

Protocol Omega

written by

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EXT. ROOFTOP OVER A RAMALLAH STREET - EARLY MORNING

CAPTION: Ramallah, North of Jerusalem, 1999

DAVID UHDE is a young-looking man in his late forties. He is dressed in loose jeans, sandals and a navy-blue tee-shirt that says:

:Property of Cairo State

A school-type knapsack is half open beside him. He is kneeling secretly at the edge of a white roof-top, peering down at a busy street in the town of Ramallah. Looking north, with the sun rising on his right, Uhde watches as a small convoy of cars heads north. The third car is a silver Mercedes.

Uhde uses compact binoculars to confirm the main occupant in the back seat:

CAPTION: Latin patriarch of Jerusalem, Marku Sattah

The wide pale blue plate is seen in his binoculars. The plate is:

: 59-399-99

He watches the convoy's progress along the winding street.

In the distance, a kilometer from the convoy, Uhde sees a military checkpoint. Concrete blocks have been placed in the road on both sides of the curve on which the checkpoint is located, and there is a mound of earth over the road on the Ramallah side of the checkpoint. An Armored Personnel Carrier is stationed on a hill overlooking the checkpoint, and a small watchtower guards the hill between the APC and the checkpoint.

Uhde slips down and rolls onto his back, pulls out a military phone from the knapsack, and punches in numbers.

UHDE

Ok, he's a kilometer away...
Third car. The silver Mercedes... DO
NOT FIRE on the third car! Got it?...
Again, NO! The SECOND CAR is the
target! Get your snipers to fire on
the FRONT SEAT PASSENGER! GOT IT?...
The second car... That's right...
The whole point of this is to
friggen scare the hell...
That's right! NOT the third car!

Grinding his teeth, Uhde punches the off button.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Damn Russian conscripts! Why! Why!
Always they ask why! Just shut up
and take orders!

SOUNDS of distant gunshots: Pot -- pot -- potpotpotpot

Uhde sees the convoy speed up as the Mercedes is protected by the agent's car that was in front of it. Gunshots at the second car are coming from the right side, with the agent's car taking the damage. It careens off into a building, causing a billowing cloud of dust to obscure the cars. They burst out of the dust-cloud at high speed, the Mercedes weaving toward the nearby command post.

He sees the convoy get under the protection of the checkpoint, with soldiers running out to ring the cars, rifles pointed back down the road.

Uhde smiles. His military phone flashes quickly. He picks it up.

UHDE (CONT'D)

What?..
Under fire? The convoy?..
Circle them. Treat them. Call for
an ambulance..
He's not injured?
Report to your Colonel as soon as
you can, on exactly who was hurt
and what damage there was..
Yes. Make sure there are photos
showing the damage and how your
people are helping..
Yes, out.

He jams the binoculars and phone into his bag.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Once again, the good guys help the
suckers in distress.

Uhde runs, bent down, to the far ledge. He drops down to the next rooftop, landing in front of a window.

An eight year old BOY is looking right at his face from inside the open window. His younger SISTER, beside him, jumps back a step. They speak in Palestinian,

SISTER

Ghassan?

BOY
It's ok. Stay still.
I.D.F. agent.

Uhde smiles mischievously at the boy.

UHDE
Am not.

Scans the room behind them. He catches a flash of someone leaving the back doorway.

UHDE (CONT'D)
I'm with the Patriarch.

He nods in the direction of the checkpoint.

Smiling at the children again, Uhde runs off to the next ledge and drops over.

The sister looks up at her brother.

BOY
Liar. I.D.F. or Mossad.

He spits in Uhde's direction.

2

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE BUILDING

Uhde drops to the dusty alley, quickly looking around. He starts to walk toward the street. A teenager steps out of a doorway just in front of him and swings at Uhde with a length of steel pipe. Moving his head quickly, Uhde takes a downward glancing blow on the left side of his head and then hard onto his shoulder.

UHDE
AHH!

Another quick sideways swing smashes against his left knee. Limping, Uhde wards off a third blow with his left arm then kicks at the teenager's knee, taking him down. As he falls, Uhde knees him in the head with his right knee, dropping him to the ground. Looking around for more trouble, he quickly limps away toward the street. His head is bleeding down his left face onto his tee-shirt. Uhde doesn't notice.

Looking back, he sees the teenager still on the ground. The eight-year-old is peering out the doorway. As Uhde reaches the street, the boy rushes to his older brother.

INT. UHDE'S CAR - LATER, SAME DAY

Uhde is unaware of the crooked line of blood that has dried on his face. He is driving a dusty old diesel Peugeot 504 with the side window open. The street is busy with pedestrians and some older, compact cars. Uhde is mumbling to himself as he rubs his left shoulder and knee.

UHDE

That's it! No more of this shit!
I'm getting beat up by friggen KIDS
-- for what? So we can blame them
and make some friggen priest move
from this goddamn area?
I've had enough!...

As he stops for a crowd crossing the street, a man pulling a heavy cart glances at Uhde and does a double take. The man is looking at the blood on Uhde's face.

Uhde sees his surprised expression and gets worried. He guns his engine and honks, trying to push through the crowd. Individuals glance down at his license plate then look at him. Seeing his face, they reluctantly give way.

UHDE (CONT'D)

(mumbling)
What's the matter with you morons!
The plates are blue and the Reysh
is orange. So let me out of here!...

Still slowed down, Uhde is getting worried. One of the PEDESTRIANS near Uhde's window says in a concerned tone,

PEDESTRIAN

You ok, friend?

As Uhde slowly drives past the man, he nods, then looks at his face in the mirror. Seeing the blood, he tries to wipe at it but it's too dry. He says back to the Pedestrian,

UHDE

Sonofabitch at the checkpoint! I'm
ok.

The man nods then yells out to the crowd in front of Uhde, waving his arms to part them.

PEDESTRIAN

Let him through! He was beaten up
by the IDF! Let him through!

The crowd opens up and Uhde puts on speed.

4 **INT. OFFICE - THAT NIGHT**

CAPTION: Jerusalem, Metsada HQ

Glass-enclosed offices line a narrow hallway. The old paint is marked with long use. Tiled floor combined with glass walls create echoes as a uniformed female officer -- FRUMA -- marches down the hall.

Fruma turns into her open office as her NEIGHBOR across the hall slams a file shut.

NEIGHBOR

Oh, Fruma! Your boyfriend is back!
Must've had some fun -- he's all
bandaged up!

FRUMA

That shithead Uhde? I was hoping
the medic would have to bring him
back!

She kicks her chair out of the way to get at a file cabinet. She pulls a file out roughly.

5 **INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - LATER**

The sparse windowless room has two tables and some metal chairs against the wall. Uhde is sitting at a table, drinking a glass of orange juice. He has a bandage on his head and bulky bandages under his clothes on his shoulder and knee.

He looks up as Fruma enters, carrying a notepad and a file folder.

FRUMA

So, David! You been fighting with a
new girlfriend?

He snarls at her.

UHDE

Knock it off, Fruma. I'm in no
mood. Let's get this over with. YOU
do what you're supposed to and I'll
do what I'm supposed to.

FRUMA

What's the matter professor, that
scratch bothering you?

She smiles at his head bandage, reaching a hand toward it. He pulls his head away roughly.

Plopping a chair down, back to front, she sits aggressively right in front of him. She drops the notepad and file down against the back of the chair, against her belly.

She reaches for his arm bandage but he pulls away.

FRUMA (CONT'D)
 (baring her teeth at him)
 I gave you better than that when I
 kicked you out!

Uhde scrapes his chair back from her.

UHDE
 You can remember it anyway you
 want.
 It seems to me that it was YOU
 picking up clothes from under the
 apartment window!
 I'm just glad to be rid of you.

Her eyes spit fire and she half jumps out of the chair.

FRUMA
 Don't you EVER say that AGAIN!

She slips back down as Uhde continues.

UHDE
 Knock off the performance. Nobody
 else around. Put your lies down
 (he nods sharply at her
 notepad)
 and let me out of here. The next
 guy I'm seeing is getting my
 resignation.

Fruma stops. Leans back, holding onto the back of the chair. This is unexpected. She says quietly, baring her teeth,

FRUMA
 You don't resign from Metsada, you
 little ingrate.

Composing herself with some effort, she leans sideways to put her notepad and file on the table.

Fruma takes out a pen, speaking by rote and writing the first lines without waiting for a reply.

FRUMA (CONT'D)
 File number...
 Mission...
 (MORE)

FRUMA (CONT'D)

Ok...
Resources used. Car damaged?

UHDE
(shakes his head)
Even the dust is the same.

FRUMA
Phone, binocs, bag?

He shakes his head.

UHDE
This is the Properties receipt.

He pulls a slip of paper from a pocket and tosses it on the table.

UHDE (CONT'D)
Mehim's got them all.

She glances at the paper.

FRUMA
Who did you have to bribe?

She is expecting a list, pen poised.

UHDE

NOBODY.
(pulls out a wad of bills
and slams them on the
table)
Count it.

FRUMA
Huh?
What do you mean nobody?
(slyly)
Your landlord not asking for this
month's rent?

He stands up, restless.

UHDE
No-friggen-body! Count it and sign
it and let me outta here!

He unfolds a single sheet of paper from his back pocket and throws it on the table. She glances at it.

FRUMA

(she unfolds the paper)
 What's the matter, David? Didn't
 have time to write your standard
 novel this time?

Fingering his bandaged elbow, he spits out,

UHDE

This is my report. Mission
 accomplished as planned. Maximum
 aggravation delivered to another
 satisfied customer. As planned.
 Some poor bastard guard killed, as
 planned!
 Operative returned with minor
 friggen contusions. As planned.
 Now if that's all, may I very
 kindly suggest that you go forth
 AND AUTO-PROLIFERATE! PROFUSELY!

Uhde stomps out as Fruma puzzles over his comment.

FRUMA

Weird as ever. Never did understand
 him..

6

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

The one high window in the office is bright with sunlit sky.
 A black sensor points from the ledge, toward the glass. A
 sunbeam shafts down onto a soccer trophy on the edge of a
 busy desk.

Uhde, still bandaged, is dressed in an open-necked blue shirt
 and polyester pants. He sits stiffly in a leather chair
 opposite EFRAIM SPIEGEL, Director of Operations. The
 director's silk, open-necked shirt and sharply pressed wool
 pants are nicely offset by his gold necklace, rings and
 expensive watch.

Spiegel is shaking his head, smiling sadly like a father to
 his son.

SPIEGEL

David, David. You can't just resign
 from Metsada, you know that.
 I don't mean it because we need
 you. You know how much I depend on
 your unique insight. You have an
 exemplary record of
 accomplishments, despite being a
 dick-head.

(MORE)

SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

(Uhde gives him a quick grin)

We NEED people with your skill in the field, of course. But, with the sensitive nature of our work... David. You should network more. You should network, period. Have you ever gone out and had a drink with anyone -- except for me, when I dragged you out that once?

UHDE

I don't drink, you know that. I don't... Well, inane conversation about one's skill with a female companion or a vase of flowers is not my idea of entertainment. I DO things. I MAKE THINGS HAPPEN. Gossiping about people is not my style...

Spiegel accepts that with a shrug of his face.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Efraim, I AM committed, you friggen well know that. And OF COURSE my lips are forever sealed about what I know. It's just... There are too many... too many damn EGOS in this department. I don't mean you. I mean -- some of the people I have to work with are insufferable. And I really am afraid that their attitude is going to very seriously affect an operation, one of these days...

SPIEGEL

Fruma doesn't have a say in the planning...

(cuts off Uhde's objection)

Be that as it may... David. What am I going to do with you?...

Leans forward to rub his forehead.

SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

David. Do me a favor and give me an hour.

(Uhde nods)

One hour. Go have a coffee.

Uhde shrugs/nods an affirmative.

UHDE

Sure. Coffee. An hour. What's the time, now, Efraim?

SPEIGEL

David, when are you going to get a watch?

UHDE

Don't need one. Have I EVER been late for anything?

SPEIGEL

No. I don't know how...
(looks at his watch)
Two-thirty.

He gets up and heads for the door. Spiegel watches him sadly as the door closes.

SPEIGEL (CONT'D)

He'll be back in precisely fifty-five minutes.

Spiegel punches a number on his phone and lifts up the handset.

SPEIGEL

Devorah, is...
Yes, thank you...
Yosef, how are you this afternoon?...
Yes, Anna and I will be there around seven...
Of course...
Listen, Yosef. I have a problem and I need your advice.
One of my agents wants to retire...
Retire, yes...
Yes, of course, HE knows what that means and certainly I know what that means...
The protocol is specific and, as usual, impractical...
In his case...
David Uhde. Brilliant agent -- well, YOU know him. In his case, I can understand his reasons...
There are, shall we say, continuing PERSONAL conflicts with people he works with. What makes him so good in the field, hurts him in the office. He's a lone wolf. And a bulldog for details and what HE considers to be right.

(MORE)

SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

He has already gone through transfers -- in fact, YOU sent him to me...

No, I don't agree. David has a difficult personality to deal with but it is not something that we can change, or WANT to change, for that matter...

Yes, the Asperger's thing again -- you really should look into the medical...

(raises his eyebrows,
nodding sideways)

Listen, Yosef. We have an agreement, David and I. He thinks I'm a dick-head and I KNOW HE'S a dick-head. This is a point of mutual understanding. With that point having been established early on, he tells me much more of what he has seen than even HE knows. We converse without the artificial barriers that polite civilization throws up...

No, I don't think WE can have that kind of an uncivilized conversation, Yosef.

(he adds wryly)

It would be too dangerous...

Ok, ok. Listen. What can I do with him? I don't have to tell YOU about the problem with rogue former agents. You worked with Gil, too... Protocol Omega?...

Oh... Would he qualify?...

I would have to ask him. Detroit, eh?...

As reparations? That's very convenient -- for both of us...

Thank you, yes. Please do. And I'll do some lobbying from my side. I'm sure he would accept. I will be seeing him shortly...

Very good... See you and Jacky later, then. We can discuss it further.

Spiegel puts the phone down and leans on the table. He smiles slightly as he tents his fingers in front of his face.

SPEIGEL

Reparations...

7

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - LATER SAME DAY

Uhde enters the room, nods to Spiegel. He goes over to the soccer trophy, picking it up. Then he pretends to give it a boot.

SPEIGEL

David, please...

Spiegel indicates the chair. Uhde puts the trophy back and sits in the leather chair.

SPEIGEL

David, I think I may have found a solution for you, and one that will satisfy procedures.

(slight fatherly smile)

We want you to be satisfied -- fully satisfied -- with the arrangements of a retirement. I am working on something that will take, say, two days to confirm. Ok? If it is passed, you should be, ah, satisfied...

(Uhde nods)

(uncomfortable pause)

David. If this works out, would you be willing to relocate to the USA,

(Uhde perks up)

say, someplace like Detroit?

UHDE

Sure. Detroit would be fine. Just like friggen Ramallah -- Murder City.

Spiegel slumps his head slightly sideways.

SPEIGEL

Always with the sarcasm. And no, Detroit is no longer Murder City. They have the wealthiest suburb in the USA...

UHDE

You're right, Efraim. I'm sorry. No, that would be fine. As a start. When would you know?

SPEIGEL

Give me two days. I'll call you. In the meantime, please spend some time on that assessment that I wanted last month, ok?

Uhde nods firmly.

8 **INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - EVENING, 2 DAYS LATER**

The one high window is dark. As Uhde enters, Spiegel gets up with a kind of deference that Uhde has not received before. Spiegel walks quickly to him and shakes his hand in greeting. Uhde, still bandaged and favoring his one leg, goes along with the new relationship, but is half a pause behind in each action, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

SPIEGEL

David! So very good to see you!
Come in, please.
(ushers him to the chair)
Thank you for being able to come so
late in the day. Too many things...

UHDE

That's ok. I just finished supper...

SPIEGEL

Yes, well. I'll have mine later.
Sit down.
I have some very good news for you,
David. Very good news.

Spiegel makes his way back to his chair. He sits down lightly then pulls a thick folder from a drawer. Holding the folder briefly in the air,

SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

THIS is something I wish I could
do. It really is a superb offer...

Uhde leans back in the chair, folding his arms pointedly.

Seeing the attitude, Spiegel smiles wryly.

SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, David. I really didn't
mean to sound like a salesman. But
this REALLY IS a superb deal!
(opens the folder,
shuffles through papers)
There are papers to sign and all
that, but here it is in a nutshell.
They have been convinced that you
qualify for Protocol Omega. NOBODY
qualifies for Protocol Omega. I
don't know if I could qualify!
(MORE)

SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

But I laid out all the very valuable work that you have done while with Metsada, and before, and, along with a few friends that I managed to get on side to support you -- and somebody very high up who apparently knows you well -- the committee finally agreed that you qualify...

UHDE

Efraim, I'm deeply honored and all that, but what the hell is Protocol Omega?

SPIEGEL

Protocol Omega is the most golden of parachutes. It is...

(he is about to wax lyrical, but stops)

Protocol Omega allows us to provide for you a remarkably handsome sum of money for your retirement, all free and clear and without history, in the USA. It allows you to retire in the best of comfort. You can do with the money as you wish. Start a business, buy a mansion with an indoor pool and some fast cars, whatever.

To get to that point, a couple simple hoops have to be jumped through, but...

UHDE

Hoops?

SPIEGEL

This is what happens. We get you legal entry into the USA and transfer ownership to you of a plot of derelict land in downtown Detroit...

UHDE

Not in the wealthiest suburb?

SPIEGEL

David, listen.

That plot of land is yours for your last month's salary.

(holding up a hand at Uhde's protest)

BUT.

(MORE)

SPIEGEL (CONT'D)

A very large, German-owned automobile manufacturer will soon express a desire to have your plot of land so that they can build a new, VERY EXPENSIVE manufacturing facility on it! You see? And they will pay you a huge amount for that key plot of land.

UHDE

How much?

SPIEGEL

You see, David, they owe us, the Israeli government, a lot of money, still, in reparations. This little deal will clear their books by four million US.

UHDE

Four million? US dollars?
Oh...

Spiegel smiles broadly. Uhde sits back in the chair, a slight smile forming.

UHDE (CONT'D)

When? What's the timeline?

SPIEGEL

The reason, one of the reasons we can offer you Protocol Omega at this time is because of the timing. The company wants to move on plans for their factory within a month. I don't want to rush you, but we need an answer to-

UHDE

Yes!

SPIEGEL

...night.

Smiling, Uhde jumps up to shake Spiegel's hand over the desk.

9

EXT. DETROIT - NOON

CAPTION: Detroit, Michigan

A sullen, dark, poor, African-American stands, hands in pockets, on the edge of a dirty street, looking at something across a seemingly bombed-out field of former buildings.

The remains of the brick buildings, long ago razed in a cursory way, crumble through time. Weeds wonder whether they want to grow there.

On the far side of the field, a lonely not-African-American shuffles through the dust.

It is Uhde. He is shell-shocked, slowly being drawn from one obstruction of crumbled bricks to another. He walks like in a trance.

Uhde stops.

All around the field of his nightmares, Uhde sees dead buildings in many stages of collapse.

Slowly shaking his head in disbelief,

UHDE
 Holy friggen shit...
 Let me go back to Gaza.
 THIS is America?
 Holy... shit.
 (still slowly shaking his
 head)
 So that's how you make the richest
 suburb in America. Suck it all out
 of the land around you.

He continues, kicking up little unenthusiastic balls of dust with his hiking boots.

Uhde's wandering has taken him near the sullen AFRICAN-AMERICAN. They look at each other. The African-American's eyes narrow. He spits out a quick,

AFRICAN-AMERICAN
 Wha'chyou fucken lookin' at,
 honkey?

Uhde gives a half-shake of his head.

UHDE
 I'm sorry...?

AFRICAN-AMERICAN
 SHOULD be, motherfucken...

He walks his sullen way, mumbling obscenities, leaving Uhde to look at his receding form.

10 **EXT. AUBURN HILLS HOTEL - AFTERNOON**

CAPTION: Auburn Hills, Michigan

View of Hilton Hotel exterior.

11 **INT. AUBURN HILLS HOTEL - AFTERNOON**

Uhde is seated in the lower lobby of an opulent hotel. He is deep in the arms of a leather chair in the sunken hearth-area in front of a huge fireplace. He is wearing a sport coat over a turtle-neck sweater. The several PEOPLE seated and walking around him, white as well as black, are all wearing expensive suits with lovely ties.

He overhears snippets of conversations:

PERSON 1

...so we can provide a report on the acoustic signature of each light-truck competitor in time to incorporate any required changes in the intake configuration...

PERSON 2

...or design the door module with clip-on skins that match the designer I.P....

PERSON 3

...Honda only has another 17, 18 percent improvement left in fuel efficiency. We can narrow the gap with each model year. And besides -- nobody cares...

Uhde sees someone looking around for someone else. He gets up, with difficulty, from the soft chair, and half waves at him. The expensively suited man, GRANT STONEHOUSE, sees Uhde and steps down into the hearth area.

STONEHOUSE

David?

UHDE

Yes, David Uhde. You must be Grant?

STONEHOUSE

Pleased to meet you, David. If you don't mind, can we speak outside? My car is just at the entrance...

12

INT. STONEHOUSE'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Uhde slips into the passenger seat of the new well-appointed Chrysler 300. Stonehouse seats himself at the controls. Looking at Uhde, he puts a finger briefly to his lips, then starts the car. They drive out of the hotel area, onto the expressway, then arrive at an Applebees restaurant.

As they park,

STONEHOUSE

Hope you don't mind this place, David. It's noisy enough that our conversation will not be overheard. And I really am starving. Didn't get to lunch. Had a QM meeting -- quality management meeting that went an hour longer than it should.

UHDE

That's ok, Grant. I'm hungry, myself.

(nods at the instrument panel)

Nice car, by the way. The instrument panel is very well done, with the tachometer in a good position for the driver...

STONEHOUSE

(off-handedly)

Fleet car. Remarkably adequate.

(smiles at Uhde)

That is, YES, the 300 is an excellent car, but I rather prefer the new Durango. I'm getting a fully-appointed version shortly. It's much larger than the past model and it has all the new safety features.

And it's much bigger.

Uhde nods politely.

They stop in the parking spot.

13

INT. RESTAURANT - MINUTES LATER

Uhde and Stonehouse are seated at an end table in the back corner. The restaurant is crowded and noisy.

With their menus open but not looked at, Stonehouse is constantly checking if their neighbors are listening in. He puts on a smile every few seconds.

STONEHOUSE

I don't want to know how you managed to swing this. I don't want to hear who you know and what strings you pulled. Just allow me to say that I am impressed and gushing with, well, yes, jealousy, but also the greatest respect... My job is to complete the transaction.

The few papers there are to sign can be done tomorrow morning in my office. It should take less than an hour, even with our legal boys in on it.

There are two things I want to say. I have strict orders...

He pauses, looking around, then continues with voice lowered.

STONEHOUSE (CONT'D)

Strict orders to NOT discuss this with anyone, and we ask that you sign an undertaking for the same. Secondly, I'd like to...

Please don't take this the wrong way -- I understand that you're not from around here, so if you need any help -- any help whatsoever -- in accommodation or in your finances, I would like to personally offer my help...

He ends uncomfortably, picks up his menu and studies it.

Politely,

UHDE

Why thank you, Grant. That's very kind of you.

I have to confess that this part of the country is a bit different. I'm not used to the wild swings of abject poverty and opulence. There was a fellow walking by the lot, downtown, who looked like he hadn't had a bath in years or food for a long...

STONEHOUSE

Black?

He suddenly looks around as he says it.

UHDE

Why, yes, he was. Couldn't understand a word he said...

STONEHOUSE

Don't bother trying, David. Just don't bother them..

Stonehouse nods encouragingly to get the point across.

UHDE

Right...
You know what? I'd like to invite you to dinner tomorrow night and I want you to bring your wife -- oh! You ARE married?

STONEHOUSE

Yes. Yes, thank you, David. I'd like that.
I've been married for eight years -- two kids. They're six and four, two girls. We can get a sitter...

UHDE

Oh, is it going to be a problem? I mean it IS short notice, but I want to celebrate with the only person in the area that I know.

Uhde smiles engagingly.

The waitress comes for their drink order.

STONEHOUSE

Coffee, please. Have you tried the coffee, here, David? It's very good.

UHDE

Well, I don't usually drink coffee, but, sure, why not?
It seems to be the thing to do around here...

The waitress nods.

14

INT. STONEHOUSE'S CAR - NEXT DAY, EVENING

The fleet car has been replaced with the red Durango that Stonehouse had ordered.

His wife, KIRSTEN, is seated in the front passenger seat. Uhde is behind her. They are driving down a bumpy expressway with the Ambassador Bridge to Canada coming up.

UHDE

Do you cross the border often,
Kirsten?

KIRSTEN STONEHOUSE glances at her husband before answering. He gives a tiny nod.

KIRSTEN

Why yes, David. Grant and I love this little restaurant on Erie Street. It's a very cosmopolitan little place. Windsor is, well, nicer at night. I mean you can walk anywhere and not worry...

She tails off, glancing at her husband to see if she's said too much.

UHDE

It's a different country and all that, but it's what, less than two kilometres, one ah, mile over the river.

STONEHOUSE

That mile makes all the difference. It's like a moat that keeps the riff-raff..

He tails off uncomfortably, turning his head back to concentrate on traffic..

STONEHOUSE (CONT'D)

Anyway, here's the bridge access. OH! I didn't ask you -- we don't even think about it ourselves -- you need picture ID for Canada Customs. If you don't...

UHDE

That's alright, Grant. I've been across before.

15 **EXT. MONTAGE**

: Driving on the bridge.

: Coming up to the Customs booth.

: Uhde getting out to show his papers, which he conveniently blocks Stonehouse from seeing.

: Driving down Erie Street, Windsor, with Italian signs and restaurants all around.

16 **EXT. NEW INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - MONTHS LATER**

Bird's-eye of a new industrial area, with wide-spaced buildings of 10 to 30 thousand square feet.

Uhde is standing in front of a new building, admiring the sign. It says:

:Trans-Azag Enterprises

His cellphone beeps. Uhde pulls it out.

UHDE

Hello...

PETER! Good to hear from you! How are you and, and your wife doing in the new house?...

Well, of course...

Yes. I'm just getting it going. My staff have been working on the Bridgeports...

Of course, they're still used! One of the most useful pieces of equipment in any shop...

He continues talking as he walks in the front door.

CUT TO:

17 **INT. BARE OFFICES**

Uhde is walking and talking through his offices. No furniture or other people are in the building. Uhde walks past empty offices to the back door.

He opens it and enters the shop area.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOP AREA

The high, newly painted area is half full of old factory equipment; some are crated.

Uhde finishes his telephone conversation as he walks to the part of the shop that has been set up with brighter lights overlooking lathes and milling machines and welding stations. Their power cables are all installed.

He hears a noise from the front. Uhde spins around, then suspiciously looks behind him at the dock doors.

The office door opens. He half crouches, ready for action.

Through the door strides BILL STENWEYER, a tall, thin twenty-year-old. He waves at Uhde.

STENWEYER

Hello! Mr. Uhde?

Uhde straightens up, relaxes.

UHDE

Yes. Come in. Sorry I don't have anybody up front yet...

Stenweyer walks confidently toward Uhde, glancing at the machinery more and more as he gets nearer.

STENWEYER

My god, you don't waste any time, do you, sir.

(he puts out his hand)

Hi. I'm Bill Stenweyer? We talked yesterday?

UHDE

Oh, yes. Pleased to meet you. I'm David Uhde. Please call me David.

STENWEYER

Thank you, sir. David. I'm a bit late. I hope you don't mind. I missed the turnoff and it took me another fifteen minutes to get back here.

Mr. Stonehouse said that you work quick, but, WOW!

He looks around at the machinery.

UHDE

Yes, well, the building was already done. I just had to get my, ah, contacts around the world to start shipping product.

Uhde's cellphone rings. Before answering, he says,

UHDE (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Ah...
 (looks closely at the caller ID then opens up the phone)
 Moshi moshi...
 Dozo. Kobo-san...
 Fine, fine. So let's speak English. I want to practice my Japanese -- YOU want to practice your English... Very well, thank you, Kobo-san. And you?...
 Of course! My fax number... Yes, that's right...
 I will look forward to it! Keep in touch...
 Thank you, Kobo-san. Goodbye...

Uhde folds up his cellphone, slipping it into its pouch.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Please excuse the calls. My friends call from all around the world and at any time...
 Why don't we go sit in my office. It's the only one with some chairs.

19

INT. UHDE'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Uhde is seated at his desk. Stenweyer is in a cheap chrome chair. The desk is already filled with papers and files. Uhde is collecting some of them and putting them in a drawer.

Stenweyer is admiring a brass name plate mounted on a chunk of granite, sitting front row center on the desk. It says:

:DAVID UHDE

:Raconteur, Bon Vivant, Philosopher, Boss

STENWEYER

That's a very, um, impressive brass plate, David. Is that from your last office?

UHDE

Yes...
I got it made in Holland.

Organizes himself and prepares to speak, but forgets Stenweyer's name.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Uh, Mike, did you say?

STENWEYER

Bill, sir. Bill Stenweyer.

UHDE

Oh yes, Bill. I am sorry. My memory is usually excellent -- sometimes I have trouble with names. A problem, sometimes.

Well. Bill.

Grant has given a very glowing recommendation for one so young. And I find myself in the position of having to depend on Grant's best judgment.

So, let me tell you what we'll be doing here.

(gets animated)

My company purchases disused factory machinery from certain sources around the world, we refurbish them in the shop, and then we resell them. For the past couple of weeks I've taken out my aggressions by working on the equipment myself.

(smiles as he judges

Stenweyer's reaction)

I obtain favorable shipping rates through my contacts for inbound and out -- that, in itself, needs my constant attention because you have to fill the containers. No deadheads. Meaning a lot of bargaining and bartering and sometimes moving copra THIS way, so you can send CNC lathes THAT way. So, I need you to take charge of the selling.

I've prepared a list of company names to start with,

(hands over papers, points at one)

And this other one is the list of current equipment.

(MORE)

UHDE (CONT'D)

And there are a few pieces on there that are enroute.
When I get the shop people I need, we can start shipping, probably within two three weeks.

STENWEYER

If you need help in staffing, sir, I do know several people who have just the right skills.

UHDE

Oh do you? Well, that could save time.
Why don't you call them in for an interview? I work at all times of the day to keep up my contacts...

Stenweyer presses on.

STENWEYER

And if you wish, David, I can help you with setting up the office and things. I'm quite good at that.

Stenweyer settles comfortably into his chair with a smile.

20

INT. HILTON HOTEL LOWER LOBBY - MONTHS LATER

CAPTION: Auburn Hills, 4 Months Later

Uhde is very aggravated, leaning forward on the edge of the leather chair, stiff fingers making marks on the glass table in front of him. He is talking with Stonehouse.

Stenweyer, seated next to Stonehouse, keeps trying to interrupt but Stonehouse holds him back.

UHDE

A lawyer tells me that there's no point in trying to stretch his skin across a wall, because it would COST too much!
This kid has lost me a FORTUNE, Grant! How can you sit there and ask me to pay him a severance? He's cost me over two hundred thousand in the offices and he just lost a two point three million dollar contract with someone who is a good friend! I don't...

STONEHOUSE

(turning quickly to
Stenweyer)

I didn't know about the two point
three million dollar contact.

(holds up his hand as
Stenweyer s about to
speak)

I want to hear about it from David.

UHDE

The contract was all written up and
agreed. All Bill had to do was go
out of his hotel room in Los Vegas
on the appointed day and time, down
to the lobby, meet my friend and
his associate, sign the prepared
contract and come home.

SO, what does MR. friggen STUDBALLS
do? He took our secretary, stayed
in the room for nine days straight,
on MY charge, and then sneaks back
with his friggen pecker between his
legs hoping I didn't notice.

(turns at Stenweyer)

Are you MAD?

I only found out when Brenda comes
to me, crying, and says it wasn't
her fault...

Grant, the company's closing down.
That's the end of it. And if HE
thinks he's going to get one more
shekel out of me he IS crazy!

STONEHOUSE

David, I, I don't know what to say.
This is devastating.

UHDE

Devastating? To YOU? I'M the one
who's had to close up my company,
after sweating every waking minute
of the past four months to get this
business going!

And YOU'RE devastated?

He gets up roughly.

UHDE (CONT'D)

THAT'S IT! This whole damn place is
crazy! YOU'RE MAKING ME CRAZY!
Doesn't anybody here have any
simple ETHICS?

As he stomps out, he yells,

UHDE (CONT'D)
AMERICAN CAPITALISM! YOU CAN HAVE
IT!

21 INT. PUB IN WINDSOR - DAY LATER, EVENING

:CAPTION:

:Windsor, Canada

Loud music, yelled conversations, flashing lights, colors moving everywhere.

Uhde is sitting at the bar, yelling with an old white haired CELT who has a perpetual grin -- except when his drink is gone.

UHDE
...and he actually had the nerve to demand severance pay! Can you believe the friggen chutzpah? I told him and his damn friends that he hired to kindly go forth and auto-proliferate -- PROFUSELY!

CELT
HA!...
What's auto- auprof...?

UHDE
It means to FUCK OFF! BIG TIME!

CELT
HA!...
Musht remember that one...

A DRUNK bumps into Uhde from behind. Uhde braces for a fight but gets,

DRUNK
Oh, hey, like, I'm sorry, man. I, I didn't mean that. Now if you was BLOND...

UHDE
(half-turns to see him)
It's ok. Watch where you're going.
(turns back to the Celt)
Shit. Is everybody so friggen NICE around here?

CELT

Of coursh! If they're Canadian!
Watch out for the Yanks, though.
Young punks come over 'caushe of
the drinking age. Wildesht bunch of
thoughtlesh hoo- hooligans...

They take another drink.

CELT (CONT'D)

You shay you, you were a pilot?
Shounds fastin, fasingt -- tell me
about it!

Uhde smiles at the memories.

UHDE

When I was in England, I used to
take a friend up. One day he comes
to me and he says, David! My son,
David -- your namesake -- is going
to have his bar mitzvah next week.
I want you should take him up so he
can see what it is to fly!
So next week, they meet me at the
airport -- Leeds, up in Yorkshire -
- and I get them strapped in with
young David behind his father.
We take off and get away from the
Control Zone area, heading for the
coast.
My friend, Joe, says, why don't you
show David how it turns?
So I tell him, David! Watch this
instrument -- it's just a level.
The black ball is in the center.
When it gets out to HERE, that's a
thirty degree bank.
So I do a left-hand thirty degree
bank and then a right-hand one.
You ok? I yell to him. Young David
says, Fine. So his father says,
What about the next mark?
I tell him, That's a sixty degree
bank. You pull some Gs doing that.
He says, show David a sixty degree
bank!
So I pull a hard left turn and then
a hard right turn. You can see down
the wing straight at the ground.
Ha!

The Celt chuckles at what's coming.

UHDE (CONT'D)

I yell back, David, you still ok?
 He makes a noise.
 His father then says, Show David
 how it goes up and down!
 I say, That's porpoising, are you
 sure?
 Joe says, Sure! Show him! So I
 start down and then pull up. Then I
 hear this gurgle coming from the
 back seat!
 Ha! Ha!

The Celt is laughing along with Uhde.

UHDE (CONT'D)

The poor kid nearly puked down his
 father's back! Ha Ha!
 Anyway, I turned around and landed.
 As we're taxiing, I say, He who did
 it, cleans it!
 Ha! But Joe gets out and the kid
 stumbles out and he starts heading
 right for the washroom.
 Joe's about to start cleaning when
 he yells out, David! Get back here!
 The poor kid, he's white as a
 sheet, he comes back and his father
 points at the puke on the back
 floor and he says, David!
 You don't chew your eggs!
 HA! Ha!

They both laugh. They drink.

Uhde gets serious.

UHDE (CONT'D)

My friend, it is clear that a good
 heart will get you nowhere. There
 is always some son-of-a-bitch who's
 intent on screwing you.
 So now I have decided. To hell with
 companies and playing by the polite
 rules of commerce.
 I go back to what I know best!

CELT

What, my dear sir, do you know beh,
 besht?

Uhde takes a conspiratorial look around.

UHDE
I spy.

CELT
HA!
You, sir, are a rogue! An I loved
that sheries -- original one..

Uhde stops.

UHDE
Yes.
I am a rogue.
(to himself)
And probably worse.

In the background, Stenweyer enters the pub with several large friends. He looks to the bar, sees Uhde, points at him.

His friends make their way to the bar.

Uhde notices the unusual crowd movement toward him.

UHDE (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Oh shit. This is gonna friggen
hurt.

CUT TO:

22 **EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE PUB DOORS**

Uhde bursts through the pub door, forming a rolling ball with a much larger fellow, as they fall onto the sidewalk.

Uhde takes an elbow under the chin -- staggers back. The large fellow moves forward, hand outstretched. Uhde is coughing. As the fellow's hand touches Uhde's chest, in blinding speed Uhde grabs the hand in a karate move that forces the fellow's hand down to Uhde's belt, and the whole body follows in agony. As he goes down to his knees, Uhde knees him in the head.

Then Stenweyer runs at Uhde from behind with a length of pipe. He catches Uhde square on the head, dropping him like a bag of dirt.

CUT TO:

23

INT. CAB

A scruffy CAB DRIVER looks in the mirror as Uhde rolls his head, half awake.

Uhde puts his hand up to his head to calm the headache -- finds the hand full of blood.

CAB DRIVER
(in a central European
accent)
Keep that towel on head! No blood
on seat!

Uhde notices the towel and wraps it groggily around his head. He slowly leans his head back. Then the cab hits a bump.

UHDE
OW!
Watch where you're friggen going!...
(looks around blearily)
Where ARE you going?

CAB DRIVER
Hospital.

UHDE
NO!
Hotel. A QUIET hotel. CLEAN and
quiet.

The cabby shrugs. He drives past the hospital.

They drive for a few minutes, past residential areas.

Uhde feels under the towel. He pulls out his shirt and rips off a strip from the bottom of it. He wraps the cloth around his head, then uses the towel to wipe the blood down.

They get to a major road with an automotive plant stretching for a mile on one side. Uhde does a painful double take as he sees the name:

:DaimlerChrysler

After speeding along an expressway for a minute, they turn off then turn right again. The cab pulls up to the hotel entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

The lobby is surprisingly opulent, with soft lighting that highlights earth-tone marbles and wood.

With his bandaged head and bloody shirt, Uhde strides to the night desk MANAGER.

UHDE

I was in a car accident. I need a quiet room for the night.

MANAGER

(looking warily at Uhde.)

Yes sir. One night, sir?

Uhde looks around.

UHDE

Ah, tell you what. Make it for a week.

Are there any stores nearby?

MANAGER

Yes sir. Right across the street. Our major mall. Of course, it won't be open at this time of night, but if you'll need laundry service...

UHDE

No, I'm just going to dump this stuff.

The manager gazes down at the blood on his shirt and pants.

MANAGER

Yes, sir. How will you be paying for the room, sir?

UHDE

Cash.

This catches the Manager off guard.

MANAGER

Cash? I'm sorry, sir, our policy...

Uhde pulls out a few hundreds. He puts a twenty separately on the side, next to the Manager's hand. The hand doesn't move until Uhde puts down another twenty.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Yes, sir. Do you have a piece of ID?

UHDE

No. It was stolen from my other
wallet. My name is Denny Urick.
I don't want any fuss...

MANAGER

Sir...

Uhde puts another twenty down.

25 **INT. UHDE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Uhde is in his shorts in the bathroom. With his head still
bandaged, he washes the blood out of his clothes.

26 **EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NEXT MORNING**

Uhde exits the hotel. He has a proper bandage on the back of
his head and his clothes are well wrinkled but cleaner.

He stops outside the doors to look around. The hotel property
is tight to the roadway, with large old trees that hide the
surroundings. He sees a cab and recognizes last night's
cabby, snoring behind the wheel. He goes over to speak to
him.

Startling him awake,

UHDE

Hi, there. You work all night and
all day, too?

CAB DRIVER

(groggily)
Too many family to feed. Feel
better now? Hotel good?

UHDE

Yes, thank you.
Listen, I want you to take me to
the mall, and I'd like to hear what
happened last night.

CAB DRIVER

Twenty dollar.

UHDE

For across the street?

The cabby grins, showing poor teeth. He waits.

UHDE (CONT'D)
 What the hell! Sure, I'll give you
 twenty dollars.
 (pulls out his wallet and
 peels out a twenty)
 Take me across the street!

The cabby sees the wallet.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. CAB**

As they wait for a signal to make a left turn, Uhde asks from the back seat,

UHDE
 How did I get in the cab, last
 night?

CAB DRIVER
 Little white-hair guy. He was too
 drunk to do, so I push you in. Make
 sure towel stay on head so no blood
 get on seat.

Uhde nods.

FLASHBACK: the Celt struggles to put a limp Uhde into the cab.

UHDE
 Did you see how I got hit?

CAB DRIVER
 Sure! Big fight! You win, but young
 guy sneak up behind and hit with
 pipe! You down.

UHDE
 Did they hit me any more?

CAB DRIVER
 No. Run. Drop pipe and run when
 white-hair come out.

The cab breaks slowly in front of the mall entrance. Uhde starts to climb out.

UHDE
 Thanks. You can go back to sleep,
 now.

CAB DRIVER
I get coffee. You?

UHDE
Huh?

CAB DRIVER
I need break. Show you best coffee.
Park first?

UHDE
Yeah, sure. Why not?
I'll be right here.

As Uhde stands in the chilly morning air, the cab squeals around the corner, parking in a delivery yard. The cabby hurries out to where Uhde is waiting.

Looking around, Uhde sees that the mall is a big one, with more stores across the main street.

CAB DRIVER
Show you best coffee, eh? And tell
you about Windsor. Everybody nice
in Windsor.

UHDE
(fingering his head
bandage)
Yeah. Nice. Getting SMOTHERED in
nice.

They head for the entrance doors.

28

INT. MALL COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Seating himself in a hard plastic-covered chair that's welded to the table, Uhde takes in the crowd, seated and moving.

The cabby is devouring three muffins between slurps from a huge cup of coffee.

CAB DRIVER
GOOD coffee, eh?

UHDE
Oh, delicious!

He sips from his small cup.

The cabby looks at Uhde closely between bites of muffin. His scruffy beard holds a few crumbs for later use.

CAB DRIVER
You Jewish?

UHDE
HUH?

CAB DRIVER
Me -- Albania! Jews have money.
Me -- have to work hard...

Uhde tenses. He looks around, again, at the others present.

UHDE
Who told you I was Jewish?

The cabby waves a dismissive hand.

CAB DRIVER
Easy see.
I see EVERYBODY in cab. From all
over world. Windsor like that.
EVERYBODY here...
Need guide? I show you downtown.
Take you in back rooms...
(he leans forward,
conspiratorially)
Best girls! Make you happy!

UHDE
No thank you.

CAB DRIVER
Bring girls to room? They...

UHDE
(firmly)
No! Thank you.

The cabby shrugs, continuing to plow through his muffins and coffee. Uhde finishes his coffee. He is about to leave. The cabby persists.

CAB DRIVER
What I can sell you? You got money.
I need money. What you want?

Uhde assesses the cabby. He shows a new resolve in his face.

UHDE
I'm sick and tired of nice...
(he crosses his arms)
You're Albanian. Do you know Ekrem
Haradinaj?

The cabby chokes on a mouthful of muffin, spitting crumbs about. Uhde holds up a tissue, as much to protect himself as for the cabby's use. The cabby grabs the tissue, wipes his mouth and guzzles some coffee.

He looks around furtively, still coughing.

Getting himself under control, the cabby takes his coffee, gets up, and fingers Uhde to follow him.

Reluctantly, Uhde gets up. They leave the mall through the coffee shop's entrance.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MALL

The cabby guzzles the rest of his coffee and dumps the cup in a container near the door. He motions to Uhde again.

As Uhde follows the cabby, he watches to see if the cabby's hands stay visible. They walk around the corner to where he parked his cab.

The cabby's right hand goes into his shirt. Uhde gets close to him. The cabby turns around with a knife in his hand. As he speaks,

CAB DRIVER

How you know...

AH!

Uhde uses a karate move to slap the knife out of his hand. Uhde steps back one pace, hands ready.

UHDE

You're not very friendly, all of a sudden, my friend.

Do you not like Ekrem Haradinaj?

The cabby looks around furtively. He backs against his cab.

CAB DRIVER

SURE I know Mr. Haradinaj! Very important man.

How YOU know him?

UHDE

He's a very important man.
(pressing the advantage,
he takes out his
cellphone and hands it to
the cabby)

(MORE)

UHDE (CONT'D)
 Call him. Tell him I'd like to have
 a coffee, here, with him.

The cabby slowly reaches for the phone. He opens it and punches in a number. Half turning, he speaks quickly in Albanian. Uhde cocks his head as he catches some words.

CAB DRIVER
 ...Ok?...
 (closes the phone and
 gives it back)
 Ok. Mr. Haradinaj send someone,
 talk to you.
 You stay in coffee shop. Back
 corner.

He turns to open his door.

UHDE
 When?

Jumping into his cab,

CAB DRIVER
 Few minutes. Back corner! GO!

He waves dismissively as he squeals away.

Uhde smiles at the departing cab. He walks back to the mall doors, but before going in, he studies his reflection.

He enters the mall and,

CUT TO:

30 **INT. MALL**

Uhde walks quickly to the first store that sells baseball hats.

He goes in:

:And comes out wearing a Seattle Mariners hat, covering his bandage.

Walking back to the coffee shop, he slows down to look in a glass reflection. Satisfied, he finds a seat in the front corner of the coffee shop. Burying himself behind a handy newspaper, he waits for the Albanian..

Several minutes later, Uhde notices through the window, the taxi is dropping off one person. Another one stays with the cabby as they round the corner.

The person who was dropped off is wearing a black European seaman's hat. The hatted person walks directly to the coffee shop window. He looks inside toward the back corner.

Not seeing what he wants, he looks at the other tables. Uhde pulls the paper up to leave only his hat showing. He watches a reflection of the man outside, in a glass case. Following the reflection, Uhde sees him enter the coffee shop and take a seat in the back.

Leaving him to fidget for several minutes, Uhde watches the outside...

After a while, the other, hatless, passenger comes up to the window. He casually looks in. The hatted man shrugs his shoulders at him. A quick tapping of the top of his head from the outside man gets the hatted man up to leave. Uhde gets up at the same time, following him out the door.

CUT TO:

31 **EXT. OUTSIDE THE MALL**

The hatless man turns toward the cab with hatted man following behind. Uhde steps forward to trail them both. The hatless man, EKREM HARADINAJ, turns to look back, startled.

Uhde keeps his hands out of his pockets, clearly seen at his sides.

UHDE
Ekrem. Why don't we talk. Over there.

He nods at a quiet spot on the wide sidewalk near the corner.

Caught off guard, Haradinaj nods.

Getting to the sidewalk, Haradinaj turns around to face Uhde, placing himself toward the cab, with his hatted assistant behind him on his right.

HARADINAJ
Who are you?

UHDE
Not from around here. I want to talk about -- keeping active. I used to be with the PLO, but as a Coptic, I was never welcome.

Haradinaj looks him over.

HARADINAJ

My friend tells me you're Jewish.

UHDE

(smiles engagingly)
Same genes. One of the problems.
Listen, I need to get some work.
All this Canadian niceness is
driving me crazy!

Haradinaj stares at him.

HARADINAJ

You think *I'M* crazy? Go down to
Wyandotte street. Talk to your
friends.

UHDE

Don't *HAVE* any friends. I wanted to
quit and they said there was only
one way. That was not an acceptable
option.
But I *DO* have lots of information
and other contacts -- in business.
In containers. I want to keep
active with my friends in the
container business before they
forget about me.

Haradinaj gets interested.

HARADINAJ

Containers?

UHDE

I can get *ANYTHING*, *ANYWHERE*.

HARADINAJ

HA! You and my dead uncle!

Flying blind, Uhde picks up on that.

UHDE

I heard about that. Sorry about
your uncle.
(Haradinaj nods
acceptance)
You need someone who can take the
heat off. Doesn't matter what you
want to ship, I can get it done.
But no *PEOPLE!* I don't ship people!

Haradinaj turns away in disgust.

HARADINAJ

What do you mean, no people? That's our main income! What use...

UHDE

Haven't you seen what others are doing, Ekrem? Human cargo is too easy to detect in the ports, now.

Haradinaj turns back to him, interested.

UHDE (CONT'D)

You get more money if the shipment goes through, than if it gets caught and the heat comes down on you, right?

HARADINAJ

(slyly)

Sometimes... The union is my best friend.

UHDE

Listen. I can bring in for you a twenty-foot container half full of electronics, new electronics, and half full of, what? You deal in hash? Container costs about twenty-two hundred, US. If you want, I find the electronics.

Suspicious, Haradinaj backs away.

HARADINAJ

Tell you later. You stay in the hotel.

He turns abruptly for the cab. His associate follows, glancing backwards at Uhde.

Uhde walks toward the road without looking back, heading toward his hotel.

32

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Getting out of the elevator, Uhde looks down the hallway for a maid. He finds a MAID with her cart, finishing a room.

He pulls out a five.

UHDE

I'm in a hurry, can you do room 412 for me, please?

MAID
 Yes, sir! Thank you, sir. I'll be
 right there.

33 **INT. UHDE'S HOTEL ROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER**

The maid wheels out her vacuum cleaner through the open door. Uhde is sitting at the writing table, scribbling. He turns around as the maid says,

MAID
 All done, now. Thank you, sir.

UHDE
 Thanks.

He waits for the door to close then he uses his finger nails to tightly fold over a corner of the paper that he was using. Darkening the pieces with a pen, he tears it so that he has two tiny pieces together.

He carefully holds the pieces between his fingers as he goes to the door and opens it.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. OUTSIDE UHDE'S ROOM**

With his door held open by a foot, Uhde looks for a small rubber bumper on the door frame next to the hinges. Finding a lower one, he carefully closes the door as he holds the piece of paper against the small rubber bumper. As the door closes, it grabs the paper pieces against the frame. He looks to make sure it is not obvious.

Satisfied, he leaves.

35 **INT. OUTSIDE UHDE'S ROOM - HOURS LATER**

With his hands full of bags, Uhde walks up to his door. He sees one of the pieces of paper on the floor at the base of the door. He quietly pirouettes back to the stairway.

Putting his bags down, he carefully opens the stairway door. Seeing nobody inside, he transfers the bags inside, then enters, leaving the door open a crack.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY

The concrete stairway echoes as Uhde puts a foot in the doorway. He takes out his cellphone. Using the redial function, he calls Haradinaj.

He hears a cellphone chime coming from his room. Speaking quietly,

UHDE

Ekrem! Sorry to have missed you. My man is just outside -- see him? He was near the tree...

Whatever. Listen, Ekrem. I don't want us to start off suspicious of each other, like this. I think you understand what I can do, and I know what you can do. I'm not alone, here, and I know you're not. But we can help each other...

Tell you... Tell you what. I'll bring you in a twenty-footer full of new electronics, free. Just for you and your friends. If you like the way it goes, maybe we can do business...

Yes, I have money. Like I said, I need to keep my contacts going... Well of COURSE they're going to say they don't know me! What do you expect? But I bet they gave you a good dollar to turn me in, didn't they?...

No more bullshit, Ekrem! You want a secure container route or not?...

Good. I'll call you when your free present comes in...

I've already got a line on one en route. Should take four days to be in port in Halifax. From there, you can pick it up in Montreal or Toronto...

Ottawa? Sure. Why not Ottawa?

Trucks go everywhere. I'll get you the details in a day.

Uhde quickly lets the door close as he folds up his phone.

He hears his room door open then close -- feet shuffle. He watches the light under the door. The elevator dings. He hears the elevator door close...

Staying still for a minute, he listens. Satisfied, he carefully opens the door. Nobody is in the hall, so he grabs his bags.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NEXT WEEK

Uhde is in line for his coffee order at his now favorite coffee shop. He nods to one of the waitresses. She, EVA, is in her late thirties. Uhde's expression as he follows her says that he has a visceral attraction. He notices that her hair is tawny, cut short, giving her high cheekbones less prominence than her strong jaw. Her arms have form given by muscles in constant work, without being bulky. Eva's heavier-boned body is solid but without fat. She is constantly on the move, cleaning and wiping around her fellow workers as they stand talking.

Uhde keeps looking away then back at her. Eva knows she is being watched. She moves over to serve him, lightly bumping another waitress out of the way. The other one looks at her, then sees Uhde and smiles. Brushing back her hair, Eva pauses very briefly to say as pleasantly as she can,

EVA

Hi. Saw you here before. What can I get you?

Uhde is intrigued. He takes his time to look at donuts just over Eva's shoulder. He looks at her shoulders.

UHDE

Well, I'd like a small regular coffee, please. And I was thinking of a donut but I don't see it today.

EVA

Do you mean the orange crullers?

UHDE

Yes! Orange cruller. If you had them, I'd take half a dozen -- so that I could have some back in my hotel room.

EVA

(pretending to be casual)
Just passing through?

UHDE

Actually, I may well be persuaded to stay. If I could find something to keep me here.

(he looks down at the counter then glances up her to see where her attention is)

Nice people in Windsor.

He sends his eyes over her cleavage. Getting warm, Eva unconsciously pulls at the collar of her blouse to cool down. Realizing what she did, she turns away behind the counter.

She makes up his coffee order and places the mug in front of him with a smile.

EVA

The orange crullers are just being baked. If you like, I'll bring the order out to you when they're ready.

UHDE

Yeah. I'd like that.
And if you have a break coming, why don't you bring another coffee along?

He pulls out a twenty from his thick wallet.

Eva notices the thick wallet.

EVA

Well sure! Why not! But don't worry about paying for the extra coffee.

She leans toward him, smiling -- he involuntarily glances again at her cleavage.

EVA (CONT'D)

We get all the coffee we want.

UHDE

(his eyes are drawn up to her eyes)

Oh, sure.
Thanks.

He collects his change, picks up the mug and finds a table against the wall.

Seated with his back to the wall, Uhde follows Eva's every move. And yet he sits up in surprise as she brings a box and mug to his table.

She places them on the table and sits down.

EVA

Sorry about the wait. It doesn't usually take that long to get the crullers ready.

UHDE

Oh, that's alright. I didn't even notice the time.

Nervous smiles. They sit looking at each other. The donut box remains unopened between them.

She glances at the box.

EVA

Are you going to offer me a donut?

UHDE

Huh? OH! Of course! Here! Please pardon me, I'm getting rather absent-minded...

He opens the box to offer her a donut.

EVA

Thank you.

She takes a tissue from the holder on the table, then fishes out a donut with the tissue.

Uhde follows her lead.

EVA (CONT'D)

I'm Eva. And you are...

UHDE

David.

(he says quickly, then realizes something)

Ah, Eva. Some other guys around here know me as Denny, so can I ask, please, that you...

EVA

Don't worry. My lips are sealed...

(he notices her lips)

Sounds like my ex -- when he went into a bar, his name was Freddy. At home he was Reg. But I'm sure you have a different reason than Reg had.

(regretting her wording)

I'm sorry. I shouldn't pry like that. My other job is behind the bar at the restaurant, here, in the mall. Keeping the conversation going keeps customers drinking longer.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)
 (smiles)
 And the tips are better.

They both take a sip.

EVA (CONT'D)
 So, which guys know you as Denny.

She looks around behind her.

UHDE
 They're not here, now. In fact, I'd
 never admit to knowing them, to
 polite company, Eva.
 Not nice people.

EVA
 For work?

UHDE
 (nods)
 We all have our crosses to bear.

She starts to get animated.

EVA
 You said it! My ex was my biggest
 cross. I still have the marks even
 after five years apart...

She tails off suddenly.

Uhde wants to take another sip, then realizes the coffee is
 all gone.

EVA (CONT'D)
 Would you like a refill? I'll just...

She starts to get up.

UHDE
 Oh, no thank you. Honest. I like to
 limit my caffeine.
 But thanks for the offer..
 Well. Your break must be over by
 now. I think I see the manager
 looking your way.

She turns around to see the manager.

EVA
 BE RIGHT THERE, ANN!
 (turns back to Uhde)
 Thank you for the company.
 (MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)
 I really enjoyed it.
 Come by again some time. I'm here
 every day, including Sundays. No
 break for the wicked...

UHDE
 (sincerely)
 I'll do that. Thank you, Eva.

38 **INT. WAREHOUSE - TWO WEEKS LATER**

Interior of a medium-sized old warehouse building with
 barred, broken windows letting in very little light.

New boxes are piled against a wall that is the outside of an
 office.

A beat-up cube-van sits inside the warehouse. Its sign says:

:HOXA IMPORT-EXPORT

Uhde walks into the office.

CUT TO:

39 **INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE**

Haradinaj is seated at a table, talking on the telephone.
 Crowded on the table are a new computer, a monitor, keyboard
 and mouse. Haradinaj scribbles on a notepad.

At a round kitchen table, waiting for a suspended card game
 to resume, three others fidget. They are dressed in grimy old
 suit coats, open to reveal sweat-darkened tee-shirts. Wine
 bottles are on the table, along with regular, thick glasses
 that hold the wine, interspersed among the cards.

Against a wall, a long table holds a large TV, which is on,
 competing with an equally large stereo CD player. The player
 is belting out Albanian songs while the TV is on CNN. Every
 time a US politician comes on, one or more of Haradinaj's
 crew swears at it.

As Uhde enters, Haradinaj, still on the phone, sees him and
 covers up the notepad like a mother hen covering her chicks.
 He waves sideways, hard, at Uhde, who takes the invitation to
 back out of the room as Haradinaj scribbles on the pad...

A minute later,

HARADINAJ
 DENNY! Come in! Come in!

Uhde enters again. He takes in the scene; grins, shaking his head and mumbles.

UHDE
Just like Ramallah.

HARADINAJ
WHAT? I can't hear a thing -- SHUT
OFF THAT CD!

Grumbling, one of the men gets up to flick it off.

HARADINAJ (CONT'D)
And turn down that American
propaganda!

The man complies.

HARADINAJ (CONT'D)
So, my Palestinian Christian! Is it
arranged?

Uhde pulls up a chair near Haradinaj.

UHDE
There was a delay outside of
Singapore. The ship was boarded by
pirates, but they were killed by
the special contingent on board..

HARADINAJ
What? What is this? Pirates?
Special what?

UHDE
You know about the pirate troubles
they have around Indonesia and
Malaysia?
(slow nod from Haradinaj)
Well, the larger shipping companies
have started keeping mercenaries on
board -- and they have extra,
hidden weapons on their ships. The
pirates who don't know any better
get taught a lesson very fast, as
shark bait. No prisoners.

One of the other men, ILI, pipes up.

ILI
AH! So THAT's what...

Haradinaj yells at him,

HARADINAJ
 SHUT UP YOU IDIOT!
 YOU WOULDN'T DO WELL AS A GOAT'S
 ASS!
 I'm sorry, Denny. Some of my people
 run OFF AT THE MOUTH!
 And I don't know how to stop it.

He grimaces at Uhde as he fingers his holstered gun, then absently grabs a two-foot stick that was under the table. He plays with the stick as he speaks.

Ili gulps and becomes as small as he can in his chair.

HARADINAJ (CONT'D)
 Please go on, Denny.

UHDE
 Yeah. So, the ship was being tracked by the authorities and they had to write out a report and divert briefly to get inspected. The navies in the area don't mind when the ships get rid of their own problems. It's just red tape. About three days delay.

HARADINAJ
 (nods slowly)
 Three days.
 And I don't know why,
 (he glares at Ili)
 it took a MONTH to find out about NOT getting our last shipment from Port Muhammad!...
 Ah, Denny.

He sets up his prey.

UHDE
 Yes, Ekrem?

HARADINAJ
 Denny. The people down on Wyandotte paid me some money so that I could find you for them.

UHDE
 Yes, Ekrem. That's why you're getting that container-load of toys which you will pass around to friends in Ottawa and Windsor.

HARADINAJ

Ok ok! But they still want their money back!

UHDE

Ekrem, my friend. That is YOUR concern. Why tell ME about it?

Haradinaj swings the stick around in frustration and flings it into a wall. His men duck away from it and look for a distraction.

Haradinaj takes a minute to calm down.

HARADINAJ

Denny! You know about computers?

He nods at the new one behind him.

UHDE

Sure. Some. What's the matter with it?

HARADINAJ

I don't know. Certain of my people said they knew about computers but they don't even know how to PLUG IT IN!

UHDE

And you...

HARADINAJ

They are not my concern! That's why I keep these highly paid IDIOTS with me!

The idiots get smaller into their greasy suits.

HARADINAJ (CONT'D)

Can YOU get that cursed thing to work, Denny? I need it for a, a project.

He glances down at the notepad.

UHDE

(shrugs)
Sure. Is it a new computer?

HARADINAJ

Brand new! And I been paying for a -- what do call it?

ILI
Internet connection.

HARADINAJ
SHUT UP! Internet connection for a
month!

UHDE
Ok. Let me look at it.

40 **INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER**

The computer parts are reorganized, with the main box on the floor beside the desk, and the keyboard and mouse in front of the monitor.

Uhde is at the keyboard. As he configures the computer's software, there is a lot of waiting, which Haradinaj, sitting next to him, fills in with friendly chatter.

HARADINAJ
I heard this when I was watching the Canadian channel, there, for the Arar thing -- you know! Some Syrian/Canadian gets picked up in New York, just sitting on a plane going through, and he gets sent to those crazies in Syria. The channel is showing all the secret things that the CIA and Canadians did to get this guy tortured in Syria. A bald guy in a suit comes on from the Canadian CIA and he says -- I remember this --
(takes on a pontificating tone)
I reserve the right to not trust nobody and I reserve the right to BELIEVE anybody, in whole or in part, like I want.
HA! I LIKE him! He's one of us, no?

Uhde writes down a setting, making sure he writes on the edge of the notepad. Haradinaj gets suspicious.

HARADINAJ (CONT'D)
What's that?

UHDE
That's the machine's IP address. Probably need that later for configuring your email.

HARADINAJ

No funny business, Palestinian Christian! I know something about computers, too.

UHDE

Of course you do, Ekrem. Listen, if you can't trust ME -- who could give a SHIT about knocking you off and being boss, here -- then who CAN you trust?

HARADINAJ

Huh. You got a point.
Denny, I like you! HA!

He gives Uhde a hearty slap on the back. The others look up briefly from their resumed card game.

The computer screen finally stops throwing up windows, then it shuts down.

UHDE

Finished. Now it will reboot and I can get you on the internet.

As the screen comes back on, Uhde writes something more on the edge of the notepaper.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Ok. Ekrem, where's that info about your internet connection?

Haradinaj gets up to shuffle through a computer box. The others huddle closer to their card table. At the same time, Uhde slips the top sheet from the notepad into his shirt. He writes down some gibberish on the next sheet, in the same place where he had written before.

Haradinaj digs out a thin modem manual and brings it over.

HARADINAJ

Here! In this book. I got the guy from the telephone company to write it down.

Nodding, Uhde opens the manual to the inside cover. He refers to it as he sets up the internet connection...

UHDE

Ok. We're on. So what do you want to see in the internet?

Secretively holding a sheet of notepaper in his hands,
Haradinaj says,

HARADINAJ

I don't know what this means...

(laboriously)

Web. Site. He said it has to be in
small letters -- w, w, w, q. Did I
say q?

(Uhde nods)

m, s, c, o, v, e. Then he said d,
o, t.

UHDE

Dot.

HARADINAJ

What?

UHDE

Dot. Not d, o, t. Just dot.

HARADINAJ

Ok, smartypants. We'll see if it
works YOUR way.

Dot.

Then c, o, m.

I don't...

Uhde has already typed it in.

UHDE

I've got it up -- QMS cove dot com.

It's a quality management site!

What in the world do you...

Ha ha ha!

(has trouble containing
himself)

What in the world do YOU want with
a QMS site?

Haradinaj gets aggravated. He fingers his gun.

HARADINAJ

SHUT UP! I WANT WHAT I WANT!

Now! You gonna help or you wanna

fuck off?

Uhde pats Haradinaj's arm as he stops chuckling.

UHDE

Take it easy, Ekrem. I'm sorry.

Smiles broadly, but he surreptitiously rubs his hand on his pants.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Ok. We're there. Now what?

HARADINAJ

Hum!

Calming down, Haradinaj does his secret read of the notepaper, again.

HARADINAJ (CONT'D)

Forum. Find the forum for -- 1, 7,
0, 2, 5.
You know what it...?

UHDE

Yeah. Here it is. There's a bunch
of forums.
Seventeen-oh-two-five.

He clicks into the forum page.

HARADINAJ

Then -- look for, thread?
What's this fucken mean look for
thread? My wife does the sewing...

UHDE

Here, Ekrem.
(pointing on the screen)
These are threads. They're messages
people sent in about certain
topics.
Which one?

HARADINAJ

(studying the written
instructions)
...Internal audit, I guess.

UHDE

(keys it in)
Internal audit. Here. Now what?

Quickly scanning the synopses for the entries, Uhde stops in his tracks as he sees several references to Omega.

Haradinaj interrupts quickly.

HARADINAJ

Enough.
Ili needs to do the rest.
(MORE)

HARADINAJ (CONT'D)

Thank you, Denny. You helped a lot.
 (he slaps his back)
 I'll treat you, tonight! Come!
 We'll go to the strip club and have
 some drinks and food, and maybe
 we'll...

Uhde looks at his watch as he stands up. He steps toward the door.

UHDE

Oh, shit! Look how late it is!
 I'm really sorry, Ekrem. I'd LOVE
 to go with you tonight! Another
 night!

(at the door)
 I'm late for a date of my own!

He winks as he leaves.

HARADINAJ

Oh-hoh! Heh, heh! See you tomorrow,
 Denny! Be good!

41 **INT. UHDE'S HOTEL ROOM - THAT NIGHT**

Uhde is at his desk, lightly rubbing a pencil over the notepaper that he took from Haradinaj's office.

He carefully brushes a finger over the result, smoothing out the lines.

Prominent at the top of the page is the word:

:OMEGA

UHDE

What the hell!
 How does that greaseball, Haradinaj
 know about my retirement?

His room telephone rings. He answers it absently.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Yeah...
 Oh! Eva! HI!
 Good to hear a friendly voice
 tonight...
 I'd love to! You're not working at
 the bar?...
 WHAT?...

(MORE)

UHDE (CONT'D)
 (many expressions as he
 listens to a long
 monologue)
 Yeah, sure! See you there in five
 minutes!...
 Bye...

He puts the phone down as he mumbles to himself.

UHDE (CONT'D)
 Poor kid.
 She really does deserve better.

42

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

The dark parking lot outside the coffee shop windows glares up occasionally as car lights flash by. Though open, the coffee shop is nearly empty. One customer on the other side of the room is going through a well-thumbed newspaper, urgently marking things down in the Classified section. A bored waitress leans against the counter.

Eva is dressed in her bar-tending outfit, but the tight shirt is askew. Her hair is not well combed. Uhde is holding Eva's hands across the small table as she tries hard to keep a brave face during her monologue. Her face is streaked from tears.

EVA
 So my drunk ex yells out to the
 manager -- he was next to me
 helping at the bar -- he says, Hey!
 This bitch overcharged me!
 Well, I tried to explain to Murray,
 the manager, that he was my ex and
 he was trying to make me look bad,
 but another customer, way too
 drunk, says, Hey! She did it to me!
 Me too!
 So he fires me. Right in front of
 everybody...
 (chokes back tears)...
 I guess he had to...
 Some other customers came up to
 Murray to try to talk him out of
 it, but I guess he figured he had
 to do something to shut them all
 up.
 SO! Here I am. Back to one job,
 making peanuts and the rent's
 coming up.

Uhde doesn't say anything. Softening to her more and more, he squeezes her hands a little. She holds tighter.

She leans toward him and carries on with sullen rejection, but consciously pulling back from depression.

EVA (CONT'D)

Divorced. Five years, now, David.
Have to work at two and a half jobs
just to pay for the rent and food
and I get fired from my main job
because of that, that...

UHDE

Do you have children?

EVA

(makes a face)

A son. Twenty. Haven't seen him for
a year. He's gone from me.
My ex turned him against me. Calls
me a bitch. My own son! After I
gave birth to him, raised him even
when his father was away on what
were supposed to be business trips
and I had to work at so many dirty
jobs for food 'cause his father
didn't bother to send us money.
Then the court gives him to his
father and said I could see him at
his pleasure. He's got a good job
and a house, the judge says. Like I
was just somebody's dog on a leash.
And now I'm a bitch.

(her hands squeeze hard)

He's gone from me...

I pity the poor girl he decides to
marry. He'll be like his father,
especially now. Not satisfied with
a life at home. Always looking for
more exciting flesh. Never
satisfied.

It's taken me a long time to get
over them..

And now this...

She sighs, then shivers hard. He lets go of her hands as she tightens her arms around her abdomen.

The other customer gets up to leave, roughly folding the paper under his arm. He says something to the waitress at the counter. She uhms at him. He rushes out.

Uhde takes a drink of his cold coffee. They both sit back. He stretches. She flips her hair back, smiling at him.

He smiles at her smile.

Eva takes a tissue to wipe her face. It takes two more.

EVA (CONT'D)
I think, talking to you, David, I'm
just starting to put my life in
perspective. Thank you.
I needed a friend who could listen,
without telling me to what to do.

She tosses a head at the counter and puts on a quiet barbey-doll pitch,

EVA (CONT'D)
She'd say, go back to your husband,
dear. He'll take you back!...
(she almost spits)
The sonofabitch doesn't deserve me!
I want to put him out of my mind!

She shakes her head hard, sending her short hair flying.

Uhde sees only her face.

43 **INT. EVA'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING**

Uhde, dressed in shorts, is making breakfast, quietly, in Eva's small bachelor apartment. He is more relaxed than he has been for a long time. The bed is almost within reach of the small kitchen table.

Eva is in bed, peacefully resting on her side. She reaches out to touch Uhde's bum but can't quite reach. She watches Uhde as he tries not to make noise while cracking the eggs.

She smiles.

EVA
It's ok, David. I'm awake.
You don't have to do that...

UHDE
Of course I do! What's a waitress
know about making breakfast!...
(scrambles the eggs)
Be done soon. Want to get up?
Oh! Where's your coffee?

She rolls out and slips into a robe.

EVA

I'll get it. It's in the tea
canister, of course!

UHDE

Well, certainly! Where else would
one put the coffee?
That's why I found the eggs in
their box, instead of in their
little holders in the fridge door..

EVA

Silly! You don't put eggs in the
door. They don't like the constant
shaking.

UHDE

Oh, and so the highly-paid
engineers who have been designing
and building fridge doors for the
past hundred years, don't know what
they're doing?

She gets the coffee and puts some in her coffee-maker.

EVA

Exactly. They're only MEN, after
all.

Uhde grabs her from behind, kissing her neck.

UHDE

And what, my dear, do you have
against men?

She stiffens.

EVA

Not a fair question, right now.
(turns to face him, close)
But I have NOTHING against THIS
man.

He looks down at her robe.

UHDE

Well, ALMOST nothing..

They kiss.

44

EXT. HARADINAJ'S WAREHOUSE - LATER THAT MORNING

From the outside, Haradinaj's warehouse building looks like a derelict. The other buildings near it don't look much better. The road is a dead end, backing onto a little-used railroad marshaling yard.

As Uhde turns onto the short road, he has his window down. He startles as he hears the familiar sound of Uzi gunfire popping. He immediately turns into the driveway of the next-door building. He drives right into a stand of bushes that partially hide his car.

Turning off the engine, but leaving the keys in, he opens up the other front window. Another short burst from an Uzi comes from Haradinaj's warehouse. Then a single shot.

A large dark green SUV is parked beside Haradinaj's BMW.

Uhde leans down in his seat, as he sees, through the bushes, three men burst out of the warehouse front door. They are holding their Uzis with one hand, and boxes of electronic goodies gripped in their other hand. One man, the leader, is carrying a computer unit. Moving quickly, they dump everything into their SUV. A young fellow wants to go back in for more. The leader slaps him and points to the SUV. Uhde can barely make out what they are saying.

He does recognize the Palestinian word for "son".

They climb into the SUV, the leader driving. Spraying gravel as they squeal onto the road, they take off past Uhde. The driver can be glimpsed through the bushes -- the young man.

Uhde's head slowly slips down out of sight.

As the SUV can be heard roaring away, Uhde leaves his car and runs for the warehouse.

CUT TO:

45

INT. HARADINAJ'S WAREHOUSE

One of Haradinaj's men lies dead with multiple wounds, half in the cube-van.

Uhde runs to the office door. He opens it cautiously.

CUT TO:

46 **INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE**

Uhde sees Haradinaj, dead, at his computer desk. The computer unit is missing. Getting closer, Uhde sees that Haradinaj was shot in the head, once.

Two other men are lying dead on the floor with their weapons in their hands. They have multiple wounds. Uhde takes an Uzi and ammunition from Ili.

He goes to Haradinaj to pick up the notepad by his head and runs to the exit.

CUT TO:

47 **EXT. OUTSIDE OF HARADINAJ'S WAREHOUSE**

Uhde looks outside through the broken glass of a window. He slips through the door quickly, bent down, Uzi at his hip.

Going around the bushes, Uhde runs to his car.

UHDE
Just like friggen Gaza.

He jumps in.

48 **INT. EVA'S APARTMENT - HALF HOUR LATER**

Eva is throwing clothes into a box as Uhde quickly fills another box with other things, asking about some of them.

UHDE
These pictures?

EVA
Yes. Not that one..

UHDE
Iron? A few dishes?

EVA
To hell with them!
What do YOU think we'll need?

UHDE
Some cans and the bread and a few things to eat with. Have to stay light..

She finishes, folds up the box lid.

She helps Uhde find the cans in a cupboard.

EVA

Water?
Here, let me get the cans.
Oh! Up on the closet shelf, back,
right side. There's a round cookie
tin. Get that for me, will you?

UHDE

Secret stash?

She smiles wistfully.

EVA

Pictures of my parents. A few coins
they gave me as... memories.

He finds it, brings it to the clothing box.

UHDE

This'll have to go in here. Ok?

She nods. He opens the box to place the cookie tin inside.

He hands her the lighter clothing box.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Eva, you take this one and I'll
carry the big box.
Let's go.

He looks out the window. Nothing catches his attention.

49

INT. UHDE'S CAR - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Uhde is driving to the outskirts of the city, past a cluster of churches, a Sikh temple and mosque.

As they go by the mosque, a small SUV is in the driveway, heading out. Uhde doesn't see that the passenger in that SUV points excitedly to Uhde's car.

Eva, beside Uhde, is preoccupied with worry.

EVA

David, I HAVE to know. You said we
might be in danger from terrorists.
How do terrorists get your name?
Who are you?

Uhde nods to himself, raised eyebrows.

UHDE

Ok. I didn't want that you should be caught up in this, Eva.
I didn't want that I should be caught up in this shit.
I've placed your life in jeopardy... unintentionally. I truly am sorry.
(he takes her hand)
Let me tell you what I can do of this whole mess.

He holds her hand on her leg as he speaks.

UHDE (CONT'D)

I retired from a, from a secret service agency in Israel. Please believe me when I say that I can't tell you any more about that and you wouldn't want to know if I DID tell you. That's a past life, like you had for the past twenty years. My retirement was supposed to start in Detroit. Under something the bureaucrats called Protocol Omega. It provided me, legitimately, with a very handsome sum.
I lost some of that due to a young shyster.

(grits his teeth)

The way THAT happened, I got mad at the whole idea of trying to work in the system, so I thought, the hell with them! I'll just go back to working OUTSIDE the system!
That's how I met a two-bit Albanian thug called Haradinaj. I knew his name and that he was in this area. Met him at your coffee shop. He and his small gang of greaseballs used to hang out there.

EVA

There's a lot of people I might call greaseballs, there...

UHDE

One of them drives a cab, and they all wear these old suitcoats...

EVA

Oh! I know the people you mean...

UHDE

Well, they're dead. Not sure about the cabby.

Eva sucks in a quick lungful.

He picks up speed as they get into open country.

UHDE (CONT'D)

When I went to their place this morning, it was in time to see them get shot up by, what I guess must be a rival gang -- Palestinians.

EVA

(eyes wide)

Dead?

Are YOU ok? Did they SEE you?

UHDE

They didn't see me, but I think they know ABOUT me. That's why I don't want to take any chances with you, either.

EVA

Wait a minute. How did we jump from dead Albanians to shoot-'em-up terrorists?

UHDE

Good question...

Uhde scans the mirror.

EVA

And the answer is...

UHDE

Well, Haradinaj kinda thought that I was Palestinian so he must have asked a contact about me. They said they didn't know me, then they gave Haradinaj a bunch of money to turn me in. I gave Haradinaj a bunch more NOT to.

EVA

(nods)

So, is that what got the Palestinians so mad at Haradinaj?

UHDE

No, I doubt it. I think it has to do with Omega.

EVA

Your retirement? Now I AM confused.

CUT TO:

50

EXT. COUNTY HIGHWAY

Uhde's car is going over a flat bridge. A small stream can barely be seen under the bridge. Other than that trickle of water, the landscape is flat right to the horizon, with fields of soybeans or wheat zipping by the car.

UHDE V.O.

No, see, I got confused when I first saw the reference to Omega on Haradinaj's computer.

Remember when I asked if the library had an internet computer?
(she nods)

Well, I went there and dug around a web site that Haradinaj wanted me to help him with.

It's a perfectly ordinary site for, of all things, quality management.

(he sees her grin)

Yeah, and when I dug around more, there was this forum for internal auditing that had really weird entries.

I counted well over a hundred and forty different email addresses that had posted a comment to that particular thread.

BUT, one hundred and forty -- including a recent entry by Haradinaj -- didn't say anything but "Omega is ok".

I couldn't figure THAT one out until I starting checking the location of the email addresses.

I sent a request to a person I know, back in Israel, who can get most of the originating addresses.

(MORE)

UHDE V.O. (CONT'D)

Some of them are multi-routed, or they flip through anonymous FTPs and other tricks -- anyway, the answer seems to be that the club of a hundred and forty keep in contact through this one site out of Springfield, and their addresses are all over the world.

EVA V.O.

Is there any ORDER to the locations, like...

UHDE V.O.

No. There's nothing.. except that they're concentrated in the developed countries..
Don't know..
Eva, do you mind driving for a while? I want to check something out.

As they stop on the shoulder, a small SUV stops just on the other side of the bridge behind them, out of their sight.

51 **INT. UHDE'S CAR - MINUTES LATER**

Uhde is in the passenger seat with a notepad in his hand. He takes a pencil out of the glovebox.

Eva is driving, getting up to highway speed.

EVA

Where we going, David?

UHDE

For now, away from Windsor. Do you know any place we can stay, out here?

EVA

I don't get here much. At all, really... Is a motel ok?

UHDE

Yeah, sure. Not a fancy place - clean and quiet.

Uhde uses the pencil to lightly mark the top sheet of the notepad. He brushes a finger over the surface.

Looking at it carefully, he rubs an open spot with more pencil.

He adjusts it in the light.

UHDE (CONT'D)
 Here's Omega again...
 And... BIS...
 A name... I can't quite make it out...

Eva glances in the mirror.

EVA
 David, I'm going to turn down this
 next sideroad. It'll get us into
 Amherstburg.

UHDE
 Fine.
 Can't quite make this out.

Uhde keeps adjusting the notepaper.

Eva turns onto the sideroad. Uhde puts the notepaper up
 against the side window so that the sun shines through it.

UHDE (CONT'D)
 Mac...

EVA
 David, that car's been following us
 and when I turned, so did IT. See
 it, way back?

Uhde turns immediately to look back.

UHDE
 Slow down to a crawl.

He continues watching the small SUV. It slows down with them.

UHDE (CONT'D)
 Where does this road take us, Eva?

EVA
 Straight into the town. It stops at
 the river. Amherstburg is at the
 mouth of the Detroit River.
 What should I do?
 Do you want to drive?

UHDE
 No. You're doing well. Get back up
 to speed slowly.
 Is there another crossing road
 before we get to the river?

EVA

Well, we get into the town and
there's lot of streets...

UHDE

Ok. Keep a steady pace until we get
there. Then, we'll lose them in
town.
Make sure they don't get too close.

EVA

All right...
David. Are we going to be...

He gives her thigh a squeeze.

UHDE

Don't worry, Eva. I've done this
before.

He reaches under her legs, pulling out an Uzi from under the
seat.

EVA

WHAT are you?...
DAVID! That's a GUN!

UHDE

An Uzi. Just in case we need it.

Checking the safety, he puts the gun in his lap.

As they drive, Eva keeps looking in the mirror. Her voice is
worried,

EVA

David, I think they must be getting
closer.

UHDE

(glancing back)
Speed up slowly. Keep this distance
between us.

He turns around, more, to get a better look at the SUV.

UHVE

That's not the one that I saw this
morning.

Even though their speed is getting high, the SUV is clearly
catching up. Uhde sees a change in the landscape, with a
stream channel and a small erosion valley coming up.

UHDE

Eva, as soon as you start down that slope, slam on the brakes and stop right there!

She waits, then slams on the brakes. They screech to a stop.

He unbuckles, quickly drops his seat back flat, rolls into the back seat and opens the left side rear window. He raises his Uzi to the edge of the window, waiting.

The SUV comes barreling over the crest of the slope, then, seeing Uhde's car, slams on their brakes. They go skidding past the car then fishtail back under control and take off down the road. His Uzi follows them.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Quickly, Eva! Turn around and go back to that sideroad we just passed!

She does an awkward three-point turn in the narrow road then accelerates back up the slope.

Looking back, Uhde can't see the SUV.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Fast, Eva! But when you get to the turnoff, slow right down so there's no dust or skid marks!

CUT TO:

52 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD**

They speed away down the road, past green fields and deep ditches lining the road, bordered by bushes and the occasional tree.

53 **INT. MOTEL ROOM - THAT EVENING**

In a hotel room, Uhde is at the room's desk, working on the notepaper.

Eva is drying her hair from a shower. She has a not-very-long towel wrapped around herself. She pads over to Uhde to see what he's doing.

He takes the desk light's cover off then holds the paper near the open bulb.

UHDE

Ahah! This'll work...

He shows her as she leans close to look.

EVA

Oh! I can see the Omega!
What's that below it?

UHDE

BIS. Huh!...
KLA, crossed out. Can't see what he scribbled beside it... Might be whatever wonderful new name he made up for his own enterprise...
Mac. Then, MacDougall.
Do you know a Mac MacDougall, Eva?

EVA

No.
Oh! Wait a minute! MacDougall! Yes, he's a local politician. Used to be BIG. He was in the government and was always traveling around the world. I remember him because he was one of the people who bought a mansion on Bois Blanc Island. That's in the Detroit River, right across from Amherstburg. Very exclusive place. You can only get there by boat.

UHDE

Thanks, Eva. That might be the key that unlocks this thing.

He takes out his cellphone and enters a text message.

EVA

What're you doing, David?

UHDE

Asking my friend in Israel if MacDougall is in the BIS Group.

Eva sits back on the bed. She puts the towel that was in her hand, over her lap.

Uhde enjoys her pose as he sends the message on his cellphone. He puts the cellphone down on the desk, then unbuttons his shirt. Eva giggles. He tosses the shirt onto the floor.

As he gets to Eva, his cellphone beeps once.

Deflated, he turns back to look at his cellphone. The message indicator lights up.

Wondering, Uhde goes to open up the cellphone.

UHDE (CONT'D)
It's... an answer! What's he doing,
sitting on his computer?

Uhde reads the message.

UHDE (CONT'D)
"140 and Mac is there. You raised
big duststorm. Kissinger is in it.
Keep head down."
NOW what?
How the hell does HE know about my
duststorm?...

EVA
Henry Kissinger?

UHDE
I have to chance one more message.

He thumbs in another message and sends it.

EVA
What did you ask him?

UHDE
What duststorm?
I'd like to know what HE seems to
know about.

EVA
Do you think he's going to bother
us again?

Distracted, Uhde doesn't see Eva removing the towel from her lap.

UHDE
He could take a while to write up a
reply...
(sees her long legs slowly
moving apart)
Ah... It can wait...

He finishes removing his pants as he approaches her. She lies back.

54

INT. SMALL SUV - SAME EVENING

Two people in the small black SUV are driving up and down streets in Amherstburg, looking for Uhde's car.

The driver is older, KHALID. He is looking on the left side, while the young passenger, GHABEL, searches right and sneaks a peek on the left side, too.

KHALID is aggravated.

KHALID

But what are doing? Look on YOUR side! You might miss it!

GHABEL

Old man, my eyes miss nothing! It was YOU who lost them! And it was ME who saw them in the first place! With Allah's help, I'll find them again, and when I do, I will get the reward money and I MIGHT give you some for the gas!...

They keep driving until they get to the main road.

Khalid hesitates at the intersection.

KHALID

Maybe they took the river road back to Windsor.

GHABEL

OH, MAN! Are you dense? Why would they go back to Windsor when they drove all the way out here? I'm going to call Sahdeghi again! Turn left and keep looking!

KHALID

Listen, you little yelping dog! I make allowances for your youth but you push too far!

He makes a hard left right in front of a gravel truck, whose driver slams on his brakes and his loud horn at the same time:

:HONNNNNNK!

GHABEL

AHH! Khalid you blind old man! Let me drive!

KHALID
Shut up! You don't have your
license yet!

GHABEL
I could do no worse than an old man
with the eyes of a dead mule!

They turn off down the next road. The truck driver gives them
another loud blast:

:HONNNK!

55 **EXT. AMHERSTBURG STREET - EARLY NEXT MORNING**

Uhde and Eva are walking briskly from the motel toward a
nearby restaurant. A loud horn sounds in the distance. She
shivers in the morning chill. Uhde slows a little to put his
arm around her shoulder.

UHDE
You ok, Eva? It'll warm up soon,
maybe after breakfast.

EVA
Let's get inside. I'll be alright.

Uhde sees a black SUV cruising slowly toward them.

UHDE
Keep looking at the restaurant. I
think that's the SUV that was
chasing us yesterday. Just act
normally.

Uhde watches as the two in the SUV are arguing vigorously.
They pull into a parking spot abruptly, next to them. Eva
jumps, but Uhde holds her by the shoulder and pulls her into
an embrace.

Khalid, face contorted in distress, storms out of the SUV,
making for the restaurant. Ghabel follows him reluctantly. He
smiles at Eva as he passes. She wrinkles her nose at the body
odor.

GHABEL
I'm sorry, ma'm. My old friend
can't hold it. Sorry...

He carries on into the restaurant.

Eva wants to stop.

EVA

David...

UHDE

No no. We can go in. They don't know us. They must have a description of the car, but they might not even know that you're with me.
We might hear something.

They enter the restaurant.

CUT TO:

56

INT. RESTAURANT

Ghabel is sitting down at a table near the window. A WAITRESS smiles at Uhde and Eva.

WAITRESS

Anywhere you like, dear. I'll be right with you.

Uhde directs Eva to a table that is two away from Ghabel.

The waitress picks up four menus from a pile and walks to Ghabel's table.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

You two been traveling all night, dear?

Ghabel, alarmed, looks up at the waitress. She puts two menus down on the table.

GHABEL

How did you know that we've been driving?

WAITRESS

Sorry, I didn't mean anything by it, dear. Your friend looked like he really needed the restroom, and you, well, you might want to go and wash up, yourself.
Can I get you something to drink?

GHABEL

An orange juice, please. And my friend will have a coffee. Do you have strong coffee?

WAITRESS

Same pot, dear. Be right back.

She walks over to Uhde and Eva, placing the menus down in front of them.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

And what can I get for you two lovebirds?

Eva smiles through a shiver as she picks up her menu.

Without looking at the menu, Uhde says,

UHDE

I'll have a large orange juice and, do you have a Spanish omelet?

WAITRESS

Yes indeedy, honey. Whole wheat toast?

UHDE

Yes, please.

WAITRESS

And for you, dear? You look like you could use a coffee to warm up with.

EVA

Yes, please. And... I don't know... Oh make it a ham-and-cheese omelet, please. Whole wheat.

The waitress nods as she picks up the menus and walks to the kitchen.

Khalid comes out of the restroom looking very relieved. He sees Ghabel and joins him. As he sits down, he checks out the restaurant. He looks at Uhde, who is smiling broadly at Eva.

Taking her hands across the table, he rubs them.

UHDE

Here, honey, let me warm up your hands. You're going to need to get warm when we go on our fishing trip.

He winks at her with the eye away from Khalid and Ghabel.

She catches on, smiling back at him.

EVA

Thank you, dear. I'm getting warmer, now.

Khalid turns his attention back to Ghabel. Speaking quietly, in Palestinian,

KHALID

Just lovebirds. Probably had sex all night while you had me running back and forth between here and Windsor!

GHABEL

The gang disappeared! A car-full of Jewish gangsters with machine guns must have a hideout someplace! Sahdeghi's going to kill us!...

Uhde takes out a pen then unfolds a tissue to write on.

UHDE

Honey, what is it you want me to buy at the grocery store, later?

He winks at her. She nods back. He writes down:

:Sahdeghi - boss

EVA

Oh, we'll need bread and milk and things, you know...

KHALID

(glancing at Eva)
If you didn't yell at me not to get closer, last night, we could've been on their tail right until they stopped! No patience! You young...

GHABEL

ME? YOU'RE the one who couldn't control the car! We nearly crashed into them!

KHALID

Ghabel, shut up! Not so loud. You have to call in. If you don't call now, Sahdeghi will call first and he will be mad from the start. We have to tell him something...

The waitress comes with Khalid's coffee and Ghabel's juice, then drops off the same at Uhde's table. She comes back to Khalid.

WAITRESS
Have you decided what to have,
gentlemen?

Khalid and Ghabel start looking at their menus.

GHABEL
Just eggs, scrambled.

WAITRESS
No bacon or toast?

GHABEL
No!

His eyes send daggers into the waitress. She takes a nervous step backwards.

Khalid

Do you have fruit?

WAITRESS
Yes we do. A fruit cup be ok?

KHALID
(nodding)
Leave us.

He jerks a dismissive hand at her, without looking. Khalid resumes in Palestinian, as Uhde continues to take brief notes.

KHALID (CONT'D)
Call him now. Tell him that we
chased them.. they went up and down
all the roads in the country trying
to lose us and then.. went back into
Windsor... but we saw them near the
synagogue and they left again... say
they shot at us a few times, no --
many times, but we dodged the
bullets and then... then we -- we
chased them out here, and, and RAN
OUT OF GAS! Yes! We just ran out of
gas and they disappeared! And we
had to push the car to a gas
station and we're waiting for it to
open, this morning!
Ok?

(MORE)

KHALID (CONT'D)

Call him!
Go outside and call him!

GHABEL

Good. I'll say that I had to fight
one of them and...

KHALID

You little donkey's ear! How could
you fight them from the car, and
them with machine guns! Just say it
like I told you! Now go!

Ghabel gets up, pulling out his cellphone. As he heads for
the door, he punches a number.

Outside, he gives an animated report to the cellphone. He
argues. He jabs at the air with his free hand. He pleads with
his free hand. He gets cut off in mid-sentence -- looks at
the cellphone, then puts it away. Ghabel comes back in and
sits down.

KHALID (CONT'D)

Did you tell him like I told you?

GHABEL

He's going to kill us. He didn't
believe me.

KHALID

Didn't believe you? WHAT didn't he
believe?

GHABEL

About the fight.

Khalid jumps up and slaps Ghabel in the face across the
table.

KHALID

YOU LITTLE MORON! DID YOU...
(glances at Uhde and
settles down)
Did you tell him you fought them?

Trying to melt into his chair,

GHABEL

Well, I had to say SOMETHING!

KHALID

Something! You said our death
sentence, you miserable little...
Give me your phone!
(MORE)

KHALID (CONT'D)
 I have to tell your father to get
 my family across the river! You
 miserable excuse for a mule's ass!

Ghabel sullenly fishes out his cellphone.

KHALID (CONT'D)
 What else did he say?

GHABEL
 (shrugs)
 He's calling everybody together. My
 father, too, so you probably won't
 get him.

KHALID
 Why?

GHABEL
 Can't wait. Have to hit him now.

KHALID
 Who?

GHABEL
 I don't know! He said he's going to
 have to get this Albanian Omega-
 man...

Alarmed, Khalid looks at Uhde, who is studiously entranced
 with Eva's face.

KHALID
 (harsh whisper)
 Don't ever SAY that name again!
 (as Ghabel is about say
 something)
 NO! Shut up!

They sit fuming, neither saying a word. When the waitress
 comes out with their order, they roughly grab the cup and
 glass, each guzzling a long drink.

She takes the other plates to Uhde and Eva. Uhde folds up his
 tissue, putting in a pocket.

WAITRESS
 There you go, folks. Enjoy!
 Will there be anything else for you
 two?

UHDE
 No, thank you. That looks
 delicious!

They dig in to their omelets.

57

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The SUV is gone as Uhde and Eva walk briskly back toward their motel. Uhde gives both directions a good look.

EVA

I'm dying to hear! What were they talking about, David?

UHDE

They're Palestinian. The person they report to is called Sahdeggi. Sounds like he was instructed to take out the Albanian gang. Didn't trust them, or something. But they also said that Sahdeggi's decided to get rid of what the kid called the "Albanian Omega-man". That's when the older fellow slapped him and told him never to say Omega again. And the two of them are in deep trouble. The young fellow said they were going to be killed by the boss.

(Eva looks at Uhde in fear)

I don't know if he was exaggerating or not, but the older fellow wanted to hide his family across the river...

They sound like they're going to move right away against MacDougall. The last email that my friend sent me listed the nearby BIS Group members. Mac is the only one around here.

EVA

We should warn him, shouldn't we?

UHDE

Well, he wouldn't believe a phone call. We'd have to get over to the island to talk to him. You say Bois Blanc is right across the river, here?

EVA

(pointing past the motel building)

Yes!

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

There it is, right there. All we need is a boat.

UHDE

A minor problem. Unless we can't find one. Does anybody rent boats around here?

EVA

Don't know.
Why don't you ask at the front desk. I'll go see if we left anything in the room.

UHDE

Yep. See you back here.

She heads for the back of the motel, to their room. He enters the office.

58

INT. MOTEL OFFICE

The young lady, LINDA, at the motel counter greets Uhde as he gets in the door.

LINDA

So, how was the restaurant, Mr. Dennis?

UHDE

Very good, thank you,
(looks at her name tag)
Linda. Your suggestion was perfect. My wife'll be here in just a minute with the room key.
Can you tell me, Linda, is there someplace near here that rents small boats? We thought we'd go over to the islands in the river for lunch.

LINDA

(makes a sour face)
Oh, you don't want to go over there, Mr. Dennis. It's just private residences. Retired rich hockey players and such. They say some of them gang up on anybody who boats over. I'D never go there...

UHDE
 Actually, I was thinking of going
 to one of the uninhabited parts.
 Where are the houses?

LINDA
 Well, I've never been there, but I
 saw this map in the paper, once,
 and I think they built the houses
 all around where the old tower is.
 If you want to go by boat, I'd go
 out by the mouth of the river, down
 that way.

She points to the left side of the river.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 As for a boat? I don't... Oh! Just a
 couple blocks up the other way! I
 seem to remember seeing a sign for
 boat rentals.

Eva enters the office. She has a sweater on her arm.

UHDE
 THERE'S the sweater, dear! I knew
 you brought one in last night.

EVA
 Just forgot about it. When I looked
 in one of the drawers, there it
 was.
 All set here dear? Oh, here's the
 key.

She puts the key on the counter.

LINDA
 Thank you, Mrs. Dennis. I hope you
 enjoyed your stay?

EVA
 Yes, thanks very much. Very
 enjoyable.

They leave the office.

59

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE MOTEL

Eva slips her sweater on as they walk along the street away
 from the motel.

EVA

I probably won't need this now,
David..

He stops her by holding her arm.

Uhde guides her urgently against the nearest store window. They get as close to the store as they can, under the shade of its canvas awning.

UHDE

We left the car in that alley.
(pointing)
I'm sure I just saw the young
Palestinian from the restaurant and
go into the alley.
We'll have to leave the car.
(turns with her to walk
the other way)
Come on. We'll have to rent the
boat right away. She said there was
a place down here a few blocks?

The SUV comes tearing out of the alley, turning in their direction. Uhde looks over his shoulder to see the young passenger pointing at him.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Eva, get ready to run back to the
motel office. If I need help -- and
not before then -- call the police!
Ok?
GO!

He gives her a shove to get her running across the street.

The SUV comes screeching to a stop as she runs across. Eva stops and turns around, her hands to her mouth, in fear.

UHDE (CONT'D)

GO!

She heads for the motel.

Khalid jumps out of the SUV, looking at Eva. Uhde yells at him in Palestinian.

UHDE (CONT'D)

WHAT DO YOU WANT, CAMEL-DUNG?

That turns Khalid toward Uhde. Ghabel jumps out, wielding a tire iron. As Khalid comes around the SUV, Ghabel jumps at Uhde.

GHABEL
 ZIONIST BASTARD! ALLAH WILL HELP ME
 KILL YOU!

Uhde bends out of the way of the first swing and crunches a foot into Ghabel's knee, taking him down in agony.

Khalid takes a stance in front of Uhde. Uhde mimics the wrestler's stance. They start to circle, when a police siren is heard in the distance, getting closer.

Alarmed, Khalid yells to his young partner,

KHALID
 GHABEL! GET IN! GET IN!

He runs back to the driver's side, jumps in, hauls the struggling Ghabel in from the passenger side, then squeals away.

60 **INT. MOTEL OFFICE - MINUTES LATER**

Eva is shaking in fear in Uhde's arms. Linda is holding the door for the arriving police officer.

UHDE
 (whispers)
 Eva! They'll want I.D. I have to pretend to be having heart trouble. Say I went into the restroom to take my pills. We do not want to press charges! Tell the police it was a misunderstanding! Ok?

She nods weakly, composing herself. Uhde runs to the restroom.

The police woman is ushered in by Linda, who directs them to Eva. She looks around for Uhde.

LINDA
 Here she is, officer.
 Where did your husband go, Mrs. Dennis?

EVA
 He's in the restroom. He has heart problems and he said he was feeling palpitations. He's taking one of his pills.
 (turning to the police officer)
 (MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

There's no reason to stick around, though. Thank you very much for responding so fast. I didn't even know that the Manager called you, but it was just a misunderstanding. They're gone, now.

The POLICE WOMAN pulls out a small notebook and a pencil.

POLICE WOMAN

Tell me what happened.

LINDA

Well, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Dennis...

POLICE WOMAN

Just her, please.

She indicates Eva, then waits for an answer.

EVA

We were walking down the street -- we planned on visiting a few shops -- when the SUV stopped in front. I guess he didn't like the way I ran across the street in front of him - - I was going to come back in here to ask the manager when the shops opened.

Well, the two people got out and talked with, with my husband and then they left.

But my husband wasn't feeling well so he wanted to come in here to take his pills.

Taking notes, the police woman turns to Linda.

POLICE WOMAN

Is that what you saw?

LINDA

Well... not exactly. I mean, didn't the one guy come at your husband with something in his hand?

EVA

Nooo... I don't remember anything in his hand...

LINDA

I could've SWORN I saw something... Oh, never mind. Must be seeing things.

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Sorry, officer. Sorry to have
 called you...

Nodding at both, and half listening to a call on her shoulder
 mic,

POLICE WOMAN
 That's alright, ladies. Better safe
 than sorry, eh?
 Good day.
 (listens to her mic and
 answers)
 I'll take it. 10-10 here.

She leaves, still talking to her mic.

Linda glances sideways at Eva. They don't say anything.

Uhde comes out of the restroom, looks for the police car,
 sees it departing.

He goes to Eva and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

UHDE
 Come on, honey. I'm ok, now. Let's
 go do some shopping!
 Thanks for all your help, Linda. We
 appreciate your concern. Really!
 Bye, now!

Uhde holds Eva's hand as they leave.

61 **EXT. OUTSIDE THE MOTEL OFFICE**

EVA
 David, I don't know if I can take
 any more of this. Tell me what's
 happening. Please?

UHDE
 Something very, very serious, Eva.

Looking carefully up and down the street, they head for the
 boat rental place.

UHDE (CONT'D)
 If I've got it figured correctly,
 this Windsor group is the back-up
 for the Albanian gang that was
 going to participate in the Omega
 assassination plot. They must have
 been panicked into acting early.
 (MORE)

UHDE (CONT'D)

But that may have set everybody else's time forward -- I don't know. While I was in the can, I sent an email to my friend to try to get the word out. Don't know if it'll do any good unless we can present our evidence to MacDougall. We HAVE TO get to see him!

62 **EXT. ON THE DETROIT RIVER - HALF AN HOUR LATER**

Being bounced by waves in the middle of the Detroit River, Uhde is having some trouble steering the small, aluminum power boat. The current takes him further than he expects and the waves smash loudly at the thin hull. Eva is sitting in the front, getting sprayed and holding her sweater tightly in the breeze. Uhde raises his voice.

UHDE

Eva, you ok? It's a lot colder on the water than on shore!

EVA

Co -- colder! Just keep going!

They slowly make their way toward the island.

63 **EXT. PRIVATE MARINA - SAME TIME**

Several tough-looking young people are loading cardboard boxes onto a large cabin cruiser. Its name is:

:GAZATEER

A few boxes are put onto two smaller boats next to the big one. The person directing things, SAHDEGHI, speaks harshly to the men, in Palestinian.

SAHDEGHI

Hurry up, you lazy mongrels! Hurry!

A marina workman, STAN comes up to Sahdeghi, as he directs his people from the dock.

STAN

Hi, Mr. Sahdeghi. Do you need any help there?

SAHDEGHI

Hello, Stan! Good to see you! Thank you very much, but, no. We'll be fine.

(MORE)

SAHDEGHI (CONT'D)

I'm taking my people out for a spot of food and drink. They've worked so hard all year, it's the least I can give them!

(waves at the boxes)

Look at all that! Imagine the cost of boxes of beer and vodka and steaks! Boxes! Just for them, my friend!

I don't know WHEN we'll be back! Might have to sleep over! HA ha ha!

Eying the boxes with some jealousy, Stan backs out of the way of scurrying young men.

STAN

Yes sir! Have fun, sir!

He leaves for the other side of the dock.

Sahdeggi resumes berating his people,

SAHDEGHI

Come ON! The day is slipping away!

He kicks the closest one in the pants.

Looking toward the parking lot, Sahdeggi sees a big, green SUV pull in. He hurries down the dock to talk to the people in the SUV.

The driver waves at Sahdeggi as he gets closer. Sahdeggi yells to him,

SAHDEGHI (CONT'D)

Did you find it?

(the driver nods clearly)

Both where the land line comes out, and the antenna?

(affirmative nods; he waves them closer)

Ok! Go back to the land line! Do it in exactly one hour! Look at your watch! Then go to the antenna and prepare it! I will call you when I want that to happen! Understand?

The driver nods and gives a thumbs up.

64

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - HALF AN HOUR LATER

The three boats of Sahdeggi's fleet are ploughing their way toward Bois Blanc Island.

The scrub trees of the first island sand-bars are quickly approaching. Sahdeghi is issuing orders to his men -- they get their weapons ready.

He searches ahead with binoculars.

65 **EXT. SHORE OF BOIS BLANC ISLAND - SAME TIME**

Uhde is helping a wet and frigid Eva out of the boat. She falls into his arms, shivering on the rocks.

He holds her for a minute, rubbing her back.

EVA
David, I don't know what you've got
me into, but so far, I have to say
that the fun parts are too few!

UHDE
Because the nights are too short.

He grins at her. She grins back.

EVA
I'll be ok, now. Let's get moving.

As they make their way up the rocky shore, three husky young men are waiting for them, arms crossed.

Uhde sees them. Without hesitation, he walks up to one of them with his arm outstretched.

Eva yells,

EVA (CONT'D)
DAVID!

as one of the men to his side blind-sides Uhde by smashing his fist into Uhde's jaw.

Uhde goes down in a heap. Eva screams again,

EVA (CONT'D)
David!

66 **INT. BASEMENT ROOM - LATER**

The cement block basement room is without windows. A single bare light hangs from the ceiling, casting shadows behind Eva and David on the floor.

Eva, sitting on the floor, is holding David's head in her lap. He groans.

She rocks him a little, combing her fingers through his hair.

He moans, then stirs, lifting an arm up to his bruised jaw.

Delighted at his motion, Eva kisses his forehead.

EVA

Oh, David! Wake up! Say you'll be alright!

Uhde moans and turns his body slightly.

UHDE

Ohhh! I think I'm dead.

(looking at Eva)

I AM dead. And in heaven already!
Kiss me again, my angel!

Kisses him gladly.

EVA

Oh, you damn...
You had me worried sick!

He rolls to his knees.

UHDE

All I remember is walking out into the middle of the expressway. Then a truck hit me...

(slowly gets up, holding his jaw)

What happened?

She gets up beside him, softly stroking his jaw.

EVA

You poor dear. One of those big lugs bashed you without so much as a Hi!
It's the last time I pay money to watch hockey! Those thugs...

UHDE

Eva! How long has it been?

She strokes his temple then moves to his hair.

EVA

Maybe fifteen minutes.
I convinced one of them to go talk
to MacDougall. I told him to say
one thing. BIS.
Is that right? Should I have said
that, David?

He tries to kiss her, but his jaw hurts.

UHDE

Ow! Sorry. No, that's perfect, Eva.
If anything gets him here, that
should.

He looks around the little block room.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Any way out of here? I guess the
door's locked?

EVA

I'm sorry, David, I didn't try it.
I had your head in my lap and...

UHDE

Eva, honey! You are a real angel.
I've put you through way too much!
I promise, when we get out of this,
I'll treat you to a relaxing
vacation, wherever you like!

EVA

David, make it a honeymoon and we
can go to Tuktoyuktuk, for all I'd
care.

She rubs his head aggressively.

UHDE

Tuktoy...
Honeymoon?
Keep rubbing, Eva, you're starting
to grow on me...
(starts to get dizzy)
I... I need to sit down.

He plops, too hard, on the floor.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Ow! Damn floor!
Eva, show me which truck ran over
me, when they get back.

(MORE)

UHDE (CONT'D)
I want to see if he's just as
brave, one-on-one, face-to-face.

EVA
Never you mind! These hockey
players are crazy! That's why they
have to lock the old ones away on
an island like this!
I'll go see about the door.

She tries it. The door doesn't budge.

EVA (CONT'D)
Nope.
We'll just have to wait for
MacDougall -- if they tell him.

67 **EXT. DETROIT RIVER - HALF HOUR LATER**

The Gazateer is leading two smaller cabin cruisers toward a dock on Bois Blanc Island. Crew members get ready to jump ashore.

68 **INT. BASEMENT ROOM - SAME TIME**

The door latch is rattled. Uhde and Eva look up expectantly from the floor. She holds his arm.

MAC MACDOUGALL leads the way in. He holds the door for one of the hockey players. Uhde looks at the hockey player.

UHDE
Him?

EVA
No.

MacDougall is an older man with robust gait. His white hair has mostly disappeared from on top.

Standing near the door, MacDougall speaks in a commanding tone as Uhde and Eva get up from the floor.

MACDOUGALL
Young lady, you got my attention.
What do you have to say?

UHDE
My name is David Uhde. This is Eva
Popovich. Are you Mac MacDougall?

MacDougall eyes Uhde up and down.

MACDOUGALL

That's me. How do you know about my
-- other friends.

UHDE

Sir, you may wish to ask your thug-
person to stand outside, while we
speak of this matter.

The hockey player frowns and takes a step forward. MacDougall
stops him with a hand.

MACDOUGALL

He's right. Please step outside and
close the door, Brad.

Brad hesitates.

MACDOUGALL (CONT'D)

I'll be alright. There's a good
boy.

He shoos him out, closing the door himself.

UHDE

I am recently retired from Metsada.
You know of it?

MacDougall raises his eyebrows.

MACDOUGALL

They LET you retire?

UHDE

Yes, sir. If you wish, I can give
you a phone number to confirm that,
but I'd really rather not.
It's not important except that,
first, I speak Palestinian as well
as Jewish and a number of other
languages -- and I have contacts
who have been able to corroborate
some data that I uncovered.
The important thing to say right
away is that you have been targeted
for assassination by a local
Palestinian cell.
And, I have reason to suspect that
their assassination plan has been
advanced to be imminent.
They're probably on their way right
now.

MacDougall takes a step back, thinking.

MACDOUGALL

There's been no indication of this
that I have been aware of...

The light flickers and goes out, leaving them in total
darkness.

MACDOUGALL (CONT'D)

Damn! Brad! Get the door, will you?
This light's gone out!

BRAD is already fumbling with the latch.

BRAD V.O.

Power's out, sir. There's no light
out here, either.

He opens the door, letting in a faint light from the
stairway, just outside the door.

MacDougall heads for the stairs.

MACDOUGALL

Come on. Let's find out what the
problem is. Brad, you go on ahead
and see if it's across the island.
Come on up, you two.

69

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TOWER - A MINUTE LATER

MacDougall leads Uhde and Eva through an open door in an old
stone tower building. A golf cart can be seen scooting down a
road, away from them.

MACDOUGALL

Please forgive these boys, ah,
David. They are good, at heart, but
they really are protective of their
privacy. And mine.
That tower is left over from when
this island used to be an amusement
park. Nothing much else was left.
The new homes that were put up are
mostly over there.

(he points to one side
while they take another
path)

My place is this way.

He continues to lead them down a narrow road. Uhde looks
around, placing himself.

UHDE

Does the power go out often?

MACDOUGALL

No.

You have me concerned, David. Tell me what you've found out.

They walk quickly past very rich, large mansions. No lights can be seen in them. Then one shows a flickering, then steady light in a window.

MACDOUGALL (CONT'D)

That's Andre's place. He has a generator.

UHDE

What I found, in a round-about way, was a reference to something called Omega. When I followed the trail, there was an otherwise ordinary site on the internet that had one very odd series of entries into a discussion thread. I believe the site, itself, is legitimate, and that it is being used as a message board for a loose network of terrorist cells.

When my contact in Israel checked the addresses of the entries to this one site, one hundred and forty distinct locations around the world came up. All they said, on a periodic basis, was "Omega is ok" - - as if confirming that their timing was still ok.

MACDOUGALL

Omega? I don't know of any...

UHDE

Sir, nobody in MY community seems to know about it, either. But this is what brought me here. First, the only match that my friend could come up with, for all those locations of the email addresses, was that every one corresponded to the home location of each BIS group member! When I first came across the Omega reference, it was on the computer of a small-time Albanian gang in Windsor.

(MORE)

UHDE (CONT'D)

I witnessed them getting killed in their warehouse by, what turned out to be, a Palestinian gang from Windsor, led by a man called Sahdeghi.

MACDOUGALL

Sahdeghi!? He's on a watch list!

UHDE

I don't doubt it. Eva and I escaped from two of his thugs on the way here.

Uhde stops suddenly, listening.

UHDE (CONT'D)

Gunfire!
Sir, do you have weapons at your place?

MACDOUGALL

Weapons? No! I've got a gun...

UHDE

Do cellphones work on the island?

MACDOUGALL

Yes, we insisted on a cellphone tower just over the river.

Pushing Eva along with an elbow, Uhde is already punching in 911.

UHDE

No reception.

As they are hurrying, he shows the indicator to MacDougall.

UHDE (CONT'D)

They must have sabotaged the tower as well as the power lines. That gunfire must be them.
We must get you off the island, sir. What is the fastest way?

They reach MacDougall's house. He is out of breath as he opens his unlocked front door.

CUT TO:

70 **INT. MACDOUGALL'S HOUSE**

Running inside,

MACDOUGALL
If they came by boat, I wouldn't go
that way. Probably have a fast one
themselves. My Piper Tri-Pacer is
the safest way.

Taking them quickly through his mansion, he heads for his
den.

CUT TO:

71 **INT. MACDOUGALL'S DEN**

MacDougall goes to his desk where he opens a drawer. He pulls
out a gun.

SOUNDS:

:SMASH -- bullet hits through glass

:THUMP -- bullet hits MacDougall

MacDougall is hit in the right shoulder by a bullet through
the window. He spins and goes down. Uhde is taking Eva down
to the floor at the same time. Uhde grabs MacDougall's gun,
flicking off the safety. He quickly sights through the window
at the shooter and lets off two shots. The gunman outside
goes down.

UHDE
STAY LOW -- INTO THE HALLWAY, NOW!

Eva crouches down awkwardly as she hurries out. Uhde lifts
MacDougall by his left shoulder, helping him out to the
hallway.

CUT TO:

72 **INT. HALLWAY**

Uhde lays MacDougall on the carpet. MacDougall's right
shoulder is bleeding. He is in pain, groaning.

UHDE
Stay still, please! Eva will go
find towels. Where is the washroom?

MACDOUGALL
 (nods down the hall)
 Right here.

Eva gets up to run down the hall. She looks in the first door and disappears inside for a few seconds. She hurries back out with towels.

Uhde rips open MacDougall's shirt to expose the wound. He sees an exit wound up high on the shoulder.

UHDE
 The bullet is out. Looks like it missed vital organs.
 (to Eva as she quickly kneels down beside them)
 Eva, make a pressure bandage, yes?

She looks blank. Uhde takes a small towel and rolls it tightly.

UHDE (CONT'D)
 Like this. Tightly against the bleeding wound and wrap a strip of the longer towel around his shoulder so that it holds it against the wound.
 (quickly examines the wounds again)
 Not bleeding too badly.
 You'll be alright.

He pats MacDougall on his good shoulder.

Uhde checks the gun.

UHDE (CONT'D)
 More bullets?

MacDougall gets dizzy, slowly rolling his head.

Eva rips a long section of towel.

UHDE (CONT'D)
 Take it easy...
 Do you keep bullets in the same drawer?

MACDOUGALL
 Yeh... Yes. Same drawer. In back...

Eva starts wrapping the bandage on his shoulder. She carefully slips in the smaller rolled up towel over his front wound. He grimaces.

Uhde crouches as he runs into the den. He comes back out in seconds with a small box of bullets.

As Eva finishes the bandaging, Uhde tops up the gun.

UHDE
Mr. MacDougall...

MACDOUGALL
Mac.

UHDE
Can you make it to the air-strip?

MacDougall nods, trying to get up. Eva helps lift him. MacDougall gets dizzy so Uhde supports him. He clears his head with a shake.

MACDOUGALL
I have a tricycle that I use for getting around. In the back.

They start down the hallway.

CUT TO:

73

EXT. BEHIND MACDOUGALL'S HOUSE

Uhde keeps a constant lookout, gun ready, as they pull out an adult tricycle from a double door in the back of the house.

Bursts of gunfire come from the front of the house. Flames can be seen rising beyond the house.

Uhde and Eva help MacDougall get seated on the tricycle. He half slumps down over the handle-bars. Eva pulls him back up then places his good arm for support on the handle-bars. The bandage has moved and MacDougall's shirt fills with blood.

UHDE
Eva! The bandage!
(he helps as she moves it back)
Mac, which way is the air-strip?

MACDOUGALL
Ah... Down this path. Far end.
My keys.
(he struggles to get keys out of his pocket)
Little one is the plane's door.
Green one is ignition. Fuel is, I don't know, three-quarters?
(MORE)

MACDOUGALL (CONT'D)
 Head for London. Don't trust
 Windsor, now.

UHDE
 Right.
 Maps in the plane?

MACDOUGALL
 Charts in door pocket but just use
 the GPS...

Uhde nods, adjusts his clothes as Eva settles him in.

MACDOUGALL (CONT'D)
 Ever fly a Tri-Pacer?

UHDE
 (nods)
 Oh sure. It's got a couple wings
 and a propeller thingy up front,
 hasn't it?

EVA
 DAVID!

UHDE
 Hah hah! Don't worry! We used them
 as primary trainers in, well,
 never-mind.

A bullet whizzes by, zipping through branches.

Uhde spins around and crouches, looking for the source.
 Nothing visible.

UHD
 Let's go!

He helps Eva get the tricycle started down the path then runs
 ahead.

She pushes and steers while MacDougall hangs on.

Uhde sees someone. He sneaks off the path.

GUNFIRE SOUNDS:

BANG BANG

BangBangBangBang

BANG

CRASH through branches

Uhde hurries back to the path, waving Eva through the area.

The sun is going down, darkening the path as it continues through the trees. Eva pushes the tricycle easily at a trot.

Uhde hears something behind them. He waves Eva ahead then slips into the bushes beside the path.

Three young thugs with Kalashnikovs trot down the path.

Uhde hides in the bushes until they are close, then he leans down to get a good sight on them. As he moves, one of the thugs sees him and starts firing early.

GUNFIRE:

Uhde takes him out with a shot, rolls quickly then takes out the second thug.

Staying low, he looks around for the third one.

THUG 3 jumps Uhde from behind, hitting him in the back with the butt of his weapon. Uhde falls to the ground, spins with his gun ready but sees the muzzle of a Kalashnikov in his face. The young thug snarls,

THUG 3
DROP IT! YOU DAMN BLOODSUCKING JEW!

Uhde drops his gun, slumping back.

THUG 3 (CONT'D)
Sahdeghi wants to talk with you! He
doesn't care how many holes you
have in you!
Get up!

Thug 3 backs away to let Uhde up. He backs right into a swinging branch,

SOUND:

THUD

wielded by Eva. Thug 3 goes down in a heap. Uhde scoops up his weapon, plants a kiss on Eva, and helps her by the waist down the path.

EXT. ISLAND RESIDENCE AREA - SAME TIME

Sahdeghi fires indiscriminately at houses, along with several of his men. A few bodies lie on lawns.

He waves at one of the larger houses, yelling at his men.

SAHDEGHI
 THAT ONE! See if they're inside!
 You two!

He points his gun at the two nearest men. They run off to the front door, firing at the lock. They burst through the door.

Sahdeggi continues down the road with the rest of his men.

He sees the much larger MacDougall house and gets excited.

SAHDEGHI (CONT'D)
 THERE! THAT'S IT!
 (points at two more men)
 YOU! GO AROUND BACK!
 THE REST OF YOU, INSIDE! NOW!

He stays on the front lawn as his men run for the house.

Seeing the bullet-smashed window to the den, Sahdeggi runs across the grass to look inside. He sees one of his men enter the den.

SAHDEGHI (CONT'D)
 WHAT HAPPENED? ANY BODIES?

The inside man shakes his head, puts his arms out, palms up.

Sahdeggi runs to the back of the house, dodging tree branches and leaping through flower beds.

He gets to a man looking at a small blood pool near the open back door.

SAHDEGHI (CONT'D)
 AHA! Somebody's shot!

He quickly follows the trail of blood drops to the pathway.

Turning back to the house, he yells out.

SAHDEGHI (CONT'D)
 THIS WAY! EVERYBODY! THEY'RE ON
 THIS PATH!

He leads the men running down the path. They come up to the bodies of the three thugs. He stops cold at Thug 1 and falls to his knees beside the body.

SAHDEGHI (CONT'D)

RASHID! Oh my Rashid!
 (takes the limp young body
 in his arms)
 Rashid...
 Who did this to you, my son?...

He begins to sob. Most of the men tear off down the path.

Thug 3 begins to stir. He rolls over, sees Sahdegghi holding the body of his son. He gets frightened.

Sahdegghi picks up his gun and casually shoots Thug 3, who slumps onto his back.

Sahdegghi turns to the men who are left.

SAHDEGHI (CONT'D)

Kill them all. I don't care who
 they are. Kill them all...

He cries. His men jump down the path, firing in the air.

75

EXT. AIRSTRIP - SAME TIME

Eva is pushing MacDougall on the tricycle over clumped grass toward a red and white Piper Tri-Pacer. A lone pole-light shines down the grass strip from behind the airplane.

Uhde is untying ropes that hold the wing down.

He looks up as he hears gunshots coming nearer.

EVA

David! Throw me the keys for the
 door!

She is at the airplane's right-side door. Uhde tosses the keys to her then jumps to the back of the airplane to undo the last rope. Eva gets a door open and tries to lift MacDougall up. He is too heavy and groggy.

Uhde runs to help. He reaches over her to move the seat-back forward then lifts MacDougall into the back seat.

UHDE

Get in! Put the keys in that
 ignition.

He points quickly then runs around to get in the other side. Eva reaches over with one hand to open his door as she fumbles with the key with her other hand.

Uhde jumps in. She settles back in her seat, closing her door.

Uhde starts the engine with his door still open.

The prop turns over but the engine doesn't catch. He tries again. It coughs.

A bullet whizzes through the fuselage behind his head. The engine fires and the propeller starts spinning, pushing his door half-closed.

Sahdeghi's men are running down the path, getting near the airstrip.

Uhde guns the engine then slams the door closed while the airplane lurches forward.

More shots snap through the thin fuselage wall.

The airplane catches speed down the airstrip.

CUT TO:

76

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT - NIGHT

Uhde yells to Eva over the engine noise,

UHDE
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN! HERE! PUT THE
SEATBELT ON!

He hands her one end of her seatbelt while trying to keep the taildragger from running off the airstrip into the dark trees. They bounce close to a tree.

EVA
DAVID!

UHDE
At least you're learning my name!

He turns the control column a bit more while his feet are dancing on the rudder pedals. Looking at the airspeed indicator as it goes past 50 knots, he starts pulling back on the control column. His feet dance faster, then the tail lifts. Uhde sees the light switch and punches it on. The lit-up trees swish by just feet away. He switches the lights off again.

77 **EXT. AIRSTRIP**

Sahdeghi and his men are firing at the departing Tri-Pacer. It gets smaller and smaller, disappearing into the dark. Then its lights come on for an instant, prompting another burst of gunfire from everybody. But the airplane is too far away.

Sahdeghi madly fires at the air until he runs out of bullets.

78 **EXT. NIGHT SKY - LATER**

The Tri-Pacer flies low over Amherstburg's town lights, gaining altitude.

79 **INT. COCKPIT - LATER**

The noise is deafening. Eva has her seatbelt off and is twisted back in her seat. She is putting her sweater over MacDougall. His eyes are barely open. She sits back down in her seat and buckles in.

The noise lessens a bit as Uhde works the mixture and throttle, settling the plane down to a cruise. He checks the GPS, which shows:

:ETA 1 hr 43 min

Uhde shakes his head at the electronic gadget.

UHDE

Whatever.

Scanning the instruments, he sees the fuel gauge showing less than half. Uhde is looking at a map while holding the control-column steady. He reaches a hand up to adjust a light. He yells over to Eva,

UHDE (CONT'D)

EVA, CAN YOU HOLD THE CONTROLS?
JUST TRY TO KEEP THAT BLACK BALL
STEADY IN THE MIDDLE, OK?

EVA

ME! I CAN'T FLY A PLANE!

UHDE

YOU DON'T HAVE TO FLY IT, JUST
PRETEND IT'S A VIDEO GAME AND YOU
HAVE TO KEEP THAT BALL STEADY.

She gives her head a shake, but puts both hands firmly on the control column. It moves forward as she does so, taking the plane down.

EVA
WHAT DID I DO! DAVID!

He casually pulls it back and lets go again.

UHDE
JUST KEEP IT STEADY. WE DON'T HAVE
TO LAND, YET.

Sending him a dagger glance, she tightens her grip and tries to hold the control column rock still. The ball starts to move left.

EVA
DAVID! HOW DO I GET THE BALL BACK?

UHDE
JUST TURN IT A LITTLE THE OTHER
WAY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SQUEEZE IT
TO DEATH, JUST HOLD IT LIGHTLY.

EVA
Easy for YOU to say...

UHDE
WHAT?

EVA
NOTHING! KEEP READING.

Uhde puzzles over the map.

UHDE
IS THERE A CITY BETWEEN HERE AND
LONDON?

EVA
CHATHAM.

He looks back at the map and puts his finger over Chatham, then points to the left.

UHDE
THERE! THAT MUST BE IT!

As Eva looks out his side of the plane, she turns the control-column into a sharp left turn. The engine winds up as the plane starts down.

EVA
WHAT DID I DO? OHHHH!

Uhde lifts the control-column up with his knee, calming the engine.

UHDE
THAT'S ALLRIGHT, I CAN SEE IT FINE.
LET'S GET BACK ON COURSE NOW.

He smiles at Eva, but she looks half-way between terrified and sick. He gives her the map.

UHDE (CONT'D)
WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO FOLLOW WHERE
WE ARE? SEE THAT NEXT LITTLE TOWN
NORTHEAST OF CHATHAM? TELL ME WHEN
YOU SEE THEIR LIGHTS, OK?

Eva nods weakly, then concentrates on the map.

80 **EXT. NIGHT SKY - LATER**

The flashing lights of the Tri-Pacer can be seen against the black sky.

81 **INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT - LATER**

The fuel gauge is hovering over Empty.

Uhde gives it a rap with a finger. No change.

Uhde points to the lights from a larger city just ahead. He adjusts his earphones then takes the mic and keys it on, calling LONDON CONTROL ZONE.

UHDE
LONDON THIS IS PIPER CHARLIE GOLF
ECHO PAPA TANGO.

LONDON V.O.
CHARLIE GOLF ECHO PAPA TANGO GO
AHEAD.

UHDE
LONDON ECHO PAPA TANGO, I'M EN
ROUTE TO TORONTO VFR, NEED A FUEL
STOP IN LONDON. OVER LAMBTON AT
2000.

LONDON V.O.
 ECHO PAPA TANGO ROGER. WINDS ZERO
 EIGHT AT TWENTY, GUSTING TO FORTY-
 FIVE. WE'LL GIVE YOU A STRAIGHT-IN
 ON TWO THREE. NO TRAFFIC FOR A
 WHILE. REPORT FINAL.

UHDE
 ROGER LONDON. RUNWAY TWO THREE.
 LONDON, IS A FUEL TRUCK AVAILABLE
 AT THE RUNWAY, OVER.

LONDON V.O.
 ECHO PAPA TANGO, LONDON. YOU WANT
 ME TO ORDER YOU A PIZZA TOO?

Uhde laughs at the mic and looks at Eva.

UHDE
 HA! HE MUST BE BORED TONIGHT!

Eva furrows her brows and shakes her head at Uhde, not understanding.

UHDE (CONT'D)
 LONDON, ECHO PAPA TANGO. JUST
 RUNNING A BIT LOW. THOUGHT IT MIGHT
 SAVE EVERYBODY SOME TIME AND
 PAPERWORK, OVER.

LONDON V.O.
 ECHO PAPA TANGO, LONDON. ARE YOU
 DECLARING A PAN?

UHDE
 NEGATIVE, LONDON...

:STATIC...

LONDON V.O.
 PIPER ECHO PAPA TANGO, LONDON. I'VE
 CALLED FOR A FUEL TRUCK. HE'LL BE
 AT THE FIRST TURN-OFF, OVER.

Uhde smiles at the mic, then to Eva.

UHDE
 HE DIDN'T WANT TO WRITE UP A
 REPORT, EITHER!

Uhde points to the airport runway lights that are lining up ahead.

The engine noise is steadily loud. Then it coughs.

Uhde quickly reaches down to the fuel valve. He shakes his head as he pulls the flaps lever and points the nose down a bit. The engine coughs again. Eva puts a hand to her mouth then tightens her seatbelt.

The engine stops.

Wind noise.

Uhde puts the nose down more with his other hand on the flap handle. He looks over at Eva.

UHDE (CONT'D)
IT'S ALRIGHT. WE'LL JUST COAST IN.

Eva shakes her head. It's too much info for her.

MacDougall's hand startles Uhde as MacDougall pulls himself forward toward Uhde.

MACDOUGALL
LOW FUEL?
(Uhde nods)
FIELD IN SIGHT?
(another nod)
STALLS AT FORTY-EIGHT. KEEP THE
NOSE DOWN.

Uhde nods again. He points the nose at the cascading lights that mark the near side of the runway.

Gusts of wind buffet them the lower they go. One strong gust lifts the airplane and pushes it sideways. Uhde struggles to get the nose back down. He keys the mic.

UHDE
LONDON, ECHO PAPA TANGO IS SHORT
FINAL.

LONDON V.O.
ROGER, ECHO PAPA TANGO.
ECHO PAPA TANGO, LONDON. I DON'T
HEAR YOUR ENGINE, OVER.

UHDE
ROGER LONDON. SPECIAL MUFFLER,
OVER.

Uhde continues to struggle against the gusts. They get within fifty feet of the ground when a gust takes them down, heading for the mound of grass just before the runway. Uhde's hand jumps to the flap handle and quickly jerks up full flaps then eases the handle back. This pops the airplane up just enough to clear the mound.

They bounce against the concrete runway with two quick squeals from the tires.

MACDOUGALL
 GOOD LANDING! Nice little trick
 with the flaps, ah, David.
 There's the truck coming up now.

Uhde nods as he looks to his left.

The airplane coasts toward the turn-off. It has just enough momentum to get off the runway and coast down the slightly sloped taxiway toward the fuel truck.

82

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT, HOUR LATER

MacDougall is wrapped in a blanket in the back seat. He is actively looking around, pointing out navigation landmarks.

Eva is turned around in her seat tucking the blanket around MacDougall's makeshift bandage. The noise is still loud so conversation must be yelled.

EVA
 It looks like...
 (louder)
 IT LOOKS LIKE THE PRESSURE BANDAGE
 IS WORKING. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

MACDOUGALL
 OK, ACTUALLY. DIDN'T LOSE MUCH
 BLOOD. SO SORRY ABOUT YOUR SWEATER!

UHDE
 YOU SURE YOU'RE OK TO CARRY ON TO
 TORONTO?

MACDOUGALL
 LONDON'S TOO CLOSE TO THAT GROUP.
 THANK YOU, DAVID. AFTER THIS ALL
 SETTLES DOWN, WE HAVE TO TALK.

MacDougall nods encouragingly. Uhde rolls his eyes. Night-time navigation keeps his attention outside. He half turns to glance at MacDougall.

UHDE
 YOU SURE YOU WANT TO HANDLE THE
 MIC?

MACDOUGALL
 I'M OK NOW. LET ME GET US THROUGH
 THE CONTROL ZONE TO TORONTO ISLAND.
 (MORE)

MACDOUGALL (CONT'D)
 OUR NAVIGATOR, THERE, CAN SWITCH
 FREQUENCIES FOR ME.

Eva nods toward the radio.

EVA
 WHEN DO I DO THE TRANSPONDER?

Uhde smiles and gives her thigh a squeeze.

83 **EXT. NIGHT SKY - LATER**

The Tri-Pacer is flying toward the brightly-lit landscape of Toronto, high along the lakeshore.

Heading for Toronto Island Airport, they pass the green-glowing Skydome and the CN Tower.

:MONTAGE:

:Uhde helps MacDougall onto the Ferry from Toronto Island Airport.

:Eva waves for a cab. The three get in.

:Cab drives through downtown streets.

84 **INT. CLINIC WAITING AREA - LATER**

The clinic is empty except for Uhde and Eva. They are talking to the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST
 The police should be here in a
 while. Please take a seat.

She indicates the chairs, but Uhde shakes his head.

UHDE
 We need to contact somebody - in
 private. May I use one of your
 rooms, please?

The receptionist sighs, then relents, smiling at Eva.

RECEPTIONIST
 Well... We're not too busy. Why don't
 you use that one right there.

She points to the first door down a hallway.

UHDE
 The first one?
 (she nods)
 Thank you.

Uhde holds up a finger to Eva, who backs slowly into a chair, sending a worried look at Uhde.

85 **INT. CLINIC ROOM**

Uhde closes the door and pulls out his phone. He punches in a number. A half-minute of ringing.

UHDE
 Efraim..
 Yeah, I love you too, you dick-head. You got me into this mess... Well, by putting me into the middle of Detroit!..
 Yeah, yeah. Shut up, will you? I need you to finish this up for me... Because I'M RETIRED, remember? YOU are still getting paid for this kinda shit!..
 Listen, I brought MacDougall to a clinic in Toronto. He'll be ok, but the cops are coming... Because it's a gunshot incident... No time! Efraim, listen! How fast can you get Eva and me...
 Eva... Yeah, she's my -- well. She's helped me a lot in this...
 (ominously)
 Efraim, if this gets back to Fruma or ANYONE else there!..
 Good! Keep it there or your hat won't have a place to hang!..
 Yes, I took telling the time early on in school...
 (he rolls his eyes, waving a hand in circles in front)
 Efraim, what can you do stop them from questioning us? Please!..
 Thank you! Goodbye!

86 **EXT. STREET - VERY EARLY MORNING**

Uhde and Eva walk out of the clinic, arm-in-arm, she is leaning her head on his shoulder. They walk slowly past a police cruiser.

Once past, Eva mumbles while looking ahead.

EVA
Tahiti.

UHDE
Huh? Oh...

EVA
And if you don't give me a
satisfactory explanation of what
just happened I'm going to knee you
in the balls at an opportune
moment.

UHDE
Ah...

EVA
Not now, you lug...

She leans her head on his shoulder as they continue. He pulls her in tighter.

The sun is just starting to shed a glow on the horizon, straight down the street in front of them.

Uhde and Eva walk off into the sunrise.