Prime Minister with a cold, even hateful, glare.

HENRY

But he'd rather not have riots at all. To pre-empt them he may demonstrate, forcefully and dramatically, that he had no part in this.

Henry fixes Netanyahu with another withering, hateful look.

HENRY

How do you think he's going to do that?

CUT TO:

SURVEILLANCE CAMERA FOOTAGE

replaying on a television screen, of Henry's meeting yesterday with the hostile Jordanian generals. A white pointer appears against the glass.

NADIM (O.S.)

I presume you recognize that gentleman, the director of the Mossad, Henry Waknine. As you know, he visits us regularly.

The men onscreen abruptly stand up from the table.

NADIM (O.S.)

Pardon my forgetfulness. We should have the volume up for this part.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the bare interrogation room where Beads and Kendall sat yesterday. They've since been cleaned up and dressed in fresh prison jumpsuits, their wounds bandaged. Both men stare unabashedly at the television as the familiar figure of King Hussein strides in to address his now standing Generals. He turns to Henry Waknine.

KING HUSSEIN (V.O.)

Mr. Waknine, if Khaled Meshal dies we will hang the men responsible for his murder in Amman the following day. The others hiding in your embassy will be arrested and tried as accomplices.

Onscreen, the King exits as abruptly as he arrived. Nadim pauses the video and points to the upper right hand corner.

NADIM

Please note the date there,  
September 25. Your boss received  
this ultimatum from His Majesty  
yesterday. - Congratulations, I  
suppose, are in order!

CLOSE ON Beads and Kendall, their faces darkening.

NADIM

Mr. Meshal expired this morning.  
Your mission was a success!

Beads and Kendall continue to stare ahead catatonically. Nadim  
drops the faux chipper tone.

NADIM

It gives me no satisfaction to  
tell you that your lives are now  
over. His Majesty is not a  
vindictive man. The duplicity of  
your leader put him in this  
corner. Although you pretended to  
be Canadian citizens, your status  
as soldiers will be respected.  
You will not be tortured and your  
religious traditions will be  
respected. A rabbi will be made  
available for your execution, and  
your bodies will be returned to  
your families in Israel  
immediately. If you choose to  
cooperate, The King will be  
informed.

Nadim, leaving Beads and Kendall to their thoughts, stands and  
wheels the television out of the room.

The door lock CLICKS shut. The wall-length two-way mirror  
glimmers opaquely behind the two doomed prisoners of war.

INT. AMMAN PALACE - SAME

Alone in a simple study, The King drafts the speech he'll  
present to the country in advance of any military action  
against Israel.

As he writes in Arabic, right to left, WE HEAR the lines.

KING HUSSEIN

...it was to be a center for  
advancing dialogue between Israel  
and her neighbors, used solely  
for diplomatic purposes.

(MORE)

## KING HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

Yesterday, Israel used its Amman embassy to murder a Jordanian citizen. Two of the assassins were caught; the rest took refuge in that same embassy. No country can permit such a violation of its sovereignty and Jordan can not either. At this point, there is but one path to justice for our murdered countryman.

## EXT. AMMAN - UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A young American, blond, handsome, with the crew cut and toned figure of a former naval officer, jogs in tights and a t-shirt. The CIA station chief for Amman, he is CARL BERGMANSON.

A black town car with tinted windows drives by slowly on an intersecting street. Carl turns left onto the same street and finds the car idling around the corner. He glances down.

## THE CAR'S PLATES

have a official government designation.

Carl slows to a walk. A young Jordanian official holds the door of the car open for him.

## YOUNG OFFICIAL

Are you Mr. Bergmanson?

## CARL

You found me.

## YOUNG OFFICIAL

His Majesty needs to see you.  
Please have a seat.

Carl takes this in, puzzled. He indicates his sweaty clothes.

## CARL

I'm not really dressed for a palace visit.

## YOUNG OFFICIAL

That's immaterial, sir. My apologies for any inconvenience but there is no time to dally. The King requests your presence immediately.

Carl takes a seat in back. The official closes his door and hops in the front seat. The town car takes off with a SQUEAL.

INT. GOVERNMENT TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

But for the driver and young official the car is empty. The GID agent in front offers no further explanation to Carl.

CARL

You don't, by any chance, have me confused with our ambassador...

YOUNG OFFICIAL

Mr. Egan will be joining us.

Perennially personable Carl acknowledges that he's been cut off with a polite smile.

CARL

Just asking. - Official matters are generally his purview.

EXT. HILLTOP RESIDENCE - AMMAN - SAME

The town car parks outside one of several residences for conducting official business The King keeps in Amman. As Carl approaches the gates an armed soldier comes over with a scanner. The young official dismisses him. In Arabic...

YOUNG OFFICIAL

He's been searched. Open the door.

The soldier steps aside and Carl follows the Young Official through the gates. A handful of soldiers, lingering discreetly along the tree-lined fence, look on as Carl and the official climb the steps and enter the palace.

INT. KING'S PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Carl follows the official down a marble corridor. The corridor ends at a spacious room with a glass wall that overlooks Amman. A distinguished dark-haired man, early 60s, in a blazer and pressed slacks, stands by a sofa. America's ambassador to Jordan, he is DANIEL GORMLEY. Carl extends his hand to him.

CARL

I thought you were on a dig today?

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

I was. They sent a helicopter.

CARL

They didn't even let me take a shower.

Suddenly conscious they're not alone, Carl turns around.

HIS POV

a stout, broad-shouldered young man, 35, sits nearby in full military dress. He looks anxious. He is the King's eldest son and possible heir, PRINCE ABDULLAH.

CARL BERGMANSON

the savvy CIA operative takes in the oddity of the Prince dressed for battle on a Friday—the Muslim world's Sunday.

CARL

What's going on, Ab?

The prince answers in his slight English accent.

PRINCE ABDULLAH

I don't entirely know.

INT. PENTAGON - SECURE CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Robert Haines, and several other senior NSC and Dept. of Defense officials, listen attentively as an analyst interprets satellite photos of the cordoned Israeli embassy. Several photos, enlarged to poster size, cover the conference table.

The analyst circles a corner of a photograph.

ANALYST

There's *another* one. With this many anti-aircraft batteries in position, it's almost a certainty that the soldiers, although they're obviously not carrying them just yet, have shoulder-mounted missiles in their tanks or in those trailers.

BERGER

And their presence leads you to what conclusion?

ANALYST

There's not but one conclusion to be drawn. Wherever this is, they're obviously preparing to repel a helicopter assault.

BERGER

Alright. - Thanks for coming down, Jim.

Familiar with such briefings, the analyst stands up to leave so the senior officials in the room can discuss confidential policy matters. Several nod at him respectfully as he departs. Haines addresses his colleagues the moment the door closes.

HAINES

What's the latest from Amman?

NSA OFFICIAL

We're waiting to hear from Carl. He's meeting with the King right now.

HAINES

There's no danger of Hussein moving without telling us, is there?

NSA OFFICIAL #2

None. He'll give a national address first too. We'll have advance warning.

Haines EXHALES noticeably.

HAINES

We have to talk him, and Bibi, down from the ledge before there's a bloodbath. Where's Hart? Is he here or in Tel Aviv?

NSA OFFICIAL #2

He's in Israel.

HAINES

Tell him to leave. He's recalled indefinitely. Next, until I say otherwise, no one at State, no one here, no federal government employee, is to accept a call from an Israeli official. - What about Chaiken? Where is he?

NSA OFFICIAL

He's home. - In Maryland.

HAINES

Good. Tell him I need to see him today. This evening at the latest. He'll be our liaison.

INT. KING'S PALACE - AMMAN - SAME

While his son Prince Abdullah looks on, an obviously shaken King Hussein calmly explains—in his clipped, formal English—the repercussions of the Meshal hit for his country to the top American officials in Jordan. A stout, diffident man, 50, with an aloof manner and sardonic tongue, is also present. The King's brother, frequent representative, and presumed heir, he is CROWN PRINCE HASSAN.

KING HUSSEIN

Netanyahu has stated publicly he wouldn't honor the agreements signed by the late Rabin. But murdering Meshal in Amman goes far beyond burying Oslo.

The King glances at his brother.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

They're seeking to overthrow His Majesty's government. This is a stealth attack to destroy Jordan from within.

KING HUSSEIN

They know the Palestinians here will claim I sanctioned Meshal's murder. They also know the unrest those charges will incite.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

They likely plan to use that unrest as a cover for transferring their Arab population here.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

listens in, with unveiled incredulousness. *He can't believe what's hearing.*

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

You don't have to be a PhD in Middle East history, as you are, Ambassador Gormley, to know they've done that twice before.

KING HUSSEIN

Meshal doesn't travel often; it's true. But he does leave Jordan. Netanyahu's administration knows this. As surely as they knew the consequences for Jordan of targeting him here.

Perhaps to call attention away from his senior colleague's near open-mouthed staring, Carl joins the discussion.

CARL

They knew, your Majesty. There's no question they knew.

The King glances at his brother, indicating he's to talk.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

The battlefield capabilities of your ally to the west are well known. Obviously, we don't want to fight a losing battle with the world's 4<sup>th</sup> largest military. But we can't retreat in the face of this aggression, however cleverly packaged.

KING HUSSEIN

We have a duty to stabilize our country, a nation that has been an oasis of stability in the region for decades.

Dan, perhaps realizing he shouldn't simply be staring in puzzled silence, finally contributes to the discussion.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

The United States recognizes that. *And* we recognize your right to national self-defense.

KING HUSSEIN

None of your country's leaders has made the investment your current President has in this region. If he's prepared to see his years of work come to naught, say so and I will give my son the order to arrest the remaining assassins in the embassy. If you believe, as I do, that he would instead prefer to see peace again become our shared goal, I ask that you join my brother in personally conveying to your President what's at stake for all parties.

INT. KNESSET CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Bibi, Henry, and a dozen or so military leaders, cabinet ministers, and MKs\* discuss the situation in Jordan. As is often the case in the Knesset itself, the officials repeatedly shout over and insult each other. The few who aren't SHOUTING are examining, perplexed, photos of their cordoned embassy.

\*MK = Member of Knesset, Israel's Senate or Parliament

CLOSE ON the rotund, laconic, and unapologetically mercenary Minister of Housing. Late 60s, a former Defense Minister and revered 'founding father' of Israel, he is SHAUL.

NETANYAHU

smiles contentedly amid the brouhaha. He's pleased his advisors are yelling at each other instead of seeking a solution to their captive citizens in Jordan.

MINISTER #1 (O.S.)

The greatest murderers since  
Hitler!

MINISTER #2 (O.S.)

We should firebomb every Hamas  
owned building in Amman!  
Including their hospital!

An uncharacteristically dignified official turns to Henry.

DIGNIFIED OFFICIAL/ILAN

The King is an honorable man.  
We'd like to help him. But  
helping Hamas? No Israeli  
government could sanction that.

HENRY

We have no choice, Ilan, if we  
want our men back.

A Knesset Member who was shouting earlier LAUGHS aloud.

MK #1

Or what? He'll execute our  
citizens?! Enter our embassy?!

MINISTER #3

Those are acts of war, Henry. You  
can't see that Hussein is  
bluffing? How did you land such a  
senior position?

HENRY

He's already set a deadline. And  
he has our men. Can any of you  
hold that thought for more than a  
second? He has our men!

ILAN

The King knows his place, Henry.  
He'll let them go in a week.

MINISTER #2

A deadline for when exactly?

He directs the question to the Prime Minister. Bibi SMIRKS.

NETANYAHU

Midnight tomorrow.

Hearing this, Shaul interjects some sarcasm.

SHAUL

He has to invade Russia first.  
It's a joint operation with  
Malta.

But for Henry, the entire table LAUGHS aloud.

MINISTER #1

And the Canary Islands!

The men explode with LAUGHTER again. Henry looks on, disgusted.

HENRY

I wish our countrymen could see  
their leaders right now. Two of  
our bravest operatives are a hair  
away from death and you're  
laughing like schoolboys.

MINISTER #2

Hussein wouldn't dare harm an  
Israeli citizen. We'd flatten his  
whole country in an hour.

HENRY

You'd be doing him a favor.

At this, a heavy SILENCE descends over the tumultuous meeting.  
The ministers and MKs inexplicably sober up.

SHAUL

What are you talking about,  
Henry?

HENRY

Are you playing dumb, Shaul? -  
You lived through Black  
September; most of us did.  
Hussein doesn't want another  
civil war. When word gets out we  
killed Meshal in Amman, he'll  
have one. Attacking him  
afterwards will only *help him*  
stamp it out. If all we're  
ultimately doing is helping The  
King, shouldn't we do so via a  
route that returns our citizens  
and avoids isolating the one or  
two allies we have?

ILAN

If he attacks our embassy, Henry,  
we have no choice but to  
retaliate.

HENRY

We had a choice not to do this  
there! We have a choice to de-  
escalate while we still can! Two  
of our countrymen's lives are on  
the line, at least two, and  
you're talking about 'flattening'  
Jordan like it's a trip to the  
beach. Jordan isn't Lebanon! If a  
couple hundred people die there  
the Americans won't pretend  
nothing happened.

At this overt allusion to America's rarely used veto over  
Israeli actions, the other ministers resume yelling AD LIB at  
Henry and each other.

SHAUL

America has never told us what to  
do and never will!

MINISTER #1

We alone are responsible for  
protecting our country!

HENRY'S POV

Netanyahu, smiling to himself, not at all dismayed by the  
direction of the meeting. As Henry studies his boss's  
satisfaction at the impasse, an understanding dawns on him.  
He TAPS the prime minister's shoulder.

HENRY

You wanted this, didn't you?

Bibi looks at Henry quizzically, as if unable to hear. Henry  
shakes his head, disgusted anew at his colleague's latest  
cheap trick. He leans down to speak into Bibi's ear.

HENRY

Can you hear me now? - You're not  
going to get away with this. I  
won't let you sacrifice my men.

INT. PENTAGON - ROBERT HAINES' OFFICE - DUSK - SAME

A bookish, prematurely graying, bespectacled man meets with  
the National Security Advisor. Former AIPAC lobbyist and  
longtime Middle East negotiator for the US, he is BEN CHAIKEN.

ROBERT HAINES

I'd love to tell this cowboy to heel, believe me. But we're on such a tightrope I can't give myself that pleasure. Any directives have to come from you. Or the President.

BEN CHAIKEN

Has he weighed in on this yet?

Haines shakes his head.

ROBERT HAINES

He's in Arkansas 'til Monday for the Little Rock 9 anniversary. I don't want to bring him in until it's absolutely necessary. He may have to run interference.

Ben NODS, unsurprised. He'd figured as much.

ROBERT HAINES

Has Bibi called you?

BEN CHAIKEN

Not yet but he will. Early tomorrow if not the middle of the night tonight.

ROBERT HAINES

When he does, make it abundantly clear that he's to do what the King asks. None of Hussein's demands are negotiable. There's no time for that anyway.

BEN CHAIKEN

Understood.

ROBERT HAINES

Don't mention the Saudis turning off the spigot if he attacks Jordan. Everything is 'The King's our great ally, preserve the peace process, protect Israel's security' all the usual bullshit. But make sure he understands that if he doesn't back off *immediately*, we will sever ties *publicly*.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF AMMAN - MILITARY AIRPORT - NIGHT - SAME

Crown Prince Hassan ascends the stairs to the royal jet that

will be taking him to Washington. The King and Prince Abdullah, still in his military uniform, watch him go from the tarmac. Their bodyguards give the family a wide berth.

INT. THE KING'S PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

A handful of the Crown Prince's aides and Carl Bergmanson are already seated in enormous 'first class'-sized seats in the thickly carpeted cabin. With a handheld scanner, Ambassador Gormley checks the seats and sofas for bugs. The Crown Prince observes this with his wry smile.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

State Department protocol, Mr. Hassan. Don't take it personally.

PRINCE HASSAN

I haven't.

The Prince greets Carl.

PRINCE HASSAN

Make yourself at home. There are cots if you or Dan need a nap. I'm taking the bedroom; I've been up since I got the news yesterday.

He heads for the back of the plane. He turns around.

PRINCE HASSAN

There's a bar too. For non-Muslims.

Nadim appears unexpectedly at the jet door, panting, a locked briefcase in his hand. He scans the cabin for Prince Hassan. He walks over and hands him the briefcase. In Arabic..

NADIM

In the event they prove helpful, taped confessions from the Israelis.

EXT. THE KING'S PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

Nadim exits the jet. Two soldiers immediately roll away the mobile staircase. In the b.g., The King and his son walk across the tarmac toward a waiting motorcade, a coterie of bodyguards behind them. Nadim jogs in the other direction.

EXT. MILITARY AIRPORT - TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

The King and his son walk in silence. A mere day from the deadline to storm the Israeli embassy, Prince Abdullah looks understandably nervous.

PRINCE ABDULLAH

What's next, father?

KING HUSSEIN

The Americans will threaten to take away their allowance. And Netanyahu will start behaving again.

EXT. MILITARY AIRPORT - OTHER END OF THE TARMAC - CONTINUOUS  
Nadim hops into the back of a waiting armor-plated limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

A weary-looking General Batikhi sits in back.

BATIKHI

I didn't have time to ask you this earlier.

NADIM

What's that, pasha?

BATIKHI

How did you get the Mossad men to talk on camera? They even mentioned meeting with Henry here! - It's a gold mine! We can broadcast it on television to swing the Israeli public against Netanyahu, like those videos Hezbollah makes.

NADIM

I played them the film of His Majesty's conversation with Mr. Waknine. Where he warns him he'll hang his employees if Meshal dies. Then I told them their poison *had* worked.

The General looks at his assistant admiringly, a rare smile on his tough face.

EXT. CARDIAC CARE UNIT - NIGHT - SAME

But for a small but still visible cluster of Jordanian policemen and Hamas members in bulletproof vests standing guard, the hospital's returned to normal.

INT. CARDIAC CARE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

An astonishing array of medical equipment ring Meshal's bed:

a heart monitor, an LCD screen, a ventilator.

MESHAL

deathly gray against the blue sheets, is barely visible beneath the tangle of EKG wires on his chest, the IV hoses in his arms, the oxygen tube in his nose, the much stouter pipe down his throat for the ventilator.

MESHAL'S FACE

is precisely the color it was yesterday when he was rushed into intensive care minutes from expiring. *The doctors haven't reversed his descent into death; they've merely paused it at the door.*

SLOW PAN of the sheets atop Meshal's chest, rising ever so slightly—almost microscopically—from the ventilator that's moving his lungs.

SLOW PAN of the monitors lining the bed, their graphs and peaks registering only the tiniest signs of life: *to keep Meshal alive he's been put in an induced coma.*

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Meshal's wife and the clearly fatigued Lead Cardiologist observing, sitting in simple chairs at the foot of Meshal's bed. The Lead Cardiologist's eyes flutter closed and snap back open. Mrs. Meshal notices.

MRS MESHAL

Kamal? - Why don't you go home?

The Lead Cardiologist shakes his head.

LEAD CARDIOLOGIST

I can't leave him.

MRS. MESHAL

There's nothing to do now but wait. You said so yourself.

She touches his arm gently.

MRS. MESHAL

You've done enough, Doctor.  
Please. Get a good night's sleep.

EXT. ISRAEL - NEGEV - NIGHT - SAME

A massive farm two hours south of Jerusalem. CAMERA PANS a row of tangerine trees in bloom. The WHIR of sprinklers irrigating crops fills the air.

PAN ends on the lit windows of a hangar-sized barn.

INT. NEGEV FARM BARN - CONTINUOUS

Shaul, in overalls and rubber boots, checks on his cows. An anxious Henry joins him for his evening chores. The big old General pokes his head out of a stall, puzzled.

SHAUL

The press?! Are you serious?

HENRY

Of course I'm serious.

SHAUL

What makes you think a statement will get passed the censor?

HENRY

Whether it does or doesn't, I have to do something to get my men back.

SHAUL

That's well and good, Henry. But that isn't *your* job. It's Bibi's.

HENRY

But he's not doing it! You didn't see him this morning? Smirking like a child? He was thrilled you were all calling for air strikes instead of common sense, God forbid, an apology to an ally.

SHAUL

Jordan is no ally, Henry.

HENRY

How can you say that? The King has helped us innumerable times.

SHAUL

How can you say otherwise? Isn't he holding a gun to our head right now?

HENRY

Who put that gun in his hand?

Shaul looks at Henry incredulously, stunned by his naiveté.

SHAUL

We did of course; we're always the bad guy. And if we'd both calmly put our hands down, at the agreed upon time, we'd be friends again? That's *your* understanding?

HENRY

We should start bombing instead?  
With how many of our people in  
the crossfire?

SHAUL

Bibi's not a child, Henry. He's a  
realist. He knows something  
you've obviously forgotten. No  
matter how many treaties we sign  
with these people, they'll never  
accept our being here. Which is  
why we can never let our guard  
down. The moment we do they'll  
go back to throwing us into the  
sea!

Shaul returns his attentions to his cows. He pats a sleeping  
bovine on the head tenderly and moves to the next stall.

SHAUL

Bibi will get everyone back.  
He just doesn't want to agree to  
move back to Europe in exchange.

INT. THE KING'S PRIVATE JET - NIGHT - SAME

But for a few dimmed ceiling lamps the posh cabin is dark, the  
handful of inhabitants asleep. Ambassador Gormley, alert  
despite the hour, chats with his dozing colleague, Carl.

CARL

What'd she say?

Ambassador Gormley CHUCKLES.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

The same thing I said to you when  
we left the palace. Who *the hell*  
is Khaled Meshal?

CARL

Thirty years on and you're still  
soul mates.

The ambassador looks off, wistfully.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

I still can't believe a guy in  
his thirties no one's ever heard  
of warrants so much attention. I  
was still in school at that age.

Ambassador Gormley looks to make sure the nearby Jordanian  
aides are asleep. He lowers his voice to a WHISPER.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

Could you believe how the Crown Prince poured it on this afternoon? Claiming the Israelis were trying to overthrow their country? A stealth attack for... what was his phrase? Population transfer? What an imagination! My God, he could be a novelist.

Carl's eyes flutter closed then snap back open. Following the ambassador's lead, he too WHISPERS.

CARL

You think he was embellishing?

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

You don't? Obviously, they're going to exploit their trophy prisoners but I didn't think they'd give such Academy Award winning performances.

CARL

The King and his brother weren't acting, Dan.

The Ambassador mulls this over, puzzled.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

You think they believe that nonsense?

Carl YAWNS audibly.

CARL

You're aware the Arab countries consider Israel, Palestine, right?

The ambassador rolls his eyes.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

That was covered on the foreign service exam.

CARL

Well to the Israelis, *Jordan* is Palestine. More than half the population is Palestinian; that's where they expelled most of them to in '48 and '67.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

In 1982 Sharon, who's in this government, destroyed the Palestinian community in Lebanon partly hoping to topple King Hussein then. They had to drop their plans to drive the survivors into Jordan after the Sabra&Shatilla massacres but that remains the national objective. Killing Meshal is its latest expression.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

May I point out a hole in your assessment that's big enough to drive a truck through?

CARL

Go for it.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

Israel has *peace* with the Palestinians now! They agreed to give back the West Bank and Gaza.

CARL

Four years ago; They never even left Gaza. Oslo was a ruse, Dan. The very phrase 'peace process' is a cover for more of the same. Just like going after Meshal in Jordan is a cover for expelling them once and for all.

The Ambassador looks off, reality finally hitting home.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

If we don't make a sufficiently compelling case tomorrow a million people are going to lose their homes? We're charged with *stopping* that?

Carl YAWNS audibly again.

CARL

More like postponing it. They're going to throw them all out eventually. But all at once... that's not US policy. Gotta keep up appearances.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

Appearances?

CARL

We are footing the bill for this. Presumably, we endorse it. We don't want to make it too difficult for our Arab allies to pretend otherwise. Can't have another oil embargo!

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

I took this post for the perks: the archeology sites, the weather.

CARL

Isn't the climate in Amman wonderful? It's like Santa Monica with no beach.

EXT. LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

An enormous four story urban high school in the Arkansas capital on a sunny late summer Saturday morning. A crowd of three thousand or so sit in folding chairs outside. Though it's a Saturday morning, to a person, everyone's wearing their Sunday best. On a stage constructed against the school's front steps, nine dignified African-American men and women, late 40s and early 50s, share a long, draped table. Forty years ago they integrated Arkansas's public schools in the landmark Brown v. Board of Education case. Their spouses and children, there to celebrate the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary with them, are seated at the rear of the stage. Mixed in with them are tall, well-built men in dark suits and glasses, wearing earpieces: Secret Service agents there to protect the morning's unofficial guest of honor. They patrol in front of the stage as well, keeping an eye on the audience.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

his cherubic face and bushy white hair recognizable anywhere, shares the table with the now middle-aged 'Little Rock 9'. He sits at the end of the table, waiting to be called to speak.

AT THE PODIUM

Another ambitious southern politician introduces the President. Early 40s, chubby, genial, and astute like Clinton, he is the current Arkansas Governor, MIKE HUCKABEE.

GOVERNOR MIKE HUCKABEE

...a Little Rock native himself of sorts.

Clinton CHUCKLES. Huckabee turns around to address him.

GOVERNOR MIKE HUCKABEE

You did live here for an awful long time, Mr. President. - Please give a warm Arkansas welcome to a good friend of mine, and so many others here this morning, our former Governor and current President, Bill Clinton.

APPLAUSE as the President approaches the podium. Huckabee holds out his hand. President Clinton acknowledges with a nod the sizeable audience rising to their feet.

INT. SUBURBAN MARYLAND HOME - BASEMENT - SAME

Ben Chaiken, in sweats and a t-shirt, exercises on a stationary bike in his basement. As he pedals he talks on a secure line, set to speaker, with Israel's Prime Minister.

So unflappable the last two days, Netanyahu now sounds unhinged. Notably Ben, a lifelong paid advocate for Netanyahu's country in America, does nothing to assuage his anxiety.

NETANYAHU (O.S.)

They've threatened to storm the embassy. Tonight. That's an attack on Israel itself. Our people won't permit us to do nothing.

BEN CHAIKEN

But they'll permit a pointless conflict with a neighbor that's your staunchest ally in the region? Just ask yourself: will Israel's security be helped in any way by burying your peace treaty with the King? Does any Israeli parent want to see their child get hurt or even killed over this?

More labored BREATHING on the line. Chaiken pedals away.

NETANYAHU

We have no quarrel with the King. But helping Meshal is asking too much! I can't have that on my conscience.

BEN CHAIKEN

Don't look at it as helping  
 Hamas. Look at it as saving the  
 lives of your men in Amman.

Several loud KNOCKS on the basement door.

CHAIKEN'S YOUNG DAUGHTER (O.S.)

Are you done yet, Daddy? I have a  
 game today!

BEN CHAIKEN

I know, pumpkin. I'm taking you  
 to it. Be right up!

Chaiken dismounts the bike. He turns to the speaker phone.

BEN CHAIKEN

Have to sign off now, Bibi. If  
 you need to get in touch with me  
 later, call my cell. But only if  
 it's an emergency.

NETANYAHU (O.S.)

So you'll tell the President we  
 won't be...

BEN CHAIKEN

I won't be telling the President  
 anything. For your own sake, do  
 what Hussein is asking.

He hangs up before the Prime Minister can respond.

INT. PENTAGON - SECURE CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

In the same windowless room where they examined satellite  
 photos with the help of a CIA analyst yesterday, Robert  
 Haines, Carl Bergmanson, and several overtly skeptical senior  
 NSC and Dept. of Defense officials discuss what the official  
 US response to the crisis in Jordan should be. Ambassador  
 Gormley is not present; this is outside his purview.

In a rare suit for the occasion, Carl updates them in his  
 trademark no-nonsense yet folksy manner.

CARL BERGMANSON

I don't think he sees his guys  
 getting caught as a sign to turn  
 back or even as an obstacle. He  
 sees it as a blessing in  
 disguise.

SKEPTICAL NSC OFFICIAL

How could getting caught with his pants down when, according to *your* reports, they were aiming for the exact opposite, possibly be a blessing?

CARL BERGMANSON

Reiterating The King's view doesn't mean I endorse it.

ROBERT HAINES

That's understood, Carl. Proceed.

CARL BERGMANSON

If, as Hussein and his brother claim, killing Meshal in Amman is an attempt to foment a civil war they can exploit to drive their Arab populace into Jordan..

TWO SKEPTICAL NSC/DOD OFFICIALS

roll their eyes and SIGH ostentatiously at this assessment. They obviously consider the analysis conspiracy theory.

CARL BERGMANSON (CONT'D)

...then the two Mossad guys in prison advances that goal immeasurably.

NSC OFFICIAL #2

How so?

CARL BERGMANSON

Not unlike our country, Israel is very sensitive on the issue of hostages. Didn't they, in the 80s, exchange a couple hundred PLO guys for two or three Israeli prisoners of war?

ROBERT HAINES

It was actually a couple thousand.

CARL BERGMANSON

If Jordan executes any of this current batch Israel will likely present that to their public as a green light to do whatever they wish, including attacking Jordan and conceivably driving their own Arab residents there.

SKEPTICAL DOD OFFICIAL

If that's really what they're so worried about, Carl, why doesn't the King deny Netanyahu that pretext and simply return his operatives?

CARL BERGMANSON

As discussed, Harold, if he accommodates the Israelis without getting something very significant in return, Jordan could come apart from the inside. - You've seen the reports from Minnesota; some of you must have. He doesn't want to go out like that. He wants to hand off his country to his brother, or his son, in one piece.

SKEPTICAL NSC OFFICIAL

The King's retiring? He's announced this?

There's a pregnant SILENCE.

CARL BERGMANSON

In a matter of speaking, Bill. He has terminal cancer.

SKEPTICAL DOD OFFICIAL

Christ. What a mess.

SKEPTICAL NSC OFFICIAL

Is there any possibility The King's just pushing his luck here? Could this all be clever brinkmanship on his part?

CARL BERGMANSON

He's not bluffing. If Meshal dies, The King will act on his ultimatum. That's why Dan and I are in town, right? - Speaking of being here, where's the boss?

ROBERT HAINES

He's in Arkansas all weekend.

CARL BERGMANSON

What's his plan for dousing this fire? What did he say?

There's another heavy SILENCE. Carl takes this in, puzzled.

He glances at Robert Haines.

CARL BERGMANSON

The President has to make a call  
on this soon. What are you  
waiting for?

EXT. SUBURBAN SOCCER FIELD - METRO D.C. - SAME

Grammar school girls in uniforms, cleats, and shin guards, play soccer behind a suburban Maryland middle school. The sole referee is the only figure above four feet on the field. The bleachers on both sides are sparsely filled with the parents and siblings of the dueling young athletes. A few Dads stroll the sidelines for a closer view of the action.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

one father pacing in an upper tier of the bleachers.

BEN CHAIKEN

mobile phone to his ear, atop the bleachers, watching his child's game while taking a call from Israel's prime minister.

NETANYAHU (O.S.)

Any plane carrying aid to that  
murderer has to return to Israel  
carrying our prisoners. All of  
them! Not just the ones in the  
embassy.

BEN CHAIKEN

You're not in a position to be  
making demands. Secondly, *I'm*  
not holding your citizens. The  
Jordanians are.

NETANYAHU (O.S.)

Who else can I go to, Ben?  
They're not taking my calls!

BEN CHAIKEN

And that's come as a surprise?  
Given the stunt you just pulled  
in their backyard, their *front*  
yard, given the mess you've  
dropped in our lap, how can you  
complain about anyone not  
showing you sufficient courtesy?

NETANYAHU

I need you to tell The King on  
my behalf that...

Ben cuts him off immediately.

BEN CHAIKEN

Stop! Conveying your position-of-the-hour is Dore's job-not mine. My job is to tell you my country's position. On this matter, it's very clear. For the tenth time, do what The King asks.

NETANYAHU

Only if our citizens are released concurrently.

BEN CHAIKEN

I'm not going to say this again, Bibi, *stop* negotiating with me. *The King* is the one you have to persuade. He'll receive any representative you send, *after* you undo the mess, that *you* made.

NETANYAHU

I can't do anything until...

BEN CHAIKEN

And I can't go back and forth with you on the same point all day!

EXT. LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL - SAME

Two burly Secret Service agents march down a barricaded school sidewalk. Though the crowd from the Little Rock 9 commemoration and after party has been directed elsewhere and the men are alone, their heads jerk repeatedly as they walk anyway, scanning the vicinity for potential threats. President Clinton follows them, two more agents at his heels.

A MOTORCADE

of armor-plated S.U.V.s and limousines idles in an empty teacher's parking lot. Several more Secret Servicemen stand by the cars; several talk into their jacket cuffs. As President Clinton heads for a vehicle an agent stops him.

SECRET SERVICE #1

You're going in this car now.

Clinton follows the agent as instructed. Two others hold open a limousine door for him. The moment it closes behind him the idling cars move as one, exiting the parking lot in a

military convoy.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

A very puzzled President Clinton, a sole Secret Service agent along for the duration of the trip, glances down the bench seat. He wasn't expecting a visitor and he doesn't recognize the boyish, 40something CIA station chief sitting with him.

CARL BERGMANSON

a manila folder on his lap, waits for the President to speak first. Finally, a glimmer of recognition fills Clinton's ruddy, prematurely aging face.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Carl... Bergmanson?

CARL BERGMANSON

Correct.

The President leans across the car. The two men shake hands. Back in his corner of the limousine, President Clinton casts an inquisitive, and amused, eye at this unannounced guest.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Our man in Amman. - What the hell are you doing in Arkansas?!

CARL BERGMANSON

Mr. President, I was told we have exactly ten minutes before your next appearance. Acknowledging that, I'd like to dive right into this. - May I proceed?

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Of course.

Carl hands Clinton his folder.

CARL BERGMANSON

Let's start with some photographs.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LITTLE ROCK - POSH HOTEL - SERVICE ENTRANCE

Clinton's motorcade idles outside his next event. A small army of Secret Service agents hover around the cars.

INT. CLINTON'S LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Carl's ten minutes is over. Clinton turns to the Secret Service man who's been present for the ride and his briefing.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

Could you give us a minute, Jim?

The agent exits the vehicle. Clinton, his perennially sunny demeanor gone, reflects on Carl's sober news. He peers out the tinted limousine window.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

I know King Hussein about as well as any foreign leader. This doesn't sound like him. - I can't believe he really wants to do this.

CARL BERGMANSON

He *doesn't* want to do this.

Clinton glances at Carl. He waits for his explanation.

CARL BERGMANSON

He wants *you* to stop him.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF AMMAN - MILITARY AIRPORT - NIGHT - SAME

Another Israeli private jet swoops in from the west. The tarmac is as brightly lit as a baseball field during a night game. Notably, no soldiers are army jeeps in sight. Indeed, but for the spotlights the airfield appears abandoned.

THE GULF STREAM JET

brakes to a stop. The plane immediately reverses and executes a simple K-turn until its nose is pointed directly east. The plane pauses as if about to take off (in the same direction whence it came). Abruptly, its door opens. A folding staircase slinky-s to the tarmac.

NADIM

leaning against the chain-link fence nearby. As always, he's dressed in stylish 'metrosexual' clothes. A young man appears in the jet's doorway holding a small briefcase. As he descends the steps Nadim walks over to meet him. The young Israeli holds open the briefcase.

TWO PAIRS OF SYRINGES

labeled in English and Arabic, are fastened inside the case.

THE YOUNG ISRAELI

zips up the case, hands it to Nadim without a word, then re-boards the plane. The stairwell is pulled inside and the door closes behind it.

NADIM

exits the airfield through a gate in the chain link fence. Two Jordanian police cars and a government town car idle outside. WE HEAR the jet's engines gunning. Nadim jumps into the back of the town car, the police cars turn on their SIRENS and flashing lights, and the convoy sets off for Meshal's hospital. In the b.g., the Israeli jet speeds home down the runway.

INT. CARDIAC CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Meshal clings to life beneath a tangle of hoses and ivy drips, his face the same deathly pallor it's been since he arrived at King Hussein Medical Center over two days ago.

THE NURSE

who emptied the unit of his many Hamas comrades Thursday swabs the inside of his arm with alcohol.

THE LEAD CARDIOLOGIST

his face haggard from worry and lack of sleep, steps passed her, syringe in hand. It's a different syringe from the ones in the briefcase and there's less liquid in it.

THE SECOND SPECIALIST

palpably anxious, observes his colleague.

MESHAL'S ARM

as the needle slides into his skin.

THE SYRINGE

as the plunger is depressed, its contents—the elusive antidote—whisked into Meshal's bloodstream.

The Lead Cardiologist withdraws the needle and EXHALES heavily. He steps back to join his colleagues. Along with the second specialist and the nurse, he stares at Meshal expectantly. The Second Specialist rests a hand on his weary colleague's shoulder.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ROOSEVELT ROOM - NEXT DAY

Robert Haines, Ben Chaiken, and several other senior US officials discuss the crisis with Crown Prince Hassan and his senior aide over Sunday brunch in an opulent dining room. Ambassador Gormley and Carl Bergmanson, back in Washington from his whirlwind trip to Arkansas, sit in but say nothing.

ROBERT HAINES

The President is equally thankful that His Majesty chose the path of diplomacy.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

A path my brother would, of course, like to stay on. Jordan is still under threat of attack.

BEN CHAIKEN

One catalyst for eliminating that threat, your Highness, would be to release Israel's citizens.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

If only it were that easy, Mr. Chaiken! Those citizens you speak of are assassins guilty of attempting to murder a Jordanian citizen. Two have confessed to their crimes on record.

He holds up the locked briefcase Nadim gave him just before departing for Washington. Apparently, his American hosts are familiar with its contents.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

When word of this crime reaches our public, Hamas's calls for the perpetrators to be tried will be echoed by all Jordanians. Many of their relatives are languishing in Israeli prisons for doing far less.

ROBERT HAINES

We've personally conveyed to the President the difficult position His Majesty is still in. The President is also aware *who* put him there.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

I know my brother will welcome hearing those clear distinctions, Mr. Haines.

(MORE)

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN (CONT'D)

Because, as eager as he is to put this impasse behind us, His Majesty can not proceed as if those stopped by it were equally culpable. Our citizens were nearly killed—not theirs. Our sovereignty was violated—not theirs. If there's to be a true rapprochement, it must acknowledge that.

ROBERT HAINES

We've made it clear to our associates in Jerusalem that we don't condone their actions of last Thursday.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

So you'll continue to support The King in his efforts to resolve this peaceably?

ROBERT HAINES

Absolutely.

BEN CHAIKEN

observes the exchange, a barely perceptible grimace forming. *He knows where the Crown Prince is going with this.*

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

Good. Because His Majesty can't recommit to the peace treaty Netanyahu has been shredding since he took office without some good faith gestures on *their* part.

CLOSE ON Ben Chaiken shaking his head, disgusted.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SAME

A PAN of the famous grounds in their last flush of summer green. A small motorcade of two limousines and four marked police cars waits on a circular drive. Robert Haines and Ben Chaiken escort the Prince and his aide to their car while Ambassador Gormley and Carl Bergmanson depart for their own. Robert Haines poses a question to the Prince before his long flight back to Jordan.

ROBERT HAINES

How is he doing so far?

Hassan glances at his aide, indicating this is his question.

HASSAN'S AIDE

The preliminary reports have been very positive. The doctors think he'll be breathing on his own before long.

ROBERT HAINES

That is needed good news.

A Secret Service agent holds a door open for the two Jordanians. Ben Chaiken quickly takes Prince Hassan's arm.

BEN CHAIKEN

Before you depart, Mr. Hassan.

The Crown Prince pauses to hear Ben's entreaty. A few feet away, his aide and Robert Haines shake hands.

BEN CHAIKEN

God forbid Meshal doesn't recover: please don't execute the men who killed him. We'll get Israel to do whatever The King asks but we'll have no influence if their citizens are harmed.

Hearing Ben's pitch, the savvy Prince CHUCKLES.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

We're very familiar with that principle, Mr. Chaiken. It's only *their* lives that matter.

CARL BERGMANSON

out of earshot, joins Dan Gormley in the car that will carry them to the airport for the long flight back to Jordan.

INT. THEIR LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

The King played his hand very well.

CARL BERGMANSON

That he did. That he did.

AMBASSADOR GORMLEY

I'm not looking forward to an eleven hour flight but I, for one, am very glad the drama is over. I did not sign up for this.

Carl watches the iconic pillars of the White House recede.

CARL BERGMANSON

Over? - The King's just getting started.

INT. CARDIAC CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Abu Marzouk sleeps upright in a chair at the foot of Meshal's bed. But for the hum of the monitors charting Meshal's vital signs, the hospital is quiet. It must be very late.

MESHAL

is asleep too, partially upright against the bedstead. CAMERA PANS—not the familiar array of medical technology keeping him alive—but his body simply functioning. Barely moving before, the sheets covering his chest now rise and fall several inches. WE HEAR each pronounced intake and exhalation of air. His face, so deathly pale for the last few days, has a healthy color again.

CLOSE ON Meshal's mouth and nose. There's no longer a ventilator tube in his throat. *He's breathing for himself.*

Suddenly, Meshal's eyes open. His head turns as he takes in the dimly lit hospital room, the LCD screens lining his bed, the EKG wires sprouting from his chest.

Abruptly, he pulls off the covers and swings his legs to the floor. As he stands the wires leading to his chest draw taut. A monitor behind him falls to the floor with a CLATTER. The noise wakes Abu Marzouk at the foot of his bed.

ABU MARZOUK'S POV

Meshal, awake and upright, lumbering toward him in a web of wires and tubes a la Frankenstein.

MARZOUK

jumps to his feet. Placing his hands on his friend's shoulders, he gently guides Meshal back to the bed.

MARZOUK

Stay where you are, Brother  
Khaled! Please don't move.

Marzouk runs out of the room. Meshal glances around, still not entirely certain where he is.

MARZOUK (O.S.)

Doctor! I need a doctor!

INT. BEIT AGHION - PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Shaul briefs Netanyahu on the latest news from Jordan.

SHAUL

We switched the labels but,  
unfortunately, they tested them  
first.

NETANYAHU

They have forensic scientists in  
Jordan?

SHAUL

I was surprised myself. - The  
bottom line is, Meshal's  
recovering.

Netanyahu shakes his head, disgusted.

SHAUL

There's more good news. - The  
King's not letting anyone go.

NETANYAHU

What?!

SHAUL

I called Samih to tell 'em I was  
on my way and he told me not to  
waste the fuel.

NETANYAHU

The deal was, if we sent the  
antidote they'd send back our  
guys!

SHAUL

I'm not happy about this either,  
Bibi, but the agreement was  
actually "we help Meshal, they  
won't kill the two in prison."  
They haven't.

NETANYAHU

What do they want now?

SHAUL

They wouldn't say. They want to  
discuss it in person. - With  
you.

Netanyahu, incensed now, paces the office floor.

NETANYAHU

Fuckin' Arabs.

SHAUL

The King is going to drag this out for a while. We knew he would.

NETANYAHU

A while? They'll milk our hostages forever!

SHAUL

Not that long but... you're not far off.

NETANYAHU

It only took them fifty years to accumulate an ounce of power. - The most dishonest, pitiable excuse for a people in history.

SHAUL

Why do you think I was opposed to Oslo? We withdraw from a village; they ask for a province. We pardon a few prisoners, they demand we resettle refugees. There's no reasoning with them.

NETANYAHU

Nothing is ever enough. - And nothing is all they should get.

INT. KFAR YONA PRISON - ISRAEL - NIGHT

Sheik Yassin sits in his ubiquitous wheelchair preparing for pre-dawn prayers. As always the head atop his crippled body leans to one side, his face all but hidden in a keffiyah. But for the sounds of his daily ablutions the prison is silent.

A YOUNG CONVICT

rubs a sponge the length of the Sheik's arm. He leans to the old man's ear. *In Arabic...*

YOUNG CONVICT

There is news, our Lord.

SHEIK YASSIN

From where?

The teen prisoner draws the sponge back. CLOSE ON the old man's lifeless eyes.

YOUNG CONVICT (O.S.)

From Jordan.

The Sheik's blind eyes register understanding.

EXT. ISRAELI EMBASSY - DAY

A warm sun-drenched morning in Amman. The embassy is still entirely surrounded by Jordanian tanks. To escape the heat, the soldiers manning them lounge atop them or dangle from the giant treads. A distant door OPENS. Several soldiers sit upright or jump down and stand at attention.

AMIRA

exits the embassy holding a white flag of surrender—a pillowcase tied to a broom handle. She walks, tiptoes really, across the plaza toward a command trailer. The trailer door opens and a young Jordanian General steps outside. He walks over to the Israeli consul for Jordan.

YOUNG JORDANIAN GENERAL

What is it, Amira?

AMIRA

That Hamas guy is alive again, right Amin?

YOUNG JORDANIAN GENERAL

I can't comment on such matters.

AMIRA

I've been informed he is. Presumably you were too. If so, why are you still here?

Amira looks off, anguished. The young General takes this in, sympathetic to her.

YOUNG JORDANIAN GENERAL

Are you running low on food or towels? - Videos? We'll bring whatever you ask within reason.

AMIRA

It's not that, Amin. Everyone's perfectly comfortable.

YOUNG JORDANIAN GENERAL

What is it then? What's wrong?

With a jerk of her thumb she indicates the embassy behind her.

AMIRA

I can't stand another night with those assholes. I need to sleep in my apartment.

EXT. HORSE FARM - OUTSIDE AMMAN - DAY

Two young children, likely Prince Abdullah's, ride at a very slow gallop. A young woman in English riding clothes walks between their horses, holding the reins. In the b.g., a rustic wood house, a rarity in a culture of stone homes, rises over the track.

A Jordanian army helicopter sits incongruously in the front yard.

INT. HORSE FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Netanyahu, Shaul, and Henry share a simple dining room table with Crown Prince Hassan and General Batikhi. Nadim and a handful of senior Jordanian military figures stand silently behind them. Several printouts, in Hebrew and English, fill the center of the table. While the others talk, Henry studies the list of names.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

And he goes home. To Gaza. They all have to be reunited with their families. He's only coming here first for a medical exam.

NETANYAHU

We can't allow him into Gaza. That's a violation of our agreement with the Palestinian Authority.

Batikhi, his voice dripping sarcasm, addresses Netanyahu.

GENERAL BATIKHI

You're honoring your agreements now?

Prince Hassan holds up a hand, indicating his colleague is to cease the taunts.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

His returning to Gaza is not negotiable. Nor is freeing the others. His Majesty can't waive the charges against your men without placating our citizens.

NETANYAHU

You're placating Hamas's cabal in Jordan.

GENERAL BATIKHI

We certainly are. Unlike the only democracy in the Middle East, we can't simply dispose of the people we disagree with, deposit them on a freezing mountain in Lebanon, for example, or spray poison in their ear.

A visibly angry Prince Hassan turns to Batikhi. In Arabic...

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

Knock it off!

Henry holds up the list of names, the Hamas prisoners Jordan is insisting be released before they'll return the captured Mossad agents. He looks genuinely perplexed, even stunned.

HENRY

Several of these terrorists are confessed murderers. Most of them live in Israel proper!

Prince Hassan looks at Henry condescendingly, almost pityingly.

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

With all due respect, Mr. Waknine, let us stick to the issues at hand, not debate the nature of your country's internal problems.

NETANYAHU

Yes, let's stick to the issues. When are you going to stop blockading our embassy?

CROWN PRINCE HASSAN

Against all our advice, His Majesty is prepared to return your consulate. Immediately.

HENRY

Provided we go along with this get-out-of-jail-free charade?

GENERAL BATIKHI

Given the stunt you just pulled here, Henry, you should be thankful we're not demanding more.

Shaul observes Henry's frustration, an amused smile taking root on his tough, leathery face.

NETANYAHU

No government of Israel could agree to releasing murderers back into our own cities to plan more such attacks. We can't go along with this.

GENERAL BATIKHI

Then you can't collect your people. And we will try the two executioners in our custody for attempted murder.

Henry shakes his head, disgusted.

GENERAL BATIKHI (O.S.)

They won't be returning to their careers anyway. We've already circulated their photos to every intelligence agency in the world.

SHAUL

smiling broadly, nods ostentatiously at Henry as if to say, *"didn't I tell you we couldn't trust these people? Didn't I tell you what they really want?"*

EXT. ISRAELI EMBASSY - SAME

The Jordanian Army has departed as suddenly as it arrived. But for the original six tanks guarding the embassy and their soldiers, there's no longer a military presence. A passenger van idles in the embassy courtyard. Lior and Dov, looking relieved, sit inside. Two Jordanian police cars idle beside the van, ready to escort it to a private airport.

TWO SOLDIERS

stand at the embassy entrance. They step aside to let Ronit pass. Small suitcase in hand, she walks over to the van.

INT. ISRAELI EMBASSY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A cardboard cutout of King Hussein, in the traditional red&white Jordanian keffiyah, has been placed in the lobby. While two armed soldiers observe, a very resentful Yoni stands beside the life-sized figure.

NADIM

camera in hand, clearly enjoying himself, snaps a picture of each departing Mossad agent beside King Hussein's likeness.

NADIM

Let's see that beautiful smile!

Yoni GRIMACES. The camera FLASHES. The others wait nearby for their turn to pose with The King.

INT. PRIVATE ISRAELI JET - NIGHT

The main cabin is lively with festive singing. Lior, Ronit, Dov, Yoni, and the others sip glasses of champagne or soda and clap along to a patriotic folk song. A few foreign faces, aides to Shaul or Netanyahu probably, join in the celebration. Two burly bodyguards block a rear door. They step aside to let Henry by.

INT. ISRAELI JET - PRIVATE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Netanyahu gazes out a porthole window. Across the aisle, Shaul SNORES in a sleeper. Henry takes a seat beside the Prime Minister. CLAPPING drifts in from the main cabin.

NETANYAHU

You must be pleased. Your teams are heading home.

HENRY

Ami and Igor weren't released. It's no victory anyway in these circumstances.

NETANYAHU

(very sarcastically)  
You picked up on that?

HENRY

Would you prefer if they were left to rot in Jordan, Bibi? Would that have been a better outcome?

NETANYAHU

I'd prefer if a couple dozen terrorists weren't going free. I'd prefer if your boys did their job instead of getting caught.

HENRY

But you had no problem writing them off when they were you... vulture.

To indicate he deems the accusation absurd, Netanyahu doesn't even respond.

HENRY

I misjudged you. Your utter disregard for Arab life is well known. I thought you placed more of a premium on ours.

Netanyahu isn't at all taken aback by the insult. He CLEARS his throat before he responds.

NETANYAHU

Although it's not often accorded to us, Henry, Jews—like every other people—have a right to live. Free from the threat of being blown up whenever we leave the house—or fed into ovens. Since we don't have even that with the Arabs living among us, we have a corresponding right, indeed an obligation, to see they resume *their* lives elsewhere.

Now it's Henry's turn to say nothing.

NETANYAHU

You did misjudge me, Henry. You underestimated the depth of my commitment to the Jewish people.

A bodyguard approaches the Prime Minister.

BODYGUARD

Please put your seat belt on. We'll be landing shortly.

Netanyahu smiles, surprisingly pleased by the news.

NETANYAHU

We're in Israeli airspace already! That's how tiny this land is. But, according to the Americans and the Europeans, the whole world essentially, it's still too much.

INT. CARDIAC CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Abu Marzouk rummages through a bag on the waiting room chair that's been his bed for the last few nights. A food cart covered with flowers is parked behind him.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL several more carts stacked with bouquets. The medical equipment lining Meshal's bed is literally buried in flower arrangements, congratulatory offerings for his

miraculous escape from death. It must be late; the hospital is very still.

MESHAL

sleeps upright in bed, looking as he did prior to the attempt on his life, ruddy and healthy, a strong young man in the prime of his life, only thinner from weight lost under sedation. A handful of i.v. tubes drip into his arms. Abu Marzouk joins him, a thermos of coffee in hand. He brings a cup to Meshal's lips.

ABU MARZOUK

Drink this. You have an important visitor.

Meshal glances at a nightstand. Still very weak, he speaks in a barely audible WHISPER.

MESHAL

It's two in the morning, Mousa. I need to sleep.

ABU MARZOUK

You've been asleep for a week. Drink some. Please.

Meshal reluctantly opens his mouth. Marzouk takes advantage of this to pour the entirety of the cup down his friend's throat. Meshal shudders and COUGHS.

MESHAL

What kind of coffee is that?

ABU MARZOUK

It's strong, I know. But you need to be alert. And if we've learned anything in the last few days, your body can handle potent solutions.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

A gaggle of hulking bodyguards march down a sleepy corridor. The hospital is deserted but for a nurse working the late shift. Hearing the heavy footsteps, she glances up.

NIGHT NURSE

stops abruptly. Stunned, she watches the men pass.

INT. CARDIAC CARE UNIT - SAME

Meshal, wide awake from Marzouk's espresso, sits up in bed. There's a clatter of FOOTSTEPS outside his room. The Hamas

bodyguards and soldiers on post, silent before, stand at attention.

The clatter ceases as abruptly as it began. Meshal trains his eye on the door. WE HEAR it open. Seeing his 'important visitor', Meshal smiles.

KING HUSSEIN

crosses the room. Taking Marzouk's former chair, he has a seat beside Meshal's bed. He offers his hand.

KING HUSSEIN

So you're the young man who's  
made these last few days so  
eventful!

Meshal attempts to shake The King's hand but he's still too weak to raise his own arm. He glances at his hand self-consciously. When he speaks his voice is again a WHISPER.

MESHAL

My body isn't working right just  
yet.

King Hussein places his hand over Meshal's.

KING HUSSEIN

Don't move on my account. You  
need to rest and heal.

There's a potent SILENCE as the two leaders lock eyes.

KING HUSSEIN

Your doctors tell me if you  
weren't such a big man they  
could not have saved you. - I  
presume this is your longest  
stay in a hospital?

Meshal NODS.

MESHAL

But for the birth of my sons,  
I've never been in one.

The King glances about Meshal's bed, tallying the medical equipment to which the much younger man is connected.

KING HUSSEIN

I wish I wasn't so familiar with  
these places but... I'll soon have  
a very different view.

MESHAL

The brothers tell me you saved  
my life.

The King shakes his head as if to dispel unearned praise.

KING HUSSEIN

I did what any Arab would do. -  
The west could've taken this  
country fifty years ago. It  
would be my people in camps  
instead of yours. It's our duty  
to help the Palestinians.

Deeply moved, Meshal tries again to raise his arm.

MESHAL

Thank you, brother Hussein.

The King squeezes Meshal's limp hand with both of his. A percussive DRONE drifts in from outside.

KING HUSSEIN

No, Khaled. Thank you! For  
giving me an opportunity to help  
your people while I still can.

The WHIR of spinning rotors grows more audible.

KING HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

I think my other v.i.p. patient  
has arrived. God be with you.

He stands up and exits the room. Meshal leans back on his upright bed. No sooner has his door closed than it OPENS again. Abu Marzouk appears, smiling broadly.

ABU MARZOUK

How'd it go?

The mechanical noise outside CRESCENDOES then fades to silence. Meshal glances at the window. Abu Marzouk observes with a wry smile.

MESHAL

What is that?

ABU MARZOUK

Why don't we see?

He parts the window blinds.

A HELICOPTER

sits on the hospital's emergency landing pad. The moment its giant blades cease spinning it's swarmed by Hamas activists. A rickety wheelchair appears at the helicopter doors and is passed to their raised arms.

MESHAL'S POV

Sheik Hussein, his mentor and the founder of Hamas,

puzzlingly outside the cardiac care window instead of in the Israeli prison that had been his home.

ABU MARZOUK (O.S.)

The King made the Israelis free  
nearly a hundred brothers.  
Including our leader!

SHEIK YASSIN

back in the care of his countrymen, barely visible in the throng of activists and family members there to welcome him.

ABU MARZOUK (O.S.)

He'll be flown to Gaza to rejoin  
his family and the struggle this  
week. - This is what I wanted to  
tell you, brother Khaled! By  
nearly losing your life, you  
returned to our leader his.

MESHAL

his face crumpling, his eyes filling with tears, as he observes the joyous homecoming in the hospital courtyard. Beneath the emotionalism, his leader's mind registers the scale of the rare victory the attempt on his life has yielded for his people and their cause.

INT. CARDIAC CARE UNIT - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Once again, Meshal's room in the hospital is a hive of activity. Though a few Jordanian policemen and armed Hamas activists discreetly stand guard over the crowd, the lobby is now filled with television correspondents and reporters chatting on their mobile phones. Every woman's head is uncovered; every man is dressed in a western business suit instead of robes or a keffiyah.

INT. CARDIAC CARE UNIT - MESHAL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A half dozen news cameras line the rear wall of the room. Nazzal and Abu Marzouk adjust parabola-shaped television lights glaring down on Meshal's bed. Meshal sits fully upright in the bed in a pressed new pajama top. A young stylist in a hijab stands beside him, spraying his hair and trimming his beard.

ABU SAYF

the hulking bodyguard who tenaciously hunted down Meshal's killers, stands in the corner beside Meshal's bed. A sizeable

plastic surgery bandage covers his forehead. As he did the day of the attack, as always in Meshal's presence, his eyes continually scan the immediate area for potential threats.

As he's primed for the cameras Meshal gazes up at his bodyguard.

MESHAL

Did you really chase down two Mossad teams?

ABU SAYF

Two agents, brother Khaled, not two teams.

MESHAL

But they had a car and they were armed. How did you do it?

ABU MARZOUK

He learned Krav Maga\* while he was interned in Ansar #3\*\*.

Nazzal and Meshal LAUGH. Even dour Abu Sayf smiles.

ABU SAYF

I wasn't on my own. A Jordanian policeman arrested them.

Meshal stares at the sober young giant in admiring awe.

MESHAL

What is the name of that American film character? The man who stops whole armies with his hands?

NAZZAL

Rambo?

MESHAL

That's the one! In Abu Sayf we Palestinians now have our own Rambo.

Nazzal and Abu Marzouk LAUGH. Abu Sayf BLUSHES.

ABU MARZOUK

Yet another gift from America to our people.

ABU SAYF

Stop it, brothers! You're embarrassing me.

*\*Krav Maga is a method of self-defense invented in Israel.*

*\*\*Ansar #3 was a prison camp in Israel for Palestinians, mostly young men and children, arrested during the first intifada.*

EXT. HERZLIYA, ISRAEL - MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS - SAME

an office park north of Tel Aviv with the air of a college campus or a hip, Silicon Valley company. Handsome sandstone buildings loom over grassy quads lined with walking paths, benches, and palm trees.

INT. MOSSAD OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

A pretty young officer takes a call at the reception desk. Like any office lobby there's a waiting area for visitors: sofas and an end table piled with magazines and newspapers. An elevator opens, disembarking Henry Waknine, the now embattled Mossad director.

PRETTY RECEPTIONIST

How was lunch, Henry?

HENRY

Not bad.

She smiles at him warmly, indeed sympathetically. *She knows he'll soon be forced to resign for what happened in Jordan.*

PRETTY RECEPTIONIST

You have mail.

Henry marches passed her desk to his office.

HENRY (O.S.)

Leave it with Ketura.

PRETTY RECEPTIONIST

The parcel came via diplomatic pouch, Henry. - From Jordan.

HENRY

his back to the reception desk, stops walking abruptly.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - SAME

A stunned Henry, his face inches from the television, watches a videocassette Nadim sent via diplomatic courier: the surveillance video of his captured agents being interviewed by the sympathetic Canadian consul in Amman.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

Beads and Kendall stare sullenly at Daniel Nearing, who's there to spring them—his fellow 'citizens'—from prison. Though gracious, Mr. Nearing is clearly puzzled why the men he's there to help refuse to communicate with him.

DANIEL NEARING (V.O.)

In order for me to persuade the Jordanian authorities to release you, I have to convince them you're in fact Canadian. - Do you not speak English?

HENRY

shakes his head, stunned. He can't believe his men, both of whom are fluent in English, aren't maintaining cover as they were trained to do. WE HEAR Nearing address the taciturn captives in French.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

Beads glares at the consul. He smiles maliciously.

BEADS

Would you like us to recite Wayne Gretzky's current scoring total?

KENDALL

Or sing "O, Canada"? - How about "Summer of '69"?

Henry turns off the video. He buries his head in his hands.

HENRY

To think I stuck my neck out for these clowns.

INT. CARDIAC CARE UNIT - MESHAL'S ROOM - SAME

With the bandaged Abu Sayf standing over his bed, and Nazzal and Abu Marzouk sitting beside it, Meshal takes questions from Western and Arab reporters.

MESHAL

For years Hamas has sought to liberate Palestine solely within its borders. If this attack is a signal from Israel that they are taking the fight outside Palestine, they should know we are prepared to do the same.

An attractive, chubby reporter raises her hand. She is RANDA HABIB, the Jordanian television correspondent Hamas contacted to help break the story a week ago.

MESHAL (O.S.)

Randa?

RANDA

What are your thoughts on King Hussein using the arrest of your would-be killers to free Sheik Yassin?

MESHAL

I'm still learning the details, Randa, of all that transpired while I was... let's just say, while I was sleeping.

The reporters filling the hospital room LAUGH.

MESHAL

I speak only for Hamas. On this one occasion, however, I speak for all Arabs when I express my boundless respect for The King. The bravery and wisdom he showed in the face of this attack is an inspiring example to all Arabs. The King's courage demonstrated that we all have the power to resist Zionist aggression.

TV REPORTER

Mr. Meshal, if Prime Minister Netanyahu were here right now, what would you say to the man who ordered your assassination?

A heavy SILENCE falls over the room. Meshal mulls this over.

MESHAL

Given that it was Hamas's brave fighters who put Netanyahu in office, I would ask him how he could show me so little gratitude.

The room explodes with LAUGHTER.

ABU MARZOUK

who stage managed the press conference, smiles admiringly at his fellow leader.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

the words, "one week later".

INT. ISRAELI KNESSET - MEETING CHAMBER - DAY

a sizeable hall of simple bench tables and chairs where Israel's parliament, the Knesset, gathers to discuss state business. Netanyahu, at a podium before the contentious assembly, explains his administration's actions of the last two weeks. He speaks calmly and tries to maintain some décor but it's an uphill battle. The MKs he's addressing interrupt him continually.

NETANYAHU

And that figure doesn't include the hundreds more wounded, many of them severely.

MK GOLAN

Don't tell us what we already know, Bibi! Tell us...

MK GUBER

Is that why you let more of their murderers free?

MK GOLAN

...how you could let Yassin into Gaza!

A portly gray-haired man sitting a few feet from the podium, the KNESSET SPEAKER, reprimands the hecklers.

KNESSET SPEAKER

MKs Guber and Golan, if you don't allow the Prime Minister to finish his address you'll be escorted outside.

NETANYAHU

Determined to stop the barbarous attacks in Jerusalem immediately, our military decided to cut off the head of the snake that is Hamas. Against my wishes, they targeted him in Jordan.

MK LIEBERMAN

And you couldn't even do that, you incompetent! I move for a vote of no-confidence in this government.

KNESSET SPEAKER

Settle down, MK Lieberman. You won't get another warning.

NETANYAHU

Although I opposed the operation, mindful of our treaty with The King, I take full responsibility for its unfortunate consequences. I also stand by, indeed commend, the Mossad leadership for seeking to protect our citizens from further terror attacks.

MK GOLAN

Do you commend them for getting arrested too, Bibi?

MK LIEBERMAN

They didn't protect us, you jackass! There will be more terrorism now!

KNESSET SPEAKER

Please take MKs Golan and Lieberman outside until they've calmed down.

Several suited security guards accost the two MKs. The guards don't collar or immobilize them; they are elected officials, after all. They simply attempt, gently, to guide them to the exits. MK Lieberman surprisingly offers no resistance. Gathering some papers he walks straight to the nearest exit.

NETANYAHU

Regrettably, their mission was not successful and our brave operatives were apprehended in Amman.

MK #4 (O.S.)

Not *successful*! That's how you sugar coat this disaster!

A few yards from the exit, MK Lieberman passes Netanyahu's podium. Suddenly, he charges on to the stage. His hands are inches from Netanyahu's neck when two guards pull him back.

MK LIEBERMAN

My nephew lost his sight to these murderers! And now you put more of them on our streets! It's you whose head should be cut off!

Netanyahu, so calm before, finally loses his temper. Ignoring the MK trying to assault him, he faces the assembly.

NETANYAHU

It's very easy to strike heroic poses when you have no responsibility to act on your rhetoric. Unlike you blowhards I have responsibilities!

MK GUBER(O.S.)

And you handled them so well, Bibi!

NETANYAHU

And making difficult decisions to protect our citizens, at home *and* abroad, is one of them!

The security guards remove MK Lieberman from the room.

INT. WEST BANK SETTLEMENT HOUSE - DUSK

Beads' orthodox father, a senior official in numerous Israeli administrations, watches the evening news. His portly wife, her head covered with a scarf, has joined him on the couch. WE HEAR a reporter speaking in Hebrew.

TV REPORTER (O.S.)

The scene outside Kfar Yona is one of unrestrained joy as the first wave of newly freed terrorists are released into the arms of waiting family.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

A handsome young Israeli reporter stands outside a prison entrance. Behind him, Hamas prisoners—all men, all in their 20s and 30s—weep as their families encircle them. Aging androgynous Arab mothers in hijabs, repeatedly kiss their sons' gaunt bearded faces.

TV REPORTER

An equally rapturous reunion is sure to follow in Gaza later this week when Sheik Yassin arrives there from Jordan.

ON THE COUCH

Though the old couple says nothing, Mrs. Beads senses how disconsolate her husband is. She takes his hand in hers.

TV REPORTER (O.S.)

The Prime Minister's agreement with King Hussein is coming under increasing criticism from all corners. Members of his own Likud party have labeled it absurdly lopsided.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

A prisoner in his late teens, holding a single plastic grocery bag of personal belongings, exits the final prison gate. He's immediately mobbed by his weeping family.

TV REPORTER

Ehud Barak, Labor party leader and likely candidate for Prime Minister in the event of a government collapse, is now publicly calling for Netanyahu's resignation.

EXT. HERZLIYA, ISRAEL - MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The army helicopter that just ferried King Hussein's trophy prisoners back to Israel sits on the institute helipad. A gruff Mossad official, late 50s, opens the doors. Barry Beads, his jaw still bruised, and John Kendall, his nose still bandaged, step down. Neither man looks happy to be home. To the contrary, both appear very embarrassed.

GRUFF OFFICIAL

Follow me.

INT. MOSSAD OFFICES - SAME

The elevator opens in the lobby. The gruff official exits with Beads and Kendall at his heels. Beads glances at the magazines and papers stacked on an end table.

HIS POV - A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"Two Murderers, One Homecoming."

Beneath the headline are two photos: one of Meshal grinning during his hospital room press conference, another of Sheik Yassin being carried passed cheering throngs in Gaza, on raised hands in his wheelchair like a King in his throne.

A second caption reads, "Mossad chief to resign over Jordan disaster. Netanyahu hopefully to follow."

BACK TO SCENE

The pretty receptionist stares unabashedly at Beads and Kendall as they trail the gruff officer down the corridor to Henry's office.

INT. HENRY WAKNINE'S OFFICE - SAME

Like schoolboys in the principal's office, Beads and Kendall hang their heads while Henry chews them out. The video of them with the Canadian consul is paused on an adjacent television. The Mossad director, so enraged his entire face is red, SCREAMS at them repeatedly.

HENRY

Did you think the term getaway car was a bizarre coincidence? You stay in the car until you GET AWAY! You don't jump out so your pursuer, himself on foot, can more easily track you!

Henry approaches Kendall as if to strangle him. His voice lowers and turns mocking.

HENRY

Shall we sing 'O Canada'? We're fans of Wayne Gretzky!

Henry returns to SCREAMING.

HENRY

Is that how you maintain cover you FUCKIN' IMBECILES?! Making ignorant jokes?! This is what you did with the years of training, the millions of shekels, we invested in you!

INT. MOSSAD OFFICES - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The receptionist tries in vain to ignore the SHOUTING from down the hall.

HENRY (O.S.)

This organization was the most respected in history! In one day you two destroyed what it took men, men like your father, Ami, a century to build!

INT. HENRY WAKNINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Beads SHUDDERS as Henry lowers his face to his.

HENRY

I wish he wasn't alive to see  
the shame you've brought on your  
family.

Henry steps back and resumes SCREAMING at both of them.

HENRY

On all Israel! - You have  
disgraced our country before the  
world! I wish Hussein hadn't  
distributed your photos and  
denied us the small pleasure of  
firing you ourselves!

INT. WEST BANK SETTLEMENT HOUSE - DAY

Beads' father sits at the kitchen table. Though reading a  
book he seems preoccupied. A car door SLAMS closed outside.  
There's a SQUEAL of racing tires as the vehicle departs.  
Beads' father stands up and walks to the stairs.

HIS SON

as expected, opens the door. The young scapegoat newly freed  
from Jordan climbs the stairs. The two men lock eyes.

BARRY BEADS

Where's Mum?

BEADS' FATHER

She's at Rachel's for the night.  
- I thought you'd prefer to talk  
alone.

Beads stands about self-consciously, unsure what to say.

BEADS' FATHER

They let you go?

BEADS

What do you think?

Beads' father SIGHS. He looks at his son tenderly.

BEADS FATHER

There's always a fall guy, son.  
- It's not a job for the soft.

BEADS

Another reason I'm not suited...

He trails off, his voice BREAKING. Beads' father rushes over.  
He grabs his son by the shoulders.

BEADS' FATHER

What's this? You're home. You're  
alive! You should be happy.

Beads, unable to contain his emotions any longer, finally  
breaks down. The elder Beads takes his tough young son in his  
arms. Like a child, Beads SOBS on his father's shoulder.

BEADS' FATHER

Stop that now! - You risked your  
life for this country. You  
nearly gave your life for our  
people. I couldn't be prouder of  
you.

Beads' SOBS continue unabated. His father squeezes him  
tighter, holding his son's shaking chest to his own.

FADE OUT.

THE END