

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

**THE EXTRACTORS**

by  
James DeMonaco & Kevin Fox

Revisions by  
John Pogue  
Larry Golin

Current Revisions by  
John Stockwell

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH THE FEATURE LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED OR REPRODUCED BY ANY MEANS, OR QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT.

NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO SELL, TRANSFER OR DISPOSE OF THE SCRIPT. IF LOST OR DESTROYED, PLEASE NOTIFY THE STORY DEPARTMENT AT METRO-GOLDWYN MAYER, 2500 BROADWAY STREET, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA 90404.

August 30, 2003

FADE IN:

EXT. SMOKY MOUNTAINS - TENNESSEE - DAY

Hip-Hop beats fill the crisp morning air. Golden shafts of sunlight beam through a canopy of colored leaves like rays through a cathedral's stained glass.

A blacked-out, low-rider SEDAN cruises inches from the pavement, along a mountain road. A WHITE DOVE with the words "INNER-FREEDOM" are stencilled on the door.

INT. SEDAN

A BENEFICENT PRIEST (30's) is at the wheel, his AFRICAN-AMERICAN COLLEAGUE riding shotgun. They're both wearing clerical collars and slumped low in the seats. Jesus sways from the rear-view mirror. A Bible is on the dash. AMG's "Bitch Betta Have My Money" is thumping.

BLACK PRIEST

(rapping to the music)

*I don't charge by the inch, I  
charge by the foot. Think I'm lying  
bitch here take a look. You looked  
like you ain't been bumped in a  
while. Pick up the motherfucking  
phone and dial. And have your money  
in a big ass stack. I'm slinging  
this dick like a newjack, so...*

The beneficent priest joins in on the chorus.

BENEFICENT PRIEST

*Bitch betta have my money.  
Bitch betta have my money...*

BLACK PRIEST

*Bitch betta have my money.  
Bitch betta have my money...*

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY

The car comes over a hill to reveal an ominous grey stone PRISON surrounded by a 15' WALL, rows of RAZOR WIRE, and looming GUARD TOWERS. This is a maximum security affair.

INT. SEDAN

The stereo is silenced. They both sit up. Seat-backs adjusted. Seat belts on. A dashboard switch is flicked.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY

Hydraulics kick in, jacking the car up to normal height.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

A sign reads "BRUSHY MOUNTAIN FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - U.S. BUREAU OF PRISONS". The sedan pulls up to the GUARD HOUSE.

A guard with a clipboard - HUDGINS - steps out and checks the license plate against the authorized visitor list. The priests hand over their ID.

HUDGINS

Mind popping the trunk and stepping out for a moment?

The beneficent priest steps out and reaches back into the car. Hudgins reaches for his gun.

HUDGINS

Keep your hands where I can see'em.

The two priests give him a "are you kidding" look. He's not.

HUDGINS

Nice and easy.

The beneficent priest retreats slowly. Out steps the black priest. Hudgins lowers his weapon.

HUDGINS (CONT'D)

Security's been heightened. We had an escape attempt last week.

He gestures to the razor wire fence - shreds of a bloody prison uniform stuck to it.

HUDGINS

Sniper made a 150 yard head shot. Popped his head like a watermelon.

A team of Guards check inside and under the car with mirrors. A drug dog is let lose inside the car. One of the guards gives them a sympathetic, "my boss is a dick" look. As the priests stand outside the vehicle they survey the prison.

THEIR POV

Bristling with security. Motion-sensors in the no-man's land between two rows of razor-wire topped fencing. Guards with SNIPER RIFLES in the high-tech security tower.

BACK TO SCENE

The dog is barking, nudging at a black bag in the car. Hudgins reaches for the bag, opening it.

HIS POV

The bag contains rosary beads, a communion chalice filled with wine and a container of wafers. Hudgins sniffs the wine, realizes it's grape juice. Takes a bite of one of the wafers.

BENEFICENT PRIEST  
The flesh and blood of Jesus  
Christ.

Hudgins spits out the wafer.

HUDGINS  
Follow the arrows to guest parking.

The BLACK PRIEST hands a carved WOODEN CROSS to Hudgins.

BLACK PRIEST  
Bless you my son.

The priests pull through the massive GATE and past INMATES mowing and raking the facility's sprawling grounds.

INT. SECURITY CLEARANCE AREA - DAY

The priests deposit the black bag in a plastic tray as they pass through a metal detector. A guard checks the bag and hands it back to them. Another guard gives them a thorough pat-down.

BLACK PRIEST  
Whoa, brother. That's a little  
close to the holy organ.

The guard waves them on. The PRIESTS place their thumbs on a biometric SCANNER. A LIGHT above the grilled inner-door goes GREEN. Locks click open. The priests enter and stop short at the sight of the head guard - SGT. SIMMS - a burly cracker with two black eyes and a busted nose.

SGT. SIMMS  
Relax, fathers. It didn't happen  
here. Some dirtbag jumped me  
outside Denny's.

BENEFICENT PRIEST  
The Devil can appear in many  
places. He is a master of disguise.

BLACK PRIEST  
Perhaps, this will be of help. To  
protect you from evil.

He places the cross around Sgt. Simm's neck, then distributes others to the remaining guards.

EXT. PRISON - MAIN STREET - DAY

A wide mile-long cement corridor that runs right down the middle of the prison. Inmates wearing Orange, Blue, or Grey jump-suits move in lines from the lunch hall back to their cells. They hoot and holler at the priests.

INMATE #1

Hey, father. What'd they get you for?! The little boy's mama find your beads and cross in his ass?!

Simms smashes the inmate with his baton.

SGT. SIMMS

You! Shut your goddamn mouth.  
(to priests)  
'scuse my French, Fathers. But that's the only language these animals understand.

BENEFICENT PRIEST

Bless them that curse you and pray for their salvation.

BLACK PRIEST

Matthew 5:44.

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

SGT. SIMMS leads the PRIESTS down a stone staircase to a section of cells in the bowels of the prison.

SGT. SIMMS

Welcome to our VIP lounge. Only time out of the cage is for the infirmary if you're terminal or the chapel where most of these lifers pray to die.

The Priests work their way along cells distributing crosses and prayer cards. The Beneficent Priest peers into a cell where LEONARD LOWE, a ruddy-faced tough bastard with a sparkle in his eye, sits on the exposed toilet studying a Spanish/English dictionary.

BENEFICENT PRIEST

Pardon me, my son, but have you accepted Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior?

LEONARD LOWE  
Am I the only one in here that  
grasps the concept of "solitary"?

BENEFICENT PRIEST  
(holding up cross)  
You are never alone in the company  
of God my brother. I come to offer  
you his salvation.

LEONARD LOWE  
That's really touching, but I'm  
concentrating on doing my business  
here, if you know what I mean.

Lowe looks up at the priest. Does he recognize him? The  
Priest throws the cross through the bars.

BENEFICENT PRIEST  
(lowering voice)  
Mother Mary Ellen wants you to know  
that only faith will set you free.

There's a loaded look between them. The Priest turns to SGT.  
SIMMS who is hanging back on the stairs.

BENEFICENT PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Sergeant Simms, if you'd be good  
enough to take us to the chapel  
now. This man and some of the  
others would like to take  
communion.

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

GUARDS shuttle a line of about twenty INMATES between the  
"big house" and the small free-standing wooden CHAPEL.

INT. CHAPEL

The black priest leads the group in spirited prayer from the  
Book of Psalms. SGT. SIMMS sits in a back pew.

INMATES  
Praise the Lord!

BLACK PRIEST  
Who brings justice to the  
oppressed.

INMATES  
Praise the Lord!

BLACK PRIEST

Who gives Freedom to those shackled  
in chains.

INMATES

Praise the Lord!

The inmates are getting riled up. Sgt. Simms sits up, worried about where this is heading.

BLACK PRIEST

Lord Jesus, you died on the cross  
for our sins. Like so many of us  
here today, you were wrongly  
condemned as a criminal. You were  
crucified and on the third day you  
rose to heaven above. Visit this  
prison with your mercy and  
judgment. Remember all prisoners  
and free the guilty with your  
forgiveness. Free them in their  
hearts. When any are held unjustly,  
bring them release. Show all those  
who judge and accuse wrongly the  
light. We ask you Lord Jesus to  
hear our prayers today. Take mercy  
on our souls.

A look between Leonard Lowe and the priest.

BLACK PRIEST

Thank you, Jesus!

INMATES

Thank you, Jesus!

The beneficent priest is preparing the communion service, his head bowed, lips barely moving, as if in prayer.

BENEFICENT PRIEST

Guards and targets are lit. We're  
in play.

We realize he's talking into a tiny microphone poking from his sleeve. In his ear is a mini-receiver.

EXT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - DUSK

Focus on a MOTOR HOME parked in the rear of the lot - "The Anderson Family!" printed on a rear spare tire.

MEL (V.O.)

Game on.

INT. MOTOR HOME - SAME

COMPUTER SCREEN - COLORED BLIPS move around the computer screen; GREEN for GUARDS - RED for TEAM MEMBERS - and a lone WHITE ICON circled in CROSS-HAIRS.

MEL WYLDE, a 20ish, scruffy/handsome skater/surfer with soulful eyes, a lean, vegan body and a hacker's brain types furiously. He's sporting a hi-tech headset and a LAPTOP with a GPS TRACKING GRID.

MEL

I'm looking at a regular Christmas tree. And it's time to bust open the presents.

Behind him on the floor, a WHITE MAN and BLACK MAN lie bound and blindfolded in their underwear.

INT. CHAPEL

The beneficent priest begins the communion offering. He looks into the chalice filled with communion wafers.

CLOSE ON: THE WAFERS

He pulls out a wafer with a tiny red dot in the middle.

BACK TO SCENE

He places the marked wafer in the black priest's mouth, washing it down with some wine. He opens his arms inviting the congregation up for communion. Sgt. Simms is the first in line.

BENEFICENT PRIEST

Remember that Christ died for our sins. Accept him into your heart with faith and thanksgiving.

Simms crosses himself, heading back to his seat. The other inmates file up for their communion offering. Leonard Lowe is in the middle of the group.

EXT. MAIN STREET

A guard is escorting an inmate towards the chapel.

GUARD

(into radio)

Simms, we got us another sinner who wants to repent. They still serving refreshments in there?



INT. MOTOR HOME

Mel is watching a green dot approaching the chapel.

INT. CHAPEL

The two priests are dispensing wine and wafers as fast as they can, all the while keeping an eye on Sgt. Simms who's head is starting to roll forward, nodding off.

GUARD'S VOICE

(over radio)

Simms, you okay in there.

MEL (IN SAM'S EAR PIECE)

Mayday. Mayday. You got two bogies approaching. Say your Hail Marys and get out of Dodge.

SAM

Negative, we're Code-4. No can do.

He places a wafer in Lowe's mouth. They exchange a look as he washes it down with wine. Lowe starts to go hazy, and then BAM!!! The black priest knocks Lowe in the face with a square left hook. The inmates are starting to fade. Sgt. Simms is face-down in a pool of blood, eyes closed.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Top of 75' POWER LINE POLE - DOMINIC CERTO - a short and stocky bulldog with an even shorter fuse, fixes plastic explosives to a TRANSFORMER BOX.

MEL (V.O.)

(in Dom's earpiece)

Ready to rumble, D?

DOMINIC

Born ready.

Using his safety belt and spiked boots, Dominic rappels down the pole to an AMBULANCE parked in the clearing below.

EXT. IRRIGATION SHED - DUSK

JADE REID a take-on-all-comers, fierce, shape-shifting, alley cat with an irrepressible smirk. She's dressed like a man, corn-rowed hair, baggy work suit and boots. She snaps the lock on the shed door with a CROWBAR. She drags a HOSE hooked to a GASOLINE TANKER into the shed and taps it into a line marked, "CENTRAL IRRIGATION".

MEL (V.O.)  
Jade?

JADE  
(into comms.)  
Snake's in the hole.

INT. MOTOR HOME

The WHITE ICON on MEL'S COMPUTER SCREEN begins to FLASH.

MEL  
...and the target is in the  
building! Fill'er up, Jade!

INT. IRRIGATION SHED - SAME

Jade grabs the INPUT PRESSURE LEVER.

MEL (CONT'D - OVER RADIO)  
But first put out the cigarette.

Jade grins at Mel's sixth sense, then upends the still lit cigarette into her mouth, and throws the LEVER starting the flow of gas.

EXT. PRISON - DUSK

SPRINKLER HEADS pop up and begin to spray the prison grounds.

INT. PRISON CHAPEL

Simms is passed out along with half the inmates. The BLACK PRIEST aka HOBBS, former leader of The Bloods, jams a wedge under the chapel door to prevent anyone else from entering, stripping off his cassock to reveal an EMS jumpsuit. The Beneficent Priest - SAM COBURN strips down to a similar jumpsuit. They head back for Simms, stripping off his uniform. They move quickly, efficiently, the few inmates still conscious just looking on in hazy disbelief.

EXT. CHAPEL

The guard escorting the inmate reaches for the chapel door. It won't open. He reaches for his radio.

GUARD  
(into radio)  
Central, we got a situation at the chapel. Requesting back-up.

INT. PRISON GUARD TOWER - PERIMETER FENCE - DUSK

A GUARD SUPERVISOR sniffs the air, then calls to a GUARD with a sniper rifle.

GUARD SUPERVISOR  
You smell gas?

The sniper guard takes a whiff and grimaces.

GUARD SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Central, this is Morgan in Tower 2.

INT. MOTOR HOME

Mel listens to the Guard's call over a SCANNER.

GUARD SUPERVISOR (O.S. CONT'D -  
SCANNER)  
I think we got some kind of gas  
leak or something out here.

MEL  
Okay, Jade. Burn, baby, burn.

EXT. PRISON WALL

Jade spikes the metal nozzle of an ACETYLENE TORCH into the GAS HOSE and ignites the torch - -

INT. HOSE/PIPELINE

A thin BLUE FLAME surges through the gas filled pipes like a bolt of lightning - -

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS

In a flash, a WALL OF FIRE flares up around the penitentiary. The sprinklers now FLAME THROWERS.

INMATES and GUARDS in the yard scramble in all directions. BELLS and SIRENS erupt.

EXT. IRRIGATION SHED - DUSK

DOMINIC skids up in the AMBULANCE wearing a baseball cap and thick glasses. Jade hops in pulling on SURGICAL GLOVES and a cap. Sheds her work suit, stripping down to an EMS outfit.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHTFALL

FIRE TRUCKS and AMBULANCES scream toward the PLUMES OF SMOKE and FLAMES rising from the prison. As they pass, DOMINIC'S AMBULANCE rockets out from a dirt road and latches onto the back of the caravan.

EXT. PRISON

The EMERGENCY VEHICLES race through the MAIN GATE into a scene straight out of Dante's Inferno.

JADE  
(into comms.)  
We're in.

INT. MOTOR HOME

MEL  
(into comms.)  
Nighty night.

He touches an icon on his LAPTOP of a ball-shaped BOMB with a fuse - -

EXT. ELECTRICAL TRANSFORMER

KA-BLAM!

The TRANSFORMER BOX on top of the pole EXPLODES in a waterfall of sparks.

EXT. PRISON

The entire facility plunges into DARKNESS lit only by the FLAMES still soaring from the sprinklers.

INT. AMBULANCE

DOMINIC strains to see through the SMOKE-FILLED gloom.

DOMINIC  
Talk to me! I'm blind here.

INT. MOTOR HOME

GREEN GUARD ICONS swirl wildly around the screen of MEL'S LAPTOP. In the right corner two RED TEAM-MEMBER ICONS flank the BLINKING WHITE ICON in the cross-hairs.

MEL  
(calm and steady)  
Right. Two o'clock.

INT. AMBULANCE

DOMINIC swerves off from the pack of EMS VEHICLES and crosses the YARD through a wall of FLAMES.

MEL (V.O. IN DOM'S EARPIECE)  
Dead ahead now!

The CHAPEL comes into view in the cone of hazy headlights.

DOMINIC  
Got it!

He skids into a 180 and backs up to the chapel.

EXT. PRISON YARD

The rear doors of the ambulance swing open creating a tunnel around the door of the CHAPEL blocking it from view. The doors slam shut. The AMBULANCE peels out and zig-zags through a maze of EMS VEHICLES, FIREMEN with HOSES, and GUARDS leading COUGHING PRISONERS to safety.

The AMBULANCE speeds toward the MAIN GATE which is blocked by a phalanx of shotgun wielding GUARDS led by HUDGINS.

DOM pounds the HORN. HUDGINS stands his ground. The AMBULANCE keeps coming. Hudgins raises his gun. As he's about to shoot, Dom nails the brakes.

JADE  
Out of the way! We've got a cardiac arrest!

HUDGINS  
Warden's orders! Nobody leaves without his say so!

JADE  
It's one of your guys! A guard!

HUDGINS  
Hold on!

He raises his walkie-talkie.

JADE  
No time! We've barely got a pulse!

Hudgins rushes around the ambulance and pulls open the back door to see SAM wearing a surgical mask pounding the chest of a GUARD on the stretcher. HOBBS, also masked, holds the oxygen line to the guard's mouth.

HUDGINS jaw drops at the sight of the BANDAGE on the guard's nose and the two black eyes. He checks the name-tag on the jacket - "SIMMS".

HUDGINS  
Jesus Christ! Ernie!

JADE  
Get those guards outta the way or  
he's gonna be the late Ernie!

Hudgins reaches out for Ernie's wrist, feels his pulse. Jade reaches under the gurney for a sawed-off shotgun. Sam motions for her to hold off.

HUDGINS  
Don't move! Get your hands up where  
I can see'em!

SAM  
Take it easy...  
(reads name-tag)  
...Hudgins.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - PRISON CHAPEL - SAME

SGT. SIMMS struggles - bound and gagged in his underwear.

INT. MOTOR HOME

MEL's fingers fly across the keyboard of his laptop. A PICTURE & BIO of HUDGINS pops up.

MEL  
(into comms.)  
I got his ass. Brian Hudgins.

INT. AMBULANCE

SAM  
I'd put that down and kindly step  
aside if I were you, Brian.

Hudgins freezes at the use of his first name. Mel continues to feed Sam info through his ear-piece.

MEL (OS)  
356 Ascott Lane.

SAM  
Cause I got some friends parked  
right outside 356 Ascott Lane.  
(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)

And I'm guessing that when you get off duty tonight you wanna go home and see your beautiful wife, Cindy. Maybe read a good-night story to Brian Junior. I'd hate to see anything happen to little Brian, especially with his mommy watching. You smellin' my roses, Brian?

It's a stand-off. Hudgins is wavering. Torn.

SAM

Think about it. Is your son's life really worth \$8.25 an hour. Is it?

His gun droops in his hand. As Sam reaches out for it, Hudgins's eyes narrow.

HUDGINS'S POV

Is of the EARPIECE in Sam's ear.

BACK TO SCENE

Hudgins bashes Sam across the face with his gun.

HUDGINS

Keep your hands up! All of you! My prison! I'm in charge!

In a flash, Jade whips up the shotgun. FIRING. Hudgins is blown off his feet, a bean-bag bouncing off his chest.

JADE

Don't think so, Mr. Magoo.

INT. AMBULANCE

Dominic pounds the steering wheel, giddy.

DOMINIC

Right out the front door! Took him right out the front door!

EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS

The ambulance roars through the smoke and chaos, running over fire-hoses as it speeds out of the yard.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

MEL waits on the side of a road sloping down to a lake. The AMBULANCE skids up. The team piles out. They move rapidly, stripping out of their EMS JUMPSUITS and VARIOUS DISGUISES;

SAM (fake mustache, goatee, wig). HOBBS (putty nose), JADE (unbinds her breasts).

SAM

Make sure you guys do a thorough job. I don't want to have shake Lieber off our scent again.

JADE

Ain't that the truth. He's got a hard-on for you, Sam.

HOBBS

Cause he plays hard to get.

Sam gives Hobbs a 'screw you" look. Jade leans into the ambulance and puts it in neutral. It slowly begins to roll toward the water. Dominic and Sam carry the UNCONSCIOUS "GUARD" through a thin strip of woods to DENNY'S PARKING LOT.

They pop the trunk of a FORD TAURUS parked behind a dumpster in the Denny's parking lot. They lay the unconscious "GUARD" on a bed of blankets in the trunk. The interior light reveals him to actually be inmate "Leonard Lowe".

They slam the trunk - BLACK.

EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT - SHORT TIME LATER (NIGHT)

SAM pulls out in a TAURUS. Jade's in the passenger seat. HOBBS, DOMINIC, and MEL take off in a TOYOTA parked a couple of spots away.

As the two cars pass each other, headed in opposite directions, they stop for a moment and lower their windows.

JADE

Easy on the pedal, big boy. Keep your shit low.

Hobbs playfully guns the engine.

HOBBS

Slow and steady, just how you like it.

JADE

Okay, Romeo. See you around.

OVERHEAD VIEW - The cars pull out through different exits. As they take off, the MOTOR HOME explodes in flames.



EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

FIREMEN battle the RING OF FLAMES still raging around the prison. INMATES have been evacuated to a safe distance.

The FIRE CHIEF gets a call over his walkie-talkie.

FIREMAN (OS)

Chief, I'm at the pump station!  
There's a gasoline tanker hooked to  
the water main! I'm killing it now!

In the blink of an eye, the FOUNTAINS OF FLAMES spewing from the sprinklers cut off. The only evidence left from the inferno is a blackened ring of grass surrounding the prison.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED DOCK - NORTH CAROLINA COAST - PRE-DAWN

SAM and JADE wait on a dilapidated WHARF jutting from a deserted stretch of shoreline.

An 80' YACHT coasts up out of the early-morning fog. A stunning CUBAN WOMAN comes down the gangway, accompanied by two armed, rough-looking, DARK-SKINNED CUBAN MEN.

STUNNING CUBAN WOMAN

Where is he?

SAM

The money first.

She hands over the SUITCASE to JADE who snaps it open and riffles through the bundles of \$100 BILLS.

JADE

My, my, don't the Benjamin's look good this morning.

Sam signals with TWO BLINKS of a FLASHLIGHT.

Mel, Hobbs, and Dominic emerge over a sand dune leading a still woozy Lowe.

STUNNING CUBAN WOMAN

Leonard!

They embrace.

STUNNING CUBAN WOMAN

What happened to your face?

LEONARD LOWE

Don't worry about it.

(looking back at yacht)

I hope you got it stocked with enough cold ones to get us to Cuba, honey.

(kissing her)

Damn, I missed you.

He turns back to the Extractors.

LEONARD LOWE

Any of you guys want to jump on board, we've got plenty of room.

The offer is tempting.

HOBBS

I still got money to make and women to meet.

Leonard pulls the stunning Cuban woman next to him.

LEONARD LOWE

This is the ugliest girl on the island.

She laughs, playfully slapping him.

DOMINIC

Fuck that. I'm not eating rice and beans for the rest of my life.

The others all look to Sam - taking their cues from him.

SAM

Thanks for the offer, but we've got business to take care of.

LEONARD LOWE

Well, you change your mind and want to come to the real 'land of the free, home of the brave' I'll be there for you.

(beat)

I owe you guys one. At least one.

(to Sam)

You have any advice for a fellow fugitive?

SAM

Yeah. Once you run, your old life, it's over.

LEONARD LOWE  
Looking forward to it.

EXT. BRUSHY MOUNTAIN FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

POLICE comb the scorched yard for clues. They stop and look up at the sound of a HELICOPTER descending. Before the BLACK HELICOPTER can touch down, a SUIT jumps the final six feet to the ground and strides unchallenged into the main building.

INT. PRISON SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

WARDEN LEROUX (60) huddles with U.S. MARSHALS at a BANK of VIDEO MONITORS showing BAD ANGLES of SAM and HOBBS (as priests) moving through the prison led by SGT. SIMMS.

WARDEN LEROUX  
17 million dollars worth of Ching Chong chips and you're telling me we don't have one clear goddamn shot of their faces?! I thought this was a maximum security facility, not Godamn Mr. Roger's neighborhood!

He smacks the monitors in frustration.

MAN'S VOICE  
They've pulled it off at bigger and better facilities than this.

They all turn to see the mysterious individual from the helicopter - FBI SPECIAL-AGENT-IN-CHARGE VIC LEIBER - standing in the doorway.

U.S. MARSHAL  
(annoyed)  
Can I help you?

VIC LEIBER  
Try "Can I help you?"  
(flashing his FBI BADGE)  
Vic Leiber. Special Agent In Charge.

The Marshal brandishes his STAR in response.

U.S. MARSHAL  
Walter Parks. U.S. Marshal's office. What is it exactly that you're *specially in charge of* Agent Leiber?

VIC LEIBER

Catching the team that pulled this off, that's what. And just so we're clear, I couldn't care less about your runaway bank robber. If I happen to trip over him along the way I'll be sure and whistle so you can give him a cab ride back to his cell.

U.S. MARSHAL

So, you're the one that's been sleeping while these guys pulled off seven intricately designed extractions from maximum security facilities all over the country? Rumor has it you're nothing but a roadblock.

VIC LIEBER

Look, they're a highline team. Attica, Folsom, Pelican Bay, Lewisberg. They look different every time. They work for a lot of money. They don't waste time and they don't leave clues. I've been building case files of the suspects. One in particular who I am determined to nail against the wall.

U.S. MARSHAL

Sounds personal.

VIC LIEBER

You just made it personal.

Leiber focuses on SGT. SIMMS leaning in the corner.

VIC LEIBER (CONT'D)

(re: Simms on monitor)

That's you there leading the parade, correct?

Simms shrugs humiliated.

VIC LEIBER (CONT'D)

What'd they give you?

SGT. SIMMS

What'd they give me?! You tryin' to say I was in on this?!

VIC LEIBER  
Something small. When they got  
here. Think, sergeant.

The fury drains from Simms. He lifts the CROSS from under his shirt. Leiber yanks it off his neck and cracks it in half revealing a tiny ELECTRONIC BEACON.

EXT. CITY STREET - LOS ANGELES

A STOLEN SUV is boxed in by police cars. The cops have five JUVIES lined up on the street. An attractive female cop, KAREN BARBERO is crouched down, talking with the youngest kid, a scared ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY with a ton of attitude.

KAREN  
Did you know the vehicle was  
stolen?

The kid is silently kicking dirt.

KAREN  
Your eyes look red. Have you been  
smoking weed?

The kid looks Karen in the eye, chin out.

KID  
Your eyes look glazed. Have you  
been eating doughnuts?

MOTHER  
(smacks the kid twice)  
What I tell you about messing  
around with those boys?

KAREN  
M'am, please don't hit your child.

MOTHER  
You telling me how to raise my kid?

She smacks the kid again.

KAREN  
I'm telling you to step back and  
take a breath before I hook you up.

Mom raises her hand to strike the kid again. Karen intercepts it mid-air - twisting it behind the woman's back, taking her to the ground, pepper-spraying the woman. She screams in agony.

The crowd surges forward, thinking some form of police abuse is taking place. The other cops rush over, breaking through the scrum, trying to regain control.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Karen washes her hands in the sink. Just stands there for a moment, staring at herself in the mirror. And then she abruptly turns, heading for a toilet stall, THROWING UP.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

SOMEONE'S POV

Of Karen dodging the perfume-girls.

SAM

is a few aisles over, spying on Karen as she heads into the Lingerie section.

ACROSS THE WAY

Click-Click-Click. An ASIAN BUSINESSMAN with a Nikon frames up Sam with his lens. A BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL sorts slowly through some dresses, watching everything.

KAREN

Is looking through a display of expensive bras and panties. A high-pitched, cute 22-year-old SHOPGIRL approaches.

SHOPGIRL

That would look so sexy on you.

The shopgirl peels back her shirt, revealing her bra.

SHOPGIRL

Mine's from the "Love Your Curves" line. Little triangle shape. It gives a little added lift. What size are you?

KAREN

I was 34 B, but now I'm...

SHOPGIRL

They're beautiful. Who did your work?

KAREN

No, they're mine. I'm just...

Karen's voice trail off. The shopgirl grips her arm, excited.

SHOPGIRL  
(getting it)  
Oh, I want one soooo bad.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Karen shakes off her jacket, revealing a BADGE and GUN HOLSTER. And then off with her shirt to reveal a swollen belly - and breasts spilling out of her too small bra. She slips out of her bra, obviously tender.

IN THE MIRROR

Karen studies her new figure in the mirror. As she turns to get a rear view, she comes face-to-face with a MAN dropping in from the divide separating the dressing rooms.

It's Sam. He covers Karen's mouth with his hand.

SAM  
Shhh... It's me. Don't...

She reflexively bites his hand, kneeling him in the groin.

SAM  
Why didn't you tell me you're pregnant?

KAREN  
Why didn't you tell me you were gonna pull another job?

SAM  
I was trying to protect you.

KAREN  
You disappear for two months. You don't think I know what's up?

Sam tries to kiss her. She pulls away.

KAREN  
It's not yours, Sam.

SAM  
Who's is it?

KAREN  
It's mine.

SAM  
What's that supposed to mean?

KAREN

It means, you lied to me. You told me you were done and the whole time you were planning another job.

Sam kisses her neck, her ears, rubbing her belly. Karen is torn in a million different directions. Sam keeps kissing. Karen can't resist, lips opening.

SAM

I'm trying to get enough money so we can go away and be together.

KAREN

Where? Where will we be together?

SAM

Wherever we want to be together. South America. The Philippines. Maybe Cuba...

(off Karen's look)

I know this guy. He has contacts down there which means we have contacts. No more of me popping up out of the blue. The three of us-

(kissing her belly)

-together, all the time.

KAREN

I can't just disappear. I have responsibilities. A career.

SAM

They already want you out. So give it to 'em. Call in and resign. What're they gonna do?

KAREN

Probably cheer.

SAM

That's it then. 3 o'clock tomorrow, at the Vons by your house, we meet there, then keep going and never look back.

A knock on the door.

EXT. DRESSING ROOM

The door opens, Sam coming out of the dressing room.



SECURITY OFFICER

Only one person at a time in the  
dressing rooms. Store policy.

KAREN

Don't worry, I'm a cop.

Click. Click. Click. The Asian Businessman takes a last set  
of pictures as Sam slips off into the store. The Brazilian  
Bombshell nods approval.

EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT - TENNESSEE - NIGHT

The neon DENNY'S SIGN glows above the FLOOD-LIT parking lot  
where CRIME SCENE POLICE search in and around the MOTOR HOME.

PRISON GUARDS with BLOODHOUNDS scour the adjoining woods.

INT. DENNY'S - SAME

AGENT LEIBER sits in a booth with TWO SHAKEN MEN - one Black,  
one White - both dressed in ill-fitting DENNY'S UNIFORMS.

The U.S. Marshal - PARKS - stands off to the side listening.

SHAKEN WHITE MAN

Next thing we knew we were  
blindfolded.

VIC LEIBER

Did they say anything?

SHAKEN BLACK MAN

Just that they weren't going to  
hurt us.

SHAKEN WHITE GUY

They tied us up and took our  
clothes.

VIC LEIBER

And stuck your fingers in something  
that felt like Jello?

MARSHAL PARKS

The fingerprint overlays.

SHAKEN BLACK MAN

How did you know?

VIC LIEBER  
 (under his breath)  
 Sam Coburn you're starting to  
 repeat yourself...

Leiber spots one of the MARSHALS flagging PARKS through the window from the parking lot. PARKS takes off.

VIC LEIBER  
 Thanks for your help fathers.  
 Here's my card in case you remember  
 anything else. In the meantime I'll  
 have one of the officers give you a  
 ride back to the church.

EXT. DESERTED DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

FLOOD LIGHTS illuminate a TOW TRUCK with a CABLE stretching out into the LAKE. LEIBER bulls through the crowd as the AMBULANCE slowly emerges from the murky depths.

Leiber focuses on something that looks like a JELLY FISH floating nearby. He wades out and retrieves a SURGICAL GLOVE, then sloshes back to shore.

MARSHAL PARKS  
 (re: surgical glove)  
 Now we know why they didn't leave  
 any prints.

He holds the glove up so that it droops into itself, then blows into it ballooning the glove inside out.

VIC LEIBER (CONT'D)  
 Hundred bucks says I just fished  
 out a full set right here.

INT. VONS SUPERMARKET - DAY

SAM, baseball cap and sunglasses, wanders the store pushing a cart. Concerned, he checks his watch - "4:30".

KAREN (V.O.)  
 Dear Sam, you're right. The baby  
 and I do need to get away - -

EXT. VONS PARKING LOT - LATER (DAY)

SAM emerges from the store.

KAREN (V.O. - CONT'D)  
 But not with you.

He stops in his tracks at the sight of an ENVELOPE pinned under the windshield wiper of his car.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

SAM reads the end of the letter we've been hearing.

KAREN (V.O.)

I can't raise this baby as a fugitive, always looking over my shoulder the whole time, checking my mirror every time I leave the house, wondering if they're going to take my child away from me. Wondering if they're going to take you away from me. If you really love me, you'll stay away and let me try to give this kid a normal life. I love you, Sam, with all my heart. But for the babies sake, I can't be with you.

Sam crumples the letter. The truth hurts. He throws the letter out the window and peels out.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF VONS - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA PANS with SAM'S CAR pulling out of the lot. As it passes a BEAUTY SUPPLY SHOP the car leaves the frame and the CAMERA stays trained on the store window where a heartsick KAREN has been watching Sam from inside.

CLICK. The shutter of a camera freeze frames her.

INT. VIC'S OFFICE - QUANTICO - DAY

VIDEO MONITOR - A blow-up of a FINGERPRINT along side a MUG SHOT of MEL taken years earlier. Across his chest is a sign with his arrest # and "MELVIN DAVID WYLDE D/O/B 3-7-82".

VIC LIEBER

Got busted hacking people's cell phones and stealing their credit card numbers by pointing a radar gun at passing cars above the Golden Gate bridge. When the police went through his laptop they found he'd been hacking into the NSA, copying top secret information and selling it to the Chinese.

Lieber eyes PHOTOS of Mel.

VIC LIEBER (CONT'D)

Not that he needed the money. He started up a search engine out of his dorm room at Berkley. Got bought out for 200 million. He gave most of the money to Earth First and went right back to hacking. Affiliated to numerous hacker gangs. Legion of Doom, Masters of Deception, Chaos Computer Club, Maggot Clan. Eluded capture by slipping from one jurisdiction to another in milliseconds, skipping and hopping through 12 countries and four continents. This techie is like a damn teleporter in Star Trek, except this was cyberspace. We think his parents paid the Extractors to bust him out. But like all geniuses, the kid gets bored with smoking pot in Jamaica and decides to partner up with the guys that busted him out. He likes a challenge, I guess. He's been off the radar for two years.

SPEC. AGENT #1

He must be what, twenty-two now?

VIC LEIBER

Twenty-one. Finally the legal drinking age at least.

SPEC. AGENT #1

Want him rolled up?

VIC LEIBER

That's exactly what I don't want. I want him surveilled, but not touched. And they better not screw it up. If he goes back underground before he leads me to the others, so help me, that entire field office'll be filing for early retirement.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - OAKLAND

Bars on every window. Pit bulls behind cyclone fences. It's the ghetto but the homeowners do their best to keep the lawns cut and the porches clean.

We pick up HOBBS moving down the sidewalk, past some kids playing on the street. Cap pulled down on his head, sunglasses, and dreads. Up ahead, an unmarked car is parked opposite a modest, single-story wood frame house.

HOBBS

Ducks into a driveway of a nearby home. Moves into the backyard. He vaults a fence, neatly avoids a charging dog.

He approaches the back of the wood frame house, keying open the rear door.

INT. WOOD FRAME HOUSE

Hobbs moves down the narrow corridor.

OLDER WOMAN'S VOICE

Baby, is that you?

HOBBS

It's me, mama.

Hobbs moves into the LIVING ROOM. His mother is in her recliner, a small revolver in hand. She is so tiny it seems impossible she gave birth to Hobbs. He gives her a big hug.

HOBBS'S MOTHER

I knew it was you, baby. My ears are trained to hear you coming a mile away. Other wise I would have already put a cap in your ass.

Hobbs adjusts the drapes, making sure no one can see inside.

HOBBS'S MOTHER

(reaching for the phone)  
Gotta tell Aunt Regina you're...

Hobbs takes the phone out of her hand.

HOBBS

No moms, I can't stay.

HOBBS'S MOTHER

Oh baby, you ever gonna be able to spend any real time with your mama.

HOBBS

Soon, mama. Soon.

HOBBS'S MOTHER  
Was that your crew who broke that  
boy out down in Tennessee?

Hobbs doesn't say anything.

HOBBS'S MOTHER  
You won't ever spring anyone who's  
hurt any kids, will you?

HOBBS  
No, mama.

He wraps her up in a Teddy Bear hug.

HOBBS  
You are my angel, mama. The only  
woman I trust and the only woman  
I'll ever love.

HOBBS'S MOTHER  
Oh now, now, baby. You'll change  
your mind when you meet the right  
one.

HOBBS  
You're my woman, mama.

He slips an envelope into her hand.

HOBBS'S MOTHER  
Baby, I don't want your money.  
(beat)  
I want you with me.

Hobbs heads for the rear door.

HOBBS  
I'm out, Momma, ya hear. I'll come  
back for you later.

And he's gone.

Hobbs's mother shakes her head - opens the envelope.

HER POV

It's stuffed with \$100 bills. Must be at least \$100,000.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - DAY

Mel, dressed in combat fatigues and a ratty T-shirt bombs  
down the Frisco streets on a beat-up 10-SPEED with no brakes.

He swoops down an impossibly steep hill - the light ahead  
TURNING RED. Pedals faster. Blows through the intersection.

INT. UNMARKED FBI CAR #1

Two FBI agents tailing Mel in an unmarked car don't make the  
light. The Agent talks into his lapel.

FRISCO FBI AGENT #1  
(into mike)  
We're stuck at the red.

INT. UNMARKED FBI CAR #2

Another pair of Agents pull in from the cross street.

FRISCO FBI AGENT #2  
We got him.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO LIBRARY

Mel pulls up to the library, chains up his bike.

ACROSS THE WAY

The unmarked FBI Sedan pulls in - a video camera mounted on  
their dashboard records Mel entering the library.

FRISCO FBI AGENT #2  
Looks like the boys' gonna get some  
learning.

INT. APARTMENT - S.F. - DAY

A 9mm GLOCK rests on a bare stomach rising and falling with  
each breath.

The apartment intercom BUZZES (OS).

REVEAL:

SAM lying on a futon in a barren apartment with the gun on  
his stomach angled at his chin.

Another blast of the BUZZER...

EXT. SAM'S BUILDING - TOP OF LOMBARD ST. - DAY

SAM exits. A car idles at the curb. SAM hops in. HOBBS heads  
down the world's most winding street.

HOBBS  
Yo, what's that ol' kiddie school  
rhyme again? "  
(MORE)

HOBBS (cont'd)  
There was a crooked cop, who lived  
on a crooked street..."

The car zig-zags it's way down the hill.

HOBBS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You couldn't go straight if you  
wanted.

(beat)  
Man Sammy, you pinchin' them words  
tonight like they'z hunnert dollar  
bills. She'll change her mind. They  
always do.

Sam remains silent, staring out the window.

HOBBS  
One more gig, man. We pull one more  
and we'll be set for the rest of  
our lives. And then you'll be free  
to go on your Merry Fairytale way.

SAM  
What kind of father would I make?  
What kind of life do I have? We  
may have broken out of prison, but  
we sure as hell aren't free.

HOBBS  
Life is life, son. Your heart's  
beating. You got two arms, two  
legs, and a brain that works most  
of the time. Shit, you obviously  
got heart homey if you're this  
worked up. That's a blessing in  
itself, man. Think about it. Your  
shorty's gonna come looking for you  
one day and where you gonna be? Six  
feet under? I don't think so.

(beat)  
Remember when they took your ass  
out of protective custody and threw  
you in with me. How many cops you  
know, get tossed in a cell with the  
guy they arrested? You think that  
was just coincidence? Hell no!  
Somebody wanted you dead. But I  
didn't kill you, did I? You know  
why? Cause I saw you got some  
serious survivor skills and my ass  
was on one of them bullshit Kung  
Fu, master-student trips. I knew  
you'd get me out of the joint. Now  
here we are. Me and you.

(MORE)



HOBBS (cont'd)  
 Still tickin'. Still clickin'. We  
 got scores to settle, money to  
 make, women to take, and prison's  
 to break. So stop whining and  
 start smelling the truth, cause  
 it's all around you, and it's in  
 black and white. You still in the  
 game and the game is still in you.  
 And when your bank account is  
 filled with stacks of green she's  
 gonna be right back with you.

INT. UNMARKED FBI CAR #2 - PARKED - DAY

The agents perk up, eyes trained on the library.

THEIR POV

Dominic and Jade get out of a taxi, entering the building.

FRISCO FBI AGENT #2  
 This thing's turning into a regular  
 fucking convention.

FRISCO FBI AGENT #3  
 We better call Leiber.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - NIGHT

LEIBER sits impatiently in a window seat staring at the city  
 lights below. He's seated next to an ELDERLY WOMAN.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT OVER INTERCOM  
 We're beginning our final descent  
 into San Francisco International  
 Airport. Please return your tray  
 tables and seat backs to their full  
 upright positions.

Leiber's CELL PHONE rings. Passengers look around for the  
 offender. Leiber ignores them.

VIC LEIBER  
 (into phone)  
 Leiber.  
 (beat - eyes widen)  
 How many?!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
 Sir, you're going to have to turn  
 that off immediately! FAA  
 regulations-

He pulls out her BADGE, continuing her call.

VIC LEIBER  
(into phone)  
Just sit tight and keep your eyes  
open! If they move, stay with'em!  
I'm there inside of thirty!

She clicks off and freezes the Flight Attendant with a direct order.

VIC LEIBER (CONT'D)  
No one budges from their seat until  
I'm off this plane, understood?!

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The TEAM huddle over a schematic of JOLIET PRISON.

DOMINIC  
You gonna walk away from 3.1  
million? It's the highest bid  
we've ever seen. 3.1 divided by  
five has gotta be about...

MEL  
It's not about the money.

DOMINIC  
It's never about the money when you  
already got plenty of it, kid.

MEL  
Hey, I do this because it's a  
fucking rush like no other in the  
world. Breaking back inside. That's  
extreme!

HOBBS  
What's the guy in for?

Jade looks down to her notes.

JADE  
He clipped a female Rent-a-cop  
during an armored car job. Got  
three innocent civilians in the  
bargain. Lorenz from LoveLock gave  
us the referral. We got fronted a  
hundred grand as a consultation fee  
not applicable against the 3.1 mill  
payable upon delivery.

Hold on the group.

HOBBS

This shit smells funky. Something's up. They want us to hit Joliet. That's a level 10 Super Max joint. That's a high risk job. We're good, but we're not that good. We break in, we break out. We don't break in and stay in.

(beat)

I vote we step.

Dominic shakes his head.

DOMINIC

I vote we don't.

INT. UNMARKED FBI CAR - OUTSIDE LIBRARY - NIGHT

SF FIELD AGENTS 1 & 2 continue the stakeout waiting for Leiber.

Suddenly a pair of black SUBURBANS sweep into the parking lot. SHADOWY FIGURES cloaked in Balaclavas and armed with ASSAULT RIFLES pile out.

SF AGENT #2

(confused)

How the hell did he get here so fast? He was in the air five minutes ago.

SF AGENT #3

He smelled a bust. That's how these Washington sonuvabitches do it! There was no way he was gonna share the spotlight. How do you think he got to where he is?

AGENT #2

So what do we do?

AGENT #3

What do you think we do?! We get our asses in there, that's what! Cause if you're not on the scene, you're not in the report.

They bail out of the car.

INT. LIBRARY - SAME

DOM confronts HOBBS.

DOMINIC

I thought you Bloods had balls.  
Shit, I bet the Crips'd step up  
fast enough.

HOBBS

Man, back the fuck up. You wouldn't  
last a minute on either side.

DOMINIC

The fuck you talking about?  
Wouldn't last?! This is a li-berry!  
Check the record book! In my whole  
fuckin' career I never once lost to  
no moolie!

Hobbs whips off his jacket, ready to scrap.

HOBBS

What the fuck did you call me?! I  
swear to Christ, I'm gonna take the  
safety off my left hand and pop you  
into fairyland.

DOMINIC

(spitting)

Go ahead, you limp dick motha  
fucka. I double-dawg dare ya!

Hobbs reaches into the jacket, pulling out a Tech-9.

HOBBS

You just won the wet T-shirt  
contest.

JADE

Whoa, shake off the testosterone.  
I'm the female in this crew. Let me  
have the mood swings!

SAM

Drop the gun! Now! Drop it!

Sam strikes like a cobra, reaching out and taking control of  
Hobbs wrist with a police lock while Jade takes control of  
Hobbs.

SAM

What the hell is wrong with you  
guys?! You're acting like the  
dirtbags I locked up for dealing  
dimebags on the corner.

JADE

Why don't you two cupcakes go belly  
to bottom and get it over with?

Hobbs stares at Dominic who doesn't dare return fire.

SAM

We need to keep focused as a team.  
We're professionals!

There's a long silence between everyone. Intensity is now  
starting to drain from the room. People are thinking again.

JADE

Our mark killed a few to get a lot -  
a lot of cash. We can all relate on  
a certain level. I just think  
Joliet's the biggest risk to date.  
But see, for me, it's about the  
prison and the man. And hey, I  
just thought we didn't spring  
psychos who kill women.

SAM

We don't spring rapists, child-  
molesters, serial killers, or  
cannibals. But if the price is  
right, everyone else is fair game.  
(to Jade)  
Tell your friend we're in.

And then the CLATTER of a METAL CANNISTER bouncing down the  
staircase... It hits bottom and skitters across the floor  
toward them. Before they can react - -

the FLASH-BANG CONCUSSION GRENADE

EXPLODES! hurling them all to the floor.

The BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURES storm the room and pounce on SAM  
and the dazed TEAM MEMBERS.

Just as the last cuff is slapped on, the SF FIELD AGENTS from  
the car rush in. The CLOAKED FIGURES wheel around with their  
automatic weapons.

S.F. FIELD AGENT #1

Hold it! Hold it! We're with you!  
FBI! San Francisco office! Which  
one of you's Leiber?

The LEAD ATTACKER pulls off his Balaclava revealing himself to be MALCOM ROCHE (30's, Aryan). Jade recognizes him, shocked immediately. He holds up a METAL STAR.

DEVERS

Devers. U.S. Marshal.

JADE

(shaking her head)  
Shit, I just got played.

FBI AGENTS #1 & #2 exchange confused looks.

EXT. EMBARCADERO SHIPYARD - NIGHT

A FREIGHTER flies a CYPRIOT FLAG.

INT. SHIP HOLD - NIGHT

SAM and the GUYS are thrown into a large steel SEA TRAIN CONTAINER at gun point. The door slams sealing them in INKY BLACKNESS.

DOMINIC (V.O.)

M'fucka! This shit was a straight-up set-up from the get-up!

HOBBS (V.O.)

Look at you. You a rapper now.

SAM (V.O.)

Is anyone hurt?

HOBBS

Yeah, my feelings are hurt. I haven't been behind a locked door since we got out of Cimmaron.

SAM (V.O.)

Bottom line, We got burned. The only goddamn agency that didn't show up was the Girl Scouts.

JADE

Hey, I was a Girl Scout.

DOMINIC

Well, you just lost your merit badge.

EXT. LIBRARY

LEIBER, newly arrived on the scene, holds his CELL PHONE to his ear as he rages at SF FIELD AGENTS #1 & #2.

VIC LEIBER

(to Agents #1 & #2)

Wait a minute! Wait one god damn minute! You're telling me you let a bunch of cross eyed taxi drivers steal my bust?!!

SLEEPY VOICE IN LEIBER'S PHONE (OS)

(answering on other end)

Hello?

VIC LEIBER

(to Agents #1 & 2)

You two, don't move! I'm not through with you!

(into phone)

Parks, you prick! Where are you?!

INT. BEDROOM - MARSHAL PARKS HOME - TENNESSEE - NIGHT

The MARSHAL from the Brushy Prison Breakout lies in bed beside his sleeping WIFE with his CELL PHONE to his ear.

MARSHAL PARKS

Who is this?

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The veins in LEIBER'S neck are about to burst.

VIC LEIBER

You let me do all the work then steal my bust?!

INT. BEDROOM

MARSHAL PARKS

Bust? What bust? Do you know what time it is?

He listens to Leiber's unheard explanation. His wife tugs the blankets back.

MARSHAL PARKS (CONT'D)

I don't care what you believe or who screwed you up when you were a kid and stole your trust!

(MORE)

MARSHAL PARKS (CONT'D)  
 This is the first I've heard about  
 any of this. Hold on while I find  
 out what the hell's going on.

He dials the land line phone on the night table.

EXT. LIBRARY

LEIBER paces anxiously until PARKS comes back on the phone.

VIC LEIBER  
 Yeah?!... I don't know. Hold on.  
 (yelling to Field Agents 1  
 & 2)  
 What was the guy's name?! The  
 Marshal in charge!

FBI AGENT #1  
 Devers. Mike Devers. D-E-V-E-R-S.

VIC LEIBER  
 (into phone)  
 First name, Michael. Last name,  
 Devers. Delta-Echo-Victor-Echo-  
 Romeo-Sierra.

After a beat, Leiber looks like he's been hit by a brick.

VIC LEIBER (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 There's gotta be... Keep  
 checking... Try another spelling...

INT. SEA CONTAINER - NIGHT

PITCH BLACK.

The SOUND of the LOCK being OPENED.

BLINDING LIGHT pours in. Malcom drags SAM out. THUGS, posing  
 as "MARSHALS" keep the others at bay with M16's.

INT. GALLEY OF SHIP - LATER

Malcom and the "ASIAN BUSINESSMAN" flank SAM as the  
 "BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL" lays out a series of PHOTOS in front of  
 him. The last is Leonard Lowe (from Brushy).

"ASIAN BUSINESSMAN"  
 Familiar?

SAM  
 No, but you are. And so is she.  
 (to "Brazilian Bombshell")  
 (MORE)



SAM (cont'd)  
 What happened, honey, done shopping  
 for the day? Max out your credit  
 cards?

She remains stone-faced.

"ASIAN BUSINESSMAN"  
 Never mind that.  
 (taps photos)  
 This is what we're interested in.

SAM  
 Know what I'm interested in? What  
 the fuck is goin' on. 'Cause I've  
 dealt with enough Marshals to know  
 that if you were them, we'd be at  
 the Federal Detention Center right  
 now.

"BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL"  
 And if I were you, Coburn, I'd be  
 thanking us. If we hadn't shown up  
 you'd be in FBI custody right now.

SAM  
 Then how about quit fuckin' around  
 and tell me whose custody I am in?

CUT TO:

THREE YEAR OLD FILE FOOTAGE OF TV NEWSCAST

EXT. LOMPOC PRISON - NIGHT

A NEWS ANCHOR stands in the rain outside the MAIN GATE.

NEWS ANCHOR  
 I'm here outside Lompoc State  
 Prison where there's been a bizarre  
 twist to yesterday's daring escape.  
 It seems that three of the  
 fugitives; convicted triple  
 murderer and Blood gang leader Otis  
 Hobbs,  
 (MUG SHOT OF HOBBS)  
 Jade "Blaze" Conklin, a violent  
 felon convicted of killing her  
 second husband.  
 (MUG SHOT OF JADE)  
 and former middleweight contender  
 turned mob enforcer Dominic Carbo,  
 (MUG SHOT DOMINIC)  
 were all originally arrested by the  
 forth escapee,  
 (MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)  
(MUG SHOT OF SAM in  
UNIFORM)

discredited LAPD whistleblower,  
Sergeant Samuel Coburn whose claims  
of widespread departmental  
corruption were later thrown out  
upon discovery of two kilos of  
confiscated cocaine in his own  
police locker.

INT. FBI DISTRICT OFFICE - SAN. FRAN - NIGHT

Vic LEIBER slams the remote on the conference table.  
Batteries fly. SF Agent #2 scrambles to pick them up.

S.F. FIELD AGENT #1

How could someone slick enough to  
mastermind all this be stupid  
enough to stash drugs in his own  
locker.

VIC LEIBER

My God, you two think you have a  
monopoly on stupidity? Maybe he  
needed to supplement his income. So  
he takes a little cream with his  
coffee. Have you seen his lady  
friend? Shit load sharper looking  
then most cops can score. Probably  
takes a lot of cash to keep her  
hanging around.

S.F. FIELD AGENT #1

All I'm saying is that it's pretty  
convenient. Discredit the  
discreditor and the whole scandal  
gets swept back under the rug.

VIC LEIBER

Who cares?! All I'm interested in  
is where he is and who the hell's  
got him! I spent two years with the  
LAPD, training Special Ops back in  
'96. I taught Sam Coburn everything  
he knows. The only reason he can  
pull off any of these jobs is  
because of the skills I gave him.  
But I've still got a few tricks up  
my sleeve.

S.F. FIELD AGENT #1

Maybe Coburn and his crew pulled a job overseas and it was foreign intelligence that tracked them back here.

VIC LIEBER

Let's get this over to Langley and see if it rings a bell with anything they've got on Mossad, M.I.6, The Frogs, Russians, anyone with balls enough to try something like this on U.S. soil.

INT. GALLEY OF SHIP - NIGHT

Malcom stands over Sam who's cuffed to a chair.

MALCOM

Our organization is prohibited from operating here in the states. Marshals are not, so that's who we had to become.

HOBBS

Y'all a buncha spooks?

MALCOM

We're not exactly the CIA, although they do contribute to our budget.

SAM

What the hell do you want with us?

The Asian Businessman steps in - removes the cuffs.

MALCOM

For you to keep doing what you do best. A certain individual is being detained abroad. It is in the national interest that we get him out. If you and your friends do this, we'll see to it that your past records take a left turn somewhere in cyberspace.

He holds up papers.

MALCOM

For those of you that can't read, what you see are unconditional pardons, already signed and authorized. I need a decision.

SAM

And if we don't?

MALCOM

You'll be back behind bars by sun up. And I hope you have more cash and some more "Get Out Of Jail Free Cards". Infants don't travel free these days.

Malcom drops a crumpled piece of paper in Sam's lap. He opens it. It's the blow-off letter from Karen that he tossed out the car window at the failed Vons rendezvous.

The Asian Businessman puts his finger in Sam's chest.

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN

Not to mention the treatment your "baby mama" will get in prison when they find out she's a cop.

Sam grabs the Asian Businessman's finger, twisting it back in a grotesque position.

SAM

You touch her and I will break you into a million little pieces.

Sam bends his finger to the breaking point. The Asian Businessman just smiles, seemingly enjoying the pain.

SAM

You think that's funny?

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN

I think you're funny.

His thugs move in for the kill.

JADE

Let him go, Sam.

Sam finally releases the guy's finger, turning away. The Asian Businessman snaps his finger back into place, like it's no big deal.

MALCOM

I like your attitude, Sam. That's why we picked you for the job.

INT. OBSTETRICIAN'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

KAREN lies on an examining table with her legs in the stirrups. The FEMALE DOCTOR runs a SONIC PROBE over her exposed belly. The baby's HEARTBEAT thumps over a speaker.

DR. KESSLER  
(South African accent)  
Nice and strong.

Karen smiles. The Doc checks her chart.

DR. KESSLER (CONT'D)  
How's your appetite?

KAREN  
It's fine.

DR. KESSLER  
Well I'd like to see a couple more pounds on you. Tell your partner it's his turn to cook for you.

KAREN  
There is no partner anymore.  
(beat)  
It's just me.

DR. KESSLER  
Are you prepared to have this child on your own?

KAREN  
I guess I have to be.

DR. KESSLER  
I have a number of patients - single mothers - and they're raising beautiful, healthy children on their own. We may need men to make babies but we certainly don't need the wrong man to raise one.

INT. GALLEY OF THE SHIP - LATER

A harsh drop-light swings from the ceiling.

DOMINIC  
Kennedy used the family. Reagan worked with coke traffickers. Any means necessary. It makes sense.

HOBBS

Makes sense?! I got more cents in my back pocket.

(to Malcom)

LAPD breaks rules, but you guys don't have any, do you?

MALCOM

You do the job and you get your freedom. You have my word.

HOBBS

Yeah, well your word doesn't mean shit to me. Here's how it goes down. We do the do, spring your guy, then you do us. We're the Cut-Out. You stick us into a Matson container and drop us off in the middle of the Atlantic. We go bye-bye, and the whole thing never happened. Then you go before the senate subcommittee and swear, "No sir, Mr. Chairman, wasn't us. We didn't do nothing."

MALCOLM

A little paranoid, are we?

HOBBS

I'm a lot paranoid. Plausible deniability, man, that's your game.

Dominic is getting increasingly irritated by Hobbs rant.

DOMINIC

Preach on, Farakhan. "Plausible Deniability." That's got to be the biggest word in your vocabulary.

HOBBS

Can you even spell CIA?

JADE

Quit your bitchin' bitches and let Sam talk.

SAM

I'm doing it.

MALCOM

Good answer.

Hobbs pulls Sam off to the side. He motions for the other's to join them - out of earshot of Malcom and his crew.

HOBBS

This could be suicide, bro. Why?

SAM

Because I am.

HOBBS

(looking back to Malcom)

We can take these guys out. We got more skills than these fools. We can break out of Cimmaron, we sure as shit can break outta here.

SAM

And then what? We're right back where we started. On the run. Checking the mirror every time we leave the motel.

HOBBS

Hey, you're the Captain. But now is not the time to be selfish. There are four other people in this room with their balls in a sling.

SAM

Anyone wants out, now's the time.

We MOVE AROUND the group. No one's jumping ship.

JADE

Alright, let's show'em how we do it.

DOMINIC

Let's get free and let's get paid.

MEL

(buzzing)

I'll be straight with you. This shit gets me high.

EXT. SEA - DAY

The FREIGHTER steams along surrounded by nothing but sea.

INT. ENGINE ROOM OF FREIGHTER- DAY

Deep behind a deafening field of CHURNING PISTONS is a secured hatch in the bowels of the ship.

INT. BULK HEAD - SAME

An armed GUARD mans the door as Malcom draws a diagram on a black board briefing Sam and the entire team of Extractors.

MALCOM

Al Tora Prison sits out here, all  
by itself in the middle of nowhere.  
(draws an X)  
40 klicks from Cairo.

DOMINIC

Like Pyramids and mummies an' shit?

MALCOM

(condescendingly)  
...and shit.

SAM

This "certain individual", what's  
he in for?

Malcom looks to the Asian Businessman who nods subtly. Malcom lets out a long breath. He pulls out a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of SEAN DEVLIN, a short, dark complexioned man with a shaved head and sunken eyes.

MALCOM

His name is Sean Devlin.

SAM

Are you kidding? That's who you  
want broken out?

QUICK BARRAGE:

A car parked in front of HARRODS in LONDON explodes in the midst of noon day SHOPPERS.

An ANTI-TANK MISSILE streaks down from a hilltop into a BRITISH MILITARY CONVOY in Northern Ireland.

A STATESMEN in the British foreign office at Whitehall opens his morning mail. A letter bomb goes off in his face.

MALCOM

After the truce with Belfast,  
Devlin began peddling his talents  
to the highest bidder. And there  
was no shortage of takers; he did  
the supreme court in Bogota for the  
Cali Cartel.



EMS WORKERS scream in Spanish and pull bodies from the wreckage of a COURT HOUSE.

CUT TO:

SHAKY VIEW THROUGH CROSS-HAIRS:

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

The Basque Separatists contracted him for the assassination of the Spanish Minister of the Interior, Domingo Cardenas.

THE SCOPE SIGHTS settle on a distinguished Spaniard emerging from the Guggenheim museum in Bilboa. A SHOT RINGS OUT. His head bursts like a melon...

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

The El Al massacre at Lod Airport.

Passengers crowd a baggage carousel. C.U. - HAND of a man adding a briefcase to the conveyer belt...

BAM!

BACK TO SCENE:

JADE

Hold up a second. That's wasn't Hamas.

MALCOM

They were happy to take credit. It was Devlin in business for himself selling protection to the airlines. El Al was the only one that refused to pay. So he made an example of them. No different than the mob torching a hold-out shop in a neighborhood.

They pass around a photo of SEAN DEVLIN - lanky Irishman - pale skin - stringy black hair and wild eyes. A Celtic devil.

MALCOM (CONT'D)

Six months ago, based on intel fed to the Egyptians, they picked him up while he was there planning a job to help the mullahs overthrow the government.

HOBBS

Y'all put his evil ass away and now you want us to bust him out?

MALCOM

In that part of the world having someone like Devlin in custody can draw more heat than it deflects. As a result, they're willing to free him in exchange for his agreement to peddle his services elsewhere. We cannot let that happen. That's where you come in.

MEL

You guys topple governments. Why don't you do it yourselves?

MALCOM

If the Egyptians were to find out we were operating in-country without their permission, we could lose one of our only allies in the region.

HOBBS

Plausible deniability, man, just like I was saying.

MALCOM

We don't want him dead. We want to put him away - in the U.S.

(beat)

You'll be working for the good guys for once. Maybe you'll even get a parade if you pull this off.

EXT. FREIGHTER - BOW

Sam stands at the railing, howling gusts ripping the tops off the massive ocean swells. Hobbs comes up behind him.

HOBBS

What are you thinking?

Sam just stares out at the raging seas.

HOBBS

You trust these guys? You think they're gonna live up to their end?

SAM

Good chance they won't.

HOBBS

So what are we doing?

SAM

A job. The final, final.

HOBBS

This shit is about Karen, right?

SAM

I'm just tired of running.

HOBBS

As long as someone's chasing me,  
I'm running. I don't want to end up  
dead or back in the joint.

SAM

I'm not going back to prison.

Hobbs just nods - knowing what this means.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Karen and Sgt. Kim are finishing up their shift, pulling into the parking lot. Sgt. Kim moves towards the station house. Lieber comes up out of the shadows.

LEIBER

My, my, don't you look rosy. I dare  
say you're glowing, Karen.

KAREN

If you got a charge to make, make  
it. Otherwise, leave me alone.

Karen goes to the trunk, pulling out her shotgun.

VIC LEIBER

Hey, I'm just concerned about the  
welfare of a fellow peace officer.  
Single parenting's no picnic.

She slams the trunk closed.

KAREN

I'm touched by your concern.

VIC LEIBER

Have you told papa yet?

KAREN

I'm afraid the sperm bank doesn't allow contact.

VIC LIEBER

He must be so proud. He'll have a new playmate to corrupt.

Karen heads for the station house, shotgun in hand.

VIC LIEBER

Listen up, Karen. Ever hear of a little thing called DNA. When I prove it's Coburn's kid, I'm gonna be in that delivery room with a catchers mitt and handcuffs.

Karen stops, turning back to Lieber. It's the middle of a shift changed, cops filtering past.

VIC LIEBER

Harboring a fugitive. You'll be looking at five years, mandatory. They'll take the baby away. Unless, of course, you want to cooperate and tell me where he is.

KAREN

So you can put him back behind bars for a crime he didn't commit? You should be investigating the cops who framed him.

VIC LIEBER

And now he's breaking people out of prison for money.

KAREN

It's not just about the money.

VIC LIEBER

I know, I know. He's getting back at the system that screwed him. Boo, hoo, hoo. Cry me a river. I can just hear the speech. I know him as well as you do.

(beat)

Probably better.

KAREN

You don't know anything about him.

VIC LIEBER

I know he killed a man in prison.

KAREN

That was self-defense. You keep kicking a dog, he's gonna bite back.

VIC LIEBER

Sam's in way over his head. And he's gonna end up dead if you don't help me find him.

(beat)

I'm on your side, Karen.

KAREN

If there's one person who knows how to survive, it's Sam.

VIC LIEBER

Not this time. He and his team got arrested by a ghost that I bet didn't read him his Miranda rights. So either you're gonna help me find him and let him plead his case in an American court or there's a good chance that baby in there will never see his father again.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lieber gets into the passenger seat, looking over to the LA AGENT behind the wheel.

VIC LEIBER

I want someone on her around the clock. Coburn's definitely the father, that's for sure. Guaranteed they're in contact.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT - DAY

The FREIGHTER is docked in the bustling harbor of the ancient city at the mouth of the Nile Delta.

A cacophony of honking horns, hawkers, and calls to prayer from a minaret high above the street.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Malcom, the ASIAN BUSINESSMAN, and BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL, watch as their armed guards open a Sea Container.

A wall of MARLBORO CIGARETTE cartons topple out revealing Sam and the team who emerge drenched in sweat.

Jade snags a a few packs and lights up.

JADE

Sweet Jesus. I love you guys but that is the last time I want to be that close.

She exhales a stream of smoke, relaxed.

DOMINIC

(wiping sweat)

Now I know why all these camel jockeys wear towels on their heads.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A TRAIN chugs across the fertile oases of the Nile Delta. The greenery withers into endless miles of desert sand...

INT. TRAIN - BATHROOM

A sickly pale Dominic steadies himself as he SQUATS OVER A HOLE in the train's floor - letting loose a stream of diarrhea onto the tracks rushing below.

EXT. TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

A still squeamish Dominic sways from side-to-side, bumping into passengers as he stumbles down the center aisle.

INT. FIRST CLASS DINING CAR OF TRAIN - NIGHT

Sam, Hobbs, Jade, Mel and the "BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL" (dressed as tourists) eat a middle-eastern meal in the surprisingly modern and well-appointed dining car. A stricken Dominic slides in next to them.

DOMINIC

Fucking Camel slop.

(pushing food aside)

I eat this shit and piss it out my ass a second later.

HOBBS

Man, this is some serious Baba Ghannooj.

He scoops up the last bit, enjoying Dominic's discomfort.

HOBBS (CONT'D)

I been chowin' down on this stuff for years. Half my set ended up joining The Nation. Fruit of Islam, baby.

(looks out window)

But I'm the first one ever to make it back here to Africa. Different part maybe, but same continent.

DOMINIC

Yo Kunta, we spring this guy quick, maybe you'll have time to trace your roots.

HOBBS

Take a look around, Madam. Butterfly. You the one that stands out now.

Dom winces as he glances around at the dark complected passengers.

HOBBS

And you don't even want to talk about tracing roots. Didn't anyone ever tell you Italians got black juice in them? So if I do my research, I might find you in the family tree.

DOMINIC

Yeah, maybe my Great grandfather slipped it to your Great grandmother.

They're about to go at each other, but Sam makes a 'cool it' motion.

HIS POV

A CONDUCTOR and armed SECURITY OFFICER enter and make their way down the aisle checking tickets, passports, and visas.

"BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL"

(quietly to Sam)

Let me handle this.

The CONDUCTOR and SECURITY OFFICER approach. The "Brazilian Bombshell" offers up train tickets and a stack of PASSPORTS, all CANADIAN, except for her own which is EGYPTIAN.

"BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL" (CONT'D)  
 (in FLUENT ARABIC)  
*We're travelling as a group.*

Sam and the team trade surprised glances at her fluency.

The Security Officer matches up the passports to each member of the team. The guys all play up the expected fidgety-ness of tourists in a strange land.

The Trainmen focus on Mel and have a pointed exchange in Arabic. The "Brazilian Bombshell" interrupts with something that ends in the word "Hippie". Placated, the trainmen return the passports and move on.

MEL

What was that about?

"BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL"

Your pony-tail. They thought you were homosexual.

DOMINIC

Nah, he's just a virgin.

Mel hits Dominic hard.

BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL

Homosexuality is forbidden here.  
 It's considered "immoral behavior"  
 and "contempt of religion".

(to Jade)

So see to it you don't fall in love  
 with me while you're here.

INT. RAMSES STATION - CAIRO - DAWN

SAM and the team follow the "Brazilian Bombshell" across the mosaic floor of the 19th century terminal teeming with travellers. The women are attracting lots of male attention.

BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL

They say 'every minute in Cairo one  
 person is born and two more arrive  
 by train'.

Hearing a call to prayer, devout Muslims stop what they are doing and bow down in the corner of the cavernous station, facing Mecca in prayer.

Dom points to a PIZZA HUT sign above them.



DOMINIC  
 Fuckin' A! Civilization! They're  
 probably prayin' for pepperoni.

MEL  
 They don't eat pork. Nothing with  
 split hooves.

DOMINIC  
 I said pepperoni.

Jade raises the camera around her neck.

JADE  
 I gotta get a shot of this.

She's seized by SOLDIERS with rifles who tear the camera from  
 her shouting in Arabic.

SAM  
 (to soldiers)  
 It's okay! It's okay!  
 (turning to "Brazilian  
 Bombshell")  
 Tell them she didn't...

She's gone.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Where'd she...?

They look all around. No sign of her. The soldiers rip the  
 film from the camera and smash it on the floor.

SOLDIER  
 (in broken English)  
 No pictures! Security!

They point to a sign on the wall with the symbol of a camera  
 with a red slash through it.

EXT. FRONT OF RAMSES STATION - CAIRO - DAY

Blazing sun. A massive statue of the pharaoh RAMSES II towers  
 over a reflecting pool. Television antennae sprout from  
 rooftops. Mud and brick villages stand beside glass and steel  
 office buildings built in haste. Welcome to the City of the  
 Dead.

Throngs of modern Egyptians, Arabs, Greeks, and Romans, mix  
 with camera toting tourists, religious worshippers in long  
 flowing robes, buses packed to the gills, snarled traffic,  
 and donkey driven carts.

Broken pipes spew water and sewage into the streets. Everything is discolored - buildings, buses and footpaths are brown and grey from smog and dust.

SAM and the GUYS are immediately besieged by beggars pleading for "Baksheesh" and men and boys trying to carry their bags. They shoo them off.

JADE

It's your show now, Sammy. What the hell do we do?

HOBBS

I say we bounce and get our asses back to the airport. Them slave days was over a century ago.

MEL

They'll be expecting that. Let's just get a car and drive across the border to Israel.

SAM

We've already got one.

He points to a DRIVER with a huge scar across his face that runs into his left eye, standing beside a brand new Land Cruiser. In his hand is a sign reading, "M. OLSON".

Sam flashes his CANADIAN PASSPORT to his friends, "MICHAEL OLSON".

SAM (CONT'D)

Let's remember who we're trying to be here.

INT. LANDCRUISER

The crew is settled into the air-conditioned confines of the SUV. The driver is smoking, blowing through red-lights, hand permanently on the horn as he calmly races through chaos that is Cairo.

SAM

(to driver)

Hey man, we're not in any rush.

The driver ignores him, veers around the stopped buses and cars, going against traffic flow. Jade grabs the overhead handle, hanging on as they bang over a traffic divider.

JADE

At least we know where to get a good get-away driver.

The driver NAILS a moped and sends it careening into a ditch. More mopeds and smaller vehicles go careening into walls and alley ways as the driver hogs the road like a tyrant. Hobbs is still staring out the door amazed, this time with a smile.

It's a nerve-wracking game of chicken with, buses, cars, mopeds, bicyclists, and donkey carts swerving off to the side. But one stubborn TAXI DRIVER keeps coming, not giving an inch.

BANG! The Land Cruiser and Taxi collide head-on, the ancient Renault getting the worst of it. The TAXI-DRIVER jumps out, furious, a WOODEN STICK in his hand as he spits out his fury in Arabic.

The Land Cruiser DRIVER calmly gets out of the vehicle, pulling an AR-15 from under the seat. The Taxi driver sees the automatic weapon. He gets back into his cab, tries screeching as he REVERSES out of the Land Cruiser's path.

EXT. MIRAGE CITY GOLF CLUB RESORT - DAY

A posh 250 acre walled resort on the outskirts of Cairo; championship golf course, tennis courts, Olympic sized pools...

As if out of a time warp the four-thousand-year-old PYRAMIDS OF GIZA dominate the desert horizon.

The LAND CRUISER pulls up to one of the CORPORATE VILLAS dotting the manicured grounds. Sam and the guys get out into the sweltering heat. The driver unloads golf bags.

HOBBS

(reading plaque on Villa)  
"Overseas Investment Group".

MEL

Goddamn CIA has more bogus corporate names than the mafia.

INT. RESORT VILLA - DAY

SAM and the TEAM enter the air conditioned chill of the five-star villa. Inside, dressed for golf, are MALCOM, ASIAN BUSINESSMAN, and BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL.

SAM

(to Malcom)  
Thanks for sticking around to help with the cops.

MALCOM

It was made clear that under no circumstance were you to be linked to us.

SAM

What're we doing in your villa then?

MALCOM

You've each won an all expense paid vacation for meeting your sales quotas.

SAM

Selling?

MALCOM

Real Estate. Trailer parks. Strip malls. Corporate ID badges have been provided so you can move freely in and out of the hotel grounds. The Al Tora High Security Prison where Devlin's being held is south of here off the Ring Road. The back side borders Lake Timsah.

EXT. RING ROAD - OUTSIDE CAIRO - DAY

A modern 8-lane highway separating the city from the desert.

MALCOM (V.O.)

After you've evaluated the situation and formulated your attack plan, you will e-mail your shopping list to Overseas Investment Dot Org. Anything you require will be provided.

Hobbs drives a brand new open-sided Land Rover with a roll bar top. Old school DANCE HALL music blasts from the speaker. Dom studies a tourist map in the passenger seat. They pull off onto an unpaved road leading into the desert.

MALCOM (V.O. - CONT'D)

This is the last direct contact we will have until Devlin is in your possession. At that point, you will be notified as to the rendezvous point for airlift out of the country.

They pass numerous warning signs written in Arabic.

DOMINIC

We must be getting close. I'll put  
money on it thoses ain't welcome  
signs.

They buckle up the harness seat belts as they come around a  
bend between two sand dunes. Shimmering in the distance is - -

AL TORA PRISON

A Foreign Legion type FORTRESS surrounded by ELECTRIFIED  
BARBED WIRE and an inner 15' STONE WALL. The back of the  
facility is a sheer drop off to the shore of - -

LAKE TIMSAH

Jade drives a small SPEEDBOAT towing Dominic who is  
PARASAILING a hundred feet up in a pair of Speedos. In his  
hand is a CAMCORDER.

Dominic's P.O.V. THROUGH CAMCORDER - AERIAL VIEW of PRISON  
WALLS and open air GROUNDS inside.

DOMINIC

On the first line, we've got  
electrified barbed wire, then on  
the inner wall, I count;  
(zoom in on armed GUARDS)  
one, two, three, four guards with  
Kaleshnikovs facing the lake.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A moonless night blankets the empty desert.

NIGHT VISION GOGGLES peer from beneath a sand colored  
tarpaulin blending into the landscape.

GREENISH NIGHT VISION VIEW - A SHIFT CHANGE of GUARDS at the  
front gate of Al Tora Prison.

In darkness under the tarp, SAM presses the light button on  
his watch and jots down the exact time.

EXT. DESERT - SUNRISE

Another shift change at the front gate.

Still beneath the tarp sweating, SAM notes the time.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Another frigid night. Sam peers through his night vision goggles, watching the guards in the towers.

He sees an opening, slipping out from under the tarp, staying low as he darts across the open ground. Without warning - a SIREN blasts, Sam having triggered a ground sensor. FLOODLIGHTS snap on. Sam is frozen for a second, until...

AUTOMATIC WEAPON FIRE

Spits out from the tower. Sam scrambles for cover, the sand exploding. He rips the camouflage off a dingy at the lake's edge, struggling to start the outboard motor.

It finally turns over, Sam motoring into the darkness.

EXT. POOL OF MARRIOTT MIRAGE RESORT - DAY

Turbaned Waiters deliver iced drinks to an international array of guests in and around the pool.

TENTED CABANA

Sam and the guys sit in swim trunks reviewing the results of their surveillance.

HOBBS

(looking at photo)

It's wide out in the open. We almost lost our man Sam here trying to test their perimeter. Our chance of a blind approach, shit's out the window. Unless we find a genie in a lamp.

SAM

Diversion, maybe. If we have to.

Jade takes them through the aerial footage on Dom's camcorder.

JADE

We got the cliff on the water side. With guards up the ying-yang watching it from the top of the wall.

SAM

The front's no better. Three nights I spent out there and those clowns didn't make a shift change at the same time twice.

HOBBS

We can't tunnel through sand. We don't speak the language. And we don't even got no clue where Devlin's pad is in that bitch. Other than that, we're good to go.

MEL

They don't even allow visitors. The joint's been on lock-down for the last 20 years. Since Sadaat's assassination. No families, no lawyers, no nothing. On my crazy loco, pinche impossible shit scale this place is a 9.9. We're talking Guns of Navarone.

HOBBS

Tearing through a battle zone. You ask me, this is definitely suicide.

JADE

Ain't like back home, that's for damn sure.

DOMINIC

How 'bout we stop crying and start thinkin'.

HOBBS

Why don't you put your best dress on and knock on the front door.

Sam steps between them.

SAM

Let's stick together. We'll crack this one just like all the rest.

(turns to Mel)

What about Red Cross, Amnesty...?

MEL

Even they don't get in. Just drop off occasional packages.

Sam ponders the ever-increasing complications. Mel fires up his laptop; inputs an intricate security code.

MEL (CONT'D)

I pulled up what I could from The Egyptian Organization for Human Rights. U.N. Commission on Human Rights violations. Archives of the Cairo Times.

They gather around the computer as a picture of the prison compound from the Cairo Times article comes up.

MEL (CONT'D)

Here we go. Al Tora. Last stop for political prisoners and terrorists. I tried to hack into their records, timers, master lock-down system. Know what I came up with? Nothing. Know why? They don't got none. Know how they lock up? With fuckin' keys, man! I can redirect a satellite if I want. But when it comes to this primitive shit this thing -

(knocks computer)

- might as well be a paper weight.

SAM

No place is impenetrable. Guard goes in, guard comes out. Food goes in, shit comes out. No Prison's airtight. People go in and out every day, or no one would be there. It's full of holes. We just gotta find'em.

Sam's just sparked inside.

SAM

People go in and out every day.....  
People go in and out every day.

DOMINIC

You got something on the tip of your tongue?

INT. LOBBY OF MARRIOTT MIRAGE - LATE NIGHT

SAM inserts a pre-paid calling card into a PAYPHONE.

INT. KAREN'S APT. - L.A. - MORNING (TIME CHANGE FROM CAIRO)

KAREN is in the midst of cleaning. The PHONE RINGS. She ignores. The machine picks up.



SAM'S VOICE  
Karen, it's me.

She turns.

SAM'S VOICE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
If you're there pick up.  
(beat)  
Please... I have to talk to you.

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT - ACROSS STREET - SAME

An FBI AGENT wearing headphones manning a TAPE RECORDER signals to his PARTNER who's lounged out on a cot in the empty apt.

EAVESDROPPING FBI AGENT  
(whispering)  
Hey! Hey!

AGENT #2 leaps up and rushes to a CAMERA on a tripod aimed across the street into KAREN'S APARTMENT WINDOW - -

KAREN can be seen staring at the answering machine.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

LIEBER'S cell phone rings in her purse. She picks up, instantly tapped into the call.

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SAM is heard through EAVESDROPPING AGENT'S HEADSET:

SAM (O.S.)  
If what I'm doing now works out, I  
could be coming home eventually.  
For good. No strings.

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT

Karen can't help herself. She reaches for the phone.

KAREN  
(into phone)  
Sam?

INT. MARRIOT LOBBY

Sam is thrown. Just hearing Karen's voice affects him.

SAM  
Karen, are you okay?

KAREN (O.S.)  
Lieber said you were kidnapped.

SAM  
Listen to me. Don't talk to Lieber.  
He'll just try to spin you.

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT

KAREN  
Where are you?

SAM (V.O.)  
Just remember the name, "Overseas  
Investment Group". Write it down.  
Cause if anyone, cops, Feds,  
anyone, including Lieber try to  
fuck with you, or the baby, you  
just call Langley and say that name  
and whoever it is'll back off. I  
guarantee it.

LEIBER  
No guarantees, Karen.

Sam HANGS UP - the line going dead.

KAREN  
Sam?!?

Just a dial tone.

KAREN  
Lieber, you little prick.

LIEBER  
There is no "Overseas Investment  
Group", Karen. He's being...

CLICK. Karen hangs up on him.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lieber speed dials another call on his phone.

VIC LEIBER  
(to eavesdropping agent)  
Either Coburn's delusional, or he's  
feeding her some kind of bullshit,  
or the Agency's feeding it to us.

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT

PARTNER hands a print-out to the EAVESDROPPING FBI AGENT.

PARTNER

It was made with a pre-paid calling card from a pay phone at the Marriott Mirage ten miles South of Cairo.

EXT. STREET

VIC LEIBER

Cairo?!

INT. AL TORA PRISON - GUARD'S TOWER

Two GUARDS with automatic weapons are stationed in the ancient tower. One of them peers through binoculars.

GUARD #1

(in Arabic)

Look at this. Girls gone wild.

HIS POV

Heat rises off the steaming as an open-air LAND ROVER approaches the prison gate. Sam is driving. Jade is in the passenger seat, her feet out the side window, lounging back in the seat. She's wearing cut-off shorts and a bikini top.

BACK TO SCENE

The second guard takes the binoculars.

GUARD #2

(in Arabic)

Must be a Swedish girl.

EXT. AL TORA PRISON - GATE

The Land Rover pulls up to the gate. A baby-faced Guard with an automatic weapon steps out of the guard house.

SAM

I'm trying to find the Citadel Fort.

GUARD AT GATE

(in Arabic)

Papers and Identification.

Sam pulls out the map, playing the clueless tourist.

SAM  
I thought it was right here.

GUARD AT GATE #1  
(in Arabic)  
Show me your papers.

The PHONE in the GUARD BOOTH rings, the second guard answering it, talking in hushed Arabic.

SAM  
Well, you've been very helpful.

Sam puts the Land Rover into reverse. The guard on the phone calls out from the gate house.

GUARD AT GATE #2  
(in Arabic)  
Don't let him leave.

The baby-faced guard shoulders his weapon.

GUARD AT GATE #1  
(in Arabic)  
Don't move the vehicle.

EXT. LAKE TIMSAH - DAY

HOBBS and DOM bob off shore in a SPEEDBOAT watching the road leading from the prison.

HOBBS  
C'mon guys. Do your thing.

EXT. GUARDHOUSE LATER

Sam and Jade are standing outside the car at gunpoint, sweating in the scorching sun. Guards search the car. A sadistic looking man, SCORPION, has one eye on the Land Rover, the other on Jade. Both items are making him salivate.

SCORPION  
You are American?

SAM  
Canadian.

SCORPION  
What are you doing out here?

SAM  
Trying to find the Citadel Fort.

SCORPION

There are signs all along the road.

SAM

Not in English there's not.

SCORPION

Nice vehicle.

SAM

It's a rental.

Scorpion moves closer to Jade.

SCORPION

What about her? Is she a rental?

SAM

She's a friend.

SCORPION

This is a modest country. You drive  
a car like this - dress like that.  
You are asking for trouble.

He moves around Jade, undressing her with his eyes.

SCORPION

In our country respectable women  
save their beauty for their men  
only. Not for every man.

JADE

In my country, women are free to  
wear whatever we want to wear.

SCORPION

A woman is like a flower. You water  
it and keep it at home for yourself  
to look at and smell. It is not  
supposed to be taken out of the  
house to be smelled by every man.

Scorpion slips inside the Land Rover, admiring the vehicle.

SCORPION

Now you're lost, so I'm going to  
overlook the fact that you are  
driving in a restricted area.

(pointing to a crack in  
the windshield)

But this I can not let pass.

JADE

That little crack?

SCORPION

A little crack has a way of becoming a big crack. It is illegal to drive with a cracked windshield.

Sam sighs, reaching for his wallet.

SAM

What's the fine?

SCORPION

No fine. We're concerned about your safety. We'll take the car and give you a ride back to your hotel.

Sam pulls CASH out of his wallet.

SAM

How about \$300? Will that help make the crack disappear...

SCORPION

Are you trying to bribe me?

SAM

I know how it works around here. Here's \$500.

Scorpion WHACKS Sam's wrist with his telescoping baton, knocking the money out of his hand, nearly breaking his wrist.

SCORPION

You are sitting at the door to my prison.

SAM

Son of a...

Scorpion whacks him again with the baton. Sam can't help himself. He strikes out with a solid kick right into Scorpion's chest, knocking him back on his ass. The other guards pounce on Sam, wrestling him to the ground. Jade tries to come to his aide, but she's man-handled by the goons. As the guards wail away at Sam with stick and rifle butts, we...

SMASH TO:

INT. TORA PRISON - DAY

A windmill of BILLY CLUBS batter SAM as he crawls through TWO LINES of GUARDS hollering in Arabic.

GUARD #1

Keep moving!

Sam collapses at the end of the line. The beatings are not over though. Sam is led out into the dirt yard and hung up by his ankles. Prisoners look out to watch the new arrival. The guards take a long wooden rod and SMASH Sam's legs and feet to a bloody pulp. Sam screams in agony.

The Guards drag the semi-conscious Sam inside and drop him into a 5' deep PIT in the stone floor. Metal grills slam shut over him.

SCORPION

Amazing! People go to such great lengths to stay out of here. It's commendable that you make such an effort to get in. You drove yourself right up to the gate.

The pits are too shallow to stand, and too narrow to sit, forcing Sam to remain in a painful hunched posture.

SCORPION (CONT'D) (cont'd)

As for your lady friend, I'll drop her back in Cairo when I'm done with her.

The Scorpion turns away and barks to his men.

SCORPION (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(ARABIC w/SUBTITLES)

*Clean him up!*

Sacks of DE-LOUSING POWDER dumps down through the grate sending Sam into a coughing fit.

Before he can catch his breath, he's slammed against the wall of the pit by ice cold water from a high pressure FIRE HOSE that nearly takes his skin off.

The pit fills with water until Sam is clinging to the metal grates to keep his heads above water.

SCORPION (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Not to worry It will drain...

(grins)

...eventually.

He stomps on Sam's protruding fingers as he walks off...

CUT TO:

INT. CAIRO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

PASSPORT WINDOW

An EGYPTIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICER checks a U.S. PASSPORT with Vic's PHOTO and the alias "ALAN HASBROOK".

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Purpose of your visit, Mr.  
Hasbrook?

VIC LEIBER

Vacation. I'm going to spend a few days seeing the pyramids then head down to Sharm el Sheikh for some scuba diving.

He nods and stamps the passport, then hands it back.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

(smiling)  
Be careful of sharks.

VIC LEIBER

Always.

INT. LAND CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Jade is on her way back to Cairo, sitting next to the Scorpion who is driving, taking big swigs off a bottle.

SCORPION

All I'm saying Lovely Lady, is you are stripping yourself of your dignity by exposing your body to every man who wanders by. Are you married?

Jade adjusts her bikini top.

SCORPION

I want to be interested in driving, but all I can see are your breasts.  
(beat)  
They are very distracting.

JADE

These little things?



He can't help himself, drunkenly leaning over to kiss her breasts. She gently places a hand on the back of his head, guides his mouth down towards her nipple.

And then WHACK! She pushes his head down. Jerks her knee up right into his nose. Cartilage crumples. Blood flows. She steers the Land Rover expertly off the road.

JADE

How you like me now?

The driver's door is yanked open. It's Dominic.

DOMINIC

You okay?

Jade nods. Delivers a vicious uppercut to the Scorpion. Lights out. Dominic throws a HOOD over his head.

HOBBS

Do 'em up. Real pretty.

Hobbs leans closely into the ear of Scorpion.

HOBBS

(whispering)  
Payback's a bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. AL TORA PRISON - DAWN

The SUN RISES over the desert penal colony.

INT. PIT - AL TORA PRISON - SAME

The water has drained out. A half-conscious Sam is leaning against the walls of the pit, eyes closed.

His eyes open. He looks around, making sure no one is watching. He reaches deep into his mouth.

INSIDE SAM'S MOUTH

A tiny wire line is tied to one of his molars. He reaches in, grabbing a hold of the nearly invisible filament.

BACK TO SCENE

Sam slowly pulls the taut line out of his mouth, trying not to gag.

It's a delicate process, like pulling a large bucket up through a tiny well, the other end of the line attached to a small radio transmitter smuggled into the prison in his stomach.

Sam's pulled about two feet of line up through his esophagus - when he vomits up the radio transmitter.

SAM  
(into tiny mike)  
Mel, come in...I'm 10-15...

INT. BOAT - LAKE TIMASH

Mel is in the cabin of the boat. Static crackles over a radio transceiver.

MEL  
(into mike)  
Sam! Sam! Say again.

Snippets of Sam's voice, broken up by static.

INT. PIT - AL TORA PRISON

Sam ties off one end of the wire line to the iron grate, using it as an antenna. He's struggling to remain conscious.

SAM  
(into tiny mike)  
I'm 10-15. Can you read?

MEL  
You crazy old fart! How is it in there?

SAM  
It ain't like Cimarron.

MEL  
Have you located the merch?

SAM  
Negative. They got me in this rat cage. I got a couple of broken ribs. Can stop coughing blood...

MEL  
Sam...Sam be cool. We're coming for you, buddy.

SAM  
I'm starting to see shit.

MEL  
We're coming for you.

SAM  
How long?

MEL'S VOICE  
We're coming, just...

At the sound of clanking Sam swallows the transmitter again, his head rolls back. His eyes flutter. Through DOUBLE-VISION he sees the GRATE above open.

GUARDS yank SAM out.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

SAM is thrown out into the BLINDING SUNLIGHT.

It's a Middle Eastern Auschwitz.

PRISONERS slump with their heads and arms locked in wooden STOCKS. Their bare backs shredded from floggings and blistered by the sun.

The rest of the skeleton-thin PRISONERS watch as SAM stumbles around the sandy enclosure in search of Devlin. No sign of him.

SAM collapses in a sliver of shade against the wall...

He squints up at WIRE NETTING covering the yard sealing off any chance of making it over the 15' walls.

EXT. AL TORA PRISON

There's a shift-change in progress. The DAY GUARDS driving out past the gate, getting searched as they leave.

SOMEONE'S POV

Through high-powered binoculars - the stream of vehicles heading out of the prison.

MEL

Is holding the binoculars, talking into a headset.

MEL  
(into headset)  
Okay, we got our shooter, green  
Mercedes, heading West - license...  
squiggle, squiggle... dot, dot...

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes speeds around a roundabout, two Motorcycles falling in behind it.

JADE

Maneuvers one of the motorcycles through the chaos, squeezing through any opening she can find.

JADE  
(into comm)  
10-4. I've got the vehicle.

HOBBS

Is driving the other motorcycle.

HOBBS  
(into comm)  
Right there with you.

EXT. STREETS - CAIRO

The Mercedes speeds with reckless impunity through the streets, blowing through red-lights, swerving around stopped traffic. Jade and Hobbs expertly switch off positions as they tail him.

EXT. BRIDGE - CAIRO

The Mercedes heads over the Nile, moving into the OLD CITY.

INT. PRISON GROUNDS - FOOD LINE

A guard pours a vat of slop into a wooden FEEDING TROUGH. Prisoners fight to get at it like hungry barn yard animals.

With his filthy hand, Sam scoops up some slop into a wooden bowl. He scans the area for any sign of Devlin as he limps across to a shady area. He scoops his hand into the bowl, shoveling the slop into his mouth - gags on something, pulling a wriggling maggot off his tongue.

EXT. CAIRO STREETS

We're deep inside the Ancient City, the Mercedes barging it's way down the cramped streets. It swerves into a non-existent parking space on the sidewalk, the DRIVER/GUARD getting out, heading off down the street.

Jade stops her motorcycle down the street.

JADE  
 (into comm)  
 Suspect is Code-6.

MEL'S VOICE  
 Stay on him.  
 (beat)  
 Dom, you on it?

INT. TAXI

Dominic is in the back of a taxi, stuck in traffic.

DOMINIC  
 (into comm)  
 I will be.

He throws some money in the driver's direction, getting out of the cab, pulling out a BACKPACK.

EXT. STREEET - OLD CITY

Dominic hustles towards the parked Mercedes. Glances around. And then SLIPS under the car, pulling the backpack underneath with him. Hobbs stands nearby, keeping watch.

EXT. STREETS - OLD CITY

Jade is tailing the driver/guard, trying to maintain a safe distance behind him. He skirts through...

A MARKETPLACE

Filled with a myriad of merchants who call out to Jade. She ignores them, keeping her suspect in sight.

EXT. STREETS - OLD CITY

The driver/guard ducks into a five-hundred-year old building.

INT. BATHHOUSE

The driver/guard moves through the open domed, ornately tiled lobby, heading through an arched opening.

JADE

Follows behind, moving through the opening.

HER POV

The room is filled with HALF-NAKED MEN, drinking tea, half-asleep on benches.

JADE

Does a quick, about-face, heading out of the room.

JADE

(into comm)

I got the wrong equipment for this one. You guys better take over.

EXT. STREETS - OLD CITY

HOBBS

(into comm)

We're on it.

He leans under the car, motioning for Dominic.

HOBBS

Hustle up, Fruitloops.

INT. BATHHOUSE - CHANGING ROOM

Filled with men in various states of undress. Hobbs and Dominic move through the room, finding a space on the changing bench next to the driver/guard who's stripping down. Hobbs and Dominic have no choice but to start undressing. They look around for towels. There are none. Hobbs looks over, catching Dominic watching him.

HOBBS

(hushed)

What are you looking at?

DOMINIC

(eyeballing Hobbs)

Nothing much.

The driver/guard moves out of the dressing room, naked, save for a pair of sandals. Hobbs reaches for Dominic's backpack.

HOBBS

(hushed)

You go in there and keep an eyeball on him while I rig up the boot.

DOMINIC

(grabbing bag back)

I'm the explosives guy, remember.

(beat)

I'm going for the boot. You're going for the booty.

Hobbs shakes his head. And then he turns, giving Dominic a full moon as he shuffles off to the baths in just his sandals

UNDER THE BENCH

Dominic grabs one of the driver/guards black boots.

INT. BATHHOUSE

Naked men move between scorching hot pools and icy plunges. Hobbs is the only one cupping his privates. He keeps his eyes on the driver/guard as he heads for the hot pool. An ATTENDANT stops him, directing him towards a long row of men squatting on plastic stools, vigorous scrubbing to clean each other before being allowed into the baths.

INT. TOILET STALL - SAME

Dominic uses a spoon to pull out the inner sole of the boot, scraping away the cushion on the inside.

INT. BATHHOUSE

Hobbs sits on a stool, starting to scrub down, keeping an eye on the driver/guard. Another MAN starts to scrub his back. Hobbs whirls around, freaked.

HOBBS

Whoa, I'm not down with that.

The man just smiles, not understanding a word Hobbs is saying, continuing to scrub away.

HOBBS

I can take care of my own business.

Hobbs rips the brush out his hand, about to go off when there's an ANNOUNCEMENT IN ARABIC over the PA system. The driver/guard stands abruptly and head for the changing room.

INT. TOILET STALL

Dominic molds the plastique in the shape of the boot sole. He reaches into his backpack, pulling out a hearing aide battery wired to a miniscule charge, and some thin copper coil, wrapping it around the circumference of the charge.

INT. BATHHOUSE - CHANGING ROOM

The dripping wet, naked driver/guard reaches for a PHONE, having a heated conversation in Arabic. And then he slams the phone down, heading for his locker.

## EXT. TOILET STALL

Hobbs moves quickly down the line of occupied stalls, peering under the doors.

## INT. TOILET STALL

Dominic is gingerly moulding the platisque explosive sole of the shoe.

HOBBS'S VOICE

Dom, we gotta go.

DOMINIC

Almost finished.

HOBBS'S VOICE

There's a certain someone's gonna have cold feet, if you know what I'm saying.

## INT. BATH HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM

Hobbs moves quickly in from the bathroom. Sees that the driver guard has his shirt and pants on. He's reaching under the bench, pulling out one of his boots. Slipping into it. As he reaches under the bench for the other boot...

Hobbs reaches for a bottle of After Shave - hurls a 105 mph fastball towards the driver/guard. The bottle barely misses the guard's head, explodes against the locker, spraying him with After Shave.

The driver/guard jerks around. Hobbs is the only one in the room. Hobbs turns, catching the driver/guard giving him the evil eye.

HOBBS

What's up?

## INT. BATHROOM STALL

Dominic tries to keep his hands steady as he runs the wiring up and around the underside of the bare sole of the shoe. He pulls plastic cement out of his backpack, nearly spilling the whole can as he applies the glue to the underside of the rubber sole.

## INT. BATH HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM

The driver/guard is using a towel to wipe the after-shave off his face and clothes. He sits back down on the bench, starting to reach for his boot.



Hobbs looks for something else to throw. Can find anything. He has no choice but to let out a massive FART.

The driver/guard turns around, disgusted. Hobbs waves at the air, tries to lay the blame on the driver/guard.

HOBBS

Damn homey, you gotta lay off the lamb.

He reaches for a can of AIR FRESHENER, spraying it all around the driver/guard's ass. The driver/guard stands up, swatting the can out of Hobbs's hand.

HOBBS

What? You think your shit don't stink?

Hobbs spots, Dom coming in quickly from the bathroom.

HOBBS

Alright. Alright. Be like that.

And Hobbs turns, walking away. Dominic slips the boot back under the bench just as the driver/guard reaches for it.

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

Sam shuffles across the yard, starting down an alleyway leading to the entrance to the ISOLATION TOWER. A guard steps in his way.

The guard motions him to step back. Sam tries to step around him. The guard hits him with a wooden stick. Sam fights back, grabbing the stick, wrestling it away from the guard, clapping the stick on the guard's shin, sending the guard towards the ground. The guard grabs Sam and pulls him down to the ground with him.. Whistles from other guards.

THE TOWER

A SNIPER tries to get a bead on Sam - can't get a clear shot.

EXT. YARD

A swarm of GUARDS rush over. They attack Sam with a battery of sticks and kicks, battering him into submission.

INT. ISOLATION TOWER

A hog-tied Sam is carried down the filthy, narrow corridors.

HIS POV

Through his swollen, blood-clogged eyes, hollow-eyed prisoners strobe past, staring out of their tiny isolation cells at the new arrival.

BACK TO SCENE

Sam sees something, straining to get a better look.

HIS POV

Sean Devlin (whom we recognize from the photographs) stares out through the bars, eyes cold and merciless.

INT. ISOLATION CELL - MOMENTS LATER

The guards slam the cell door closed. Sam takes a beat - before he pulls the transmitter and radio up out of his stomach. He attaches one end of the antenna to the metal bars.

SAM  
(into mike)  
Central, come in...

Just static.

SAM  
(into radio)  
Do you read? Over.

MEL'S VOICE  
Big Dog, is that you?

SAM  
(into radio)  
I've found the merch. Now get me  
the hell out of here.

EXT./INT. MARRIOTT MIRAGE LOBBY - DAY

Vic checks in at the front desk.

CLERK  
Enjoy your stay Mr. Hasbrook. The  
boy will bring your bags right up.  
Ali!

He claps his hands. A bellman hurries over. Vic snaps his fingers as if remembering something.

VIC LEIBER

Oh, I'm supposed to meet some associates from the Overseas Investment Group. You wouldn't know what room they're in, would you?

CLERK

Overseas...?

(checks computer)

Their villa is in the Cleopatra section just across from the oasis pool.

INT. OVERSEAS VILLA - DAY

The door bursts open. LEIBER rushes in with his gun levelled. The place is deserted. He rummages around. On the couch is the hood used to kidnap the Scorpion. Cut ropes lie on the floor beneath a chair where someone was obviously bound and wired up.

On the dining room table are bits of electrical wire, red plastic twist caps, and traces of a clay-like substance. Lieber scrapes some up with his fingernail and smells it.

VIC LEIBER

Here we go again.

EXT./INT. MARRIOT MIRAGE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Lieber is at the front desk, talking to the front desk clerk who's tapping away at a computer.

FRONT DESK CLERK

The group was scheduled to check out tomorrow.

VIC LIEBER

They had an emergency situation. I'll take care of their bill.

FRONT DESK CLERK

They've already paid cash for their rooms.

Lieber hands the CLERK a credit card.

VIC LIEBER

How about you put the charges on this credit card and keep the cash for yourself.

EXT. TORA HIGH SECURITY PRISON - SAME (DAY)

The Scorpion pulls up to the gate in the stolen LAND CRUISER. The Guard looks in the vehicle - makes sure he's alone - and waves him through.

INT. TORA PRISON - SHORT TIME LATER (DAY)

The Scorpion walks robot-like down a corridor.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

The WARDEN looks up as the door opens without a knock.

The Scorpion enters without a word.

WARDEN

(ARABIC w/SUBTITLES)

*What now?! I let you keep the car  
and play with the Canadian  
trespasser. What more do you want?*

The Scorpion remains silent.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

*Speak up! What's wrong with you?*

The Scorpion opens his jacket to reveal that he's wired up with a VEST OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES, a mike and a video camera.

The Warden lurches back in his chair.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

*Have you lost your mind?!*

Hobbs voice comes out of the tiny speaker hidden in the explosive vest.

HOBBS (V.O.)

*Unless you want pieces of you  
spread across the desert, you have  
to three to get out on your balcony  
with the good Guard. One, two-*

EXT. DESERT - DAY

MAGNIFIED VIEW: Scorpion and the Warden burst through the curtains onto the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY OF WARDEN'S OFFICE - AL TORA - DAY

HOBBS (V.O.)  
Don't bother looking for me. You  
just follow orders.

INT. MARRIOT LOBBY

Lieber is on his cell phone, a copy of the Extractor's hotel bill in his hands. He's working his way down the list of numbers. A male voice answers in Arabic. Lieber tries to communicate, not making any headway.

He reaches out for a passing bellboy.

VIC LIEBER  
Do you speak English?

BELLBOY  
Yes.

Lieber holds out the cell phone.

VIC LIEBER  
Can you tell me who I just called?

The bellboy speaks in rapid arabic on the cell phone. He nods, handing the phone back to Lieber.

BELLBOY  
It's a rental, a boat rental on  
Lake Timash.

INT. ISOLATION TOWER

A GUARD races down the corridor. He fumbles the key as he rushes to unlock it. The GUARD shouts in ARABIC and points to SAM. Sam tries to get up. His battered feet and broken ribs make it almost impossible to stand and walk.

GUARD  
Get up!!

He motions with his gun.

EXT. LAKE SIDE OF PRISON - DAY

DOM, in a rubber wet suit, scales the chain link ELECTRIFIED FENCE using insulated gloves and rubber booties.

With pliers, DOM snips the metal knots securing the SPOOLS of RAZOR WIRE to the top of the fence.

From below, JADE hands up a WOODEN PLANK to DOM who uses it to lift the spools of RAZOR WIRE, then fits the other end to the top of the fence creating a space to shimmy through.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF PRISON - SAME

GUARDS are crowded at a safe distance beneath the balcony with their GUNS aimed up at a terrified SCORPION (explosive vest exposed) and an enraged WARDEN.

WARDEN

(Arabic w/SUBTITLES -  
hollering)

*Put those down you fools! Stay  
back!*

HOBBS (V.O.)

My people better be strollin' out  
that front gate damn soon, cause  
I'm runnin' outta patience, and  
you're runnin' outta time.

EXT. MESH COVERED EXERCISE YARD

SAM and SEAN DEVLIN are led down the stone steps.

INT. GUARD'S TOWER

The driver/guard that Hobbs and Dom tailed to the bath house has his sniper rifle in firing position.

SNIPER'S POV

He's got Sam lined up in his sights.

EXT. MESH COVERED EXERCISE YARD

Sam and Devlin move across the yard. Sam struggles to walk, every step filled with excruciating pain.

EXT. BALCONY OF SCORPION'S OFFICE - SAME

Scorpion and the Warden sweat bullets. The Guards watch the stand-off impotently.

WARDEN

(in Arabic)

The minute they're gone, I'm going  
to kill you myself.

EXT. DESERT - SAME (DAY)

HOBBS lies under the camouflage tarp watching the prison with binoculars. He's got his other hand, on a wireless, control panel with toggle switches.

HOBBS  
(into walkie)  
English, my man. Let's not be  
tellin' any secrets or moving any  
muscles.

INT. GUARD TOWER

The sniper takes a breath, squeezing the trigger.

EXT. EXERCISE YARD

A SHOT rings out. Sam reacts, turning to his left, just as...

THE BULLET

Spirals past his head, RIPPING OFF A CHUNK OF HIS EARLOBE.

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS

Everyone ducks for cover. Sam reaches up to his ear, his hand coming back bloody.

EXT. DESERT

HOBBS  
Motherfucker.

He flips the toggle switch.

INT. GUARD'S TOWER

The Sniper's lining up another shot when BOOM! His RIGHT FOOT EXPLODES, the explosives laden boot detonating, leaving a mangled bloody stump.

EXT. MESH COVERED EXERCISE YARD

It's chaos - prisoners turning on the guards. Devlin and Sam are caught in the middle of the bloody maelstrom.

A GRAPPLING HOOK snares the top of the 15' inner STONE WALL surrounding the prison. Dom rappels down the wall.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Hobbs flicks another switch.

EXT. GUARD'S PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The sniper's MERCEDES explodes in a massive fireball.

INT. PRISON GROUNDS

Pieces of the flaming Mercedes rain down on the grounds.

DOMINIC

Boss, over here, ..

Sam and Devlin head towards Dominic. But Sam can't move fast enough, trampled by prisoners stampeding for the wall - seeing an opportunity to escape.

DOMINIC

I'm not here for you guys!

Dominic peppers the ground with a volley of shots right at the marauder's feet. Dominic grabs Devlin, swinging him up onto the rope.

DOMINIC

Go! Go! Go!

Devlin flies up the rope, going over the wall. Sam's next up - Dominic holding off the mob as Sam struggles up.

GUNFIRE

Erupts from the Guard's towers - high-velocity slugs mowing down escaping prisoners.

Desperate prisoners are clawing onto Sam, trying to pull their way up to freedom. Dominic unleashes another burst of gunfire and then turns, heading up the rope.

The frenzied mob grabs onto Sam and Dominic. Two prisoners have a death-grip on Sam, one hanging off his leg, another trying to crawl up and over his head. He struggles to hang on but he's too weak - falling to the ground, getting swallowed up by the frothing masses.

Dominic looks down. Sam is getting trampled.

SAM

Just go! Get out of here!

Dominic fights his way through the mob, hoisting Sam up onto his shoulder.

He's pumping with adrenaline, using heads and shoulders as foot and hand holds as he Spider-Man's up the wall.



BALCONY

The Warden turns his murderous sights on the Scorpion. He draws his sidearm and fires blowing a gaping hole in the back of the Scorpion's head. The Scorpion falls face forward. As his chest hits the floor -

KA-BLAM!

Both men and the entire balcony go up in the blast.

EXT. LAKE SHORE BEHIND PRISON - DAY

DOM carries SAM across a narrow sandy strip behind the prison followed by DEVLIN.

DEVLIN

What took you guys so long?

DOMINIC

Just say thank you.

(to Sam)

You with us?

Sam is deaf in his wounded left ear.

SAM

What?

He yells into Sam's good ear.

DOMINIC

You with us?!

SAM

I'm deaf, but I'm not dead.

(beat)

I owe you one.

DOMINIC

Nah man, we're even.

They all jump aboard a SPEEDBOAT idling at the shore with Jade at the helm. She guns the engine. The boat roars off. Dominic stands guard in the stern, taking out two sniper guards, bullets grazing the waters.

EXT. EL TIMSAH LAKE - DAY

The SPEEDBOAT skims the lake at top speed.

EXT. RING ROAD - DAY

LEIBER is in the back of a beat-up old TAXI. It's stopped in bumper to bumper traffic.

VIC LEIBER

Goddamn! Is there no place in the world where you don't have to deal with this shit!

She steps out to see what the hold-up is. Through the shimmering heatwaves, machine gun toting SOLDIERS man a ROADBLOCK.

VIC LEIBER (CONT'D)

What's going on up there?

The driver gets out of the car, talks to another driver in Arabic. He lights up a cigarette, walking back to the cab.

TAXI DRIVER

There's been an escape from the prison. They're sealing off the area.

Lieber searches through his pockets, coming up with a scrap of paper.

VIC LIEBER

I need to get to Ismailia?

TAXI DRIVER

Ismailia?

He shows the driver the paper.

TAXI DRIVER

Ah, Ismailia! Isamilia! Okay, okay. No problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED SHORE OF LAKE TIMSAH - LATER

The speedboat pulls up where HOBBS is waiting on a motorcycle. He hops off and gets in the boat.

THE FAR SHORE

Malcom stands beside an armor plated MERCEDES G500 watching the speedboat through high-powered binoculars.

MALCOM

I told you they were the right choice.

"BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL" snatches the binos.

"BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL"

They'll be the right choice when he finishes what he's supposed to.

EXT. CABIN - LAKE TIMASH

There's a chill in the air, steam rising off the lake. A small stone cabin sits by itself, nestled in a pine grove. We can hear the faint beats of a hip-hop tune reflecting across the water.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Kerosene lamps illuminate primitive cabin. Mel's playing D.J. hip-hop beats jumping from his laptop. Jade and Hobbs are rapping along with the tune, Dominic passing around a bottle of Remy. Across the room, SAM, has his shirt off, ribs and ear bandaged. He works on what appears to be a SMALL WATCH BATTERY.

JADE AND HOBBS

*It's all about the Benjamins baby  
uhh, uh-huh, yeah. It's all about  
the Benjamin's baby.*

Jade boogies over to DEVLIN who's tied to a chair in the corner naked with a pair of lips drawn on the DUCT TAPE over his mouth. She starts to rap street-style, using a handgun for a mike. She moves like 50-Cent.

JADE

*(rapping to Devlin)  
Now...what ya'll wanna do?  
Wanna be ballers? Shot callers?  
Brawlers - who be dippin' in the  
Benz wit the spoilers?  
On the low from the Jake in the  
Taurus*

Jade plants a kiss on the LIPS drawn on the DUCT TAPE over DEVLIN'S MOUTH. Devlin tries to spit back at her.

HOBBS

Take a good look my man. That is the last bootilicious bootie you're gonna be seeing before the hairy hallway.

Dominic's getting a little buzz on, joining in with his white man's rap.

DOMINIC

(rapping to the music)  
 Tryin to get my hands on some  
 Grants like Horace  
 Yeah livin the raw deal  
 Spaghetti, fettucini, and veal  
 But still everything's real in the  
 field And what you can't have now  
 leave and you will

Hobbs partners up with Dominic.

HOBBS AND DOMINIC

And what you can't have now leave  
 and you will. But don't blame me  
 for trying to bury seven zeros over  
 in Rio de Jianery Ain't no body's  
 hero but I want to be heard

They crack up laughing. Sam motions for them to keep it down.

SAM

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

HOBBS

Damn Dom, I didn't know you had it  
 in you.

DOMINIC

There's a lot you don't know.

The sound of an incoming e-mail on Mel's computer. He silences the music.

MEL

Okay, listen up...  
 (reading e-mail)  
 The pick up's at midnight at some  
 old air base near Giza.

SAM

We stay here until it's time.

Sam snaps the tiny disc he's been working on closed. A CROSS ICON appears on the screen of MEL'S LAPTOP.

Mel turns to Sam surprised. Sam conceals the beacon in a shoe and picks up a pile of clothes.

SAM (CONT'D)

Get him dressed.

He tosses the clothes and shoes to Jade.

EXT. CABIN ON LAKE

A taxi coasts in silently, engine cut. It comes to a rest in a bank of trees, hidden from view.

INT. TAXI

Vic Leiber hands a wad of cash to the driver.

LEIBER

We're in this together now,  
understand?

TAXI DRIVER

Yes sir. Now we are old friends.

LEIBER

You help me out here and I will  
personally see to it that your  
daughter gets a visa to study at  
UCLA.

EXT. CABIN ON LAKE

Leiber and the driver get quietly out of the taxi, moving around to the trunk.

CLOSE ON: TAXI TRUNK

The trunk lid opens, revealing an array of automatic weapons.

INT. CABIN ON LAKE

The group is still buzzing with excitement.

HOBBS

Man, if this shit is for real and  
we walk, I'm gonna get me floor  
seats at Staples. Peep out Shaq and  
Kobe and not have to duck every  
time the camera comes my way.

MEL

And I'm gonna buy a boat, cruise  
the Indian Ocean, surf perfect six  
foot barrels in the Maldives.

EXT. CABIN ON LAKE

Lieber goes into full stealth mode, circling around the cabin. He keeps his eyes trained for any movement from the house as he moves down to the boat on the lake.

THE TAXI DRIVER

Has taken up position behind the driver's door on his cab, adjusting and re-adjusting the strap on his AR-15 - simulating the sound of automatic weapon fire as he practices shooting from the shoulder and hip position.

INT. BOAT

Lieber slips into the boat, opening the engine compartment. He SLICES through the fuel supply line, gasoline gushing out.

INT. CABIN ON LAKE - CONTINUOUS

DOMINIC

Me, I'm gonna rent the biggest suite at the MGM grand, go down to the roulette wheel, put all my money on red and let it ride.

EXT. CABIN ON LAKE

Lieber is pressed flat against the wall, next to the window. He can hear snatches of the Extractor's conversation. He reaches for a concussion grenade on his belt.

HOBBS (O.S.)

Sam, what are you gonna do?

Lieber can't help himself - hesitates pulling the pin on the grenade so he can hear Sam's answer.

SAM

But first I'm gonna shave the lice off my face.

EXT. CABIN ON LAKE

Lieber reaches for his cell phone, dialing.

LEIBER

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon...

No signal. He pockets the cell phone.

LEIBER

Guess it's just you and me, Sam.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

SAM walks down toward the water's edge carrying a razor and soap. He stops for a beat, sensing someone's behind him.

HIS POV

Just empty woods - the wind rustling through the trees.

EXT. LAKE TIMASH - NIGHT

SAM is crouched down next to the lake, scraping away the last patches of scraggly beard. He rubs his smooth face - feeling human again. He checks his reflection in the lake...

HIS POV - REFLECTING IN THE WATER

He's not alone. There's an AR-15 trained at his head.

BACK TO SCENE

Sam whirls around, trying to kick Lieber's legs out from under him. But Lieber is too quick - delivering a vicious, sledgehammer kick to Sam's face, rocking him back.

INT. CABIN ON LAKE

Jade stops in her tracks, thinking she's heard something.

JADE

Kill the music...

EXT. LAKE TIMASH

Lieber has Sam bound and gagged. He doubles up the flex-cuffs around Sam's wrists and ankles, pulling them tight.

LEIBER

Told you you should've studied  
Akiado, but you didn't want to  
listen.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jade opens the front door, gun in hand. Her eyes struggle to adjust to the darkness.

JADE

Sam?... Sam?...

From out of the darkness.

## LIEBER'S VOICE

(hushed)

Down on your knees where you  
belong.

Jade turns, raising her gun. Lieber barely has time to react when there's a MUFFLED POP from the treetops.

A tiny hole appears in Jade's forehead. She drops to the ground with a dull thud.

And then the woods come alive with AUTOMATIC WEAPON FIRE, Lieber diving for cover.

INT. CABIN - SAME

DEVLIN flips back in the chair onto the floor using it for cover. HOBBS, MEL, and DOM try to get their guns up. AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE fills the dimly lit cabin.

The front door bursts open. MEL's legs are cut out from under him. He falls. The lead attacker takes aim at Hobbs. Dominic returns a quick BURST OF SHOTS - taking out the attacker, saving Hobbs life.

DOM dives behind DEVLIN using him as a HUMAN SHIELD and shoots out the kerosene lamps pitching the cabin into DARKNESS.

EXT. BENEATH PORCH - SAME

Lieber fires up through the planks.

EXT. ABOVE PORCH - SAME

Wood chips fly as LEIBER'S BULLETS cut up through the legs of the trailing members of the HIT TEAM.

INT. CABIN - SAME

MUZZLE FLASHES STROBE the DARK CABIN.

HOBBS dives through the sheet covering the nearby window - glass slices his face. Oblivious to the pain, he hits the porch outside and comes up FIRING back into the house.

EXT. CABIN ON LAKE

The Taxi driver has his automatic weapon on his hip, firing Rambo style into the woods. He's not exactly sure who he's shooting at, but he's having a helluva time.



Until there's a return volley in his directions, the taxi's windshield shattering, bullets ripping into the car. The taxi driver, drops his gun, jumping into his car, speeding off down the dirt road.

EXT. LAKE TIMASH

Sam is face-down, bound and gagged next to the lake. He struggles to free himself, squirming along the ground. He can only listen helplessly as his team is slaughtered.

INT. CABIN - SAME

MEL squirms across the floor, dragging his riddled legs. As he reaches for his fallen GUN - - A BEE-SWARM OF BULLETS tear his FACE to a pulp.

DOM claws DEVLIN'S EYES and MOUTH trying to pry the terrorist's lock-jaw grip off his arm. Grabbing a fistful of hair, DOM pries DEVLIN'S HEAD BACK. The hunk of flesh in Devlin's teeth rips from Dom's arm. DOM lets out a mighty ROAR - then quivers... An ICE PICK is buried in the base of his neck. Wielding it is BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL, who drives the point through Dom's spinal chord until it spikes out the front of his trachea.

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN and HOBBS are locked in an indoor/outdoor FIRE FIGHT through the shattered window frame.

Using the moonlight spilling in through the window, HOBBS gets a clean look at ASIAN BUSINESSMAN and drills him with a kill shot to the chest. DEVLIN scoops up DOM'S GUN and obliterates the wall around the window frame.

EXT. LAKE TIMASH

A hog-tied Sam is frantically trying to shimmy his way up the rocky ground, shocked, hollow-eyed, frustrated.

EXT. CABIN - SAME

HOBBS dives off the deck for cover and hits ground. LEIBER springs out and UNLOADS at the SNIPER'S NEST in the tree. The sniper falls fifty feet from the tree.

EXT. CABIN - SAME

Leiber and Hobbs continue to fire, side-by-side.

HOBBS  
(shooting wildly)  
What the fuck are you doing here?

LIEBER  
 (shooting wildly)  
 We'll talk later!

HOBBS  
 (still shooting)  
 Yeah, call my lawyer.

They are suddenly blinded by the HEADLIGHTS of an oncoming HUMMER. They dive. The HUMMER catches HOBBS' BOOT and knocks it clean off his foot helicoptering him in the air.

The HUMMER skids sideways in front of the CABIN. DEVLIN and BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL bolt from the shack under a blaze of COVER FIRE and dive into the Hummer on the opposite side.

Hobbs and Lieber shoot - their BULLETS pit the REINFORCED STEEL PLATING and WINDOWS as the ATTACK VEHICLE tears out.

Lieber turns on Hobbs, training his gun on him.

LIEBER  
 Drop the gun. Your ass is mine.

HOBBS  
 I always knew you were a...

Lieber silences him with a shot in the ass.

HOBBS  
 (writhing in pain)  
 Ahhhhh!!!!

Hobbs drops to his knees. Lieber pounces, putting his knee into Hobb's back - cuffing his hands behind his back.

EXT DIRT ROAD LATER

Lieber is leading a cuffed Sam and Hobbs down the dirt road away from the cabin at gunpoint. Hobbs is limping down the road, favoring his right ass cheek.

VIC LEIBER  
 Did you really think they were just gonna pay-you-off and let you walk?

HOBBS  
 I said from jump not to trust you alphabet soup motherfuckers! FBI, CIA, put'em together they all still spell bullshit. And now I got a bullet in my ass.

LIEBER

They were working for Devlin. They framed you up and did you in.

SAM

I don't need a play-by-play of the situation. You got my guys killed.

LEIBER

No, you got them killed. You took them on a suicide mission. You're their leader and you didn't even see this coming.

Sam turns back, getting in Lieber's face.

LIEBER

Don't do it, Sam. I'll drop you right here.

SAM

Go ahead, kill me. Three of my family are already dead. I don't care anymore.

LIEBER

I'm gonna get too much satisfaction seeing you cuffed and chucked.

SAM

What are you going to do? Call your bosses and say you got me, but let an international terrorist go?

VIC LIEBER

Just be happy I didn't kill you myself back there.

SAM

How many more are going to die if Devlin isn't caught?

VIC LIEBER

You broke him out.

SAM

And we can get him back.

VIC LIEBER

There is no 'we', Sam. This isn't Special Ops eight years ago.

SAM

There's always gonna be a 'we',  
Leiber. Just like back there. You  
gave me the skills to do what I do.  
And we can bring him in!

VIC LIEBER

Devlin is not my problem. You are.

SAM

You're just going to let him get  
away.

VIC LIEBER

He's probably half-way to Cuba by  
now. That's where his training  
camps are. That's where he stashes  
his money. That's where his ten  
year old daughter is.

HOBBS

So call it in to headquarters and  
get this bullet out of my ass.

SAM

Yeah, call it in to the Washington  
office who will call the Miami  
office who'll send it back to the  
New York office, who'll want to do  
a search to make sure Devlin is  
really a fugitive. You know how  
long that's going to take?

HOBBS

Longer than it takes to get this  
bullet out of my ass.

SAM

I used to look up to you.

VIC LIEBER

And now you want me to be like you.

SAM

You are like me.  
(beat)  
Christ, you made me.

HOBBS

Jesus, you guys sound like a  
frickin' married couple. I need a  
box of tissues for the road.

SAM

One last extraction. You and me on  
the same team again.

Leiber is wavering.

SAM

The only way to stop me is to stick  
that bullet in my brain.

HOBBS

Or in your ass.

SAM

I'm doing this with or without you.

VIC LIEBER

I'm the one with the gun.

SAM

I'm not going back to jail.

We hold on Lieber for a long beat. And then we...

EXT. CARIBBEAN, A FISHING TRAWLER - NIGHT

A run-down fishing boat negotiates the waves in the middle of  
a fairly rough sea. Sam, Hobbs, and Lieber, are standing in  
the stern of the boat, quietly watching as they pull up  
alongside...

A CUBAN FISHING TRAWLER

And there, standing on the bow like a stubby, nerdy, Captain  
Ahab with a tan, is LEONARD LOWE (from Brushy).

LOWE

Samuel! I'm glad you've finally  
come for that vacation I offered.  
Welcome to Cuba, home of every  
exiled criminal in the world. In  
America we're traitor's kid. Over  
here, we can be national heroes.

He helps Sam and Hobbs into his boat.

LOWE

I'm sorry about your crew. You guys  
gave me something no one else could  
give me - my freedom.

(beat)

The risks you guys took for me.

(MORE)

LOWE (cont'd)  
I feel like I owe everything I have  
to them. And I'll do whatever has  
to be done to get the motherfuckers  
that cut them down.

He turns towards ALDO GARCIA, a sharp-eyed, dark-skinned MAN.

LOWE  
This is Aldo. He did eight years in  
Columbia for kidnapping.

Aldo shakes hands with Sam and Hobbs. Lowe motions to SANTOS  
DOMINICA, an older man with a slight lisp.

LOWE  
And this is Santos. He was  
Noriega's right hand man in Panama.

Lieber makes his way onto Lowe's boat. He walks over to Sam.

VIC LIEBER  
We're supposed to trust these guys?

LOWE  
With your life.  
(offering up his hand)  
Leonard Lowe.

VIC LIEBER  
I know who you are.

LOWE  
And I know exactly who you are. But  
down here - you ain't nothing  
special. You don't mean shit.

Lowe motions to 3 other CUBANS standing on his deck. They  
move quickly, boarding the American fishing trawler.

LOWE  
Castro's men are doing spot checks.  
A crew of 6 goes, 6 come in.  
Besides, they paid their way.

On Sam's face - he looks at the ISLAND OF CUBA in the  
distance, eyes alight with hope.

INT. LEONARD LOWE'S HOME, BASEMENT - LATE DAY

A BIG HOME in one of the few wealthier areas of Cuba,  
transformed into a HI-TECH INTEL CENTER for the team.

Right now, the TEAM eyes a WALL OF PHOTOS -- of Devlin (standing tall and alert, wearing sunglasses and an army cap, which conceal his face -- but we can tell it's him from the SCARS, half-hidden by his beard). We also see PHOTOS of Malcom, "BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL", and "THE WATCHER".

LOWE

We used the GPS signal, tracked Devlin to a military base in the Sierra Maestras.

He leads them through his surveillance photos.

LOWE

(indicating another photo)  
Your man always seems to travel in armored cars.

A CONVOY OF SUBURBANS

rumble through the STREETS of HAVANA. We PAN away from them, to find a rusting, rattling VAN cruising behind the CONVOY, making good time in its wake.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

Aldo SNAPS pictures of the CONVOY as it slows in front of a huge NIGHTCLUB in the heart of HAVANA.

LOWE (O.S.)

Once they arrive in the city, they aim straight to this nightclub. The place is a zoo. 1000 people inside, minimum. The club caters to tourists and a high class crowd. We have no pictures of the interior because there's metal detectors and pat-downs as you go in.

THE NIGHTCLUB

PEOPLE -- TOURISTS, and LOCALS -- all dressed to the nines, are moving in and out in droves.

INT. LEONARD'S HOME - NIGHT

LOWE

They said the guy was a notorious pussy hound. Must be making up for lost time. It's unbelievable -- he plans the deaths of hundreds by day and gets laid by night.

(MORE)

LOWE (cont'd)

The club is 3 stories, and Devlin and his men have the 3rd floor to themselves. He doesn't drink. Just meets with some Military guys and women. Leaves the club at about 2 AM...

EXT. CUBAN STREETS - NIGHT

Where Devlin's convoy drives along, approaching a GATE in the near distance.

INT. LOWE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LOWE

...We tracked him for 5 days, Sam. 2 nights he went to the Military base. And one night he took a helicopter somewhere. We don't know where. The only place he went to every night was that club. -- That's everything we got. His whole routine.

Sam studies the photos.

SAM

The club's no good. He's never alone. He's right out in the open and surrounded by armed guards. That means to get him we'd have to be out in the open too -- and then we become targets. It'll turn into a shoot-out.

LIEBER

Are you telling me you can't extract a guy out of a nightclub? You've broken men out of the worst prisons in the world, but you can't bust a guy out of a disco?

SAM

(don't you get it)  
They'll see us coming.

Sam finally steps away from the PHOTOS, pacing, mind-racing. He catches sight of himself in the mirror. And something about it stops him. He says again:

SAM

They'll see us coming.



HOBBS  
 What's on your mind, Sam?

CUT TO:

THE MOON -- an omen in an angry sky. PAN DOWN TO:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Establishing. The Havana streets, usually sparsely populated, have found an exception here. PEOPLE of all classes, including many MILITARY and politically connected MEN, obvious in their opulence, swarm into this well-secured club.

SECURITY OFFICERS at the door are armed with AK-47's, and every patron is patted down before passing through a metal detector as they enter. Inside the doorway are more ARMED SECURITY MEN, keeping an eye on everyone.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Our first look inside the huge cavernous hall throbbing with hypnotic house music. The club is shadowy and dim, lit by brief STROBOSCOPIC flashes of light. The dance floor is on the lowest level, in the center, and each level, as it goes up, is overhung by the level above, like a series of circular balconies. Tables line the crowded upper levels -- except:

THE THIRD LEVEL

High above the dance floor -- below a grid of lights. The third level's stairways are guarded by ARMED MEN, and it is much less crowded -- set aside for VIPs and the very beautiful women who move freely up and down the stairs.

In the back corner of this shadowy, smoky, and loud area we find 5 ARMED MEN gathered, cordoning off several tables. At the tables are:

Malcom, "The Watcher", "Brazilian Bombshell". All the way in the back corner is Devlin, his back to us, with his full beard and hat pulled low, smoking a Cuban cigar as several WOMEN entertain him.

We watch this scene for a beat, waiting for something to happen -- waiting for the extraction to begin when Malcom looks up as a GUARD approaches from the stairs:

GUARD  
 (in AFRIKAANS)  
 Somebody's down in the club saying  
 they're here to see Mr. Devlin.

And somehow, from this, we know the extraction has begun. Malcom stands, looking down into the club, searching:

MALCOM  
(in AFRIKAANS)  
Who?

GUARD  
(in AFRIKAANS)  
Said his name was Sam Coburn.

Malcom's eyes narrow, intrigued, looking down at:

THE SECOND LEVEL

And at the base of the staircase, his eyes find:

SAM - in plain sight, staring right back at him with the wild eyes of a madman -- exuding confidence -- and vengeance. He's not in disguise, he's standing in the open as himself. It gives Malcom pause, as well as us. Malcom pulls his side arm out and rocks the hammer back.

MALCOM  
Pat every inch of him down. Then  
send him up.

The Guard turns as we go to:

SAM

Two guards patting him down and taking position next to him as he climbs the stairs, past more guards -- right toward Malcom and Brazilian Bombshell's table. We don't see anyone else with him. 'What the hell is he up to?'

Malcom stands firm, smiling at Sam as he approaches, but we notice something, and so does everyone else -- there's a crazed look in Sam's eyes, a lunatic thousand yard stare. Sam finally reaches him, flanked by Guards. A long beat:

MALCOM  
A lot of guts, you have.

Simply, but with an air of madness:

SAM  
I want Devlin. He walks out. With  
me. Now.

MALCOM  
Really?

And Sam leans close now -- the Guards around him tense up:

SAM

I have a man down there. If I don't walk out with Devlin in the next 3 minutes he's going to detonate a device that's sitting right over Devlin's head. It'll blow this whole area to pieces and turn your ass into applesauce. No tricks this time. Very Simple. No big escape.

And there it is. Sam's plan. It hangs there. Devlin's finally turned and watches this meeting take place now. Sam goes on:

SAM (cont'd)

I've got nothing to lose. I'm a desperate guy. Because of me, three of my closest friends are dead. And I'll either end up in jail or die.

(a beat)

I'd rather die. So go look. See that I'm telling the truth. Devlin walks out with me or we all die. I don't think you have much of a choice.

Malcom exchanges a look with "Watcher" before walking back toward Devlin. Sam watches, trying to see what's transpiring in the dim, stroboscopic light. A long, excruciating beat, until:

Sam sees Malcom returning -- with another MAN, who we can't see in the throbbing light -- yet.

Sam focuses on "Watcher", who, for some reason, is now smirking at him. Sam turns back to Malcom and his 'companion', curious now. As they draw near, Sam suddenly recognizes:

LEONARD LOWE

Walking with Malcom. Lowe's eyes meet Sam's for a second, then look away, painfully. Sam stands shocked, puzzled.

LOWE

Sorry, Sam. But I have to live down here.

SAM

Leonard. Why are you here? What did you do? What did you tell them?

Leonard just lowers his head, unable to look Sam in the eye.

Malcom smirks, eyeing the devastated Sam. Malcom then reveals a small, hi-tech, electronic DEVICE -- no bigger than a small calculator. And when Sam sees it, his face congeals with despair.

MALCOM

He told us enough, Sam. It was a nice piece of equipment, and had you come here by surprise, I don't know what we would have done. But that's not the way it turned out. You, of all people, should know that you really can't trust anyone.

Sam takes a deep breath, guts wrenched by this betrayal:

SAM

You stupid son of a bitch, Leonard. You killed us.

LOWE

I had no choice, Sam. The Cubans protect me. I have a relationship with the Military.

Sam doesn't even hear him. He just shakes his head gravely, caught. Leonard's voice trails off as LOUD VOICES suddenly reach them from the stairs. They all turn to see:

A CUBAN MILITARY POLICE CAPTAIN

Marching up the stairs, followed by TWO MILITARY POLICEMEN with their guns at the ready, hats pulled low. Some PEOPLE in the club have noticed the commotion now and are watching.

LOWE (cont'd)

That's Captain Ruiz -- the one I called in case I didn't get here in time. He's a good man.

A GUARD turns to Malcom, questioning:

GUARD

(in AFRIKAANS)

Sir, the Military Police --

Malcom nods, expecting this, and the Guard stands aside, allowing the Captain and his men to approach. CAPTAIN RUIZ nods toward Lowe as if they know one another, as his men fan out, taking positions. Sam has no choice but to stand and await his arrest. To Malcom.

CAPTAIN

I apologize that we haven't arrested this man before he bothered you, but I assure you, we will take care of him.

MALCOM

Good. At least you won't have to go back to jail, will you, Coburn? You'll get your wish.

And the two Military Policemen move toward Sam as the Captain reaches a hand out, stepping toward Lowe --

CAPTAIN

Thanks for your assistance...

And as the Captain leans into the flashing LIGHT, we see his FACE fully for the first time.

It's Aldo. In disguise.

Looking at Leonard. All is not as it seems. We see the other 'POLICE' now, recognizing them as Santos and Lieber - also in disguise. And now we're getting it. It's all been a set-up to get Sam's team in close proximity to Devlin and his men, with Leonard Lowe in on the whole thing.

In the dim light, Aldo looks at Sam. Sam nods. An almost imperceptible look. Malcom sees this subtle interplay between them, but before anything really registers, Aldo raises his RADIO:

ALDO

(into radio)

Now.

WHOOSH! The stroboscopic LIGHT in the club GOES OUT. The MUSIC STOPS. Complete DARKNESS falls over the scene. We can't see ANYTHING. Then, suddenly, everything happens fast:

POV: NIGHT VISION - HOBBS

Hobbs has equipped himself with NIGHT VISION GOGGLES and is handing another pair of NIGHT VISION GOGGLES to SAM. It's chaos as Devlin's guards blindly try to react, fending off blows from unseen assailants. Sam heads for Devlin, who's unguarded now, making a hasty retreat, trying to get out of there in the darkness, stumbling as Sam catches him -- pounding the needle into his back as Devlin goes down -- reacting almost immediately to the drug.

Malcom struggles with Aldo, fighting well despite his blindness -- hitting Aldo in the head with the pistol he's managed to grab -- knocking Aldo's night-vision goggles off. He puts the gun to Aldo's throat, shooting him point-blank -- blowing his trachea out the back of his neck, sending him into a quiet, gurgling death.

SAM (INTO RADIO)  
Hobbs - Now!

Sam grabs Devlin, who's face down on the floor, unconscious. Sam quickly swings him up toward the railing that overlooks the club and looks up, spotting:

HOBBS

Descending like a spider from a VENT SHAFT in the CEILING -- as fast as if he were falling -- REPELLING down toward:

SAM, who throws Devlin up against the rail -- getting ready to clip him onto Hobbs's harness as soon as he arrives. But as Sam turns Devlin over, he sees:

DEVLIN'S FACE -- CLOSE UP. And as Sam looks at him, he notices something. One of the SCARS on his face is PEELING OFF -- literally falling off. Sam reaches up, touching all the scars. All FAKE -- all coming off.

It's not Devlin.

It's an imposter. Sam is stunned - unable to react from sheer shock for a moment. Then finally -- he YELLS:

SAM (cont'd)  
Abort! Abort NOW! It's not him!

EXT. CLUB

It's absolute chaos. A full-ass FIREFIGHT between Devlin's people and our TEAM. The CROWD that's still pouring out of the CLUB runs roughshod in every direction. As the two sides exchange GUNFIRE, we see:

THREE MEN emerging from the club, TWO heavily armed, the third -- the BLONDE MAN we saw in some of the SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS, walking along as if he is immune to the GUNFIRE, making his way toward the Transnational's middle Suburban.

SAM'S EYES eyes linger on the blonde man -- a curious look crossing Sam's face as he sees the way the men flank the Blonde Man -- how the TRANSNATIONALS cover him by firing more fiercely. Then, just as the BLONDE MAN gets in a Suburban:

THE TRANSNATIONALS start to withdraw in their 3 Suburbans, covering their retreat with heavy fire. It dwindles as TIRES SCREECH and they pull away -- breaking off from the pitched battle. It's all over as soon as it began.

Sam's eyes stay focused on that BLONDE MAN in the middle Suburban, never leaving. Just as the Suburban is about to turn the corner, the Blonde Man turns, locking eyes with Sam, and we now see why Sam has been looking at him:

**The Blonde Man is Devlin.**

Sam shakes his head, knowing how he was duped. The Suburbans disappear and the street settles, just the SCREAMS of fallen PEDESTRIANS and the sudden SOUNDS of SIRENS rises.

SAM

Let's move!

INT. LOWE'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

Sam drives, Lieber's in the passenger seat. Santos sits in the back with the wounded Lowe. Hobbs is in the truck bed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

MUSIC RISES, a HYPNOTIC, STACCATO, RHYTHMIC BEAT, blaring and bleeding, taking us all the way through our finale:

EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT

As Devlin's CARAVAN of SUBURBANS cruises along a wide avenue, getting out of town, minimal traffic around them. We see Devlin's silhouette -- the BLONDE MAN -- in the middle Suburban. We PULL AWAY from that caravan, still keeping them in view. We're about 200 yards away, moving toward a parallel side street, where we suddenly find:

Lowe's TRUCK on that street, 200 yards away and parallel to the avenue Devlin's on. Sam drives, looking toward the AVENUE, which we can only see as they hit each intersection -- through the clear view of the perpendicular streets. Every time they reach an intersection, Sam looks over, searching for and finding:

DEVLIN'S CARAVAN OF SUBURBANS

Sam hits the gas, keeping pace. The staccato images of the caravan get more regular as Lowe gets the exact speed down, pacing them, 200 yards away but in sync, as we see:

Hobbs places his eye to the high-powered SIGHT of his Heckler and Koch sniper rifle, and he focuses on the THIRD VAN in Devlin'S CARAVAN.

Hobbs tightens his finger on the trigger, ready. Waiting. Then - BAM! Hobbs SHOOTS! We hear the CRACK of the rifle, then see:

THE DRIVER

Of the third van in cross-hairs -- just for an instant. And then the target is gone from sight as Sam's van races, still speeding along the side street.

INT. DEVLIN'S SUBURBAN - SAME TIME

As Devlin sits quietly in the Suburban, following that lead SUBURBAN. Suddenly, a SCREECH of TIRES. Devlin looks in the REARVIEW MIRROR, he sees:

THE THIRD VAN in his CARAVAN, skidding out of CONTROL, driver slumped over the wheel. That Suburban slews madly off the highway, and crashes -- WHAM! -- into a dirt embankment.

INT. LOWE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Hobbs waits patiently for the next intersection - sees the opening - squeezes off another shot.

DEVLIN'S CARAVAN

The lead Suburban veers out of control, flipping over and over, bodies flying.

INT. DEVLIN'S SUBURBAN

BAM! ONE of the MEN sitting in the back takes a shot to the head. Then BAM! The other SOLDIER in the back takes a SHOT right through his cheek. Devlin turns to see:

LOWE'S TRUCK

Emerging out of the clouds of SMOKE and FIRE that engulf the street where that SUBURBAN has overturned.

Sam has his foot to the gas. Hobbs steadies his rifle, looking through the scope at Devlin's vehicle as they slowly close the distance on it.

INT. DEVLIN'S SUBURBAN

It's just Devlin and his driver now -- Malcom. Devlin finally spots his enemy -- 50 yards behind.



He reacts -- opening up with his SUBMACHINE GUN, firing blind. Most of the shots go wild but some still hit:

LOWE'S TRUCK

Peppering it. SHATTERING GLASS.

INT. DEVLIN'S SUBURBAN

Devlin stops firing long enough to see:

Hobbs, setting up his cross-hairs on the DRIVER of Devlin'S SUBURBAN, Malcom. BAM! He takes the shot! And suddenly:

Malcom falls over in the driver's seat -- dead.

SAM

Looks like I got my wish.

Devlin frantically dives for the wheel - dropping his gun as the Suburban starts to careen off the road.

Devlin's completely alone now, unprotected, with no guards. SAM hits the gas, closing the distance, five yards behind. Devlin tries to RAISE his WEAPON and steer at the same time. He has Sam in his sights. He FIRES blindly -- missing. Lieber returns fire - blowing off a chunk of Devlin's shoulder. Sam holds steady, almost parallel now.

They're on a straightaway now. No end in sight. Neither slowing down, both driving with reckless abandon. Sam speeds up, jerking the wheel and SMASHING into Devlin'S SUBURBAN.

Devlin, covered in blood, turns, locking eyes with Sam, taking his eyes off the road, and suddenly, he lets go of the wheel, turning completely in his seat. Both hands now steady his weapon on Sam.

He's not steering any longer.

VIC LIEBER

Watch out!

Lieber FIRES - shooting off Devlin's left ear. Sam does the only thing he can -- he RAMS Devlin'S VEHICLE one last time -- causing it to spin wildly out of CONTROL, doing a 360, careening wildly -- right back into SAM'S CAR. Sam tries to avoid it but can't --

SLAM! The force of impact throws Sam's vehicle into a spin. Both cars slew madly across the street, still churning high speed when --

CRACK! SAM'S CAR hits the curb and VICIOUSLY FLIPS as Devlin'S SUBURBAN SLAMS into a BUILDING with sickening impact. Hobbs is hurled out of the bed of the pick-up truck.

Both cars finally settle in their fallen, crumpled positions.

Silence. No movement until Devlin, bloodied but alive, crawls out of his vehicle.

SAM lies in the front seat of his van, upside down, pinned by the wreckage, unable to move. Sam tries to struggle out of the crushed heap, turning to see:

Devlin standing and walking -- barely. He FIRES in Sam's direction - blinded by all the blood in his eyes.

Sam looks for a weapon, seeing a pistol in the back -- out of his reach. Sam looks back: Devlin's right outside the van now, looking down at him. Sam stretches, trying to get free when:

BAM! Gunshots ring out!

Sam flinches as if he were shot, but instead -- Devlin FALLS, shot in the head and back

Sam, stunned, turns to see Lieber, twisted upside down in the crumpled truck, holding a smoking gun. And Hobbs halfway across the street, letting his sniper's rifle drop.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAVANA AIRPORT - DAY

We're at the "Air Canada" gate. Lowe is seeing off Sam, drawn and haggard, face a bloody mess of mangled flesh, barely covered with a makeshift bandage.

SAM

Thanks, Leonard.

Lowe lifts up his Hatuey beer.

LOWE

To Santos...

SAM

Mel, Jade...

HOBBS

And Dominic...

Hobbs pours some beer out on the ground for a lost brother. They all do the same.

SAM  
(to Hobbs)  
You sure you know what you're doing?

A stunning Cuban girl comes up, puts her arm around Hobbs.

STUNNING CUBAN GIRL  
Mas cervezas?

HOBBS  
Yeah, I'm feeling it here.

Leonard puts his arm around Hobbs.

LOWE  
This place is paradise. The women here...

He gestures to three stunning Cuban women, who smile back.

LOWE  
They even love me -- an ugly fucking pig like me.

HOBBS  
I'm bringing my number one woman down here next week.  
(off the Cuban's girl's look)  
No disrespect baby, but I'm getting my mom's a little house at Varadero beach. Five bedrooms. Right on the sand. 150 grand.

Hobbs holds out his hand. Sam takes it.

HOBBS  
Stay free, man.

Sam moves over to Lieber. She hands him an Air Canada ticket and a forged Canadian passport.

VIC LIEBER  
As far as I'm concerned, both you and Hobbs died in the gun battle.

They shake, their hands lingering for a beat too long.

VIC LIEBER  
Hope I never see you again, Sam.

SAM  
You won't.

A beat.

VIC LIEBER  
Just for the record - I did catch  
you.

SAM  
And I could've killed you.

They release hands.

VIC LIEBER  
Just remember, once you run, your  
old life is over.

SAM  
Looking forward to it.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. AIRPORT - TORONTO - DAY

An AIR CANADA PLANE touches down.

SAM stands at the window at PASSPORT CONTROL. The INSPECTOR  
stamps his passport and hands it back.

CANADIAN PASSPORT INSPECTOR  
Welcome home, Mr. Olson.

Sam slips it back in his pocket and heads out into the -

MAIN TERMINAL

SAM looks around the chaos of the terminal where loved-ones  
kiss and greet passengers. Alone and with no direction in  
particular, SAM starts off for his new life...

Through the mill of people, SAM spots KAREN.

FADE OUT.