

NON-PERMISSIVE

Written by

R. David Owens

Copyright (c) 2016 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced
without the express written permission of the author.

INT. AMERICAN BAR - AFTERNOON

The SCREEN IS BLACK. The sounds of an American BAR IN THE BACKGROUND.

WOMAN (V.O.)

If you don't want to talk about it,
I understand. I shouldn't have
asked.

MAN (V.O.)

(deep, scratchy voice)
No, it's okay. It's therapeutic, I
think.
(pause)
It gets easier every time I tell
it.

FADE IN:

INT. TARGET HOUSE - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

Push down the hallway, toward a large window. The decor of
the home is middle eastern. FOCUS ON THE WINDOW and the
townhouse across the street.

It's quiet. A trail of blood and spent shell casings decorate
the carpet.

MAN (V.O.)

We'd been surveilling this house
for a long time, but we couldn't
locate the target. We usually only
had two of us on the house. This
time, we took everybody. The intel
came in late, but it was solid.

Push past an open doorway to a stairwell on the right. The
stairs lead down.

A glimpse of a body - the feet, then legs. The figure is
still, lying headfirst down the stairs. Blood is on the wall
in there.

MAN (V.O.)

We knew how dangerous he was. We
knew him well. But, the world
didn't yet know his name.

Continue through the glass window.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Over the street, toward the other house. Close in on the steep roof.

MAN (V.O.)

A lot of the folks at headquarters weren't even aware of how dangerous he was. Much of his role in things was yet to be discovered. We were deep in a country where we had zero support. They thought it would look bad if we were discovered operating there. We couldn't get approval to go after him.

(pause)

We went anyway.

Shingles have been removed.

Push through the opening in the shingles and into the attic.

INT. SURVEILLANCE HOUSE/ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Push past a suppressor on the end of a rifle. The rifle is aimed out of the opening in the shingles.

The attic is triangular in shape due to the sharp slanting roof above. Numerous pieces of communications equipment, laptops, gear bags, and assault rifles are located throughout the room.

The suppressed sniper rifle sits on a table, resting on its bipod, and peering out the shingles. It is aimed toward the target house across the street.

PAV, an alpha male in his 30's, the team leader, sits on the floor, covered in sweat and blood. His clothes are designed to help him blend in, in this country, but his muscular physic betrays him.

The blood is both his and other people's. A tourniquet is fastened tightly around his leg. The pant leg below is torn and bloody.

Pav pulls himself across the floor to his bloody and unconscious teammate, ADONIS. Adonis is also in his 30's, and built even better than Pav.

Pav produces a pair of medical sheers and begins cutting his teammates clothes off. The clothes cut with ease, quickly exposing Adonis's torso. He's ripped, a perfect specimen of a man, covered in muscles and tatoos.

Pav suddenly stops and sits back.

PAV
What the...?

FOCUS IN ON: Adonis's chest. A nipple ring dangles from his left nipple.

PAV (CONT'D)
Oh, man! I hope you live through
this so I can give you shit.

A small amount of blood suddenly pumps from a hole in Adonis's chest.

PAV (CONT'D)
Whoa! Hang on buddy.

Pav pulls some gauze from a trauma kit and holds it over the wound, applying pressure. He reaches with his other hand and pulls some more items out of the kit.

He adjusts his position to better work on his teammate and bangs his own wounded leg on the floor.

PAV (CONT'D)
(in pain)
Ahh! Son of bitch.
(pause)
That hurt a little.

He cleans around Adonis's wound with some clothes and gauze, then tears open an alcohol swab with his hand and teeth. He cleans some more and applies a BOLLIN chest seal around the bullet hole.

He rolls his unconscious friend onto his side and checks his back for an exit wound. He finds none.

Pav lays Adonis back down and continues cutting the rest of his clothes off, with the exception of his boxer briefs. He searches the rest of his body for wounds. He finishes, finding none, and tries to make his friend comfortable.

Exhausted, Pav scoots across the room and props himself up against some duffle bags and backpacks near the sniper rifle.

Pav downs an entire bottle of water without pausing, then breathes heavily, trying to catch his breath. He looks around the room. He looks at the smeared blood trail he made when he dragged himself and Adonis back into the room.

The smeared trail comes from an open door, on the opposite side of the room from the sniper rifle. The open door leads to descending stairs.

Pav's eyes are heavy. His eyelids begin to shut. He fights it a couple of times.

Pav's body jumps as he almost loses his fight to stay awake. He slaps himself in the face. He looks around the room, then at his watch.

He looks at Adonis and stares intently.

From PAV'S POINT OF VIEW: Adonis's chest rises and falls with his breathing.

Pav looks down at himself. A small pool of blood has collected on the floor under his leg.

He quickly sits up, concerned. He reaches down and releases the bar on his tourniquet. He turns it tighter, GRUNTING in pain.

He can barely turn it enough to lock the bar in, but finally gets it. He grimaces and sits back. He takes a deep breath, then uses some nearby clothes to wipe up the blood on the floor.

Pav moves to the sniper rifle, pulls the weapon into his shoulder, and looks through the scope. He's searching.

He moves the weapon up, down, and to both sides. The movement is extreme and suggests that he has a wide range of visibility on the outside.

Pav sets the weapon back down and returns to his seated position against the bags.

He pulls a cell phone from his pocket and holds it up as he looks at the screen. He places a call. It BEEPS, rather than rings. No answer.

He ends the call and plugs the phone into a charger that is already extending from the wall.

He pulls a backpack to his side and unzips it. He pulls out a satellite phone. He plugs the phone into an antenna wire that runs across the room and places another call.

No answer. He sets the satellite phone down.

Pav picks the cell phone back up. He stares at it. He hesitates, then places a call and holds the phone to his ear.

Something on the floor catches his attention. He leans down, looking.

PAV (CONT'D)
Hey, little buddy.

The phone brings his attention back and he sits up.

PAV (CONT'D)
(into phone now)
No. Sorry, I was talking to a friend.

He places the phone on speaker and sets it down next to him. A WOMAN'S VOICE. This is SAMANTHA.

Samantha is 27, sexy (though she tries to hide it), in great shape, but she is the untrained administrative staff.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Is this Pav?

PAV
Yeah. Are you secure?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
All secure.

PAV
And the line?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Secure.

Pav pulls some trail mix from his pack, takes a small pinch and sets it on the ground. His friend emerges. It's a mouse. It sniffs the air, then the food, then grabs a piece and retreats just slightly to eat.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Pav?

PAV
Yeah?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
No one is here.

PAV
I know. Everyone is with me.

Pav is smiling slightly, entertained easily by this mouse.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I opened up. No one has been here at all.

(pause)

Is everything okay?

PAV

Uh, no. No it isn't. I'm gonna need your help. A lot of your help.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Okay. Whatever you need.

PAV

Did you get some good sleep last night?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Uh, yeah. Why?

PAV

You're gonna need it.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

What do want me to do?

PAV

Are you familiar with destruction procedures?

(no response)

Sam?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(concerned)

Are you serious?

PAV

Yes.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Uh, yes, yes, I know them.

He feeds the mouse some more.

PAV

I need you to execute those procedures now. Everything but the map in the team safe.

(silence)

How long do you think it will take you?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I, uh, thirty minutes, I think, by myself.

PAV

Okay, good. Try to get it done in twenty. Then, call me on my Samsung.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Pav.

PAV

Yeah.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Are you serious? I mean this is no joke to me. You're scaring me a little, but you don't sound... you sound normal, like nothing is wrong.

He leans up from the mouse, his brow furrowed in thought.

PAV

Well, I would say it in a panicked, high pitched voice. But, I don't think it would help.

(pause)

And, I'm really tired. So, that's probably what you hear. I'm tired of bleeding.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

You're bleeding?

PAV

Tired of being shot at, shot, sta...

(looking over his shoulder
at his own back)

Stabbed. I think some asshole even stabbed me when I was in there.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

In where?

PAV

I'll tell you all about it when I see you.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

See me? Are you coming here?

PAV

No. You're coming here. But first,
I need you to execute the
destruction procedures.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Okay.

PAV

Okay. Get on it. Call me back.

He disconnects the call. He watches the mouse. Then, he just breathes. His eyes look heavy, begin to close. He fights it. He loses. His eyes shut and his head slowly drops.

Pav's arms and hands begin to twitch from his dreams. His body slumps more.

IN CLOSE ON THE FLOOR: A slow drip of blood from Pav's leg.

SURVEILLANCE HOUSE/ATTIC - LATER

Pav's cell PHONE RINGS, jolting him awake. He looks around the room and lets the phone ring while he adjusts physically and mentally.

He looks down. The mouse is gone.

He answers on speaker.

PAV

Hello.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Hey. It's done. I can't believe I
did it, but I did it. It didn't
feel real.

Pav looks at his watch.

PAV

You were fast.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Now what?

PAV

Do you have the map?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Yes.

PAV

Good. I need you to grab a med kit, my blood, Adonis's blood, fluids, and some extra magazines for your pistol. Wait, did you destroy the blood?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

No, it wasn't on the list.

PAV

Okay, good. Just bring all the blood.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Med kit, blood, fluids, and extra mags for me.

PAV

Good copy. On the map, there is a building forty-seven in the orange zone. I need you to drive to any area two or more blocks from that building, then make your way to that building on foot. That's where we are.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Forty-seven, orange zone.

PAV

When you get near us on foot, call and I'll walk you in.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Pav.

PAV

Yeah?

SAMANTHA

I don't. I'm not supposed to leave the..., I want to help but I...

PAV

I wouldn't ask if there was any other option.

(silence)

Sam, you are my only hope right now.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Forty-seven, orange zone. I'll be there.

PAV
Thank you.

He ends the call.

Pav drags himself across the floor and checks on his teammate.

Adonis opens his eyes, gives Pav a weak smile.

ADONIS
(softly)
What's the plan?

PAV
Sam is coming to save us.

Both men laugh. It's painful for Adonis and his grunting cuts the laughter off.

Pav looks at his friend with concern.

PAV (CONT'D)
Your the medic. Tell me what you need.

ADONIS
Is she bringing some fluids?

PAV
Yeah.

ADONIS
Put some in me when she gets here.

Pav nods. He watches Adonis close his eyes, then scoots back to his spot across the room.

Pav picks up his cell phone and turns it off. He picks up the satellite phone and takes a deep breath before placing a call.

He waits for it to go through and pulls out a comms card.

A man's voice answers the call. There is plenty of background noise. It sounds like an office.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.)
How can I help you?

PAV
I received a call from this number about the interest rate on my mortgage.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.)
Let me put you on hold.

The line goes silent for a moment. When the voice returns, there is zero background noise.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You are calling about the interest rate on your loan. Is that correct?

PAV
Yes.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.)
And, whom am I speaking with?

Pav looks down at the card in his hand.

PAV
This is Bill Johnson.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.)
What's your current rate, Mr. Johnson?

Pav looks carefully at the card.

PAV
Eight percent.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.)
That's high.

PAV
Yes it is.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.)
I see you're not calling from your home phone.

PAV
No. It hasn't been working.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.)
I see.
(pause)
How many times did you call before you got ahold of me?

Pav looks from his self to Adonis. He holds his look on Adonis.

PAV
Just two.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.)
 (controlled surprise,
 concern)
 Only two?

PAV
 Yes. Just two.

Adonis sits up more and calls out lightly to Pav from across the room.

ADONIS
 Sam. Don't forget about Sam.

PAV
 (into phone)
 Oh, and a call to the help desk.
 Admin, ya know. So three, I guess.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.)
 I see.
 (pause)
 What kind of interest rate are you
 looking for?

Pav looks at his card.

PAV
 I need three point seven percent.

REACT ANALYST (O.S.)
 Three point seven. I'll check with
 my boss and call you back on this
 line.

PAV
 Thanks.

The call ends.

IN CLOSE ON: The chest seal on Adonis has moved. Sweat and blood trickle down his torso, racing each other across lines of muscle or compressed skin. The chest seal slowly slips.

Pav adjusts his work space. Just as he gets comfortable...

Adonis begins squirming, grasping his side and chest. His face is contorted.

PAV (CONT'D)
 Adonis.

Pav moves to him. It's obvious his pain has suddenly increased. He begins to MOAN.

ADONIS

I can't breath. Ahh..., it IS like drowning.

PAV

Tell me what to do.

Pav looks down to the floor. Several morphine packs are already empty and lying there.

PAV (CONT'D)

Shit.

ADONIS

Pneumothorax. I think it's a...
ugh..! Son of a...

Adonis points to the medical kit. Pav starts digging.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

Get the needle.

PAV

Oh, crap. You're gonna make me do
this aren't you.

Adonis grimaces and nods his head.

Pav pulls out a huge decompression needle and removes it from its packaging. He tries to hand it to Adonis.

ADONIS

Don't be an asshole. You gotta do
it.

PAV

What if I miss?

ADONIS

You're not gonna miss.

Adonis feels his own chest, counting the ribs high up on his chest and off to the side.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

Here. Right where my fingers are.

Pav bites down and concentrates, his jaw muscles flexing. He holds the needle against Adonis's chest. Adonis reels in pain.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

Com'on!

Pav shoves the needle into his chest. AIR ESCAPES through the needle.

Adonis immediately reacts with relief.

ADONIS (CONT'D)
Uhhh... That's it.

Pav sits back and stares at the needle sticking out of his friends chest.

PAV
Now what?

ADONIS
Nothing. You did good.

PAV
(eyes wide)
Awesome. That's so weird.
(pause)
Alright.

He sits back. Tired again. He grimaces as he moves his wounded leg, the dead weight that it is, into a more comfortable position.

PAV (CONT'D)
You feel better?

ADONIS
Yeah.

PAV
Good. Now, tell me what the hell this is.

He leans in and flicks the nipple ring hanging from Adonis's nipple. Adonis jumps a little and brings his hand up to cover it.

Both men burst out LAUGHING.

ADONIS
Stop!

PAV
What the hell is that?

Adonis contorts his face. The laughter hurts.

ADONIS
Stop, stop! Don't make me laugh.

PAV
Don't make me cry. That's an ugly
piece of jewelry.

ADONIS
She made me do it.

PAV
What?!

ADONIS
She made me.

PAV
I know you're in love, but just
because she punches holes in
herself in strange places, doesn't
mean you have to.

Adonis closes his eyes, leans his head back, and chuckles as
he continues to protect his exposed nipple and tries not to
laugh.

ADONIS
Nah, man. I didn't want to.

PAV
I've known you a long time, and you
don't do anything you don't want
to.

ADONIS
Brother, she literally withheld sex
from me.

PAV
No way.

ADONIS
I swear. I'm tell'n you. She ain't
right, but I love her.

PAV
She withheld sex until you pierced
your nipple?

ADONIS
Yep.

PAV
That's messed up.

ADONIS
I agree.

PAV
How long did you last before you..?

He's interrupted by a sound, a THUD, coming from the stairwell.

Pav wheels around, looks at the door, then pushes himself back to his bags. As he moves, he keeps his eyes trained on the doorway.

Pav pulls a suppressed pistol from his kit and aims at the doorway.

More noise - slow FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

From PAV'S POINT OF VIEW: A Glock starts to break the corner of the door frame, followed by a woman's arms.

Pav aims in, then raises his head.

PAV (CONT'D)
Sam?

The Glock lowers.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Yeah. Pav?

He keeps his weapon up.

PAV
Com'on in.

Samantha peaks around the corner and makes eye contact with Pav.

PAV (CONT'D)
Are you alone?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Yes.

PAV
Come in.

She steps in. She's watching him, her head cocked slightly.

SAMANTHA
Why are you aiming at me?

He keeps the weapon up with one hand and waves her in with the other.

She keeps walking in. He stays trained on the door.

PAV
You good?

SAMANTHA
Yeah. It's just me.

He relaxes slightly and lowers the weapon. She looks down at his leg.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
You're hurt.

PAV
What? You thought I was bringing
you out here for fun?

SAMANTHA
No, I...

She looks over, freezing - sees Adonis.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Oh, my!

Adonis smiles with his eyes closed and raises a hand a little to say hi.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
What's that sticking out of his
chest?

ADONIS
(eyes still closed)
Pav did that to me.

Samantha looks over at Pav, wide eyed.

PAV
I did. But he made me.

She looks back and forth between the two men.

PAV (CONT'D)
Did you bring the fluids?

SAMANTHA
Yes. They're at the base of the
stairs.

PAV
Good. Bring them up and do whatever
Adonis tells you.

SURVEILLANCE HOUSE/ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Pav sits amongst his gear, searching the contacts in his cell phone.

Samantha is across the room tending to Adonis. She is holding a blood bag while he inserts a line into his arm.

FOCUS ON PAV.

Pav places a call and holds the phone to his ear.

A woman's voice comes on the line. She has a southern accent.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)

Hello.

PAV

Hey there.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)

(excited)

Hey. Where are you? You're not back yet, are you?

PAV

No names. Okay?

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)

Okay.

PAV

No. I'm still working.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)

I miss you.

PAV

I miss you too.

That phrase catches both Adonis and Samantha's attention - they both look over.

ADONIS

(calling across room)

Hey, if that's headquarters, tell them I miss them too.

Adonis CHOKES on his last words and spits up blood.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

(to self)

That's not good.

Samantha jumps back slightly, then hands him a towel.

Pav pays little attention.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
Only a week, right?

PAV
(hesitation)
Yeah, one week.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
What's wrong?

PAV
Nothing. I...

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
You haven't told her.

PAV
No. But I'm going to.
(silence)
Hey.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
(disappointed)
What?

PAV
You know I love you.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
(irritated)
Yes. And, I love you too. Too much,
I think. But, I really don't think
I can do this anymore. I can't go
on like this. I can't stand sharing
you. You're out of the country half
the time. Then, when you're back, I
have to share you. Not to mention,
do you know how bad it hurts to
know that when you're not with me,
you're with her?

It sounds as if she is starting to cry. Pav looks at the other two in the room. He takes a DEEP BREATH, but says nothing for a moment. He just listens. Then...

PAV
You don't need to do that. I'm
going to talk to..., do what we
discussed.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
 Why are you talking to me like...
 (pause)
 Is someone else in the room.

PAV
 Yes.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
 Well go somewhere else so we can
 talk.

He looks down at his wounded leg.

PAV
 It's not that easy right now.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
 Is everything okay?

PAV
 Yes. Everything's fine.

That phrase also earns him a couple looks from Adonis and
 Samantha.

FOCUS ON Adonis and Samantha.

ADONIS
 (to Samantha with sarcasm)
 Yeah, I'm good too. You good?

She smiles and keeps working to make him comfortable.

SAMANTHA
 Why am I not taking you to a
 hospital right now?

ADONIS
 Are you kidding? They'll fix me up
 just to torture me.

SAMANTHA
 Yeah, but you're...

She stops herself.

ADONIS
 Gonna die?

SAMANTHA
 I didn't say that.

ADONIS
Probably so.

SAMANTHA
So, why aren't we going?

ADONIS
The hospital is hours away. And, I think he has other plans for you.

SAMANTHA
Well, I hate to break it to you, but you two are out of the fight.

Adonis laughs.

ADONIS
You don't know Pav very well do you?

FOCUS ON Pav.

Pav ends his call, sets the phone down, and takes a position behind the sniper rifle. He moves the rifle around, scanning, inspecting something in the direction of the target house as he peers through the scope.

Samantha walks over to Pav.

SAMANTHA
(whispering)
He doesn't look good.

PAV
(serious, concerned)
I know.

SAMANTHA
Pav.

PAV
Yeah.

SAMANTHA
Is.., Where's Paul?

Pav studies her for a moment.

She covers her mouth, trying not to cry.

PAV
He didn't make it.

Her eyes tear up. She's struggling to hold it together.

PAV (CONT'D)
It's true? You two were...
together?

His cell PHONE LIGHTS UP, interrupting them. He answers it.

She takes a seat to wait. She covers her face and fights back the emotions.

PAV (CONT'D)
Hello.

BOSS (O.S.)
(angry)
What the hell are you trying to
pull?

Though she can't understand the conversation, Samantha looks up, able to tell that someone is yelling on the other end.

PAV
Hey boss.

BOSS (O.S.)
You're calling in using code,
telling the desk that your phone
won't go secure.

PAV
Well, I hope it's secure now.

BOSS (O.S.)
You listen to me. I know you better
than you think. We checked, your
phone is secure.

PAV
That's good news. Now we can talk
like civilized people.

BOSS (O.S.)
Fuck you Pav. I'm not falling for
your shit. I know exactly what your
doing. You're using code so you
don't have to answer too many
questions and you can just request
your evac and get out of there.

PAV
I do need...

BOSS (O.S.)
Well, you're not getting shit. No
one's coming for you.

(MORE)

BOSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I couldn't authorize it if I wanted to. We're not even supposed to be there.

PAV
I know that.

BOSS (O.S.)
Yeah, you knew that. You also knew you weren't cleared to make contact.
(pause)
What did you do?

PAV
We had no choice.

BOSS (O.S.)
(getting even more irate)
We? We?!! I know this was your decision. Don't you dare blame this on your team.

PAV
I'm not doing that.

BOSS (O.S.)
(loosing his mind)
What did you do?!! What did you do?!!

PHONE BEING SLAMMED against something on the other end. It's so bad, Pav has to hold the phone away from his ear.

The exchange causes Samantha to widen her eyes.

The slamming is followed by brief silence, then another voice comes on the line.

MICK (O.S.)
(calm)
Pav

PAV
Yeah.

MICK (O.S.)
It's Mick.

PAV
Hello, sir.

MICK (O.S.)

Our initial report is that you lost some men?

PAV

Yes, sir. Adonis and I are all that remain. Adonis is critical. I'm non-ambulatory. Our Admin is up.

MICK (O.S.)

Where is she?

PAV

She's with me.

MICK (O.S.)

Are you in the field?

PAV

Yes.

MICK (O.S.)

That's not good.

PAV

She's all I have.

MICK (O.S.)

Why did you make contact?

PAV

There was an imminent departure. He was moving, everything suggested he wasn't coming back. We would have lost him for a very long time.

MICK (O.S.)

Most of the folks here think you made a mistake.

PAV

It was a good call, it just didn't go well. I can't take that back.

(pause)

How is my request looking?

MICK (O.S.)

Not good.

SURVEILLANCE HOUSE/ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Pav is tightening some soft body armor on Samantha. Only a small T-shirt is under the armor. Reveals what good shape she is in - she's ripped.

Glock on her side. Radio on the other hip. Surveillance wires run from radio to ear.

Pav finishes and then looks her up and down.

She looks back at him with raised eyebrows.

PAV

Didn't you use to be.., weren't you a little...?

SAMANTHA

Fat?

PAV

No. Well, yeah. You were little fat when you got here.

SAMANTHA

It's okay, I was. Your guys finally let me workout with them. Or, at least at the same time.

He smiles, knowing what she means.

He pulls a fixed blade in a sheath from his pack and secures it in her waistband.

PAV

Don't use the gun if you don't have to. Use the blade if possible.

Her brow furrows as she stares at him and digests what he just said.

She puts on a shirt, concealing the armor and weapons. She covers her earpiece with her hair.

Pav hands her some plastic gloves.

SAMANTHA

What are these for? So I don't leave fingerprints?

PAV

You need to put them on right before you go inside.

(MORE)

PAV (CONT'D)

There is a lot of blood..., and other bodily fluid.

SAMANTHA

I don't know if I can do this.

PAV

You can do it. Just prepare yourself. It's not going to look good. It's not going to smell good. There's a lot of blood and a lot of people defecate when they die. I need you to expect it to be unpleasant. Okay?

SAMANTHA

Pav, I'm not trained for...

PAV

Sam. First of all, you're tough. You can do this. Second of all, you are our only hope. You are the only one who can fix this right now.

SAMANTHA

I'm shaking.

She holds out her shaking hands.

PAV

Here. I'm gonna give you a FP.

He digs in his sack and pulls out a small plastic tray. He pulls a pill from the tray.

SAMANTHA

What's a FP?

PAV

I don't know the medical name. We call them Fight'n Pills.

He hands it to her. Then hands her a bottle of water.

PAV (CONT'D)

They calm your nerves. But, unlike Valium, they don't inhibit your mental function. They actually help you think more clearly.

She throws the pill back without hesitation and chases it with water.

He gives her a second one.

She's about to take the second one when he stops her.

PAV (CONT'D)

Ah, ah, wait. Don't take that one unless you need it. That one's for later.

She places it in her pocket.

SAMANTHA

(trying to control her fear)

How many bodies are over there?

Pav thinks for a moment.

PAV

Three of our guys. Five of theirs.

SAMANTHA

Oh, ... Pav...

PAV

You got this.

He hands her a diagram of the home.

PAV (CONT'D)

Keep this on you. Go out the back of this house, cross the street and go down the hedge rows on the right side of the target house. Use the side door there to gain entry.

Motioning with his hands and on the diagram, he continues.

PAV (CONT'D)

Our twelve is this way, out our window here, and toward the target house. You'll be entering on the 3 O'clock side of the house. The street runs North and South. North is 3 O'clock. Got it?

SAMANTHA

Got it. What is it I'm trying to accomplish?

PAV

Not what you're gonna try to do, what you're gonna do.

He looks her hard in the eyes. She nods.

PAV (CONT'D)

You're gonna check to see if any documents are lying around that might be of value.

SAMANTHA

(calming down)

Okay.

PAV

No names on the radio.

SAMANTHA

Okay.

Carrying the bottle of water and a leather satchel, she heads for the door.

Pav and Adonis look at her ass.

She stops in the doorway and looks back, unconfident.

Both men jerk their heads up to her eyes.

PAV

You got this.

She nods and heads out.

Both men start to laugh a little.

ADONIS

What's wrong with us.

PAV

I don't know. It's probably the last thing women would be thinking about right now. But we can't help it.

Pav turns and gets in position behind the sniper rifle to watch her move across the street.

ADONIS

(gurgling on his own blood)

I remember one time, my old team, we hit this house. I couldn't even remember how we got to the back room because my adrenaline was pumping so bad.

(MORE)

ADONIS (CONT'D)

But, I wanted to get back to the living room because I wanted to see the rest of a girl I had passed on entry. All I saw in my mind was a flash of her jeans. They fit just perfect. I wanted to know if the rest was as good.

(pause)

We are kinda messed up.

PAV

You sound horrible. Maybe you shouldn't talk.

ADONIS

Sorry, didn't mean to offend.

PAV

(laughing)

No, you idiot. I mean it's probably not good for you.

ADONIS

I don't think talking is going to kill me. I'm pretty sure it's this bullet inside me.

Pav looks over at his friend with sincere concern. His appearance has worsened.

Pav puts on a radio headset, then get's into position behind his rifle. He winces in pain, slides his leg over a little, then settles in, looking through the scope.

ADONIS (CONT'D)

Fighting pill? What did you give her?

PAV

Just a vitamin.

ADONIS

You think that's gonna work?

PAV

Placebo effect. It works.

ADONIS

There's no documents in there. Why did you send her over?

Pav looks over at his teammate for a second, then back in the scope.

PAV
I'm gonna have her put bodies in
the tubs.

ADONIS
She's never gonna do that.

PAV
I have to try.

There's silence for a moment while Adonis stares at Pav.

ADONIS
Watching you makes me wonder.

PAV
Yeah, bout what?

ADONIS
How many times you manipulated me.

PAV
Never had to, Adonis. Never had to.

ADONIS
Your call sign should be Jedi, not
Pav.

That gets a smile out of Pav.

ADONIS (CONT'D)
For all the Jedi mind tricks you
pull on...

PAV
Yeah, yeah. I get it.

ADONIS
Well, you are good at it.

PAV
I don't take any pride in it.

ADONIS
Sure you do.

PAV
Some people are just weak, need
help.

ADONIS
That time you let me win...?

PAV
 (cutting him off)
 Nope. That was all you.
 (pause)
 Look at you, Adonis. You're a
 perfect specimen of a human being.
 Well, except for that left nipple.
 That's all fucked up now.

Both men laugh. Causing Adonis more pain.

PAV (CONT'D)
 But everything else, perfect.

Radio traffic.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 (on radio)
 Radio check.

Pav presses the transmit button on the radio.

PAV
 Lima Charlie. How me?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 Same.

PAV
 Good. I just lost sight of you when
 you traveled into the hedge row. Go
 ahead and make entry. I'll have
 sight of you periodically through
 the windows.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 Okay. Going in.

Pav watches for a period of silence. Then...

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'm in.

PAV
 Copy. Okay, I need you to move to
 the second floor.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 There's a lot of blood.

PAV
 That's just ours. We left a little
 behind when we were leaving.

(MORE)

PAV (CONT'D)
 You won't encounter any bodies
 until you get on two.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 (breathing heavier)
 Okay, going up.

PAV
 Slow down, take a deep breath,
 control your breathing, stay calm.

Silence for a moment. No radio squelch, nothing.

Then...

SAMANTHA
 (panicking)
 Pa...

She almost says his name.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 (panicking)
 There's bodies everywhere. I can't
 do this.

PAV
 (calm and slow)
 Control yourself. Control your
 breathing. You can do this.

Her radio keys back up, nothing but HEAVY BREATHING. Then, it
 cuts back off.

PAV (CONT'D)
 Speak slowly, tell me what you see.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 (not slowly)
 I see, I see two men, uh, on the
 floor. Uh, one's in the kitchen and
 one's in the hall by the kitchen.
 They are definitely, definitely
 dead. One doesn't have a ...

The radio transmission stops, then starts again.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (slowing)
 That's disgusting. I've never seen
 anything like, like this.

Pav backs off from the scope and props himself up. He grimaces from the pain, then shakes his head and smiles at Adonis.

PAV
(to Adonis)
She...

Pav freezes. His smile immediately gone.

ON ADONIS: Still. No life in his body.

ON PAV: He lets out a sigh as his posture fades and he looks to the floor.

He just stares at the floor.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Where do I go?

Pav doesn't respond between transmissions.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I gotta do something. I can't just stare at this. Give me something to do.
(pause)
Are you there?
(frustrated, voice louder)
Hey.
(pause)
Pav. Dammit!
(pause)
I don't know what to do. Tell me what to do, or I'm leaving.
(pause)
I'm going down stairs, headed back to you.

MOVING, SHUFFLING SOUNDS in the transmission before she cuts out.

Time passes. Pav finally looks up. He looks at his teammate.

PAV
(to Adonis)
I'm sorry, brother.

He moves back into position.

PAV (CONT'D)
(on radio, to Samantha)
Stop.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 (out of breath)
 What happened? I lost you.

PAV
 I'm here. Go back.
 (silence)
 Are you going back?
 (pause, stern)
 Report what you're doing now.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 I'm going back up.

He clinches his jaw.

A moment passes.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Okay, I'm back.

PAV
 Those are Tangos your looking at.
 Okay?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 Okay.

PAV
 Travel east down the hall, toward
 the window. There will be a small
 study on the right. I need you to
 go in there.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 Copy.
 (long pause)
 I'm in the study.

Pav turns his head to the side, away from the scope to think.

PAV
 Search the entire dresser for a
 manila envelope.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 Searching.

Pav sits up and grimaces in pain as he checks on his leg. He pops some more pain relievers and stabs himself with the syringe in several places, injecting a local anesthetic.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I searched the entire thing. No
envelopes of any kind.

Pav tries to finish up with his leg.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you there?
(pause)
Radio check.

PAV
Standby one.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Are you serious?
(pause)
Hey, what if somebody comes in
while I'm here?

PAV
(to himself)
That's what the knife and gun are
for.
(to Samantha)
I'm here. No ones coming in. And,
I'm watching your entry points.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Where'd you go?

PAV
I'm here. Now, I need you to stay
calm and listen carefully. Copy?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
I copy.

PAV
I just got off the phone with HQ.
No one is coming. We have to
protect some things. You are the
only one who can do it.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Okay, copy.

PAV
Move to the second stairwell and
make your way to the third floor.
You will pass another Tango in the
stairwell.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Copy, moving.
(silence)
I'm in the st...

The radio transmission is bad, cutting out.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Passing the...
(pause)
One dead...

PAV
Your cutting out. Are you on the
third floor?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Affirmative. Pav, there's a lot
more blood up here.

Pav's phone lights up with an incoming call. He looks at the
screen, but doesn't answer.

PAV
It's okay, stay calm. Most of the
fighting took place on this floor.
Prepare yourself. Watch your radio
traffic. Think before you transmit.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Where am I going?

PAV
On the right, from the stairwell,
twelve O'clock, there will be three
bodies in that sitting room.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(heavier breathing)
Okay, I see them.

PAV
The two in suits are tangos. The
one in the casual clothes, he's one
of ours.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
I see... I know.

PAV
This is going to be tough, but I
need you to do it.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Go ahead.

PAV

I need you to take our teammate
down the hall to the first bathroom
on the right and place him in the
tub.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Why am I doing this?

PAV

I'll explain as we go. Get moving.

(silence)

You can do this.

(silence)

Are you there?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(angry, snapping back)

I'm doing it!

Pav picks up his phone and places a call. Mick answers.

MICK (O.S.)

(on phone)

Are we secure?

PAV

We're secure.

MICK (O.S.)

Give me a sit-rep.

PAV

It's just me and the girl now.

MICK (O.S.)

I'm sorry.

Silence.

PAV

What do you have for me?

MICK (O.S.)

Pav, I got nothing. They won't
approve anything. But, at the same
time they are concerned about
discovery.

PAV

So am I.

MICK (O.S.)

Good.

PAV

She's at the target house now,
cleaning up.

MICK (O.S.)

How?

PAV

I'm gonna use acid. No other
choice.

MICK (O.S.)

You are, or she is?

PAV

She is.

MICK (O.S.)

(surprised)

She's doing that now?

PAV

Well, we haven't gotten to that
part yet but that's the plan.

MICK (O.S.)

You think she'll do it? Hell, I
don't think I could I do it.

PAV

It's my only choice right now. I
only have one burn box - saving
that for this building. It makes
sense. We have equipment here. Only
men there. I don't think she can
get the bodies over here without
being discovered.

MICK (O.S.)

It's not a bad plan, if you can
pull it off.

PAV

Can you get me something from the
embassy as a back-up.

MICK (O.S.)

No. The embassy won't give us
anything. The only person there
that knew you were in country is
out of pocket right now.

PAV

I knew we were on our own, but you guys could at least pretend like your trying to help.

MICK (O.S.)

Pav, just about everybody here hates you. But, I'll give it to you, you have their respect. They all know if anyone can get us out of this, it's you.

Irritated, Pav disconnects the call and sets the phone to the side.

PAV

(into radio)

What's your status?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(out of breath)

He's in the tub. I only had to stop and cry three times.

Pav allows himself a LAUGH.

PAV

Good job. Now, our other two men are down the hall on the left, from your current position.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I can't do it.

PAV

Yes you can. This will be even easier.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

No, you don't understand.

PAV

The tub is in the same room that they are.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(angry, yelling)

I'm not doing it.

Pav jerks his head back in surprise.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (now crying)
 I can't see Paul..., I can't see
 him this way.

PAV
 (to himself)
 Shit.

Pav rubs his head while he thinks.

He shakes his head, then keys the mic.

PAV (CONT'D)
 (somber)
 We don't have a choice. He would do
 the same for us.

SAMANTHA
 I was in love with him. Please
 don't make me do this. All these
 men in here, all these bodies.
 Their faces. It's so.
 (pause)
 Their faces are all contorted or
 dis...
 (pause)
 I can't.

Pav leans to his side and rests. He exhales out of
 exasperation.

He picks up the phone and places a call.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
 Hello.

PAV
 Hey. It's me. I may have lied a
 little when I said everything was
 okay. And, well, I needed to hear
 your voice for a second.
 (silence)
 Can you hear me?

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
 I talked to Susannah.

Pav furrows his brow, recognizing the name but, confused,
 unsure. Is she talking about..?

PAV
 What are you..? Susannah who?

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
Your wife. I talked to your wife.

PAV
Are you serious?

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
Yes, I'm serious.

PAV
Why would you talk to my wife?

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
She called me.

The radio keys up.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Are you there? Can I come back.

PAV
(into radio)
No. Take a break.
(into phone)
Tell me what happened.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Take a break? Here? Are you kidding
me?

PAV
(into radio, angry)
Take a fucking break! Stay off the
radio.
(into phone)
Are you there?

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
Yes, I'm here. Where are you?

PAV
(into phone)
How did you talk to my wife? Why
did you talk to my wife?

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
She called me.

PAV
How..?

He looks around, thinking, trying to figure it out.

PAV (CONT'D)
How does she know how to contact
you?

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
I don't know, but she did.

PAV
I haven't told her yet.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
Well, she knows.

PAV
And you, you're angry. Why are you
angry?

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
Oh, you can tell?

PAV
(stern)
Yeah, I can tell. Quit screwing
around and tell me what's going on.
If ever, I am now, not in a
position to play games.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
That's funny.

PAV
Why is that funny?

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
Well, according to her, that's all
you do.

(pause)
Is it true she caught you in an
affair six months ago?

He says nothing.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And, that she caught you with a
girlfriend before that one? Huh?!
Is it?!

Still nothing.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I actually thought I was special. I
believed you when you said you were
going to tell her.

PAV
You are special. I am going to tell
her.

The radio crackles to life.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(panicked)
Pav!

Pav drops the phone and gets behind the gun.

PAV
(into radio)
Go.
(pause)
What do ya got?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(whispering now)
I think I heard something.

PAV
Are you in the same room?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(whispering)
Yes.

PAV
Okay. I have the hallway from here.
If anyone comes down that hall
toward you, I got'em.
(pause)
Copy?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(whispering)
Copy.

He stays aimed in.

From the dropped cell phone, FAINT MURMURS OF AN ANGRY WOMAN.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
(faint, distant)
Hello. Hello.
(pause)
Pav. Pav!

He pays it no attention. His eye never leaves the scope.

SURVEILLANCE HOUSE/ATTIC - LATER

Pav looks tired. He takes his eye out of the scope, he rubs his eyes, and looks at his leg. He shakes his head. He keys the radio.

PAV

You're gonna have to move. Search the house if you want to see if anyone is in there.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I don't want to search the house.

PAV

Okay then, let's get back to work.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Okay.

Pav sits back and uses both hands to move his wounded leg out in front of him. He inspects the tourniquet.

He takes his finger and presses on his leg in different places below the tourniquet, looking for feeling. He squeezes his leg, then flicks it. He frowns.

Pav opens his bag and searches.

FROM PAV'S POINT OF VIEW: Only one packet of pain pills remains.

He tears open his last packet and dumps it into his hand.

He reaches for his bottle of water. It's empty. He searches amongst a pile of empty water bottles and finds only one, it's three quarters empty.

He holds the bottle of water up to inspect the amount left, then looks around the room. Searching. Nothing. Then, he sees it.

IN CLOSE on a gallon of water against the wall.

FROM THE DOORWAY: Pav tosses the pain pills in his mouth and chases them with the water.

Suddenly, the HOUSE CREEKS. Pav quickly pulls his suppressed pistol and whips around, aiming at the door.

FROM PAV'S POINT OF VIEW: The empty doorway.

Time passes. He holds on it, his pistol starting to waiver as he tires.

The WIND BLOWS OUTSIDE AND THE HOUSE CREEKS AGAIN.

Pav lowers his gun, looks at the window, at the ceiling.
Takes a DEEP BREATH, EXHALES, and relaxes.

The RADIO TRANSMITS STATIC AND THE SOUND OF THE MICROPHONE
RUBBING AGAINST CLOTHES.

Pav keys his radio.

PAV

SitRep.

SAMANTHA

(slightly out of breath)
Still working. I'm fine. Just
taking a little longer than I
thought it would.

PAV

Copy.

Pav leans into his weapon, looks through the scope, then sits
back again.

He looks over at Adonis. He frowns.

He pulls himself across the room and props himself up next to
his teammate.

Pav reaches into one of Adonis's bags and pulls out a poncho
and a rolled blanket. He takes Adonis's arms and neatly sets
them across his body. He drapes the poncho over his friend's
head and torso. He drapes the small blanket over his legs.

Pav picks up the clothes, caked in dried blood, which he cut
from Adonis. He searches the pockets.

Pav withdraws a large bundle of foreign currency and a
handwritten note in Urdu, held together by a rubber band. The
note is mostly blood stained.

He separates the note from the money. He separates the blood
stained bills from the cleaner ones. Pav wraps the clean
bills back in the rubber band and shoves them into his
pocket.

Pav continues to search Adonis's clothes pockets.

He finds a photo. He stares hard and manipulates the film.

IN CLOSE ON the photo. The outline of some family is there,
but the blood has made them impossible to see.

He sets the photo to the side with the note.

Pav pulls a sheathed blade from the belt on Adonis's pants. He draws the knife from its sheath and inspects the weapon. He puts it back in the sheath and sets it with the photo and note.

Lastly, he pulls an ancient Roman coin from the pocket of the pants and inspects it. It joins the note and photo.

Pav gently sets his hand on his friend's body and just looks at him in a moment of silence.

Pav collects those things he took from the clothes and drags himself back across the room to his spot near the rifle.

Once settled, he looks over his shoulder at the door, then to his rifle.

The RADIO CRACKLES.

Pav moves back into position behind the rifle.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(on the radio)
They're both in the tub.

PAV
You're doing good. Now, I need you to go back down to the exterior door you came in. Let me know when you're there.

Pav looks at the ground, looks for the mouse. He reaches for the trail mix and sprinkles some on the floor.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
I'm downstairs.

PAV
Standby one.

Pav moves in behind the rifle, looks through the scope, and scans.

PAV (CONT'D)
Okay, it's clear. No one's around. Go outside. You'll see two cans. They look like the large gas cans you would find in the back of a Jeep. They should be against the house, behind the bush right next to the door.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I see them.

PAV

Okay. Pick them up and take them inside.

Pause.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I'm in. These are heavy. What's in them?

PAV

Carry them upstairs.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(more firm)

What is in them?

PAV

Take them upstairs and I'll explain.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Tell me now.

PAV

It's acid. I need you to..., we need to pour it in the tubs.

(silence)

If you follow my instruction, we can get through this.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(angry)

You should have told me this all along. I'm not gonna do it. I can't do it.

PAV

Yes, you can.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I'm not pouring acid on the man I was in love with. What kind of sick...

(pause)

I'm coming back.

PAV

No.

He swivels the weapon around, scanning the street.

PAV (CONT'D)
 No. There's some people out.

He stops moving. He's watching something.

PAV (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Shit.
 (to Samantha)
 Go back inside. Sam! There are
 people coming. Go back inside.

He's swinging the weapon back and forth, apparently watching
 her and something else.

PAV (CONT'D)
 Just keep moving. Ignore him and
 keep walking.
 (pause)
 Alright, stay calm. I'll talk you
 through this. He can't hear me.
 (pause)
 Tell him you have to use the
 restroom.
 (pause)
 If he doesn't speak English, point
 to your crotch or cross your legs
 or something.
 (pause)
 Com'on, talk your way out of this.

Pav swivels his weapon wide, probably up and down the street,
 looking for additional people.

PAV (CONT'D)
 It's just the two of you. If he
 tries to put those cuffs on you,
 you're gonna have to use the knife.
 (pause)
 Don't let him turn you around.
 (pause)
 Sam! Sam! Son of a...

Pav works the action on his rifle, chambering a round. He
 pulls the weapon in tight.

FUMP!! The suppressed weapon spits and a spent shell casing
 ejects from the gun and flies through the air. The MECHANICAL
 SOUND OF THE BOLT moving in the chamber is louder than the
 round leaving the barrel.

SHELL CASING BOUNCES ACROSS THE FLOOR in the attic.

PAV (CONT'D)

Sam. You gotta calm down. Control your breathing. Stand up straight, control your breathing.

He scans left and right again with the weapon.

PAV (CONT'D)

No one else is around I need you to pull his body into that hedgerow, okay?

(pause)

Just grab him by the ankles.

He scans again.

PAV (CONT'D)

Sam, you gotta move fast. There's a car coming. That's it. Com'on.

(pause)

No, no, don't stop. Why are you stopping?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(breathing heavy,
panicking)

It's too late.

PAV

No, it isn't. Don't assume they see everything. Just keep working.

(pause)

Sam, if you don't get him out of the road, I'm gonna have to shoot these people too.

(to himself)

Oh, no. You gotta be kidding me.

He drops his head.

He takes a deep breath and looks back through the scope.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Just let me go. You can't shoot this couple. I'll take the fall. You keep working.

PAV

Sorry, I need you.

Samantha keys up her mic, but she's not talking to Pav

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(to the couple)
Hi. It's not what it looks like.
Hi. Do you speak english.

FUMP!! FUMP!! Pav fires twice, only moving the rifle ever so slightly between rounds.

SHELL CASINGS BOUNCING AROUND THE ATTIC.

He stays aimed in.

PAV
Step back, Sam. Step back.

He adjusts his aim.

FUMP!! Another round. Another shell casing BOUNCING ON THE FLOOR.

PAV (CONT'D)
Okay, quick, pull the bodies to the hedgerow.
(pause)
Sam, you have to. Sam! Where are you going.
(pause)
Sam. You've got to get back out there.

A DOOR IN THIS BUILDING SLAMS, followed by FOOTSTEPS up the stairs.

Pav turns and looks at the stairwell door.

More FOOTSTEPS.

Samantha comes through the door crying, with blood on her face, and some brain matter and skull fragments in her hair.

A pair of handcuffs dangles from her left wrist. She tears the radio off and collapses to the floor.

Pav grabs a towel and pulls himself over to her.

PAV (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, hey, calm down. It's gonna be okay. Breath, breath.

She tries to control her breathing. She looks up at him, shaking her head.

SAMANTHA

How can you do that? You shot them all. You can't just... When is it..? It isn't going to stop, is it?

PAV

(soothing)

Sam. Look at me. Look at me.

She does, and he wipes her face clean and picks at her hair as he talks.

PAV (CONT'D)

It is going to stop. Very soon.

(pause)

They're coming for us.

She looks encouraged as she stops moving so much and now looks at his face.

SAMANTHA

When?

PAV

Soon.

(pause)

But, that won't matter if we get discovered before then.

(pause)

Are you listening to me? I know you were in love with Paul, but don't you have some family you want to return to or something?

She stares at him for a moment as she contemplates his question.

SAMANTHA

I have a daughter.

PAV

(surprised)

You do?

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

PAV

Well, she's gonna need you. And you won't be there if we don't get those bodies out of the street.

SAMANTHA

How far out are they? When did they say?

PAV

I don't know, but we gotta move fast.

She looks around the room. She looks at herself.

PAV (CONT'D)

Sam.

She looks at Pav.

PAV (CONT'D)

We gotta move.

She gets to her feet and studies him some more.

He waits.

She turns and heads for the door.

PAV (CONT'D)

Hey.

She stops.

PAV (CONT'D)

Take that.

He points to the gallon of water against the wall.

PAV (CONT'D)

For the blood in the street. Do the best you can.

She grabs the water and heads out the door.

Pav moves back into position behind his rifle. He scans left and right, aiming down toward the street.

His phone lights up, ringing three times before he notices it. He finally turns and grabs it.

He talks into it as he looks through the scope.

PAV (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Standby one.

(into radio, to Samantha)

(MORE)

PAV (CONT'D)

Once you get them into the
hedgerow, then one by one, pull
them inside the house.

(into phone)

Go ahead.

MICK (O.S.)

Who are you talking to?

PAV

There's only two of us.

MICK (O.S.)

What are you having her do now?

PAV

You really want to know?

MICK (O.S.)

Yeah, I really want to know.

PAV

I had to shoot three folks. She's
dragging the bodies out of the
middle the street.

MICK (O.S.)

What in the world are ya'll doing?

PAV

We're covering your ass is what
were doing. We're not to be
discovered at any cost, am I right?

MICK (O.S.)

Shit, shit, shit!

PAV

Exactly. Now, have you gotten
anything for me?

MICK (O.S.)

I gotta call you back.

PAV

Okay.

Pav sits up and ends the call, waving his hands in the air as
he talks.

PAV (CONT'D)

(to himself)

What? Eight bodies is okay, but
three more? We can't have that.

He shakes his head.

Pav adjusts his messed up leg and grimaces.

A THUD from the hallway

Pav grabs his suppressed pistol as Samantha comes running into the room. He jumps.

PAV (CONT'D)

Crap!

She's breathing heavy.

PAV (CONT'D)

Did you do it?

SAMANTHA

All done.

PAV

That was fast.

SAMANTHA

Crossfit.

Pav furrows his brow.

PAV

Yeah, okay...Crossfit.

SURVEILLANCE HOUSE/ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Both Pav and Samantha sit on the floor near Pav's perch. Both appear tired, slouching into the bags they have turned into support. Samantha has cleaned up.

Pav is looking pale. His appearance diminishing.

PAV

I didn't know you had a daughter.

SAMANTHA

I didn't know you had a wife.

He just looks at her.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Girlfriend? I don't know, sorry. I heard you on the phone earlier.

PAV

Yeah. I had both.

She raises her eyebrows.

PAV (CONT'D)
I don't think I have either now.

SAMANTHA
Sorry to hear.

PAV
Yeah. It's bad timing. You wanna be there so you can fix it, ya know?

SAMANTHA
Your idea of fix it; is that keeping both of them?

PAV
(smiling)
Yeah, I guess that's not really fixing anything, is it.
(pause)
How old is your girl?

SAMANTHA
Six.

PAV
That's gotta be tough. On you, I mean.

SAMANTHA
Yeah. I wish she would stay the same size. You love to see them become something, but I feel like I'm missing so much. She grows so fast.
(pause)
Do you have kids?

PAV
No.

SAMANTHA
Would you tell me if you did?

PAV
Why do you ask that?

SAMANTHA
You seem to hold your cards pretty close.

PAV

I don't think I have anything to lose out here. This conversation with you might be the last nice thing I have.

SAMANTHA

They're not coming for us are they?

His face gives it away. He slipped.

PAV

I don't think so.

She drops her head.

PAV (CONT'D)

What's your daughters name?

SAMANTHA

Rachel.

PAV

I think I can get you back to your daughter.

She wipes a tear and looks up at him. She just studies him for a moment.

PAV (CONT'D)

I'll make you a deal. I'm probably not gonna make it out of here. But I'll do my best to get you back to your daughter if you do your best to help me finish this.

SAMANTHA

(sniffling)

I don't think it can get any worse.

PAV

It can always get worse.

She studies him for a moment.

SAMANTHA

You have a deal. I'll keep working. I'll do anything but the acid.

PAV

Okay. Your gonna use Adonis's phone. It's on the table next to him.

(MORE)

PAV (CONT'D)

Well run a surveillance kit to the phone so we have an open line the whole time.

SAMANTHA

Good. I didn't like not being able to hear you.

PAV

Same here.

She moves to the table, grabs the phone, and starts putting on the wires as they continue to talk.

SAMANTHA

Why do ya'll do it?

PAV

Same as you I guess.

SAMANTHA

No. This is my first assignment out of the country. I'll never do this again. I worked as an analyst before. I thought I needed more excitement. They told me a support position over here would be exciting but safe.

PAV

Well, don't hurt'em too bad when you get back.

She smiles.

SAMANTHA

So, you haven't answered me. I mean, I hear you guys complain about bosses. I hear you complain about policy. I hear you complain about people who don't workout and people who can't shoot. But, I have never once heard you guys complain about the danger.

PAV

I think everybody does it for our country.

(pause)

She ain't perfect, but she is something else.

(pause)

Growing up I appreciated our country.

(MORE)

PAV (CONT'D)

But, I fell in love with her when I started traveling the world. When your eyes are opened to all these other places, it's then you realize what you have.

She starts to undo her shirt as she runs the new wires. He watches closely.

CLOSE IN ON her body.

SAMANTHA

I just realized, I don't even know most of your real names.

PAV

That's okay. Most of us can't remember each others real names. It's just easy to remember the call signs.

SAMANTHA

Do I need one.

PAV

I think you're okay without one.

SAMANTHA

Do I get to pick my own?

PAV

No, of course not.
(laughing)
The names are earned. Your team picks it. No one gets to pick their own name.

SAMANTHA

Earned?

Samantha is having trouble with her wires.

PAV

Yeah. Like Towser. Towser means, "big dog". He's big and well, he's a dog.

SAMANTHA

You mean with women?

Pav furrows his brow and cants his head sideways, trying to comprehend what she is doing with the wires.

PAV
Yeah, women, food, anything. He's
just a dog.

SAMANTHA
What about Goot?

PAV
Oh, that one's a little simpler.
Goot is just short for Gutierrez.

SAMANTHA
That's kinda boring.

PAV
But it works.

SAMANTHA
(frustrated by the wires)
Ugh...

She takes off her shirt to make it easier to put the wires
on.

Pav's eyes go wide. He turns his head away, but then finds
nothing to really look at.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
And you.

PAV
What?

SAMANTHA
How did you get your name?

PAV
Oh.

She gets her shirt on. He looks back.

PAV (CONT'D)
Have you heard of Pavlov's Dog?

SAMANTHA
Yeah, the experiment named after
the Russian Physiologist.

PAV
I thought he was a psychologist.
But, yeah, him.

SAMANTHA
He was physiologist.

PAV
Makes since.

SAMANTHA
So, why him?

PAV
I kept making the same mistake in training. I couldn't keep from responding to certain stimuli. I tried, I just couldn't. The instructors were getting frustrated. The whole team gave me a hard time because everyone was so tired. It was funny, but not until after training. Anyway, just like Pavlov's dog.

His phone lights up. He answers it.

PAV (CONT'D)
Hello.

MICK (O.S.)
What's your status?

PAV
Same.

MICK (O.S.)
Okay. All your commotion over there has got everyone working over here and has a lot of brass interested now. The good news is, everyone who should have been briefed about our target before, has been briefed now.

PAV
About time.

MICK (O.S.)
They realize how dangerous he is. I think some folks are going to be in trouble for not making him a priority.

PAV
Was.

MICK (O.S.)
What?

PAV
How dangerous he was.

MICK (O.S.)
Right. Was. So, two new
developments. One; they want
fingerprint or DNA confirmation.
Two; we have an asset willing to
bring in a VBIED on your location.

PAV
You've got a nut job over here
willing to do that.

MICK (O.S.)
Yeah. Well, I don't know if he's
gonna stay in the car, but either
way, it's big enough it should
work.

PAV
That's good news.

MICK (O.S.)
We need to target one building or
the other. So let me know.

PAV
Will do. How much prep time?

MICK (O.S.)
Don't know. They're still squaring
it away. But it's a go.

PAV
Okay. You know our location. I'll
either tell you here or the target
house. We'll gather the proof you
want.

They disconnect.

Pav points to a suitcase in the corner of the room.

PAV (CONT'D)
(to Samantha)
Bring that over here.

He also starts digging in a new pack next to him.

He pulls out a small Pelican case and opens it. She sets the
suitcase down next to him.

PAV (CONT'D)

That case you have is a burn box.

She stares at it for a moment.

SAMANTHA

This is an incendiary device?

PAV

It's made to burn down a small building in about five minutes. We'll do that instead of the acid. Okay?

SAMANTHA

Okay.

PAV

Open it up.

She studies the suitcase for a minute, finding the latches, then opens it. She stares into it, her eyes wide.

SAMANTHA

That's pretty impressive.

PAV

It does the job.

(pause)

Do you see the large red lever in the bottom?

SAMANTHA

Yes.

PAV

That arms it. Just swing it a hundred and eighty degrees and you'll hear a pop. Don't let it scare you, it's just breaking the travel seal and turning it on.

SAMANTHA

(looking intimidated)

Okay.

PAV

You can close it.

(she does)

The button on top by the handle...

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

PAV

That sets it off. You'll have a little time but not much.

SAMANTHA

How...?

PAV

I honestly don't remember. But you'll have enough time to get out of the house.

(pause)

I'm gonna show you how to take an electronic fingerprint and swab a mouth for DNA.

SAMANTHA

What's this for?

PAV

They want fingerprint and DNA proof of our hit.

SAMANTHA

Everybody?

PAV

(laughing)

No, no. Just our main target.

He points to the photo on the wall by one of the windows.

She studies it.

SAMANTHA

He looks like you guys.

Pav leans back and studies her for a moment.

PAV

What does that mean?

SAMANTHA

I just mean, he looks hard like you. You know, chiselled jaw, those eyes.

(pause)

He doesn't look out of shape like your average terrorist.

PAV

Well, he is hard. And, he's definitely not your average terrorist.

(MORE)

PAV (CONT'D)

He's one of the most cunning men
I've seen in this business.

(pause)

When this is all over, I think
everyone will finally realize just
how dangerous of a man we were
dealing with.

SAMANTHA

Do you every wonder, wonder if you
two are more alike than you are
different?

PAV

No.

SAMANTHA

You look like you were cut from the
same cloth. I mean, do you ever
wonder if you wouldn't be in his
shoes if you were born where he
was, or vice versa?

(pause)

Look at him. He could be one of
your guys.

She's pointing to the picture, but he doesn't follow her
finger. He just stares at her for a moment, his brow
furrowed, his face revealing that he is not sure he likes
what she is suggesting.

SURVEILLANCE HOUSE/ATTIC - LATER

Samantha heads out the door with the incendiary suitcase in
one hand and the fingerprint/DNA kit in the other.

Pav's physical appearance is worsening. His leg now follows
him around like a dead limb. More empty syringes lie on the
floor next to him. An empty pill bottle sits on a box.

He props himself up against the bags and looks at the cell
phone, then places a call. A sterile, automated answering
message plays as Pav checks his own voice mail.

ANSWERING MACHINE I(O.S.)

Your call has been forwarded to an
automated voice messaging system.
202-...

Pav dials his access code.

ANSWERING MACHINE I(O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You have one new message. To listen
 to your messages...

Pav hits a key on his phone.

SOUTHERN GIRL (O.S.)
 (recorded message, angry)
 I cannot believe you. Don't pretend
 like something was wrong with your
 phone. I could hear you talking to
 someone.
 (long pause)
 Do not call me. Do not come by my
 house. Ever.

The answering machine advises him that he has no additional
 messages. He ends the call.

He places a new call. It rings, then goes to voice mail.

ANSWERING MACHINE II(O.S.)
 (Southern Girl's Voice)
 Please leave a message and I'll
 call you right back.

Pav ends the call.

He calls his wife.

ANSWERING MACHINE III (O.S.)
 (woman's voice)
 Hi, this is Susannah. I'm
 unavailable to take your call at
 this time, but if you leave a
 message, I'll call you back as soon
 as possible.

The phone BEEPS. Pav just stares at it for a moment, then
 ends the call.

He calls his wife again. This time she answers.

SUSANNAH (O.S.)
 (all business, cold)
 Hello.

PAV
 It's me.

SUSANNAH (O.S.)
What do you want?

PAV
We need to talk?
(pause)
Are you alone?

SUSANNAH (O.S.)
I don't think there's anything to
talk about.
(pause)
Are you in a hospital?

PAV
No. Why?

SUSANNAH (O.S.)
You don't sound well.

PAV
I've had better days.

SUSANNAH
I would worry about you, but you
always manage. Whatever it is,
you'll manage.

Pav looks around the room, considering his circumstances and her statement.

PAV
I want you to know that...

SUSANNAH (O.S.)
(cutting him off)
Don't. Don't do that. It's
insulting.

PAV
I am sorry.

SUSANNAH (O.S.)
I don't know where you are. And, I
don't wish you any ill will, but
you have to understand something.
(pause)
I need you to hear me clearly.
(pause)
There will not be a home, for you
to come home to, when you leave
whatever place you're in.

PAV

I...

She disconnects the call.

Pav looks down. He takes a deep breath through his nose, then exhales slowly.

He studies the phone for a moment, then places another call. This one's to Samantha.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Hey.

PAV

Hey. Okay, we're just gonna stay on this line. If HQ calls in and you need me, use the radio. Got it.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Got it.

BREATHING and MANIPULATING DOORS coming from Samantha over the open phone line.

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

So, Paul wouldn't tell me how he earned his name. I thought it was strange, you all have these unique names, and he's just...Paul.

PAV

He probably didn't tell you, because he didn't want to have to explain it.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

What do you mean?

PAV

Paul's probably the nicest guy you've ever met, right.

The sound of SAMANTHA'S FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS over the phone.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Yeah, I've never met anyone like him. He'll do anything for anybody.
(voice saddens)
I mean, you know, he did, he would.

PAV

I know. Hands down, the nicest guy I've ever known.

(MORE)

PAV (CONT'D)

(pause)

Anyway, he didn't use to be. He had a pretty colorful past. His first team named him after the Apostle Paul, because he changed so much.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

He wasn't religious.

PAV

I know.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Why wouldn't he tell me that?

PAV

He probably didn't want to have to tell you about his past.

There is silence for a moment. No conversation. No movement heard through the phone. Then...

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I don't want to know.

Pav solemnly nods his head in understanding.

PAV

Did you stop?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Sorry. I'm moving again.

The sound of Moving again, CLIMBING STAIRS.

PAV

Let me know when you're back on the third floor.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Okay.

(long pause, little sound)

I'm on the third floor.

PAV

Good. Move back to the study with the three tangos, uh, badguys.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Okay.

SAMANTHA WALKING.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm in the study.

PAV
Alright. Open the fingerprint kit.
It's an electronic read, easy to
do. You're gonna upload and send
it...

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(cutting him off, concern
in her voice)
Pav.

PAV
What is it?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Something looks different.

PAV
What do you mean?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(breathing heavier)
Something looks different in the
room.

Pav looks away from the scope for a moment, thinking.

PAV
Think. What's different?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
I don't know.

PAV
Well then, how do you know it's
different?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
I don't know. It just doesn't look
right. It doesn't feel right.

PAV
Okay. Stay calm. Your eyes might
see something different, your brain
just hasn't unraveled it yet.
Relax, break the room down into
segments, and see if you can figure
it out.
(silence)
You okay?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Yeah. I just can't place it.

PAV
Could be something, could be nothing. Just stay alert and keep working. I'm watching your back, I got the hallway.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(calming)
Okay.

Pav's PHONE BEEPS, letting him know he has another call coming in. He looks at the screen.

PAV
Sam, we gotta go to radio. I got a call coming in. Turn on and set up the fingerprint kit. Keep working.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Okay.

Pav hits the screen and takes the call.

PAV
Yeah?

MICK (O.S.)
It's Mick. Give me a SitRep.

PAV
We're proceeding as planned. She's getting prints and DNA as we speak.

MICK (O.S.)
She's in the target house?

PAV
Yes.

MICK (O.S.)
You don't sound so good.

PAV
Well, you should see me. I don't look so good.

MICK (O.S.)
Pav, I need a no BS assessment. I know you will clean this up. But, are you gonna try to come home? Can you make it out of there.

He looks over at his covered teammate.

PAV

I think I'll probably be staying with my team, Mick. I don't see a way.

(pause)

Even if I get out of here. Even if she can drive us out of here, I don't think I'll make the drive. I'm fading pretty fast.

MICK (O.S.)

I don't mean to be insensitive, but that's what everyone here is afraid of.

PAV

I'm still gonna finish the mission, Mick. What are you getting at?

MICK (O.S.)

Everyone here is worried about her.

Pav furrows his brow.

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

We're worried she won't make it alone. She'll be the only loose end, so to speak. And, well, they don't think she'll make it out of country or even to the embassy without you.

PAV

What are you saying?

MICK (O.S.)

That burn box has a remote detonator, right?

PAV

You want me to kick it off before she gets out of the house?

MICK (O.S.)

Yeah.

Pause.

PAV

I understand your concern. Let me think about it. I can probably come up with something.

MICK (O.S.)

Pav. We're running short on time and options. She's gonna be done soon. When we confirm the fingerprints are sent, set it off.

PAV

Let me think about it.

MICK (O.S.)

The decision has been made.

Pav stares at the phone and shakes his head.

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

Pav.

(pause)

Pav! Answer me.

Pav disconnects the call.

He picks up the remote detonator and sets it in front of him. He stares at it. His jaw muscles flex and he shakes his head.

Suddenly he kicks one of the bags in front of him with his good leg, sending equipment flying against the wall with a LOUD CRASH.

He takes a couple deep breathes, then picks up the phone.

He calls Samantha. She answers.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Hey, don't leave me again.

PAV

Sorry, we gotta juggle this.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I know.

PAV

What's your progress?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I'm here, staring at your target. I just opened up the fingerprint machine and turned it on. Everything looks good.

PAV
Okay, I need you to open up the
burn box and turn it on also.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Now?

PAV
Yeah, it has to warm up.
(silence)
You there?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(cautious tone, suspicious)
Why would it have to warm up?
Doesn't it work off of a chemical
reaction.

PAV
Yeah, it does.
(pause)
I don't know why it has to warm up,
I just know it has to.
(silence)
You don't trust me?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
I want to.

He looks around the room, thinking.

PAV
You can wait if you like, but we
will have a fifteen minute delay
once you are finished there if we
wait.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Let me think about it.

PAV
I understand. It's up to you.
(pause)
I gotta go, a call is coming in.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Okay.

He disconnects the call and places another. Mick answers.

MICK (O.S.)
Go.

PAV

Is there a way to hack into the
burn box we have and arm it
remotely.

MICK (O.S.)

You want to arm it remotely?

PAV

No, I want you guys to arm it
remotely. It's off. I need it
turned on.

MICK (O.S.)

Oh man, I don't know.

PAV

Well find out. She doesn't trust
me, won't arm it.

MICK (O.S.)

You didn't arm it before she...

PAV

(irritated, interrupting)

When I sent her over, I didn't know
you wanted me to... Just find out.

MICK (O.S.)

Okay, okay.

IN CLOSE ON THE TABLE: A small green light on the remote
detonator turns on.

Pav looks up at the detonator.

PAV

(calm now, almost
disappointed)

Never mind. She turned it on.

MICK (O.S.)

Okay. Let me know if...

Pav disconnects the call, cutting Mick off mid sentence.

He looks around the room.

FROM PAV'S POINT OF VIEW: The room, the gear, the blood, the
spent shell casings, Adonis's covered body, his own wounded
leg.

Then he just stares down at his feet for a moment.

Pav slowly breaks from his exhausted stare and looks over at Samantha's purse. He pulls it to himself.

He opens the purse and begins going through it. He's not even being careful, just pulling things out, searching for something. He finds a wad of foreign currency with a rubber band around it.

He pulls the rubber band off and opens the bills to reveal a photograph. He inspects the photo.

IN CLOSE ON THE PHOTO: A picture of a six year old girl. The girl is cute and innocent looking. The kind of innocent that makes you instantly want to help her.

He wraps the rubber band back around the money and throws the wad of cash back into her purse.

He sets the photo on the table next to his rifle.

He calls Samantha and gets back in the scope.

PAV
(to Samantha)
You there?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
I'm here.

PAV
Are you set up?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
All set. The fingerprint machine is
on and ready to send.

PAV
Did you take the prints?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Taking them now. You need all the
fingers, right?

PAV
Affirmative.

Pav rubs his eyes hard, thinking hard.

PAV (CONT'D)
Sam.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Yeah?

PAV
Stop for a minute. We need to talk.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Okay.

PAV
Sam, you and I have to come up with a good plan. I need you to help me think. I'm tired, I need your help.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
What do you mean? We have a plan.

PAV
I need you to trust me. I need you to stay calm when I tell you this, okay?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(worried)
What? What is it?

PAV
I need you to stay calm and keep an analytical mind.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
I didn't think I could get any more scared, but you're starting to scare me.

PAV
Well, what I am about to tell you is bad. But, I need you to control your emotions. Okay?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Okay.

PAV
They don't trust that you can get out of here without being captured.
(silence)
Sam. They want me to detonate that burn box with you in the house.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Pav! I'm sitting right on top of the thing.

PAV
I'm not gonna do it, but we gotta execute a good plan.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(determined)
Pav, I wanna see my daughter again.

PAV
And I want you to see her. I'm not gonna hurt you. Somebody's gotta get outta here and see their family again.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
We can both get out of here.

PAV
Well, that's probably not true. We're gonna focus on you. Okay?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Pav...

PAV
Sam, we don't have time to debate this. They're expecting the prints any minute now. And, those prints need to be followed by a really big fire.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
You think they can see this house.

PAV
Yeah. They're probably watching by now.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(talking fast)
Okay, okay. I'll send the prints and come back to you. No, no. I'll take the prints, then come back to you. We can send them from there.

PAV
Good. That way if they are watching, they'll see the house go up as soon as they tell me they've received them.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
And, you can work on a route for me to take out of country.

PAV
 Okay. I'll make a plan for the
 embassy and a back-up plan for out
 of country.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 I can go to the embassy?

PAV
 Maybe. They'll be pissed, but they
 can deal with it.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 And, I can take you with me.

PAV
 Sam.
 (pause)
 Take the prints, then get your ass
 over here.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 Copy that.

Over the phone, SAMANTHA MANIPULATING EQUIPMENT.

Pav pulls a map from his bag and begins to lay it out. He
 puts a pen in his mouth and studies the map.

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 He..(inaudible).

Pav looks up with a little concern on his face.

PAV
 Say again, Sam.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 He has a strange
 tattoo...(inaudible).

Pav looks at his phone.

PAV
 Sam. How's your battery life.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 It's good, half.

PAV
 Okay.

He relaxes and goes back to working on the map.

PAV (CONT'D)
What were saying about a tattoo?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Our target, he has strange tattoo
on his hand.

PAV
(still engrossed in the
map)
What's it of?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
I don't know. It's Greek or Latin.
What's the difference anyway?

Pav looks up, briefly back in the conversation.

PAV
He doesn't have any tattoos.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
It looks fresh.

PAV
Take a photo of it.
(pause)
Latin was the language of the Roman
empire and is an extinct language
for the most part. Greek is well,
spoken by those from Greece, and
some other areas. Ancient Greek,
however, is similar to Latin.

Pav puts his head back down and is into the map again.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Are you serious?

PAV
I think so.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Wouldn't that hurt, right there
between the thumb and forefinger?

PAV
Uh, huh.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
You're not even listening to me.

PAV

Sam, I'm working over here.

(pause)

How are the prints coming along?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

It's a little harder than I thought. It's difficult to hold the fingers just right.

PAV

Yeah, and the machine has a hard time reading the skin when it's cold.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Nah, it's not cold, just hard to manipulate.

Pav freezes, then looks at the phone.

PAV

What do you mean, they're not cold?

(pause)

Sam. Why aren't they cold? What's the room like?

(no response)

Sam.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(whispering)

Pav...

Pav stays still, listening hard. Then...

SAMANTHA SCREAMS.

HER CLOTHES SHUFFLING HARD AGAINST THE PHONE'S MICROPHONE.

A GRUNT, A DEEP GRUNT. The kind that comes from a large man. SAMANTHA GASPING FOR AIR AND STRUGGLING.

PAV

Sam!

Pav moves in quickly behind his rifle and tries to see something.

PAV (CONT'D)

Sam!

(pause)

Talk to me Sam.

The STRUGGLING SOUNDS CONTINUE, GROWING MORE AND MORE VIOLENT.

PAV (CONT'D)
 Sam, I got nothin. I can't see you.
 Comm'on, fight Sam. Use your
 knife, use anything.

MORE STRUGGLING NOISE OVER THE PHONE.

PAV (CONT'D)
 Fight Sam, fight.

THE NOISE CONTINUES.

PAV (CONT'D)
 Sam, I can't see in the room. Try
 to get to the hallway. Fight for
 the door.

A HUGE GASP FOR AIR, as if she just got her first breath.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 No!

AN IMPACT. Then, another IMPACT. Someone is hitting something, or her.

Samantha lets out a FIGHTING, ANGRY SCREAM. It sounds as if she's fighting back.

PAV
 Move to the hallway, Sam. I can
 shoot him if you get him in the
 hall.

DEEP GRUNT, ALMOST ROAR OF A LARGE MAN, followed by a HEAVY IMPACT AND GLASS BREAKING.

SAMANTHA WHIMPERING.

PAV (CONT'D)
 Sam, I got nothing. I can't see
 you. Stay down, stay low.

Pav pulls the weapon in tight to his shoulder.

PAV (CONT'D)
 Sam, say something.

STRUGGLING AGAIN, followed by impacts. It sounds like SOMEONE BEING HIT HARD.

SAMANTHA WHIMPERS again.

PAV (CONT'D)
I'm putting rounds in the room Sam.
Stay low.

FUMP, FUMP, FUMP, FUMP... The weapon spits and SHELL CASINGS
BEGIN BOUNCING throughout the attic.

Pav pauses his shooting and listens.

ANOTHER IMPACT, MORE STRUGGLING.

Pav moves his aim slightly and starts firing again.

FUMP, FUMP, FUMP, FUMP, FUMP, FUMP, FUMP, FUMP.

The firing is followed by silence.

Pav keeps his eye in his scope and listens.

A little time passes as Pav adjusts his body and his grip on
the weapon. Then...

BREATHING.

PAV (CONT'D)
Sam?

RUSTLING OF THE MICROPHONE AGAINST CLOTHING.

THE MICROPHONE BEING MANIPULATED.

HEAVIER, CLOSER BREATHING.

PAV (CONT'D)
Sam? Talk to me.

A MAN'S voice comes on the phone. This is their TARGET.

TARGET (O.S.)
(only a slight accent,
excellent English)
If you shoot again, I'll cut her
head off.
(pause)
Who are you?

PAV
Let me talk to her.

TARGET (O.S.)
She can't talk anymore.

PAV
Is she alive?

TARGET (O.S.)
Yes, but she can't talk anymore.

Pav grits his teeth. His jaw muscles flex, his nostrils flair.

PAV
Let her go.

TARGET (O.S.)
Who are you?

Pav doesn't respond.

TARGET (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tell me who you are, or I will
finish her with the knife that I
took from her.

Pav leans back from the rifle. His shoulders drop and his head hangs.

TARGET (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you want to listen while I do
it?

He lifts his head, looks at the detonator, and without pause reaches out and depresses the trigger.

The PHONE SQUEALS AND GOES DEAD.

VERY FAINT FLASH of fire and windows breaking in the distance, outside of this building.

A small bit of LIGHT SHINES, for a moment, in the scope of Pav's rifle.

Pav just sits there breathing, deflated.

It's silent. Time passes. The flicker of light in the scope slowly grows larger.

His phone lights up. He looks down at it, then answers.

PAV
(solemn)
Yeah.

MICK (O.S.)
The vehicle is en route and not far
from you. Where do you want it?

PAV
Put it here. Hit the surveillance
house.

MICK (O.S.)
Are you sure?

PAV
I'm sure.

Pause.

MICK (O.S.)
(sincere, sad)
You did good, Pav. Real good.

PAV
I don't know.

MICK (O.S.)
You had a great run. You never
failed us.

SIRENS OUTSIDE.

Pav looks through the roof, out into the street.

PAV
It's gonna be tough for him to get
in here. The locals are blocking
off the street.

MICK (O.S.)
You know you'll never be forgotten?
Right, Pav?

PAV
You were watching?

MICK (O.S.)
What's that?

PAV
You were watching? You saw the
house go up?

MICK (O.S.)
No. We had no eyes on.
(pause)
I just know you. You never quit,
you never fail. I knew you would do
it.

PAV

If you weren't watching, how did you know when I executed? You called...

MICK (O.S.)

We got the prints. I knew you would detonate as soon as... well, as soon as they were sent.

Pav looks up, his brow furrowed.

PAV

You got the prints?

MICK (O.S.)

Yeah. We confirmed the ID about two minutes after she sent them. It was him. Good job.

PAV

I didn't, she...

Pav is interrupted by a NOISE FROM THE STAIRS BEHIND HIM.

He turns and looks.

From PAV'S POINT OF VIEW: The outline of a man, standing in the doorway. A pistol hangs in his hand by his side.

The two men stare at each other.

Pav tilts his head and studies the man, then looks over at the picture of the Target hanging on the wall.

The man standing in the shadow looks over at the picture, then back at Pav. The man raises the pistol.

Just then, TIRES SQUEALING OUTSIDE.

An ENGINE REVS and TIRES SQUEAL some more.

YELLING, a VEHICLE CRASHING into something. GUNSHOTS, followed by the sound of the ENGINE REVING AGAIN, TIRES SQUEALING and the sound of the CAR GETTING CLOSER.

Pav starts laughing.

The man in the shadow turns his head toward the window and slightly lowers his gun. Then...

A BRIGHT FLASH OVERTAKES THE ROOM AND AN OFFENSIVELY LOUD CRACK FOLLOWS, EVERYTHING SHAKES.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

INT. MIDDLE EASTERN HOSPITAL/PATIENT ROOM - DAY

A patient being treated for burns to his body and face, lies in a hospital bed. He's just awake. He looks around the room.

Then the same deep, scratchy voice that started the story.

MAN (V.O.)

(deep, scratchy voice)

I woke up in the hospital. I wasn't expecting to be alive, so I was neither excited nor scared about my condition. Everything felt very, matter of fact. I was just kind of taking in information.

The patient gets out of bed and patiently limps to the restroom. He looks in the mirror and studies his wrapped face.

He exits the bathroom and moves to the window. He stares out of it.

MAN (V.O.)

I looked out the window and there it was. That flag was flying, and as it snapped in the wind, it was as if someone handed me the idea. I didn't have to plan. It was just handed to me.

From THE PATIENT'S POINT OF VIEW: The American flag. The flag is flying high in the yard of the American embassy, across the street.

INT. AMERICAN BAR - AFTERNOON

The Man sits on a bar stool with the woman he's been telling the story to. His face is unrecognizable due to the scars, but he still sports a strong neck and strong jaw line. He is somehow still attractive, despite the scars. She is an attractive, but older, bar fly.

She is leaned in close, listening intently. She touches his arm or thigh with each opportunity as he tells his story.

MAN

My face was so bandaged up, no one could tell what nationality I was as I strolled through the hospital.

INT. MIDDLE EASTERN HOSPITAL/HALLWAY - DAY

The patient limps down the hallway, occasionally passing people.

Some viewers may notice that he LIMPS WITH THE WRONG LEG.

MAN (V.O.)
Nobody stopped me.

EXT. MIDDLE EASTERN HOSPITAL - DAY

The patient exits the door to the hospital and limps out into the street, passing a young couple as he goes.

The couple stares at him as they pass. He stares back.

FROM BEHIND THE PATIENT: He walks away. In front of the patient, above his head and in the distance, that American flag flapping in the wind. He continues, limping toward the flag.

INT. AMERICAN BAR - CONTINUOUS

WOMAN
You just walked right up to the embassy?

MAN
You should have seen the reaction of the Marine. I was so wrapped up, I looked like a mummy.

Both of them laugh.

MAN (CONT'D)
He later told me that he thought someone was playing a trick on him. It took some time to convince them that I was an American. They called some folks to try and confirm it, but no one recognized me when I talked. My throat had been burned so badly in the explosion.

WOMAN
Oh my.

MAN

It also didn't help that the ambassador didn't know there was an American team operating inside the country.

WOMAN

I bet he was pissed.

MAN

He was.

The man finishes his cocktail and sets down the glass on the bar.

WOMAN

What now?

MAN

(a little uncomfortable)
Ah, Well, I have to be going.

WOMAN

No, silly. Not with us. I mean, what will you do now? Will you go back to that kind of work?

MAN

Oh, no. But, I can't complain. I have all types of opportunities I never imagined.

WOMAN

Good. Like what?

MAN

Well, I have to decide between two opportunities today. I am supposed to sign a book deal at two O'clock. But, I'm also supposed to meet the President today. And, I probably can't do both.

WOMAN

(impressed)
The President of the United States?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

Wow.

MAN

If I sign the book deal, I get to live the American dream. I always thought that was propaganda. But here it is, within my reach.

He stares off, thinking.

MAN (CONT'D)

It would be nice. I do like it...

WOMAN

(cutting him off)

Why can't you have that?

He breaks from his thoughts and turns to look at her.

MAN

But, I have always dreamt about meeting this President in person. What an opportunity.

WOMAN

Well, I still don't understand why you can't have both.

He smiles at her. She touches his face.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You know, you're still a handsome man.

MAN

Thank you.

She leans forward and gives him a gentle kiss on the cheek.

She stands. He stands with her out of courtesy. She turns and heads for the door of the bar. He watches her go.

She stops before reaching the door and turns back to him.

WOMAN

Can I give you some advice?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

When you tell your story to people, maybe don't be so impressed by that bad man. You sound a little too, I don't know, complimentary toward him. Like you admire him too much.

MAN

That's good. I'll remember that.
Thank you.

She smiles, then turns and walks out the door. He sits back down.

The BARTENDER approaches the man and sets down a freshly made cocktail.

BARTENDER

I couldn't help but overhear some
of your story. This one's on the
house.

MAN

Thanks. I never pass up a free
drink.

He sits back down and reaches for the drink as the bartender walks away.

IN CLOSE ON THE DRINK: His hand grasps the perspiring glass. There is a tattoo of the Greek word for Guile on his hand, between the thumb and forefinger.

He brings the drink in close and swirls the liquid as he thinks.

MAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Decisions, decisions, as the
Americans say.

He looks up from his drink, at us, and smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.