

SAMIYAN

By

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INT. US DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY

JOHN BLACK, the U.S. District Attorney for the Southern District of Missouri, A tough, hawkish, Italian American man in his middle forties is going over some business with two other staff members. His assistant, DENNIS HANLEY, a red-haired, enthusiastic man in his late twenties, knocks on the open door and nods at BLACK.

BLACK

OK, everyone, we'll take this up later.

STAFF MEMBERS all rise and leave. DENNIS closes the door behind him.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Well?

DENNIS holds a letter up encased in a cellophane divider.

DENNIS

It's authentic.

BLACK nods. DENNIS sits down in front of BLACK's desk.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Pino Graci wrote this letter with his own hand.

DENNIS hands the letter to BLACK.

BLACK

Why would he want to expose himself like that?

BLACK hands the letter back to DENNIS

DENNIS

To let everyone know it's actually him?

BLACK tilts his head back and forth, weighing the possible explanations.

BLACK

Why would he care? He doesn't exactly crave attention.

BLACK hands the letter back to DENNIS.

DENNIS

"You have failed to keep Vinnie Flowers in his place, for that you will pay."
He's referring to Vincent Fiore.

BLACK

Can we petition Berlusconi to arrest Graci and bring him back to stand trial in the United States?

DENNIS

We could try, but the Italians want Graci for themselves. We also don't have a procedure in place yet to deal with threats on Federal officials from abroad. Boss, I'm afraid the best we can do is step up security and hand this letter over to the Organized Crime guys.

INT. OFFICE, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, PALERMO, SICILY-EVENING

ELISABETTA ALDINO, a very attractive Sicilian prosecutor in her late thirties is sitting and looking at her bare office and WORKERS moving her packed boxes out.

ELISABETTA checks her watch and picks up the phone and dials.

INT. FRONT OFFICE, US DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY

The RECEPTIONIST, an attractive woman in her late twenties, answers the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

U.S. Attorney's Office.

The RECEPTIONIST smiles when she hears who it is on the other end.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
I'll put you right through.

The RECEPTIONIST transfers.

INT. US DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY

BLACK's phone rings. He picks it up.

BLACK
Yeah, Dolly?

INT. OFFICE, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, PALERMO, SICILY.

ELISABETTA (ITALIAN)
Who is this Dolly?

BLACK smiles.

BLACK (ITALIAN)
Your mole in my office. How are you?

BLACK shoots a look at DENNIS. DENNIS gets up to leave. BLACK holds up ten fingers. DENNIS nods before closing the door behind him.

ELISABETTA
They are taking away the last of the boxes.

BLACK
Feeling OK?

She laughs halfheartedly.

ELISABETTA
No...

BLACK
Sweetie, you've been fighting the mob since you were eighteen. Trust me, this is the right decision.

ELISABETTA

Yeah?

BLACK
You're asking me if I am going to
fulfill my promise.

ELISABETTA sighs.

BLACK (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I am. I'll see you
tomorrow.

ELISABETTA
OK, *baci*.

BLACK
Baci.

BLACK hangs up the phone. He smiles to himself inside the empty office, listening to the hubbub outside. He looks over at the open file on his desk. Stapled to the file is PINO GRACI's mugshot. He is a Sicilian man in his forties with a pencil moustache, immaculately cropped hair and large, merciful brown eyes.

BLACK shudders looking at him.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY-DAY

A jumbo jet flies in.

INT. AIRPORT RECEPTION-DAY

BLACK is waiting with the other people. He has a large bouquet of flowers. ELISABETTA comes off the plane. She and BLACK run into each other's arms. He picks her up and twirls her around. They kiss like two teenagers madly in love. BLACK's BODYGUARD, a beefy man in his late twenties, remains expressionless.

BLACK
Mi amore.

ELISABETTA
Mi amore.

She feels his face and shoulders.

ELISABETTA (CONT'D)

I can't believe it's actually you. It's like I'm dreaming.

BLACK
You've gotten more beautiful.

They walk, clasping each other's waists. The BODYGUARDS follow.

ELISABETTA
No, I haven't, I'm fat.

BLACK
No, you're not.

ELISABETTA
I've gained five kilos, I've got a belly like a burgermeister.

BLACK
That's all in your mind.

ELISABETTA
You're still trim as a racehorse, of course. What have you been doing? And who is she? A young intern perhaps?

BLACK
That's not funny.

ELISABETTA
What is her name? Tell me!

BLACK
She is a secretary. She sat on my lap on my yacht and there are many incriminating photos I am paying a lot of money to get squelched.

She laughs. They stop and kiss.

BLACK (CONT'D)
Rest, peace an quiet, I promise you that.

ELISABETTA
Mmmm...

They exit.

INT. LUGGAGE CLAIMS-DAY

BLACK, ELISABETTA and the BODYGUARDS wait for the luggage to arrive.

ELISABETTA (ITALIAN)
Why the extra security?

BLACK (ITALIAN)
Couple of death threats. Governors' orders.

ELISABETTA
Any sign of Vincent?

BLACK
He's disappeared. They think that he's in the States. His mother hasn't heard a thing from him. Last thing we know is that his son Bruno was born in Naples eighteen months ago. After that, he disappeared without a trace.

ELISABETTA
Congratulations, you're an uncle.

BLACK
Thank you. But the only way I'll meet my nephew is when Vincent is in chains. And knowing my half-brother, that isn't going to happen any time soon.

ELISABETTA's BAG comes down the chute.

BLACK (CONT'D)
There's one of your bags.

BLACK reaches for it, but a BODYGUARD stops him.

BODYGUARD
Sorry, sir, I'm afraid I have to inspect it first.

BLACK
Sure, sure.

The BODYGUARD checks the outside of the bag. BLACK looks at ELISABETTA and sighs. His eyes say that he is sorry about all this.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL-DAY

A well-dressed MAN in his thirties is sitting on a bench with luggage, reading the Financial Times. He peers over the paper as BLACK and his entourage hustle out as a limousine with a police escort pull up. ELISABETTA and BLACK hustle into the limousine as BODYGUARDS scan the area.

A BODYGUARD approaches the man.

BODYGUARD

Excuse me sir, may I see some identification?

MAN

Ah, si.

The MAN reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out his passport. The BODYGUARD sees a visa stamp. The BODYGUARD hands the passport back to the man.

BODYGUARD

Sorry for the inconvenience. Enjoy your stay in the United States.

MAN

Grazie.

Annoyed, the MAN goes back to reading the paper. The BODYGUARD gets in the follow car behind the limousine. The police escort starts up his siren and the limousine and the security vehicles move out.

Seconds later, a rental car pulls up to the MAN. The MAN gets inside and the car follows the BLACK ENTOURAGE.

INT. MOVING LIMOSINE-DAY

ELISABETTA and BLACK are in the back seat. ELISABETTA is looking out the window at the passing scenery.

ELISABETTA

America feels different.

BLACK

You can tell?

She nods.

BLACK (CONT'D)

I have a surprise for you at the hotel.

ELISABETTA

What is it?

BLACK

It wouldn't be a surprise if I told
you, would it?

ELISABETTA harrumphs.

EXT. FREEWAY-DAY

The RENTAL CAR is following the ENTOURAGE.

INT. MOVING RENTAL CAR

The MAN at the terminal gets on a cell phone.

MAN (TO CELLPHONE, ITALIAN)

I think they're getting antsy. We'll
pull out at the Franklin street exit-

SIRENS BLARE. The DRIVER looks in the rear view and sees A
HIGHWAY PATROL CAR behind them.

MAN (TO CELLPHONE, ITALIAN) (CONT'D)

Shit! We're getting pulled over. Ciao.

EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP-DAY

A car is idling on the side of the road leading to the on-
ramp.

INT. IDLING CAR-DAY

The IDLING CAR is waiting near a freeway on-ramp.

The DRIVER closes his cell phone and looks over at a
SICILIAN HITMAN, a man in his thirties.

DRIVER (SICILIAN)

They're getting pulled over.

The HITMAN nods towards the freeway. They pull out.

EXT. FREEWAY-SAME

The DRIVER drives onto the freeway. In the rearview, he sees the ENTOURAGE approaching at high speed.

DRIVER

Madonn..

The ENTOURAGE closes in rapidly. The MOTORCYCLE signals that the HITMAN's CAR should get out of the way. The DRIVER pulls to the slow lane. The ENTOURAGE speed by. The HITMAN's CAR follows at a distance, keeping the entourage in sight.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL.

The BLACK ENTOURAGE drive into the underground parking garage. The HITMAN's CAR passes by. They turn into an adjoining hotel's parking garage.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY.

MEMBERS of BLACK's SECURITY TEAM are checking a read-out.

SECURITY

OK.

The SECURITY TEAM MEMBER slides the log-in read-out to the manager.

SECURITY (CONT'D)

Thanks for your cooperation.

MANAGER

Who's staying over at the Grand?

SECURITY

It's a federal matter. Thank you again.

The SECURITY TEAM leave the counter. The HITMAN comes up with a some suitcases.

HITMAN

I'd like a room, please.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-EVENING

BLACK and ELISABETTA are both in white robes, rolling around on the bed, kissing.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, ADJOINING HOTEL-EVENING

The HITMAN is quickly setting up a tripod. He keeps his eyes peeled at a window in the adjoining hotel. He can see figures moving about.

He pulls out a rifle with a scope and screws it into the tripod head. He looks through the scope. In the cross hairs, he can see the robe-clad figures in the adjoining hotel. He pulls a small television monitor out of bag and places it next to the tripod.

He pulls out a white aerosol can with no writing on it and places it on the table next to the mirror.

He plugs in wires leading from the scope and turns the television on.

ELISABETTA and BLACK are seen in heat-sensor on the monitor. A target icon represents the scope. The HITMAN jiggles the rifle. The target icon bounces across the screen.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-EVENING

ELISABETTA stops kissing BLACK.

BLACK

What?

ELISABETTA (ITALIAN)

The surprise?

BLACK mock grumbles and gets up and walks over to the desk.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, ADJOINING HOTEL-EVENING

On the monitor, the HITMAN watches BLACK walk over to the dresser.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-EVENING

BLACK opens his briefcase and takes out a small, book-sized package and hands it to ELISABETTA.

ELISABETTA (ITALIAN)

A book.

BLACK (ITALIAN)

A very special book.

ELISABETTA opens it. It is "Living History" by Hilary Clinton.

ELISABETTA

Oh...

BLACK

Look on the inside cover.

She looks. It is signed by the former first lady with a dedication. ELISABETTA gasps.

ELISABETTA (ENGLISH)

"To Elisabetta Aldino, a small token of thanks for your courageous battle against organized crime. Bill and I look forward to meeting you in person. Your courage has inspired all Americans. Best, Hilary Roddham Clinton."

BLACK

That's from the DNC fund-raiser in October.

ELISABETTA gets up and puts it on the desk. She turns around and smiles.

ELISABETTA

Te amo.

BLACK

Te amo

INT. HOTEL ROOM, ADJOINING HOTEL-EVENING

The HITMAN centers the scope on the ELISABETTA's temple, moving with her. He moves the icon to the mirror. He fires a shot.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-EVENING

The mirror behind ELISABETTA shatters.

BLACK

What the hell?

The window shatters as another bullet zips through, lodging into the wall.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Get down!

ELISABETTA and BLACK jump to the floor behind the bed.

INT. ADJOINING HOTEL ROOM

The HITMAN fires more shots at the wall.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-EVENING

BLACK and ELISABETTA both yank the mattress off the bed and put it on top of them. More shots come through the window and lodge into the wall.

INT. ADJOINING HOTEL ROOM

The HITMAN picks up the white aerosol can, backs into a corner and sprays a fine mist over the whole room. He darts out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY, ADJOINING HOTEL

The HITMAN comes out of the room and opens the door to the stairs and slips out.

INT. HALLWAY, GRAND HOTEL

ELISABETTA and BLACK are pounding on doors, telling people that there is a sniper at the other hotel, to come out into the hallway. Police and hotel staff arrive.

EXT. GAS STATION-NIGHT

The HITMAN and his DRIVER arrive at a payphone, the HITMAN gets out and dials.

INT. ORNATE OFFICE IN SICILY-DAY

PINO GRACI is sitting behind a large desk flanked by two bodyguards. His consilgere, PIETRO CASTANAZA, man in his sixties is sitting on a couch. PINO is waiting. The phone rings. He answers.

PINO

Si?

EXT. GAS STATION-NIGHT

HITMAN (SICILIAN)

It's done.

PINO (SICILIAN)

Anyone hurt?

HITMAN

No, no one was hit, like you said.

PINO hangs up.

PINO (TO CASTANZA)

Done.

CASTANZA (SICILIAN)

How long do you think it will take for
Vincent to respond?

PINO

My guess is as soon as soon as he hears
the news.

INT. ADJOINING HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

POLICE, FBI men and Secret Service are gathered outside.
There is loud hubbub and a cacophony of radios squawking.

BLACK flashes his badge and approaches JOHN BAIN, a tough,
fire plug-shaped Special Agent in his middle fifties.

BLACK

Johnny, what did you guys find?

BAIN turns around and sees BLACK.

BAIN

John, what the hell are you doing in
here?

BLACK

This is my jurisdiction, Johnny.

BAIN grabs BLACK's shoulder.

BAIN

No, I can't allow that.

BLACK resists. BAIN grabs BLACK's shoulder hard.

BAIN (CONT'D)

John!

BAIN bear hugs BLACK. BLACK is hyperventilating.

BAIN (WHISPERING) (CONT'D)

Don't do this, John. C'mon...

BLACK calms down.

BLACK

OK...OK...Fuck! This is-

BLACK leads BAIN to a corner.

BLACK (CONT'D)

This is Pino, Johnny. Pino Graci.

BAIN

How do you know that?

BLACK

Who else would it be?

BAIN

How can you be sure?

BLACK

I just know.

BAIN

We don't know that for sure yet. For now, you and the prosecutor go to your home. The secret service is out there securing the perimeter.

BLACK

OK...Alright. Thanks, Johnny.

BLACK looks at the hotel room, the monitor and the rifle on the tripod.

EXT. JOHN BLACK'S HOME-NIGHT

SECURITY MEN patrol the grounds of this two story home with a circular drive way.

INT. BLACK'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

ELISABETTA and BLACK are sitting on opposite sides of the bed, quiet, waiting for the phone to ring. The phone rings. BLACK presses play on a recording device.

BLACK
This is John Black.

INT. MOVING POLICE CAR-NIGHT

BAIN is speeding with police and secret service escorts, sirens blaring.

BAIN is on the phone with BLACK

BAIN
Hey John, it's Johnny.

BLACK
What's up?

BAIN
OK, remember the monitor in here?

BLACK
Yeah, I saw it.

BAIN
It's a heat spectrum analyzer. The rifle and scope he had could take out a housefly at three hundred paces. We have some euros, some European aftershave. No prints on anything, but I guess you figured on that already. And get this, this is gonna kill ya, the shooter had an can of aerosoled saliva, John, which he misted the whole room with.

BLACK
No usable DNA.

BAIN
Right.

BLACK
Jesus fucking Christ. So why would he shoot just at the mirror and the wall?

BAIN

I don't know, John.

BLACK takes a deep breath.

BAIN (CONT'D)

John, get some rest and I'll call you
when I get further details.

BLACK hangs up.

ELISABETTA

Well?

BLACK

It's inconclusive. The hitman was flown
in, that's definite, but other than
that, we have nothing.

EXT. HIGHWAY SOMEWHERE IN THE U.S.-NIGHT

VINCENT FIORE, an Italian American man in his late thirties
is driving a convertible muscle car at high speed down a
deserted highway. He is dark haired, has classical Italian
features and cunning eyes. He is talking on a cell phone.

VINCENT (SICILIAN)

Was Fu Manchu behind the thing on
Goody-Two-Shoes?

EXT. WHEAT FIELD, SICILY-DAY

A man in his sixties, ORFEO, is sitting on a parked tractor
with a backhoe, talking to VINCENT on a cell.

ORFEO (SICILIAN)

Si. The authorities are dusting off the
rubber hoses. Nothing's moving. Fu
Manchu wants you badly.

EXT. HIGHWAY-SAME

VINCENT hangs up. He guns the motor.

He passes by an electrical tower and throws his cell phone
at it. The phone bounces off one of the struts and lands
under the tower.

EXT. ALL-NIGHT CONVENIENCE STORE-NIGHT

VINCENT dials a number on a payphone. After a few rings, it picks up.

INT. BLACK'S HOME, LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

BLACK picks up the phone.

BLACK

Hello?

EXT. ALL-NIGHT CONVENIENCE STORE, PAYPHONE-NIGHT

VINCENT

John, it's me.

BLACK

Where are you?

VINCENT

C'mon John.

BLACK

It's my duty to inform you that you are a fugitive from the Witness Protection Program and suspect in the assassination attempt on myself and Elisabetta Aldino.

ELISABETTA comes in. BLACK gestures she should stay and turns on the speaker phone.

VINCENT

It wasn't me, John.

ELISABETTA gasps at the sound of VINCENT's voice.

BLACK

If I speak to you now without alerting law enforcement, it can be considered aiding and abetting.

VINCENT

I'll hold while you authorize a trace.

Slight pause. BLACK takes a deep breath.

BLACK

OK, Vincent, what's up?

VINCENT

Pino is after *me*, not you or Lisabetta.

BLACK

How do you know?

VINCENT

Unfinished business. You and I exposed him in Italy, we won that battle, now he is going to win the war.

BLACK

Vincent, he shot at *me*.

VINCENT

Then why aren't you dead?

BLACK

We were lucky.

VINCENT

No, you weren't. Whatever he did was to send a message. You're my only visible blood relative. My mother is in hiding, so you're the only one he can get to.

A SHERIFF'S CRUISER pulls in and parks.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Oh-oh, gotta go, I'll call you in a few minutes.

VINCENT hangs up. He gets to his car, starts it up and drives away.

EXT. HIGHWAY-SAME

VINCENT is talking on a cell phone to BLACK.

VINCENT

John, if Pino wanted to ruin you, he would expose you as my dad's illegitimate child. The bastard child of the most famous enforcer in mob history next to Johnny Stompanado? That's just too good to be left alone without a reason.

BLACK and ELISABETTA look at each other. She strokes her neck and swallows. Slight pause.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

So I hear you're getting buddy-buddy with the Clintons, is that right?

BLACK

That's right.

VINCENT

Daddy's proud of you, John.

Slight pause.

BLACK

How's your boy?

VINCENT

He's great. He's in his coherent babble stage. He's a real marvel. Hopefully you'll get to meet him someday.

BLACK

I hope so, too.

VINCENT

Listen, I know you're not tracing this call, but I'm going to hang up. Old habits; know what I mean?

BLACK

OK, Vincent.

VINCENT

I know how you feel right now, John. But this is now my problem.

BLACK

I can't condone anything like that.

VINCENT

Good bye, John. Oh, and another thing, none of your staff were in on it. That's how you know it was Pino for sure.

VINCENT hangs up and throws the cell phone out of the car.

INT. BLACK'S HOME-NIGHT

BLACK hangs up.

BLACK
He's pulling some sort of con.

ELISABETTA
Pino, John.

BLACK (YELLING)
We can't be one hundred percent sure
yet!

BLACK realizes he just yelled. He sinks into a chair.

BLACK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry...

ELISABETTA embraces BLACK and lets out a deep breath.

EXT. ONE-BEDROOM HOUSE-NIGHT

VINCENT pulls in to the driveway and cuts the engine. He goes inside.

INT. ONE-BEDROOM HOUSE

VINCENT comes inside. LILY (LILIANA) FIORE, VINCENT'S WIFE, a beautiful, raven-haired Italian-American woman in her early thirties is feeding baby food to their enthusiastic son, BRUNO, an eighteen month old boy.

VINCENT
I'm home. (to BRUNO) What? Why are you
still up?

VINCENT kisses BRUNO, wipes the baby food off his face and kisses LILY.

LILY
He isn't sleeping. It's the time
change.

VINCENT (TO BRUNO)
Is that right, bad boy? Prince Hal not
sleepy? Huh?

BRUNO smiles and squeals.

LILY

It's the time change. Where have you been?

VINCENT

Driving. I talked to my brother.

LILY turns around.

LILY

How is he?

VINCENT

A little shook up, but he's OK. I gave him your regards.

LILY

The Aldino woman is here too, right?

VINCENT

Yeah.

VINCENT massages her shoulders.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Pino was the one behind the shooting.

LILY

Are you sure?

VINCENT

Yes.

LILY

Are we going to have to move again?

VINCENT

Probably not right away, but I'm going to go do some exploring.

LILY takes a deep breath. VINCENT kisses the top of her head.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Hey, it's going to be alright.

LILY doesn't answer him. VINCENT opens his mouth to say something, but he knows that the same speech won't work this time. He backs off and leaves.

INT. STUDY-MORNING

VINCENT comes in and closes the door. He pulls out a large map from the bookshelf. He unrolls it on his desk. It is a map of Israel.

INT. PINO GRACI'S OFFICE-DAY

PINO and CASTANZA are looking at some papers. An ENFORCER comes in with an ornate funeral wreath.

CASTANZA (SICILIAN)
What is this?

ENFORCER (SICILIAN)
It came for the Padrone.

CASTANZA
Who's it from?

ENFORCER
Doesn't say.

CASTANZA nods towards the door. The ENFORCER leaves.

PINO
It's Vincent's idea of a joke.

CASTANZA
He knows where we are. We have to find the traitor in our organization, now.

PINO
No.

CASTANZA
Padrone, forgive me, but the last time we hesitated with this bastard, he almost brought down our whole organization.

PINO
Pete, he has nothing. Nothing at all. He's walking into his demise. All we have to do is wait.

INT. BLACK'S HOME, KITCHEN-MORNING

BLACK and ELISABETTA are having breakfast. An ARMED SECURITY GUARD passes by the window, on patrol. BLACK's cell phone, lying next to him on the table, rings. BLACK looks at the caller ID and answers.

BLACK

Johnny.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, KANSAS CITY, MO, BAIN'S OFFICE-MORNING

This is a neat, but highly trafficked office. AGENTS are milling about, talking to each other. Everyone is wired.

BAIN

John, all the staff interviews came back negative. Everyone in your office volunteered for lie detector tests, all neg.

BLACK

OK. What now? Interpol?

BAIN

They're on it.

BLACK

I'm going back to work today, Johnny.

BAIN

Don't, John.

BLACK

C'mon, Johnny.

BAIN

Alright, call me anytime 24/7.

BLACK

Thanks, Johnny.

BLACK hangs up.

ELISABETTA

Why didn't you tell him you talked to Vincent?

BLACK

Vincent is the only option for
eradicating this bastard, once and for
all.

BLACK leans back in his chair.

BLACK (CONT'D)
God help me.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, UNKNOWN CITY-MORNING

VINCENT has come out of the shower and is drying his hair.
He is on the phone and waits for the other side to pick up.

LILY answers. She is crying.

VINCENT
What's wrong? What happened?

LILY
Papa died.

VINCENT
Oh, shit.

LILY
What are we going to do, Vincent? I
mean, can I go to the funeral?

VINCENT
When is it?

LILY
Next week, on Wednesday in Kansas City.
The Italian cemetery.

VINCENT
Did he want to go back to Sicily?

LILY
I don't know.

VINCENT
Calm down, let me see what I can do,
I'll call you right back.

LILY
OK.

VINCENT hangs up. He puts the phone down and puts his head in his hands. He picks up the phone and dials.

INT. PINO GRACI'S OFFICE-DAY

PINO is in a meeting with some elderly men. The phone rings. He picks it up.

PINO

Pronto.

VINCENT

Salud, Don Pino.

PINO

Ciao, Vincenzo.

PINO signals the elderly men to leave immediately.

PINO (SICILIAN) (CONT'D)

My condolences about Sal. He was a great man.

VINCENT (SICILIAN)

Thanks, thank you.

PINO

You got a lot of balls calling me.

VINCENT

I knew you'd listen to what I have to say.

PINO

Shoot.

VINCENT

I want a pass for me and my family to go to Sal's funeral in Kansas City.

PINO

Hmmm...that's a tough one, Vincent.

VINCENT

No bullshit, I promise.

PINO

OK, your wife and son go, you don't.
I'll have men there to pay their
respects, also, understand?

VINCENT
Yes, I understand.

PINO
Your wife and baby show up unannounced,
stay for one day and leave the
following morning.

VINCENT
Agreed.

PINO
Again, my condolences.

VINCENT
Thank you.

VINCENT hangs up.

INT. CHURCH-DAY

About 200 mourners attend Sal Russo's funeral. There are
mostly older men in dark suits. The women are crying.

LILY comes in with BRUNO in her arms. MARIA, LILY'S MOTHER,
a woman in her late fifties, who was also once a great
beauty but who seems haggard and worn out, turns to see her
daughter. At first she cannot believe it. They run into
each other's arms and howl with joy. MARIA takes little
BRUNO, who is crying from all the loud noise. She bounces
him up and down. She hands him back to LILY. MARIA and LILY
kiss each other over and over again.

INT. KITCHEN-EVENING

The guests have thinned out. LILY is feeding BRUNO and
MARIA is cleaning dishes. GUESTS walk by the open door.
Some nosier older guests peek in to get a sight of LILY.

MARIA brings two cups of coffee to the table. MARIA takes
BRUNO in her lap. He sucks on a cookie from her hand.

LILY
He likes you.

MARIA

Yeahhhh...

LILY takes her hand.

LILY (SICILIAN)

Ma, how are you doing, really? Do you need money?

MARIA shakes her head.

MARIA (SICILIAN)

No, no, I'm OK.

LILY

Mama, stop it. Really, anything. Just ask.

MARIA gets up and closes the kitchen door. She turns around and faces LILY.

MARIA

Lily, Lord forgive me for saying this, but I am glad your father is dead.

LILY

What?

MARIA

He is at peace now. This thing that we were involved in, it...it was a bad deal. Your father struggled with it all his life. But what was he supposed to do otherwise? He had been in since he was thirteen years old. His dying wish was that you and his grandson leave Vincent.

LILY

Mama, what are you saying?

MARIA

I have known Vincent since he was born. You could not have married a finer man. But a good mafioso is still a mafioso.

LILY

I won't leave him, mama. We have been through too much together.

MARIA

You say one thing, but your body says something else. It's on your mind, I know it.

LILY turns away.

LILY

I am still madly in love with him.

MARIA

And you will be for the rest of your life.

LILY

Vincent is taking care of the situation, and soon they will settle down and be a family.

MARIA

Do you really believe that?

LILY

Yes, ma, I do.

MARIA

No, you don't.

MARIA approaches LILY. MARIA nods towards BRUNO.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Think of what is most important.

INT. BEDROOM-EARLY MORNING

BRUNO is asleep in a crib. LILY is curled up fetally, staring at the cell phone on the night stand. She reaches for it. She puts it down.

She sees the time reaches for it again and dials a number.

INT. US DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY

DOLLY picks up the phone.

DOLLY

US Attorney's office.

LILY

May I speak to John Black, please?

DOLLY
He is in a meeting. I can take a message.

LILY
This is Liliana Fiore. I need to talk to him right now.

DOLLY
OK, hold on Mrs. Fiore.

INT. BLACK'S OFFICE-DAY

BLACK is in a meeting. The intercom buzzes.

BLACK
Yeah?

DOLLY
Mrs. Fiore is on the phone.

BLACK snaps the phone up.

BLACK
Put her through.

He signals everyone to leave, at this moment. They crowd around the door.

BLACK (CONT'D)
This is John Black.

Black looks at the caller ID. It is blocked.

LILY
Hi John, it's Lily.

BLACK
Lily, hi, how are you?

LILY
Fine, fine, how's things?

BLACK
Everything's fine, everything's OK.
What can I do for you?

LILY
I'm calling because I'm afraid.

BLACK
Yeah? What's going on?

Slight pause. LILY sobs.

LILY
Can you...can you...can you help me?

BLACK
Of course I can. Tell me how.

LILY
I don't think I can do this anymore.

BLACK
Do what anymore, Lily?

LILY
Run.

BLACK
I can understand that.

LILY
What are my options?

BLACK
Come down here and we can talk.

LILY
Will I be arrested?

BLACK
Yes, you will, Lily. I will have to charge you with aiding and abetting a fugitive.

LILY
What about my son?

BLACK
Social services will open a file, and probably release him to one of his grandparents for temporary custody.

LILY sobs.

LILY
Will I go to prison?

BLACK
We can talk about cutting a deal.

LILY
Will I have to testify against Vincent?

BLACK
Probably.

LILY
I don't think I can do that.

BLACK
If you want to stop running, that's the best option you have, Lily.

LILY
What about Vincent, I mean, who's going to happen to him?

LILY sobs.

LILY (CONT'D)
OK.

BLACK
It can't be easy for you right now.

LILY
You're telling me.

She chuckles through her tears.

LILY (CONT'D)
You cut deals? You cut me a deal right now, John.

BLACK
It doesn't work that way, Lily.

LILY
The hell it doesn't!

BLACK
We cut him a deal to come back to the States and stay inside the witness

protection program and participate in no criminal activities, and he reneged on our agreement.

LILY

He also helped you bring down the Rondone clan in Sicily, which put you on the map, John. Without him, you'd have nothing.

BLACK

I run a clean ship, Lily. If you want to stop running, you can help me find him and we can talk about a plea bargain, which would include supervised visitation with your son.

LILY looks over at BRUNO in his crib.

LILY

He's so young.

BLACK

This is your chance to make good, Lily. What are you going to do? Run all of your life with a son? Change schools and make him change his name? Hmm? And then pack up and move again every time you think the authorities are catching up with you? Is that the life you want for Bruno? Can you imagine what that will do to him psychologically? You will get caught one day, Lily.

LILY

I'm sorry.

LILY hangs up. BLACK hangs up. He thinks.

EXT. TEL AVIV AIRPORT-DAY

A JUMBO JET touches down on the runway.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TEL AVIV-DAY

MONTAGE: VINCENT plays tourist, seeing all the sights. He is particularly interested in the police and soldiers.

Occasionally he will blend in with a sight seeing tour and then just as quickly leave if the tour gets uninteresting.

EXT. PIZZA STALL-DAY

This is a small hole in the wall pizza vendor. The proprietor and cashier, a sephardic man in his middle forties nods at VINCENT.

VINCENT

Pizza.

VINCENT points at a slice. The VENDOR hands VINCENT the pizza. It is hot, VINCENT bites into it. He nods approvingly at the VENDOR. The VENDOR ignores him.

EXT. ARAB BAZAAR-DAY

The VENDORS are out in full swing. VINCENT goes to look at the tables. He haggles over the price of some Bedouin cloth for LILY.

VINCENT comes to a tea vendor and buys some tea. He peers over to a closed nightclub. Men wearing silk suits in the middle of the heat of midday walk in.

VINCENT takes note of the name of the place: "Song of Solomon."

He finishes his tea, sets the glass on the counter, tips, and leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, TEL AVIV-NIGHT

The alarm clock goes off and VINCENT wakes. He gets up and pulls the curtains in front of his window. The night and the streets are teeming with life.

EXT. SONG OF SOLOMON NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

VINCENT gets out of a cab and sees that the nightclub from the day before is teeming with life. A crowd of teens and clubbers are milling about outside. Arabic trip-hop pulsates through the walls.

INT. NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

VINCENT goes inside. He passes through a metal detector. He is frisked. They let him in.

The inside of the club is chock full of sweaty dancers. There are many tables filled with people partying and carousing. VINCENT sees some kids doing coke out in the open. He's in the right place.

VINCENT sits at the bar. The BARTENDER nods at him.

VINCENT
Glenlivet.

VINCENT sees a bartender take away two empty bottles of Crystal to the back. VINCENT looks to the table where the Crystal came from.

Five very well-dressed, middle-aged Arabic men are having drinks and carousing with white girls who smell of being high-priced hookers, call girls or girls impressed by wealth or the allure of Arabic men.

His drink arrives. He tips heavily.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
A round of Crystal for my friends at
the table there.

The BARTENDER thinks he's kidding. VINCENT looks at the BARTENDER as if he just slapped VINCENT's mother.

BARTENDER
OK.

VINCENT reaches into his pocket and opens a small compact mirror, sets it on the bar, so he can see over his shoulder to the table with the men and girls without turning around.

A BARTENDER brings two bottles of Crystal from the back. VINCENT watches the men being surprised, asking the BARTENDER who sent it, the BARTENDER pointing at VINCENT sitting at the bar.

The BARTENDER makes his way back to the bar. VINCENT closes the compact and puts it in his pocket.

VINCENT feels a hand on his shoulder. VINCENT turns around.

MESSENGER (HEBREW)
What's up?

VINCENT

I dunno, you tell me.

MESSENGER (ENGLISH)
You're American.

VINCENT nods.

MESSENGER (CONT'D)
What do you want?

VINCENT
I want to do business.

MESSENGER
What kind of business?

VINCENT
*Rekesh.**

The MESSENGER leaves and goes back to the table. He whispers into the ear of the larger of the Arabic men. The large man's expression turns grave. The MESSENGER gets up and walks towards VINCENT.

MESSENGER
We don't do that kind of business.

VINCENT
Tell them that my name is Paolo Atria.

The MESSENGER leaves and goes back to the table. He whispers in the LARGE MAN'S EAR. His expression is surprise. Bingo. He stares over at VINCENT. The MESSENGER comes back.

MESSENGER
Tomorrow, here, ten o'clock in the morning.

VINCENT turns around and raises his glass at the table and smiles. The LARGE MAN raises his glass at him, too. The GIRLS at the table shout drunken thank-yous.

VINCENT signals the BARTENDER. The BARTENDER comes over.

VINCENT
Another round for my friends, and...

He peels off some bills and hands them to the BARTENDER.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I was never here.

The BARTENDER takes the money. VINCENT gets up and leaves.

EXT. STREETS-NIGHT

The bazaar and the nightlife outside the club is completely quiet. VINCENT strolls along, whistling. He knows he is being followed. TWO MEN dart in and out of the shadows. VINCENT keeps walking and whistling.

* *Illegal arms procurement.*

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

VINCENT puts the final touches on best clothes for going out in the full length mirror. He adjusts his tie one more time and leaves.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY-NIGHT

VINCENT comes down and the CONCIERGE is doing paper work.

VINCENT

Hey, where's the best club in this city. You know...(i.e. Strip bar)

CONCIERGE

That would be Club Bathsheba.

VINCENT

Sounds good.

They chuckle.

CONCIERGE

Call you a cab?

VINCENT

Please.

EXT. HOTEL-NIGHT

A TAXI pulls up. VINCENT gets in.

INT. TAXI-NIGHT

DRIVER

Where to, sir?

VINCENT

I want you to drive around the block three times and drop me off in front of the hotel next to this one.

The DRIVER turns and looks at VINCENT.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

It's a surprise party, for my wife.

EXT. ADJOINING HOTEL-NIGHT

The TAXI stops. VINCENT gets out. He pulls out a wad of bill and peels off a healthy helping. He hands it to the cabby.

VINCENT

Here. And don't report back to your friend at the front desk. I will find you and personally kick the shit out of you if you fuck up my wife's thirtieth birthday, (looks at registration) Dauod.

DRIVER

Thank you.

VINCENT gets out. The DRIVER drives off. VINCENT enters the adjoining hotel.

INT. ADJOINING HOTEL LOBBY-NIGHT

The CONCIERGE is doing paperwork behind the counter. He sees VINCENT.

CONCIERGE

Ahh, Mr. Farnsworth, good evening.

VINCENT

Good evening, Tony.

TONY

Key?

VINCENT nods. He is on his way to the elevator.

VINCENT

Toss 'em.

TONY tosses the keys to VINCENT. VINCENT gets in the elevator.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Your kid make the team?

TONY
Try-outs are next week.

The doors are closing.

VINCENT
Oh, that's right. Wish him good luck.

TONY (OS)
Thank you, sir.

The elevator goes up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

VINCENT enters. He gets binoculars from the chest of drawers and peers into the window of his original hotel room. Not taking his eyes off the adjoining hotel room, VINCENT takes off his blazer and puts on a black, hooded windbreaker. Short of breath and excited, his gaze is fixed on the adjoining hotel room.

LATER-SAME

VINCENT is eating a sandwich and drinking a bottled water. Tori Amos is crooning from the CD player. VINCENT checks his watch and looks through the binoculars. No movement in his room.

The lights come on in his room. VINCENT looks through the binoculars. TWO YOUNG ARABIC MEN come in and quickly draw the curtains.

VINCENT flies out of his chair and out the room.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY.

VINCENT comes in the lobby, gets past the CONCIERGE (who is obviously in with the two men upstairs) who is arguing with a tired American family who just came in from a long flight. VINCENT runs up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY, HOTEL

VINCENT comes to his room and pulls a gun. He listens to the door and hears Arabic jabber in whispers. VINCENT steps back and kicks the door in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

The DOOR swings open. The TWO ARAB MEN screech. VINCENT pistol whips one as the other backs against the wall, inching towards the door. VINCENT grabs the man he is beating, puts the pistol to his head and cocks the hammer.

VINCENT
Close the door.

The man at the door is frozen.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Close the door, Arabushim!

MAN #1 (ARABIC)
Do what he says, you idiot!

VINCENT (TO MAN #2)
Speak English?

MAN #2
Little, little.

VINCENT (TO MAN #1)
Sit over there in the bed.

VINCENT lets go of MAN #1 and he sits on the bed. VINCENT stands next to his friend, and holds the gun to his throat.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Who sent you, tough guy?

MAN #2
We will be killed if we tell you.

VINCENT
Who? Who is going to kill you?

MAN #2
Cannot say.

VINCENT cocks the hammer.

The two ARAB MEN do nothing but shake. VINCENT realizes that this is of no use. VINCENT motions to MAN #1 on the bed to get up.

VINCENT
Get up and come over here.

MAN #1 on the bed is wide-eyed and scared.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I said, come here!

VINCENT yanks him and shoves him up against the wall. He trains the gun on them both. He goes over to the dresser and roots through his things and pulls out a digital camera.

He takes their picture.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I'm uploading this picture to an offshore server. If anything happens to me, you better hope the police find you first, understand?

Both MEN nod vigorously, whether they understand or not.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
OK, get the fuck out of here.

The MEN tear out of the room.

VINCENT packs.

INT. HALLWAY, HOTEL

VINCENT lugs his suitcase. He stops by a trash can, lights a book of matches and throws it inside. He pulls the fire alarm.

EXT. HOTEL-NIGHT

VINCENT slips out with the throng of people. The CONCIERGE is calming the people down. VINCENT comes up behind him and taps him on the shoulder.

VINCENT
Tomorrow at ten AM, I will be back here. Either your boss is here or I'll

shoot you right there in the lobby,
understand?

VINCENT walks away, not waiting for an answer. The
CONCIERGE watches him go, speechless.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY, ADJOINING HOTEL-NIGHT

VINCENT is slumped in a chair, on the phone, luggage beside
him. The other side is ringing. TONY comes up with a hot
cup of coffee. He hands it to VINCENT.

TONY
Coffee, Mr. Farnsworth?

VINCENT
Oh, Tony, thank you. You are the best.

VINCENT takes the coffee. The other side picks up.

ISABELLA
Hello?

VINCENT
Mama.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOME-DAY

ISABELLA PONTI, an Italian American woman in her sixties is
on the phone with VINCENT in the kitchen. She is regal
without being haughty, standoffish yet personable, and can
still turn the heads of men very much younger than herself.
Her impeccable diction suggests years of hard work as an
actress; her poise, years of hard work as a ballet dancer.
She has the same cunning eyes and many of the same
mannerisms and idiosyncracies as her son.

ISABELLA
Hello, Vincent. Where are you?

VINCENT
I can't tell you that, ma, you know
that.

LILY comes in to the kitchen holding BRUNO. ISABELLA holds
her finger up to her mouth. LILY quickly leaves with BRUNO.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
But I'm safe and OK and in one piece.

ISABELLA

Well, hooray for you.

VINCENT

Are we going to have this discussion again?

ISABELLA

What's the use?

VINCENT

Stop it, Ma.

ISABELLA

You stop it, Vincent. You stop. If you want to die at an early age like your father, be my guest. You and he have broken my heart so many times that if it hasn't killed me yet, my guess is that it never will.

VINCENT

Fine, fine. Listen, I gotta get some sleep. I'll call you tomorrow. I just wanted to let you know that I am OK.

ISABELLA

OK.

Slight pause.

VINCENT

Aren't you going to say "I love you?"

ISABELLA

I love you, Vincent.

VINCENT

You mean that?

ISABELLA

Of course I do.

VINCENT

OK. I love you, too.

VINCENT hangs up. He puts his head in his hands.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOME, KITCHEN-DAY

LILY and ISABELLA look at each other for a moment. They embrace. They rock each other gently. ISABELLA takes LILY's face into her hands.

LILY

How is he?

ISABELLA

He's fine.

LILY

Did he say where he was?

ISABELLA

Of course not.

They embrace.

EXT. NEGEV DESERT-DAY

Three SUV's with blackened windows drive fast over the hard-packed sand, kicking up dust.

INT. MIDDLE SUV-DAY

VINCENT is sitting in the backseat, between two very large Arabic men. The passenger seat is occupied by another very large, menacing Arabic man. Egyptian pop music is blaring out of the car speakers. On the horizon, a sprawling compound appears. In the center is a mansion. On the tower of the mansion are two flags, one Palestinian, one Israeli fluttering in the desert wind.

There are also modern homes and roads emanating from the compound. Some are complete, but many others are mid-construction. There are functional street lamps, fire hydrants, a small hospital with an ambulance and helipad with a evac helicopter.

They pass a road sign that says "Kedma." VINCENT turns to the Arab sitting next to him.

VINCENT (TO PASSENGER)

What does "Kedma" mean?

ARAB

"Eden."

EXT. KEDMA-DAY

The SUVs drive fast past workers tending gardens, goats and camels. The SUVs blare their horns at people in the way. The massive gates to the compound are opened and the SUVs rush in.

INT. COMPOUND-DAY

THE SUVs come to a halt. Everyone gets out. VINCENT drinks in the surroundings. A young Palestinian man in his late twenties with a happy-go-lucky demeanor comes out and greets VINCENT in perfect American English.

HAKIM

Mr. Atria, I'm Hakim. Welcome to *Kedma*.

They shake hands.

VINCENT

Thanks, thanks.

HAKIM

I thought we could have some lunch.
Hungry?

VINCENT

I could eat.

They go inside.

INT. DINING ROOM-DAY

This is a spacious dining room, but not too gaudy. VINCENT and HAKIM are sitting at a long table and eating Middle Eastern finger foods. There is a bodyguard a few feet away.

VINCENT

This place, it's like a city in the middle of the desert.

HAKIM

That's what we're trying to do here. They were practically giving the land away a few years ago and I jumped on it. Little did I know we are sitting on top a huge well.

VINCENT

Oil?

HAKIM

Water. Fresh, sweet well water.
Millions of gallons. Not like that crap
that comes from the desalination
plants.

VINCENT nods.

HAKIM (CONT'D)

In five years, we will have a fully
functional city, Israelis and
Palestinians living side by side, in
cooperation. The original Zionist
dream.

VINCENT

Looks like you're well on your way.

HAKIM

Our cultures have become so intertwined
here, I celebrate Roshashonah and my
Jewish neighbors stop by with treats
for all the kids at Ramadan.
Cooperation, what a concept!

He laughs. HAKIM eats.

VINCENT

But you've had some problems.

HAKIM

Oh, there's always problems. Try
building a city in the middle of the
desert, you're in for some real
logistical night mares.

VINCENT

Not hard to imagine. What about uh,
harassment, so to speak?

HAKIM

Yes...that happens now and again.

VINCENT

I might be able to help you with that.

HAKIM

That's very kind, but, uh (clears throat) you aren't the real Paulie Atria.

VINCENT
No, I'm not.

HAKIM
You're Vincent Fiore. You're running from just about everyone. What are you looking for? A place to hang your hat?

HAKIM chuckles. VINCENT nods towards the bodyguard.

VINCENT
He speak English?

HAKIM
No, why?

VINCENT leans into HAKIM.

VINCENT
You're Mossad.

HAKIM reacts.

HAKIM
What the f-

VINCENT
Don't try and fool me, sonny. I'll tell that guy over there what I know about you and you'll be in the world to come before I sit back down.

Staring contest. HAKIM wipes his mouth with a napkin.

HAKIM
What do you want?

VINCENT
I want to talk for your boss, or whoever is okaying this grand desert blossom of yours. I have stuff that he needs to know. It'll make you look good.

HAKIM

How do I know I can trust you?

VINCENT
Because I'm holding my hand out and
you're holding the long end of the
stick.

HAKIM
I'll see what I can do.

HAKIM nods at VINCENT.

VINCENT
Wow, look at the time, I should be
getting back. Can your car take me?

VINCENT gets up. HAKIM gets up.

HAKIM
Yeah, sure. Hey, it was a real
pleasure.

They shake hands.

VINCENT
Same here.

HAKIM
Are you in Israel for a while, or...?

VINCENT
I'm around. A lot of ruins in this
country. We Italians love ruins.

HAKIM
You should check out the Al-Aqsa mosque
while you're here, it's beautiful. It's
closed to the public right now, but I
can make some calls.

VINCENT
Oh, thank you, I'd appreciate that.

They shake hands.

EXT. HOTEL-NIGHT

An ambulance screeches to a halt in front of the hotel and
two paramedics get out and run inside.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY.

PARAMEDICS run through the lobby past TONY.

INT. HALLWAY HOTEL

The PARAMEDICS come to VINCENT's door and knock loudly. VINCENT comes to the door.

VINCENT

What the-

A PARAMEDIC jams a syringe into his thigh.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Mother fuck-

VINCENT drops into the PARAMEDIC's arms, unconscious.

The other PARAMEDIC grabs VINCENT's legs and they lay him on a stretcher. They put a breathing mask on him. GUESTS come out of their rooms, curious.

INT. CONCRETE ROOM

VINCENT is strapped to a chair, unconscious, blindfolded and completely naked.

Sitting opposite him is YURI EPSTEIN, a tough, hulking, balding, Ashkenazi man in his late fifties. Very little of him has gone to fat despite his age. He has crystal blue eyes that penetrate, yet show little emotion. He speaks with a heavy Russian accent.

VINCENT groans coming into consciousness.

YURI (ENGLISH)

A few more seconds and the drug will wear off.

VINCENT

Who are you? Where am I?

YURI

You are in a basement in a suburb of Tel-Aviv.

VINCENT

Who are you?

YURI

I am Yuri.

VINCENT

Vincent.

YURI

What do you want in Israel?

VINCENT

I want to talk to the man in charge.

YURI

You are.

VINCENT

How do I know that for sure?

YURI

You are going to have to trust me.

VINCENT

How about taking the blindfold off?

YURI gets up and takes the blindfold off. He sits back down. VINCENT's eyes adjust to the light. He is a little taken aback when he sees YURI's size.

YURI

What do you want in Israel?

VINCENT

Have you heard of a man named Pino Graci?

YURI

Yes, I have.

VINCENT

His sole aim is to hold the world hostage with the nuclear card.

YURI

Explain further, please.

VINCENT

He acquires nuclear fissile material. The world's authorities leave him alone to do what he wants to do and in

return, only the right people have the bomb.

YURI
What do you want?

VINCENT
I am offering my services as a consultant to the Mossad in exchange for protection for my immediate family. And Pino Graci's name appears on the Prime Minister's List of the Enemies of Israel.

VINCENT waits for a reply. YURI's face betrays nothing.

YURI gets up. He softly knocks on the door. The door opens slightly. YURI steps out and the door shuts behind him. VINCENT is alone. Seconds pass.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Hello?

A minute later, a beefy guard comes in with YURI. YURI holds VINCENT's clothes. YURI puts the clothes in VINCENT's lap. The guard loosens VINCENT's restraints. VINCENT sighs.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Much better. Thank you.

VINCENT puts on his shirt. The two men leave, shutting the door behind them.

VINCENT puts on the rest of his clothes. He sits back down and waits. No movement, no sound. He approaches the door. He knocks on it softly. Nothing. He tries the handle. The door is unlocked. He opens the door.

VINCENT looks up a wood plank stair case that leads to a door. Light comes in from under the upper door. He can hear some kind of activity. VINCENT takes the stairs and tries the top door. It is open.

INT. HALLWAY, MIDDLE CLASS HOME-DAY

VINCENT peeks out cautiously. He can hear activity in the other room. VINCENT walks down the short hallway and comes to...

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Two children are playing a board game. In an adjoining kitchen, an elderly woman is cooking. She looks up at VINCENT for a moment and then goes back to her cooking.

VINCENT (TO OLD WOMAN)

Front door?

The ELDERLY WOMAN points. VINCENT walks in that direction. He sees the front door and tries the handle. It opens up to a suburban street.

It is mid-afternoon and the sun is shining. VINCENT hastily walks out of the house and into the street. He sees some kids on the corner, chatting, holding their skateboards. He digs into his pocket and pulls out a money clip. He takes a bill and approaches the kids, holding up the note.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Speak English?

KID

Yes.

VINCENT

Call me a cab?

The KID unclips his cell phone from his belt and dials.

VINCENT (TO OTHER KIDS) (CONT'D)

How you guys doing?

The KIDS giggle.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY-DAY

VINCENT is on the phone with LILY. LILY is in the KITCHEN of a SAFEHOUSE.

VINCENT

We made contact.

LILY

Yeah? How do you think it went?

VINCENT

I dunno, I can't tell. I guess they like being mysterious.

LILY

You're not dead and they didn't turn you over to the Americans, that's a good sign.

VINCENT

Mm-hmm.

LILY

They will probably ask you to perform a good faith act, and if you fail, they'll get rid of you.

VINCENT

Means I can't fail.

LILY

No, you can't.

VINCENT

I know this is hard on you, bella, but so far it's working out.

LILY

I hope so.

VINCENT

You love me?

LILY

Of course I do.

VINCENT

Forever and ever?

LILY

Forever and ever.

He hangs up. LILY hangs up the phone. She sobs. She squelches her tears.

EXT. PIETRO CASTANZA'S HOME-DAY

There is a children's birthday party in full swing. Children are playing and screaming to their heart's delight in the back yard pool.

PINO GRACI is across the yard, lounging in the shade chatting with some older men. CASTANZA's cell phone rings. He answers.

CASTANZA

Pronto?

INT. YURI'S STUDY-DAY

YURI is on the phone to CASTANZA.

MIRIAM BEN-AMI, a beautiful Semitic woman in her early thirties is listening on the speaker. She has long curly black hair, and has enormous dark eyes crackle with intelligence and zeal. Her thick, sun-cracked lips are the only suggestion of warmth or vulnerability.

Also listening is DOV AUERBACH, a tall, lean hawkish Sephardic man in his middle thirties, who only a fool would trifle with.

YURI (ITALIAN)

Is this Pietro Castanza?

CASTANZA (ITALIAN)

Who wants to know?

YURI

My name is Yuri Epstein. I am with the Mossad. I would like to speak to you about your boss' activities having to do with nuclear weapons.

CASTANZA looks over at PINO, who is still chatting with the other men.

YURI (CONT'D)

If you decide to cooperate with us, you will be spared.

YURI hangs up. CASTANZA can't believe what he just heard. He is a little stunned, but snaps back to reality. He saves YURI's number on the cell.

YURI (HEBREW) (CONT'D)

I think the mafiosi is telling the truth.

DOV lights a cigarette.

DOV (HEBREW)

We could get under his thumb.

MIRIAM

These people are master con artists. Most of them are sociopathic. If he has the ability to bring down the biggest mafia clan in Sicily, what do you think he can do to us?

YURI

I read his file. He is not sociopathic; actually he is quite compassionate.

MIRIAM

He has you conned already.

YURI

He has no one and no place to go. He can do a lot of good work for us.

EXT. CAFE-DAY

VINCENT is drinking tea and reading the New York Times.

MIRIAM approaches. She speaks in short, matter of fact, heavily accented English that suggests schooling in the IDF intelligence corps.

She stands over VINCENT. VINCENT reaches for the pistol hidden in his belt. She puts two fingers at his throat.

MIRIAM

Don't do it. Both hands flat on the table.

VINCENT takes his hand off the gun. She jerks her hand into his throat.

MIRIAM (HISSING) (CONT'D)

Slowly.

VINCENT slowly places both hands on the table. Fingers still at his throat, MIRIAM sits down. Under the table, she plucks the gun from his waist band, and puts it in her lap. VINCENT spots DOV sitting at a table a few yards away, his feeling-less eyes boring into him.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

There is work, if you want it.

VINCENT
What is it?

MIRIAM
Courier work.

VINCENT nods.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
You will be contacted.

MIRIAM gets up and leaves. VINCENT turns around and watches her blend into the throngs of people. DOV gets up and walks towards VINCENT.

DOV pats VINCENT on the shoulder as he passes him. VINCENT watches DOV disappear into the crowd.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

VINCENT opens the door with his key. He goes to the window and opens it to let in air. YURI is sitting on a chair in the corner, a briefcase beside him. YURI shifts. VINCENT jumps and pulls his pistol from his waist band and points it at YURI.

YURI
Hello.

YURI gets up and approaches VINCENT. YURI is nonchalant of the gun.

YURI (CONT'D)
I understand you have volunteered.

VINCENT holsters his weapon.

VINCENT
That's right.

YURI takes the briefcase and approaches VINCENT.

YURI
Very good. You are to go to Beirut and meet the target tomorrow morning.

YURI takes out a small piece of paper with writing on it.

YURI (CONT'D)

These are the names of the locations in order.

YURI takes out a map.

YURI (CONT'D)

This a map of Beirut. Memorize how to get to the locations. By no means take the map with you on the mission.

VINCENT

OK.

YURI

Remember that you are only a courier. Get in, get out.

VINCENT

OK.

YURI

Good luck.

VINCENT

What's in the briefcase?

YURI doesn't answer.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

C'mon, I have to know. In case they start asking questions.

YURI

Blueprints for a secret nuclear power plant to be built in the Negev desert, close to the Dimona.

VINCENT nods.

YURI (CONT'D)

Good luck.

YURI leaves. VINCENT runs to the window. He sees a car pull up in front of the hotel. YURI gets in and pulls away.

VINCENT carefully opens the briefcase. Inside are a series of blueprints, all in Hebrew, i.e. indecipherable.

EXT. BUSY STREET, BEIRUT-DAY

A full BUS rolls up and comes to a loud stop. VINCENT gets off.

EXT. EMPTY BAZAAR STALL-DAY

A lone, dusty van is parked, covered by tarps.

YURI (V.O., HEBREW)
He's on foot.

INT. VAN

YURI and DOV are in the van, which is decked out with surveillance equipment, and watching a slow moving blip on the radar screen. YURI talks into a microphone.

YURI
Enact stage B.

EXT. ISRAELI AIR FORCE RUNWAY-DAY

An Israeli F-16 puts on it's burners and takes off on the runway.

EXT. RESTAURANT-DAY

VINCENT comes in the busy restaurant and stands against the wall inconspicuously, people shoving past him. A well-dressed Arabic man in his fifties approaches him. He speaks good English.

ARABIC MAN
You are Paul?

VINCENT
Yes.

ALI
I am Ali. Come.

VINCENT follows ALI to the back of the restaurant. They go through the busy kitchen, down some stairs, and into the loading dock where a car is parked. VINCENT sees that there is one man in the back seat and another in the driver's seat.

VINCENT and ALI approach. ALI opens the passenger door for VINCENT.

ALI (TO VINCENT) (CONT'D)

Please.

VINCENT looks inside and sees a SCHOLARLY MAN in his forties is in the back seat. VINCENT gets in. ALI gets in next to him and closes the door. The SCHOLAR holds out his hands.

SCHOLAR

Please.

VINCENT hands the SCHOLAR the briefcase.

The SCHOLARLY MAN opens the briefcase. The SCHOLAR unrolls blueprints, takes out a magnifying glass and inspects them.

EXT. DESERT-DAY

The F-16 flies low over the desert.

INT. F-16

The pilot is looking at his target finder. The blip on his screen isn't moving.

INT. VAN

YURI (HEBREW)

Delta one-oh, please hold for firing orders.

YURI stares intently at the blip on the screen.

INT. CAR

SCHOLAR

These are fake.

VINCENT

Excuse me?

SCHOLAR

These are fake, useless.

VINCENT looks at the ENFORCER in the front seat. He has murder in his eyes.

VINCENT
OK, I'll take them back.

SCHOLAR
No.

INT. F-16

The BLIP isn't moving.

PILOT (HEBREW)
Delta-niner, request to update target
status.

YURI (HEBREW)
Delta one-oh, hold for status update.

YURI looks at DOV. DOV shrugs.

YURI (TO PILOT) (CONT'D)
Delta-niner, circle target until status
update.

INT. F-16

PILOT
Delta one-oh, we are flying under
radar, but insignia can be spotted by
the naked eye on the ground. Advise
also that fuel's getting low.

INT. VAN

YURI (TO PILOT)
Hold for status update, delta-niner.

INT. F-16

The PILOT is annoyed.

INT. CAR

A full argument ensues. The SCHOLAR is yelling.

ALI (TO VINCENT)
He says that these maps are fakes,
there is no way that the foundation on
these blueprints could ever hold a
nuclear power plant.

VINCENT

I'll go talk to my guy, maybe we've
been hood-winked.

VINCENT reaches for the blueprints. The SCHOLAR won't give
them to him.

VINCENT (TO SCHOLAR) (CONT'D)

Give me the prints.

The SCHOLAR shakes his head vigorously.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What?

SCHOLAR

No.

VINCENT looks at the ENFORCER in the front seat. A small
smile spreads across the ENFORCER's face.

VINCENT reaches around the front seat from the left side
and digs his hand into the ENFORCER's face, hooking his
fingers into the ENFORCERS eye socket and cheek.

The ENFORCER screams in pain and tries to pry VINCENT'S
HAND from his face. VINCENT reaches into the ENFORCER's
shoulder holster and pulls out his gun.

VINCENT lets go of the ENFORCER's face. The ENFORCER leans
forward and gasps for air, holding his face with both
hands, blood coming out of his eye socket.

VINCENT grabs his hair, pulls his head back to the head
rest. He pushes the barrel of the pistol into the fabric of
the headrest and fires. Stuffing and brains cover the
inside of the windshield.

ALI and the SCHOLARLY MAN scream. VINCENT shoves the pistol
into the SCHOLAR's stomach and pulls the trigger. The
SCHOLAR'S GUTS cover the back door. VINCENT grabs the
blueprints and trains the gun on ALI.

VINCENT motions to the door with the gun. ALI opens the
door and slowly gets out, holding his hands up, shaking.
VINCENT waves the gun toward the bazaar.

ALI runs for his life.

INT. VAN

YURI sees the blip move on the screen.

YURI (HEBREW)
Targets' moving.

DOV crouches next to YURI to get a look. Something's wrong.

DOV (HEBREW)
The speed's all wrong. It's walking
speed.

YURI
It's coming towards us.

They look at each other.

INT. F-16

PILOT
Delta one-oh, advise that fuel is
running low.

EXT. STREET-DAY

VINCENT is running through the busy crowd. His shirt and arm are bloody. People stay the hell away.

INT. VAN

The blip on the screen is close to the center of the screen, right outside the van. DOV and YURI reach for their guns and point them to the door.

Someone bangs on the door very loudly.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Hey!! Hey!! Guys!!

VINCENT keeps banging. YURI opens the door a crack. VINCENT is outside, blood dripping from him, but he is alone. VINCENT grabs the door, throws it open and throws the briefcases into the VAN and gets in. The briefcase slides up to YURI's foot.

YURI dashes to the radio.

YURI (TO PILOT)

Abort! Abort! Abort!

EXT. SKY ABOVE DESERT-DAY

The F-16 turns on it's after burners and banks towards the Mediterranean.

EXT. VAN

The VAN tears away from his hiding place, tarps flying.

The van heads towards the a busy intersection.

INT. VAN

YURI is driving and honking the horn.

YURI (TO VINCENT)

What happened? You were told to exchange briefcases and get out!

DOV has his pistol trained on VINCENT'S HEAD.

VINCENT

They weren't going to give the maps back!

YURI

What?

VINCENT, oblivious, uncaring or both, reaches into DOV'S shirt pocket and pulls out his cigarettes and lighter.

VINCENT

They were not going to give the maps back.

VINCENT lights the cigarette.

YURI

Why not??

VINCENT

They said that they were fake! (to DOV)
Don't point that fucking thing at me,
asshole!

DOV

Shut up!

VINCENT grabs DOV's gun at the hammer and pulls his own pistol and shoves it into DOV's gut. YURI looks in the rearview.

VINCENT
What do you got to say for yourself
now, little bitch?

VINCENT pokes DOV with the gun.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Huh? *Cocksucker*?

This isn't going anywhere. VINCENT releases DOV's gun hand. DOV lowers his gun. VINCENT pulls his gun away.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I killed two of them and let the other
guy go.

YURI shakes his head. VINCENT sucks his cigarette hard.

EXT. DESERT ROAD-DAY

The van zooms past a man with some donkeys.

INT. YURI'S BATHROOM-EVENING

YURI is bandaging and treating VINCENT's various cuts and bruises.

VINCENT
What part of Russia are you from?

YURI
I am Latvian. From Riga.

VINCENT
When did you come here?

YURI
Nineteen Sixty. I was a part of an
airlift of Yeshiva students by the
Mossad. One of hundreds of such
operations.

VINCENT
They took you away from your parents?

YURI

Yes. My older brother and his fellow students were caught and sent to Gulag in Siberia. He died of typhus three months later.

VINCENT

Jesus. What about your parents?

YURI puts his cigarette out.

YURI

They were shot.

MIRIAM (O.S., HEBREW)

Food's ready.

YURI (TO VINCENT)

Come to eat.

YURI leads VINCENT into the kitchen.

INT. YURI'S KITCHEN

DOV, YURI and VINCENT sit down. DOV and YURI are conversing while VINCENT stares at them.

MIRIAM sets a plate of brisket in front of VINCENT. He jumps at her being so close to him. She smirks.

YURI and DOV eat. MIRIAM sits across from VINCENT with her food and eats. VINCENT is lost in thought, so much so that the food in front of him is invisible. MIRIAM snaps her fingers at him.

VINCENT wakes up.

MIRIAM

Eat. Or it will get cold.

VINCENT eats. He wakes up.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

It's good?

VINCENT

It's great.

VINCENT sobs. Everyone stops.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'm OK, I'm OK, just a little shook up.

All continue staring at him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

No really, please, it's OK. It'll pass.

VINCENT drinks some water.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'm fine, really. Please...

He continues eating.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

VINCENT is on the phone with LILY. MIRIAM picks up car keys from the front room table and waits for VINCENT.

VINCENT

Everything went OK.

LILY

Yeah? You alright?

VINCENT looks over his shoulder and sees that MIRIAM is waiting for him.

VINCENT

Yeah, just really tired. Can I call you later? Someone's waiting to give me a ride.

LILY

OK.

VINCENT

Bye.

LILY

Bye.

VINCENT hangs up the phone.

VINCENT (TO MIRIAM)

Ready?

She nods. They head out the door.

INT. MOVING CAR-NIGHT

MIRIAM is driving. VINCENT is silent, deep in thought. MIRIAM covertly shoots a look at him. Their eyes meet. For a second, they cannot break away. MIRIAM looks back to the road.

VINCENT

So, those blue prints, they were fake, weren't they?

MIRIAM shrugs.

MIRIAM

They fell for them, did they not?

VINCENT

Sure. But a power plant being built that close to the Sinai? Hardly likely.

MIRIAM

What does that tell you?

VINCENT

Building a power plant that close to the Sinai means that Israel plans to invade and settle it. That's what you want them to think, anyway.

MIRIAM looks at him and nods to herself.

VINCENT looks at her up and down.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

So uh, what do you do aside from being a Mossad agent? Do you have a cover career or something?

MIRIAM

I am a veterinarian. I specialize in horses.

VINCENT

Not a lot in the way of horses in this country. A lot of donkeys, but not too many horses.

She smiles. VINCENT sees that he is getting through her tough veneer.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'm from Missouri and close by is Tennessee, where they have what's called a Tennessee Walking Horse.

MIRIAM

Yes, I know what they are.

VINCENT

You ever seen one in the flesh?

MIRIAM

No, I am afraid I have not.

VINCENT

There was a ranch not too far away where they raised Tennessee Walking Horses. When my mother was at work I used to cut school and go and sit on a hill and watch them train those horses. Break them in, run them... Real majestic animals. Strong. Proud. Took my mind off what I had to do.

MIRIAM

What did you have to do?

VINCENT

Kill the man who murdered my father.

The HOTEL appears.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This is me.

EXT. HOTEL-NIGHT

MIRIAM's CAR stops in front. VINCENT waits. They look each other in the eye.

VINCENT

Thanks for the ride.

MIRIAM

Where are your wife and son?

VINCENT

In Cincinnati, Ohio.

MIRIAM

You must miss them.

VINCENT

Very much.

MIRIAM

Is that why you were crying at the table?

VINCENT

Yeah. I'm exhausted. I gotta go. Thanks again for the ride.

VINCENT gets out of the car. They steal a glance. They both turns away shyly.

MIRIAM waves a small wave to him. She watches him go up the steps of the hotel. She drives away.

VINCENT back tracks and watches the car drive off into the night. He pauses, letting the feeling linger. He takes a few steps up the stairs, but has to pause to collect himself. He smooths his hair and continues up.

TONY comes out.

TONY

Are you OK, Mr. Farnsworth?

VINCENT

Yeah, yeah, sure. Long night, you know.

VINCENT collects himself and approaches the front door. They both go inside.

EXT. CAFE, PALERMO-DAY

CASTANZA dials his cell phone. The other side rings.

INT. YURI'S STUDY-EVENING

YURI's CELL rings. He sees that it is CASTANZA.

YURI

Yes?

CASTANZA

I want to talk.

YURI

Can you meet me in Cyprus tomorrow
night?

CASTANZA

Si.

EXT. HARBOR, HAIFA-DAY

A cruise ship is docked and many passengers get off; mostly old Jews. Some are overwhelmed by the feeling of standing on the soil of the Jewish State for the first time.

There are soldiers and police everywhere. They stop and search passenger's bags intermittently.

LILY comes down the gangplank, holding BRUNO. A friendly male passenger carries her bags for her.

VINCENT hails her from the dock. They see each other and something passes between them, something bad. She shrugs it off and runs to him. She hands him the baby first and he cradles him and showers him with kisses. LILY and VINCENT kiss each other. VINCENT takes the bags from the helpful passenger and thanks him.

VINCENT

Did you kick ass at shuffleboard?

LILY

Shut up.

VINCENT

How about the prune juice? Was it up to
par?

LILY

Stop it.

They get to VINCENT's CAR. It is an old Volvo from the Sixties.

LILY (CONT'D)

Did you buy this car?

VINCENT

Yep. Beaut, isn't it?

He opens the door for her.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Built like a tank and not immediately recognizable, generic, looks like a lot of other cars.

INT. VINCENT'S MOVING CAR-DAY

VINCENT is driving, LILY is in the backseat with the baby.

VINCENT

Tired?

LILY

A little.

LILY is watching the scenery go by.

VINCENT

A lot like Sicily, isn't it?

LILY

No wonder you like it so much.

VINCENT

The pizza is unbelievable. The old Jews from New York moved here and they never changed the recipe from how their grandfathers used to make it.

VINCENT toots his horn and waves to an army jeep rolling by. It toots back. LILY is a little surprised.

He looks for a reaction in the rearview mirror. LILY doesn't say anything. He knows this silence.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You know, Daddy would've loved it here. Just like home, but without all the baggage. He always said that the Sicilians are the smartest people on earth and there's only two things holding them back from ruling the world: hatred and superstition. These people, the Jews, they're different. They're inventive, they cooperate, they help each other and take care of their own.

He looks into the rearview mirror.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

They help each other and take care of their own. And they take care of their friends.

VINCENT lets this sink in. LILY looks out the window.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

VINCENT and LILY are making love. VINCENT cannot perform.

VINCENT

I can't, baby. I'm sorry.

LILY

It's OK.

VINCENT

Too much stress lately.

LILY lights a cigarette and cuddles up to him.

LILY

These people seem to appreciate you.

VINCENT

Something tells me that they are up to something extra-curricular.

LILY

What do you think? Drugs? Weapons?

VINCENT

Weapons more than likely. There are so many splinters and factions of everybody out here, you gotta be a retard *not* to make a profit around here.

VINCENT turns to her.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

After this last thing I got to take care of, no more mafia, ever.

LILY

Yeah?

VINCENT

Yeah.

LILY

Promise?

VINCENT

Promise.

LILY

Then seal the deal.

She looks down to her thighs. VINCENT takes a deep labored sigh. LILY hits him.

LILY (CONT'D)

Oh, you love doing it.

He inches closer to her abdomen.

VINCENT

No, I like the way you *arch* your *back*
and *hit*-

He pantomimes hitting something with both palms.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

-the headboard and *scream* my *name*.

VINCENT disappears under the covers.

LILY

No, no; the headboard I'll admit to,
but the other stuff is total bullshi...

LILY groans with pleasure.

LILY (CONT'D)

Oh, God!!!

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

VINCENT and LILY are asleep. VINCENT's cell phone rings. He wakes up and answers it.

VINCENT

Hello?

YURI

It is Yuri. I am wondering if you want to come and help me with something tonight.

VINCENT

Um, yeah, sure. Give me a few minutes to get ready.

INT. MOVING CAR-NIGHT

YURI drives.

VINCENT

Where are we going?

YURI

To the West Bank.

VINCENT

What for?

YURI

To talk to some people.

VINCENT

Palestinians?

YURI

Yes.

VINCENT's eyes are forward. He is both excited and scared.

EXT. CHECKPOINT-NIGHT

YURI's CAR approaches a guard station. He stops. IDF soldiers train guns on the car. An IDF soldier approaches.

SOLDIER (HEBREW)

Papers, please.

YURI hands over his and VINCENT's passport. The soldier checks them.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

What is the purpose of your visit?

YURI (HEBREW)

I am with the Red Cross. Surprise inspection of the Al-Salaam Hospital.

The soldier hands the papers back to YURI.

SOLDIER

It's a cesspool, trust me.

YURI

Let's hope it's not when I get there.

They chuckle. The SOLDIER signals to open the gate. YURI drives through. As they drive, VINCENT sees no one on the streets.

VINCENT

There's nobody here.

YURI

Curfew.

They drive on.

INT. PALESTINIAN HOME-NIGHT.

VINCENT and YURI are listening to YUSEF, a middle-aged Palestinian man tell his story. Three generations of his family are crowded into the small room, listening. YURI is taking notes. VINCENT listens, drinking tea.

YUSEF (ARABIC)

When I was six years old, the IDF raided our home. They took away my two older brothers without any charges. My father protested, asking what the charges were. They beat him and made he and I and my two uncles go stand outside in a line. One soldier told my father that he was putting bad ideas into his children's heads. He was going to teach him a lesson. He was going to shoot him in his brain. My father begged for his life and defecated in his pants, he was so scared. The soldier put his pistol up to his head, cocked the hammer and in the last second pointed the gun downward and shot him in the buttocks. His flesh hit me in the chest. He writhed on the ground, screaming in pain while the soldiers laughed and told him to stop

faking it. Finally, one of the soldiers
took pity on him and called a medic.

YURI finishes writing.

YURI (ARABIC)
Where is your father now?

A boy refills VINCENT's tea. VINCENT jumps, he is so
engrossed.

YUSEF
He is in Ramallah, living with
relatives. Thirty years later, he can
only do very little work and is always
in a lot of pain.

YURI
What kind of medication does he take?

YUSEF
Morphine, when he can get it. Quat,
when he cannot, which is more often
than not.

YURI
He is addicted?

YUSEF swallows and nods.

YURI (CONT'D)
I'll see what I can do.

YUSEF
Thank you, *effendi*.

The two men stand up, shake hands and kiss each other on
both cheeks.

YUSEF (CONT'D)
Bless you, *effendi*.

INT. YURI'S MOVING CAR-NIGHT

VINCENT
Jesus Christ, what a story. Does he
know you are a Mossad agent?

YURI

Yes, he does.

VINCENT
And he trusts you?

YURI
No harm will come to them.

VINCENT isn't sure how to read this.

YURI smiles.

YURI (CONT'D)
Come, let's go have a drink at my place
and talk.

VINCENT is suspicious.

INT. YURI'S STUDY-EVENING

VINCENT looks at all the books in his shelf. YURI is
pouring two whiskeys.

VINCENT
Jesus, where do you find the time to
read all of these books?

YURI
Sometimes I have trouble sleeping.

VINCENT
Conscience bothering you?

YURI
You could say that.

YURI holds up a whiskey towards VINCENT. They raise
glasses.

YURI (CONT'D)
L'Chiam

VINCENT
L'Chiam

They drink.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

So, why is your conscience bothering you?

YURI

I don't think you are going to believe me if i told you.

VINCENT

Try me.

Slight pause.

YURI

OK. (Yuri gathers his thoughts) I am the cell leader of a loose confederacy of intelligence operatives dedicated to stopping the proliferation of nuclear arms.

VINCENT

Go on.

YURI

We have friends in Syria, Iran, the Philippines, India, Pakistan, almost every nuclear power and every power that is pre-nuclear. Some of these assets are sworn enemies and we would capture or kill each other on sight, except under the very specific circumstances.

VINCENT

And that would be if a pre-nuclear state went nuclear.

YURI nods. VINCENT sips his whiskey.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Miriam, she's involved, too?

YURI

And Dov, and quite a few others.

VINCENT

And the Palestinian? He's a good faith act to show your associates in the

Islamic countries that you can be trusted?

YURI

Right.

VINCENT

You've performed many of these acts?

YURI

Not enough of them.

VINCENT sits down.

YURI (CONT'D)

You have done many bad things in your life, Vincent. Who knows how you would have turned out if you had been raised outside the mafia. You may have turned out like your half-brother.

VINCENT

How the hell do you know about that?

YURI

Pietro Castanza told me.

VINCENT is dumbfounded.

VINCENT

You talked to him?

YURI

At length. We knew that if you were telling the truth about Graci, someone close to him with a conscience would not turn down a helping hand.

VINCENT

And this evening's Palestine visit, that was to see if I had a conscience, too.

YURI raises his glass.

INT. TEL AVIV SUPERMARKET-DAY

The super market is packed with shoppers packing their carts with food. VINCENT and LILY are shopping. BRUNO is in

the shopping cart chair, playing with a soft toy. They are trying to figure out what the canned goods are, since the labels are all in Hebrew.

VINCENT

How do ya like this, two and a half
goyim shopping for food.

VINCENT tickles and cuddles BRUNO. LILY drops some cans of tomato paste into the basket.

LILY

That's it for the canned stuff.

VINCENT's cell phone rings. He looks at the caller ID. It is MIRIAM.

VINCENT (TO LILY)

Sweetie, I gotta take this.

He walks a few feet away. LILY pushes the cart down the aisle.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Shalom.

MIRIAM

Shalom. Vincent, tomorrow is Passover.

VINCENT

Is that why there are so many shoppers?

MIRIAM

Where are you right now?

VINCENT

The super market. It's packed.
What's on your mind?

MIRIAM

Come to my father's house for the
celebration. Is your family here?

VINCENT

Yeah, yeah, they're here.

VINCENT looks over to LILY.

MIRIAM

They are invited, too.

VINCENT
I'll come, but I think they'll stay
home for now.

MIRIAM
Why?

VINCENT
I'm careful about my family.

MIRIAM
There's nothing to be afraid of.

VINCENT
It's not that I'm afraid, just old
habits, you know.

MIRIAM
I understand.

VINCENT looks at LILY and BRUNO and takes a deep breath.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
Are you still there?

VINCENT
I'll see you tomorrow.

VINCENT hangs up and walks over to LILY. He kisses the back
of her neck.

LILY
Business?

VINCENT
Yep.

EXT. RABBI BEN-AMI'S HOME-EVENING

This is a modest, white-washed one-story home, practical
rather than decorative.

VINCENT approaches the door holding a pastry box and gift-
wrapped book. He rings the doorbell. YURI answers.

VINCENT
Hey. How's it going?

YURI

Good. You?

VINCENT

Great. (VINCENT holds out the box)
Happy Passover.

YURI

What's in the box?

VINCENT

Tiramisu. It was hell to find.

YURI

Vincent, I'm afraid this is a kosher
home.

VINCENT

Oh, um, I didn't think of that. Sorry.

YURI

I'll hide it.

VINCENT gives YURI the box.

MIRIAM comes into the hallway.

YURI casually walks away with the pastry box.

MIRIAM

Come inside.

VINCENT comes inside to the rest of the house, where all
the family is gathered.

INT. DINING ROOM-EVENING

RABBI HERSCHEL BEN-AMI, a man in his late fifties says the
blessing at the dinner table.

MIRIAM and VINCENT steal glances at each other. Their eyes
meet and are frozen on each other for a second. They both
turn away and listen to the blessing. MIRIAM's mother,
GILAT BEN-AMI, a woman in her mid-fifties, doesn't fail to
notice this. She looks over at VINCENT disapprovingly.
VINCENT sees her and she nods and smiles. VINCENT nods and
smiles back. He can't get comfortable.

VINCENT

What did you do with the cake?

YURI

I hid it in the pantry.

VINCENT

What do you think will happen when he finds it?

YURI

He will eat it.

VINCENT chuckles.

INT. RABBI BEN-AMI'S HOME, LIVING ROOM-EVENING

The festivities inside continue. RABBI BEN-AMI has two kids on his knees; he is singing a song to them whose punch line is a tickle to the belly of each of them. Delighted, they insist he sing it again. He acquiesces.

VINCENT looks at all the books on the shelf. Some are ancient tomes. He is careful not to touch them.

He looks at the videocassettes on the shelf next to the television. He sees one, a film called "Sunshine." He pulls it out and looks at it. MIRIAM sees this and comes over.

MIRIAM

Something interesting?

VINCENT

Oh, sorry, sorry. It's just that-you're not going to believe this-but this actress Isabel Farmer?

MIRIAM

Yes?

VINCENT

Take a good look at her.

MIRIAM takes the box and looks at it closely. She shakes her head.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

She look familiar?

MIRIAM shrugs.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

She's my mother.

MIRIAM looks closer.

MIRIAM

Now I can see the resemblance. My
God...

VINCENT

This was her last movie in Hollywood.

MIRIAM

(looks at the box) She doesn't look a
day past twenty three.

VINCENT

Twenty-five. She got pregnant with me,
that's why she quit.

MIRIAM looks at VINCENT quizzically.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Out of wedlock.

MIRIAM

Ohhh...

VINCENT smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM-LATER, SAME

The whole family is huddled around the television set,
watching the film quietly. VINCENT mouths many of
ISABELLA's lines.

VINCENT's concentration is broken by a five year old boy,
DANIEL, who crawls into VINCENT's lap. VINCENT cradles him.
MIRIAM does not fail to notice this. DANIEL is hypnotized
by the television set.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD-NIGHT

The entire BEN-AMI clan is talking a walk to help the
digestion. MIRIAM and VINCENT find themselves walking side
by side.

VINCENT

The studio couldn't have a starlet pregnant out of wedlock, even if it was the free-wheeling Sixties. Some columnist got paid a lot of hush money, the studio offered to buy her out of her contract, she wanted to sue, but she couldn't afford it. My dad couldn't do anything about it because he and Mickey Cohen were friends, and mom wasn't big enough of a name to mount a cover-up.

MIRIAM shakes her head.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'm a pure bred criminal: mother in Hollywood, father in the mob.

MIRIAM smiles. Slight pause.

MIRIAM

I don't think you are necessarily a bad person. Children like you.

VINCENT

Well, that's because they are kids.

MIRIAM

Children are very intuitive. We have had a lot of problems with Daniel, the boy who fell asleep in your lap.

VINCENT

What kind of problems?

MIRIAM

He is very shy and does not like to play with other children.

VINCENT

So?

MIRIAM

It's not normal.

VINCENT

Maybe he's reacting to all the pressure you are putting him under.

MIRIAM
We're not putting him under any
pressure.

VINCENT
Are you sure?

MIRIAM
Well, maybe a little.

VINCENT
Leave him alone. He'll gravitate
towards you.

MIRIAM
You think so?

VINCENT
Worth a try.

They smile at each other. MIRIAM has a little skip in her
walk.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING TEL AVIV-NIGHT

VINCENT and MIRIAM are walking along the precipice. Other
BEN-AMI are a few feet away.

MIRIAM
So I hear that in the mafia-

VINCENT shushes her.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
I hear that people of your...

VINCENT
Kind?

MIRIAM
I hear that they have very sharp
instincts.

VINCENT
The good ones.

MIRIAM
What do your instincts tell you about
me?

He looks deeply in her eyes.

VINCENT

Nothing. That's because you're wearing a mask now.

She turns away, smiling. She looks back at him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

OK....

He looks her in the eye.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I dunno, it usually doesn't work on women anyway. They are better at hiding things. What do you think I need to know?

MIRIAM

Well...where to start...I was born in Haifa. I went to veterinarian school at Tel Aviv university-

She stops.

VINCENT

What?

MIRIAM

You were conning me!

He laughs. She hits him on the arm.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

You're horrible! Achh!

Pause.

VINCENT

I'm having a great time.

MIRIAM

I am happy that you are.

They look at each other.

VINCENT

So, um, what happened between you and Yuri?

She looks at him, shocked that he knows.

MIRIAM

Did he-?

VINCENT shakes his head.

VINCENT

Lucky guess.

MIRIAM

The work happened to us.

VINCENT nods.

VINCENT

Even with your past, you stick together. That's admirable.

They look at each other, chemistry flowing. They walk side by side silently.

INT. BEN-AMI HOME-NIGHT

Everyone is saying their good-byes. VINCENT approaches DOV with the other package he was carrying.

VINCENT

Dov.

DOV turns around. VINCENT hands him the package.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

No hard feelings, huh?

DOV opens it. It is a Hebrew translation of the Collected Stories of Isaac Bashevis Singer.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

It's originally in Yiddish, might lose something in the translation.

DOV looks at him incredulously.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

It's a joke.

Per decorum, DOV nods and smiles. VINCENT pats him on the shoulder.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Keep it up, you'll make the
ambassadorship.

VINCENT walks away. DOV opens the book and reads.

EXT. HIGHWAY, SICILY-DAY

PINO GRACI is being driven by his DRIVER in a stretch Mercedes. A BODYGUARD is riding shotgun. A MOTORCYCLE COP pulls up behind them and turns on his siren.

PINO (SICILIAN)
What the fuck does he want?

DRIVER (TO PINO)
Wanna pull over?

PINO shrugs.

The Mercedes pulls over. The MOTORCYCLE COP gets off his bike. It is DOV. He flips a switch of a small FLASHBANG hidden behind his ticket book. He approaches the DRIVER and signals for him to roll down his window. He does.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
What's up?

DOV throws the FLASHBANG into the Mercedes and ducks. It blows up, paralysing everyone inside the car.

A VAN pulls up behind the Mercedes. YURI and MIRIAM jump out. DOV has two pistols trained on the driver and the bodyguards.

MIRIAM, wielding an Uzi, smashes PINO's window with a retractable baton. MIRIAM and DOV cover the DRIVER and the BODYGUARD. YURI opens the door and drags the still groggy PINO out of the back seat.

PINO (TO BODYGUARD)
Call the usual people.

YURI hustles PINO into the back of the VAN. DOV and MIRIAM hustle in and close the door.

INT. VAN

YURI (TO DRIVER)

Go! Go!

The VAN speeds off.

YURI throws PINO slumps into a seat. MIRIAM and DOV cover him.

EXT. HIGHWAY, SICILY-SAME

The BODYGUARD gets out and wobbily kneels in a combat stance and shoots at the escaping van.

INT. VAN

YURI slams a syringe into PINO's arm. PINO howls in pain and is knocked out.

INT. CONCRETE ROOM

PINO is secured to a chair in the middle of the bare room. VINCENT throws a pail of water on him. YURI and MIRIAM stand behind him. DOV lights a cigarette. PINO wakes up slowly. He sees VINCENT.

PINO

Ciao, Vincenzo.

VINCENT (SICILIAN)

How ya doin'?

PINO (SICILIAN)

I've felt better.

VINCENT

Little dry in the mouth?

PINO

Yeah, come to think of it.

PINO licks the paste on the roof of his mouth.

VINCENT

One of the side effects.

DOV comes forward with a glass of water with a straw hanging out. PINO sucks water through the straw.

PINO (TO DOV)
Grazie. (to VINCENT) Where am I?

VINCENT
Tel Aviv.

PINO
What? Are you a Jew now?

VINCENT
Non-practicing.

PINO chuckles.

PINO
So what do you want?

MIRIAM (TO YURI, HEBREW)
What's going on here?

YURI (HEBREW)
Something Sicilian.

VINCENT (TO PINO)
These people want to know the extent of your activities regarding the procurement of nuclear fissile material.

PINO
What would be my interest in something like that?

VINCENT
World domination.

PINO
You have a great imagination, my friend. Where do you propose I am getting this fissile material?

VINCENT
Russia, North Korea, Pakistan...

PINO
Vincent, you over-estimate me. I have no such ambitions. (To YURI and MIRIAM, English) Friends, he is lying to you. He is mafioso. A master of deception.

VINCENT

You've been wire tapped for six weeks. Many calls were made to these countries.

PINO

Then you know I was setting up heroin pipelines. Afgahnistan, through the Tora Bora mountains to the streets of Moscow. The Pakistanis fell through, so that was the end of that. The CIA wanted me to make every North Korean teenager an addict, toppling the country from within. I was to be paid and protected.

VINCENT

Yes, that's all been confirmed. But it's half the story. Pietro Castanza, your consilgere, also confirmed your nuclear ambitions under sodium pentothal. Voluntarily, I might add.

Pause.

PINO

Calls are calls; talk is talk. Negotiations fell apart. Besides, sustaining the operation is impossible. Too many, how shall we say it, moral men. We'll never be as powermad as the superpowers.

VINCENT nods. He looks at MIRIAM and YURI. He looks back at PINO.

VINCENT

Pino, you have two choices: you work for me or you die. Which is it going to be?

Pause. PINO nods.

VINCENT (TO DOV) (CONT'D)

Untie him, will you?

DOV looks at YURI. YURI nods. DOV unties PINO.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Mr. Graci will need an airlift back to Sicily.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE, TEL AVIV-NIGHT.

PINO, VINCENT, MIRIAM, YURI and DOV come outside. DOV is on a cell phone, ordering. A car pulls up. VINCENT opens the door for PINO.

PINO (SICILIAN)

Castanza, he has disappeared?

VINCENT (SICILIAN)

He is safe.

PINO

What do I tell my organization?

VINCENT thinks.

VINCENT (SICILIAN)

Um, don't tell them anything. If there is a pretender who hastily seized the leadership, dispose of him immediately. Also, make sure that your return is a surprise.

PINO breaks into a smile. VINCENT and PINO hug and kiss. MIRIAM and YURI look on, puzzled.

PINO gets in the car and the car drives away. VINCENT lets out a huge breath. MIRIAM grabs VINCENT and spins him around.

MIRIAM

What the hell just happened in there?

YURI

He's more valuable working for us than dead.

VINCENT

Pino is old-style Sicilian; when he gives his word, it's better than any writ or contract. Now somebody better buy me a drink.

INT. DANCE CLUB-NIGHT

The club is filled with people dressed for Mediterranean evenings. The vibe is friendly and sensuous.

VINCENT is staring off into space, as if he hasn't rested in years and can rest now. Everything around him is electric. He looks at a young couple dancing closely, rapturously in love, and blissfully unaware.

DOV and YURI are talking and joking in Hebrew, laughing.

MIRIAM elbows VINCENT. VINCENT comes back to life. She stands up and invites him to dance. They come to the dance floor and dance to the trance-hop. They snuggle into each other. The body language is more friendly than romantic.

VINCENT looks over at YURI. YURI looks at him. He nods and goes back to conversing with DOV. VINCENT looks at MIRIAM. They dance. They cannot deny their feelings anymore. She dances in a sultry fashion, seducing him. Their lips come close. They touch their cheeks together. He smells her hair. The song ends. MIRIAM turns to go back to the table. VINCENT stops her.

VINCENT

Hold on for a minute.

VINCENT leaves her on the dance floor and approaches the DJ booth. MIRIAM sees VINCENT talk to the DJ, and the DJ nodding vigorously.

"Serpentine Fire" by Earth, Wind and Fire blasts through the loud speakers. The crowd cheers. VINCENT grabs MIRIAM and dances with her. The steps that VINCENT learned and practiced as a teenager all come back to him as if the high school dance were yesterday.

EXT. CLUB-NIGHT

VINCENT and MIRIAM step outside to smoke. She gives him a cigarette.

VINCENT

I usually don't smoke, but tonight, I
feel unkillable.

He looks at her light a cigarette.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You, *Doctor Ben-Ami*, have no excuse in the world.

She laughs. He snatches her cigarette away from her. They wrestle a little bit.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Aren't you going to do some kung fu thing or something?

MIRIAM
That wouldn't be fair.

VINCENT
You wish.

MIRIAM snatches the cigarette away from him and puts it in her mouth, pleased with herself.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Well, aren't you totally hot.

MIRIAM laughs smugly. They smoke in silence. VINCENT looks at two teens looking into each other's eyes.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Look at those two. So blissfully unaware.

They look into each other's eyes. They kiss.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
That is the first and last time that will ever happen.

VINCENT turns and goes inside. MIRIAM is out of sorts.

INT. VINCENT'S HOME-NIGHT

VINCENT comes in. He is fairly drunk and tired and is carrying a sorry-looking bouquet of flowers. LILY comes charging towards him. She has been up waiting. They embrace and kiss. VINCENT weeps and loses his balance. LILY holds him up.

VINCENT
I-I...(holds up flowers to her)There was no place open so I got a guy out of bed and uh...

He falls to the floor and sobs heavily. LILY crawls next to him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
We're free, honey; we're free...oh,
God; oh, God; oh, God...

He sobs into her shoulder. He lets out a long, hard cry.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP ON THE MEDITERRANEAN-NIGHT

On the deck, the passengers are engaging in social activities. It is a relaxed, lazy cruise on the beautiful Mediterranean. Syria is in the distance.

In the lower level are more activities. A singer is inside with a band, crooning ala' Tony Bennett.

On the lower works level, two crew members jettison a large hard plastic road case. It falls into the ocean and floats. The two crew members look over the bow and see the road case floating away. They look at each other, nod and go back inside the kitchen. One stubs out his cigarette so a maitre d' is under the impression the crew members are coming back from a break.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA-NIGHT

The ROAD CASE bobs up and down in the waves.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA-NIGHT

Three speedboats are speeding towards the road case. The road case is located. The captain gives orders to circle the road case. The speedboats circle around it.

EXT. DECK OF SPEED BOAT-NIGHT

A CREWMEMBER launches a net at the road case with an airgun.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA-NIGHT

The net wraps around the road case.

EXT. DECK OF SPEED BOAT-NIGHT

The net is hauled in. ABDEL NASSER, a Syrian agent in his middle forties, jumps down from the pilots seats into the

back deck. He assists in hauling the road case on board. The agents put it on the top deck. NASSER looks at the big, black wet, obelisk glistening in the moonlight. He hides how disturbed he is by all this.

NASSER (TO CREW)

Put it in the hull. Let's get out of here.

All the speedboats turn around and head towards land.

INT. YURI'S STUDY-EVENING

YURI is studying some documents. His cell phone rings.

YURI

Shalom.

NASSER whispers in a tone of doom. YURI goes white.

YURI (ARABIC) (CONT'D)

Where is it now?

NASSER (ARABIC)

In a bunker. No one, not even the guards know what it is; they just know to guard it with their lives and observe highest eschelon security measures. I would have informed you earlier, but the first I heard about it was minutes before we picked it up in the ocean.

YURI

Has Assad been briefed?

NASSER (OS)

No, he hasn't.

YURI (ARABIC)

Is there any way you can delay him knowing about it?

NASSER

I can try.

YURI

OK. Salaam.

NASSER

Alaikum.

EXT. BALCONY. APARTMENT BUILDING, DAMASCUS-NIGHT

NASSER hangs up his cell phone. He smooths his hair and takes a deep breath. He dials his cell phone. The other end rings. He drums his fingers on the railing, waiting for the other side to answer.

INT. YURI'S STUDY-EVENING

YURI, VINCENT and an Israeli NUCLEAR SCIENTIST are looking over blueprints of various primitive nuclear warheads.

DOV is on the phone talking wildly to some one in Hebrew. He steps outside as to not disturb the others.

INT. YURI'S KITCHEN

MIRIAM dumps cold coffee down the sink and refills the cups. She brings them to the study.

INT. YURI'S STUDY-EVENING

VINCENT

What I don't understand is why we just don't send out a jet with a bunker buster and take out four city blocks.

YURI

Too risky. The planes might get shot down.

VINCENT

Great, they get shot down, that's life.

YURI pulls VINCENT aside.

YURI

Vincent, if Israel finds out that Syria has the bomb, Israel will invade. If Israel invades, all the Arab nations will attack Israel at once. Israel's reaction will be nothing short of full engagement on all fronts.

VINCENT

You mean...

YURI
It's conceivable.

YURI turns to the others

YURI (CONT'D)
I suggest that Nasser go in with a mini camera, take pictures and we black mail Assad into disposing the bomb or it goes public.

VINCENT
That's not going to work. They can say Israel is faking, using deception to start an international crisis to bring in the Americans.

YURI
You're right.

YURI thinks.

YURI (CONT'D)
No, what I think has to be done, is that Nasser take a part of the nuke, bring it to us and use that as a bargaining chip. But they could also say that we are deceiving them...

EVERYONE is deathly quiet.

VINCENT
We're thinking way ahead of ourselves. What's the primary problem here?

YURI
The existence of the warhead.

VINCENT nods.

VINCENT
Destroy the warhead first, render it inoperable. Buy us some time.

All agree.

EXT. BUSY STREET, DAMASCUS-DAY

NASSER slips inside of a photo-finishing store.

INT. PHOTO FINISHING STORE-DAY

NASSER approaches the counter and talks to the proprietor. They salaam.

NASSER (SYRIAN)

You have a fax for me? Mr. Abdel
Nasser?

The PROPRIETOR, an elderly Syrian man checks his fax in box.

He comes back with two sheets. One is a blue print, the other, instructions in English.

NASSER salaams the proprietor and leaves.

EXT. DESERT-DAY

A Syrian Army jeep speeds towards a recessed bunker. NASSER is inside, being driven by a Syrian Soldier. NASSER is trying to stay cool, but is chain smoking.

EXT. BUNKER-DAY

The Jeep arrives at a checkpoint. NASSER flashes his badge. The guard opens the gate and the jeep drives through towards the bunker.

INT. ELEVATOR

NASSER is riding an elevator with an armed Syrian guard. It is going very deeply into the ground.

INT. BUNKER

NASSER and the guard get off the elevator. They walk down the bunker hall way. It is eerily silent. No conversation between the guards. Any verbal exchange is in hushed tones. All the guards that NASSER pass seem to know who he is, and they straighten up when they see him approaching.

He arrives at a heavily re-enforced steel door. Two special guards are posted out front. There is an intercom telephone mounted on the wall. On the opposite end is a computer bank.

NASSER approaches the door. A GUARD steps in front of him.

GUARD (SYRIAN)
Sir, I am afraid I have to see your
security clearance, sir.

NASSER (SYRIAN)
Of course.

NASSER pulls out a card and the GUARD takes it.

The GUARD taps some numbers in on the computer keyboard and
waits for verification. The screen shows NASSER has top
secret clearance.

The GUARD then picks up the phone and presses a button.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

The phone rings and an OPERATIVE, a Syrian man in his late
twenties answers at the first ring.

OPERATIVE (SYRIAN)
Verification.

GUARD (SYRIAN)
Password.

OPERATIVE
Apple tree.

GUARD
Nasser, Abdel, 017899.

OPERATIVE
Hold for verification.

The operative stares out the window for a second.

OPERATIVE (CONT'D)
Clearance confirmed.

GUARD
So how did the game go?

The OPERATIVE quickly improvises.

OPERATIVE
We got our asses kicked.

GUARD

No surprise there.

The OPERATIVE and GUARD share a laugh.

GUARD (CONT'D)

I'll talk to you later, you prick.

The GUARD hangs up. The OPERATIVE takes a deep breath and wipes his brow. The GUARD hands NASSER back his badge. He card-keys the door open and returns to his post. NASSER goes inside and closes the door behind him.

INT. ROOM

NASSER opens the road case. He looks at the dull Mickey-mouse nuclear device. He pulls a microchip the size of a small postage stamp out and affixes it to the hull of the weapon. He closes the case. He buzzes the guard. The door opens and NASSER leaves.

INT. HALL, BUNKER.

NASSER (TO GUARDS)

Salaam.

NASSER makes his way to the elevator. Two SCIENTISTS in lab coats, escorted by guards pass him. The SCIENTISTS and NASSER nod at each other as they pass. One man turns around and eyes NASSER suspiciously, but walks on.

INT. HALL, BUNKER, OUTSIDE FORBIDDEN ROOM.

The TWO SCIENTISTS and the GUARD approach the two guards.

SCIENTIST (TO GUARDS)

Who was that man walking down the hallway just now?

GUARD

That's Nasser. He was just here.

SCIENTIST

In the room?

GUARD

Yes.

The two men in the lab coats look at each other.

SCIENTIST (TO GUARD)
Let us in, please.

The DOOR to the room opens and the TWO SCIENTISTS go inside.

INT. ROOM

The TWO SCIENTISTS open the case. They examine the bomb closely.

SCIENTIST
Let's power it up.

The other SCIENTIST flips a toggle switch on the side. The bomb powers up, but the circuits pop and fizzle. All the electronics go dead. The SCIENTIST tries the switch again. Nothing.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
What the hell?

The other MAN examines the bomb carefully. He sees the postage stamp-sized device attached to the side.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
Sound the alarm.

The FIRST MAN pokes his head out of the room

SCIENTIST (TO GUARDS) (CONT'D)
Sound the alarm.

GUARD
Alarm! Alarm!

The GUARD gets on the phone.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Alarm! Alarm!

Red lights go on. A horn barks out a wailing pulse.

EXT. ROAD, DAMASCUS-DAY

NASSER is driving in the downtown section. He comes to an intersection where he stops at a red light. He waits for the light to change. A POLICE VAN speedily pulls up in

front of NASSER's CAR. Behind him, another van boxes him in. MILITARY POLICE jump out and surround NASSER's car.

NASSER

What the hell is going on?

A MILITARY COP pulls NASSER out of his car, punches him and throws him on the ground and hand cuffs him.

INT. YURI'S STUDY-DAY

YURI slams the phone down.

YURI

They caught him.

VINCENT

What?

YURI

They caught him. The bomb is inoperable, but they caught him.

VINCENT

Oh, fuck.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

NASSER is strapped to a chair. He is slumped, barely alive from the torture. His INTERROGATOR, a calm, patient Syrian man in his late forties is asking the questions.

INTERROGATOR (SYRIAN)

Who are you working for?

NASSER shakes his head.

NASSER (SYRIAN)

I have told you a thousand times, I do not know what you are talking about.

The INTERROGATOR nods at a man behind a bank of controls. The man turns a dial. NASSER jerks up and down like a fish out of water, screaming his head off, begging for mercy. He passes out. A DOCTOR comes and checks NASSER's heart.

DOCTOR (TO INTERROGATOR)

I don't think he can take much more.

The INTERROGATOR thinks.

INTERROGATOR
How long before we can start
questioning him again?

DOCTOR
Mmm...twenty four hours.

INTERROGATOR
I think he's had enough. Let's try
another tack. (to GUARD)Round up his
family.

A GUARD opens the door and leaves.

INT. YURI'S STUDY-EVENING

VINCENT, YURI and MIRIAM are quietly thinking.

YURI
I see no other way of doing this than
letting him die.

VINCENT looks at YURI incredulously.

YURI (CONT'D)
And what do you suggest? Hmm? Attempt a
rescue and have our whole operation
exposed?

VINCENT
Or, loose all the good will you've
built?

YURI looks out the window at the breaking dawn.

YURI
He is probably dead already.

MIRIAM
No way in hell he is! They are going to
keep him alive as long as he keeps his
mouth shut. He is one of Syria's top
spies, he's got a few tricks up his
sleeve!

YURI
Like what?

MIRIAM

He holds all the cards! They have to keep him alive! (Hebrew) I am ashamed of you! Ashamed! Quivering like a child!

Disgusted, she storms away and out of the room. VINCENT and YURI hear her weep in the other room.

VINCENT and YURI look at each other.

VINCENT

You should go console her.

YURI

It's you she wants.

INT. BEDROOM-EVENING

MIRIAM is curled up on YURI's bed, sobbing heavily. VINCENT comes in. She looks up at him over her shoulder.

VINCENT

Hi.

She looks away. VINCENT sits on the bed next to her. He strokes her hair.

MIRIAM

Can you do anything?

VINCENT

Like what?

MIRIAM

This is the worst moment of my life. I want to die.

VINCENT

I've found that in these situations, it's best to work backwards.

MIRIAM

What do you mean?

VINCENT

Look at me.

She looks at him. He caresses her face.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I want to see you happy. So to get there, Nasser has to walk out of whatever prison he is in. Before that, some one has talked to the chief of intelligence. And he told him something.

MIRIAM wipes her eyes and listens.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What did he tell him? He told him that...unless he handed over Nasser, he would be dead. Killed at the moment he least expects it.

Seconds pass. VINCENT has an epiphany.

MIRIAM

What? What is it?

VINCENT gets up and runs to the door.

VINCENT

I don't know if this will work, but it's worth a try.

EXT. SYRIAN EMBASSY, TEL AVIV-DAY

PINO gets out of a limousine holding a briefcase, accompanied by a TRANSLATOR. They walk through the gates.

INT. DIPLOMAT'S OFFICE-DAY

The SYRIAN DIPLOMAT to ISRAEL, ALI GAMAYEL, an upright, charming man in his late fifties stands up as PINO and the TRANSLATOR enter.

PINO (TO GAMAYEL)

Salaam al-akum.

GAMAYEL (TO PINO)

Alikum Salaam.

They shake hands.

GAMAYEL (CONT'D)

Please sit.

PINO and the TRANSLATOR sit.

GAMAYEL (CONT'D)

What can I do for you today?

PINO

Given that time is short, let me dispense with the formalities. Let me show you something.

PINO opens his attache case and takes out a thick stack of photos. He spreads them out on GAMAYEL's desk. These are crime scene photos of prominent Italian politicians, judges, and statesmen shot, blown to bits by car bombs, etc.

PINO (ITALIAN) (CONT'D)

My real name is Pino Graci. I am giving you one minute to place a call to the Syrian Chief of Intelligence. You are to tell him the following: let Abdel Nasser and his family go immediately, or I will murder every member of Assad's cabinet.

PINO sits down in his chair, leans back and waits for an answer.

PINO (CONT'D)

Do as I say, or I will make good on my promise.

GAMAYEL

I don't understand what this is all about.

PINO

These are some of the courageous people who dared to fuck around with me. There are plenty more, if you'd like to see.

GAMAYEL doesn't know what to do. PINO looks at his watch.

PINO (CONT'D)

Your eldest son should be getting back to his dorm room at Tel Aviv University. He has a date in an hour with his girlfriend, Tanya, also a

medical student. He has tickets to "La Boheme" at the opera house. Funny, he doesn't strike me as the opera type.

TRANSLATOR

Probably the girlfriends idea.

PINO snickers.

PINO

Probably.

PINO stares at GAMAYEL.

PINO (CONT'D)

You can sit there and think this is all a game, but I assure you it isn't.

GAMAYEL reaches over to his phone and dials.

GAMAYEL

What shall I tell him?

PINO

Tell him that he can tell me to go to hell, that Syria is a sovereign country, and it's security is first rate, etc. But remind him of the history of my country in the last fifty years. There is no one we can't get to.

PINO lights a cigarette.

EXT. PRISON, DAMASCUS-DAY

A Red Crescent ambulance is waiting in front of the gates. YURI and DOV are waiting with a stretcher. The GUARDS lead NASSER out. He is hobbling and wearing only a prison jump suit.

YURI (TO NASSER)

Salaam.

NASSER (TO YURI)

Salaam.

They help NASSER onto the stretcher and put him in the back. DOV starts up the ambulance and they speed off.

EXT. BEN-AMI HOME-NIGHT

There is a party in full swing. NASSER is in a wheel chair, but in good spirits. His three young children are playing with the other children.

VINCENT grabs a bottle of Chianti and approaches MIRIAM. He whispers in her ear.

VINCENT
Let's take a walk.

MIRIAM
OK.

EXT. OUTLYING DESERT-NIGHT

VINCENT and MIRIAM are walking, talking and passing the bottle. The party can be heard in the distance. VINCENT looks towards it.

VINCENT
We really did it, didn't we?

They look at each other. The hug and kiss.

MIRIAM
I thought this wouldn't happen again.

VINCENT
I love you, Miriam.

She pushes him away and looks away. Tears roll down her cheeks. She waves her hand at him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Please tell me you feel the same way.

MIRIAM
I don't.

VINCENT
That's not true.

MIRIAM
How can you be so certain?

VINCENT

I just am. My marriage is over, Miriam.
It's been over for a long time.

He reaches out to her and tugs her arm. She resists.

MIRIAM

No...

VINCENT pulls her close to him. They look in each other's eyes. MIRIAM gives in and they kiss rapturously. They fall to the ground and kiss voraciously.

INT. VINCENT'S HOME-NIGHT

VINCENT comes in, a little worse for wear. LILY is up waiting for him.

VINCENT

Hi.

LILY

Hi. Where have you been?

VINCENT

At a celebration.

Slight pause. VINCENT sits down and rubs his eyes and temples. He looks up at her.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

There's another woman, Lily. Her name's Miriam. Miriam Ben-Ami. She's an agent that I have been working with.

LILY

You mother fucker...How do you dare?
How the fuck do you dare?

VINCENT stands up.

VINCENT

It's over, Lily. Over. And don't you tell me this isn't what you wanted, because it is.

LILY shakes her head.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You were never cut out to be a mafia wife. You're better than that. Let's just call it quits and be friends. OK?

LILY

I talked to John.

VINCENT

My brother? When?

LILY

After papa died. I wanted to cut a deal for me and Bruno and he made all the promises in the world about your safety, but I couldn't go through with it.

He gets up and approaches her. She turns around and slaps him.

LILY (CONT'D)

You owe me the rest of my goddamned life.

She leaves the room and slams the door behind her.

DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. STREET, SUBURB, KANSAS CITY, MO. YEAR 2013-DAY

TWO TEENAGE GIRLS, CHARLOTTE PAZ and HEATHER GEARY, both wearing private school uniforms, are walking home and sharing a cigarette.

CHARLOTTE is tall, thin and tan from lounging at the pool and reading novels. She is soft spoken and doesn't like to call too much attention to herself. Her eyes are like a foxes', betraying her smarts.

HEATHER is blonde and her genes have been good to her. She is envied, but impossible to dislike. They are chatting about trivial, yet important things.

BRUNO, now fourteen, comes up behind them on a bike. He is an exact cross between his mother and father; he has his fathers' build and his black hair, but his mother's ice blue eyes. His unassuming manner makes him a lady killer, bekownst to everyone but himself.

BRUNO (TO THE GIRLS)
Move! No brakes! Get out of the way!

The girls turn around, shriek and dodge him. He stops cold a foot away from both of them.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
How are you girls doing?

HEATHER
Bruno, you are such an asshole!

BRUNO laughs.

CHARLOTTE
You are such a jerk!

HEATHER (OVERLAPPING)
You scared us to death!

ANGLE TO:

INT. PARKED CAR

A man in his thirties is taking a rapid series of photos of BRUNO and the girls.

ANGLE TO:

TEENS.

They are walking along and talking. BRUNO walks with his bike.

BRUNO
So what's up, you guys?

HEATHER
Nothing much. We were talking about Mrs. Sheperd and what a retard teacher she is.

Both HEATHER and CHARLOTTE chuckle.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
(realizing) Oh, my God; who's wearing a watch?

CHARLOTTE looks at her watch.

CHARLOTTE
Almost four thirty.

HEATHER
Shit, I'm going to be late.

CHARLOTTE
What's going on?

HEATHER
I have to go to my dad's to baby sit. I
totally forgot.

She quickly kisses CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE
Wha-?

HEATHER
See ya.

HEATHER scampers away. She turns around and winks at
CHARLOTTE. CHARLOTTE growls at her.

BRUNO
Wow, she was in a hurry.

CHARLOTTE
You and her worked this out beforehand,
didn't you?

BRUNO shrugs. CHARLOTTE shakes her head.

BRUNO
How about I walk you home?

CHARLOTTE rolls her eyes.

CHARLOTTE (SARCASTIC)
Okay.

ANGLE TO:

CAR.

The MAN snaps more pictures.

ANGLE TO:

TEENS

BRUNO and CHARLOTTE are walking.

CHARLOTTE
So is it true what they say?

BRUNO
What's that?

CHARLOTTE
Your dad's in the mafia?

BRUNO
Who, Dave? *Yeah*, the *lawyer* mafia.

CHARLOTTE
No, stupid, your real dad. Every one
knows Dave isn't your real dad.

BRUNO looks away.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry; that was totally lame of me.

BRUNO
Everybody knows, huh?

CHARLOTTE
No, no. Forget I said anything.

BRUNO thinks.

BRUNO
You want to know the truth?

CHARLOTTE
Yeah.

BRUNO
Promise you won't tell anyone?

CHARLOTTE nods.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Mom doesn't talk about that, nor do the
grandmas, so I only know so much.

CHARLOTTE listens.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

I think my grandpa was involved in something when he came here in 1955 or whatever, but a lot of those guys were, so... my dad did things, what, I don't know. I've never met him; chances are I won't.

CHARLOTTE

How do you feel about that?

BRUNO

Kinda mopey sometimes, but Dave's great, my mom's great-

CHARLOTTE

Yeah, your mom is totally cool.

BRUNO

And my nanas are great, so...(he thinks) if there's stuff in the past, I think it should stay in the past.

CHARLOTTE

Aren't you curious? I'd be totally curious.

BRUNO

Of course I am. But...

He shrugs.

CHARLOTTE

It's just the way things are.

BRUNO nods. BRUNO gets on his bike.

BRUNO

Here, get on the handle bars. I'll give you a ride home.

CHARLOTTE

You sure I'm not too heavy?

BRUNO

You? No way.

CHARLOTTE gets on the bars. He pedals. She squeals.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Hold on.

They ride off.

INT. CAR

The MAN flips open a laptop computer and plugs the camera in.

MAN (TO COMPUTER)

Send batch.

The COMPUTER sends the pictures.

EXT. PASTURE-DAY

VINCENT, now in his late forties, graying on the temples, face more rugged from the Mediterranean sun, is driving a small dune buggy, keeping the herd together. AFSHIN, a fifteen year old Palestinian boy is helping on foot.

VINCENT gets a signal from his wristwatch. He looks at it. He is being paged.

VINCENT (TO AFSHIN)

Afshin!

AFSHIN looks up.

VINCENT (ARABIC) (CONT'D)

I have to go back to the house. Are you alright by yourself?

AFSHIN (ARABIC)

Yeah, sure, boss.

VINCENT

Call me if there are any problems.

AFSHIN

OK, boss.

VINCENT drives away.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE-DAY

VINCENT pulls up to his home and parks the dune buggy. He gets out and goes inside.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

VINCENT comes in. MIRIAM, a little older now, some gray hair and some deflation of her features due to child birth, is finger painting with she and Vincent's two girls, YAFFA and ISABEL. YAFFA is four and ISABEL is eight.

VINCENT (HEBREW)
Hi, everyone.

ISABEL and YAFFA rush to him and hug him. YAFFA is holding a picture. VINCENT picks her up.

VINCENT (TO YAFFA) (CONT'D)
What's that you got there?

YAFFA unrolls it.

YAFFA (HEBREW)
A picture.

It is a messy, colorful rendering of a man.

VINCENT
What's it of?

YAFFA
It's you Daddy. And there's Afshin, there's the sheep.

VINCENT
That's great, honey.

He kisses her.

ISABEL
Her cognitive skills are definitely improving.

VINCENT (TO ISABEL)
You be quiet. (to YAFFA) Is it for me?

YAFFA
You can have it.

VINCENT
Oh, thank you.

He lets her down. He kisses ISABEL and kisses MIRIAM.

MIRIAM

What are you doing back so early?

VINCENT

I'm a little tired.

MIRIAM

Are you OK?

VINCENT

Yeah, I just need a nap.

MIRIAM

Go, I'll wake you up for dinner.

VINCENT leaves.

INT. STUDY

VINCENT comes inside his study and quietly closes the door. He starts his computer. He opens the photo batch. He looks at the pictures of BRUNO with CHARLOTTE. He muses to himself.

VINCENT

Chatting up a girl...

He flips through the pictures.

PRESENT

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

VINCENT wakes up with a start. This dream was so real, he has a hard time coming back to reality.

LATER-same

VINCENT is sitting in a chair, lost in his thoughts. MIRIAM is still sleeping. He has a realization, a very drastic one.

EXT. BEACH, FLORIDA-DAY

LILY comes out of the water and towels herself off. Her cell phone rings. She answers.

LILY

Hey.

VINCENT

Hey. What are you doing?

LILY

Swimming. What time is it there? It must be three in the morning.

VINCENT

It's pretty early. Where's the kid?

LILY

He's with a sitter.

VINCENT

Got a day off, huh?

LILY

Yeah. So what's up?

VINCENT takes a deep breath.

VINCENT

Are you free tomorrow?

LILY

I think so. What's going on?

VINCENT

I have to talk to you.

LILY

OK.

VINCENT

I think I can get a flight out to Florida first thing tomorrow, if it's OK with you.

LILY

What's it about?

VINCENT

It has to be in person.

LILY

Alright.

VINCENT

Alright, I'll see you tomorrow.

VINCENT hangs up. He puts his head in his hands.

EXT. BEACH, FLORIDA-DAY

LILY and VINCENT are walking on the beach.

LILY
So what's going on?

VINCENT
I'm concerned about Bruno, how he'll
turn out.

LILY
OK...

VINCENT
I went into the mob because Daddy was
in. I'm actually out. That doesn't
happen. I'm fortunate.

LILY
You are.

VINCENT
My brother is not in, he's a great man,
and I think, I *know* it has to do with
the environment he grew up in.

LILY
What are you saying?

VINCENT swallows.

VINCENT
For our son, I think the best scenario,
is if I never see him again.

LILY thinks.

LILY
Is this really something you want to
do?

VINCENT
No.

LILY thinks.

LILY

I think that would be the right thing
to do, Vincent.

VINCENT nods.

LILY scratches in the sand with her toe.

LILY (CONT'D)

I'm turning myself in, Vincent.

VINCENT freezes.

LILY (CONT'D)

Day after tomorrow. Better now and
they'll go easy on me. I know I can
live through whatever they put me
through.

VINCENT

Are you sure you want to do this?

LILY

I don't see any other way.

VINCENT

You're very courageous.

They embrace.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'll love you forever and ever.

LILY

Me, too.

She turns and walks away. VINCENT watches her until she is
speck on the horizon.

INT. US DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY

BLACK is closely examining some files. The intercom squaks.

BLACK

Yeah, Dolly?

DOLLY (INTERCOM)

Phone for you. He says he's your
brother.

BLACK snaps up the phone.

BLACK
Hello?

EXT. BEACH, FLORIDA-DAY

VINCENT is sipping espresso at a beach cafe.

VINCENT
John, it's me.

BLACK
Where are you?

VINCENT
Lily left me. She's going to surrender
to you.

BLACK
OK.

VINCENT
I want her to get the lightest possible
sentence, in protective custody.

BLACK
She'll walk if she can bring you in.

VINCENT
She can't bring me in. She doesn't know
where I am. Lightest possible sentence,
protective custody.

BLACK
I'll see what I can do.

VINCENT swallows.

VINCENT
Will you look after my son?

BLACK
Of course I will, Vincent.

VINCENT
Lily wants him to grow up to be like
you, that's why she's turning herself
in.

BLACK

I appreciate that very much.

VINCENT

Another thing: forget about Daddy. He wasn't a bad man or a killer, he was a man of his age and did what he had to do. We're the light and shadow of our age, and there's plenty of both in us and everyone. Stop thinking you're something special and learn to live with it, John, it's the only way you'll get peace.

BLACK

I'm still going to chase you, Vincent.

VINCENT

I know, John. I wouldn't expect anything less. Goodbye for now.

BLACK

Goodbye for now.

VINCENT hangs up the phone. He jumps into his car and peels out.

INT. DAYCARE, WOMEN'S PRISON-DAY

LILY, dressed in a prison uniform, is playing with BRUNO on the floor. MARIA, LILY's mother, a woman in her late fifties is watching. There are FEMALE GUARDS watching.

GUARD (TO LILY)

OK, time's up.

LILY kisses BRUNO and hands him back to MARIA. LILY chokes back her sobs. MARIA and LILY embrace.

GUARD (CONT'D)

OK, Lily, we have to go now.

LILY acquiesces.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY, PROTECTIVE CUSTODY-DAY

LILY is led to her protective custody cell. She is put inside. The door locks behind her.

She slumps on the bed and weeps.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET, SUBURB, KANSAS CITY, MO. YEAR 2013-EVENING

CHARLOTTE and BRUNO are walking. BRUNO is walking his bike.

BRUNO

I'll tell you a secret, though.

CHARLOTTE

What?

BRUNO

My mom did eighteen months in prison.

CHARLOTTE

For what?

BRUNO

Aiding and abetting a fugitive.

CHARLOTTE

Wow.

BRUNO

She took the wrap for him.

CHARLOTTE

Wow...

BRUNO

I dunno, sometimes I think about my dad
and I can't see him being a bad guy.

CHARLOTTE looks at him.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

I like to think that he's some kind of
superhero, out saving the world.

CHARLOTTE

I can see that.

They smile at each other.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS-SUNSET

VINCENT is driving. He looks at the picture of the infant BRUNO dangling from his rearview mirror. He touches it. He drives into the sunset.

The End.