



Sacrament of Fear

*Screenplay by
Will Dresser and Ron Turouske*



A Wes Franklin Novel
Will Dresser

Sacrament of Fear

By

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Based on the novel
"Sacrament of Fear"
by Will Dresser

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SACRAMENT OF FEAR

EXT: ROME - DAY.

Overhead view CAR DRIVING ERRATICALLY in traffic.

INT: AUTOMOBILE - DAY

MAN with TERRIFIED expression. Auto crosses divider, head-on CRASH.

CHANGE TO...

EXT: EGYPT ESTABLISHING SHOTS.

INT: A HOME OFFICE

MAN sits at desk with SHOTGUN. He is crying uncontrollably. Positions gun to commit SUICIDE.

CHANGE TO...

EXT: EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND - DAY

INT: OFFICE

An OLD MAN with a TERRIFIED expression clutches his chest and dies of HEART ATTACK.

FADE TO...

BLACK SCREEN

WES FRANKLIN: (V.O.)

Truth never happens in real time. Events happen, sources are cited, authorities offer up explanations. But 'the truth' requires time. Time to shed illusions. Time to fend off lies. Time to evolve. And in the end, after all have had their say, truth will have the last word and continue to light our way.

With the final crescendo of ELO's "Midnight On The Water" we dissolve to the sound of the Morgan's engine arriving at...

EXT: PORT ROTTERDAM - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Crisp October night, sliver of moon visible. Dark scene.

Through a cloud of white smoke a tall man with grey-streaked hair emerges. He paces slowly up and down the old pier, smoking and looking around at the anchored ships.

A Morgan Plus-8 pulls sharply into a parking space, dipping as it brakes hard.

The pacing man flicks his cigarette into the water and walks toward the vehicle as the driver exits.

They shake hands.

ROB:
Hello Admiral. I got your voicemail. (pause)
You thought about getting a cell phone?

ADMIRAL BOONSTRA lights another cigarette.

ADMIRAL:
Those things cause cancer.

Close on: CIGARETTE.

ROB:
Yeah, you can't be too careful with those cell phones.
(pause)
(alert/professional expression now on his face)
What's up?

ADMIRAL hands disk to ROB

Close on: disk with Port of Rotterdam Authority stamp

ADMIRAL:
Two shipments arrived early this morning. Baking flour
from Damascus...headed for Paris.

ROB:
France has to go the Middle East for flour?
(ROB thinks for a moment then makes a dismissive
gesture)
What else?

ADMIRAL:
Several crates of computer chips from Yemen.
(Rob's expression says he doesn't get the point)
Computer chips from the Arabian Peninsula?
ROB studies the DISK then turns back toward his car.

ADMIRAL:
We still sailing Friday?
ROB waves back an exaggerated mock-salute.

ROB:
O-dark-thirty! See you then.

CUT TO...

EXT: OVERHEAD SHOT OF LONE HEADLIGHTS ON A DARK ROAD.

The road is dark and quiet, soft jazz is playing on the radio. Mood is calm.

An approaching car has its bright lights on.

ROB squints, irritated at the brightness, averts his eyes till it passes.

A few minutes later another car appears in the REARVIEW MIRROR, gaining gradually on him.

ROB mumbles to self.

ROB:
Go around, go around.

INT: SECOND CAR. PROFILE OF DARK, SINISTER MAN.

As SINISTER MAN gains on ROB's car, he manipulates a HANDHELD REMOTE CONTROLLER, presses a button.

INT: MORGAN.

ROB jerks, and almost immediately begins intense HALLUCINATIONS.

EXT: OVERHEAD VIEW OF CAR LOSING CONTROL

Morgan swerves a couple times, leaves the road, and dives headlong into a drainage ditch.

Close on: second car tires make a gravel-crunching stop just off the pavement at the place where the Morgan left the road.

ROB, a stream of blood running down his face from a scalp wound, sees the second car in a CRACKED MIRROR.

Legs step in front of headlights, backlighting the image.

SINISTER MAN comes down the slope, his image morphing into various shapes to ROB's eyes.

A hairy hand wearing a distinctive GOLD RING reaches through the window to grab the CD off passenger seat.

SINISTER MAN climbs back up the hill, bracing himself with a hand against the steep slope.

SINISTER MAN drives away.

ROB expels dying breath into cool night air, a LOOK OF TERROR frozen on his face.

FADE TO BLACK...

EXT: THE HAGUE - EARLY MORNING

INT: BINNENHOFF OFFICE BUSTLING WITH ACTIVITY

People move about a generally open area, not cubicles.

Through a private office window we see FRANS sitting at his desk talking on telephone. PIETER VAN HEUSEN is present.

FRANS slams down the phone.

FRANS:

There's been another one. Rob Kypers.

PIETER is highly agitated at the news. Struggles not to slam his fist on the desk.

PIETER:

What is it this time?

FRANS:

Stroke.

PIETER:

Hmmpf, stroke. What's that make it...five?

FRANS:

Edinburgh was five. This is six.

(Frans has a pensive look)

PIETER:

All natural causes.

FRANS:

And all Ankh Network.

PIETER:

The Ankh Network? That's your independent intelligence resource, right? Isn't that American friend of yours part of that group?

FRANS shakes his head with deep concern.

FRANS:

Yes, and I need to get a hold of him before he becomes number 7!

Cut to...

EXT: COLOMBIAN JUNGLES. A MEDICINS SANS FRONTIERES (DOCTORS WITHOUT BORDERS) CAMP. DAY.

The camp is in disarray from a recent raid by MARAUDERS. Some local peasants are being treated by doctors and nurses. Smoke rises from several small fires. There is much movement in the camp as medical staff go in and out of several tents.

INT: COMMUNICATIONS TRUCK

ASHLEY JORDAN is repairing a COMPUTER MOTHERBOARD, pieces of high tech communications gear are scattered about the interior.

MAN IN LAB COAT:

A.J., how is it going? Anything I can do to help?

Close on: ASHLEY JORDAN, slightly grimy, brushes hair out of her eyes with forearm, holding a SOLDERING IRON, working on PCB board for computer. She is beautiful even through the grime.

A.J.:

Yeah, I need a new microprocessor. Over there, third bin on the right, bottom.

MAN IN LAB COAT goes to plastic bin on bench and retrieves CHIP, holds it up for her to see.

MAN IN LAB COAT:

This one?

ASHLEY looks over at him.

A.J.:

Yeah, that's the one. (with concerned expression)
Is Wes back yet?

MAN IN LAB COAT:

No. They're still out there in the jungle in case those marauding bastards come back.

CUT TO...

EXT: DEEP JUNGLE - DAY

Close on: WES, his face an image of concentration and focus.

Switch to...

Close on: ARYANA, shirtless, and dirty, also hiding in foliage.

Several other men are lying in wait with them.

Soon a group of ARMED MARAUDERS appear, walking through the jungle muttering quietly, smiling, unconcerned.

As they get near the hiding men, one of WES' group sneezes. The MARAUDERS open fire in the direction of the sound and all hell breaks loose.

Three MARAUDERS go down and the others turn to run away.

WES and ARYANA give chase on foot.

They are gaining on two of the MARAUDERS.

WES jumps onto a felled tree, dives through the air, catches hold of a low-hanging vine, and swings toward the fleeing MARAUDER. He drives both feet into the man's back, crashing him against a tree. The man falls. WES stoops to pick him up. A second MARAUDER stops and aims his pistol at WES.

ARYANA, who is just catching up with WES, yells a warning.

ARYANA:
Wes, look out!

Close on: CONTRAPTION on ARYANA'S right forearm.

ARYANA makes a quick, practiced movement, and a slim throwing knife falls from the sheath to his hand. A flick of his wrist sends the blade into the wrist of the MARAUDER, pinning his wrist to a tree, firing a shot that hits another MARAUDER.

Another MARAUDER gets off a shot that catches ARYANA in the arm then runs away.

ARYANA follows in hot pursuit - pushed on by pure adrenalin. A few minutes later ARYANA returns.

WES:
Did he get away?

ARYANA:
No.

WES looks out past ARYANA.

WES:
Where is he?

ARYANA gives a head gesture.

ARYANA:
Back there, becoming one with nature.

WES looks down at DEAD MARAUDER.

WES:
I see you worked out that knife release.

Close on: ARYANA'S forearm sheath

ARYANA smiles.

WES notices a GASH in ARYANA'S side, and a BULLET WOUND on his arm. WES takes ARYANA'S wounded arm, twists it and exams it.

WES:

You may want to work out a technique where you don't get shot in the process.

CUT TO...

EXT: MSF CAMP IN CLEARING. LATE AFTERNOON.

WES, ARYANA, and other men emerge from jungle. Others from the camp rush to greet the returning men.

ASHLEY steps out of truck and runs toward them. WES and ASHLEY embrace.

Another doctor pulls ARYANA aside to treat his wounds.

CUT TO...

A TECHNICIAN calls out from the COMMUNICATIONS TRUCK.

TECH:

Dr. Franklin (pause) Dr. Franklin, you have a phone call, sir.

WES walks to the TRUCK to take the call.

INT: COMMUNICATIONS TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON

TECH:

Right here, sir.

TECHNICIAN shows WES where the phone is.

WES:

This is Dr. Franklin.

FRANS:

Wes, Frans Roobeek here.

WES:

Frans! How are you?

INT: BINNENHOFF, DAY, FRANS AT HIS DESK

FRANS:

I'm fine, my friend, but I have some bad news. Rob Kypers was in an accident last night. (pause) He's dead.

INT: COMMUNICATIONS TRUCK

WES:
What happened?

INT: BINNENHOFF, DAY, FRANS AT HIS DESK

FRANS:
He crashed his auto on a night-trip to Rotterdam. Seems he had a brain embolism.
WES senses there is something FRANS is not saying.

INT: BINNENHOFF, DAY, FRANS AT HIS DESK

FRANS:
Anyway, Wes, the funeral services are Friday. Since Rob
was a good friend -- and a member of your Ankh Network -
- you need to be here.

INT: COMMUNICATIONS TRUCK

ASHLEY has come into the truck now.

WES shoots her a look like something isn't right on the other end.

WES:
I'll be in Amsterdam on Thursday. Meet me at the Tasman
Bar around 6.

WES hangs up.

A.J.:
What's going on in Amsterdam?

WES:
A funeral.

CUT TO...

EXT: MSF CAMP - NEXT MORNING

Camp members are putting LUGGAGE in the van.

A man approaches WES and ASHLEY.

MAN:
Sorry to hear about your friend.

WES:
Thanks, Jim.

MAN:
Actually, I was talking about Ashley's friend.

A.J. turns to the man with a puzzled look.

MAN:
Professor Crombie. (pause) I'm sorry. I thought you heard.

ASHLEY:
Heard what?

MAN:
It was on the BBC frequency this morning. He was found
dead in his office yesterday.

ASHLEY looks at WES.

Close on: their EYES.

WES looks worried.

ASHLEY:
He was with your Ankh Network.

WES:
(To ASHLEY) Both he and Rob.

ASHLEY:
Did Frans say anything about Ian.

WES:
No. How do you feel about Scotland in October? See what
you can find out. (Turns to Aryana) Aryana, meet me at the
Blue Bird Cafe in Amsterdam Friday night.

CUT TO...

EXT: DAMASCUS - SUNSET

EXT: GHAZI BUSINESS COMPLEX - SOUTHEAST END OF THE CITY

INT: SMALL ROOM WITH ONE-WAY MIRROR

OSMAN GHAZI, well-dressed, cruel looking man sits in darkened room staring through a ONE-WAY MIRROR.

GHAZI rubs his thumb along the edge of a PHOTO.

Close on: PHOTO of SIX MEN. Unclear in the dark.

INT: LARGE ROOM ON OTHER SIDE OF ONE-WAY MIRROR

We see several men removing DEAD BODIES from around a dinner table.

INT: SMALL ROOM WITH ONE-WAY MIRROR

The door opens and a sliver of light illuminates the black-and-white faces in the photo.

Close on: PHOTO - SIX MEN are clearly visible now.

GHAZI looks up at the MAN IN THE DOOR.

OSMAN GHAZI:

(with chilling intensity) Jafa, (gestures through window - mass of dead, contorted bodies) This is what you give me? I asked you to make them tremble, (beat) make them quake in terror, (beat) make their greatest fears come to life! This... (he again points through the window) ...is worthless. If you don't want to become part of your experiments, I suggest you get it right the next time. Am I understood?

CHEMIST:

Yes, Osman. I assure you I will have the correct recipe worked out soon.

Jafa AL-MANSUR retreats, closing the door quickly behind him.

GHAZI contemplates the future alone in the dark.

FADE TO...

EXT: SAN FRANCISCO BAY - AFTERNOON

EXT: SF AIRPORT - INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL- 4:00PM

INT: KLM 747, UPPER CABIN. WES IS IN HIS ASSIGNED SEAT.

Flight Attendant, with a man following closely, approaches WES.

FLT ATTENDANT:

Dr. Franklin...

WES steals a glance at her NAME TAG.

WES:

Gabriella.

FLT ATTENDANT:

This is Mr. Bosma. He is celebrating his 50th wedding anniversary.

WES:
Congratulations. (Wes looks puzzled)

FLT ATTENDANT:
And the lovely lady sitting next to you is Mrs. Bosma.

WES smiles and holds up his hand.

WES:
Please, say no more. (Wes rises and gestures Mr. Bosma
toward the seat)

FADE TO...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT comes by with a TRAY OF DRINKS.

FLT ATTENDANT:
Dr. Franklin, thank you so much for...

WES:
Please (beat) just Wes. Don't mention it.

GABRIELLA smiles warmly at him, clearly finding him charming and attractive.

FLT. ATTENDANT:
Here is your menu. Please don't hesitate to let me know if
you need anything.

(Her look says "Anything!")

FADE TO...

INT: KLM 747, NIGHT, CABIN LIGHTS OUT.

Most passengers have fallen asleep.

WES is writing on a notepad.

Close on: NOTEPAD. WES has doodled an ANKH and written 'FRANS', ANKH NETWORK,
and the names ROB KYPERS and IAN CROMBIE.

WES lays the NOTEPAD aside and looks at his reflection in the window.

Close on: his EYES for a moment, then he pulls down the shade and closes his eyes.

BLACK SCREEN. QUIET.

Suddenly a commotion interrupts WES' sleep.

His eyes open to see...

GABRIELLA and another flight attendant at the front of the cabin leaning over a PASSENGER IN DISTRESS.

MR. BOSMA is clutching his chest, unable to breathe and...

WES gets up quickly and rushes to their aid.

WES:
Excuse me, Gabriella.

WES squeezes past the two flight attendants to get to MR. BOSMA.

WES and GABRIELLA unbuckle MR. BOSMA and ease him to the floor while the other attendant retrieves the onboard EKG unit, DEFIBRILLATOR, and OXYGEN TANK before going for the Captain...

The CAPTAIN emerges from the cockpit and takes a knee next to WES.

THE CAPTAIN:
How is he, doctor?

WES removes BOTTLE OF PILLS from BOSMA'S pocket.

Close on: bottle label NITROGLYCERIN

WES places one under BOSMA's tongue.

WES:
I'd say the worst has passed. (pause) How much longer till we land?

THE CAPTAIN:
About ninety minutes.

WES:
You'll want to radio ahead and have an ambulance ready.

GABRIELLA:
You must be his guardian angel. First you give him your seat then you save his life.

WES:
(with a sly smile) Trust me, Gabriella, I'm no angel...

WES returns to his seat.

WES takes up his NOTEPAD and pen again.

Close on: NOTEPAD. WES writes down his own name with a question mark as he looks over to BOSMA.

Close on: WES, tight to his EYES.

WES looks out the window past his own reflection.

RED WING LIGHTS flashing.

FADE TO BLACK...

EXT: SCHIPHOL AIRPORT, AMSTERDAM - LATE AFTERNOON.

INT: SCHIPHOL CUSTOMS AGENT AND WES.

A UNIFORMED AGENT stamps WES's passport and returns it.

The carousel area is empty. WES retrieves his LONE BAG from a STILL CAROUSEL and walks out to the main airport floor.

INT: AIRPORT MAIN FLOOR.

Overhead sign above escalator indicates TRAINS downstairs. WES moves toward escalator.

CUT TO...

EXT: CENTRAAL TRAIN STATION - AMSTERDAM.

WES emerges from CENTRAAL TRAIN STATION. Streets are crowded with people coming and going.

EXT: VICTORIA HOTEL - AMSTERDAM - LATE AFTERNOON.

WES enters VICTORIA HOTEL a block away from CENTRAAL TRAIN STATION.

INT: VICTORIA HOTEL - MAIN LOBBY.

CUT TO...

WES emerges from elevator, having already checked in and dropped off his baggage.

Close on: Brass plaque says TASMAN BAR.

WES enters TASMAN BAR, walks to where FRANS is sitting, staring out window.

WES slides into booth opposite FRANS.

FRANS' crooked smile beams genuinely from behind a three day growth of beard. He has short hair and small-lens glasses. He is a few years senior to WES, but strong and athletic in stature.

FRANS:

Wes, how was your flight?

WES:

Aside from a near death experience - no not mine - it was uneventful. (he gets right to the business at hand) Did you know about Ian Crombie when we talked on Tuesday?

FRANS:

Yes.

WES:

Why didn't you mention him?

A WAITRESS approaches to take his drink order.

WES:

Bailey's and decaf, please. Very hot. (gestures to Frans, who waves it off)

FRANS:

Phones aren't always secure and I needed your help. In the past three weeks, my group has received several strange messages. Gibberish mostly; random quotes from the Koran, apparently intended as threats.

WES:

What kind of threats?

FRANS:

Unclear, really. There haven't been any demands. We might not even have given them a second look if not for the deaths of Rob & Ian (Frans steals a glance around the bar) and the others.

WES:

What others?

The WAITRESS returns. WES hides his agitation at the interruption. He sips the drink and smiles at the WAITRESS.

WES:

Dank je, it's perfect.

The WAITRESS looks once more to FRANS, who smiles artificially and waves her off. WES leans in urgently toward FRANS.

WES:

What others?

FRANS:

Faoud Sadat in Egypt.

WES reacts visibly

Roberto Assagioli in Italy.

Close up on WES, he becomes more upset

FRANS:
Moustafa al Faisal of Saudi Arabia.

(Frans pauses, studying the shock on WES's face. He is reluctant to speak.)
And one more.

WES can tell he isn't going to want to hear this one.

WES:
Who?

FRANS seems to be searching for just the right words.

FRANS:
He's not dead, Wes.

WES:
Who?

FRANS:
Our friend Michael Vannier...

WES shows pained expression

FRANS:
He's in hospital in Paris...in the Psychiatric Ward. He's had
some kind of psychotic break.

WES:
Frans, you know who all these people are?

FRANS:
They are all part of your Ankh Network. That's why I
needed you here.

The TASMAN BAR is beginning to fill with people.

FRANS:
It's getting too crowded. Let's take a walk.

CUT TO...

EXT.: AMSTERDAM, RED LIGHT DISTRICT, EVENING

WES:
You told me on the phone that Rob died of an embolism.

The BBC reported that Ian had a heart attack - both natural causes, plausible enough. (pause) What about the others?

FRANS:

A mixture, but nothing unusual...except for Michael, of course.

Close on: RINGED HAND, pans to profile of SINISTER MAN. He stays within hearing distance of WES and FRANS.

FRANS:

Assagioli was killed in an auto accident, like Rob.

Close on: WES, deep in concentration.

FRANS:

Sadat supposedly killed himself. (pause) But you and I both know suicide wasn't in his character.

WES:

Faisal?

FRANS:

Faisal is still uncertain. He was on business in Damascus at the time. The stories are different, depending on who you listen to.

WES:

What can you tell me about Rob's death?

FRANS:

Nothing unusual. Some broken bones, minor bruises and contusions. Beyond that, no evidence to suggest anything other than an embolism.

WES:

What about the car? Anyone examine it?

FRANS:

I doubt it. A single vehicle accident, death ruled 'natural causes'. If you think it's worth looking into, I can find out where they took it.

WES:

We should at least have a look. You never know. (pause) What time are the funeral services tomorrow?

FRANS:
1:00pm in Delft, the Nieuwe Kerk Chapel - I'll pick you up
around 10am.

WES:
Make it 8.

FRANS:
Wes, thanks for coming. I feel better just having you here.

WES:
Don't worry, Frans, we'll sort this all out. Truth never
happens in real-time.

EXT: FRONT OF THE VICTORIA HOTEL - NIGHT.

INT: FIFTH FLOOR ELEVATOR

The ELEVATOR DOOR opens.

WES emerges, walks down the hall to ROOM 525.

INT: ROOM 525, NIGHT

WES has CELL PHONE at his ear. We hear "At the tone, please leave your message."

WES:
A.J., I hope you had a good flight. I'm anxious to hear what
you find out about Ian. There's a lot more going on here. I'll
call you tomorrow.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT: VICTORIA HOTEL - MORNING

WES comes out of the hotel.

FRANS pulls up in a dark green Ford Focus.

Attendant opens the car door for WES.

They drive away.

EXT: VARIOUS SHOTS OF TRAFFIC BETWEEN AMSTERDAM AND THE HAGUE.

THE HAGUE from the air. The city's architecture and ambiance are striking.

INT: FRANS AND WES IN CAR.

A phone rings and FRANS presses a button to take the call on speaker. It is his secretary,
MONIQUE RICHARD.

FRANS:
Yes.

MONIQUE RICHARD:
What time will you be in, sir?

FRANS:
We're about five minutes away, why?

MONIQUE RICHARD:
The Minister-President wants to see you first thing. You
and the American gentlemen - his words - as soon as you
get in.

FRANS:
All right.

FRANS clicks off phone.

FRANS:
Sorry, Wes-

WES:
No problem. When the boss calls...

FRANS:
He knows you traveled from the States for the funeral. He
respects friendship and loyalty.

CUT TO...

At the ENTRANCE, overlay title: BINNENHOF, THE HAGUE.

EXT: ENTRANCE TO BINNENHOF

WES and FRANS walk across parking lot.

WES admires a DUCATI MOTORCYCLE as he approaches the door.

WES:
Nice bike!

INT: BINNENHOF ENTRANCE.

GUARD:
Goedemorgen heren.

FRANS:

Morgen. Dr. Franklin heeft een bezoekerspas nodig. (to Wes, pointing at register) You need to sign in, Wes.

INT: B BINNENHOF, SECOND FLOOR, MORNING

Close on: A small brass plate says MINISTER-PRESIDENT.

INT: M-P'S OUTER OFFICE.

FRANS:

Hello, Christine.

CHRISTINE:

Hello Mr. Roobeek. He's expecting you, you can go right in.

INT: MINISTER-PRESIDENT KOOMEN'S OFFICE

CEES JAN KOOMEN stands behind his desk, hands clasped behind his back, gazing pensively out the window overlooking the huge pond in the back of the building.

KOOMEN snaps out of his deep concentration and turns toward the approaching men.

M-P:

Dr. Franklin, it's a pleasure to meet you. Your sacrifice in making this long trip is very much appreciated.

WES:

Thank you, sir. It's an honor to meet you.

The M-P turns to FRANS with a question relating to everyday business.

M-P:

Frans, Foreign Affairs Minister Ockeloen has been gracious in his praise of your team's research efforts on the Moscow matter. Nicely done.

FRANS:

Thank you, sir. I will convey your compliments to my team.

M-P:

Anything else I should be concerned about?

FRANS:

No, sir.

The MINISTER-PRESIDENT pauses with a knowing look but let's the statement stand.

M-P:

Good. (beat) Dr. Franklin, thank you again for being here.

As FRANS reaches for the door handle MINISTER-PRESIDENT KOOMEN speaks once more; this time in a more personal way.

M-P:

Wes...

(the informality catches FRANS and WES off guard.)
I'm sorry for the loss of Professor Crombie, as well as your other friends. Your ANKH NETWORK may be unheralded, but they are greatly appreciated by those who know what they've done. I trust your investigation will help us all resolve this dirty business. I've taken the liberty of arranging for a colleague to meet your lady friend when she arrives in Edinburgh. Please let me know if I can be of any further service.

WES:

Thank you, sir.

CUT TO...

INT: AIRPLANE OVER EDINBURGH, A.J. PROFILE LOOKING OUT WINDOW

WES: (V.O.)

How the hell did he know about A.J. going to Edinburgh?

EXT: EDINBURGH AIRPORT

Plane taxis to a marked spot near the airport building.

PORTABLE STEPS are wheeled over to the plane and put in position for the passengers to exit.

INT: AIRPLANE

ASHLEY JORDAN retrieves her single piece of carry-on luggage from the overhead compartment, secures her purse strap on her shoulder and exits the plane, walking carefully down the aluminum stairs into the airport terminal.

CUT TO...

EXT: EDINBURGH AIRPORT SIGN - MORNING

INT: EDINBURGH AIRPORT NEAR AUTO RENTAL DESK

ASHLEY JORDAN is in line at auto rental.

A VOICE addresses her FROM BEHIND.

ANDREW: (O.S.)
Ms. Jordan?

A.J.:
Yes.

ANDREW SYME is a tall, strong, good-looking Scotsman, impeccably dressed, with an excellent manner.

ANDREW:
Good morning. My name is Andrew, Andrew Syme.

A.J. has a puzzled smile.

ANDREW:
Your friends in The Hague asked me to meet you here. I'm to make sure you have everything you need.

A.J.:
Do you work for The Hague?

ANDREW:
(chuckles)
No. But I'm always happy to help my friends. (beat) I do have a little influence here.

A.J.:
All right. Well, I'd like to see Ian Crombie's office. And I'd like to speak with the coroner. Can you help arrange that - as soon as possible? My reservation is at the Greens Hotel. Does acting as my chauffeur fall under the heading of things you can help with?

ANDREW:
(smiling)
I'm not much for driving, Miss Jordan, but if you'll come with me, I think we can take care of you.

CUT TO...

EXT: EDINBURGH AIRPORT - FRONT CURB

ANDREW carries ASHLEY'S bag and leads her to a ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM parked along the curb.

An OLDER GENTLEMAN in a crisp black uniform stands next to the vehicle and moves forward to take the bag.

DUNCAN:
Please, let me take that, your Lordship.

A.J.:
'Your Lordship'?

Andrew gives a mischievous wink.

A.J.:
(a little smile)
And just what kind of Lord are you?

ANDREW:
Garden variety. Let's just say that while you're in Scotland,
Je Suis Prest. I'm at your service.

A.J.:
So what do I call you? Your Lordship? Your Highness?

ANDREW:
I've always been rather partial to Andrew, actually.

A.J.:
Andrew it is. My friends call me A.J.

DUNCAN:
Your Lordship the Coroner's office will be waiting.

ANDREW:
Right then. Shall we?

(gestures to the open door)

CUT TO...

EXT: THE HAGUE

INT: BINNENHOF HALLWAY

Close on sign: VERBODEN TOEGANG.

FRANS swipes card and the door buzzes open.

INT: OFFICE AREA BUSTLING WITH ACTIVITY.

Two people approach: a man with a blonde-gray beard, and a woman, about five foot seven with an athletic body.

WES smiles at the approach of GWEN VAN DRIEL and JARK SNYDER and moves toward them.

WES:

Jark, good to see you. Was that your Ducati in the parking lot?

JARK:

Yeah, pretty sweet, huh? Only two thousand of them made.

WES:

What did Marijke and the kids have to sacrifice for that?

JARK:

Peace of mind when I am racing.

WES:

(Hugs GWEN and gives her a peck on the cheek)
How's the golf game?

GWEN:

Miserable!

JARK:

Don't let her fool you, Wes. I think by next year she will leave us and join the European Tour.

GWEN slaps JARK's arm playfully, as he fakes injury.

FRANS:

Ja, ja let's catch up later - business first.

CUT TO...

INT: BINNENHOF BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

This is a high-tech briefing room, where the walls are massive LCD displays. On the screens are three notes in duplicate: an ARABIC NOTE and its ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

GWEN:

On twenty September, a letter was received -

PIETER enters the room.

FRANS:

Excuse me, Gwen...Wes, I believe you know Pieter van Heusen.

WES looks at VAN HEUSEN and acknowledges him silently.

FRANS nods to GWEN to continue.

GWEN:

On twenty September we received a diplomatic pouch containing the original handwritten document, as well as a typed translation from our Embassy in Saudi Arabia.

Close on: TEXT ON SCREEN...

Letter #1: 20 September Our Apostle has been sent to give you this warning! Will your Lord consent to send down to us food from heaven? Allah said: I will send it down to you, but whoever disbelieves afterwards, I will give to him a great punishment.

JARK: (O.S.)

We thought it was just gibberish till Pieter pointed out the source of the stanzas.

PIETER VAN HEUSEN walks to the wall and gestures to the display.

PIETER VH:

These first three lines are the standard offering of praise to Allah, indicating the author is probably Muslim. Second...this signature, Dimashq al Jihad - if it's a terrorist cell, we've never heard of them. And third...we have some kind of generalized, ambiguous threat.

GWEN advances the slide.

GWEN:

The second note had the same general form as the first, random verses intended to threaten or warn us.

JARK:

Five days after receiving the second letter, Professor Kypers and the others were killed.

FRANS:

Read the note, Wes. What do you think?

WES studies the text on the screen, trying not to force or anticipate any conclusions.

Close on: TEXT ON SCREEN... (unspoken)

Have you not seen those who are forbidden secret counsels.

Secret counsels are only the work of the Shaitan that he may cause to grieve those who believe.

WES seems to have some insight but chooses to say little at this time.

WES:

The reference to secret counsels is certainly interesting. Go on.

GWEN:

Four days after the deaths of your friends, and the failed attempt on Michael, we received a third note.

Close on: TEXT ON SCREEN... (Unspoken)

Letter #3: 22 October I urge you to ponder only one thing: there is no madness in your fellow-citizen; he is only a warning to you before a severe punishment. You will taste the painful punishment. You will eat of it and fill your bellies with it. Then most surely you will return to hell. We have ordained death among you and we are not to be overcome.

Signed Dimashq al Jihad

FRANS watches WES as he reads.

FRANS:

Wes, we've concluded that these lines

Angle on line: HE IS ONLY A WARNING TO YOU BEFORE A SEVERE PUNISHMENT
must refer to Michael.

WES nods his agreement.

PIETER VH:

All six of your Ankh Network died at approximately the same time. Assuming the deaths were not mere coincidence

-

JARK:

(interjects his opinion)
Which is very unlikely.

PIETER VH:

- we know it wasn't just one lone fanatic.

JARK:

Since Michael was the only survivor - that we know for sure, that is...

WES is surprised by JARK's statement.

WES:

What do you mean the only survivor you know for sure?

FRANS quickly jumps in.

FRANS:

Faisal's disappearance is still a mystery. Al Jazeera reported he had been found in the desert, badly dehydrated. Other reports suggest he is alive but in critical condition in an undisclosed hospital.

WES:

So it's possible we have two survivors - Michael and Faisal. Wasn't Faisal last seen around Damascus?

PIETER VH:

Yes, that's the one thing all the reports agreed on.

WES:

Good. I'm meeting Aryana tonight. He has an influential friend in Damascus who might be helpful. What do we know about Rob's death so far?

JARK moves to the WALL as GWEN displays a PHOTO and MEDICAL REPORT.

JARK:

Rob's blood showed no signs of alcohol or drugs.

WES moves to look closely at the PHOTO of ROB'S back.

WES:

What's that small, yellowish discoloration on his back?

FRANS:

Where are you looking?

WES:

Right here. See that ringed area? Can you enhance that area?

GWEN:

I'm afraid that's it, Wes.

FRANS:

Do you think it's important?

WES:

I don't know, but it's a moot point now. Cremation does tend to destroy evidence.

FRANS:

Cremated? No. Rob wasn't cremated. He had arrangements to be buried at sea.

JARK:

Rob had standing instructions to contact an Admiral Boonstra in Rotterdam if anything ever happened to him. The Coroner's staff has been trying to contact him for several days with no luck.

WES:

If he had any contact with Rob in the past couple of weeks, he might be able to tell us what Rob had been up to lately.

JARK:

In the meantime, Rob's body is at the morgue in Delft.

WES:

Call and tell them we're on our way.

JARK heads for the door.

FRANS:

Pieter, see what you can get on Rotterdam's Admiral Boonstra.

PIETER VH:

Right!

FRANS:

Gwen, can you locate Rob's car? Wes and I are going to want to have a look at it after the service.

GWEN:

I'll get right on it.

FADE TO...

EXT: DELFT FORENSICS LAB - MID MORNING

DR. NATHAN SILVERSTAM, head of forensic medicine, wears a lab coat and tie. He lacks confidence and is intimidated in the presence of FRANS, a highly-placed government official.

SILVERSTAM:
Good evening sir.

FRANS:
Dr. Silverstam.
(Frans nods to the man)
This is...

SILVERSTAM:
Dr. Wes Franklin of course. I've studied so much of your
writings on forensic evidence, I have the sense we have
already met.

FRANS:
We'd like to see Mr. Kypers.

WES:
I'm told Rob was brought here directly from the accident
scene. Do you still have his clothes?

SILVERSTAM is surprised and puzzled but eager to please.

SILVERSTAM:
I believe so, follow me, please.

SILVERSTAM leads them to another room, opens a door and walks to a rack of SUIT BAGS. He rifles through identification tags then pulls a bag off the rack and places it on a large table. WES removes a shirt from the bag and holds it up to the light for a closer look. He points to a pinhead sized drop of dried blood near the left shoulder blade.

WES:
Frans...Dr. Silverstam...look here.

FRANS:
Yes, I see it. It's barely visible even when you know where
to look.

WES:
Dr. Silverstam, I'd like to see the body now. We may want
to have the shirt scoped later.

SILVERSTAM:
Very well.

At seeing their dead friend, FRANS and WES feel a general queasiness.

WES gestures to the lab attendant to turn ROB face down so they can get a clear look at his back.

Close on: small circle of discoloration at the shoulder blade.

WES:

Dr. Silverstam, you see this small, yellowish area around this pinprick mark?

(Silverstam leans in for a closer look)

Is it possible that this mark is from an injection of some kind?

SILVERSTAM:

Yes, sir. I must apologize for my staff. They should have been able to discover this.

WES:

They had no reason to believe this was anything more than a car accident. But let's get a biopsy done on this area.

SILVERSTAM:

Yes, sir. I'll have the analysis done right away. We should have some results for you in a couple of hours.

WES:

Thank you.

FRANS:

Wes, we better get to the church. We don't want anyone asking why we were late.

WES:

Okay. Let's hope our Admiral Boonstra is there too.

FADE TO...

EXT: DELFT - NIEUWE KIRK CHURCH - NOON

INT: CHURCH

A model of a SAILING SHIP sits atop a COFFIN.

A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH stands next to the model. The picture is of ROB and a friend standing by a twenty-six foot ketch QUEEN BEA.

The MINISTER-PRESIDENT eulogizes ROB in the background.

WES:

(OVER M-P MONOLOGUE)

I don't get it. This is the man Rob trusted to get him to his final resting place at sea and he doesn't show up!

FRANS:

He's either unable to be here or unwilling to be here.
(pause) Maybe he doesn't know Rob is dead.

WES:

Maybe...If he spends a lot of time at sea.

FRANS:

I guess we wait to see what Pieter turns up.

WES:

Let's have a look at Rob's car?

CUT TO...

EXT: EDINBURGH - DAY

INT: LORD SYME'S PHANTOM

ANDREW:

Well, now, my dear A.J., I understand you have a few questions about Ian's passing. The news reports said he died of a heart attack. Are you suggesting there's more to it than that?

A.J.:

Let's say some people have their doubts. I need to talk to the Coroner and look at his report.

ANDREW:

You don't suspect him of covering up anything?

A.J.:

Not at all! I'm just hoping he overlooked something. It looks like a heart attack, but what triggered it?

ANDREW:

Let me play Devil's Advocate for a moment, Ashley. If Ian had been out jogging, you wouldn't be here asking questions. The conclusion I come to is that you believe he was murdered. But why?

A.J.:
I don't know. Maybe he was doing some research that
turned up something someone didn't want turned up.

CUT TO...

EXT: STREETS OF DELFT - 1:00PM

INT: FRANS AND WES'S AUTO

GWEN'S voice is on speaker

GWEN'S: (O.S.)
Rob's Morgan is at a pound...on the east side of Delft...345
Ruttenstraat...ask for Blauw... Hans Blauw... it's already on
the lift.

EXT: DELFT AUTO SHOP - 1:30PM

INT: DELFT AUTO SHOP

HANS BLAUW is a slight man with grayish, thinning hair, about sixty-five.

HANS BLAUW:
We have the Morgan on a lift for you.

FRANS:
I hope it wasn't too much of an inconvenience getting it out
for us.

HANS BLAUW:
Not at all. I'm just happy we didn't put it back after the
other gentleman had a look at it.

WES:
Other gentleman?

HANS BLAUW:
A collector...came in yesterday morning.

FRANS:
Someone you've seen before?

HANS BLAUW:
No, never been here before.

FRANS:
What did he look like?

HANS BLAUW:

Nice fellow. Well dressed, dark hair, Arab-looking, I'd say.
Strong grip, too...big hand...almost hurt mine with a big
ring he wore...a huge gold thing with diamonds and stuff all
over it.

WES:

Did he ask to see other cars?

HANS BLAUW:

No, just the Morgan.

FRANS:

How long was he here?

HANS BLAUW:

An hour, maybe less.

WES:

Did he get in the car?

HANS BLAUW:

No, I don't think so. He might have leaned in to have a
look. I really wasn't paying much attention.

A steel-blue MORGAN PLUS-8 is on the hydraulic lift.

WES:

Beautiful machine. Not much damage.

Close on: driver's side cockpit on the right side.

WES runs his hand along the seatback.

WES:

Frans, look at this.

FRANS runs his fingers over the back of the seat and feels...

a TWO-INCH GASH in the leather.

FRANS:

It's torn...so what?

WES:

It's not torn; it's been cut. Look inside the gash.

FRANS pulls carefully at the material and sees a DEVICE.

FRANS:
Some kind of junction box? Like an electronic control box
for the seat?

WES:
These aren't electric seats,

(turns to Hans Blauw with a question)

Can you take that device out - carefully?

HANS BLAUW:
I'll do it right now.

HANS BLAUW is quick and efficient in removing ELECTRONIC DEVICE.

FRANS:
Have you seen anything like this before, Wes?

WES:
No, can't say that I have.

FRANS:
It looks like it moves that armature to press against
something.

Close on: ELECTRONIC DEVICE.

WES:
Definitely not standard equipment.

FRANS:
What else can you remember about the man who was here
this morning?

HANS BLAUW:
Nothing...well, wait now...he did say if anyone else came
around to look at the Morgan, just to hold them off for a
couple days - to give him the first option so-to-speak.

FRANS:
(to WES)
Sounds like he's planning to come back.
(to HANS BLAUW)
If you do hear from this man again, call me right away.
Here's my card. My direct line is on the back.

CUT TO...

EXT: BINNENHOF - AFTERNOON

INT: BINNENHOF - CONFERENCE ROOM

FRANS:

Pieter, did you find our Admiral Boonstra...

PIETER VH:

Yes, sir.

FRANS:

And?

PIETER VH:

Dead.

There is a collective deep-space silence in the room.

PIETER VH:

The Admiral - he actually was an Admiral, by the way - died of congestive heart failure sometime early Monday morning. His people reported him missing when he didn't show up for work. Turns out he's the Vice Commander of the port authority of Rotterdam!

WES:

Where did they find him?

PIETER VH:

At his home. It was definitely a heart attack, but the blood and tissue samples suggested there was something else going on.

WES:

Something else?

PIETER VH:

He had elevated levels of adrenaline, as well as some other blood chemistry that indicated extreme anxiety.

GWEN:

What does that mean?

PIETER VH:

I asked the same question. Would you believe the lab tech actually said it looked to him like the Admiral had been

scared to death.

Their reactions are puzzled. Only WES seems impassive. The room is eerily quiet. FRANS breaks the silence.

FRANS:

Jark, you hear from the lab?

JARK:

Yes. Silverstam said that the mark was from an injection. He had more about the chemistry, so I told him we'd call when you got back.

WES:

Then let's get him on the horn.

FRANS nods toward JARK, who quickly dials SILVERSTAM.

JARK:

Dr. Silverstam, I've put you on the speaker phone.

FRANS:

Hello, Dr. Silverstam, Frans Roobeek here. What do you have for us?

SILVERSTAM: (O.S.)

We've done some preliminary analysis, but all I can tell you so far is that we have a major psychoactive compound here. It also showed traces of Californium 252, which is a radioactive earth metal - a biological hazard.

SILVERSTAM has faxed over a CHEMICAL FORMULA, which WES studies as SILVERSTAM reports.

Close on: Fax, chemical equation ($C_{20}H_{25}N_{30} + Cf_{252}$)

WES:

Silverstam is right. This is a psychoactive substance that makes LSD look like aspirin!

SILVERSTAM: (O.S.)

We also think the human body plays a role in processing the substance. But without more of it, we can't say how.

FRANS:

Thank you, doctor. Let us know if you come up with anything else.

The call is disconnected and the group turns its attention to the MORGAN DEVICE.

FRANS:

(to WES)

It would seem your initial suspicion was correct. This device was used to inject the substance.

Close on: DEVICE

WES:

I'm guessing our car enthusiast was able to remove the syringe part before we got to it.

GWEN:

What now? Without more of this stuff Silverstam's lab can't go any further.

FRANS deflects the statement.

FRANS:

Gwen...what else do you have?

GWEN:

I spoke with Michael's doctor this morning -

Her hesitation causes WES to brace for the worst.

GWEN:

- he's had a series of grand mal seizures. It's like his nervous system is being fried.

WES:

Thanks, Gwen. (turns to Frans) I'll call A.J. this evening. If she can establish the presence of this stuff in Ian's body, we'll know that he was murdered and that the same group was responsible.

FADE TO...

EXT: PARIS - EARLY EVENING

EXT: JAJAARI HOME

INT: JAJAARI LIVING ROOM

AYMAN:

C'mon Ahmad. I don't want to go to this thing alone!

AHMAD:

You know I have to get up early for work.

AYMAN:
Farida, you talk to him!

FARIDA:
(to Ahmad) All you do is work, study, and pray. You're going to grow old and die without ever living. You need to find yourself a nice French girl to show you what life is all about!

AHMAD blushes at this overtly sexual advice from a girl.

FARIDA:
You should listen to me. I am older and wiser than you.

AHMAD:
You're just a year older than us.

FARIDA:
I promise you the difference between sixteen and seventeen is much greater than the three hundred sixty-five days it takes to get there. Now get your coat and let's go.

CUT TO...

EXT: PARIS - EARLY EVENING

EXT: PARIS NEIGHBORHOOD

INT: The Home of Catherine Moulliard

A meeting has been organized to counter proposed restrictions on students wearing religious clothing or markings at school.

SCHOOL BOY #1: (FRENCH ACCENT)
Oh sure, they say this will make us all equal! Why don't they just give us all lobotomies and make us all equally as stupid as they are!

This gets the appropriate response from his peers. They all laugh.

CATHERINE ELISE MOULLIARD is among the more focused students. Her charm softens her political edge, and her position at the top of the high school peerage causes the others to pay attention. She begins the meeting by recalling the history of the man for whom their high school is named - JEAN MOULIN.

CATHERINE:
Our school is named for Jean Moulin, a hero to our people in WWII. He was born to a family of culture. But culture does not guarantee character. We must make justice and

truth the cornerstones of our own character. And it begins with our ability to recognize and honor God - in whatever way we think of Him.

AHMAD is enthralled by CATHERINE and the passion of her comments.

He has never felt this way before.

Close on: CRUCIFIX NECKLACE on CATHERINE

AHMAD doesn't say much in the group, but later, when everyone is milling around the refreshment table, he gets up the courage to speak to CATHERINE.

AHMAD:

Hi. I liked what you had to say.

CATHERINE:

Thank you. (her tone invites more conversation)

AHMAD:

Jean Moulin was a great hero to your people.

CATHERINE:

Yes, he was a very brave man who showed the courage to do the right thing when it counted.
(she deftly shifts the conversation)
You live with the Jaafari family, don't you?

AHMAD:

(Ahmad is surprised)
Yes... Yes, I do.

CATHERINE:

Farida is a friend of mine. She says you're really smart and that you work hard and you're going to be really successful someday.

AHMAD smiles a little more broadly, surprised at the compliment his 'sister' has given him.

CATHERINE:

How long are you staying here?

Suddenly CATHERINE is easy to talk to.

AHMAD:

I'll be here for this year and next, and then, if everything goes well, I'll be going to the Sorbonne.

We see AHMAD and CATHERINE having an animated conversation without specific dialogue. Other students come and talk to them, but they never drift more than a couple feet apart for the rest of the evening.

At nine-thirty AYMAN finds AHMAD.

AYMAN:

Ahmad, come. We must go home now. You need your sleep.

AHMAD:

Sorry, Catherine. I have to get up early for work.

CATHERINE catches his arm before he steps outside.

CATHERINE:

We should do something sometime.

AHMAD:

I'd like that.

CUT TO...

EXT: BLUE BIRD CAFÉ - NIGHT

Southeast of the RED LIGHT DISTRICT.

It is inhabited by a half dozen people, all in their early twenties, casually in conversation at the counters along the wall. A couple of them enthusiastically smoke cigarettes, all circulate a pipe as they sip coffee and soft drinks.

Upstairs is darker, more secluded.

RODDY is the shop's proprietor, pleasant enough and courteous, if not exactly warm and inviting. He has long, black hair parted in the middle. He is quiet and a little guarded.

WES:

Hi, Roddy, how are you tonight?

RODDY:

Fine, thanks. What can I get you?

WES:

Just a Coke, thanks.

WES half-sits on a bar stool sipping a tall, glass of Coke.

RODDY:

We have some exquisite Blonde Lebanese...just in.

WES:
No thanks, I'm just waiting for a friend.

RODDY:
An Iranian gentleman?

WES:
Yes.

RODDY:
I think he's already waiting in the back for you. He came in
a couple minutes before you.

WES:
Thanks.

WES grabs his drink and walks toward the lounge area.

As he rounds the corner, he sees the back of the MAN'S head.

WES walks around to the front of the U-shaped couches and speaks in a quiet voice.

WES:
So here you are, I just got here myself...oh, excuse me, I
thought you were someone else.

WALLY:
That's quite all right.

WES:
From the back...I thought you were my friend...

WALLY:
And what now makes you think I am not?

WES chuckles at the awkward moment and extends his hand in greeting.

WES:
Wes Franklin.

WALLY:
Mohammad Wallid Firouzi. My Western friends call me
Wally.

Close on their handshake. A LARGE RING on FIROUZI'S hand which digs uncomfortably into
WES'S hand.

WALLY:
Oh, excuse me.

WES:
That's okay. Just surprised me is all. That's quite a ring.
May I have a closer look?

WALLY:
Yes, of course.

The RING is the same one we have seen earlier, large and magnificent, 18-karat gold folded around the underside of FIROUZI'S finger in a thick band, EMBEDDED JEWELS create a lustrous image of a diamond encrusted crescent moon with a cluster of miniature rubies in the moon's hidden regions.

WES:
Firouzi? Sounds Iranian.

WALLY:
Actually, I'm from Damascus.
FIROUZI offers WES a hit from the HOOKAH. WES declines.

FIROUZI'S cell phone rings. FIROUZI clumsily retrieves the PHONE from his pocket and holds it near his eyes to see who is calling.

Close on: the LCD showing the caller is his NEPHEW, AHMAD.

WES studies FIROUZI'S face and the aquamarine light of the LCD in FIROUZI'S eyes sends a shiver down WES'S spine.

WALLY:
Will you excuse me for just one moment, Mr. Franklin? I
have my nephew on the phone long distance.

WES studies FIROUZI'S expressions and mannerisms as he talks quietly in ARABIC.

FIROUZI seems normal.

FIROUZI closes phone and turns back to WES.

WALLY:
Do you have children, Mr. Franklin?

WES:
No.

WALLY:
Nor do I, but I practically raised my brother's son, my

nephew, Ahmad. He is a foreign exchange student in France. He stays with the family of a boyhood friend of mine.

FIROUZI puts a match to the bowl of the HOOKAH and sucks firmly from one of the five dangling tubes. WALLY breathes the smoke deep into his lungs then explodes in a fit of coughing, hacking away for several seconds, and turning bright red as he pounds a fist on his knee. When he regains his composure, he smiles broadly.

WES:
Smoke much?

WALLY:
No. Actually I don't.
(laughs)
In my country this would be punished very severely.

FIROUZI is mellow and good-natured.

WALLY takes another deep pull on the HOOKAH.

Roddy, the proprietor, approaches WES, leans toward him.

RODDY:
Dr. Franklin, your friend called to say he would be a little late.

WALLY:
Your friend is not coming? Can I help you in any way?

WES:
(half-laughs)
No thanks.

WALLY:
Well, then...would you mind helping me?

WALLY fumbles to retrieve the electronic HOTEL KEY from his pocket. He extends the key toward WES, his outstretched, stoned arm sways slowly.

Close on: the key VICTORIA HOTEL.

WALLY:
It's very close to here. I think the fresh air would help clear my head. Could I impose on your good nature to walk with me?

WES considers this for a moment. WES sees an opportunity to learn more about WALLY FIROUZI and cautiously agrees to help him.

WES:

If you don't have any trouble getting down the stairs and out side, we'll walk. Any trouble and I'll call a taxi.

WALLY:

Yes! Let's go!

CUT TO...

EXT: OUTSIDE BLUE BIRD - NEAR MIDNIGHT

The streets are DARK and EMPTY.

WES cannot shake the uneasy feeling someone is right behind him.

WES sees some MOVEMENT in his peripheral vision.

At the intersection of an empty street and a dark alley, WALLY suddenly stops and moans,

WES:

Are you all right, Wally?

WALLY:

I feel dizzy. I think I'm going to be sick.

WALLY staggers a couple paces into the SHADOWS and drops to one knee, his hand braces him against the wall, his chin falls to his chest.

WES is irritated at becoming nursemaid to a man he barely knows and still does not fully trust.

WES steps cautiously into the shadows and stoops to offer his reluctant assistance.

WALLY takes his CELL PHONE and extends it toward WES.

WALLY:

Call the taxi.

As WES reaches to take the PHONE, it makes contact with him and he is tazed with FIFTY THOUSAND VOLTS of low amp electricity.

WES crumples to the ground, paralyzed and twitching.

WALLY is suddenly un-stoned.

WALLY:

Wes, I trust you were surprised - even shocked, I must say.

(quietly laughs into Wes's ear)

You will please forgive my poor attempt at humor, Dr.

Franklin. But don't worry, the effects will last only five or ten minutes. The stun will not kill you.

WALLY pulls out a capped SYRINGE containing a GREEN LIQUID and holds it near the side of WES'S face.

We hear fast footsteps in the distance.

WALLY:

I will need to hurry a bit, Dr. Franklin. Too bad! I had hoped to tell you more of the answers you were after. This concoction is not as strong as what your friends had but it will provide enough entertainment for you. And then, in a few hours, Wes...it will kill you. You will soon join your other secretive friends from the ANKH NETWORK.

FIROUZI raises the syringe.

We hear three rapid-succession footsteps and...

From the darkness, ARYANA slams into FIROUZI.

FIROUZI recovers quickly and a violent struggle ensues.

Suddenly TWO MEN rush to the men struggling on the ground.

ARYANA smashes the jaw of one of the men, nearly knocking him unconscious with a single blow.

The other man calls out...

OFFICIAL:

Aryana, stop! We're on your side!

ARYANA stops a second punch in mid-swing, as the other men restrain FIROUZI.

ARYANA rushes back to WES'S side.

ARYANA:

Wes, are you okay?

OFFICIAL:

Dr. Franklin, are you all right, sir?

WES:

(speaking with great effort)

Aryana...

ARYANA:

Take it easy. I'm right here.

WES is still woozy from the taser.

WES:
Aryana, have these guys take Firouzi directly to The Hague tonight. And they need to get the syringe to Gwen immediately.

ARYANA steps away to relay these instructions.

The two agents and their prisoner turn back toward the Blue Bird Café.

ARYANA returns to WES and helps him to his feet.

WES is shaking off the effects of the taser.

CUT TO...

EXT: EDINBURGH - SATURDAY MORNING

EXT: CORONER'S OFFICE

The coroner, JOHN CRAIG, is waiting for ANDREW and ASHLEY at the front door of the GOVERNMENT BUILDING. He is cordial, if not subdued in his greeting, and his gaunt, ashen appearance gives A.J. a start.

CRAIG:
Good morning, your Lordship.

ANDREW:
Good morning, Mr. Craig. This is Ms. Ashley Jordan.

CRAIG:
Ms. Jordan.

ANDREW:
I trust you know what we've come to see?

CRAIG:
Yes, your Lordship. I have the documents relating to Professor Crombie in my office. Wonderful gentleman, he was. He'll be missed in our community.

A SINGLE FOLDER is on his desk.

The room is neat, orderly, dusted, almost antiseptically clean.

CRAIG:
Here is the file you requested.

A.J. looks it over quickly, making mental notes of the report.

A.J.:
Is this all there is?

CRAIG:
Yes, ma'am.

Close on: LAB REPORT

A.J.:
Is there anything you can add to the report...anything at all,
whether you think it's important or not?

CRAIG:
No ma'am.

It is a measured reply as though he is thinking and censoring at the same time.

A.J. looks to ANDREW, hoping for some help.

ANDREW:
Ashley, I know you were hoping for more, but... There
were no signs of a struggle. No crime was committed. If
you could just give us something to go on.

CRAIG:
Lord Syme there was one thing...please, forgive me sir, I
don't mean to speak ill of the dead...but...

A.J. and ANDREW turn toward the undertaker, who now appears even paler than before.

Both ANDREW and A.J. have puzzled looks.

CRAIG:
...when you've seen as many dead faces as I have, you start
to see things most people miss. It's been my experience that
every one of them seemed at peace. Every one, that is, until
Professor Crombie.

A.J.:
I don't understand. How was Ian different?

CRAIG moves nervously to the file cabinet and withdraws a folder.

CRAIG:
I just don't know what could have frightened him so badly!

ANDREW:
Frightened him!

CRAIG hands ANDREW a folder.

CRAIG:

These photos aren't part of the official record. I took them.

ANDREW, transfixed on CRAIG, flips the folder open.

A.J. recoils noticeably; ANDREW'S shock is subdued.

ANDREW slowly closes the file.

FADE TO...

EXT: DAMASCUS - EARLY MORNING

A plane lands at Damascus Airport.

EXT: DAMASCUS - A MINARET

A voice sings out from the MAMLUK MINARET overlooking the OMAYYAD MOSQUE in Damascus...

ARAB CHANTER: (O.S.)

Allaahu Akbar

[subtitle: God is great]

Hayya' alas Salaah

[subtitle: Come to Prayer]

CUT TO...

EXT: TERRACE CAFE OVERLOOKING DAMASCUS

WES and ARYANA approach a table where a man is sitting.

ARYANA:

As-salaam aleikum.

MUA:

Aleikum salaam, my dear friends. It's been too long. I must admit, my life is always more exciting when you visit.

MULLAH MUA, a man of gigantic spirit, stands barely five feet tall, is thin and frail, and wears traditional galabieh and black-checked kufiyeh and pit. His skin is dark olive and dry as the desert, with lines for every one of his sixty-eight years. His eyes are soft brown, clear, kind and inviting.

WES:

I only wish the circumstances were different, Mua.

MUA:

(casually sips tea)

And what are these circumstances, Dr. Franklin?

WES:

A little more than a week ago, Moustafa al Faisal disappeared. He was last known to be in Damascus. We have reason to believe a local man may be involved in his disappearance.

MUA:

And who is this man?

WES:

His name is Firouzi.

ARYANA:

His brother is currently in custody in The Netherlands for attempted murder.

MUA:

Yes...I know these men. The older brother is Saadalla Firouzi. They are dangerous men - very dangerous. They work for Osman Ghazi.

WES:

What can you tell us about this Osman Ghazi?

MUA:

(Mua measures his response)

He's a wealthy businessman who prays five times a day as prescribed. But if you ask me, he's only Muslim by birth.

MUA sips his tea

ARYANA:

And Firouzi?

MUA:

Saadalla reports directly to Osman Ghazi. Without Saadalla, his brother Wallid would be nothing more than a street thief. But don't get me wrong...he, too, is a very dangerous man.

WES:

Yes, I've seen what he can do. What kind of business is Ghazi in?

MUA:

He has a large bakery that supplies bread to many of the shops in Damascus. He also has his hands in gold and silver, mostly supplying local jewelers with material.

WES:

(he adjusts his chair and sips his tea)

Is he involved in any chemical processing plants?

MUA:

It is common knowledge he uses a lot of chemicals in connection with his other businesses, a lot of dangerous ones, at that.

WES:

How so?

MUA:

Whatever he's using has been making his employees sick. There have even been a few deaths.

ARYANA:

Deaths? Doesn't anyone question this?

MUA:

Ghazi is a man of great influence.

ARYANA:

But the authorities...they don't do anything?

MUA:

In the past, when a worker became ill, he was taken to the hospital for treatment. But about two or three months ago, Ghazi set up a private clinic in his gold processing building. Apparently, the gold workers are using some kind of chemical that makes them sick.

WES:

Probably Sodium Cyanide. It's used to strip gold from ore. It's extremely deadly. A 2%-solution in a teaspoonful of water will kill a man.

MUA:

I see.

(Mua is impressed at WES's knowledge of chemistry)
Then Ghazi should consider screening his employees more

carefully. The doctor who has been treating them has made at least six more trips to the compound in as many weeks.

ARYANA sits up in his chair, ready to dart away.

ARYANA:

What's the doctor's name? Where can we find him?

WES:

(places a hand on Aryana's arm) Aryana...settle down.

MUA:

Wes is right. If I tell you his name and where to find him, you will want to race right over there and talk to him.

ARYANA:

Yes...exactly! That's the whole point, isn't it?

MUA:

Look...you can sit here and talk to me all day and no one will think anything of it. (chuckles) I'm the local 'holy man'. I speak with people all the time. It's what they expect of me. But if you go running over to the hospital to see this doctor and start asking a lot of questions about Ghazi's compound...well, my friend, your days in Damascus will be short!

ARYANA settles back in his chair.

MUA:

That's better. Now, this doctor doesn't work all the time.

CROSS FADE TO...

EXT: HOME OF DR. JHOUDANI - NIGHT

MUA and ARYANA arrive in MUA'S car. They kill the lights and engine as they near the home and glide quietly to a stop.

MUA: (V.O.)

This evening he will go home to his wife and try to put his troubles behind him for a few hours. We can call on him then.

WES: (V.O.)

It's better if just the two of you show up...especially if your doctor is being watched.

MUA and ARYANA walk quietly to the door and knock.

DR. JHOUDANI answers the door.

INT: JHOUDANI HOME

The living room is modest in size but ornate in décor,
displaying mostly Louis XIV furnishings.

JHOUDANI:

Mullah Mua! It's an honor to welcome you into my home.

JHOUDANI'S wife enters the room carrying a tray of beverages and food.

JHOUDANI:

Ah, Fadwa, look who's come to visit us!

FADWA:

Mullah Mua, you bless our home with your presence.

FADWA places the tray of tea and Bulgar rolls on a small table near where the men are seated and exits.

JHOUDANI:

Mullah Mua, to what do I owe this honor.

MUA:

My friend, we are here on a matter of some importance. A delicate matter, to be sure, and one in which your help would be greatly appreciated.

JHOUDANI:

Mullah Mua, you know I will help in any way I can.

MUA:

Shukran, my dear friend. I knew we could rely on you. But I must tell you, this is a dangerous matter, so discretion is crucial.

JHOUDANI sees the seriousness on MUA'S face and leans forward in his chair

JHOUDANI:

Yes, absolutely, Mullah.

MUA:

You're a good man, Ali. My friend has some questions he would like to ask you...Aryana.

ARYANA:

Dr. Jhoudani, I'm in Damascus to learn the whereabouts of a man who is missing and feared dead. And I believe Osman Ghazi is involved.

At the mention of GHAZI'S name JHOUDANI blanches. He shoots a frightened look toward MUA.

MUA remains impassive.

JHOUDANI is desperately afraid and does not hide his fear.

JHOUDANI:

Mullah, min faddlak,

[subtitle: Please!]

Ana assif,

[subtitle: I'm sorry!]

MUA:

Ali...(using a soothing voice) Allah is served only by the truth. Tell Aryana what you know.

ARYANA:

You've been treating workers at Ghazi's compound.

JHOUDANI:

Yes. I've been to Ghazi's plant to treat some of his workers.

ARYANA:

What did you treat them for?

JHOUDANI:

Chemical poisoning...from the chemicals they work with.

ARYANA:

Ghazi used to bring his workers to the hospital, right?

JHOUDANI:

Yes.

ARYANA:

What made him change this routine?

JHOUDANI shifts in his chair nervously.

JHOUDANI:

These recent accidents didn't involve the usual chemicals.

ARYANA:
What chemicals did they involve?

JHOUDANI:
I don't know. (pause). No...seriously...I don't know what the chemicals are...only that they are not the ones I have treated for in the past.

ARYANA and MUA are puzzled by this response.

ARYANA:
But if you don't know what the chemicals are, how do you know what to treat?

JHOUDANI:
I just try to treat the symptoms as best I can.

ARYANA:
What do you mean?

Scene: JHOUDANI treating highly psychotic patients tearing at their flesh.

JHOUDANI: (V.O.)
There's nothing any doctor could do except help them get some badly needed sleep. Huh, sleep! Sleeping only seems to make things worse. At least when they are awake, they can defend themselves against whatever they think is after them. Some of them think invisible bugs are gnawing on their body. The more determined among them scratch and claw at their arms and legs till they literally rip their own flesh off the bone. At least I can do something about those injuries.

ARYANA:
How does Ghazi explain all this?

JHOUDANI:
Ghazi is not a man who explains things! He did make one thing very clear, though...I was not to discuss this with anyone.

ARYANA:
Did he threaten you?

JHOUDANI:
Did he threaten me? (he laughs a frightened laugh) He

threatens me simply by looking into my eyes!

ARYANA:

One final question. Is Ghazi in any way involved in the disappearance of Moustafa al-Faisal?

FAISAL'S name is like a verbal emetic to JHOUDANI.

Jhoudani rushes to reach the bathroom. He vomits intensely, then splashes some cold water on his face, and returns to the living room, frightened and embarrassed; but mostly frightened.

JHOUDANI:

Mullah Mua, Aryana...I have invited you into my home and treated you with respect. It is time for you to leave now.

ARYANA:

Please, doctor, what did Ghazi-

JHOUDANI:

Gentlemen, please. You must leave my home now. I'm sorry, but I can be of no more assistance to you.

All three men stand. ARYANA tries to ask one more question but MUA takes a gentle hold of his arm.

MUA:

Dr. Jhoudani...Ali...we thank you for your most gracious hospitality. You've displayed enormous courage in speaking with us. Yaiatik alaiafee.

[subtitle: May Allah's blessings be yours]

CUT TO...

EXT: JHOUDANI FRONT PORCH

MUA and ARYANA walk to the car without speaking.

INT: MUA'S CAR

As MUA pulls away ARYANA can barely contain himself.

ARYANA:

Mua, why did you stop me? He knows something about Faisal that he isn't telling us. I could have gotten him to say more!

MUA remains calm.

MUA:

Aryana, you are correct, the doctor is hiding

something...and that knowledge has the man petrified. But making him divulge his secrets under duress...well, my friend, there is no honor in making a man cower.

ARYANA looks out the side window at the darkness in quiet frustration

MUA:

Tomorrow you and I will do a little shopping at Souk al-Hamadiyyeh. Ghazi has his offices there.

CUT TO...

EXT: EDINBURGH - ROYAL MUSEUM OF SCOTLAND - MORNING

INT: ROYAL MUSEUM OF SCOTLAND – IAN’S OFFICE

The office is mostly wall-to-wall books.

There are piles of folders and books neatly stacked on the desk. In the center is a desktop computer. To the right a plate containing half a SANDWICH. There is a single bite mark in the SANDWICH, as well as a few crumbs from the missing half.

Next to the plate is a nearly empty cup of tea, with a dried out - and slightly fuzzy-from-mold - Earl Grey teabag on the saucer.

A.J. moves casually around the office, taking a visual inventory of the books on the shelves. A.J. pauses at a small, freestanding, three-tiered bookcase situated just behind the open door. On top of the case is a seven-book set. A.J. picks up the first book, opens the front cover and reads its inscription.

Close on: inscription as A.J. reads aloud.

To Ian, Thanks for your encouragement, inspiration and insights, Jo Rowling.

As A.J. replaces the HARRY POTTER collector's edition, PAT GREENWALE appears at the door.

GREENWALE:

A.J., sorry I wasn't downstairs to meet you.

The two women embrace.

A.J.:

Hi Pat! This whole thing with Ian is really terrible. How are you holding up?

GREENWALE:

About as well as can be expected. Everyone is still in shock. It means so much that you've come all this way for the funeral.

A.J.:

Ian was very special to me, but that's not the only reason I'm here. Wes thinks Ian's death was more than just a heart attack.

GREENWALE:

I can't believe that. Everybody loved Ian.

A.J.:

Maybe not everyone. Ian did specialized research outside the University. Maybe he was researching something someone didn't want researched.

GREENWALE:

You must be mistaken, A.J. What could Ian possibly have uncovered about the Salem Witch Trials that would get him killed?

CUT TO...

EXT: DAMASCUS - MORNING - SOUK AL-HAMDIYYEH

INT: SOUK AL-HAMADIYYEH – GHAZI'S LEATHER SHOP

INT: LEATHER SHOP - UPSTAIRS OFFICE

OSMAN GHAZI:

Saadalla , where is your brother?

SAADALLA:

I spoke with him late Friday afternoon. He had some additional business to take care of.

GHAZI is not happy.

OSMAN GHAZI:

Yes, I know what kind of business he was taking care of...hashish and whores! I'm beginning to think it was a big mistake assigning him to the Amsterdam target.

SAADALLA:

Osman, in Wallid's defense, the arrival of the American was an unexpected detail that had to be dealt with.

OSMAN GHAZI:

I don't care, these unsavory habits of his are going to become an embarrassment to me some day. And I will not be embarrassed... especially over sex and drugs. We're

Muslims, not infidels, and it would do your brother good to remember that.

SAADALLA:

I'm sure he'll be on the plane tonight.

Six of GHAZI'S men enter the office and take seats scattered around the room.

SAADALLA opens two cabinet doors, exposing a CHALKBOARD.

Close on: ARABIC WRITING, [subtitle: OPERATION KHUBZ TAHEEN]

Underneath is written a series of items in Arabic.

OSMAN GHAZI:

Gentlemen, we have only two more days before we set these events in motion. Jafa, where do we stand with your experiments?

CHEMIST:

I believe I've reached the perfect recipe for the effects you requested. Our test tonight will confirm this.

OSMAN GHAZI:

I look forward to your final experiment.

SAADALLA stands near the CHALKBOARD smoking a cigarette.

OSMAN GHAZI:

Saadalla, what is the status of this ANHK NETWORK?

SAADALLA:

They've all been eliminated.

OSMAN GHAZI:

What of this American? How did he get involved?

SAADALLA:

I spoke with Wallid Friday evening. He identified the man as a Dr. Wes Franklin, who was in Amsterdam to attend the funeral of the Dutchman. I think he fancies himself some kind of private investigator.

(he turns to the others and smiles)

... now he will need someone to investigate his death!

They all laugh, except GHAZI.

OSMAN GHAZI:
So we're ready to proceed to the second phase of
OPERATION KHUBZ TAHEEN. Saadalla, your son is
doing well in France?

SAADALLA:
Yes, Osman.

OSMAN GHAZI:
He understands what we require of him?

SAADALLA:
Yes, Osman.

OSMAN GHAZI:
And the shipment is on schedule?

SAADALLA:
The delivery is set for Wednesday morning at 3:00am.

OSMAN GHAZI:
(Claps twice)
All right then, let's get to work. Saadalla, you stay.
(the men leave)
Our doctor had visitors last night.

SAADALLA:
Yes. Mullah Mua and another man.

OSMAN GHAZI:
What do you make of this?

SAADALLA:
(Firouzi shrugs)

Jhoudani has been very nervous lately. I think this Faisal business may have pushed him over the edge.

OSMAN GHAZI:
Would he have said anything to Mua?

SAADALLA:
Jhoudani knows if he opens his mouth he will be fired...so
to speak.

GHAZI looks away, chews bottom lip contemplating how to deal with this.

OSMAN GHAZI:

What about the man who was with Mua?

SAADALLA:

We don't know anything about him. Maybe Mua has hired a bodyguard.

OSMAN GHAZI:

I don't know...I don't like this. Mua's presence limits our options. He has too high a profile.

GHAZI drums his fingers slowly on the desk

If the doctor said anything to Mua about Faisal, and the doctor suddenly turned up dead...

SAADALLA:

I think we can assume for now Mua knows nothing.

This placates GHAZI.

OSMAN GHAZI:

Okay. But I want to know more about the man who was with Mua.

SAADALLA:

I have a man following Mua already.

OSMAN GHAZI:

(Ghazi nods)

Good. Now let's get some work done.

SAADALLA turns to leave but GHAZI calls out.

OSMAN GHAZI:

And Saadalla....I want to see your brother as soon as he returns.

CUT TO...

EXT: EDINBURGH - THE WITCHERY RESTAURANT - DAY

Close on: a sign THE WITCHERY.

INT: THE WITCHERY RESTAURANT - LUNCHTIME

A.J., ANDREW and GREENWALE are seated. Their food is already served. The waiter pours some wine.

GREENWALE:

(to A.J.)

So you're telling me that Wes thinks Ian might have been poisoned! What could that possibly have to do with the Salem Witch Trials?

ANDREW:

If I remember correctly, wasn't ergotamine poisoning involved?

A.J.:

What's ergotamine poisoning?

ANDREW:

It's a grain mold. It's actually the chemical that led to LSD development in the late 1930s.

GREENWALE:

Now that you mention it, I do recall something about moldy grain that might have caused visions and aberrant behavior that were taken to be signs of witchcraft.

CUT TO...

Picture of the sandwich on IAN'S desk.

A.J. remembers the food in IAN'S office.

A.J.:

I want to have another look at Ian's office. It may be nothing but I think we should have that sandwich analyzed.

CUT TO...

INT: THE HAGUE, FRANS' OFFICE - DAY

FRANS is on the phone.

FRANS:

Dr. Franklin is not available. Have you finished your analysis?

SILVERSTAM:

Yes. Dreams! It's all about dreams?

FRANS:

I don't understand.

SILVERSTAM:

Have you ever had a nightmare that was so frightening you had to wake up just to get away from it? This green goo Dr. Franklin sent us creates a terrifying dream world from which there is no escape. This stuff has the power to scare you to death - literally. And, if it doesn't stop your heart outright, it can make you believe the only way out is to kill yourself.

CUT TO...

EXT: DAMASCUS - SOUK AL-HAMADIYYEH - DAY

The noon crowd is heavy, practically shoulder-to-shoulder. MUA and ARYANA move indifferently from shop to shop to extend the illusion they are out for a casual stroll.

SADAALLA'S HENCHMAN is following on the opposite side of the souk, watching them closely.

MUA:

We should assume Ghazi knows about our visit to the doctor last night.

ARYANA:

So we just walk into his shop the next day?

MUA:

If we are a curiosity for him at all, it is because of you, not me. You are an unknown to him.

ARYANA:

That still puts you at risk just by being with me!

MUA:

(Mua laughs)

But my friend, I am not with you. You are with me.

ARYANA isn't convinced.

Anyway, we're here now, (beat) so let's just see what happens.

ARYANA:

Oh, great!

MUA and ARYANA enter the Leather goods shop.

INT: GHAZI'S LEATHER SHOP.

MUA:

Try to be discreet, but look up at the far left corner. That's Ghazi's office. The one to the left is Firouzi's.

They walk casually around the tables examining FABRICS.

SADAALLA FIROUZI watches from his office.

SADAALLA descends the stairs and approaches them.

SAADALLA:

Mullah Mua, my friend, what a pleasure to see you again.

MUA:

Hello, Saadalla. How are you?

SAADALLA:

Are you looking for anything in particular, or just enjoying this wonderful day we're having?

MUA:

No, nothing in particular; just out for a casual stroll to see if the doctor knows what he's talking about.

FIROUZI'S eyes and ears perk up at this comment, his smile remains frozen.

MUA:

You know how doctors can be. He's always nagging me that at my age I should be sure to get plenty of exercise.

FIROUZI'S tension eases as he realizes MUA is talking about a different doctor.

MUA:

But how rude of me. Saadalla, let me introduce you to Mr. Aryana...

ARYANA and FIROUZI nod politely to each other.

Mr. Aryana is my late wife's cousin and will only be here through the weekend. Of course it was a must that he should see Souk al-Hamadiyyeh. And how could we possibly visit the souk and not stop into your shops?

Turns to ARYANA

I suppose we should probably keep walking...there is still a lot to see today.

MUA moves toward the exit

MUA:

Thank you for coming down to say hello, Saadalla. I know you're a very busy man and it is always nice to chat with you.

FIROUZI accompanies the men to the door.

As they leave the shop, FIROUZI nods to his HENCHMAN to follow them.

SADAALLA looks upstairs to where GHAZI is watching through the OFFICE WINDOW.

SADALLA indicates with a look that the men know nothing.

ARYANA and MUA flag down a taxi and climb in.

FADE TO...

EXT: GHAZI BUSINESS COMPLEX - NIGHT

Close on: Arabic sign GHAZI INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX: Warning! Trespassers Will Be Shot

INT: UPSTAIRS OFFICE OF GHAZI ADMIN BUILDING

GHAZI'S men mill around a long CREDENZA then move to their seats at an antique mahogany conference table.

SADAALLA closes the last set of window blinds.

OSMAN GHAZI sits at the head of the table, SAADALLA to his right, Jafa the chemist to his left, and the rest of the managers distributed equally on either side.

GHAZI speaks and conversations abruptly cease.

OSMAN GHAZI:

Gentlemen, our brilliant chemist, Jafa al-Mansur, has been at work for the past two years perfecting a drug. It is what the West would call a designer drug. Each victim will suffer his own personal hell. What I like to think of as customized terror.

GHAZI appears to appreciate his own cleverness.

RIBADDI:

Osman, if our enemies are the infidels, how can we be certain our Muslim brothers and sisters will not be poisoned?

GHAZI smiles broadly.

OSMAN GHAZI:

Please forgive me for the moment if I don't tell you exactly how this will be accomplished, but let me say it is a fool-

proof method.

GHAZI looks to SAADALLA and flicks his head.

SAADALLA goes to a desk and withdraws a stack of envelopes, returns to the table, and sets the stack between himself and GHAZI.

OSMAN GHAZI:

This week you will be traveling to France.

GHAZI picks up the stack of envelopes and flaps them in the air.

Inside each of these envelopes you will find your specific instructions for when you arrive in France.

GHAZI looks at his watch. It is nearly midnight. He stands.

Now Gentlemen, I've arranged a little demonstration of Khubz taHeen at work. Please follow me.

CUT TO...

EXT: THE HAGUE - MID-MORNING

INT: CONFERENCE ROOM

SILVERSTAM:

We ran tests on the green liquid. At around 450 deg F it turns into a powder. The powder seems to retain the same characteristics as the liquid.

FRANS:

Can this powder be used...inhaled? Smoked? Or...what else?

JARK:

Injected like heroin?

FRANS:

Maybe, but these guys can't go around injecting everyone. If they're after a large target group, they need a delivery system.

JARK:

How about a gas or airborne state, like Sarin or Anthrax?

PIETER, immediately skeptical, rejects this suggestion.

PIETER VH:

Airborne delivery would require a lot of this stuff. How much powder did that green goo yield, a gram maybe?

You'd have to put a ton of it in the air to have any effect.

FRANS:

You've got a point, Pieter. So how do they administer it?

CUT TO...

Close on: EUCHARIST BEING PLACED ON TONGUE

Close on: Priest giving the wafer, we see the back of priest.

As camera angle comes around we see...

CATHERINE MOULLIARD kneeling as she receives a communion wafer from the priest.

AHMAD FIROUZI intensely watches the ceremony from the back of the church.

CATHERINE rises and walks back to where AHMAD is waiting.

They smile at each other and leave the church.

EXT: PARIS, CHURCH - EVENING

FADE TO...

INT: BINNENHOF CONFERENCE ROOM

FRANS:

What did you get out of Firouzi?

PIETER VH:

Nothing, really. Like I said, he was all attitude and no information.

FRANS:

Did you search his room? How about that nephew Wes mentioned...any connection there?

JARK:

We're not certain but Firouzi's nephew should be easy enough to locate. He's in France as an exchange student.

FRANS:

France is a big country. Can you be a little more specific?

JARK:

We have Firouzi's cell phone, right? Check the last call on his phone and you have the nephew.

CUT TO...

EXT: SCHIPHOL AIRPORT - LATE AFTERNOON

Ashley Jordan arrives in Amsterdam, walks through airport.

EXT: CENTRAAL STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

A.J. pulls her suitcase a block to the VICTORIA HOTEL.

EXT: VICTORIA HOTEL

INT: VICTORIA HOTEL LOBBY

A.J.:

Hello, my name is Ashley Jordan. I believe you have a reservation for me.

RECEPTION:

Ah, yes, Ms. Jordan. Just one minute, please. Dr. Franklin left this for you on his way out.

RECEPTIONIST hands A.J. an envelope.

A.J.:

Oh? He's not here?

(AJ is surprised and disappointed.)

What time did he leave?

RECEPTION:

I think it was around 5:00pm, ma'am.

A.J.:

Did he say when he'd be back?

RECEPTION:

No, I'm afraid not, ma'am. Would you like some help with your bag?

A.J. looks absentmindedly down at the suitcase.

A.J.:

No thanks. If you could just point me toward the elevators.

INT: VICTORIA HOTEL - ROOM 525.

WES'S closed suitcase is in a corner, his cell phone on the nightstand.

There is no evidence he has even been in the room.

The bed has not been disturbed, the towels are unused. There is even a paper strip across the toilet.

A.J. anxiously opens envelope, reads note, and with a frustrated expression places it on the nightstand.

A.J. unpacks her suitcase, gets undressed, grabs a nightgown and goes to take a long, relaxing shower.

A.J. in terrycloth robe pulls the bedspread off the pillow.

She retrieves the note from the nightstand and re-reads it.

Text: A. J., Sorry I wasn't able to meet you. I'll explain later. Please go to Paris to see Michael. I'll talk with you some time tomorrow. Till then, don't worry. Love, Wes

A.J.:
Dammit Wes, you'd better be careful!

CUT TO...

EXT: SOUK AL-HAMADIYYEH

Outside GHAZI'S Leather Shop - 2:15AM.

ARYANA picks the LOCK and WES and ARYANA enter.

INT: GHAZI'S SOUK OFFICE

BEAM from a small Halogen FLASHLIGHT sweeps the main floor.

WES and ARYANA climb the STAIRS and move swiftly through the OFFICE, going through drawers and cabinets, but find nothing significant.

ARYANA sees a CHALKBOARD on which is written a meeting agenda in ARABIC.

ARYANA stands studying the BOARD and shaking his head for a minute.

WES:
What's the matter?

ARYANA:
I must really be getting rusty.

WES:
What do you mean?

ARYANA:
This list starts out talking about baking recipes. Next thing I know they're talking about casualties and a cabala.

WES:
What's it say about a cabala?

ARYANA:
I don't know. Something like, 'remove', or 'eliminate' or 'get rid of'. But what kind of a cabala?

WES:
The AHNK Network (beat) It isn't exactly a cabala, but it must have something to do with why Osman Ghazi is going after us.

ARYANA:
Interesting. (pause) And the baking recipe?

WES:
What exactly does it say?

ARYANA:
Khubz taHeen (beat) that's Arabic for Bread Flour. That's followed by a recipe. Then the thing about the cabalists. (pause) Sorry Wes, I'm drawing a blank on the last two. They seem like gibberish. Something about medical issues, and a doctor moving or eliminating a body. The last one is just two letters. MF. (beat) Does that mean anything to you?

WES:
MF? That's it?

ARYANA:
You think it's significant?

WES:
I think right now anything Ghazi does is significant.

CUT TO...

EXT: DAMASCUS - GHAZI INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - 2:45AM

EXT: EIGHT-FOOT WALL AROUND COMPLEX

WES:
Give me a boost.

ARYANA hoists WES to view...

Considerable activity at the SOUTHWEST BUILDING, a dozen or more men going in and out.

WES pulls his body over the wall signaling ARYANA to follow.

ARYANA easily pulls himself up and over the wall.

WES and ARYANA scurry across a narrow access road using the trees and bushes for cover. They edge their way to the front of the NORTHWEST BUILDING and see...

EIGHT MEN in a random group and TWO VANS, rear doors open.

Four men come out of the SOUTHWEST BUILDING bearing two stretchers carrying bodies. Others are guiding people who appear disoriented but docile, shrinking in fear at any movement.

The van is loaded with the human cargo and driven down the short road to the NORTHEAST BUILDING, where it is unloaded, then returns to its original point to repeat the process.

WES and ARYANA watch from the darkness.

A group of fifteen men stand in front of NORTHWEST BUILDING near WES and ARYANA.

Mumbled ARAB VOICES in the distance...

Close-up on ARYANA. He translates for WES.

ARYANA:

"Now you have seen the effects of Bread Flour...I'll see you
back here on Wednesday morning before you leave for
France."

GHAZI, SADAALLA and Jafa go into the NORTHWEST BUILDING.

A dozen men walk straight toward WES and ARYANA.

WES and ARYANA run to the back of the NORTHWEST BUILDING.

As they round the corner, they see several cars parked there and realize this is precisely where the group of men is headed.

WES and ARYANA spot HUGE DRUMS near the back wall and run flat out to reach them for cover.

WES and ARYANA duck behind the nearest drum just as twelve men round the corner. The men are involved in quiet conversation and unaware of the eyes studying them from behind the drums.

Car doors open, the dome lights trigger, engines turn over and headlights flare on, flooding the back of the building with light.

WES and ARYANA hide behind the CHEMICAL DRUMS till the last tail lights disappear.

ARYANA:

What was that all about?

WES:

If I'm right, I think this group has just witnessed the effects

of the drug we took from Firouzi.

ARYANA:
What do we do now?

WES:
We wait for the three men in this building.

Time passes.

OSMAN, SAADALLA and Jafa come out and drive away.

CUT TO...

EXT: NORTHEAST CHEMICAL BUILDING - 3:30AM

FOUR MEN emerge speaking Arabic. They get in two vans and drive off.

WES and ARYANA rush to the NORTHEAST CHEMICAL BUILDING.

ARYANA picks the lock and they are in.

INT: NORTHEAST CHEMICAL BUILDING

WES and ARYANA go down narrow hall to a door where...

WES and ARYANA hear voices at the far end of the building.

ARYANA begins to retreat but WES shakes his head no.

WES peeks through a small window in the door to see...

A MANUFACTURING AREA...and a long OFFICE-LIKE structure.

ARYANA employs his locksmith talents once more and...

WES and ARYANA step cautiously into main room.

LIGHT comes from the OFFICE-LIKE door. WES peers in to see...

PATIENTS, some in straightjackets; some hooked up to I-V's. Some look comatose; some look restful; all look vacant.

WES looks from one empty face to the next, until he is blasted by a shot of adrenaline.

FLASHBACK to blackboard in GHAZI'S office to two letters - MF.

WES:
MF! (looks to Aryana) Aryana, Faisal is alive! That was the
MF you saw on Ghazi's blackboard.

Aryana takes out his lock pick again.

No! We can't lose the element of surprise.

ARYANA:

What element of surprise! We don't even know what the hell these guys have planned. At least we can get Faisal out of there.

WES:

We know Ghazi isn't doing anything until Wednesday morning. That gives us one more day.

WES stares into the room at MOUSTAFA. FAISAL'S vacant expression fills him with tremendous SADNESS.

WES resists the urge to smash down the door and rescue FAISAL. There is more at stake.

WES:

You and I can't handle this alone. We need Mua's government contacts.

ARYANA can't pull his eyes away from the window
Aryana!

ARYANA:

Mua isn't the only one with contacts in the government. Ghazi is well connected, too. Mua is loved; Ghazi is feared. Which do you think carries more weight?

WES:

We'll find out in the morning. Let's get out of here.

FADE TO...

EXT: GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

INT: MINISTER ABDUL-RASHID'S OFFICE - MORNING

MINISTER ABDUL-RASHID has heard WES and ARYANA relate the full account:

MINISTER:

Mua, you can confirm all of this? You've actually seen Moustafa?

MUA:

Mahdi, I must admit I have not seen Moustafa al-Faisal with my own eyes.

The MINISTER sits back in his chair as if knocked back.

But I believe my friends are telling you the truth.

MINISTER:

Mua...my dear friend, all the news accounts said Moustafa was dead...

WES:

Minister, excuse me, but AL-JAZEERA reported Faisal as missing, not dead.

MINISTER:

Please, Mua, this isn't proof.

MUA:

Mahdi, Sunday night Aryana and I visited Dr. Jhoudani, a friend of mine from the hospital. The doctor has been treating some of Ghazi's employees for several months.

The MINISTER listens but is unmoved.

Whatever work Jhoudani did for Ghazi in the last couple weeks caused him considerable stress.

The MINISTER makes a dismissive gesture.

When we asked him if he knew anything about Faisal, he became highly agitated. He assured us that Ghazi didn't kill Faisal. And early this morning, Aryana and Dr. Franklin confirmed that truth.

The MINISTER sighs deeply, conflicted over what to do.

MUA, WES and ARYANA watch the MINISTER struggle with his dilemma.

Suddenly MINISTER RASHID stands and...

MINISTER:

You two wait here. Mua, you will please accompany me.

Time moves agonizingly slowly as WES and ARYANA wait.

Through closed windows they hear the muted sounds of Damascus street life. Their eyes move around the room, studying the markings of MINISTER ABDUL-RASHID'S life; photos of a woman and two young children, presumably his wife and kids; certificates of education and citations for acts of civil service hung in frames on the wall; a mounted pair of 18th century swords...

Suddenly the office DOORS BURST VIOLENTLY OPEN.

Six uniformed SOLDIERS with Russian AK-47s rush into the room; three to the right, three to the left. Behind them walks an imposing man in FULL DRESS UNIFORM.

GENERAL ANTARAH is the white-haired Minister of Defense.

ANTARAH:

Gentlemen, you will consider yourselves under arrest and will follow these men to another room where you and I can better discuss your behavior and the questionable circumstances of your presence in Damascus.

CUT TO...

EXT: PARIS - EARLY MORNING

EXT: BAKERY - LOADING DOCK

INT: BAKERY OVENS

AHMAD performs his regular duties at the bakery: sweeping, moving bags of flour to the workstations, staging ingredients for the baking assignments, helping unload the supply trucks before the bakers arrive.

AHMAD'S boss calls him over.

AHMAD'S BOSS:

Ahmad, you have proven yourself worthy of our most prestigious account. It is a simple recipe, but it requires dedication and commitment.

AHMAD is flush with pride.

AHMAD:

I know this is an important account for your company.

AHMAD'S BOSS:

And you don't mind it - you're a Muslim and this is for Christians?

AHMAD:

I'm honored that you trust me with such important work.

INT: BAKERY - MORNING

Various scenes of AHMAD making the COMMUNION WAFERS.

AHMAD'S cell phone rings.

Close on: LCD displays FATHER.

For a moment AHMAD considers not answering. That isn't really an option...

AHMAD:

Hello, father.

INT: SAADALLA'S SOUK OFFICE

SAADALLA:
Ahmad, my son! How are you?

INT: BAKERY - MORNING

AHMAD:
I'm doing well, father. I'm just getting ready for my classes.

INT: SAADALLA'S SOUK OFFICE

SAADALLA:
Ah, very good. Ahmad, I know you are very busy so I won't take long. Osman Ghazi instructed me to say he is very proud of you.

INT: BAKERY - MORNING

AHMAD is impassive, silent.

SAADALLA: (O.S.)
As I am, my son.

Again no reaction

SAADALLA: (O.S.)
We are ready to move forward with our plans, Ahmad. You should receive the shipment of flour tomorrow morning.
Are you ready?

We see a range of emotions on AHMAD'S face.

Pictures of CATHERINE try to crowd out the task before him, but AHMAD'S fate is sealed. He is a Muslim with obligations.

He risks GHAZI'S wrath if he refuses.

AHMAD:
Yes, father. I will meet the delivery truck at 3:00am as you told me.

SAADALLA: (O.S.)
And this special project you have at work...your boss has assigned you to it?

AHMAD:
Yes, father. My boss trained me this morning. I begin the baking tomorrow.

SAADALLA: (O.S.)

Good! Osman Ghazi will reward you well for your work, my son. Tomorrow Ghazi's men will leave for France. The whole plan will be set in motion, so you must not let us down.

With this last admonition, AHMAD'S disappointment is complete.

AHMAD:

Yes, father. I will do what is required of me.

One last vision of CATHERINE floats through his head.

AHMAD and his father begin to say their goodbyes, when an urgent thought rushes in.

INT: SAADALLA'S SOUK OFFICE

SAADALLA:

Ahmad, I almost forgot...have you heard from your uncle Wallid? He has not returned from Amsterdam.

INT: BAKERY - MORNING

AHMAD:

I haven't talked to him since Friday night. He was at some coffeehouse. You know how he is.

INT: SAADALLA'S SOUK OFFICE

SAADALLA:

Yes, that's what I told Ghazi. He is upset. This is no time for him to disappear into his rabbit hole of Western decadence.

SAADALLA pauses.

AHMAD says nothing.

SAADALLA is frustrated at his son's silence and his brother's absence.

Well, if he calls again, tell him to get his ass back here if he wants to keep it!

INT: BAKERY - MORNING

AHMAD:

Yes, sir.

Close on: AHMAD, tears running down cheek.

CUT TO...

EXT: BINNENHOF

INT: HALLWAY, AT FRANS' OFFICE

GWEN swipes her access card as A.J. approaches.

GWEN:

Ashley, it's so good to see you. (They embrace) Have you heard from Wes?

A.J.:

He left me a note saying he had some business to take care of and will call later. He wants you and me to go to Paris today.

The two women cross the office to the CONFERENCE ROOM.

FRANS can see stress on the ladies' faces.

FRANS:

Ashley, what did you learn in Scotland?

A.J.:

The Coroner's report didn't help much. All I have is that Ian was studying the Salem Witch Trials. And this...

ASHLEY tosses a BROWN PAPER BAG on the table.

FRANS:

What's that?

A.J.:

Half of a moldy cheese sandwich...the remains of Ian's last supper. I thought we should have it analyzed for poison.
Talk about grasping at straws!

PIETER seems suddenly to be struck by a thought.

PIETER VH:

Food! (all eyes turn to Pieter) There was a theory that the events in Salem might have been related to ergot poisoning.

A.J.:

Lord Syme said the same thing.

PIETER VH:

Right. The idea was that moldy grain caused hallucinations and paranoia.

JARK:
Wouldn't baking kill the fungus?

PIETER VH:
Apparently not...which is something that could be especially relevant in light of the CD.

JARK:
What CD?

PIETER VH:
The CD I found in Firouzi's hotel room last night.

Throws CD onto table

The CD that Rob and Admiral Boonstra were probably killed for. (beat) The same CD that leads us to Damascus and those cryptic notes.

FRANS:
Are you speculating? (pause) What's on the disk?

PIETER VH:
Two Bills of Lading. One from Yemen. (pauses)

FRANS:
And the other?

PIETER VH:
Damascus. Baking flour, bound for a Paris bakery...where we know Firouzi's nephew is working.

There is agitation around the table.

Close on: BAG on the table

FRANS:
Doctor, how long will it take to analyze that sandwich?

SILVERSTAM:
Less than an hour from the time the lab receives it.

FRANS:
Then I suggest you get it to the lab as quickly as possible.

SILVERSTAM grabs the SANDWICH BAG and rushes out.

A.J.:
Frans, Wes wants me and Gwen to fly to Paris today and see Michael.

FRANS is still thinking about PIETER'S findings.

FRANS:
(To Pieter)
What's the status of the shipment from Damascus?

PIETER VH:
It's scheduled to arrive by truck in Paris early tomorrow morning.

FRANS:
(Mumbles to himself)
I'll have to get the Minister President involved with the French authorities.

PIETER VH:
Sir?

FRANS:
Huh? Oh, sorry.
(to Gwen and Ashley)
When Silverstam calls back, have him meet you at Schiphol.
(to Pieter and Jark)
You two locate the bakery then lie low till the morning delivery. Don't move on the bakery till you hear from me. See who accepts the delivery. If this Firouzi kid is involved in any way, we need to know exactly what he intends to do with the shipment.

PIETER VH:
Understood.

FRANS:
Give Michael my best wishes. (pause) And if you hear from Wes, (almost pleading) would you please ask him to give me a call?

CUT TO...

EXT: DAMASCUS, GOVERNMENT BUILDING - MID-MORNING

INT: BASEMENT INTERROGATION ROOM - MID-MORNING

A JUNIOR OFFICER is jotting down notes in long-hand, a SENIOR OFFICER tamps a cigarette on a SILVER CIGARETTE CASE.

SENIOR OFFICER:

And how exactly do you know Mr. Ghazi is planning an attack on The Netherlands?

WES and ARYANA don't respond; they just stare at the man incredulously.

The JUNIOR OFFICER, hunched over his notepad, his eyes barely a pencil-length from his etchings, waits a moment, then slowly lifts his head and looks quizzically at the men.

SENIOR OFFICER:

Please, gentlemen. How exactly do you know that...?

WES gestures the man to stop. He is careful not to raise his voice or show his frustration

WES:

For the last hour-and-a-half we've been telling you all we know about Mr. Ghazi. I don't mean to be rude, but isn't there someone... someone more senior that we can talk to?

The OFFICER stubs out his CIGARETTE and straightens his back. His face is flush with irritation.

FIRST OFFICER:

May I remind you both you are not exactly honored guests of the Syrian government. You would do well to say exactly how you know Mr. Ghazi's plans.

ARYANA is less reserved. He lets out a series of ARABIC EPITHETS which have an immediate and thunderous affect.

The SENIOR OFFICER jumps to his feet, but quickly catches himself, regaining his military comportment. He pulls firmly at the hem of his brown tunic, stands tall and casts a look of intense but controlled anger at the two men.

The two OFFICERS leave the room, slamming the door as they exit.

WES:

What the hell did you say to him?

ARYANA:

Nothing really. (beat) I just raised a general question as to his parentage, (beat) with a slightly colorful reference to a camel and his mother's side of the family.

WES:

I think we can both agree that was probably less than helpful to our current circumstances, don't you think?

WES and ARYANA sit quietly, facing forward awaiting whatever is coming next.

Suddenly the door bursts open and GENERAL ANTARAH strides forcefully in.

The GENERAL is followed by the INTERROGATORS, as well as the SIX KALASHNIKOV-WIELDING SOLDIERS.

ANTARAH:

I think we've heard enough. Bring them.

Two guards grab WES and ARYANA roughly, all leave the room.

CUT TO...

EXT: DAMASCUS - AFTERNOON

EXT: GHAZI INDUSTRIAL COMPOUND - WEST GATE, AFTERNOON

A THREE-VEHICLE CONVOY stops in front of the NORTHWEST BUILDING, GHAZI'S offices.

GHAZI and SAADALLA emerge from the building and approach.

GENERAL ANTARAH, WES, ARAYANA and a dozen ARMED SOLDIERS exit the vehicles.

GHAZI:

What's the meaning of this?

GENERAL:

Mr. Ghazi do you know these men?

Indicates Wes and Aryana.

GHAZI:

I've never seen them before.

GHAZI hides his recognition of ARYANA as the friend of MUA.

GENERAL:

They have told us a very interesting story. It involves you and Moustafa al-Faisal.

No reaction from Ghazi.

They say you are responsible for his disappearance.

Still no reaction.

That he is being held on these grounds.

GAZI:

I assure you General I have no idea what they're talking about.

GENERAL:

I understand. I have made it very clear to them the penalty for giving a false report, especially when it involves such an important man as yourself.

GAZI:

I would hope so.

GAZI smiles, sensing he has the upper hand

GENERAL:

I apologize for any inconvenience.

GAZI:

Not at all. I'm sure you have to look into all such reports, (pauses and looks at Wes and Aryana) regardless of how absurd the accusations.

GENERAL:

Yes, of course. (pause) So you will not mind if we have a look around?

GAZI'S manner becomes stern.

GAZI:

General, I'm a very busy man. Have you cleared this action with your superiors?

GENERAL:

In this matter, Mr. Ghazi, I have no superiors. It shouldn't take long to have a quick look around. Before you know it, you will be back in your office and these two will be back in jail where they belong.

GAZI:

General, I must insist...

GENERAL:

No, I'm afraid in this particular instance, Mr. Ghazi, I must insist.

The SOLDIERS, WEAPONS READY, stand in a semi-circle around GENERAL ANTARAH, WES and ARYANA.

WES:

Faisal is in that building down there...

WES points toward the NORTHEAST BUILDING

...along with another dozen or so victims of Ghazi's drug.

GENERAL ANTARAH begins to move toward the NORTHEAST BUILDING.

One of GHAZI'S men opens fire, hitting GENERAL ANTARAH in the shoulder.

WES rushes to the GENERAL'S aid and takes his REVOLVER.

More shots. A couple SYRIAN SOLDIERS go down. Others start firing back.

CUT TO...

ARYANA retrieves an AK-47 from one of the downed troops and chases SAADALLA into the BAKERY BLDG.

CUT TO...

GHAZI rushes into the ADMIN BUILDING for cover, with WES in pursuit.

GHAZI exits the rear door and runs toward the NORTHEAST BUILDING.

GHAZI is armed and turns to shoot at WES, mostly to slow his pursuit.

CUT TO...

ARYANA and SAADALLA have a running gun battle through the BAKERY BLDG.

CUT TO...

WES follows GHAZI into the NORTHEAST BUILDING and into the production area where the makeshift CLINIC is located - and MOUSTAFA!

GHAZI ducks behind a table and fires at WES as he enters the main room.

WES takes cover behind another table and the two men EXCHANGE SHOTS.

Chips fly but no one is hit.

CUT TO..

ARYANA clicks on an empty chamber.

SAADALLA steps boldly from behind cover and points his AK-47 at ARYANA, smiling.

SAADALLA:

Is everyone from Iran as dumb as you?

SAADALLA clicks on an empty chamber too, and looks down at his rifle.

ARYANA grabs a knife from the table and, with an underhanded wrist flick, sends the knife into SAADALLA, who reacts with shock.

ARYANA:
I wouldn't know. (beat) I'm from California.

CUT TO...

Close on: A BAG OF TOXIC FLOUR on the table that GHAZI is hiding behind.

WES shoots the bag (mostly by accident) and the POWDER AEREATES all over GHAZI, who has an immediate PSYCHOTIC BREAK.

We see GHAZI hallucinate the image of a young man who is strapped with DYNAMITE.

GHAZI stands, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED to the hallucination, calling a name "THAQIB".

GHAZI is overcome with FEAR AND EMOTION as the HALLUCINATION of the young man EXPLODES!

Two SYRIAN SOLDIERS charge into the room GUNS AT THE READY but they hesitate when they see GHAZI in a pathetic state of FEAR.

SYRIAN SOLDIERS take GHAZI into custody.

CUT TO...

EXT: BINNENHOF - LATE AFTERNOON

INT: CEES JAN KOOMEN'S OFFICE.

FRANS:
If Interpol gets involved, this DIMASHQ AL-JIHAD will know we are on to them. We could lose them entirely - and the consequences would be devastating.

M-P:
I agree. The French are an all-or-nothing sort. They either see no threat or an urgent one. I don't know how this new president will react. When do Pieter and Jark get to Paris?

FRANS:
Around eleven-thirty.

M-P:
And then?

FRANS:
They'll set up surveillance at the Bakery. They won't do anything until we give the word to take the kid into custody.

FRANS'S cell phone vibrates.

The MINISTER-PRESIDENT nods toward the phone.

FRANS:
Wes! Where are you?

WES and ARYANA are calling from GEN. ANTARAH'S car.

WES:
Aryana and I are on our way to the Damascus airport.
Saadalla Firouzi is dead and Ghazi is in custody. What's
happening there?

CROSS FADE TO...

EXT: PARIS - EARLY MORNING

FRANS: (V.O)
Pieter and Jark, are on their way to Paris.

WES: (V.O)
Good, we'll meet them there tonight.

EXT: PARIS - THE BAKERY - 2:30 AM

INT: AUTOMOBILE - 2:30 AM

PIETER and JARK sit in the front, ARYANA and WES in the rear, awaiting delivery of the TOXIC CARGO.

The early-morning stillness lends a surreal quality to the industrial neighborhood, producing a three-dimensional silence.

The whole atmosphere remains silent and motionless until...

JARK holds his wrist up to catch some street light on...

Close on: WATCH CRYSTAL.

PIETER VH:
What've you got?

JARK:
Two-forty-five.

Suddenly...a single HEADLIGHT comes up the street.

ARYANA:
Wes! Look!

A Vespa approaches, tires thumping softly over the cobblestone as it slows for its turn, then rolls slowly to a halt at the LOADING DOCK.

The secluded observers watch AHMAD fumble with some keys and open the door.

The DOCK DOORS rise, backlighting the SILHOUETTE OF AHMAD.

JARK holds a CAMERA and manipulates aperture settings.

JARK:

I'm going in closer for a better shot.

FOUR MEN exit the vehicle, creep down the street, and duck into the ALLEY across from the LOADING DOCK.

A block away a FLATBED TRUCK lumbers up the street in no particular hurry, turns into the cul-de-sac and rocks gently to a halt.

French voices echo indistinctly across the early morning neighborhood.

AHMAD and the DRIVER unload FOURTEEN 50LB BAGS of flour.

JARK:

The kid's got the flour. If he mixes that stuff in with the regular supplies...he'll start a damn epidemic with that shit!

WES:

Jark, what time is it?

JARK:

3:00am.

WES:

Wednesday morning, 3:00am.

The GUITAR BEAT of 'Poem On An Underground Wall' begins.

WES:

Pieter, you and Jark give us ten minutes then come in.

WES and ARYANA are on the move.

As WES and ARYANA cross the cobblestone street, the "Poem on the Underground Wall" takes up the rhythm of their steps.

WES and ARYANA cautiously approach the loading dock. They peer slowly around the dock door into the building.

AHMAD is nowhere to be seen but he can be heard shuffling about pallets of bags stacked head-high in a dozen rows, forming a small maze.

WES and ARYANA inch their way toward the sound of AHMAD.

WES peers around the corner to get his first glimpse of AHMAD.

AHMAD is crouched over a flour bag, his back to them.

WES watches; AHMAD stands holding something in his hands.

WES can't see clearly what it is but intuition tells him AHMAD poses no threat.

WES and ARYANA step into the open.

WES:

Ahmad...it's over, son.

AHMAD jumps in surprise and stumbles back against some bags.

AHMAD turns quickly to see two strange men standing there.

AHMAD'S fright momentarily paralyzes him. His eyes dart from one man to the other as he tries to breathe.

AHMAD:

Did Osman Ghazi send you? Well, I don't care. You can do what you like...I refuse to do this thing.

Despite the brave front, AHMAD is petrified; he knows what GHAZI will do to him for his refusal.

WES:

What's that for, son?

AHMAD holds a jar of RED PAINT in one hand and a SMALL PAINTBRUSH in the other. His momentary distraction gives way to MORE DEFIANCE.

AHMAD:

I told you, I will not do this thing. Osman Ghazi is wrong and you can kill me for all I care! I refuse to do the work of that Shaitan.

AHMAD throws the can of red paint at ARYANA and charges at WES with a loud shriek.

WES and ARYANA are caught off guard by the boy's show of aggression.

ARYANA ducks to avoid the hurtling can and trips over the corner of a pallet.

AHMAD crashes his body into WES and they tumble to the ground.

AHMAD'S fist catches WES'S jaw on the way down.

AHMAD scrambles to his feet and sprints to the DOCK DOOR. He throws himself to the floor and slides under the dock door.

As he clears the door, he smashes feet first into the chests of JARK and PIETER who are just arriving.

PIETER and JARK crash to the bricks hard as AHMAD rolls over them, jumps to his feet, and runs down the cul-de-sac.

PIETER hits his head on the cobblestone and is momentarily stunned.

JARK bounces to his feet and gives chase.

At the end of the cul-de-sac we see the SILHOUETTE of...

A.J. standing tall.

AHMAD charges toward her.

A.J. puts a Judo move on AHMAD and slams him to the ground.

JARK dives on the boy and they wrestle on the ground.

PIETER, generally out of shape and groggy from his fall, hobbles to where AHMAD and JARK are grappling on the bricks.

PIETER reaches down to grab some piece of the boy but his timing couldn't be worse as...

AHMAD, pinned at the shoulders by JARK, manages to place a well-aimed heel squarely in PIETER'S groin and the big man drops hard to his knees again, clutching at the shooting pain.

WES and ARYANA leap from the dock and race to help JARK subdue the boy while PIETER rolls on the ground in agony.

AHMAD fights like a wild beast until ARYANA screams something in ARABIC.

Almost immediately AHMAD quits fighting.

JARK loosens his grip as AHMAD goes slack.

AHMAD stands quietly, staring from man to man, his heaving chest slowly coming to rest.

WES:
Bring him back inside.

JARK sees ARYANA covered in RED.

JARK:
What the hell did he do to you?

Embarrassed at being outmaneuvered by the boy, ARYANA wipes his fingers on his clothes and extends a RED MIDDLE FINGER toward JARK.

ARYANA:
Paint.

AHMAD makes no attempt to escape as he is escorted back inside.

WES asks ARYANA.

WES:

I can't believe how quickly he stopped fighting. What did you say to him back there?

(Wes rubs his jaw)

Damn he's strong!

ARYANA:

I quoted the Quran to him. 'You shall not kill - GOD has made life sacred. Therefore, if they leave you alone and offer you peace, then GOD gives you no excuse to fight them.' Seemed to get his attention, I think.

WES and A.J. walk behind the others.

WES:

Nice move back there.

A.J.:

You don't think I was too hard on him?

WES:

(Wes smiles at the irony)

No, I think that was about right!

A.J.:

I thought maybe I was too hard.

WES:

No. That was good.

Back inside WES and ARYANA stand looking at AHMAD. They are filled with admiration for the boy's courage in opposing GHAZI.

ARYANA:

Where are the bags of flour you received this morning?

AHMAD:

You can't have them!

WES:

We're here to help you, Ahmad. Ghazi is in custody. It's over.

Ahmad looks back and forth from WES to ARYANA in confusion.

WES:

We know about Khubz taHeen, Ahmad. Where are the other bags, son?

AHMAD:

If Ghazi is in custody, where are my father and my uncle?

WES:

They don't pose a danger. But we'll talk more about that later. Where are the other bags, Ahmad?

Ahmad walks to the back of the pallet; WES and ARYANA close behind.

They see the other thirteen bags bearing the special E-L-S cargo stamp. On each bag AHMAD has painted a warning in large red letters

Close on bag: (skull and cross-bones symbol) POISON.

WES:

What's this?

AHMAD:

I planned to turn them in to someone this morning. I didn't want them used by accident before something could be done with them. Who are you?

WES:

My name is Wes Franklin, son. Is this all of the poison, Ahmad? You don't have more around here we should know about?

AHMAD:

No, sir.

WES takes a quick mental inventory of the situation.

WES:

Pieter, bring the car around. We need to get these out of here...

AHMAD:

No!

WES:

Ahmad, it's all right. We need to get this stuff away from

here before anyone gets hurt.

AHMAD begins to understand these men are here to help him.

WES:

Pieter, go...now. The rest of you, grab a bag and move it to the dock.

ARYANA is on the bags almost before WES can finish, tucking a 50-pound bag under each arm and heading for the door.

JARK follows immediately behind with a third bag.

AHMAD hoists another bag to his shoulder and hurries to catch up with JARK. WES grips a bag in each hand and hustles to the dock.

WES:

What were you supposed to do with this stuff?

AHMAD:

Bake the wafers.

WES:

The wafers?

AHMAD:

The communion wafers. The Eucharist.

ALL look around at each other stunned.

ARYANA:

Wes, that Ghazi was crazy.

JARK:

To put these lethal disks in all the churches of France...my God!

PIETER VH:

All Europe would be in chaos in a week. No town would be safe from total fear and paranoia. We'd be at each other's throats and nothing could stop it.

FADE TO...

EXT: THE HAGUE - BINNENHOF NOON

INT: FRAN'S OFFICE

WES:

Ahmad, you've been very helpful, but there's one thing we'd all like to know.

AHMAD:

What's that, Mr. Franklin?

WES:

Why was Ghazi killing members of the ANHK NETWORK and trying to create fear and terror in Europe?

AHMAD:

Revenge.

PIETER VH:

Revenge! Revenge for what?

AHMAD:

For the death of his son, Thaqib.

FRANS:

What's his son got to do with this?

AHMAD'S eyes drop, thoughts of THAQIB flood back into his mind, causing him to choke back tears.

AHMAD:

No one saw it coming, not even me, and I was his best friend.

FRANS:

Saw what coming?

AHMAD:

The bomb...the explosion...in Jerusalem.

FRANS:

A bomb? In Jerusalem?

AHMAD:

Suicide bomber.

AHMAD stares down at the table, lost in sadness.

FRANS:

You mean Ghazi's son was killed by a suicide bomber?

AHMAD:

No, sir. He was not killed by a suicide bomber. (slowly)
Thaqib was the suicide bomber.

Replay scene of GHAZI reaching out to exploding hallucination.

The room becomes eerily still.

FRANS:

But if Thaqib died in Jerusalem, why did Ghazi target
France.

AHMAD:

The French rejected Thaqib.

FRANS:

I don't follow.

AHMAD:

Ghazi wanted Thaqib to study in France. But Thaqib wasn't
very smart and didn't meet the entry standards. He took it
pretty hard. That must have been when he was recruited.

FRANS:

An Islamic fundamentalist group?

AHMAD:

I don't know anything about the group, but I know they are
not true Muslims.

FRANS:

What do you mean?

AHMAD:

I don't like it when people claim to be Muslim then go out
and kill people in the name of Allah.

PIETER VH:

Isn't that what Jihad is all about?

AHMAD:

No, I don't think so (mock-sarcasm) Jihad is an internal
battle against the enemies of the spirit. Every Muslim must
wage Jihad...every day of his life.

FRANS:
This DIMASHQ AL-JIHAD...are they the ones who
recruited Thaqib?

AHMAD:
No, it's 100% Osman Ghazi. When Thaqib died, Ghazi had
more anger and pain than he could deal with.

FRANS:
And your involvement with this group?

AHMAD:
I had no choice! I didn't want to, but what could I do?

WES:
But in the end, you didn't go along with them?

AHMAD:
No, I kept hoping they would realize this is not what Allah
wants.

WES:
And early this morning?

AHMAD:
Early this morning I had to choose, Osman Ghazi or
Allah...as if there could ever be such a choice!

WES:
And you weren't afraid of what Ghazi would do?

AHMAD:
I know what Osman Ghazi is capable of.

FRANS:
Then what made you defy him?

AHMAD:
You won't believe me if I tell you.

GWEN:
What happened, Ahmad?

AHMAD:
Catherine!

GWEN:
Catherine. A girl? Your girlfriend?

AHMAD:
No, she isn't my girlfriend...well, not yet, I mean, not really. She's from my school. She's helping organize Muslim students. I mean, she isn't even a Muslim, she's a Christian, but she was working to help Muslims.

Ahmad chokes back emotion and pauses to compose himself.

AHMAD:
If I did this thing for Osman Ghazi, Catherine could be hurt. How could I do something that would harm such a good person? She isn't just Christian or French, or an infidel, she's a human being...she's a friend - she's someone I know.

CUT TO...

INT: HALLWAY IN BINNENHOF - NOON

Two uniformed guards lead WALLY FIROUZI down the hall.

FIROUZI enters the room and sees FRANS seated at the table.

FIROUZI flashes a contemptuous leer.

FRANS stares impassively back at the man.

FRANS knows this insolent expression is about to change and wants to savor every nuance of the transition.

FRANS:
(points to a chair)
Sit!

FIROUZI sits and looks around the table.

PIETER...JARK...GWEN. He doesn't know ASHLEY, but likes what he sees. He does not recognize ARYANA but instinctively recoils at the sight of the strongman.

FIROUZI settles into his seat and the door opens once more.

WES steps into the room.

WES and FIROUZI lock eyes.

WES keeps looking into FIROUZI'S eyes as he steps aside to show...AHMAD.

AHMAD proffers no greeting - which has a chilling effect on FIROUZI. There is confusion on FIROUZI'S face.

FIROUZI'S expression changes once more in false bravado as he flashes hatred at everyone around the table.

Everyone merely stares at FIROUZI silently.

FRANS reaches for a remote control on the table, clicks it once, and the WALL DISPLAY comes to life. We see the face of MAHDI ABDUL-RASHID at a podium, surrounded by MUA, GENERAL ANTARAH, and others holding a news conference.

WALLY:
What's this?
(he becomes confused and agitated)

FRANS hits play. A short news story tells of the imprisonment of OSMAN GHAZI and death of SAADALLA, and the others.

FRANS:
We have only a couple of questions for you, Mr. Firouzi.
And I would suggest that full cooperation is your only
option at this point.

FIROUZI'S eyes dart chaotically, for a glimmer of hope. There is none.

FRANS:
We know all about Operation Khubz taHeen, but what is
not clear at this point is: Why the individual attacks on Dr.
Kypers and the others?

FIROUZI thinks for a moment before answering.

He looks around the table at his would-be victims.

When his eyes reach AHMAD, the boy merely stares at him, expressionless.

FIROUZI feels the last vestiges of pride crushed out of him. His voice soft and meek, he offers a final explanation.

WALLY: (V.O.)
(with visual representation for the following)
Osman Ghazi knew Faisal belonged to a secret
organization. When Faisal found out about Thaqib's
involvement with a Palestinian terrorist group, he knew
Ghazi would be furious if he found out, so he tried to
reason with Thaqib. On a few occasions Ghazi saw Faisal
talking secretly with Thaqib. It was only after Thaqib's
death that Ghazi became convinced the secret organization
that recruited Thaqib was the same one Faisal belonged to.
Ghazi kidnapped Faisal and used the drug to find out who
the other members were. I don't think Ghazi fully

understood what the drug would do until he saw its effects
on Faisal.

FRANS:
How many names did Faisal reveal?

WALLY:
None. It's a wonder Faisal didn't die from that stuff Ghazi
gave him.

FRANS:
So if he got no names from Faisal, how did he know who to
go after?

(With visual representation of the following)

WALLY: (V.O.)
Ghazi sent me to search Faisal's home. I found a
photograph of Faisal posing with five others. Written on the
back of the photo was ANKH NETWORK and the names
of the people in the picture.

FRANS:
Wait a minute, that's only six. What about Dr. Franklin?

WALLY:
No. Only the six in the photo were named.

FRANS:
But...If Dr. Franklin wasn't in Faisal's photo, why did you
try to kill him?

Show scenes of FRANS and WES being shadowed by FIROUZI through the RED LIGHT
DISTRICT.

WALLY: (V.O.)
Wrong place; wrong time. I was...visiting the Red Light
District. I overheard you and Dr. Franklin discussing the
names of the men on our list purely by accident. It seemed
to be more than just a coincidence.

FRANS:
So all of this was just by chance?

WALLY:
Yes.

WES:

But you mentioned the ANHK NETWORK when you attacked me!

WALLY:

A guess on my part - I knew the name through Ghazi and it didn't seem much of a stretch to assume you were part of it. If you were involved with the ANHK NETWORK you needed to be dead.

FRANS:

Thank you for your candor, Mr. Firouzi. On Friday you will be going home.

FIROUZI begins to smile then realizes the true implication of that pronouncement. Images of the ruins of the Ghazi Industrial Complex come crashing in and he understands he will no longer find allies in Syria.

FIROUZI looks to his nephew. AHMAD refuses to make eye contact with his uncle. FIROUZI jumps up and seizes the gun of one of his guards and swings it around at AHMAD.

Close on ARYANA'S forearm. He twists his wrist. His throwing knife drops into his hand. He flicks his wrist and pins WALLY'S wrist to the door.

AHMAD:

(In Arabic "If you extend your hand to kill me, I am not extending my hand to kill you. For I revere GOD, Lord of the universe")

FRANS:

Get him out of here.

WES:

(to Aryana)

What did he say.

ARYANA:

He was quoting from the Quran.

"If you extend your hand to kill me, I am not extending my hand to kill you. For I revere GOD, Lord of the universe."

CAMERA DISSOLVES TO SCHIPHOL AIRPORT.

EXT: SCHIPHOL AIRPORT - DAY

INT: KLM 747 - FIRST CLASS

WES and A.J. are just getting settled in their seats when an elderly man approaches and begins talking to them.

MR. BOSMA:
Dr. Franklin?

WES looks up at the man vacantly for a moment.

MR. BOSMA:
Dr. Franklin, I don't know if you remember me, but I never
had a chance to properly thank you for saving my life.

WES suddenly smiles in recognition of MR. BOSMA, the old man he helped on the flight over.

FADE TO...

EXT: SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

We see from the air: the BAY BRIDGE, the GOLDEN GATE, ALCATRAZ ISLAND,
PACIFIC OCEAN.

The plane drops lower and lower.

YELLOW LINES and RUBBER-BLACKENED CEMENT rise swiftly to crowd out the scenery
until the touch down.

The plane slows to taxi speed and rolls easily toward the INTERNATIONAL TERMINALS. The
friendly Dutch accent of a female flight attendant makes her routine announcement.

FLT ATTENDANT:
On behalf of the pilot and crew of KLM Airlines, I would
like to welcome you to San Francisco....

DISSOLVE TO...

EXT: SYRIAN PRISON/MENTAL INSTITUTION

INT: PRISON CELL

OSMAN GHAZI in straight-jacket screaming with look of terror on his face.

Close on: SCREAMING GHAZI

FADE TO BLACK AND CREDITS