

BULLET RUN: MOROCCO

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Deep-black clouds blot out the sun. The air is dense, humid, thick enough to chew.

Today is the kind of day bad things happen.

A sleek BMW coupe pulls into a parking lot.

INT. BMW COUPE - DAY

KATE STONE (36) sits behind the wheel. No makeup, hair pulled tight, and a yoga-strong physique hidden in a sharp suit. She turns off the ignition, looks out the windshield.

KATE'S POV --

A crowd of people gather outside a red-brick building. It's hard to tell what's happening, maybe a protest brewing...

BACK IN THE BMW

Kate pulls out her cell phone, texts: *I'm here.*

She slides a hand into her jacket, pulls a Glock from a shoulder-holster and locks it in the glovebox.

EXT. RED-BRICK BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Kate coolly blends in with the crowd near a gated doorway. She clocks every face, every bulging jacket, every bag...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Katherine?

Kate closes her eyes, grimaces. Then she switches on a bright smile and whips around...

KATE

(fake enthusiasm)

Hey! How are you?

A nosy PTA MOM (40s) waves a stern finger in Kate's face. Then she too breaks into a smile.

PTA MOM

Where have you been, girl? You missed the last three PTA meetings.

In the background, a BELL RINGS.

KATE

Oh, you know... work, work, work.

PTA MOM

You'll have to forgive me, I forgot what you do for a liv--

A tsunami of joyous children explodes through the gate.

KATE

Gotta run. Lovely seeing you! I'll be at the next one. Promise.

Kate spots LUCY (7). Cute as a button and smart for her age, she runs into her mother's arms, bursting with excitement.

LUCY

Dad said you wouldn't be home for two more weeks!

KATE

Surprise!

LUCY

I hate that you both travel so much.

KATE

So do we, baby.

Kate walks Lucy to the car, steering her away from PTA Mom.

LUCY

Are we avoiding Mrs. Davies again?

KATE

You know how she loves to talk.

LUCY

You should meet her kid. 3rd Grade and he still eats crayons.

Kate laughs.

INT. KATE'S BMW - MOMENTS LATER

Kate charts a path to the exit. There are children and SUVs everywhere.

Kate notices a GIRL glowering at Lucy. As they pass by, the girl sticks out her tongue.

KATE

Who's that little charmer?

Lucy puts her foot on the dash to re-tie her brightly-colored shoelace.

LUCY

Sofia. Everyone's arch nemesis.
Total bully. Just today she poured
Gatorade into a boy's locker.

KATE

This Sofia have a cell phone?

LUCY

Her parents buy her whatever she
wants.

KATE

Get me the number. A friend at work
can hack Siri's voice, we'll have
some fun with her.

LUCY

Oh, heck yeah I'll get that number.

They fist-bump. This mother-daughter combo is tight AF.

EXT. ROAD

A blacked-out MERCEDES pulls away from the curb, tails Kate's
BMW, like a shark hunting its prey.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN AND KATE'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Wearing a concert tee covered in holes and engine oil,
McQueen-cool BEN STONE (40) works on a motorcycle.

This is what he does to relax.

On a workbench, Ben's cell phone *RINGS*. He wipes his hands,
checks the caller ID, answers...

LUCY (V.O.)

Dad!

BEN

Hey, kiddo!

INTERCUT:

INT. KATE'S BMW

Still riding in the car, Lucy uses the speaker-phone.

LUCY

We're on our way home. What are you
doing?

BEN (V.O.)
Tuning the bike. Thinking about a
ride. Maybe after dinner you could
come with me.

Bursting with joy, Lucy looks to Kate for her approval.

LUCY
Can I, Mom? Can I?

Kate pulls her eyes from the road to focus on Lucy.

KATE
Full leathers and helmet. I don't
care if it's just around the block--

At that exact moment, the Mercedes pulls past and clips the
front fender. Kate brakes hard, braces Lucy with her arm.

KATE (cont'd)
You okay, honey?

Lucy nods. She's shaken but unharmed.

INT. GARAGE

Ben stands in the open doorway of the garage. He can hear
something is wrong.

BEN
Kate? What just happened?

INT. KATE'S BMW

The Mercedes pulls over, flips on its hazard lights.

LUCY
Some jerk just clipped the front of
Mom's car.

BEN (V.O.)
Where are you?

KATE
East Oak. But it's nothing serious.
Don't worry. We'll be home soon.

Kate pulls in behind the Mercedes.

KATE (cont'd)
Stay in the car and talk with your
father, okay?

Lucy nods and Kate gets out of the BMW.

EXT. SIDE STREET

As Kate approaches the Mercedes, the driver's door opens...

KATE

Hey pal, you nearly--

A man in a SKI-MASK lifts an AK-47 to his shoulder...

Kate reaches for her sidearm... *shit*. Still in the glovebox.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

Kate's body is riddled with bullets. Lucy is SCREAMING.

Kate bounces off the BMW like a ragdoll, crumples onto the grass shoulder.

INT. GARAGE

Ben hears the GUNSHOTS through the cell phone, helpless to do anything. He hears Lucy SCREAMING.

BEN

Kate!?! Lucy!?!

EXT. SIDE STREET

Ski-Mask empties the rest of his clip into the BMW. Huge holes pepper the hood, shatter the windshield...

Then... SILENCE. Awful silence.

Ski-Mask pulls a GAS-CAN from the Mercedes, douses the BMW. He stands over Kate. Watches her cling to life.

He looks down at Kate with distinctive blue eyes.

SKI-MASK

Eye for an eye, you CIA bitch.

Ski-Mask clicks a lighter, tosses it onto the BMW. With a *WHOOSH* it's instantly engulfed in flames.

Ski-Mask returns to his car and takes off.

Lying in her own blood, Kate struggles to breathe. She twists her head, witnesses the inferno consuming her daughter.

She can't even scream. She can only watch in silent horror.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 YEARS LATER...

CLOSE ON --

A wristband. Made from a short length of brightly-colored shoelace. Wrapped around a muscular forearm.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind a desk, Ben (now 45) habitually plays with the wristband. Something weighs heavily on his mind.

Rough-looking RENO (50s, French) drops a file on the desk.

RENO

I appreciate the business over the years. You know that. But maybe it's time to accept that your wife doesn't want to be found.

(reluctant)

Or perhaps she is dead.

Ben's jaw tightens.

RENO (cont'd)

I'm sorry to be so blunt. But you need to consider every possibility.

JAKE OWENS (Black, 47) sits in the corner. He's a giant block of granite with a graying beard and tattooed cylinder heads for arms. He's also Ben's lifelong best friend.

JAKE

He's right. For all we know she left the hospital and jumped straight into the Potomac.

Ben pulls a stack of cash from a drawer, tosses it to Reno.

BEN

That buys another year. Keep looking.

Reno feels bad, but he takes the money and exits. Ben notes the look of disapproval from Jake.

BEN (cont'd)

I don't want to hear it.

Asian-American SUKI LEE (30s) appears in the doorway. Short bleach blonde hair, slim jeans, vintage Triumph shirt. She could be on a catwalk, but she prefers bikes and firearms.

SUKI

Anything?

BEN

Trail's still cold.

SUKI

I have more bad news. They moved up the Ambassador's speech. We need to be at the Mexican embassy by noon.

Ben and Jake both check their watches.

BEN

You finish tuning the 760?

JAKE

The whole fleet's good to go.

SUKI

Also... Charley's back. She's out front.

Ben straps on a shoulder-holster and grabs his suit jacket.

BEN

Tell the guys we leave in ten.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE HQ - LOCKER ROOM

Two bodyguards are cleaning their weapons:

PARKER (36), a stocky Brit and the team's best driver. Off-duty, he's also the team's best drinker.

"SCOPE" (28), a tattooed nerd and world-class sniper.

PARKER

I still don't understand the problem, mate.

SCOPE

Don't you see? They can influence the zeitgeist! One in three people every day, having the same word planted in their mind. What if that word is 'fight' or 'sleep'?

Suki sticks her head in the door.

SUKI

Tip-off in ten minutes, boys. You seen Max?

PARKER

Check the M3. The old bugger keeps napping in it.

Suki exits.

SCOPE
I'm telling you, man. They keep
telling us Tik-Tok is subversive...

He racks a SHOTGUN.

SCOPE (cont'd)
...But don't sleep on Wordle.

INT. WAREHOUSE HQ - GARAGE

Sure enough, the oldest member of the team, MAX SILAS (52),
is asleep in the M3 Coupe.

Suki taps on the window, startles him.

SUKI
Head's up, we roll out in ten.

Max nods, adjusts his seat.

SUKI (cont'd)
You okay?

MAX
(forced)
Yeah, yeah. Copacetic.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

In stark contrast to the high-tech interior, the outside of
this building resembles an abandoned warehouse. Rusty
corrugated-steel, 5 GARAGE DOORS, and a single entrance.

Ben walks outside to find CHARLEY KNIGHT (24) sitting on the
hood of an original 1967 MINI COOPER. Radiohead tee, jeans,
beat-up Converse.

BEN
The Cooper looks good. Your old man
would be proud.

CHARLEY
Thanks. This is Keira. I just
rebuilt her engine.
(off his look)
Well I had to give her a British
name, obviously.

He circles the Mini, admiring it.

BEN
I like it. She looks like a Keira.
But isn't your generation supposed
to drive electric?

CHARLEY

(shrugs)

I'm an analog girl. Long live vinyl
and the stick shift.

BEN

Amen to that.

(beat)

So what brings you by?

CHARLEY

(hands on hips)

Really?

Ben grins. He knows why she's here.

BEN

You finished grad school?

CHARLEY

Yup. I'm fluent in six languages.

BEN

You could have a great career with
those skills, make a ton of money--

Charley cuts him off with a phrase in FLUENT ITALIAN.

CHARLEY

(translates)

I still want in.

Ben sighs.

BEN

How old are you now?

CHARLEY

Twenty-four. So you can't say I'm
too young anymore. After Dad died,
you said you'd train me if I
finished college. Four years later,
you insisted on grad school.

(beat)

If you tell me to get a PhD, I'll
burn your house down.

Ben has to smile at that.

CHARLEY (cont'd)

I don't want a regular boring job.
I want to do what you do, and I
want you to teach me.

BEN

Have you considered becoming a Fed?
I can make some calls--

CHARLEY

The CIA and FBI scouted me in grad school. I want to work for you.

Ben sizes her up.

BEN

And you really believe your dad would be cool with it?

CHARLEY

While girls my age were hanging out at the mall, he was teaching me one-eighties, heel-toe shifting... Just give me a chance. Let me show you what I can do.

In the background, four sleek black BMWs rumble to life. A symphony of growling engines. Ben's private security fleet:

R1250 RS MOTORCYCLE

M3 COUPE

760-SEDAN

X5 SUV

BEN

I gotta go, but come back next month--

CHARLEY

No. Please!

The 7-Series pulls up. Ben opens the passenger door.

BEN

I have your number. I *will* call you.

Ben gets into the car and the 760 pulls away.

Suki stops beside Charley on her bike, flips up her visor.

SUKI

Don't give up. Keep working him.

With that, she speeds off. Charley watches the motorcade with envy, desperately wanting to be a part of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEXICAN EMBASSY - DAY

Ben's six-strong protection team escorts today's VIP from the embassy's entrance to the backseat of the 760.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - MINUTES LATER

The BMWs cruise in the center lane. The heavily-tinted windows deny even a glimpse inside.

INT. 760 SEDAN - DAY

Ben scans the dense traffic. His piercing eyes take in every face, every license plate, every dent, scratch, lug nut...

In the backseat, AMBASSADOR VASQUEZ (50s) sings with an old, raspy voice...

AMB. VASQUEZ

*"And it's too darn pretty for a man
to wanna die..."*

BEN

Johnny Cash.

AMB. VASQUEZ

Can't get that song out of my head.

BEN

You're in good hands, Mr.
Ambassador. We've protected many
clients from the cartels and we
haven't lost one yet.

Jake notices something on the car's nav system.

JAKE

Tunnel's closed. We'll have to take
the bridge.

Ben relays that info to the team via micro ear-buds.

BEN

You heard the man, we're taking the
bridge. Let's tighten it up.

PARKER (V.O.)

Nut to butt. Copy that.

Ben glances in the side-mirror, catches a glimpse of Charley's vintage Mini several cars back. He smirks.

AERIAL POV -- LOOKING DOWN ON THE HIGHWAY

In a lyrical display of driving perfection, a three-vehicle convoy is formed: The M3, 760, and the X5.

Riding the motorcycle, Suki is some distance ahead of the fleet. She's the "Scout" for Ben's protection team.

SUKI

Only one week until you punch out,
Max. Tell me you won't miss this.

INT. X5 - DAY

Parker drives. Scope rides shotgun, an M4A1 assault-rifle in his hands, ready to rumble.

PARKER

Yeah, how you gonna fill your days,
old man? Golf? Bingo?

SCOPE

Nah. Racetrack. Max loves his
horses.

INT. M3 - DAY

Max absorbs the good-natured ribbing.

MAX

Laugh it up, but while you're still
driving around like assholes, I'll
be fishing every day.

INT. X5 - DAY

Parker and Scope react with amusement. They love pushing Max's buttons.

BEN (V.O.)

Cut the chatter. All of you.

EXT. BRIDGE

The fleet drives onto a SUSPENSION BRIDGE. THREE LANES moving in either direction, a FOOTPATH on the East-bound side.

Suki's bike zips past a CARGO VAN. In her wake, two identical VANS move into position on either side...

Suddenly, all three vans HIT THE BRAKES, BLOCKING THE BRIDGE.

Cars slam into the vans, more rear-end them... metal carnage.

The three BMWs stop askew, creating space around them.

Suki skids to a halt, flips up her visor. BEHIND HER, the entire bridge is GRIDLOCKED...

EIGHT SICARIOS (ASSASSINS) spill from the vans.

Body-armor, heavy weapons.

SUKI

Ben, you got eight hostiles coming
your way! Full armor and AKs.

EXT. BRIDGE

Ben jumps out of the 7-Series and hurries to the X5. He
points at an 18-WHEELER.

BEN

I need eyes high. You get a clean
shot on anyone packing, take it.

Scope opens the X5 trunk -- revealing high-powered weaponry
in form-fitted polymer casings. He tosses a rifle to Parker
and they clamber onto the 18-wheeler.

The TRUCK DRIVER jumps out of his cab.

TRUCK DRIVER

Hey! Get the fuck off my truck--

GUNFIRE! The panicked trucker starts running.

BEN

Max, you got a visual yet?

Max sits motionless inside the M3. A MACHINE-GUN lies
untouched on the passenger seat.

BEN (cont'd)

Max! You hear me?

Up ahead, more angry and frightened motorists start climbing
out of their cars.

BEN (cont'd)

(points)

That way! Go!!!

A MOTORIST looks around perplexed and then:

BOOM! -- a bullet EXPLODES through his chest. It's fast,
bloody and shocking, and there are screams all around.

ON THE TRUCK ROOF

Parker and Scope can see Max sitting frozen in the M3.

SCOPE

Something's up with Max.

A couple of SMOKE CHARGES explode up ahead and a THICK WHITE
CLOUD obliterates their view of the approaching Sicarios.

PARKER

Forget him.

Parker shoots at the gunmen, but his armor stops the round and he ducks behind a car.

BACK ON BEN

He slings a couple of extra weapons over his shoulder and jogs to the passenger window of the M3. He bangs his fist on the glass, but Max won't look at him...

MAX

I can't do it, Ben. I'm sorry.

BEN

Get out of the goddamned car and do your job!

MAX

I'm so sorry...

Clearly, Max intends to sit inside his BULLET-PROOF car and ride this one out.

Enraged, Ben slams the butt of a handgun against the passenger window. Just as quickly, he regains his composure and focuses on the task at hand -- keeping Vasquez alive.

INT. 760 SEDAN - DAY

Jake remains inside with the Ambassador.

JAKE

Ben, what's happening?!

BEN (V.O.)

Max retired a week early--

At that moment, the real shooting starts...

EXT. BRIDGE

It's a FIRESTORM of large-caliber rounds.

Ben takes cover.

Amid the SMOKE, Scope and Parker spy the assassins weaving their way through the chaos, towards the trapped BMWs.

Scope lines up a head-shot. *BLAM!* One vaporized skull.

SCOPE

One down.

Commuters hide in terror from breaking glass, staccato gunfire, and the ping of bullet casings hitting asphalt...

Crouching behind a car, Ben fires a G3 ASSAULT RIFLE. He nails a sicario in the chest, blasting him off his feet...

BLAM! BLAM!

From a distance, one of the gunmen slides an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE, shaped like a hockey puck, right under the M3.

For a brief second, Ben locks eyes with a doomed Max.

KA-BOOM!

Max's car is blown apart...

Ben returns fire, then spots a FATHER and a YOUNG GIRL cowering in a Minivan. He grabs a bulletproof vest from the X5, shoves it through the Minivan's window.

BEN

Put this on her and stay down!

Ben returns another volley...

JAKE (V.O.)

We need off this bridge!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLEY'S MINI COOPER

Further back in the gridlocked traffic, Charley's Mini is in the far right lane. While other motorists are cowering in fear, Charley is out of her car, peering at the action ahead.

Charley's phone *buzzes*. *Call from Ben Stone*. She answers...

BEN (V.O.)

Charley! You still about fifty yards behind us in the right lane?

CHARLEY

You saw me?!?

ON BEN

Back in the thick of the action, Ben cradles his cell phone with his shoulder while he fires his weapon.

BEN

I see everything. Think your Mini can fit on the sidewalk?

ON CHARLEY

She sizes up a gap between the metal girders of the bridge. Her car should fit but there's a wire safety fence.

CHARLEY

I think so, but there's a fence--

BEN (V.O.)

Punch through it and get over here.

ON THE TRUCK ROOF

Parker is firing in the opposite direction from Scope. The traffic is backed up for miles behind the motorcade and more sicarios weave between the inert vehicles...

PARKER

I see two more Tangos on foot--
Hold up...

Scope is pointing at Charley's Mini as it rams a wire fence, bounces onto the sidewalk.

PARKER (cont'd)

The fuck--? Is that Charley?!

EXT. BRIDGE - PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY

The Mini tears along the sidewalk, *towards* the gunfight.

BEN'S P.O.V. --

The Mini skids to a stop, Charley kicks the door open.

CHARLEY

You call for an Uber?

Ben signals to Jake.

BEN

Grab Vasquez! We're swapping
wheels!

EXT. CHARLEY'S MINI COOPER - DAY

Charley watches Ben lay down cover fire for Jake as he escorts the Ambassador from the boxed-in 760.

BLAM! Vasquez' leg explodes with blood. He SCREAMS.

Ben forcibly shoves him into the cramped backseat and jumps into the front passenger seat.

BEN
(to Charley)
Get us out of here!

SCRREEEEECCHHHH!!!

Charley lights up the tires and the Mini rockets between the girders of the narrow walkway. It's a very tight fit.

Jake stays behind, lays down cover fire.

THE SICARIOS

Shoot at the Mini as it zips past the gridlocked traffic. Bullets *PING* off the steel girders.

ON THE TRUCK ROOFTOP

Parker and Scope rain bullets on the masked assassins.

BEN (V.O.)
Can you guys hold out?

Jake is pinned behind the 760, but unafraid.

JAKE
We got this.

Scope fires a short burst, drops another sicario.

EXT. BRIDGE - PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY

The Mini is comically small but it's fast, agile.

It roars past Suki, who's using her bike for cover. Dozens of POLICE VEHICLES are coming up fast behind her.

Charley swerves through the girders and the Mini bounces back onto the empty side of the bridge.

She wasn't kidding... She can really fucking drive.

EXT. BRIDGE

Five remaining sicarios emerge from the smoke and SPRAY THE 760 WITH BULLETS...

But it's empty.

Pissed, the assassins start to reload. Hearing a WHISTLE, they look up to see Parker and Scope aiming their weapons...

Cornered, the sicarios freeze.

A beat later, an army of SWAT COPS materialize. Weapons clatter to the ground and wire-ties are zipped onto wrists.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

The Mini Cooper slides to a tire-melting halt and Ben leaps out. Charley helps him pull Vasquez from the backseat.

Paramedics lift the ambassador onto a gurney.

CHARLEY

Told you I was good.

BEN

Don't get cocky, kid. And don't drift wide tailing someone. I noticed you twenty miles ago.

Charley deflates.

BEN (cont'd)

Now go park Keira and get back here. You're on the clock.

CHARLEY

Clock? Wait, does that mean--??

Ben has already disappeared inside. Charley pumps her fist.

CUT TO:

EXT. AGADIR, MOROCCO - STREETS - DAY

Agadir is a town on the coast of Morocco, but it's more of a destination for European sun-seekers than a slice of genuine Moroccan culture.

TITLE CARD: AGADIR, MOROCCO

A Ferrari pulls up to a restaurant and bronze-skinned AKEEM "JUNIOR" FAZIR (40s) climbs out in a linen suit. BODYGUARDS pour from a trailing SUV and shadow his every move.

Across the street, sitting in a crappy old Renault, a female PHOTOGRAPHER takes photos with a long-lens. We can't see her face, but there's a ROUND SCAR on the back of her hand.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S P.O.V. --

Junior is escorted to an outside table where he joins a trio of beautiful women.

Back in the Renault, the photographer grimaces with disgust, snaps more photos...

Sensing he's being watched, Junior looks up, as if he's staring right into the camera lens.

There's no mistaking those distinctive blue-eyes.

But the old Renault is already driving away...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD TEST COURSE - DAY

The CAMERA is inches off the ground, mounted to a speeding BMW M4. The car power-slides around an old airplane hangar Gymkhana-style, tires wailing in protest.

A 9mm appears out the driver window, fires at two "bad guys." Both wooden targets are shredded.

INT. M4

It's Charley at the wheel. Cool and completely in control as she navigates a turn, speed-loads her 9mm with one hand...

SUKI (V.O.)

Looking good, Charley. Parker's getting nervous about his record.

PARKER (V.O.)

Not in the slightest, luv. Look at the middle sector time. I'm faster.

Charley throws the car into another slide.

SCOPE (V.O.)

Didn't you wreck there once?

PARKER (V.O.)

Had a blowout. Doesn't count.

Charley stifles a laugh.

EXT. AIRFIELD TEST COURSE - DAY

The M4 hurtles across the finish line. Suki holds up a stopwatch as Charley climbs from the car.

SUKI

One minute forty-seven. Only two seconds slower than Parker.

CHARLEY

Let me try one more run.

PARKER
Don't waste the petrol, you're
never taking my title.

BEN (O.S.)
I've seen enough. On the next job,
Charley drives point.

The team turn to see Ben approaching with Jake.

BEN (cont'd)
She's ready.

SUKI
Fine by me. I'm tired of being the
only girl around here.

SCOPE
She's got my vote.

Parker realizes everyone is staring at him, expectantly.

PARKER
Sod it. You're in. But that means
you're buying the first round.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A raucous dive bar. Dock workers and merchant sailors
drinking their paychecks. Scope and Jake play darts. By the
jukebox, Parker demonstrates a dance move for a bemused Suki.

Ben sits alone in a booth, on his phone, picking at a beer
label. As he hangs up, Charley slides into the other seat...

CHARLEY
Bad news?

BEN
My legal team has a dozen city
attorneys crawling up their ass.
But after a gun battle like that,
it goes with the territory.

Ben raises his glass.

BEN (cont'd)
Hey, here's to graduation day...

They clink glasses. Charley sips her beer, smiles at the
sight of Parker attempting a spin move.

CHARLEY

Okay, boss, I gotta ask. Where'd you find this bunch? Where on Earth did you find that guy?

BEN

Parker was a wheelman in the MI5 until he slept with the chief's daughter. I found him driving a taxi in Paris.

INT./EXT. TAXI CAB - PARIS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Just as Parker turns on the meter, his CELL PHONE rings. He has a brief conversation in Italian.

BEN (V.O.)

As soon as he starts the meter, he gets an offer from a flight attendant ex. She gives him ten minutes to pick her up at the airport, or she's going to a hotel with the co-pilot.

Parker tosses his cell onto the dash and flips off the meter.

BEN

(fluent Italian)
She worth it?

PARKER

Hot as lava, mate. You wanna hop out, get another ride?

BEN

No. I want to see if you can drive.

PARKER

Like that, is it? Alright. Hang on.

Moments later, Ben tours Paris at 80mph. Claude Lelouch-style.

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT (FLASHBACK)

The taxi screeches to a halt right in front of the sexiest pair of legs to ever grace the silver screen.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

Did he make it?

INT. TAXI CAB (FLASHBACK)

Impressed, Ben hands Parker a business card.

BEN (V.O.)
 Yep. And to this day, it's still
 the best driving I've ever seen.

INT. BAR - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Jake has Scope in a headlock. Parker is cheering him on.

CHARLEY
 What about Jake?

BEN
 We served in the army together.

EXT. TANGI VALLEY, AFGHANISTAN (FLASHBACK)

A lone military HUMVEE sits in a narrow mountain gorge.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE

Stripped down to a t-shirt and camo pants, Ben stands in the gun turret, scans the hillside with a .50 Cal.

BEN
 You get it yet?

Jake is lying underneath the Humvee, trying to repair a broken fuel line as quickly as possible.

JAKE
 No! Stop fucking asking!

Rounds ping off the armor, kick up dust at Jake's feet.

Deafening GUNFIRE from the .50 Cal as Ben returns fire.

Jake tries brute force, something gives...

JAKE (cont'd)
 Try it now!

Ben sprays the hillside with more huge .50 Cal rounds. Then drops into the driver's seat and tries the ignition. The engine ROARS to life...

BEN
 Yes!!! Get in here!

Still under the Humvee, Jake lets out slack on his webbing belt, reattaches it over the axle.

JAKE
 No time! Just drive!

Ben slams the Humvee into gear and hits the gas. A hailstorm of bullets rains down on the armor. High on adrenaline, Ben SCREAMS, thrilled to be moving again.

BEN

Woohoo!

Inches from the rocky ground and with more bullets ripping at the dirt, Jake is SCREAMING too...

An RPG explodes. The Humvee punches through the fireball.

INT. BAR - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Jake has Scope in a headlock.

BEN

Jake can fix anything, anywhere,
anytime.

Even if he wasn't out-matched, Scope's laughing too hard.

BEN (cont'd)

I drafted Scope six years ago.

EXT. SKI RESORT, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

It's the Olympics Trials and Scope is trying to qualify for the Biathlon. He drops into position at a set of targets and fires his rifle with superhuman speed and precision.

BEN (V.O.)

I'd been looking to recruit a
counter-sniper so a friend tipped
me off to this hippy kid from
California. Said he was a natural.

Scope slings the rifle over his back and skis away.

BEN (V.O.)

I went to scout him in the Winter
Olympics trials.

One of his skis pops off and slides away down a slope.

BEN (V.O.)

He's a terrible skier, but a world-
class marksman.

Pissed, Scope takes aim at the runaway ski and blasts it to pieces. Spectators laugh and point.

INT. BAR - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

At the bar, a guy hits on Suki, recoils from her angry glare.

BEN
 After the army, I did a stint in
 the CIA. That's where I met Suki.

INT. TOYOTA - HIGHWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ben is driving a beat-up Toyota, his eyes fixed on a WHITE
 SEDAN he's tailing. Riding shotgun, an Israeli Mossad AGENT.

BEN (V.O.)
 We spent six months on a joint
 operation with Mossad, to help
 neutralize a few nuclear concerns.

EXT. HIGHWAY (FLASHBACK)

A Husqvarna dirtbike zips through the traffic, going at least
 30 mph faster than anything else. As it passes the white
 sedan, the rider slaps a magnetic charge on the gas tank.

INT. TOYOTA (FLASHBACK)

The Israeli activates a remote and the white sedan EXPLODES.
 Ben calmly turns off the highway, leaving the carnage behind.

BEN
 If Parker's the best on four
 wheels, Suki's the best on two.

INT. BAR - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Charley takes in her new teammates.

BEN
 A biker, a sniper, a fixer, and a
 wheelman. They're a wild bunch. But
 they're family.

CHARLEY
 What about you? My dad was
 secretive about your work when I
 was growing up. But I remember him
 telling me you used to race cars.

Ben shifts in his seat, clams up.

BEN
 That's ancient history. I quit when
 I was your age.

CHARLEY
 But Dad said you won a few titles.
 What happened?

BEN

Biggest race of my career, a spectator walks onto the course. The only way to avoid him was to put my car into the trees. Somehow I escaped without a scratch, but my navigator wasn't as lucky.

CHARLEY

I'm sorry. I shouldn't--

BEN

It's okay.

CHARLEY

So how'd you go from the racetrack to protecting people?

BEN

After the accident, I joined up. Served one tour in Afghanistan then the CIA recruited me. Actually *your dad* recruited me. He trained me as a field operative then I wound up at the State Department protecting officials overseas. In 2010, I went private.

CHARLEY

So you could choose who to protect?

BEN

So I could drive faster cars.

(winks)

Enough of the past. I need to head out, but I have something for you...

Ben slides a key fob across the table.

BEN (cont'd)

Consider it a company car.

He stands, offers a handshake.

BEN (cont'd)

Welcome to the team, Charley.

She leaps up, hugs him instead.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAM HEADQUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

A metal garage door rolls open and the lights flicker on...

This is the team's HEADQUARTERS. A converted warehouse. One half is a garage where the vehicles are stored and worked on. The other half is office space and living quarters.

Jake leads a hyper-excited Charley inside.

CHARLEY

Parker said I'd be running point so I'm guessing M2, maybe an M3.

JAKE

(amused)
Smaller.

In the corner of the garage, there's a vehicle covered in a sheet. Able to identify the shape, Charley is giddy...

CHARLEY

No way!

JAKE

We used to run the point with the M3. After the bridge incident, I decided it's time for a change.

Jake unveils a charcoal-colored 2026 MINI COOPER JCW.

Charley visibly weakens at the knees as she steps towards this cool-as-hell pocket-rocket.

JAKE (cont'd)

She's armored so she's heavy, but I doubled the torque and she pulls like an ox. The glass and tires can handle small caliber rounds and the glass is refracting. Anyone takes a shot at what they see inside, they'll be off by six inches.

Charley slides into the driver's seat. It fits like a glove.

JAKE (cont'd)

Start her up.

The Mini GROWLS to life. Even the untrained ear can tell this car was built for serious performance.

JAKE (cont'd)

Need to run another dyno test but she's easily pushing four-hundred horses. Even with the added weight, she'll do zero to sixty in four seconds, top out around two-hundred.

Charley shuts off the engine, admires the "cockpit."

JAKE (cont'd)
You like?

CHARLEY
I love...

Charley is gripping the steering wheel, exploring the controls. She looks like a kid on Christmas morning.

Smiling, Jake backs away and leaves her to enjoy it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TEAM HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Charley has fallen asleep in the driver's seat of the Mini. She jolts awake when Ben raps his knuckles on the window.

Suki is standing beside him.

BEN
It'll start to stink if you sleep
in it. She have a name yet?

CHARLEY
Ripley, because she's bad-ass.

She works a kink in her neck. Suki hands her a coffee.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
Thank you.

BEN
Come on. We're meeting a client in
the city. You're driving.

CHARLEY
Can we take Ripley?

BEN
Nah. We use something else for
these meetings.

CHARLEY
What? The 7-Series?

CUT TO:

EXT. TEAM HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Ben pulls a tarp off an old yellow TAXI CAB.

CHARLEY
This thing!??

BEN

We use it for first contact meets. Most clients insist on anonymity at first and I don't discuss assignments over the phone. So we always meet the client in-person using the cab.

CHARLEY

But why an old taxi? Just so it won't stand out?

BEN

Partly that, but also for security. I've pissed off a lot of powerful people by keeping clients alive...

Ben pops the trunk. Inside there's a mounted SHOTGUN aimed at the back of the passenger seat.

BEN (cont'd)

The partition is bulletproof. If our potential new client turns out to be hostile... we neutralize the threat.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. TAXI - MANHATTAN STREETS - MORNING

Charley drives. Ben rides shotgun.

Behind the cab, Suki follows on her MOTORCYCLE.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MINUTES LATER

A WOMAN wearing a baseball cap and a messenger bag, stands on the corner, a NEWSPAPER under her arm.

Suki pulls up on her MOTORCYCLE, flips open her visor...

SUKI

You know the Pacers-Knicks score from last night?

WOMAN

They don't play until tomorrow.

SUKI

(nods; satisfied)
Get in the cab behind me.

The woman turns to see the TAXI CAB, idling right behind Suki's bike. She didn't even notice it pull up.

INT. TAXI CAB

Her face still hidden by her cap, the woman slides into the BACKSEAT. Still facing front, Ben gestures for Charley to pull back into traffic.

WOMAN

Hello, Ben.

He reacts to the voice, twists in his seat... It's Kate.

Ben is speechless.

KATE

It's been five years. Aren't you going to say anything?

BEN

(casually)

Charley... you remember my wife?

Now it's Kate's turn to be surprised. She locks eyes with Charley in the rearview mirror.

KATE

Bobby's daughter? Look at you all grown up! So you're following in his footsteps, huh?

CHARLEY

Trying. It's nice to see you, Mrs. Stone.

KATE

Kate, please.

Ben looks at her with the most pained eyes.

BEN

Five years. Where the hell did you go? Most people were convinced you killed yourself.

KATE

(heartfelt)

I'm so sorry.

EXT. STREET - TAXI/MOTORCYCLE

The taxi heads west, past the Guggenheim Museum.

Suki still follows on the bike. She is wearing her earpiece but she can't hear the conversation inside the cab.

INT. TAXI CAB

Ben slides open the bulletproof partition.

BEN
So why now? What made you come
back? Are you in trouble?

KATE
No. But I do want your help. I want
to hire the team.

BEN
For what??

Kate holds his gaze.

KATE
I found him, Ben. I found man who
killed our baby girl.

Off Charley's astonished expression we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEN'S TOWNHOME - NIGHT

The taxi is parked outside a townhome on a leafy street.

Suki climbs off her bike and joins Charley. They watch Ben and Kate disappear inside.

SUKI
You get a name?

CHARLEY
It's Kate. His wife.

Suki reacts, stunned.

SUKI
No fucking way.

CHARLEY
Ben made me swear not to tell Jake.

SUKI
Yeah, that's probably a good idea.

INT. BEN'S TOWNHOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate is looking at framed photos on the mantel with a heavy-heart. Ben sits in an armchair, still processing her return.

BEN

I hired people to find him. They told me he died in a boat accident.

KATE

Junior faked a drowning to get some enemies off his tail. But he's very much alive and now he runs the dirty side of his father's shipping empire. Chemical weapons, uranium yellowcake, nuke parts... Whatever a terrorist or a rogue state wants, he gets.

BEN

Okay, but what does Junior have to do with my team?

She turns back, holds his gaze.

KATE

Let's use them to go get the son-of-a-bitch.

She pulls a folder from her messenger bag, passes it to Ben. It's filled with 8x10 PHOTOGRAPHS -- the shots she took of Junior in Agadir.

Ben takes in the architecture, the dress, the vehicles.

BEN

(incredulous)
Where is this? Syria?

KATE

Morocco.

Ben raises his eyebrows -- *you're serious?*

KATE (cont'd)

I can get us everything we need. Intel, weapons, wheels--

BEN

To do what exactly?

KATE

Simple. We snatch him off the street, get to an airfield, and bring him home.

Ben studies the photo of Junior at the restaurant

BEN

He looks... comfortable.

KATE

Agadir's a resort town, a destination for European party animals. Junior's family just opened the hottest nightclub and he's their best customer.

BEN

(skeptical)

So bring him stateside and put him on trial? Easy as that?

KATE

I have people who can help.

BEN

Ah, I see. A government contract?

KATE

Let's just call it a joint operation. You and I get to see Junior face a jury, and the CIA bleeds him dry for information about his father's empire.

Ben flips through the photos again.

KATE (cont'd)

Well?

BEN

It could go bad, Kate. Real bad. Morocco isn't New Jersey. People over there carry AKs like iPhones.

KATE

Okay, so more Texas than New Jersey.

BEN

Judging from those photos he has protection. There's a damn good chance we'll see some fireworks.

KATE

I don't care how dangerous it is. We're talking about the man who shot me nine times and put Lucy in the morgue. I want him.

Ben slides the file back to her. Is he in or out?

BEN

If we do this, I'll need decent wheels. Not indigenous junkers. If we're going to hit Junior hard and fast, we'll need reliability and horsepower over stealth.

KATE

Whatever you want. Send me a shopping list.

Kate pulls another FILE and a THICK ENVELOPE from her messenger bag.

KATE (cont'd)

My cell number is in there and that's all my intel on Junior. His daily movements, floor plans of his home and a nightclub he owns in Agadir, his security detail...

(re: envelope)

And hopefully that's enough money to sway Jake and the others.

Ben flips through the file, looks impressed by the detail.

BEN

Give me a few days to come up with a plan, talk it over with the team.

KATE

With or without you, Ben, I'm going after him.

BEN

I know.

Kate nods, her burden a touch lighter. She gets up to leave.

BEN (cont'd)

Stay.

KATE

I can't. Not until this is over.

With that, she's gone. Again.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAM HEADQUARTERS - "THE WAR ROOM" - DAYS LATER

Charley, Suki, Scope, Jake, and Parker are seated in the "War Room." It looks like a conference room but the walls are covered with maps and photos. Intel from operations past.

Ben stands at the head of a long table. He has just briefed the team on his plan.

PARKER

Let me get this straight. We buy new wheels in Spain, take a ferry to Morocco, then drive nine hundred miles just to clock some fella over the head and stick him on a plane?

BEN

That's the short version, yes.

SCOPE

And then hand him over to the CIA?
What does this guy mean to them?

BEN

His family owns the biggest
shipping company in North Africa.
They smuggle guns, drugs, and
terrorists into the U.S. and he
knows all their dirty secrets.

SUKI

If he's so valuable, why don't the
CIA go get him themselves?

BEN

They don't want to get caught with
their hands in the cookie jar.
Better to bankroll an outfit like
ours and disavow the whole thing if
it goes belly-up.

PARKER

But why enter from Spain? Why not
fly straight into Morocco and grab
some wheels closer to the target?

BEN

Morocco has almost no car
dealerships and it's risky putting
a fleet together in-country. So
we'll buy new wheels in Malaga.

SCOPE

How are the highways? Paved? Sand?

BEN

The Sahara is in the south. The
areas we'll be operating in have
decent roads. But I'll get us a
fleet that can handle off-road,
just in case.

Until now, Jake's been silent...

JAKE

We're bodyguards, Ben. We *protect*
people. You're talking about an
abduction, a kidnapping--

BEN

Think of it as a citizen's arrest.

JAKE

On foreign soil.

BEN

I'm not gonna lie. This might be the most dangerous job we've ever done. If we get caught, we'll be in some seriously deep shit.

JAKE

There's only one reason you'd even contemplate a mission like this...

(beat)

It's him. Isn't it? You found Junior.

The mention of Junior's name sends a chill through the room.

BEN

Yes. It is. We're going after the man who murdered my daughter.

He places FOUR ENVELOPES on the table.

BEN (cont'd)

That's triple your pay. But this job is purely voluntary so if any of you wanna ride the bench, I'll understand. Take a few minutes to think it over...

Before Ben reaches the door:

PARKER

No need. After everything you've ever done for me... I'm in.

SCOPE

Me too.

SUKI

I'll make sure you boys behave.

Moved by their support, Ben looks over at Jake.

JAKE

(offended)

Bro...

CHARLEY

Why only four envelopes?

Everyone turns to see a pissed-off look on Charley's face.

BEN

You're sitting this one out.

CHARLEY

What?! That's bullshit! You said I could work the next assignment!

BEN

You haven't even worked a domestic run and we're talking about North Africa. Everyone will be chipped with RFID tags, but even so, if you got separated from the team... I'm sorry, Charley.

CHARLEY

They speak Arabic and French in Morocco. I speak both. Do you? Does anyone else here?

BEN

Parker speaks five languages.

CHARLEY

(surprised)
Really??

Parker shrugs at Ben.

PARKER

No Arabic though. Sorry, boss.

Ben turns to Suki for help. She looks away, suppresses a smile, which tells Ben he's on his own in this fight.

CHARLEY

When my dad got sick, you did so much for my family. Please let me do this for yours.

Off Ben's indecision...

CUT TO:

EXT. MALAGA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SPAIN - A WEEK LATER

A 737 touches down in the scorching Spanish heat.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Charley is first to exit the airport terminal, the team right behind her. They're traveling light, one small bag each.

A man in a SUIT holds a sign that reads: "TEAM L.S." Ben walks right up to him.

SUIT

(Spanish accent)
You are the rally team?

BEN

That's us.

Suki turns to Parker, silently mouths "rally team?"

SUIT
Please follow me.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING STRUCTURE - LATER

A mini-bus, driven by the Suit, drops Ben's crew on the top level of a parking structure. As the bus drives away, we pull back to see the new fleet:

Two BMW M X5s, a Mini JCW, and a MOTORBIKE, all modified for desert driving.

Sand-filters, roof-mounted air intakes, wide all-terrain tires, etc. The kind of vehicles you'd see in the Dakar Rally.

Ben stands next to Jake, pulls keys from an envelope.

BEN
What do you think?

Jake nods his approval, makes a beeline for one of the X5s. He pops the hood, examines the turbocharged engine.

JAKE
Impressive work.

Ben tosses the motorcycle key to Suki. As, hands Charley the key to the Mini...

BEN
Better start working on a name.

CHARLEY
You mind if I call her Lucy?

BEN
Perfect.

He tosses his bag into one of the X5s.

BEN (cont'd)
Let's roll. Ferry leaves in one hour.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FERRY - ALGECIRAS TO TANGIER

The mouth of the Mediterranean Sea is only 9 miles wide, from the tip of Gibraltar to Tangier. From the port of Algeciras in Spain, large ferries carry vehicles and travelers across the sparkling blue water to Morocco.

The BMW fleet drives onto a ferry.

LATER

The team stand on the deck and enjoy the coastline views during the two-hour crossing.

BEN (V.O.)
Once we arrive in Tangier, it's two-hundred-and-fifty miles to Casablanca. We'll spend the night there, then tomorrow we meet our CIA contact in Marrakech.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOROCCO COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We see the BMWs driving through the varied landscape of Morocco's Atlantic coastline. They pass fertile farmland, crops of date palms, citrus, cotton and sugar.

Suki leads on the MOTORCYCLE...

SUKI
Who knew this place was so beautiful?

BEN
And seventy degrees year-round.

SUKI
I could live with that.

Charley follows in the Mini. Parker drives the first X5 while Ben rides shotgun. Bringing up the rear, Jake drives the other X5, Scope rides shotgun.

Throughout, we'll intercut between the vehicles and the team will communicate via their headsets.

SCOPE
Hey, boss. How about some tunes?

BEN
Just pick something I like this time, will you?

Scope toggles through his music library on the X5's HUD.

SCOPE
Any requests, rookie?

CHARLEY
Classic rock.

BEN

Finally, someone with taste.

A beat later, music blasts through the speakers in every vehicle. Even Suki can hear it in her motorcycle helmet.

Awesome scenery, great music, and very fast cars...

Charley is in heaven.

DISSOLVE TO:

DRIVING MONTAGE --

-- Although the BMWs are modified rally vehicles, they still stand out in the North African landscape. Arab farmers stand with their cattle, watch the fleet speed past.

-- The team pushes south, through the Capital city of Rabat. There's a lot more traffic here, but it's mostly old vehicles, bicycles and carts.

-- The 60 mile drive between Rabat and Casablanca is all sandy coastline. As the BMWs continue their journey, the sun sets over the Atlantic...

CUT TO:

EXT. CASABLANCA - NIGHT

Shortly after nightfall, Ben's fleet arrives in legendary Casablanca. Once a small fishing village, it's now one of biggest ports in Africa and the population tops 4 million.

EXT. HOTEL - CASABLANCA - NIGHT

The team unload the vehicles, prepare to check-in.

Charley takes in a breathtaking view of the city. It's very cosmopolitan by Moroccan standards, but for a young American the skyline still provides a culture shock.

Ben approaches.

CHARLEY

Morocco's incredible.

They take in the view together.

BEN

What else do you see? Top three.

She doesn't miss a beat.

CHARLEY

Bellhop. Bulge in his jacket, right hip. Either a weapon or a walkie. Gardner on my six could have anything in his wheelbarrow and he's been eyeing us since we pulled-up.

(points)

And unless I know we have counter snipers, I'm definitely watching that roof across the street.

Ben nods, impressed.

BEN

Not bad.

(re: bellhop)

It's a walkie though. I heard static.

Charley smiles. Then she notice Jake isn't within earshot.

CHARLEY

Hey, back home, when Kate showed up, you said not to tell Jake...

BEN

When she disappeared it destroyed me and he had to pick up the pieces. He's never forgiven her.

CHARLEY

Does he know she's part of this?

Ben opts not to answer. Instead, he picks up his bag.

BEN

Get some rest. If we hit Junior tomorrow it's gonna be a long day.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOROCCO - CASABLANCA TO MARRAKECH

In the mid-morning light, the BMWs push Southeast from Casablanca towards the High Atlas Mountains.

At the foot of the range, on the flatlands, lies the most popular city in the entire country...

BEN

That's Marrakech. We're making good time.

Suki's bike roars past camera. She's doing 75mph, cruising.

SUKI

Big sky. Perfect weather. I live to ride on days like this.

A short distance behind are the other vehicles. The Mini and the two X5's.

SUKI (cont'd)

You cagers don't know what you're missing.

PARKER

I got a moonroof, that's all the sky I need.

BEN

How you doing, Charley?

Charley has the Mini's moonroof open, her sunglasses on.

BEN (cont'd)

You get plenty of sleep last night? We might see some fireworks later.

CHARLEY

I'm ready.

As the vehicles speed towards Marrakech and the mountains, it looks like a TV commercial. But the sparkling glass and waxed paint won't last long...

There will be bullets. Lots of bullets.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF MARRAKECH - DAY

The BMW fleet enters the tiny, narrow streets of Marrakech. They are clogged with life. Scooters, cyclists, and pedestrians everywhere.

EXT. MARRAKECH - MARKET SQUARE - DAY

The X5s, the Mini, and Suki's bike emerge from a side street into this world-famous market square. They park together at the edge and the team congregate beside the vehicles.

BEN

This is where we meet our contact.

Ben gestures to the market.

BEN (cont'd)

"The Square Of The Dead."

SCOPE

Cool name.

CHARLEY

Doesn't look dead to me.

Charley is mesmerized by the chaos around her. There are FOOD STALLS spewing charcoal-flavored smoke, TRADERS hawking crafts, FARMERS bartering LIVESTOCK. Raw, wild commerce.

SUKI

What do we do now?

BEN

We wait.

JAKE

(sotto)

Yeah, we wait for Kate to make an arms deal in a foreign country.

Parker is more focused on the food stalls.

PARKER

Are you lot smelling that? Is that merguez? I fuckin' love a merguez sausage.

At that moment, Ben's PDA starts beeping. He checks the screen...

P.D.A DISPLAY -- *"FOLLOW THE BOY."*

Ben spots a young ARAB BOY, watching them from a distance.

BEN

Scope, Parker, watch the wheels.
The rest of you, with me.

JAKE

I'll stay. Take the Limey.

BEN

No. You're coming with us. I want you in the meeting.

Ben, Charley, Jake, and Suki head into the thick of the market. They are jostled the whole way, harassed by pushy salesman. Ben strains to keep sight of the Arab Boy.

Charley absorbs the sights, sounds, and smells. A MAN WITH A MONKEY steps in front of her, gestures for money.

CHARLEY

No. Merci beaucoup.

The man persists. Jake shoves him out of Charley's path, and pulls her along. Charley is loving this experience.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
 Makes you look at Times Square in a
 whole new light, doesn't it?

JAKE
 Yeah. A get-me-the-fuck-back-there
 kind of light.

Up ahead, Suki whispers to Ben...

SUKI
 You should clue him in. *Before* this
 goes down.

BEN
 If I tell him right now, there's a
 risk he'll walk. Maybe together we
 can convince him not to.

SUKI
 I hope you're right, or we're gonna
 see those fireworks you talked about.

They push on through the crowd, following the boy.

CUT TO:

INT. RIAD - MINUTES LATER

The boy leads them into a "Riad," an old merchant house
 converted into lodging. There are no external windows and all
 the rooms surround a central courtyard filled with palm trees
 and a pool.

At the other end of the courtyard, Kate emerges from one of
 the rooms. She steps out of the shade, into the light.

KATE
 Welcome to Marrakech.

Jake's eyes light up like a raging-bull. He spins on Ben.

JAKE
 (super-pissed)
 What the fuck is this, Benny?

KATE
 (to Ben)
 You didn't tell him?!

Expecting this reaction, Suki ushers Charley to the side, in
 case Jake explodes.

JAKE
 She's a part of this?!?

BEN

Jake... Calm down...

JAKE

Fuck you, calm down. You should have told me she was involved.

BEN

I get it. I'm still angry at her too. But she found him. She made the deal with The Company, got us the intel, the financing, an exit plan. She's giving us Junior on a silver platter.

Jake is snorting, veins bulging on his forehead. We've never seen him this animated.

JAKE

In case you forgot, I had to pull you out of a fucking bottle!

KATE

This isn't about me or Ben. *It's about Lucy.*

JAKE

Doesn't matter. I don't trust you. We can't count on you.

Ben pulls Jake close, whispers to him.

BEN

(pleading)

I need you, man. The team needs you. I don't think we can do this without you.

KATE

You and I want the same thing. Once this is over, you can go back to hating me.

Jake walks right up to Kate. They stand face to face.

JAKE

He was hurting, just as much as you, and you disappeared without a trace. Not even a note. How could you fuckin' do that?

Kate absorbs every verbal blow.

BEN

Enough, Jake! Right now, that's history. Are you in or out?

JAKE
Whose Op is this? Yours or hers?

BEN
Mine. I call the shots.

A tense beat.

BEN (cont'd)
So? What do you say?

JAKE
Someone's gotta make sure she
doesn't get you killed..

Everyone seems relieved. Ben squeezes Jake's shoulder.

BEN
(to Kate)
Okay, let's talk guns.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE BACK OF A JEEP

It's parked inside a garage.

A tarp is whipped up, revealing a HUGE SUPPLY OF WEAPONRY.

INT. GARAGE

Kate gestures for Ben and the others to help themselves.

KATE
I got everything on your list.

Jake climbs in the back and examines some of the weapons.
There are SHOTGUNS, ASSAULT-RIFLES, PISTOLS, GRENADES, etc.

BEN
Let's transfer the hardware into
the X5s and push on to Agadir.

KATE
If we leave now, we'll make it by
sundown. We can hit Junior tonight.

Kate tosses a small CANNISTER to Ben.

KATE (cont'd)
This is the gas I told you about.
Nickname "C-SPAN." Any exposure to
it and you're asleep in seconds.

Jake racks shells into a shotgun, pumps the slider with a...

KLAK-KLAK!

CHARLEY
That's a lot of firepower.

BEN
Junior has a lot of friends.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOROCCO - *MARRAKECH TO AGADIR*

The BMWs drive another 275 miles Southwest, through some rough terrain in the Atlas mountains.

Charley is fascinated by a pack of NOMADS and their CAMELS, camped around an oasis.

INT. MINI COOPER - LATER

Kate is riding in the Mini, with Charley.

KATE
Sorry you had to witness that. With me and Jake I mean.

CHARLEY
That was pretty wild. I've never seen him so fired up.

KATE
I can't blame him. If you outlive your own child, it makes you do some crazy shit. Soon as I was physically healed, I walked out of the hospital and traveled the world hunting for Junior. I wasn't thinking about Ben, only revenge.

CHARLEY
Can I ask a question about what happened?

KATE
Sure. I can talk about it now. It helps actually.

CHARLEY
Why did he do it? Why did Junior come after you?

KATE
Back in '98, I was on a joint CIA-FBI task force investigating his brother, Ahmed Fazir.

(MORE)

KATE (cont'd)

He was bringing hashish and opium into New Mexico. When we raided Ahmed's house, he opened fire on us so I took him out. Then this asshole at the New York Times puts my name in the paper, and a week later... well you know the rest.

Kate's face floods with grief and anger.

CHARLEY

And what about now? You don't want revenge anymore?

KATE

Five years ago I would have torn him apart with my bare hands. But I came to realize if I kill him, he won't suffer. No, I wanna put that motherfucker in a prison cell and let him die there.

INT. JAKE'S BMW X5 - DAY

As always, Jake is driving. Scope cradles a rifle-scope in his hands. He periodically stares through it.

SCOPE

(rambling)

I think you should let bygones be bygones. Especially with the shit she went through...

Jake's cold, hard stare makes Scope go very quiet.

INT. PARKER'S BMW X5 - DAY

Parker drives, Ben in the front passenger seat. He activates his team-mic so he can communicate with everyone.

BEN

We're coming up on Taroudant. It's another forty miles to Agadir, but this is where we're bringing Junior once we have him. A plane will pick us up at first light tomorrow.

IN THE MINI

Charley looks over at Kate.

CHARLEY

So it's confirmed? We're grabbing him tonight?

KATE

Hard and fast. He won't know what
hit him.

EXT. BMW FLEET

The BMWs roar by, kicking up dust and sand.

Over this, we hear LOUD, THUMPING CLUB MUSIC...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Agadir's newest dance club. The kind of half-rave, half-disco
which plagues Europe's coastal resorts.

It's a huge venue. 500 person capacity. Three stories of
supper club-style booths surrounding the main dance floor.

Trance music blasts from the speaker system...

Large pipes from the walls move like tentacles, blasting cold
AC onto the dance floor. Vents in the floor pump DRY-ICE
SMOKE while GREEN LASERS and SPOTLIGHTS cut through the fog,
silhouetting the ravers.

CLOSE ON -- THE LARGEST BOOTH ON THE SECOND LEVEL.

Relaxing in a throne-like chair, our villain...

AKEEM "JUNIOR" FAZIR

He looks out over the club, as a king surveys his domain. He
is flanked by FOUR MOROCCAN THUGS and several BEAUTIFUL
GIRLS, a couple of whom are topless. There is a pile of COKE
on the table, empty bottles of Veuve, and several handguns.

Junior points to one of thugs.

(Note: dialogue in *italics* is in Arabic w/ SUBTITLES.)

JUNIOR

*Akim, go to my car. There are more
pills in the glove compartment.*

AKIM (20s) reluctantly heads off.

GIRL

I'll get you high right now, baby.

One of the girls dips her breast in the coke and offers it to
Junior. He smiles, snorts the drug from her nipple.

Another olive-skinned man, OMAR (30s), drops into a seat at the end of the booth. He eyes the girl with disgust.

OMAR

These Eastern European girls are nothing but whores.

JUNIOR

You are a deeply religious man, Omar, I am not. You keep the virgin, I'll take the whore.

Omar is fidgety, nervous. Junior leans forward, close...

They switch to English:

JUNIOR (cont'd)

You are acting strange. If something is wrong, tell me.

OMAR

It is your father.

JUNIOR

What about him?

OMAR

He is on his way here, tonight, and he wants to see you first thing tomorrow. To check up on you.

JUNIOR

Fuck.

Thud... Thud... THUD!

More thuds. Each like a sack of potatoes hitting the ground.

JUNIOR (cont'd)

What is that noise?!?

The bodyguards pull guns and stare at the dance floor. The dry-ice seems thicker, the lasers more dramatic...

It's hard to see. And the loud music keeps POUNDING.

Junior squints, shields his eyes from the lasers, and spots something which terrifies him. The fog shifts and reveals everyone on the dance floor has collapsed. They're out cold, lying where they were dancing only moments ago.

Before anyone else can react, the effect sweeps through the entire club. People drop like flies... THUD... THUD...

Those still standing at the edge of the dance floor begin to panic, bolt for the exits, screaming...

The DJ keels over onto his decks, his set abruptly ends...

Unconscious bar staff fall into their drink wells...

QUICK INSERT --

Canisters mounted inside the AIR VENTS and the DRY-ICE PUMP churn out "C-SPAN," the SLEEPING GAS...

BACK IN THE CLUB

The gas drifts into the booths. Scared, Junior covers his mouth, yells at his guards...

JUNIOR

Get me out of here. Now!!!

Junior grabs his gun, gets up to leave. His bodyguards react too. But within seconds, their eyes roll into their skulls and they all collapse. Face down, out like a light.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Like ghosts, Ben, Kate, Scope, and Suki creep through the fog. They wear GAS MASKS, carry silenced MP5s, and move stealthily over the prone bodies.

Ben leads his crew directly to Junior's table.

BEN

(into throat mic)
Target acquired.

KATE

The sleep agent is effective, but it doesn't last long. We've got less than five minutes before people start waking up.

BEN

Is our exit clear?

EXT. DANCE CLUB - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The BMWs are lined up in the alleyway. Parker and Charley are waiting with them.

PARKER

All clear. Just say the word and we'll open the back door.

INT. DANCE CLUB

Scope and Suki scan the interior of the club with their weapons. Behind them, Ben and Kate drag Junior out of the booth and wire-tie his wrists.

Kate pulls a SYRINGE, jabs a needle into his neck.

KATE

Sweet dreams, asshole.

Ben throws Junior over his shoulder, firefighter-style.

BEN

Let's move.

As Scope, Suki, and Kate sweep the room with their guns, Ben carries Junior towards the men's restroom. He kicks open the door and the others quickly follow...

INT. RESTROOM

There are a few unconscious clubbers in here too. One guy clearly passed out while taking a piss.

BEN

Blow it!

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Parker thumbs a remote and triggers a C-4 charge on the side-wall of the club.

BOOM!

A cloud of dust and wood chips explodes into the alley...

INT. RESTROOM

Still carrying Junior's drugged form, Ben charges into one of the stalls. With one kick, an entire section of the dry-wall crashes into the alley...

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Instantly, Parker and Charley appear at the hole and help Ben carry him into the crisp, night air.

Junior is shoved into the backseat of Parker's X5. Kate moves to get in with him.

BEN

No. Ride with Charley.

KATE

I know what you're thinking, Ben. I have more control than that.

JAKE

We don't have time for this.

Ben locks eyes with Kate.

KATE

If I just wanted him dead, I could have done that on my own.

BEN

Fine. Get in!

Kate pushes Junior across the seat, quickly climbs in.

Jake shoots Ben a disapproving glance then returns to his X5.

Moments later, the BMWs fire up and start moving.

EXT. DANCE CLUB

At the front of the club, a few people are collapsed on the sidewalk. Panic and confusion spreads among the conscious.

Akim, the thug Junior sent to fetch ecstasy, gets out of a Mercedes and notices the commotion. A split-second later, he spies the BMW fleet tear out of the alley and disappear.

Akim pushes his way back into the club...

INT. DANCE CLUB

By now, the smoke has dissipated and people are starting to stir. There is a lot of coughing, yelling, crying. No one is hurt, but everyone is freaked out, wondering what the hell happened.

Holding the neck of his shirt over his mouth, Akim hurries to the booth where he left Junior and realizes that he's gone.

AKIM

(Arabic)

Koos emek!!!

He continues cursing, whips out his CELL PHONE...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF AGADIR - MINUTES LATER

The BMWs are racing out of town, into the countryside, as fast as they can go without drawing too much attention.

Suki leads on her bike... then Charley's Mini... Parker's X5.
 Jake's X5 brings up the rear.

INT. JAKE'S X5

Scope sits in back, scans the moonlit highway behind. As the city lights recede, it becomes clear no one is tailing them.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Ben watches Kate in his own rearview mirror. She's staring at Junior's sleeping face.

SCOPE (V.O.)

Unless we got a tail without
 headlights, we're free and clear.

Ben turns in his seat and Kate looks up.

BEN

What could they send after us?

KATE

Nothing. The only immediate
 response would be from Junior's
 bodyguards and they're still
 shaking off a deep sleep. His
 entire family lives in the North.

(beat)

They're not a threat.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A 9-VEHICLE CONVOY thunders past camera...

There are 4 motorcycles, a Mercedes limo, and 3 armored Humvees. It resembles a presidential motorcade, but this is the billionaire villain version.

INT. MERCEDES LIMO

In the huge backseat, Junior's father HASSAN FAZIR (60s) rides in silence. He appears peaceful and relaxed in his Saville Row suit, but we sense there is immeasurable evil lurking beneath the surface.

Junior is evil enough, but he's only the spawn of this guy.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Sir. A call for you.

The driver has lowered the partition and holds out a CELL PHONE. Annoyed, Hassan waves him off.

DRIVER (cont'd)

It is regarding your son. He is in trouble.

Hassan just stares ahead, absorbing this. After a moment, he calmly takes the phone from the driver.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAWN

The sun is minutes from appearing on the horizon. In the dark morning light, the BMWs are visible, parked on a ridge overlooking the airfield. It's more of a dirt runway, not a developed airport and there's no one around at this hour.

The team has been here for some time. They sit on the vehicles, alert eyes scanning the skies for aircraft and the road behind them for trouble.

Kate stands in a palm grove, studying the airfield through binoculars. Ben appears beside her.

BEN

It was a good plan, Kate.
Appreciate everything you did to
make this happen.

KATE

Ditto. Thank you.

Kate glances at Junior, passed out in the rear of the X5.

KATE (cont'd)

You're right though. This is the
hardest part. Resisting the
temptation to put a bullet in his
skull.

BEN

I want him to rot prison. A guy
like that, the privileged life he's
had, it'll be worse than death.

Kate says nothing. She just looks at Ben, drinking in the face of the man she once loved, then left.

JAKE

(points)
Is that our ride?

Kate aims the binoculars at a SMALL AIRPLANE in the distance. The drone of its engine gets louder as it comes in to land.

KATE

That's him.

JUNIOR (O.S.)

I don't know who you are, but
you're all fucking dead!

In the backseat of the X5, Junior is awake. He pulls at his restraints, kicks at the windows.

Charley watches Kate hurry to the BMW. Parker pins Junior down while she jabs him with another sedative.

PARKER

(to Junior)

Put a fucking sock in it, mate.

Ben addresses the whole team.

BEN

Let's get this piece of shit on the
plane and go home.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - MINUTES LATER

The BMWs speed down the hillside and drive to the end of the runway where they'll meet the plane. It's on final approach, landing gear down.

The team emerge from the vehicles to watch the landing. Charley stands next to Ben and Kate.

BEN

First assignment's almost over,
kid. You did great.

CHARLEY

Thanks.

Mission accomplished, the moral of the team is high. Parker hops onto the hood of the X5, starts singing John Denver's "Leaving on a Jet Plane."

JAKE

*All my bags are packed,
and I'm ready to --*

WOOOOOSSSHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Suddenly, a surface-to-air MISSILE SCREAMS OVERHEARD...

KA-BOOM!

The plane disintegrates in mid-air.

Horrified, Ben turns to see Hassan's convoy bearing down on the airfield. Thugs lean out the windows, guns blazing...

BEN

Back in the cars! Go!!!

Before the flaming wreckage of the plane hits the ground, the team are in the BMWs and doing 80mph...

Braced in the rear of the X5, Scope fires a G3 assault-rifle out the back window.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

INSIDE THE OTHER X5

BEN

(to Kate)

Who the hell is that?!

KATE

I don't know!!

Once the BMWs get back onto the highway, the tires grip the blacktop and the speed climbs... 90mph... 100mph...

Only the motorcycles can keep up at these speeds and they soon close-in. Two in each lane.

INT. MINI COOPER

Charley watches the bikes approach the X5 in her rearview.

INT. JAKE'S BMW X5

Scope is squinting down the barrel of the G3, the wind whipping through the open rear window. He has to shout into his mic to be heard...

SCOPE

I got these guys!

EXT. HIGHWAY

The bikes veer off, two per side, into a grove of palm trees lining the roadside.

Scope adjusts his aim and fires off a few rounds. He doesn't miss often, but these palm trees zipping by block his shot.

In synchronicity, the bikers draw MACHINE-GUNS...

SCOPE

Incoming!

The bikes surge forward, back through the treeline. Guns blasting, engines full throttle...

Bullets *PING* off the X5...

Scope squeezes the trigger of the G3...

BLAM!

His first shot disintegrates Biker #1's helmeted skull like a watermelon. The headless body rides upright for a hundred feet until the bike wipes out.

The Kawasakis accelerate at an incredible rate. Biker #2 and #3 pass on one side of the X5, Biker #4 passes on the other.

The bikes move beyond Scope's angle of fire. He scrambles to open the sunroof as the bikers spray the SUV with gunfire...

RATTATTATTATTATT!!!

A bullet punches the driver's door, slices Jake's thigh.

He grits his teeth and jerks the wheel to take a biker out. But the rider reacts fast, avoids the collision...

INT. PARKER'S X5

The bikes bear down on the other X5, the one carrying Ben, Kate and Junior. Parker slaloms the SUV, like an F1 driver warming his tires. It forces the bikers to break formation.

BLAM!

Ben fires out the side window and Biker #2 is yanked off his bike by the force of a bullet.

Biker #3 and #4 keep shooting at the X5 until their guns click empty. Their attack has failed, so rather than drop back and face Scope, they twist their throttles wide open...

Within seconds, the Kawasakis speed past the Mini and Suki's motorcycle. Riding no-handed, Suki pulls a pair of 9mms and shoots at the bikers on either side.

Biker #3 goes down hard. Steel and flesh rolling, rolling, rolling...

Biker #4 is clipped in the arm but he keeps going. He's now doing 120mph and easily leaving the fleet behind.

SUKI

He's mine.

Suki clamps down hard on the throttle and her bike jolts with massive torque... 80mph to 100mph in a heartbeat...

BACK ON THE FLEET

Charley watches Suki's bike tear up the highway.

CHARLEY

Can I go too?!

In her earpiece, Ben's voice sounds controlled...

BEN

Go! Just don't get in her way.

Charley floors the gas pedal and leaves the X5s behind.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Suki has gained ground on the Kawasaki. He's 100 yards ahead, engine *SCREAMING*.

Seconds later, Suki's bike blurs past, doing 120mph...

BEN (V.O.)

Suki?

SUKI

(like a mantra)

I got him. I got him.

The biker comes up on a LARGE TRUCK. He pulls a HANDGUN from his jacket and cuts in front of the cab. With the back wheel of the bike only 6ft from the truck's front bumper, he FIRES INTO THE WINDSHIELD...

Blood splatters the cracked glass.

Suki slows down, right behind the truck, just as it SWERVES across both lanes. She reacts instantly, squeezes the brakes, drops out of the truck's path.

Now the entire rear end of the truck is swinging, back and forth, tires screeching. In the cab, the DYING DRIVER fights with the wheel, desperately trying to keep the truck upright.

Suki skids to a crawl. Too dangerous.

Suddenly, Charley's Mini rockets past. She swerves around the truck and continues the chase...

Impressed, Suki twists the throttle, takes off after her.

Seconds later, the truck flips over, bursts into flames.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Parker swerves around the burning, overturned truck. Fire licks the doors of the SUV.

Ben switches off his throat-mic, mutes his conversation with Kate from the rest of the team.

BEN
 (to Kate)
 You said plan B involves another
 airfield... How far?

But there's something wrong. Ben can see it in her face.

KATE
 Plan B fell through. I couldn't get
 a backup plane.

BEN
 (incredulous)
 WHAT?!?

INTERCUT:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

The highway is climbing into the Atlas mountains. The sharp twists and turns force the biker to slow down.

Seemingly out of nowhere, the Mini screams around a corner, starts gaining on the bike. Suki is close behind.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Parker is focused on driving, but he's rapt in their conversation...

BEN
 The CIA aren't even part of this,
 are they? You lied to me!

KATE
 (shakes her head)
 The CIA doesn't give a fuck about
 Lucy. They'll gladly take Junior if
 we deliver him to Langley, but they
 were never going to help with this.

BEN
 Then whose money is it?

KATE
 Mine.

Ben knows instantly what that means.

BEN
 Jesus Christ. We're on our own?

She gravely nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY

The biker leans into another hairpin turn, Charley drifts the growling Mini, stays right with him.

Desperate, the biker pushes his speed... 60, 70, 80mph... But he's going too fast... eats it...

The bike and its rider go *soaring* over the edge of the highway, plummeting to the rocks below.

SUKI

He's gone!

Charley locks up the brakes and the Mini screeches to a stop. She gets out and stands at the spot where the bike went over the edge. 30ft below, the wreckage lies on a bed of rocks.

Suki pulls up beside Charley. Knows it's her first "kill."

SUKI (cont'd)

We never hurt good guys, Charley.
Remember that.

Charley looks over at her, grateful for that reminder.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Ben is using a navigation-computer built into the dash.

BEN

We're two hundred miles from Marrakech. Six hundred back to Tangier.

KATE

If we can get to Marrakech I have a contact there. A company man. He's the one who hooked me up with the guns. He can help us. He owes me.

She stops because Ben is staring at her. Hard.

BEN

I need to trust you. If you lie to me again, I'll leave you on the side of the highway.

(beat)

You really think this guy is our best option?

Kate is staring at the wedding ring Ben still wears. He moves his hand out of view, notes her bare hand.

They lock eyes.

KATE

I do.

For better or worse, Ben believes her. He turns on his mic and keeps his gaze locked on Kate as he speaks.

BEN

(to entire team)

Okay. As you've no doubt noticed, the original plan has gone to shit and I've just been informed that our backup plan is also a no-go...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BMW FLEET - DAY

The BMWs roar through the twisting, jagged Atlas mountains.

BEN (V.O.)

...So that means we're improvising from hereon out.

INT. JAKE'S BMW X5

Jake adjusts his earpiece. Scope reloads his rifle.

BEN (V.O.)

Our present objective is to reach Marrakech.

INT. MINI COOPER

Charley follows closely behind Suki's motorcycle.

BEN (V.O.)

We'll outrun the Humvees in these mountains, but we don't know what else is coming after us so watch the skies.

She twists a knob and the MOONROOF slides open, providing her a clear view of the sky.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Ben faces forwards. He can't even stomach looking at Kate right now. He covers his mic...

BEN
 (to Kate)
 You'd better pray I don't lose
 anyone today.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - 10 MILES BACK

The Mercedes and the Humvees sit in the middle of the road.

Hassan uses a cane to walk. A group of his thugs are standing around a FALLEN BIKER. They part like the seas as he approaches. Hassan stares down at the dying man.

HASSAN
What did you see?

Hassan leans down, tenderly wipes blood from the man's face.

DYING BIKER
*They had three cars and a
 motorcycle. I couldn't see their
 faces...*

HASSAN
*Did you hear accents? Americans?
 Russians?*

DYING BIKER
I heard nothing. I am sorry.

HASSAN
*It is okay. My personal doctor will
 be here very soon. May you be
 blessed for fighting for my family.*

The biker coughs up blood. He's in a great deal of pain.

Hassan stands up, summons a THUG.

HASSAN (cont'd)
*I want every man and woman who
 works for me to hunt those dogs
 down. A gold bar for each head.*

THUG
 (confused)
And your doctor?

Hassan pulls a 9mm from the Thug's jacket and fires two rounds into the biker. He gestures to the cliff at the edge of the road.

HASSAN
Get that off the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF MARRAKECH - DAY

The BMWs roll back through the market town. Locals stare as the vehicles pass by...

They pull into a dark side street, park in a line. The team emerge from their vehicles, hands resting on concealed weapons, eyes scanning for any potential threat.

BEN
Kate's with me. The rest of you
stay here and watch Junior.

Jake walks right up to Kate.

JAKE
You'd better find a way to fix this
mess and get us home.

She pushes him away.

Ben steps between them.

BEN
Leave it alone, Jake.

JAKE
I warned you she'll get us all
killed. Just like she did--

Kate lunges at Jake but Ben wraps her up. She struggles to get free, snorting like a pissed-off bull.

KATE
Come on, you and me. Right here,
right now!

BEN
Goddamnit! If we're going to get
out of here alive, we have to work
together!

Ben forces Kate to meet his gaze.

BEN (cont'd)
You hear me?! All the other
bullshit, all the stuff in the
past, we can fight about when we
get home. Right now, we need to
focus our energy on *getting* home.

KATE
Fine. Let me go.

BEN
Jake?

JAKE
She stays out of my way, we won't
have a problem.

Ben releases Kate, takes in the faces of his tired team.

Off-screen, the sound of LAUGHTER.

The team turns to discover Junior is awake and laughing his
ass off in the back of the X5.

JUNIOR
You American pigs won't survive. My
father owns this country.

KATE
Somebody shut him up!

JUNIOR
(smug)
Look at you, fighting with each
other. You have no chance. You are
already dead.

Jake marches towards him, pulls out a knife...

JUNIOR (cont'd)
Cut their throats and I'll give you
five million dollars.

Lightning quick, Jake puts the blade to Junior's throat.

JAKE
I'd rather cut yours for free.

BEN
Jake.

Jake turns, regroup. Ben moves in close.

BEN (cont'd)
While I'm gone, I need you to have
your shit wired tight. So tell me
you got this.

JAKE
I got it. Go find us a way home.

Ben and Kate disappear into a narrow passageway...

INT. ALLEYWAY

Ben hurries to catch up with Kate. She's still upset.

BEN

Hey...

He takes her arm, forces her to stop and face him.

BEN (cont'd)

What Jake said back there--

KATE

No. He's right.

She pulls free, pushes deeper into the maze-like alleyways.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOKAH BAR - MINUTES LATER

Lush red draperies envelop the richly textured walls and there are hookahs on every table. The air is thick with apple and peach scented smoke. Patrons sit on floor cushions and converse in Arabic.

Kate leads Ben towards the back of the bar. In a dark corner sits MIKE BRODY (early 50s). He's clearly American but he looks comfortable in this very Moroccan environment.

BRODY

No refunds, no returns. I told you that last week.

KATE

Relax, Mike. We know the guns work. That's not why we're here.

BRODY

(re: Ben)
Is this him?

KATE

My husband. Yes.

Ben offers his hand. Brody shakes it.

BEN

Ben Stone.

BRODY

Mike Brody. I know it happened a while back, but I'm very sorry for your loss.

BEN

Thanks.

BRODY

Word is you've stirred up quite a hornet's nest.

BEN

What exactly have you heard?

BRODY

That Hassan Fazir was on his way to visit his son in Agadir when you gassed everyone in his nightclub and dragged him away. As you might imagine, Hassan's not happy.

KATE

Did you also hear about our ride getting blown out of the sky?

Brody's reaction indicates he did not know about that.

KATE (cont'd)

We need your help, Mike. We need you to get us on another plane.

Brody is shaking his head.

BRODY

Impossible.

KATE

I gave the Company eighteen years. They owe me. *You* owe me, remember?

BRODY

What do you expect me to do, huh? Hassan already has his goons watching every airport between Algeria and the Atlantic.

BEN

What about the smaller airfields? Somewhere remote.

BRODY

There are thirty-nine unpaved runways in Morocco. Hassan owns two-thirds of them and they're used for smuggling hashish. Believe me when I tell you this, there's no way you're getting Junior out of Morocco on a plane.

BEN

Can you get us a chopper?

BRODY

Sure. But it would take a few days and you'll be dead by then.

(MORE)

BRODY (cont'd)

(beat)

Your best bet is a ferry. Both the Moroccan and Spanish cruise-lines are owned by fierce rivals of Hassan. He has very little control over the routes to Spain and Ibiza.

(beat)

Of course there's quite a few miles of highway between you and the ports. I gotta be honest, I don't think you'll make it.

KATE

If you were us...?

Brody takes a pensive drag from his hookah.

BRODY

I'd make a deal. Give Hassan his son back and *maybe* go home alive.

KATE

That's not an option.

BRODY

There might be one other way out. But it'll cost you.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Jake, Suki, Scope, Parker and Charley have formed a perimeter around the vehicles. Junior remains in the back of the X5.

SUKI

(to Jake)

Going a little hard on Kate, no?

JAKE

(incredulous)

Are you serious? She talked Ben into this clusterfuck.

SCOPE

We've been in the shit before.

JAKE

This is different.

SUKI

Yeah, you're angry at Kate. I get it. But if I'd gone through the same thing, I would have done some crazy shit too.

JAKE

Did you forget what it did to Ben?

SUKI

But he survived. He bounced back.
(points to Junior)
You want someone to blame, start
with that lowlife. He's the real
reason we're here. And if I was
given the choice all over again,
I'd still come to Morocco and make
the bastard pay.

Jake looks around at the others. The way they're staring at
him suggests they feel the same.

INT. HOOKAH BAR

Brody takes another draw from the hookah, blows out a huge
cloud of smoke.

BRODY

You know Melilla?

BEN

It's a port on the North coast.

BRODY

Yes, but it's not part of Morocco.

Ben clearly did not know that.

KATE

It's a Spanish enclave. Twelve
square kilometers of Spanish soil.

BRODY

If you can make it to the border, I
know a very powerful Spaniard who
likes American currency. He'll get
you on a ship.

Kate looks to Ben.

KATE

It's all gone. I gave every dollar--

BEN

(to Brody)

How much? For eight of us.

BRODY

If it were me, I'd offer a million.

BEN

Set it up and you'll get ten
percent. Give me your phone.

Brody hands it over. Ben punches in a number.

BEN (cont'd)

That's my sat-phone. Call with an account number and I'll make the transfer.

(beat)

If we head for Melilla, we need Hassan to think we're heading for Tangier. How good is your network? Can you feed him bad intel?

BRODY

For a hundred K, I'll whisper in his fucking ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARRAKECH SIDE STREET - DAY

A man in a BLACK ROBE, darts across the mouth of the alley.

JAKE

Shit, they've made us.

The team pull out their guns, take up defensive positions. Scope eyes the roof ledges overhead; Charley scans windows and doorways; Parker slides into the X5, starts the engine.

JAKE (cont'd)

(into mic)

Ben, we need to roll. Right now. We've got company.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Ben and Kate are hurrying back to the fleet. They draw guns.

BEN

We're thirty seconds--

From above, SIX MERCENARIES drop onto Ben and Kate. Three of them take down Ben, but...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

After a 5-second close-quarter battle, Ben pops to his feet leaving three corpses behind.

KATE (O.S.)

Ben!!!

He spins around, spots the other three MERCS drag a kicking and screaming Kate around the corner.

Ben bolts after them...

EXT. SIDE STREET

Jake pulls a SHOTGUN out of his X5.

JAKE
(into mic)
Ben? Ben, you copy?

No answer.

JAKE (cont'd)
Dammit.

Suki glimpses BLACK ROBE #2 peer over a roof. She silently points him out to the others.

Jake uses hand-signals to send Scope topside.

EXT. ALLEY / BAZAAR

Ben rounds a corner, finds two Mercs waiting for him. He dives for cover as they open fire...

Ben fires back with precision. One bullet, one dead bad guy.

Merc #2 flees into an alleyway filled with vendors. Ben follows, dodging and weaving past frightened locals.

As he runs, he fumbles to replace his earpiece.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Scope creeps out of a stairway, onto a roof, and spots Black Robe #2. He's hidden from the street below, cradling an AK-47, ready for an ambush.

Across the street, Scope spies another BLACK ROBE. Then two more. There appears to be a gunman on every rooftop, waiting to rain bullets on our heroes.

Scope backs into alcove, stays hidden.

SCOPE
(whispers; into mic)
Yo, it's crawling with hostiles up here. AKs, shotguns, heavy shit...

EXT. SIDE STREET

Back down below, by the remaining BMWs, Jake, Suki, Parker, and Charley lock eyes. They're in a bad spot.

BEN (V.O.)
Jake!

JAKE
 (whispers)
 Ben!? Where the fuck are you? We
 are about to get lit up!

BEN (V.O.)
 They took Kate.

Jake reacts.

JAKE
 Aw shit.

BEN (V.O.)
 Can you hold your position?

Two black Mercedes appear, one at each end of the alley,
 blocking the exit.

JAKE
 That's a big fat negative.

An instant later, the Black Robes on the rooftop OPEN FIRE
 and all hell breaks loose...

EXT. ROOFTOP

Scope leaps a low-wall, onto another roof, blasts a Black
 Robe with his shotgun... *BOOM!*

Ben's voice crackles through his earpiece.

BEN (V.O.)
 There's a market to the East of
 you. Regroup there.

In the distance, Scope can see where the rooftops end and the
 outdoor market begins.

JAKE (V.O.)
 Copy that!

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Suki is taking heavy fire. She guns her motorcycle through a
 doorway and DRIVES THROUGH A HOUSE to escape the alley.

Meanwhile, FOUR GUNMAN appear behind the Mercedes-roadblock.
 Red-lining the X5 in reverse, Parker slams into the Mercedes,
 spins it out of the way...

KER-RUNCH!!!

The gunmen are crushed.

Jake guns the other SUV in reverse and follows suit. Above, Scope takes out two more gunmen and darts across the rooftops, tracking the moving fleet.

Bullets *PING* off body panels as Charley's Mini pulls a reverse-180 in the narrow street. The front of the Mini misses the wall by inches, straightens out, hauls ass...

Gunmen materialize from every direction, AKs blazing.

EXT. STREETS (VARIOUS)

The two X5s, Mini, and bike speed through the maze-like streets of downtown Marrakech.

INT. MINI COOPER

Charley's HUD guides her towards the market.

INT. BAZAAR

Ben continues chasing Merc #2. They trade more gunfire until Ben drops his opponent with a head-shot.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE

The fleet roars into the outdoor market, forcing vendors and shoppers to leap out of the way.

INT. X5

Jake studies the nav system, tracks Scope's RF-ID tag.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE

Scope jumps from a roof, onto a pile of rugs. The VENDOR screams at him in Arabic.

A gunman has Scope cornered, but Jake's X5 SLAMS INTO HIM.

Scope jumps into the SUV.

SCOPE
Thanks, partner!

Jake nods, stomps the gas.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Ben plunges deeper into the dark, narrow alleys. He catches another glimpse of Kate as she's dragged around a corner...

BEN

Kate!

Out of nowhere, two more MERCS slam into him.

MERC #1 pulls a nasty-looking KNIFE. Enraged, Ben elbows him in the face, shatters his nose. He grabs the man's wrist, forces him to stab MERC #2 in the chest.

Splattered with BLOOD, Ben gets to his feet, keeps running...

EXT. MARKET SQUARE

The BMWs and MERCEDES #1 and #2 duke it out in the market square, tires screaming, people diving out of their path.

An MOROCCAN POLICE CAR zips out of an alley. Mercedes #1 rips off its front end, sends it spinning...

Relentless, Mercedes #1 pulls alongside Parker's X5, tries forcing him into a wall. Parker taps the brake, performs the "PIT Maneuver." The Mercedes loses traction, slides sideways, and the SUV hits it again...

The car ROLLS FIVE TIMES. Out of the game.

Mercedes #2 takes on Charley, but its handling can't compete with the little Mini. She zig-zags, toying with the bulky sedan...

The driver of Mercedes #2 tries to match her pace so his passenger can open up with an AK-47...

Suki improvises a ramp and jumps her bike, landing directly in front of the Mercedes...

She quick-draws her handgun and drills the driver between the eyes. The windshield is splattered with blood and Mercedes #2 nosedives into a fountain. Game over.

INT. X5

Parker glances down at the Nav System, sees the other fleet vehicles on the map. But there's also a vehicle speeding towards him from the left.

Parker looks up, out the side window...

PARKER

Merde.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE

A TRUCK broadsides Parker's X5. The impact is brutal and nasty. The truck pins the wreckage to a wall.

A pair of GUNMEN leap from the truck. Jake uses his SUV to make road-kill of one, Scope shoots the other.

Suki leaps off her bike and hurries to the wrecked X5. Jake and Scope quickly form a perimeter.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Suki crawls into the wreckage to find Parker a bloody mess. But even with a broken arm and ribs, he still has jokes.

PARKER

One star. Do not recommend.

In the backseat, Junior groans in pain.

INT. INDOOR MARKET

Ben hits a dead-end, sealed off by a latticed wooden fence. Through the slats, he sees Kate being dragged towards a VAN.

BEN

Kate!!!

Kate glances back, for a split-second, before she's punched and shoved into the van.

Ben goes ballistic. He tears at the wooden wall with his bare hands, bursts through to the other side...

But he's too late -- the van speeds away!

The Mini skids to a stop next him.

CHARLEY

DOWN!!!

Ben turns to see an ARMED MERC right behind him.

BLAM! BLAM!

Charley blows him away with a double-tap.

BEN

Great shot, kid. Slide over.

INT. MINI COOPER

Charley moves into the other seat and Ben gets behind the wheel. He quickly pulls up Kate's RF-ID tag on the Mini's nav, sees a blue icon with her name moving on the map.

Ben floors the gas pedal!

EXT. STREETS (VARIOUS)

Now we see Ben's rally-driving DNA in action. He drifts around corners, rockets through the narrowest alleyways. This is how Ken Block might navigate the streets of Morocco.

BEN

Jake! I'm with Charley, we're going after Kate!

INT. X5

Jake, Scope, and the injured Parker are in the surviving X5. Junior lies in the back. Suki follows on the bike.

JAKE

Copy that. We lost an X5 and Parker's hurt, but we're right behind you.

INT. MINI COOPER

The Mini tears after the van, the HUD arcing between 70mph and 100mph. Anytime pedestrians step into the car's path, the HUD flashes 'red' and Ben reacts, easily avoids them.

Charley tracks Kate's ID tag, yells out directions.

CHARLEY

Next right! Sharp left!!!

Ben drifts through turns until he spots the van...

INT. VAN

Kate is surrounded by scary armed Mercs who leer at her. She's been badly beaten and her eyes flutter closed.

EXT. STREETS (VARIOUS)

The Mini rams the van, sends it spinning into a wall.

INT. VAN

Kate is jolted awake. Around her, the Mercs bark at each other in Arabic. Getting a hand free, Kate snatches a 9mm...

EXT. STREETS (VARIOUS)

The Mini brakes hard and Ben and Charley jump out. Fearing the worst, they approach the van, guns raised...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

The van's rear windows shatter from gunfire inside and bullets punch through the side panels.

BEN

Kate!

The rear doors are flung open and Kate emerges. She's bloody and torn, but alive and clutching the smoking 9mm. Ben smiles with relief as she staggers towards him...

KATE

(weak)

Ben...

Kate collapses into his arms. He brushes the hair from Kate's brow, kisses her forehead. Protective, loving...

BEN

It's okay. I got you, I got you...

He notices something through her ripped clothing: she wears her wedding ring on a chain around her neck.

Hearing a roar of engines, Charley spins around, gun up...

It's the X5 (w/ Junior in the back) and Suki's motorcycle. Scope hops out, helps Ben lift Kate into the SUV.

Sirens behind them. They turn to see more than a DOZEN MOROCCAN POLICE CARS...

SCOPE

(to Jake)

Go!!! I'll ride with Suki.

Scope shuts the door of the X5 and turns to face the police cars. He shreds the first few vehicles with bullets. They crash into each other, jamming the entire street.

As Moroccan cops spill from their cars, yelling and shooting, Scope jumps onto the back of Suki's bike.

Stunned locals watch the BMWs peel out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOROCCAN HIGHWAY - LATER

The battle-scarred BMWs are parked on the side of a desolate highway. Scratched paint, bullet holes, and cracked glass.

You can see for miles in either direction. On the hood of the X5, Ben has a map spread out, his team gathered around him.

Parker leans on Suki, one arm in a sling.

BEN
(to Parker)
You look worse than the cars. I
need to worry about you?

PARKER
Nah. I'm calm and carrying on.

Ben nods with respect. His crew are tough.

BEN
Airfields are out and Algeria's a
closed border. So we head North,
back to the coast.

JAKE
Won't they be watching those roads,
expecting us?

BEN
And that's what I'm counting on.
Our contact will spread word that
we're heading back that way. Then,
while Hassan waits on the road to
Tangier, we'll cut East, through
Fez, to Melilla. From there, we'll
sail back to Malaga and fly home.

JAKE
And if they're waiting on *both*
roads?

BEN
Then we fight our way through.
(beat)
Stretch your legs and grab as much
ammo as you need from the X5.
Everyone's good on gas so we're not
stopping until we reach Fez.

INT. PARKER'S X5

Kate is sitting in the backseat with Junior. He's awake, but
groggy from the drugs. She holds a bottle of water up to his
mouth. He drinks every drop.

Junior gazes out the window, sees Ben talking with the team.

JUNIOR
We are still in Morocco.
(amused)
You're fucked.

KATE
Don't get your hopes up. You'll be
in an American cell soon enough.

JUNIOR

And will you be satisfied then?
Will the knowledge that I'm in a
cage be enough for you?

KATE

You'd better hope so.

JUNIOR

Or what? You'll finally kill me.
Why don't you do it now? Right
here. Go on.

Kate holds his gaze. In a blur of motion, she grabs Junior
and SLAMS HIS FACE into the back of the driver's seat.

Blood gushes from his nose.

KATE

Oops.

JUNIOR

Fucking bitch!

Junior tries to spit at her, but Kate's reflexes are
lightning fast. She whips up her hand and his bloody saliva
hits her palm. She calmly wipes it on his shirt.

KATE

We've got a long way to go. You
should try and stay hydrated.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOKAH BAR - MARRAKECH - EVENING

Flanked by hulking BODYGUARDS, Hassan Fazir makes his way
through the Hookah bar where Kate and Ben met Brody.
Recognizing this powerful man, scared patrons quickly exit.

Lounging in the back room, Brody looks completely at ease.
Hassan takes a seat across from him.

BRODY

(Arabic w/ subtitles)
*You saved me some effort. I was
about to try and contact you.*

Ignoring him, Hassan takes a hit from the hookah. He exhales
the smoke in a manner befitting his wealth and arrogance.

HASSAN

*Strange. An American so immersed in
our ways.*

Brody switches to English...

BRODY

You know what they say: When in Rome, do as the Koran tells you.

Hassan smiles. But it's a smile of pure evil.

HASSAN

Why contact me? Does it have anything to do with your visitors? Remember, if I don't like what I hear, I'll have your head cut off.

BRODY

I'm more valuable to you alive, Hassan. It's always been that way. That's why you let my kind exist in your backyard.

HASSAN

Times are changing, Mr. Brody.

BRODY

Dylan fan, huh?

HASSAN

Enough jokes. Who were they?

BRODY

The parents of the American girl. They want to take Junior back to the States so he can stand trial for killing her.

HASSAN

How do they expect to escape Morocco?

BRODY

Same way they came in. The ferry from Tangier to Spain.

HASSAN

No showy military extraction? No Delta Force? Then your people are not helping them?

BRODY

Actually, we're pretending to help them, but we want to make a deal with you behind their back.

HASSAN

(scoffs)

The CIA wants to make a deal?

BRODY

We want a naval base in Morocco.
And we know you can help make it happen.

(beat)

Your son's kidnappers are going to transfer custody to us once their ferry reaches international waters. If you agree to meet on the ship, *before* it docks in Malaga, we will hand your son right back to you.

HASSAN

And then?

BRODY

Then you fuck off home, put pressure on your friends in the government, and we get our big beautiful naval base.

HASSAN

Why should I help your President use my country?

BRODY

Because by sundown tomorrow, we will have your son...

(beat)

Your only heir.

HASSAN

That's if those fools in the cars live long enough to hand him over.

(sneers)

No, I don't believe I'll need your CIA. By sundown tomorrow, the people who took my son will be gutted and roasting over a pit.

Brody calmly sips his drink.

BRODY

Well if that doesn't work out for you, my old friend, you know where to find me.

Hassan rises and his bodyguards tail him back through the hookah bar. Brody watches them go. Exhales in relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOROCCAN HIGHWAY P24 - NIGHT

The headlights of the BMWs light up the blacktop as they cruise at 90mph along this desolate part of the highway.

Out here, the night sky is breathtaking. There are billions of stars visible and a new moon.

INT. MINI COOPER

Charley is driving with the moonroof open. Kate rides shotgun, watching the dark shoulder of the highway.

They're driving in silence, until...

KATE

You handled the situation in Marrakech like a pro. Can definitely see your father in you.

CHARLEY

(caught off-guard)
You really think so?

KATE

You drive like Ben though. The gear selection, the lines you choose. I can see why he took you on.

CHARLEY

He's been really good to me.

KATE

He used to watch you when you were a baby. Did you know that?

CHARLEY

Ben? Seriously?

KATE

I met him when you were two years-old, right after your mom passed. He and your dad were inseparable back then. But wherever they went, you went too. Ben was crazy about you. After we were married and we discussed having children, Little Charley Knight was all he could talk about.

Charley absorbs this with a smile.

CHARLEY

I had no idea.

KATE

Don't tell him I told you all that. He'd be embarrassed.

CHARLEY

I promise.

Kate yawns.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
You should try and sleep.

KATE
I *have* been up for three days.

CHARLEY
Don't worry. I'll wake you if anyone starts shooting at us.

DRIVING SEQUENCE --

Under the cover of the night, the BMWs push North on highway P24. The landscape is rugged, with sandstone hills and steep-walled valleys. At times, it looks as if the team is driving on the surface of the moon.

Kate does indeed sleep while Charley drives.

In the early morning light, the BMWs climb into the Middle Atlas Mountains. At this high altitude, the landscape is more lush. The cars drive through apple orchards, terraced farms and dense forests of red and green cedars.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOROCCAN WINE REGION - HIGHWAY - MORNING

The highway here is 500-700m above sea-level and it's a climate which has spawned a region of vineyards.

The BMWs roar past doing 80mph.

INT. X5

Jake drives. Ben rides shotgun. He glances at Parker in the backseat, next to a passed-out Junior.

BEN
You doing alright?

PARKER
I'm fine. But if you see a Starbucks --

CHARLEY (V.O.)
Roadblock!

Ben turns to look down the highway...

EXT. HIGHWAY

THREE MOROCCAN POLICE CARS are parked across the road. Six uniformed officers are standing by their vehicles. They are armed, but their weapons are lowered.

INT. MINI COOPER

Kate is awake, her gun resting on her lap.

CHARLEY

What do you want to do?

BEN (V.O.)

Stop right here. Let's see what they want.

200 yards from the roadblock, the BMWs slow to a halt.

The Mini, then the X5, then Suki's bike.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Scope slides off the rear of Suki's bike, unslings the rifle from his back, and gets back on... facing backwards.

SCOPE

Uh, guys, there's more behind us.

INT. X5

Ben turns in his seat and spies a half-dozen police cars spanning the highway behind them.

EXT. HIGHWAY

A LONE COP steps from behind the roadblock and walks slowly towards the BMWs, his arms raised.

INT. X5

Ben watches the cop approach.

He eyes the dense VINEYARDS on either side of the highway.

BEN

You remember that cornfield outside Chicago?

JAKE

I remember how bumpy it was.

PARKER

Me too. So if anyone's got a stick
I can bite down on, brilliant.

Jake adjusts the vehicle's suspension. At the touch of a button, he engages the vehicle's 4-wheel drive system.

BEN

(to the team)

Okay, if this gets ugly, we're
going off-road to lose these guys.

Junior is smiling. Ben notices.

BEN (cont'd)

Friends of your dad?

EXT. HIGHWAY

Ben climbs out of the X5 and walks up to the Mini. The cop is only yards away.

BEN

Kate, go ride with Jake.

(to Charley)

How do I ask if he speaks English?

CHARLEY

Hal tatakalam bial'iinjiliziati?

BEN

Not happening. How about French?

CHARLEY

Parlez vous Anglais.

The cop arrives.

BEN

(awkwardly)

Parlez vous Anglais?

The cop doesn't reply. Instead, he hands Ben a CELL PHONE.

HASSAN (V.O.)

You have my son...

The cop retreats to the roadblock. Ben watches him go.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HASSAN'S PRIVATE JET / EXT. HIGHWAY

In the cabin of a luxurious Gulfstream Jet, Hassan Fazir holds a phone to his ear.

HASSAN
...You walked into *my* country and
kidnapped *my* son.

BEN
Actually we *drove*. And your son is
a murderous piece of shit.

HASSAN
My son was only following my
orders. Perhaps the revenge you
seek should be directed at me.

This throws Ben for a second. He didn't know Hassan actually
ordered Junior to assassinate Kate.

HASSAN (cont'd)
I'm not sure you understand the
grave danger you are in, Mr. Stone.

BEN
Oh, I have a pretty good idea.

HASSAN
The General Director of National
Security, Amir Barek, is a dear
friend of mine. He tells me some of
his men have you surrounded.
Release my son and your lives will
be spared.

BEN
Sorry, pal. No can do.

Ben backs towards the X5. Knows the bullets are about to fly.

HASSAN
Then none of you will leave my
country alive.

BEN
Try and fucking stop us.

HASSAN
You Americans are all alike. You
think the entire world is yours to
do as you please.

BEN
Yee-haw, motherfucker.

Ben snaps the cell phone shut and hurls it towards the police
roadblock. It clatters on the blacktop, smashes to pieces.

The crooked cops immediately open fire...

INT. MINI COOPER

Ben jumps into the passenger seat...

BEN
(to team)
Into the vines! Go!!!

EXT. VINEYARDS - DAY

All three BMWs spin their tires, swerve across the highway, and nosedive into the grape fields. Within seconds, the vehicles vanish into the rows of vines.

The FOUR POLICE CARS redline and give chase...

EXT. VINEYARD

The X5 and Mini are side by side, speeding through the vineyard. Suki weaves between the vines, Scope hanging on.

Several police cars are close behind, cops leaning out the windows, firing...

INT. MINI COOPER

The little car bounces hard on the uneven ground.

BEN
Suki get clear and we'll meet you
on the flip side.

SUKI (V.O.)
Copy that.

Ben pulls up the "Bird's Eye View" on the Mini's dash. It shows the X5 on its flank, and the cop cars on its tail.

BEN
Jake, you ready?

JAKE (V.O.)
Let's rumble.

INT. JAKE'S X5

On the backseat, Parker is grimacing from the agony of the bumpy ride.

PARKER
Argh! My fuckin' ribs!!

He bites down on his seatbelt.

VIEW FROM OVERHEAD:

Ben banks the Mini 45 degrees to the left. Jake's X5 does the same in the other direction. The police cars follow suit. Suki goes straight.

BEN

Cut left!!!

The X5 veers back 90 degrees...

A beat later, Ben makes the same 90 degree turn, back towards the path the X5 is cutting through the vineyard...

Then it happens...

The Mini and the X5 explode through a row of vines, right into Suki's wake, then disappear again. They've crossed paths, narrowly missing each other...

A millisecond later, two police cars collide...

KERR-RASHHHH!!!!

...And annihilate each other.

INT. X5

Over the roaring engine, the Sat-Phone *RINGS*. Kate grabs it.

BRODY (V.O.)

Bad news...

KATE

Not the best time, Mike!

SLAM! A police car sideswipes the X5 and Kate drops the phone. She quickly picks it back up...

BRODY (V.O.)

You don't understand. There's a bounty on your heads. Every farmer, every goat herder, hell every toothless Moroccan with a gun is coming after you...

Incoming fire. Kate's window spider-webs. Even the bulletproof glass is getting tired.

KATE

We noticed.

She shares a grim look with Jake.

INT. MINI

Ben cuts left, across the X5's wake again. Charley turns, watches another wreck through the back window.

CHARLEY

YES!!!

BEN

Keep the champagne on ice, kid.

The rear window shatters. More police cars are closing in.

EXT. VINEYARD

Suki's bike is dogged by a lone police car. Bullets narrowly miss Scope...

SCOPE

(annoyed)

Fuck this noise.

The two cops inside suddenly face the wrath of Scope's weapon. He empties a whole clip into the front end.

The HOOD POPS UP, blocking the driver's view, forcing him out of the fight. He swerves into another enemy vehicle, destroying both cars.

INT. X5

Kate gestures to the nav screen, drawing Jake's attention to a police car signature on their left side.

JAKE

Got 'im.

He cuts the wheel through the vines, crushes another car.

KATE

(into Sat-Phone)

Just make sure there's a welcome party at that border, Mike.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOOKAH BAR - MARRAKECH - EVENING

Brody calmly puffs on his hookah, but he's watching several huge thugs tear their way through the main room, heading straight for him

BRODY

You make that fence, and you'll make it home. I promise you.

KATE
We *will* make it!

BRODY
But do me a favor. Make sure my cut
gets to my kids, will ya?

BACK IN THE X5

Kate can hear a struggle on the phone... Yelling. Gunshots.
Then the line goes dead.

KATE
Mike???

EXT. VINEYARD

Jake and Ben cross paths again, drawing two more police cars
into each other with a sickening impact.

Unable to avoid the wreckage, the last surviving police car
is launched into the air, barrel-rolls through the vines.

VIEW FROM OVERHEAD:

The vineyard is littered with the flaming wreckage of more
than a dozen enemy cars. It truly resembles a war zone.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The X5, Mini, and the bike emerge from the vineyard, onto a
dirt road. The cars are battered and bruised. Gouged paint,
dented bodywork. It looks as if they've been through a war.

Everyone gets out of the vehicles. Suki is anxious to see if
Ben's okay as he climbs from the Mini.

SUKI
Everybody in one piece?

BEN
We're fine. How's Parker?

Kate is leaning into the backseat of the X5. He's grimacing
with pain but conscious.

PARKER
Do I have grape in my hair?

Kate laughs. A brief respite from the shit.

Ben looks around at his team. They're tired, dirty, and
concerned about the odds.

Ben locks eyes with Kate.

BEN
What have we done?

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Hassan's private jet sits at the end of the runway. The man himself descends a staircase and he's greeted by several MOROCCAN THUGS.

HASSAN
Any news from Barek?

MOROCCAN THUG
The police unit that had them surrounded has failed.

HASSAN
Bring Barek's wife to me. Tell him if the Americans slip through his fingers one more time, he will not want her back.

MOROCCAN THUG
Now we have their location, Barek insists he will kill them himself.

HASSAN
Good. Then his wife won't suffer for long.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The team are making last minute vehicle/weapon checks before they get back on the road. Kate hands Ben a bottle of water.

KATE
I talked to Mike. He swears we're good if we make it to Melilla.
(beat)
Who were you talking to back there?

BEN
(smiles)
Hassan. Sounded pretty pissed.

KATE
Good.

BEN
 There's something else.
 (beat)
 Junior was acting under his orders.
 He called the hit on you.

Just as Kate reacts...

KER-RACK! SCREAMING!

Ben's eyes snap open to see Suki writhing in the dirt, her right arm a bloody mess.

BEN (cont'd)
 Suki!!!

JAKE
 (to Scope)
 Goddamnit! Find the shooter!

Kate and Ben drag Suki out of the open, behind the X5.

BEN
 How bad?

Kate's expression says it all -- very bad.

BEN (cont'd)
 Scope? You see anything.

SCOPE
 Helo. Half a mile up.

BEN
 Can you hit him that high?

SCOPE
 He can go higher. Won't matter.

Charley backs up the Mini, rips a reverse-180, then locks the wheel and starts burning donuts...

KATE
 What is she doing?

BEN
 Giving us cover.

The spinning tires of the Mini kick up a CLOUD OF DUST.

INT. HELICOPTER

A SNIPER, strapped into a harness in the open bay door, aims a high-powered rifle at the ground 5000ft below.

From the co-pilot seat, Hassan's corrupt Director General of National Security, AMIR BAREK (50s), screams at the sniper.

BAREK
Kill all of them!

EXT. DIRT ROAD

While Kate fires her machine-gun at the helicopter, Ben and Jake carry Suki to the X5. Ben spots a FARM BUILDING in the distance, points it out to Jake.

Suki coughs up blood as Ben sits in the open rear-hatch and cradles her.

BEN
 Stay with us. You hear me?

Kate's gun clicks empty. She draws her 9mm, keeps firing.

BEN (cont'd)
 Kate! Let's go!

Kate jumps into the X5 as Jake punches the gas...

INT. MINI

A round pierces the Mini's fender, narrowly misses the tire. Charley races down the dirt road, draws the helo from the X5.

INT. HELICOPTER

The sniper reloads.

BAREK
Forget the little car! Shoot the big one!

The sniper switches his aim from the lone Mini to the X5.

INT. X5

Jake is driving hard and fast. In the open rear cargo area, Ben holds onto Suki. She's fighting to stay conscious.

Riding shotgun, Kate looks back at Ben, her face etched with guilt, a tear rolling down her cheek.

SUKI
 Get home.

BEN
 We will. All of us.

SUKI
 Not this time.

Ben pulls Suki close, whispers in her ear, strokes the hair from her forehead. He is crying now, knows it's the end.

Jake cuts the wheel, speeds towards a LARGE BARN.

KER-RACK!!!

A round punches the windshield. Barely misses Jake.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Charley pulls another 180, takes off after the X5.

EXT. VINEYARD

Scope lies on his back, his gun aimed directly up at the sky.

It's a vertical sniper battle.

SCOPE

C'mon, Amigo. Yeah, right there...

To the naked eye, the helicopter is a mere speck. Scope slows his breathing, squeezes off a single round...

BLAM!

INT. HELICOPTER

The sniper is hit right between the eyes and he slumps in his harness. The PILOT reacts with shock.

In a rage, Barek unbuckles the dead sniper and throws him out the door. He straps in, preps an M60 machine-gun.

BAREK

(to pilot)

Take us lower!!!

EXT. BARN

The X5 slides to a stop inside the barn...

INT. BARN

Jake helps Ben lift Suki out of the X5. Blood everywhere.

Kate rips open a FIRST-AID KIT, hands gauze to Jake. But she's bleeding out and there's no way to stop it.

A distraught Jake looks up at Ben, whispers...

JAKE
I can't fix this.

Suki grabs Kate's wrist.

SUKI
I looked out for him. While you
were gone. He still loves you, you
know. He never stopped.

EXT. DIRT ROAD / MINI

The helicopter swoops over the vineyard, 80ft above ground,
tracking Charley's Mini...

EXT. VINEYARD

Scope is sprinting through the vines.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Charley zig-zags as much as the road will allow.

DDRRRAAATTT!!!

Gunfire strafes the ground. Charley makes a hard left. A heel-
toe downshift, slams through the gears...

DDRRRAAATTT!!!

Another machine-gun burst. The Mini's windshield spiderwebs.
A hole appears in the hood, an explosion of coolant...

CHARLEY
I might be in trouble here, guys!

Scope steps out of the grape vines, onto the dirt road, and
takes aim at the helicopter as the Mini roars past.

The helo bears down on him, but his rifle JAMS!

SCOPE
Shit!

DDRRRAAATTT!!!

Bullets rip past him as he fumbles to clear the jam.

Barek is visible in the bay doors of the helicopter as it
banks around for another run.

INT. BARN

Jake, Ben, and Kate are still fighting to save Suki.

SCOPE (V.O.)
The .338's jammed.

Ben locks eyes with Jake.

JAKE
You're the better shot.

Jake tosses Ben a G3.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Scope tries to unjam the .338 as the helicopter comes in low.

Ben marches out of the barn, right into the line of fire. He holds his ground, lifts the G3...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

INT. HELICOPTER

The cockpit shatters and the pilot is killed...

Scope and Ben watch the doomed helo soar overhead. A terrified Berek visible in the open bay door.

Charley yanks the wheel and skids the Mini to a halt.

The helicopter SLAMS into the ground! Twisting, burning, disintegrating...

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

The crippled Mini slides into the barn. Ben, Scope and Charley find Jake and Kate standing over Suki's body.

Everyone is numb with shock and disbelief.

Junior starts LAUGHING.

Ben snaps, charges for the X5.

KATE
Ben?!

Ignoring her, he grabs Junior, shoves him outside.

KATE (cont'd)
Ben, stop! What are you doing?!

EXT. FARM YARD

A psychotic look in his eyes, Ben drags Junior towards a POND. Alarmed, the others follow.

BEN

What kind of man shoots a seven
year-old girl, an innocent child,
with a machine-gun? Huh?!

JUNIOR

Your daughter was payback for my
brother!
("eye for an eye")
Qesas!

Ben reacts by crushing his jaw with a right-hook. Blood
explodes from Junior's mouth and he falls into the pond.

KATE

We have to stop this, Jake! He's
gonna kill him!

Jake is torn.

Junior struggles to stand in the mud. He coughs up bloody
water, turns defiantly to Ben.

JUNIOR

Sure, your wife was the target, but
your daughter was a witness. When I
later told my father what happened,
how I killed your little girl, he
could not stop laughing.
(loving this)
I had to describe everything to
him. The screaming, the blood--

Ben wades into the waist-deep pond, grabs Junior by the hair.
He has a murderous look in his eye.

JAKE

Don't listen to him, Ben!

Jake moves to intervene, but Ben draws his 9mm. The message
is clear: *stay back!*

Charley and Scope are horrified.

With one hand, Ben forces Junior's head under the surface.
Junior struggles but Ben's too strong.

KATE

You kill him and all of this was
for nothing.

BEN

I kill him, maybe no one else dies.

KATE

You know that's not true. They won't stop coming after us just because he's dead. And the CIA can use him to save lives!

Ben relents and Junior lifts his head above water, gasping for air. Ben pulls him to his feet, holsters his 9mm.

His face a bloody mess, Junior reels backwards, collapses at the edge of the pond.

JUNIOR

You see what you are capable of? We are not so different, you and I.

Ben sucks in air, but he's still amped up, veins bulging.

JUNIOR (cont'd)

I do regret that day.
(points at Kate)
I regret not putting a bullet in her skull.

Ben is on him instantly, starts pounding his face.

KATE

Ben!!!

Jake and Scope rush to grab Ben. With great effort, they finally pull him off of Junior.

Kate gets in front of Ben, forces him to meet her gaze.

KATE (cont'd)

This won't bring her back, Ben!
Lucy's gone!

With that, the fight leaves Ben and he slumps to a sitting position on dry-land. His body shudders with a heavy sob.

Kate turns to the others.

KATE (cont'd)

Get Junior back in the X5. Give us a minute.

Jake and Scope drag a coughing, broken Junior back into the barn. Charley follows, glances back at Kate next to Ben.

KATE (cont'd)

You were going to end him.

BEN

I'm sorry.

KATE

Don't be. Part of me wanted you to.

Ben wipes at his wristband; his dead daughter's shoelace.

BEN

I'm tired, Kate. Tired of losing people I love. Lucy, Suki... You.

KATE

I'm right here, Ben. And I'm not going anywhere this time.

She pulls Ben into her, gently kisses his forehead.

EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

The barn goes up in flames. A funeral pyre.

The X5 and Mini roar away.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - TANGIER

A large glass window in this penthouse suite looks out over the bay of Tangier. The harbor is filled with cargo ships and cruise liners.

Hassan smokes a cigarette as he stares at the view. Behind him, two THUGS enter the room DRAGGING A MAN. He's been violently worked over, his face swollen and bloody.

As the thugs drop him into a leather arm chair, we realize it is Brody. He slicks back his hair and straightens his collar in a gesture of defiance.

BRODY

I don't know what to say, Hassan, my old friend. They said they were coming here. My people were going to meet them on the ferry.

Hassan signals to one of his thugs. The man moves behind Brody and puts a huge, ugly knife to his throat.

HASSAN

I have heard rumors of a CIA presence in Melilla. An unofficial base of operations supported by the Spanish and tolerated by King Mohammed.

BRODY

No shit. I didn't know that. Maybe I'll ask for a transfer. The nightlife in Marrakech is getting old for me.

HASSAN

Are you brave or just foolish, Mr. Brody? Does the idea of losing your head not frighten you?

BRODY

(re: cigarette)

May I have one of those?

Hassan gestures for one of his men to grant his request. Brody takes a long hard drag, fully aware of his fate.

BRODY (cont'd)

I'll tell you this much. At the edge of Melilla, there's a small army waiting to take your son into custody. If the people who have your son make it that far, you're going to lose.

HASSAN

(angry)

So the CIA are in Melilla!

He clicks his fingers at an aide.

HASSAN (cont'd)

I want a helicopter on the roof within ten minutes. The fastest one I own.

Brody savors another pull on the cigarette.

BRODY

You know what I learned a short while ago? Something I didn't know. That your father was French. Is that really true?

HASSAN

(proudly)

Yes, it is true. In 1953, he was an advisor to the throne. Why do you bring this up?

Brody wants to avoid decapitation...

BRODY

Because I always thought the French were fucking pussies. Was your dad a big French pussy, Hassan?

...and his plan works.

Boiling with rage, Hassan whips out an automatic and puts a bullet in Brody's skull. His brains are blown all over the giant window.

HASSAN

(seething)

Abandon our hashish farms around Nador. I want every worker and vehicle blocking the road to Melilla. The Americans must not reach the border alive.

CUT TO:

INT. X5 - DAY

Junior is squeezed into the trunk, his wrists and ankles wire-tied. It looks painfully uncomfortable.

Jake drives, Ben rides shotgun, and Kate sits in the back with Parker.

They stare in disgust as they overtake a truck with a FAZIR SHIPPING logo displayed on the trailer.

From the back, Junior can be heard laughing.

JUNIOR

Don't you see? Our name is everywhere. My father owns Morocco. He is king here. You can't hide.

Ben stares at the truck in the rearview mirror, an idea taking shape...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

An 18-wheeler is doing 65mph on a straight, desolate part of the highway.

INT. TRUCK - CAB

The Moroccan TRUCK DRIVER is startled as the Mini roars past. It screeches to a stop, flips on hazard lights...

Charley jumps out and flags down the truck. A damsel in distress.

CHARLEY

(Arabic w/ subtitles)

Help me! Please stop!

The truck stops with a loud hiss of air brakes. As the driver jumps from the cab, Scope appears, shotgun leveled at him...

Terrified, the poor guy puts his hands in the air.

CHARLEY (cont'd)
I am sorry. We need your truck.

The X5 pulls up and everyone piles out. Ben hands the trucker a roll of cash.

BEN
 For your trouble.
 (to Charley)
 Tell him.

Charley translates and the trucker grins. He offers his flat-cap to Ben, insists he take that too.

The trucker mumbles in rapid-fire Arabic.

BEN (cont'd)
 What's he saying?

CHARLEY
 He loves America. Big fan of
Breaking Bad.

Ben hands over more cash.

BEN
 Get yourself the boxed set.

Scope opens the trailer doors.

SCOPE
 Finally, some good luck! He's
 running empty and he's got ramps.

BEN
 (pulls on the cap)
 Put the X5 in the back, leave the
 Mini for our friend here.

Charley takes a moment to say goodbye to the Mini.

CHARLEY
 Goodbye, Lucy. Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

The Trucker watches his 18-wheeler pull onto the road. With a pocket of cash and a Mini Cooper, he happily waves goodbye.

As the big-rig rumbles away, REVEAL it's the same Fazir Shipping truck from earlier.

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Ben works his way through the gears until the truck is cruising at a good speed.

Charley rides shotgun. Parker lies in the sleeper cab.

BEN

You guys okay back there?

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER

The X5 is inside the trailer, nose-first. The headlights are on, illuminating the space. Junior is tied up in the back.

Kate, Jake, and Scope have the X5's hatch open. They're going over their remaining arsenal of weapons.

JAKE

It's a little warm but we're fine.

BEN (V.O.)

Use some scatter-shot. Make a few air-holes and gun-ports.

JAKE

Anyone else on the road right now?

BEN (V.O.)

Nope. It's all ours. Fire away.

Jake tosses shotguns to Kate and Scope.

Scope aims his SHOTGUN at the thin wall of the trailer.

KA-BOOM!

He blows a hole the size of a watermelon.

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Charley and Ben hear more gunshots as Scope and Kate drill holes along the side of the truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

A farmer stares at the wrecked police cars in his vineyard.

Another helicopter, a Russian-made ANSAT '902' GUNSHIP, hovers overhead. In the co-pilot seat, Hassan surveys the charred frame of the chopper Ben took down.

INT. HASSAN'S GUNSHIP

The PILOT points to fresh tire tracks.

PILOT

They went higher into the mountains.

HASSAN

They'll be mine within the hour.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY (20 MILES FROM THE BORDER)

The terrain here is flat, dusty, and wide-open.

Hassan has rallied an impressive army and a huge ROADBLOCK.

Dozens of vehicles are clustered around the highway. Police cars, Land Rovers, dirt bikes, sedans, anything that runs and can carry armed thugs and crooked cops.

At a checkpoint, uniformed men stop and search every vehicle.

INT. TRUCK - CAB

As the 18-wheeler crests the hill, Ben spies the ROADBLOCK.

BEN

Buckle up.

He downshifts, floors the gas pedal. The truck shudders with torque and picks up speed. Charley braces for impact.

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER

Jake, Kate and Scope are peering through the "gun-ports" at the road ahead. Ben's voice comes over their ear-pieces.

BEN (V.O.)

When I give the word, blow those doors and give 'em hell.

EXT. HIGHWAY / ROADBLOCK

Hassan's bandits spot the truck barreling towards them. But they were expecting cars, not an 18-WHEELED BEHEMOTH...

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Charley braces for impact. Ben tugs on the AIR-HORN.

EXT. HIGHWAY / ROADBLOCK

The bandits open fire, but Ben doesn't let up on the gas.

Spewing black smoke, the 18-wheeler SLAMS INTO THE ROADBLOCK!
Vehicles are flung out of the way, bodies sent flying.

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER

Jake, Kate, and Scope huddle in the X5. As bullets puncture the trailer walls, pinholes of light flood the interior.

EXT. HIGHWAY / ROADBLOCK

The truck clips more cars and jeeps, forcing them aside like children's toys. Bandits scramble to recover and shoot at the truck. Charley nails a couple as they blow by...

With open road ahead, Ben shifts gears, floors the gas.

In the truck's wake, the undamaged vehicles turn around and give chase. Each loaded with heavily-armed thugs.

Fury Road in Morocco.

A JEEP with a mounted .30 CAL GUN drops behind the truck...

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Ben glances in the rearview mirror, sees the jeep.

BEN
Blow the door!

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER

Jake detonates explosive charges on the hinges of the trailer door. In a flash, the door jettisons...

EXT. HIGHWAY

The door spins in the air, slices the jeep gunner in half.

Once the smoke clears, the JEEP DRIVER is stunned to see Scope, Kate, and Jake inside the trailer, guns blazing...

The jeep is riddled with bullets and drops out of the hunt. In its place, however, plenty more aggressors...

Jake tosses a GRENADE, blasts a pickup truck onto its side.

Two DIRTBIKES veer away from the trailer, flank the truck.

Kate climbs out of the X5 and moves further back into the trailer. She fires a SHOTGUN through one of the gun-ports...

KA-BOOM!

A bike explodes in a fireball, its rider bucked into the air.

The other biker aims to shoot out the truck's tires. But the passenger door of the cab pops open... Her arm entwined in a seatbelt, Charley swings out, blows the biker away.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER - DAY

Scope tosses another grenade. All around him, bullets shred the interior.

Kate ducks down beside the X5 to reload. She glances inside the back, sees Junior curled in a ball, terrified.

KATE

Seems Daddy doesn't care if he gets
you back dead or alive.

She jumps back up, keeps firing...

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Ben cuts the wheel, nudges a Land Rover full of armed men off the road. They disappear in an explosion of displaced sand.

Another jeep swerves in front of the truck, sprays rounds at the windshield. Ben kicks out the glass, shoots back.

A THUG leaps from the jeep, onto the side of the cab. He grabs Charley by the hair...

Parker leans over from the sleeper-cab, drills a 9mm round between the thug's eyes. He tumbles clear.

CHARLEY

Thanks.

Parker gives her a smile, passes out again.

Returning to the fight, Charley shoots into the jeep. It spins out of control, barrel rolls...

VIEW FROM OVERHEAD --

The bullet-ridden 18-wheeler thunders down the road.

In its wake, the road is littered with wrecked and burning vehicles. But there are still two-dozen cars, jeeps, and trucks in hot pursuit, engines red-lined, guns blazing.

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER

A MILITARY PICK-UP TRUCK, with a mounted M60, drops in behind the trailer. Large caliber bullets rip into the X5...

Jake is hit, tumbles RIGHT OUT THE DOOR!

SCOPE

Jake!!!

Scope and Kate watch in horror as Jake hits the sand. Bandit vehicles swerve around him, assume he's a corpse.

Reacting fast, Kate yanks Junior from the X5 and throws him aside. She barks at Scope...

KATE

Watch him!!!

Before Scope can even answer, she climbs into the X5 and fires it up. Scope realizes what she's planning...

SCOPE

No fucking way!

Red-lining the engine, Kate reverses the X5 right out of the 18-wheeler! It slams to the ground, forces a bandit vehicle and an army jeep to avoid a collision.

The X5 spins around in a smooth 180...

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Ben spots the X5 in the cracked side mirror, double-takes.

BEN

Kate?!

KATE (V.O.)

I got this! Don't stop!

EXT. DESERT

A bloodied Jake is on his feet, blasting his gun at the vehicles whizzing past him. He looks like a bullfighter, ready to die right where he stands.

JAKE

Who's coming with me, huh?!

BLAM! BLAM!

With all the sand churned up by the truck and the cars chasing it, visibility is zero.

INT. X5

Kate can't see a thing so she switches the HUD to "Infra-red mode." She can see bandit vehicles coming directly at her, narrowly misses them.

In the middle of the swarm, the infra-red signature of a MAN. It's Jake, a pillar of defiance, shooting at everything.

EXT. DESERT

Through a cloud of kicked-up sand, the X5 skids to a halt.

KATE
Get your ass in here!

Jake throws himself into the X5. Kate stomps the gas.

INT. X5

Jake offers Kate his fist. She smiles, "bumps" it.

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER

Scope continues pouring bullets at the pursuing vehicles.

KATE (V.O.)
I have Jake.

SCOPE
YES!!!

BOOM!

One of the trailer's tires EXPLODES!

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Ben fights to keep the truck straight.

Charley fires more rounds out the passenger window. Suddenly, Hassan's HELICOPTER GUNSHIP appears overhead. The sound is deafening and the rotors whip up a sandstorm...

KATE
Hassan?

BEN
Yep.

INT. HASSAN'S GUNSHIP

Hassan looks down at the bandit vehicles spraying the 18-wheeler with gunfire. Aware his son is inside, he freaks out, smacks the pilot's shoulder.

HASSAN

*Tell them to stop the truck, not
destroy it! If my son is killed--*

The pilot barks into the radio. Below, the carnage continues.

Hassan screams at DOOR GUNNER #1, points at a bandit vehicle firing on the truck.

HASSAN (cont'd)

Shoot that one!

DOOR GUNNER

(confused)

Sir?!?

HASSAN

Shoot the fucking car!

He obeys the order and the M60's heavy 7.62mm rounds rip the bandit vehicle to shreds.

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER

Scope can't believe what he's seeing.

JAKE

They're shooting at their own guys!

EXT. DESERT

Kate slams the X5 into a bandit jeep, sends it rolling...

INT. HASSAN'S GUNSHIP

Hassan points at the 18-wheeler.

HASSAN

Get in front. Cut them off!

The PILOT pushes forward on the stick.

INT. X5

Dropping in behind the truck, Kate watches the helicopter roar overhead.

KATE

If he gets in front with that M60--!

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Ben and Charley watch the chopper soar past...

CHARLEY

Look!!!

Up ahead, behind a massive wire fence, a veritable Great Wall of Spanish border police and Military vehicles. Red and blue flashing lights as far as the eye can see...

BEN

That's the finish line.

He keeps the gas pedal floored. Up ahead, the GUNSHIP has indeed turned, and hovers broadside...

INT. HASSAN'S GUNSHIP

The Door Gunner to Hassan...

PILOT

(confused)

But your son--

HASSAN

It is too late. Kill them all.

INT. HASSAN'S GUNSHIP

The M60 starts blazing...

SCOPE (V.O.)

Incoming!

EXT. HIGHWAY

Rounds chew through the 18-wheeler, from ass to front bumper. Most of the bandit vehicles peel away, scared and defeated...

INT. TRUCK - TRAILER

Scope presses into the wall, watches in terror as enormous holes turn the truck into Swiss cheese.

Junior narrowly avoids certain death.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The 18-wheeler is in bad shape as it roars beneath the helicopter. For a split-second, Junior's eyes meet his father's through a hole in the trailer roof.

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Miraculously, nobody was hit.

Ben fights to keep the truck in a straight line.

BEN

Come on, baby, almost there!

EXT. HIGHWAY

The 18-wheeler is 500 yards from a line of barbed-wire fence and a fortified checkpoint.

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Charley leans out the window, reacts in shock to see hundreds of bandit vehicles on their tail.

CHARLEY

We're not gonna make it.

BEN

Yes we fuckin' are.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY / MELILLA-MOROCCO BORDER

A U.S. Military APACHE GUNSHIP rises into the air.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Jubilant, Ben tugs on the AIR-HORN. The rest of his team can be heard celebrating on the radio.

INT. HASSAN'S GUNSHIP

Below, all of the bandit vehicles turn and flee the range of the Apaches. Hassan is furious.

PILOT

*The enemy have missiles locked.
They are advising us to disengage.*

Near tears, Hassan sinks in his seat.

EXT. MELILLA-MOROCCO BORDER

Ben keeps the 18-wheeler floored right *through* the barbed-wire border fence. Steam hissing through the grill, the truck groans to a halt like a dying steel dinosaur.

The X5 dives through the same section of broken fence, skids to a halt next to the truck.

Ben jumps out of the cab and opens the door of the X5.

BEN

You okay?

Kate gives him a loving smile, gently nods.

They watch Hassan's gunship hovering over Moroccan soil.

KATE

He can't be happy.

INT. HASSAN'S GUNSHIP

Hassan glares at Ben and his team.

PILOT

Missiles still locked, sir.

HASSAN

(quiet rage)

Turn back.

The pilot banks the helicopter away from the border.

MOMENTS LATER

Amid the dust cloud kicked up by the Apache gunship, Ben and his team materialize like phantoms. Charley and Scope support Parker. Ben, Kate, and Jake flank Junior.

The team is swarmed by Spanish cops and border agents. But the officers part in the middle...

Vasquez steps forward. The Mexican Ambassador Ben's team protected on the bridge.

BEN

(confused)

Ambassador?

AMB. VASQUEZ / CLARK

Chief Clark actually. I apologize for the deception in DC. All part of my cover the last three years.

(MORE)

AMB. VASQUEZ / CLARK (cont'd)

Let me put you on that ride home
you were promised and I'll explain
everything.

BEN

(disbelief)
Goddamn CIA.

CLARK

Indeed. I also apologize for
failing to get approval for a hot
strike on Moroccan soil. I did try.

Clark smiles, gestures to a Mercedes mini-bus...

CLARK (cont'd)

Right this way.

Ben nods to the rest of the team, his permission for them to
get on the bus.

As Jake helps Parker climb aboard.

PARKER

Can you ask that guy if he has
Vicodin?

BACK OUTSIDE

Clark lights a cigar.

KATE

So the CIA watched us fight our way
across Morocco? For what? Kicks?

CLARK

No, my dear. To decide whether to
bring your team into the fold.

BEN

(scoffs)
You want my team to work for you?

CLARK

Not exclusively of course, only
when the situation calls for it. On
occasion, we could use you to...

He chooses his words carefully.

CLARK (cont'd)

...move things. Like I said, we'll
talk more on the ride home.

Clark saunters off.

Kate grabs Ben's arm, holds him back.

KATE
 (happy tears)
 We got him, Ben. We got him.

Finally, they share a deep, passionate kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. GULFSTREAM JET - LATER

The team are flying home. In luxury.

Junior is at the back, guarded by two CIA OFFICERS.

Scope is listening to music; Jake is watching an *F1* race on a TV; Parker is sleeping with an IV in his arm.

Ben and Kate sit together, her head on his shoulder.

Jake looks back and meets Kate's gaze, nods his approval.

Across the aisle, Charley sits alone, writing in a notebook.

BEN
 Writing your memoir already?

CHARLEY
 Just brainstorming.

KATE
 About what?

CHARLEY
 My car. I want to make a few modifications when we get home.

Kate glances at Ben.

KATE
 You've created a monster.

CHARLEY
 What about you? What are you going to do when we get back?

Kate pauses. She hadn't really thought about it.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD TEST COURSE - DAY

The same Gymkhana test track, where Charley proved her mettle in the M4. Now, someone else is power-sliding through turns.

THREE MONTHS LATER

INT. HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Charley, Scope, Parker, and Jake are watching the M4's lap on a bank of video monitors.

PARKER

You nervous, Charley? She's closing in on your best time.

CHARLEY

(winks)

Not in the slightest, sweetheart.

Ben enters and activates a desktop microphone.

BEN

(into mic)

Looking good, Kate, but we have a visitor. Meet us at the gate.

EXT. AIRFIELD TEST COURSE - DAY

Kate skids the M4 to a stop and climbs out to join the rest of the team. They stand beside a huge, sliding gate.

KATE

Who is it?

BEN

New client. Said he wants to hire us for a "Bullet Run."

As it opens, a BLACK SEDAN appears. Clark, stands next to it, smoking a cigar. He removes his sunglasses...

CLARK

Just so we're all clear, I was never here.

The gate slides closed.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.