

TANGIER  
by Sean Gullette

DRAFT

December 29, 2009

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Protozoa Pictures  
104 North 7th Street  
Brooklyn, NY 11211  
+1 718 388 5280

Sean Gullette  
Villa Jalobey  
Route de la Vielle Montagne  
Tangier, Morocco 90000  
+212 6 11 044 650

Four Englishmen in their seventies sit on the deck of a handsome wooden yacht at anchor off a port town. Two play cards idly.

Silver-haired PHILIP DEAN sits with a blanket over his knees, face into the sun, sphinx-like, an elegant and remote presence. Christopher Gibbs leafs through THE TIMES.

CHRISTOPHER GIBBS

Good lord... Slim Bryant is dead.  
"...socialite and philanthropist."

Dean opens his eyes.

CHRISTOPHER GIBBS (CONT'D)

"...in her hotel in Los Angeles."  
Death is bad enough, but to die in  
California.

JOHNNY DAWSON

Broke and alone. Wasted away to  
nothing by debt and hangers-on.

CHRISTOPHER GIBBS

Once a great friend of yours,  
wasn't she, Dean?

DEAN

Well, yes and no...

Dean's eyes are damp. He looks at his friends' faces. They all wait, sensing more. Dean signals to a BOAT MAN for more ice all around, and pours himself a drink.

DEAN (CONT'D)

To hell with it. Slim's gone and  
I'm too old for secrets. (beat) Who  
has a cigarette?

A middle-aged FRENCH HOUSEKEEPER carries a breakfast tray through a handsome villa and onto the back terrace.

She sets it down on the table and the camera stays on the baguette, jam, honey, coffee and formal silver as she walks down the hall, takes a shopping basket, and goes out.

DEAN

It's hard to remember now how badly  
September 11th upset the world. It  
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)  
 felt like everything had changed, like  
 wartime, as though people might be  
 called on to do things they never could  
 have imagined before.

A WASP finds the honey, climbs in greedily. And gets STUCK -- begins to drown in the sticky amber. As it does the telephone begins to RING loudly.

Outside, summer wind moves the branches of a huge old TREE on a beautiful hillside above a coastal town.

On the path below, Thomas Lime, around 60, sweating through an old grey college sweatshirt, hears the phone ringing and SPEEDS UP strongly, running straight into villa. Missed it.

From outside the glass porch we watch as Lime pours a glass of juice and flips through Le Monde newspaper: Headlines about a US war in the desert. The phone rings again and he answers.

He listens: something important makes him stiffen. He speaks briefly. Hangs up.

Lime sits frozen for a moment, thinking. Then taking a cup of coffee with him, he walks briskly up the stairs and goes to a window, glances out at the driveway where a Mercedes is parked. Movements practiced, he goes to a SAFE, opens it, takes out cash, three passports, a black notebook, an automatic pistol, a silencer. A box of ammunition. All go into the FALSE BOTTOM of a Vuitton briefcase.

Lime opens a drawer and locates a sheaf of FERRY SCHEDULES, including one reading "TARIFA > TANGIER."

In a WALK-IN CLOSET, he puts clothes into a leather suitcase.

He strides into the garage, neatly dressed in sportswear, hair wet, puts the cases into the trunk of the Mercedes, gets in, and drives away.

On the table, the wasp lies drowned in honey.

Lime drives down the corniche of a wealthy EUROPEAN COASTAL TOWN, past luxurious hotels and restaurants, and out onto the coast road. The Mercedes has French license plates. He glances back in the rear view mirror as the town recedes.

DEAN (V.O.)  
 I knew Tom Lime from my time on the  
 French Riviera. At least I thought  
 I did.

Evening. The Autoroute, the car locked at the speed limit of  
 120 km per hour. Signs turn from French into Spanish names as  
 night closes in. Lime drives, grim and focussed.

4 EXT. THE PORT OF GIBRALTAR, NEXT MORNING 4

Wind vibrates a CAR ANTENNA. A hundred CARS -- European  
 tourists and Moroccans going home -- wait under the sun to  
 start through customs and drive onto a ferry.

People watch a MONKEY who is wandering fearlessly over the  
 cars.

Lime sits in the car, talking on the phone. Tense. He hangs  
 up and gets out of the car...

5 EXT. GIBRALTAR WOODS, SAME 5

Lime looks around. Trash blows through the dirty trees.  
 Lonesome and depressing here. The Strait is just visible  
 through the trees. Some fear or anxiety comes onto his  
 features, now that he is alone.

He opens a small leather case holding THREE PASSPORTS --  
 British, American and French.

He selects the BRITISH passport, tears it in half, takes a  
 Zippo from his pocket and lights the passport on fire.

The MONKEY hops through the woods -- carrying a WRISTWATCH.  
 They look at each other.

The voice of DEAN comes to us on the wind.

DEAN (V.O.)  
 We're just as animistic as the  
 Muslims, really. "As long as the  
 Apes are on the Rock, Gibraltar  
 will be British -- " Primordial.  
 And yes, British it stays -- as  
 British as an empty beer can  
 blowing across a car park...

An unintelligible PA system brays from the parking lot.

6 EXT. CUSTOMS SHED, MIDDAY 6

Lime holds the French passport out the car window to a bored customs officer, and the heavy car rolls into the dark, throbbing belly of the ferry.

The ferry's huge steel door folds up, closing. As the dark hull clangs shut, the title TANGIER appears.

7 EXT. OCEAN, SAME 7

Whitecaps on large bright waves at sea.

A swell drops to reveal a swimmer, carving strongly through the water. A small CRUCIFIX TATTOO on his upper back.

He rolls over onto his back, pulling deep breaths, and floats there eyes shut.

JAMES is in his early 20s, American, handsome, military haircut grown out a bit, an athletic body bearing some scars. An Army tattoo over his heart.

He opens his eyes to the grey sky. His eyes are worried. Above a white seabird flies out. He comes upright and looks across the waves to the austere and beautiful mountains on the Moroccan coastline, ten miles away.

He watches the FERRY crossing the Strait toward Africa.

DEAN (V.O.)  
(affectionately) James was borne to  
Tangier on a gentle West Wind.  
(beat) You remember Zephyrus the  
Greek god of the West Wind -- he  
loved a boy, and one day he saw the  
boy playing quoits with Apollo. So  
in a jealous rage Zephyrus struck  
the metal disc with a gust of wind,  
striking the boy in the head and  
killing him instantly. That gentle  
West Wind...

James rolls over and swims back towards a garish SPANISH TOURIST BEACH, packed with sunbathers.

8 INT. TOURIST HOTEL, SPAIN, SAME AFTERNOON 8

James sits on the edge of a small bed in a cheap hostel. His packed bag and a guitar case sit on the floor. He's holding

the guitar, wearing Levi's, a t-shirt and cowboy boots. He plays a song on the guitar, skillfully, stops, tries it again. Checks his watch. 13:12 July 4, 2004.

Puts the guitar down.

We glimpse some official papers which read "DA FORM 31: US Army HRC: LEAVE FOR COMBAT PERSONNEL...RETURN TO DUTY JULY 11, MANNHEIM A.F.B. 14:00 HRS." A Spanish regional BUS schedule.

He puts the guitar away, slings his gear over his shoulder, puts on a white Stetson hat, and walks out of the room.

9 INT. TARIFA, BUS STATION 9

James sits in the BUS STATION, the big black duffle bag and guitar on a chair.

Outside a SURFER DUDE walks past, spies James, waves goodbye. James nods back.

The radio plays spanish GUITAR music; the TV is silent on a Spanish channel.

Images of WAR IN THE DESERT. On the TV an M-109 PALADIN tank rumbles through a small city, ramming into cars and belching out bursts of artillery. James stares at the screen. The GUNFIRE on the screen changes to FIREWORKS as the graphic for another story comes on, text reading "TROOPS ENJOY 4th OF JULY FIREWORKS." Sullen soldiers watch a fireworks display on a US military base. The exploding colors fill the screen. James stares, hating it.

10 EXT. FERRY PORT, TARIFA, SPAIN. 10

A foghorn blows as abstract pastel-colored FORM on a white background fill the screen. Engine noise as the logo of a BUS COMPANY on the side of a bus clears frame-- to reveal JAMES, jogging out of the walled Spanish town towards the FERRY TERMINAL.

The words MARRUECOS/TANGER on a sign. A uniformed sailor gestures hurry up to James he runs to the gangplank.

11 EXT. FERRY DECK, LEAVING SPAIN 11

James catches his breath, leaning on the ship's railing, and looks back at the port and Spain as the ferry pushes off. He takes a deep breath. A statue of the Virgin Mary looks at him

accusingly. James looks at the Virgin for a beat, then turns away abruptly.

He walks forward along the deck and looks across the STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR towards the mountains of Morocco.

TUFFY, a beautiful MOROCCAN GIRL, early 20s, stands alone at the railing. She feels him looking. Smiles shyly -- then makes herself look away, blushing. James takes a deep breath, gets his nerve up. Goes over.

JAMES

Hi. Do you speak english?

TUFFY

Depends.

JAMES

Depends on what?

She has a light French-Moroccan accent.

TUFFY

On what you are going to say.

JAMES

"Hi my name's James. You feel like a glass of beer?"

She has a pretty embarrassed smile.

12

INT. FERRY, CAFETERIA

12

We see in from outside. James and Tuffy sit across from each other at a table by the window. Four empty beer bottles on the table, with two glasses.

James asks Tuffy a question, leans forward listening to her answer. He laughs and she laughs back. He puts a hand to his ear like he can't hear. She leans forward.

James stands up, comes around the table and sits next to her. He WHISPERS something in her ear. Tuffy considers him. She smiles at him. James grins back, devilish. Eyebrows raised.

She's still smiling. The loudspeaker announces arrival in Tangier.

13 INT. TANGIER FERRY TERMINAL

13

They clear customs in a modernist 1950s-era terminal, then walk down a concrete ramp to the taxi area. Tuffy looks around in the crowd of cars, picks a taxi several cars back.

DEAN (V.O.)

Truman Capote told me this: "Before coming to Tangier you should do three things: be inoculated for typhoid; withdraw your savings from the bank; and say goodbye to your friends - heaven knows you may never see them again... because Tangier is a basin that holds you." More animism. As though the land itself had a will.

TUFFY

Taxi!

A heavysset DRIVER ambles over. Tuffy says a few curt words to him in Arabic. He asks a question, she answers. He nods, scowling, and takes both of their bags. James holds on to his guitar.

14 INT. OLD MERCEDES TAXI, SOON AFTER

14

They are nestled in the backseat of an old white Mercedes.

At they drive out of the Port, James looks out the window and catches a glimpse of a STREET KID jumping off a tall wall to drop into the TRUCK YARDS of the Port. The kid darts under a truck.

JAMES

That kid's crazy. What's he doing?

TUFFY

They hide under the trucks to get onto the ferry to Spain that way. People will do anything to get out.

JAMES

Here I am, going the other way.

Tuffy looks at him and laughs, nervously.

TUFFY

Um... can I ask...



JAMES

What?

TUFFY

My girlfriend told me something  
about American men.

JAMES

What's that?

TUFFY

That they like to, you know...  
(blushing) go down... down there...  
With the mouth.

James smiles wickedly, and sings sweetly:

JAMES

*"I can eat a peach for hours,  
'Specially if it's sweet not  
sour..."*

Soon after, they arrive at the Hotel Cecil, which looks  
cheap. Tuffy winks and gets out. James sits waiting eagerly.

She comes back out a little later, shaking her head.

TUFFY

They only have one room free.

JAMES

Well... I mean, can't we share?

TUFFY

Not in Morocco. Not unless we're  
married. It's the law, ha ha! (in  
arabic) *Zid f'Hotel ahore.*

They pull up outside the mid-range Hotel Flandria. Tuffy goes  
in, her purse over her arm. James waits. He speaks to the  
driver.

JAMES

How's it going?

The driver grunts and shakes his head. Tuffy comes back out  
of the hotel, gets in the car and slams the door.

TUFFY

I hate this country.

JAMES

What?

TUFFY

The desk man was a religious...  
with a beard like this... he won't  
even rent TWO rooms unless we have  
marriage license. When I argued, he  
insulted me. Any woman who doesn't  
have a scarf around her fat face is  
a prostitute. I hate them all.

She leans back on the seat.

TUFFY (CONT'D)

...I should go home.

JAMES

Let's try one more hotel, come on.

TUFFY

I'm a little tired. Maybe  
tomorrow...

JAMES

Hey, I need a room even if you're  
going home.

15 EXT. HOTEL CONTINENTAL, TANGIER

15

James waits alone in the car, outside the Hotel Continental -  
- a large modern 4-star affair, with a glass-fronted lobby  
and a uniformed doorman.

Tuffy comes out of the hotel smiling. She leans on the car  
window, and dangles a ROOM KEY from her hand. The sexy smile  
is back.

TUFFY

Here's your key! They take my  
American Express!

She slips the room key into his pocket. James is delighted.

JAMES

Now we just have to get you a room?

TUFFY

No. James. I... I should go.

JAMES

Come on! You have to be my Girl  
Next Door.

She smiles sadly.

TUFFY

They do have a second room, next to the first. But the dirty little man at the reception wants cash -- a bribe for him plus the price of the room. I told him no.

JAMES

How much?

Tuffy opens her wallet.

TUFFY

My room cost three thousand dirhams. Plus a thousand for him.

James takes 200 euros out his wallet and hands it to her.

JAMES

How much is a dirham? Is this enough?

TUFFY

Give me 400, I'll bring you the change.

James hands over more money. She speaks to the driver.

TUFFY (CONT'D)

*Tsinani hinek. (beat)* Better wait five minutes before you come up. All right, soldier? Or are you a Cowboy? *A tout suite...*

Tuffy giggles and removes James' Stetson, pops it on her own head. She twirls around, models it for James, and darts quickly back into the Hotel.

JAMES

A toot sweet...

A few minutes later James gets his bag out of the trunk and walks into

16	INT. HOTEL, CONTINUOUS	16
	...the hotel lobby. He steps onto the...	
17	INT. HOTEL, ELEVATOR	17
	He looks at the 201 key and gets off at the...	

18 INT. HOTEL, 2ND FLOOR 18

He walks to room 201. Tries the key. It doesn't fit into the lock. He looks around, then knocks.

A sleepy and fat ARAB MAN comes to the door in his underwear.

FAT MAN  
*Schnou andek?*

James stares at him. Furious.

19 INT. HOTEL BAR/LOBBY, NIGHT 19

DEAN, seven years younger than he was on the yacht, is behind the bar checking some paperwork.

YELLING from outside brings Dean to the door.

In the lobby James is LOSING IT, waving the room key at the desk clerk. The SECURITY GUARD is coming over.

JAMES  
Where's my money? What is this? I  
want my fucking money!

The Guard puts a hand on his shoulder. James whirls around, locking the hand in a HAND-LOCK and forcing the guard to his knees. Other hotel employees keep their distance.

Before James can break the Guard's arm, Dean steps in front of him, holding his guitar and bag.

DEAN  
Excuse me. Are you American?

James turns around, fire in his eyes. Dean is cool.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
The police are coming, which is  
inconvenient and expensive.

James breathes deeply, releases the Guard.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
May I see that key?

James hands it over, watching him. Dean examines it and smiles at James, shaking his head.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Son, you got hustled, but these people here had nothing to do with it. I'm Dean, I run the bar here. Come in, I'll buy you a drink.

20

INT. HOTEL BAR, SOON AFTER

20

There is a strange crowd in the bar, a few middle-aged EXPATS, a table of FRENCH HIPSTERS, some Moroccan RICH KIDS. Curious glances at the handsome newcomer.

James takes a big sip from a beer in front of him. Dean puts some tapas down and sits facing him. James tears into them hungrily.

JAMES

Yum. (sighs) Damn it...

He's remembering he's broke. Dean fingers the room key.

DEAN

A boy ran the same routine on my friend Bill, nearly fifty years ago. She was looking for a hotel with a back way out.

JAMES

Pretty slick.  
(resigned, he sips beer)  
That was a good hat.

DEAN

You look like a soldier -- or a sailor. You on R & R from the Gulf?

James hesitates, then nods.

JAMES

U.S. Army, 18-day pass.

DEAN

Don't most people go home to the States for their leave?

JAMES

I found out the regs say you can get flown anywhere you want. And I always wanted a real Spanish guitar.

DEAN  
I guess you've earned one.

JAMES  
Got it, in Seville there. Then I  
thought I'd come have a look at  
Africa.

Dean smiles wryly and hands him a fresh cold one.

DEAN  
Welcome to it. You done much  
travelling before?

JAMES  
Disneyworld. I saw the Liberty Bell  
once. Fort Sill. And, well, the  
desert.

DEAN  
How much time have you got left?

James frowns.

JAMES  
A week. I report in Mannheim  
Germany the 11th.

DEAN  
And then?

JAMES  
Back to the sandbox. Driving a 4  
million dollar tank with broken A/C  
across the Theater of Operations in  
110 degrees and humid.

DEAN  
The "theater"... is that war as  
horrid as it looks on my  
television?

James shrugs.

JAMES  
I don't really think about it.

Dean changes to a lighter tone.

DEAN  
Well, people spend decades in  
Tangier trying to forget the past.  
If you've succeeded already, I  
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)  
congratulate you. And if you've  
only got a week left, then carpe  
diem is the order of the day. Is  
that the famous Spanish guitar?  
Played it much yet?

James looks at the guitar fondly.

JAMES  
I tried busking on the street in  
Spain. Always wanted to do that.  
Made some beer money. Played with  
some guys in bars.

DEAN  
*Buscar:* to search. Well, let's hear  
it, then.

JAMES  
What, right here?

DEAN  
Call it beer money.

Dean turns down the stereo, as James takes out the guitar and  
plays a Spanish gypsy riff. It's beautiful but James looks up  
frowning.

JAMES  
I keep screwing up the chords.

Dean smiles back and puts a beer in front of him.

DEAN  
Listen up, young man. Tomorrow  
night, I'm organizing a soiree for  
a friend of mine at her place on  
the Old Mountain. I got a Spanish  
band. You should come sit in with  
them, liven up the ambience a bit,  
play a couple songs. You'll have a  
good time.

JAMES  
Ah, I don't know...

DEAN  
I can give you a couple of hundred  
dollars, some walking around money.

JAMES  
Dean, I've never played, like, in  
front of people. Anyway, I got no  
clothes...

DEAN

My dear boy, leave everything me.  
The Bible commands us to be kind to  
travelers in need.

Dean beckons to Anwar, a handsome MOROCCAN BOY in a waiter's uniform.

JAMES

Well, Amen to that.

DEAN

*Anwar, tu installes James dans le la  
chambre espagnole, s'il te plait.* (to  
James) I have to go out. See you in  
the morning?

21 INT. SIDI HOSNI, NIGHT

21

A high society cocktail party -- mostly older French people --  
is in progress.

DEAN (V.O.)

Some people say there are no  
coincidences. I guess they mean  
everything happens for the reason --  
for the best. I'm old enough to know  
better.

Dean sits in a corner of the room, talking to SLIM BRYANT.  
She's fortysomething and sexy, wearing a couture dress  
carelessly, and years of drinking and pills haven't yet  
extinguished her beauty. She holds an empty cocktail glass  
protectively.

SLIM

My god. Look at that one.

DEAN

The surgeon perhaps a little  
overzealous.

SLIM

Can we leave yet, do you think?

DEAN

Just say hello to Barbara and we'll  
go.

Dean sees Thomas Lime come into the front hall, accompanied by  
a stylish FRENCHMAN, REGIS.



Lime looks at Slim and SMILES. Slim sees him too, looks uncomfortable, and Dean rises to run interference.

REGIS

Dean, bonsoir. Do you know --

Dean shakes Lime's hand, smiling.

DEAN

Of course. What in brings you to Tangier, Tom?

Lime spreads his hands.

LIME

"My health. I came for the waters."

Dean gets the reference and plays along.

DEAN

"The waters? What waters? We're in the desert."

LIME

"I was misinformed." (They share a laugh) And what are you doing here, Dean?

DEAN

I've asked myself that question twice a day for twenty years.

LIME

Well, here we are. (he turns to Slim) Hello.

REGIS

Dean, about tomorrow night --

Lime steps past Dean and Regis towards Slim, presenting his hand.

LIME

Hello, Ms. Bryant. (off her blank stare) It's Thomas Lime.

SLIM

I'll shake your hand if you promise not to *kiss* it. You look dangerously like a hand-kisser.

She's rude. But Lime keeps smiling.

LIME

It's slippery slope, I agree.

Lime shakes her hand. Slim withdraws it drily.

SLIM

Nice to have met you.

LIME

Actually, we've met before. In Antibes...

SLIM

I'm awful with faces.

LIME

In your defense... (he smiles) it was rather late in the evening.

He's implying she was drunk and wouldn't remember. Remember what? Slim looks away.

SLIM

Well, some people blossom at night. I tend to wilt. In fact (rising) Dean, will you... *Au revoir, Regis.*

REGIS

Are you going? *A demain, alors.*

SLIM

*Ah oui, c'est chez moi demain --mais la j'hésite un peu.*

She eyes the aging crowd distastefully.

DEAN

Oh, your party will be much more lively.

She walks past Lime with a tight smile.

SLIM

*Inshallah.*

Lime watches her go. Attracted.

At the door, Slim raises her eyebrows as Dean helps her with her coat and holds the door for her.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Do NOT invite that horrid man.

DEAN  
(smiling) Good night, my dear.

She kisses him fondly.

SLIM  
Call me in the morning.

22 INT. DEAN'S GUEST HOUSE, MIDDAY

22

The CALL TO PRAYER awakens James in a simple decorated room, light filtering in through heavy curtains. He sits listening. Then he gets out of bed and walks onto a little terrace overlooking the Strait.

The door of his suite opens and the handsome MOROCCAN BOY comes in holding a tray with coffee. He has a pressed BLACK SUIT and a white shirt over his arm. The Boy gives him a knowing SMILE.

23 EXT. OLD MOUNTAIN ROAD, NIGHT

23

Dean drives James in a little sports car along the narrow Old Mountain Road, between stone walls covered with flowers.

DEAN  
I sent Ali to find you a  
replacement hat. He came back with  
this.

DEAN reaches into the backseat and produces a Fez. James laughs. He puts it on, it is comically small on his head.

JAMES  
Thanks, Dean -- not sure it's  
really me.

He takes it off. Dean smiles, nods.

DEAN  
You're going to do just fine, James  
Kilroy.

They come to a large gate, where ARMED GUARDS recognize Dean and raise a barrier to let their car onto a long driveway that curves through the trees to a MASSIVE VILLA...

James' eyes widen as a large Villa comes into view, a colonial white mansion. Lights in the garden reveal marble steps leading up to a wide porch under 20-foot columns. On

the second floor, wide balconies covered with ivy overlook the manicured grounds and huge swimming pool.

JAMES

No shit.

Dean looks over, smiling.

24 INT. VILLA, LIVING ROOM

24

BUBBLES rise in a glass of champagne.

A hand takes the glass away, to reveal a GLASS DOME over a an aged cheese, marbled with green veins. A fly buzzes under the dome. We pan over the food table to reveal...

A grand villa on the Old Mountain of Tangier. The party is centered on the living room, where there's a bar and a small stage. A Spanish trio -- piano, bass, a drummer -- is playing light jazz.

This is the OLD TANGIER EXPAT crowd, mostly retirement age and dressed for dinner. The crowd spills out into the adjacent rooms. Waiters circulate with appetizers and champagne. James overhears snippets of conversation, watching the people.

ENGLISHMAN

I make that eight murders in Tangier this year. I mean foreigners. Depending whether you count Daniel as a suicide.

FRENCHMAN

But of course it wasn't suicide. Only a *cretin* would believe --

ENGLISHMAN

But murder in Morocco can't be compared to murder in England. "Here life is cheap and the dead are soon forgotten..."

James passes into darkness of the next room. Some people look at him, curious.

JERRY (O.S.)

...the wages of sin...

An image projected onto a sheet hung on the wall of an handpainted 1820's MAGIC LANTERN SLIDE, showing a view of Paris from the roof of Notre Dame. Jerry stands behind the

lantern, explaining the slides in a thick Welsh accent to a group of the curious.

JERRY (CONT'D)

French artisans made these first slides as morality lessons for country pastors, with sinners and devils. Later of course the sinners themselves got into the act...

He switches to a slide with a sexy girl whose knickers go up and down while a Fat Man ogles. James watches, amused.

Dean comes up behind James, taps him on the shoulder, and nudges him towards the stage. James sits down in an empty chair, takes out his guitar, and sits listening to the music with his head down.

Then he comes right in on time, playing a swinging Flamenco guitar line. People glance up, react with a smile to the handsome American boy playing like a Spaniard.

The song ends to applause. The Pianist looks at James, expectant.

James plays a few chords, then begins to strum a Tango. The drummer nods approvingly and gives him a beat. The bass player joins in, then the piano.

SLIM BRYANT watches James closely from a loveseat couch in the center of the room. Her guests stand close around her thronelike sofa but none of them dare to sit next to her.

Dean glances at her: sure enough, Slim can't take her eyes off James. Dean smiles to himself.

CUT TO:

An hour later, people are drunk, chatting on sofas, trickling out into the garden.

Inside James is SINGING an old American song, with the Spanish band managing to accompany him. He has loosened up -- smoking a cigarette as he plays -- and seems not to notice how many eyes are on him.

Among those eyes are Slim's, now smiling with desire. She sits beside a beautiful GIRL.

FAISAL, a distinguished Arab man dressed in a neat collarless shirt, steps into a doorway to take a rather amused look at the party.

Slim looks up. Her eyes meet Faisal's. He smiles, eyebrows raised -- just a trifle condescending.

Slim looks away and reaches for a cigarette. James finishes his song to scattered applause. Slim catches his eye -- signs that she needs a light. James, surprised, comes over, pulling out a box of matches.

Slim says something to the Girl, who stands up and goes to the stage. James strikes a match, Slim gestures for him to sit.

SLIM (SMILING)

Thank you. I'm Slim Bryant. You play a mean guitar...

JAMES

Thanks, Ms. Bryant.

SLIM

Please, James, call me Slim. Dean tells me you're on leave.

JAMES

Uh, yes, ma'am.

SLIM

Where are you from?

JAMES

Lincoln, Nebraska.

SLIM

Big sky out there. Anyway, the good thing about a small town is you know you have to get out.

JAMES

Where are you from?

SLIM

Well, New York, originally. But I spent enough time in small town Connecticut... How did your girl back in Kansas feel about you not coming home on leave?

JAMES

She Dear Johned me. Just as well.

Slim nods, acting sympathetic but glad he's available.

SLIM

Some things aren't meant to be.

James silence is broken by a sudden WAIL of spanish, as the Girl breaks into a FADO song, the band following her in a flamenco-like rhythm as it builds to a powerful climax. She sings with her whole body, jerking as though possessed.

Slim glances at James, who is slightly awed by the intensity of the music. She smiles, passes him a hash JOINT and touches his hand lightly as he takes it. The entire room watches the Girl, some clapping along. The first number finishes to applause, the Girl playing exhaustion, and a slower song begins.

JAMES

God damn. What was that?

SLIM

It's called Fado. Portuguese for "Fate." (beat) Do you believe in fate, James?

JAMES

Fate, like, destiny? I don't really...

SLIM

The muslims believe everything is the will of Allah -- they're fatalists. That's why they walk down the middle of the highway at night, smoke unfiltered cigarettes... because everything that's going to happen is already written. "Mektoub."

JAMES

Written where? Seems pretty dumb to me.

SLIM

If I believed that I'd kill myself.

JAMES

This guy in my company, born-again Christian, when there was shooting he wouldn't even take cover. Stand there watching the incoming fire. Cause "there was a bullet with his name on it, and it would come when it was time."

SLIM

Did you believe he was protected by his faith?

JAMES

I thought he was fucking crazy.  
I mean, you can't just -- what's  
the opposite of fate?

SLIM

Self-determination? Choices? Free  
will? Not going home on leave.

They make serious eye contact, the hash making it even more  
intense, then break off laughing...

JAMES

Well, here's to that.

SLIM

To free will.

She looks at James in the eyes as she says this. James puts  
his hand on hers.

JAMES

You have some life, Slim.

SLIM

I get by.

Across the room Faisal looks on. He's not the only one  
watching. He walks directly to stand in front of them. They  
separate...

FAISAL

Enjoying your party, darling?

SLIM

James, this is my husband Faisal.  
This is James Kilroy. He's an  
American soldier.

James stands up awkwardly to shake hands.

FAISAL

Really. Are we being invaded?

JAMES

I'm on leave, sir.

FAISAL

Vacation from "Operation Enduring  
Freedom?"

JAMES

Yes sir.



FAISAL

Is it Enduring? The Freedom?

JAMES

I wouldn't... I'm basically a truck driver.

FAISAL

Idiotic war. Darling, will you come say hello to Prime Minister Hourri and his wife, please? Excuse us. Mr. Kilroy. At ease.

Slim looks at James hard as she rises.

SLIM

Excuse us, James.

James, left alone, gets up and strolls out onto the terrace, to the top of wide stone staircase. The lights of ships move out on the Strait. A PEACOCK walks out of the darkness into a beam of garden light in front of him. Music and laughter drifts out of the house.

A white Mercedes TAXI pulls up the driveway, drops off a GUEST. The DRIVER lights a smoke, watching the party.

DRIVER

Big party, good, ha ha!

James nods.

ABDELATIF, the distinguished Moroccan butler, appears behind James.

ADBELATIF

Mr. Kilroy? Madame invites you to join her in the Pool House.

James looks at the taxi, turning to drive back to town, then at Abdelatif.

25 INT. POOL HOUSE

25

The sounds of the party are faint in the distance, all the curtains drawn in this elegant wood-panelled guest room.

Oysters and champagne near the couch. Slim and James kiss, shirts open, he excited and eager, she savoring deliciousness. She feeds him an oyster, eats one herself. They lie across on the huge bed with its clean white sheets, making love...

Later. James and Slim are mostly naked, their clothes on the floor, sweat on their skin. James lies across the bed, high on pleasure. Slim looks at the cross tattooed on the back of his neck, then kisses him on the mouth and slips out of bed. She has on a short silk slip, and slips her feet into her HIGH HEELS.

James watches her, then reaches for his guitar. His DOG TAGS are loose in the bed, the chain broken. He shoves them in a pocket and begins playing a quiet series of chords which continue behind the dialogue that follows.

She crosses to a bar cart, pours a drink, and nearly trips turning around.

SLIM  
I saved the drink!

She climbs back up onto the bed.

JAMES  
Those shoes are dangerous.

SLIM  
Suffering for beauty is my *metier*.

She slips her hand under the covers.

JAMES  
What's a met-yay? Like a curse?

SLIM  
The thing you do best.

JAMES  
So what does your husband think about you, you know...

SLIM  
That's the great thing about Arabs. You can do anything you like -- behind closed doors. Obviously, Faisal's gay...

JAMES  
Whoa. I didn't... Right. Why marry a gay guy, Slim? For the money?

Slim lights a cigarette and tells the story in a strange singsong.

SLIM

He's my fifth husband. Always marry the wrong man. Always, like some sort of cartoon character. The Swiss banker who turned out to be a Nazi. The movie star, who would spank me over his knee, in front of the servants, when I "disobeyed" him. Then the Duke, who had the good grace to die in a racing accident. The last one was a Count with an Extremely-Long-Russian-Name -- not actually a Count, it turned out... I am unlucky in love.

She gestures at a portrait on the wall.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Like my poor friend Catherine of Braganza. When King Charles the 2nd of England married her, her dowry was Tangier -- the Portuguese handed the whole city over to the English.

JAMES

Her father must have really wanted to get rid of her.

SLIM

The marriage founded the British Empire. But Catherine went mad. Look at those eyes. I banished her to this room so she wouldn't stare at me in mine. (laughs) Actually, Faisal just bought her wedding ring from Christopher Gibbs, for a fortune. (beat) The press like to say that I marry badly, but I divorce brilliantly. It's a lie: those men and their lawyers left me with almost nothing -- my clothes and jewelry, a little flat in Spain...

JAMES

So you did marry hubby Number Five for the money.

SLIM

We needed each other. We were are Oxford together, years ago. He was already sick, when we met again, and he had just been photographed

(MORE)

SLIM (CONT'D)  
in a gay club in London, so the  
beardo-weirdos in his kingdom were  
about to put a fatwa on his head.  
So we agreed to help each other.

Off James' quizzical look.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
I hope you're not going to trot out  
any Christian moral judgements.  
There's no shame in a marriage of  
convenience. (beat) By the way,  
it's chronic, his illness, not  
terminal. Meaning one has a great  
deal of pain but one doesn't die.

JAMES  
That's tough.

SLIM  
Well it's hardly "convenient."

JAMES  
I meant for him.

SLIM  
I didn't know he was self-  
medicating with opium. I'm just a  
dirty birdy in a gilded cage. It's  
my fault. (beat) Do me a favor.  
Instead of asking me why I don't  
leave him, say something nice. Tell  
me I'm good.

JAMES  
You're better-looking than  
Catherine of whatever. You make  
great cocktails. And in every other  
department (he grins) -- yes,  
you're good.

Slim smiles. James plays the first bars a COUNTRY SONG.

SLIM  
I talk too much. What is that?

Slim recognizes it. Smiles. She begins to SING. She sings  
well -- she's surprised how well. They go through the song  
looking at each other. When they're done something new is in  
the room.

SLIM (CONT'D)

You know, James, you could stay the week here, in the pool house. It's self-contained.

JAMES

You serious?

SLIM

My music teacher. Lessons.

He hesitates. Slim looks into his eyes. She puts her hands in his hair and kisses him roughly. He lies back.

JAMES

I don't know. You rich people are crazy.

Slim sits on top of him, eating an oyster, looking into his eyes. He's loving it.

26 EXT. TANGIER STREET/COUNTRYSIDE, NEXT DAY

26

James walks around Tangier, checking out the SLOW, VOLUPTUOUS life of the city in summer. OLD MEN sit in pre-war cafes. KIDS jump off rocks into the ocean. PRETTY GIRLS walks arm-in-arm down the Boulevard. A STRAY DOG sniffs his way up the Old Mountain Road. James walks through the beautiful woods near the ocean. He sits on a rock and eats a sandwich. Everything looks beautiful and delicious.

He wanders along a path, through a RUINED HOUSE. A door of the house opens suddenly and directly into the...

27 EXT. MARSHAN GRAVEYARD, CONTINUOUS

27

This is an old Muslim graveyard with a mosque at far end. Gravediggers work, heads down. James looks on, sober: a dead Muslim in every grave.

28 INT. POOL HOUSE, DAYTIME. FOUR DAYS LATER.

28

Music plays from an old wooden radio. James coming out of the bathroom of the poolhouse, drying off with a towel. In the open wardrobe we see a few new shirts, pants, shoes.

He sits by the window playing the guitar thoughtfully.

He takes his ARMY ORDERS from inside his passport in a drawer and glances at them.

He looks out the window at the coast of Spain clearly visible across the perfect blue Strait.

A LAWNMOWER is running outside. It suddenly CHOPS UP a piece of something hard. James hesitates. The mower continues.

James starts playing the guitar again.

29 INT. VILLA, SAME

29

Lawnmower noise. Faisal sits in his private study. He is in physical pain which seems to originate in his spine. He holds an opium pipe to a candle and inhales.

As he does, the lawnmower stops and the music of James' guitar comes through clearly. He exhales deeply and leans back in the chair to listen.

30 INT. VILLA, A FEW DAYS LATER

30

DEAN (V.O.)

And so James stayed on, all that week...

James walks down the hall, carrying a cotton beach bag, past the glass doors of the Library.

Faisal is on the telephone, speaking ANGRILY in rapid arabic. Faisal glances up, sees James, who keeps walking down the hall.

Faisal comes out into the hall.

FAISAL

Sorry. What beach are you off to?

JAMES

Slim wants to go to the Mirage.

Faisal frowns slightly.

FAISAL

A little crowded.

James gets it: discretion.

JAMES

Is there someplace else?

Faisal goes to his desk and takes out a small YELLOW DISC with a hole in it, threaded on a thin chain.

FAISAL

The McBeys' old bathing platform on  
The American School's land. We  
sponsor the school, just show this  
to the guard. I think you'll like  
it.

JAMES

Sounds good. I'll convince her.

Faisal nods: thanks.

31 EXT. AMERICAN SCHOOL SWIMMING PLATFORM

31

James and Slim have finished an afternoon picnic at a cabana  
built on a rocky plateau stretching into the ocean. Champagne  
in a bucket, a spread of sandwiches and snacks.

He lies in a bathing suit with his head on her lap, staring  
at the sky. She strokes his hair fondly and takes a hash  
joint out of his mouth. James gets up.

There's a natural stone pool cut out of the rock. James  
stands at the edge. The sound of DRUMS and chanting voices,  
wild and fast, come from a distant hillside.

He jumps into the cold water. Swims out through the opening  
in the rock to the open water of the Strait. Everything is  
glistening and beautiful.

He rolls over in his back, almost asleep in the water. Slim  
watches him with affection. But her face is in shadow. She  
calls down to him.

SLIM

You look perfect floating there.  
(beat) It's thursday, isn't it. I  
have to go to dinner with Faisal.  
But afterwards, I want to take you  
somewhere.

James watches as a ferry heads out towards Spain. He looks at  
Spain, then back up at the cliff. Then at Slim, her eyes  
invisible behind big sunglasses.

DEAN'S voice behind it, and continues into the next scenes,  
as the camera stays on James, who closes his eyes and  
continues floating.

DEAN (V.O.)

Well, his leave had ended and James  
had fallen under the narcotic spell  
(MORE)

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
of the City of the Dream. But  
Thomas Lime was wide awake.

32 INT. CASA D'ITALIA

32

A simple, pretty Italian restaurant under the trees, where the BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE eat dinner. Slim sits with Faisal and two MOROCCAN GOVERNMENT TYPES.

DEAN (V.O.)  
Lime and I had dined at the same villas on the Riviera, those endless summers which seem a hundred years ago now. He was the subject of more than his share of rumors and gossip: gigolo, jewel thief, spy for M15, all of the above. In that set it matters less what one does than the style in which one does it.

Thomas Lime crosses the room. He sees Dean dining alone. Takes a beat, then walks over to his table.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Hello, Tom. Are you alone? Take a pew.

Later. Lime sits with Dean. They're sharing a bottle of wine and laughing.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
... whatever happened to the Principessa, after the scandal died down?

LIME  
Back to the boggy old family Palazzo...

DEAN  
And the damp embrace of the Catholic Church.

LIME (LOOKING AROUND)  
I see there are still a few of the old crowd around here.

DEAN  
Oh, just barely. Gigi (he points) is still here. She came out to Tangier in the '50s with her husband, a London gangster.  
(MORE)



DEAN (CONT'D)  
 Counterfeiter. When Scotland Yard  
 caught up with him, she took up  
 with the chauffeur, god bless her.  
 That's him there.

Lime laughs appreciatively.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
 And that's a billion euros, in the  
 tweed jacket. Dutch, fortune in  
 minerals, she's Argentine, pretty  
 dull but a good art collection. The  
 new crowd. The old ones are dying  
 off. Present company included.

Dean smiles and lights a cigarette. Lime glances over his  
 shoulder. Behind Dean, Faisal and Slim sit alone now -- some  
 tension between them. Dean catches his glance. Slim leans  
 forward, speaking angrily.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
 You know Slim, don't you?

LIME  
 Mostly by reputation.

DEAN  
 Slim's reputation, ha. is her  
 curse, I'm afraid. A true "It Girl"  
 she was, once, married to everyone  
 you ever heard of. Three divorces  
 and a car crash.

LIME  
 Bad chooser. Or maybe not?

Dean smiles.

DEAN  
 They're staying in was husband  
 Number Five's house here. A Saudi  
 Sheik, the black sheep of a branch  
 of the royal family, English-  
 educated, stratospherically wealthy  
 of course, quiet man, supposed to  
 be very religious.

LIME  
 Why black sheep?

DEAN  
 Well, he's gay. And smokes opium.

LIME

Well, he came to the right place.

As they laugh, Lime sees Faisal grab Slim's hand roughly. She twists away, stands up, and walks rapidly to the bathroom.

DEAN

That's Tangier -- "come for the boys, stay for the dope..." His had a place here has been sitting empty for years. Slim was hoping a season in Tangier might save the marriage -- their arrangement. She has a new live-in lover. Nice boy -- American GI in fact.

LIME

A soldier?

DEAN

Yes, on leave from the desert. I'm not entirely sure he'll go back.

Lime smiles. In an Orson Welles "Television Voice" he says:

LIME

"Deserters, queers, junkies, degenerates of all kinds... they all passed through Tangier's fabled Interzone..."

DEAN

..."Thieves, black marketeers, spies, thugs, phonies, beachcombers, expatriates, operators and charlatans..." Well, those were the days.

Lime pours, Dean drinks, sighs.

DEAN (CONT'D)

And here I stay. With a song in my heart and someone's hand in my pocket...

A COUPLE stop at the table and shake hands with Dean, then move on. Dean is distracted by someone else waving to him. He crosses the room to say hello.

Slim walks through the dining room, her eyes cool now. She looks directly at Lime, challenging him, as she walks out the door alone. Faisal looks after her, then away.

33 INT. HERCULES' GROTTO, AFTER DARK

33

A bonfire burns in the HUGE underground CAVE. Waves, in moonlight, crash in through the opening to the sea.

Slim and James have joined a dozen Moroccans and some foreigners sitting in a half-circle around a group of five traditionally-dressed Moroccan MUSICIANS. Local kids watch from the edges of the cave, where a few bare light bulbs are wired to the rock.

A drummer plays the slow hypnotic loop of the Gnaoua DRUM.

James looks around, seeing the expectation on the faces. Pipes are passed from the musicians to the audience, and James takes his turn, exhales a cloud of white smoke.

Now the music is building, and the skin of the players is blending into night as the hard compelling Afro-Berber rhythms rise. Then the other drums fall silent, waiting.

The MASTER MUSICIAN starts a complex rhythm on the oud-luth. From across the circle, another drum answers.

A BALD MAN man in white pants and shirt, gets to his feet and begins to dance, a shuffling in place little dance in the sand, his head lowered.

SLIM

It's that Slave Drum, the same as  
in Brazil, in Haiti, Mississippi.  
They shipped them from West Africa  
in chains, and soon enough they  
make a three string guitar and a  
drum from dried gourds...

James nods. The MASTER MUSICIAN begins to cry out harsh syllables: calling the saints and entities to come forth. The BALD MAN falls to his knees, supplicating the MASTER MUSICIAN.

The spectators hush each other, watching the DERDEBA, the ritual of possession.

A musician places a series of colored cloths over the man's head, and blows smoke inside the them. The man stays face down, his head bobbing to the drum which rises to a hypnotic tempo.

Slim squeezes James' hand.

But James is staring at THREE TEENAGE boys standing at the edge of the firelight. His face freezes: he RECOGNIZES them. He closes his eyes tightly then opens them. The boys are GONE. He looks at Slim. She's nodding her head, rocking her body with the music. James looks around the cave. Time slips a little.

Slim is thrashing her head, her hair whipping over her in time with the drum. James calls to her, she can't hear him.

After a while, an OLDER WOMAN comes to kneel by her, pushing James aside. She places one hand on Slim's forehead, another on her back, and pulls her upright. Holds her tightly for a moment, then releases.

Slim sinks to the stone floor, her eyes shut, tears on her face. Still moving to the steady drum, but gently now.

James hesitates, then puts a gentle hand on her back. She's still rocking. He strokes her hair. She comes to a stop. Looks up, then at him sideways. He's worried.

JAMES  
How you feeling?

SLIM  
I need some air.

They walk towards the mouth of the cave where it is open to the sea. Moonlight through the giant opening, and on the waves crashing into the rock pool below them.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
Better now. (laughs) Maybe the demon got out. (beat) You saw something there. What was it?

He lets sand run through his fingers.

JAMES  
Uh. I have these dreams.

SLIM  
You were awake.

JAMES  
Yeah...

SLIM  
What are the dreams?

JAMES  
Nothing. War stuff. Bad...

Slim, behind him, puts her hands on his shoulders.

SLIM  
I know what day it is.

James looks away. Slim undoes James' DOG TAGS. She dangles them in front of him.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
You don't have to go back.

James looks at the tags. Ashamed now.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
Don't. Life is too short to die for strangers.

She puts the tags in his hand. James THROWS the dog tags into a crashing wave. The crowd behind them starts to CLAP as the music rises. Slim pulls James back towards the fire.

34 EXT. OLD MOUNTAIN, DAWN

34

Silence. From far away we watch this scene.

James and Slim get out of Slim's Bentley, pale figures moving against the dark grass. The CALL TO PRAYER sounds in the distance. They're both high, and James supports Slim as she weaves across the grass. Slim laughs hoarsely.

Faisal passes them on his way to dawn prayers. The silent look he gives his wife is heavy with scorn and pity.

Slim crosses the lawn towards him, her heels wobbling on the grass, calling out. She falls.

Faisal walks away without stopping.

Faisal's eyes meet James', the older man disapproving. James makes a gesture of apology, looks at Slim's back, and retreats towards the pool house.

Slim turns looks after her husband. She sits up awkwardly on the grass, crying quietly.

The first hard flat guitar notes of a MOROCCAN 'SOUSSE' MUSIC begin their slow rhythmic build over the following scenes...

35 EXT. OLD MOUNTAIN, SAME 35

Lime has seen this scene, from a distant vantage point on the Mountain above the villa.

He sits on a folding chair in front of a portable wooden easel, with the beginning of a watercolor on it. He puts a pair of binoculars down on the paint tray, reaches for a Thermos of coffee, and sits back to watch the sun rise.

36 EXT. OLD MOUNTAIN ROAD, LATE MORNING 36

Lime is at the wheel of the Mercedes. A herd of goats wander up the Old Mountain Road past the gates of the Villa, he drives up behind them. The slow moving goats provide him ample time to study the estate through the iron gates.

He takes in the armed uniformed GUARDS in their guardshack. They have closed circuit TV monitors in front of them. Electronic security sensors are discretely hidden on the lawn. It is a secure fortress.

37 INT. VILLA JOSEPHINE, LIME'S SUITE, SOON AFTER 37

15 A handsome suite in a boutique hotel, with flowers on a desk. 15

He takes a sip of coffee from a room service tray, lays the watercolor notebook on the desk, opens it, and flips past a competent half-finished painting of an old door with flowers around it.

On the next page is a deft pencil drawing, a plan of the layout of Slim's villa.

He lays the plan on a large desk, pushing aside several pages of laser-printed paper: PHOTOGRAPHS of Slim's HUSBAND FAISAL. A photo of Slim and Faisal on their wedding day, in a large tent in the desert. Faisal in his graduation gown at Oxford. Faisal on a polo horse. We catch the black-and-white logo of THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY and a US Army logo.

He sits down at a laptop computer, presses a button, reads something. He absorbs it, and then begins to type rapidly.

38 INT./EXT. VILLA, NEXT MORNING 38

It's midday and James is hungover. He passes a BOOKSHELF and his eyes falls on a volume. It's entitled TANGIER - CITY OF THE DREAM. He keeps going.

Then he stops, and takes the book off the shelf. Opens it and stands there reading with an effort, frowning. He takes the book and slips it under his arm.

James walks out of the poolhouse, past the pool, and across a perfect lawn and formal garden, which stretches down the hill from the main house, with the city, the Strait and the mountains of Spain beyond.

Slim finishes breakfast on a large patio, with a stack of fashion magazines in front of her.

A white gloved BUTLER brings a pot of fresh coffee and a bouquet of WHITE GARDENIAS as James arrives and sits in the middle of the table saying something.

Slim, smiling sympathetically, pours James a cup of coffee. James leans over his book, concentrating.

Slim comes around the table, leans over James from behind, and WHISPERS in his ear, hands on his chest.

Slim looks at the flowers. Attached to them is envelope labelled SLIM. She opens it, unfolding the letter-sized sheet of paper inside.

What she sees there stops her cold. She sits down and re-reads the letter carefully. She checks. There is nothing else in the envelope.

Slim rises, her face flushed with rage, and walks slowly towards the pool.

It's a blurry photocopy of a document on the letterhead of a LONDON LAW FIRM. He reads: "CLIENT: SHEIK FAISAL AL WAHAB. Draft Application for Decree Nisi. Grounds for Divorce: Unreasonable Behaviour. PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL."

James watches her go.

Aerial view: poverty. The INSISTENT RHYTHM OF THE MOROCCAN MUSIC continues behind the SOUND OF A HELICOPTER, which is carrying a large palm tree above a city of high rise buildings, all under CONSTRUCTION, dense high rise housing developments. In the muddy streets between them, people are living in a huge unfinished slum.

EXT./INT. GREENHOUSE, AFTERNOON

Through the steamed-up window of a handsome greenhouse, we see Slim alone, pruning roses. A bead of water slides down the glass and we move inside. She has been crying.

A sweating bottle of gin in ice half empty on a tray. Slim CUTS her finger on a rose thorn. She curses, slumps into a chair, looking defeated, her eyes wet with tears. She pours another drink, stares darkly at her table of dead soldiers.

The photocopied DIVORCE LETTER lies on the table, wet and disintegrating. There's a splash of blood on it. Slim looks at a fat drop of blood forming on her fingertip. She brings the finger to her lips. The taste of blood makes her sit up straighter, forcing herself to take control. Her eyes turn cold as she takes a deep breath.

She GRABS the soggy divorce letter, crumples it into a ball and throws it savagely into a bin. Determination growing. She wipes her eyes.

EXT. TANGIER, EARLY EVENING

The helicopter continues over the Boulevards of the colonial New City. Then over the ancient walls and dense parapets of the CASBAH, and over the villas of Marshan. The ground below turns green as we overlook the large villas and handsome gardens of THE OLD MOUNTAIN, their cliffs dropping down to the sea. The camera finds the THOMAS ESTATE, a boxy stone mansion on a cliff plateau...

40

EXT. THOMAS ESTATE, EARLY EVENING

40

The sun has turned to late afternoon as a GARDEN PARTY gathers on the wide stone terrace with drinks.

Slim is trying to listen to what JOHNNY DAWSON is telling her. Her mind is elsewhere. She scans the crowd, as if looking for someone but not sure who.

Morale fading, she breaks away from the party, walks alone down a path to a BELVEDERE, a small building set apart from the house, overlooking the sea.

Inside the house, LIME sees Slim go and leaves a group of people in the drawing room. From a window, Dean watches him go.



Lime comes out of the house, holding a cocktail glass, and strolls down another path, under a row of dark trees which leads to the Belvedere.

Slim feels someone coming, and instantly begins to compose herself.

Lime approaches. He is wearing a WHITE GARDENIA in his buttonhole.

Slim looks at the flower, and the knowing smile on Limes face.

As he approaches, each reads the others' face carefully.

We CAN'T HEAR what they say. But as he lights Slim's cigarette, they are talking seriously and intently. He asks a question.

DEAN (V.O.)  
 Something about seeing them  
 together sent a little chill down  
 me.

A BELL rings and a voice calls from the house.

CLAUDE (O.S.)  
 Everyone! A table! Dinnertime!

Slim looks at him hard. Then, slowly, she nods and turns away towards the house. Lime goes the other way.

41 EXT. TANGIER, PORT, SAME TIME.

41

The MUSIC continues and the call to prayer sounds as Lime parks in the seedy area above the Port. Men sit on a wall, staring blankly out at the lights of Spain.

DEAN (V.O.)  
 Who controls Tangier controls the  
 door of the Mediterranean. In 1912,  
 as the French and Spanish split  
 Morocco in two, the British were  
 damned if they were going to  
 surrender the sealanes to their  
 enemies -- so they burnt it down as  
 they were sailing out. The city was  
 reborn as the international zone,  
 each great power controlling a part  
 of the town. The Interzone, with  
 it's own law and customs...

42 EXT./INT BARS MONTAGE, NIGHT

42

Lime walks in and back out of a few bars, looking around -- expressionless older men drinking beer with a few stonefaced prostitutes. None of these places are what he's looking for...

43 INT. MOROCCO PALACE, NIGHT

43

The camera glides through the smoky air as Lime comes through the curtained doorway of the Morocco Palace nightclub, looks around, and plunges in. The club is shaped like a long courtyard, entirely covered in traditional tile, with banquettes on all sides of a dance floor, a wraparound balcony above, and a raised stage at one end bathed in light. The MUSIC we've been hearing for the past four scenes is louder now.

We follow him around the room, his passage revealing the BAR GIRLS, their WHITE clothes glowing in the black-light, watching from the bar for a gesture from the heavysset TOUGH GUYS in the banquettes.

POV: On the stage, a MASTER MUSICIAN with a 4-string gourd guitar comes to the climax of THE SONG we've been hearing, his band following his fast and intense music, as eight TRADITIONAL COURTESANS in white turtlenecks sway and twirl and cartwheel to the music. Pimps, thieves, and dealers watch the girls from the wrap-around balcony above. Bodybuilder sized BOUNCERS watch everything. Lime scans all their faces.

Lime spots a heavysset man, OMAR -- the owner of the place, by his vigilant gaze and gestures to the staff -- sitting with three girls. Lime tips the maitre d' to seat him at the reserved table next to Omar.

LIME

Vous etes le maitre de la maison,  
je crois.

He speaks to Omar. A laugh, a raised glass, a smile, and they're sitting together, speaking French, which we can't hear over the music. Dancing girls pass in front of them. Their gestures suggest mutual understanding. Omar rises. Lime nods, smiles and follows Omar into his OFFICE at the back of the club. The door shuts and the music STOPS.

44 INT. POOL HOUSE, MORNING

44

James sits at a coffee table. On the table is the Times of London. A large headline reads 12 U.S. SOLDIERS KILLED IN CAR BOMB ATTACK.

A moment later, Slim comes into the room. She's been crying and isn't bothering to hide it. She falls into a chair.

SLIM

Jesus. Get me a drink.

James get up to pour it.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Why did I get married again? Will I never learn?

JAMES

Hey, do you want me to get out of here?

SLIM

No thank you. One man dumping me is enough.

JAMES

What's he going to do?

Slim shrugs.

SLIM

He'll divorce me when we go back to Paris at the end of August.

JAMES

Did he say anything?

Slim drinks, shakes her head.

SLIM

I brought you a present. Come.

She pulls him to the window. In the driveway is a shiny VINTAGE CONVERTIBLE.

SLIM (CONT'D)

It was in the garage. Do you love it? It's yours. We needn't both be prisoners here.

She puts her arms around him, drops the car keys into his front pocket and leaves her hand in there. James looks uncomfortable.

JAMES

What are you gonna do?

SLIM

Have a drink.

The CALL TO PRAYER sounds and James looks out a window. Faisal, dressed in white, walks across the lawn towards his prayer room.

45 EXT. TANGIER STREET, A FEW DAYS LATER

45

Montage: view from car. James drives around Tangier alone, seeing the unfamiliar faces of the Moroccans, the illegible signs in Arabic. Kids sniff glue in THE PORT, veiled women walk through half-finished HOUSING PROJECTS, feral cats run through a huge outdoor FLEA MARKET.

He sits in the convertible in an oceanfront parking lot, looking at the sun set into the sea. It's beautiful. He smiles slightly to himself. He lights a joint. Turns on the radio. An American crooner, like Roy Orbison, is singing. It's perfect.

46 INT. VILLA, LIBRARY

46

James walks up the stairs, in a bathrobe, his hair wet from the pool. He's holding the book TANGIER - CITY OF THE DREAM.

Faisal comes into a doorway.

FAISAL

How are you liking that?

JAMES

It's pretty good.

FAISAL

You play chess?

James looks at his bathrobe.

JAMES

Why not.

Later. They sit at the chessboard, James in his bathrobe, both concentrating on a sparse endgame. Faisal moves, then regrets it.

FAISAL  
Ah, what have I done!

He waits, as James looks at the board.

JAMES  
Oh, yeah, you screwed up. That's  
Checkmate.

James points. Faisal lays his king on its side.

FAISAL  
You're speaking Arabic. Checkmate:  
is *Sheik Mate*. To kill the king.

JAMES  
Is it an Arab game?

FAISAL  
Indian, most likely. You play well.

JAMES  
Nothing else to do, most of the  
time, in the Army.

FAISAL  
Did you see any combat -- beside on  
the chessboard?

James frowns at a subject he doesn't want to talk about.

JAMES  
Mostly all I saw was the monitors  
in the Paladin. (beat) But you're  
there two years, things happen.

Faisal senses something painful there. He turns his tone  
jokey.

FAISAL  
Make any friends? I'm often told  
the American Soldier does not fight  
for a cause but rather for the man  
next to him.

JAMES  
Heard the same thing about suicide  
bombers.

FAISAL

Chess is all about suicide attacks,  
isn't it?

JAMES

The early game, maybe. During the  
invasion, the Army, we were the  
pawns.

James moves.

FAISAL

And what about your guitar playing.  
Is that a vocation, or a Secret  
Sin.

JAMES

Sin. Especially in my family -- my  
Dad did two tours in Vietnam.  
Special Forces. His dad was on the  
beach at Normandy. Couldn't  
exactly...

FAISAL

No, I guess you couldn't.

JAMES

In another life.

FAISAL

Was the military what you hoped?

JAMES

Not that war. I mean, OK, Saddam  
was an asshole -- pardon my french.  
But afterwards... we had no  
mission, it was 100,000 grunts  
jacked up on Ripped Fuel running  
around shooting people...

Faisal winces at this thought.

FAISAL

And you, looking for a mission. We  
all are, I suppose, looking for  
one. Some men have to make their  
own.

JAMES

You try telling my Dad that.

FAISAL

I'd tell him "children may come through you, but they aren't of you." And I'd tell him so he'd listen. Life's too short for half measures.

Kilroy smiles then moves uncomfortably in his chair.

JAMES

So, uh, how did you and Slim, like, meet, sir?

Faisal looks at him for a long moment.

FAISAL

She must have told you the nature of our arrangement. It was quite adult and civilized at first. My home kingdom is fairly advanced in the art of hypocrisy. And she had been divorced enough to consider a marriage based purely on companionship...and a certain kind of security...

JAMES

And I mean, if you all are having some trouble now... I feel like. I'd just hate to think I had something to do with...

FAISAL

James, frankly, you're a welcome buffer between two people who have forgotten how to talk to each other. I enjoy the sound of your guitar across the lawn...

James is relieved.

JAMES

Thank you, sir. This whole life is pretty different...

FAISAL

From what?

JAMES

That whole Army life, all the chain-of-command bullshit. And my family were pretty strict Christians.

FAISAL  
 Sounds like you burned your bridges  
 if you're still here.

James looks at him. He knows James is AWOL.

JAMES  
 Yeah.

FAISAL  
 Then this place and time belongs to  
 you.

JAMES  
 I can't tell if you're wise or high  
 or both or what...

They share a laugh. Faisal looks at him.

FAISAL  
 We're leaving at the end of the  
 summer, just a few weeks now.

JAMES  
 I know.

FAISAL  
 So where does the road lead for  
 James Kilroy then?

James looks at the empty chess-board. Shrugs.

FAISAL (CONT'D)  
 Call it freedom. It's rare.

48 EXT. CASBAH, MORNING

48

In the dense streets of the old city, James stops at a  
 TELEBOUTIQUE, a hole-in-the-wall public telephone service.  
 Takes a pen and a scrap of paper and writes down a number,  
 and passes it to the bored KID behind the counter.

KID  
 Fransa?

JAMES  
 No, America.

The kid gestures to a glassed-in cabin. James goes in. Puts  
 his hand on the phone. Picks it up. Listens.



Answering machine. James slowly hangs up the phone without speaking. Opens the door and walks out of the place, leaving coins on the desk.

James walks frowning through the casbah, the ancient walled city, along a maze of streets so narrow that the sunlight doesn't reach the ground.

He passes open doors where poor people are working and living; fountains where kids play and fill water bottles; small workshops of blacksmiths and carpenters and cobblers; tiny cafes and one-chair barbershops.

From a sidestreet behind him, JAIBO, a young HUSTLER in a plastic sweatsuit and bad teeth, appears and fall into stride with James.

JAIBO

Hola, amigo. You remember me?  
Espanol? Francia? Hollande?  
'Merica?

James keeps walking.

JAIBO (CONT'D)

You remember! From nightclub! I am Jaibo. What you looking for? Que quieres? I have todo everything. Me voyage Espana, Fransa. *H'reg*. Mucho peligro, muerte, en pateras, little boats. Spania good, dinero, toujours money, coche, toujours woman. Here, this country shit country. Todos partido.

JAMES

Yeah, OK, I don't want anything.

JAIBO

Y yo, no passaporte, no dinero, voy a morir aqui como un perro en la calle. You come here, smokie-smokie, mucha chicas, mucho dinero...

JAMES

I don't want anything, ok.

JAIBO

Stop, one minute only, stop my friend, how 'bout some hashish mon ami, mira, chocolat noir, best qualité...

Jaibo takes out a cigarette pack. James stops and turns to face him.

JAMES  
Fucking leave me alone. You  
understand that?

Jaibo falls back a little but continues to follow him.

James climbs a stairway towards the thick ancient walls. As James steps out into the open Place du Casbah, a large stone plaza parking lot, Jaibo overtakes him.

JAIBO  
I say welcome to Morocco, you talk  
to me bad, my friend. That no good.  
Maybe you no want to get high.  
Maybe you want to die.

James' eyes turn blurry with ANGER. Jaibo reaches for his arm, anticipating the blow. James grabs his wrist and in a fluid gesture twists his arm downward, and throws Jaibo through the air, slamming him to the floor and breaking his wrist on the way down.

James can't stop: something has snapped. He punches Jaibo twice in the face; as his hand goes back for a third blow, a POLICEMAN grabs his arm from behind.

POLICEMAN  
Baraka. Safay.

Two men in streetclothes are standing behind James. One of them takes out a POLICE BADGE.

The other kneels down to pick up something off the cobblestones. The cigarette pack has broken open. It's full of brown HASHISH.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN  
You lost something, Monsieur.

49 EXT. PLAZA DE TOROS, HIGH NOON

49

James, handcuffed, is unloaded from a white van by two policemen. They're shoved through a huge door, down a dark tunnel, and out into

...a large disused bullfight arena.

A hundred prisoners live here long term. A group of dark skinned AFRICANS cook over an open fire. STREET KIDS and

JUNKIES sit or lie on the shady side of the bleachers. Isolated madmen sit along. A few BEARDED MEN stand apart.

Four cops and soldiers sit on an old raised stage under an umbrella. They can see the entire arena, and the young cops watch the stands lazily, with machine gun slung over their shoulders.

James goes and sits alone, head down. He watches a kid in a RED SWEATSHIRT swings from the bars of some broken structure, swinging higher and higher until he does an acrobatic penny-drop, his arms wide. He salutes imaginary crowds in the stands. James leans back against a bleacher, squinting.

Just then two COPS come and drag a SKINNY MAN out of the stands. SCREAMS come from the dark bowels of the building.

James sits up, cracking his knuckles.

50

EXT. PLAZA DE TOROS, AFTERNOON

50

James sits in the shade, his eye open. Worried.

In the area below, a plainclothes cop comes in and scans the stands.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN  
*Wahed Inglesia, fin hiya?*

People point at James.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN (CONT'D)  
English, come here.

James gets up warily.

51

INT. PLAZA DE TOROS STABLE

51

The Plainclothesman opens the door and James walks into a darkened room set up for interrogations. Light filters through a grillwork above them. Thomas Lime sits in the single chair, holding a paper bag. They look at each other.

LIME  
Hello, James. I'm Thomas Lime.

JAMES  
You're not American?

LIME

And you're not British, as I've been explaining to the Moroccan police. But I know Ambassador Riley and so...

Lime wearily opens his briefcase and takes out a folder.

JAMES

So we're going to work this out, right? I mean, I can pay a fine...

LIME

James Mouritzen?

James' full name: he winces. Lime reads from a file. His voice is crisper, almost American-sounding -- quite a different side of his personality than we saw with Dean.

LIME (CONT'D)

Says here, "James Mouritzen, DOB 6/8/81, you are under arrest pending the assembly of a general court martial... charge is Desertion with intent to avoid hazardous duty... under the Uniform Code of Military Justice, anything you choose to say can and will be used against you at Court Martial. Do you understand?" (beat) Well do you?

James looks up.

JAMES

Yes.

LIME

Are you a private or did you make E4?

JAMES

Made E4.

LIME

Then sit up straight, Specialist, and say Sir like you were trained.

James looks at him angrily. Lime stares back confident in his superior rank. James sits up, lowers his eyes.

JAMES

Yes, sir. OK, I'm AWOL. I'll go back to my Battalion.

LIME

Sign this.

It's a U.S. Army "Rights of the Arrestee" document. James signs.

LIME (CONT'D)

You're not AWOL, son. You're a Deserter in Time of War. Going to Fort Sill to stand trial. Read the regs. Soldier absent from a combat unit more than 21 days, company drops you from its rolls: desertion, 20 years to life. The Uniform Code still says death penalty.

Lime countersigns James' form, pockets it, and walks out, double-locking the door.

JAMES

Fuck, fuck, fucker, fucked.

52 INT. CELL. LATER

52

The Plainclothesman comes in, holding handcuffs.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Stand up. Turn around.

James complies. He gets cuffed. Lime walks into the room, holding James' paper bag of possessions.

LIME

Shukran, Abdillah. Salaama.

He puts a hand on the cuffs and leads James out.

53 EXT. CASBAH, MORNING

53

Wide on the rooftops of the Casbah, white houses close together like "a crowded city of snowy tombs."

James blinks into the light. Lime tosses a coat over the cuffs.

LIME

Follow me.

They walk through the empty streets of the Casbah in silence. Lime seems to know the place by heart, turning right and left confidently.

They come to a small covered street, with a building which forms a bridge across the street. Fixed on the building is the GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES. A sign reads AMERICAN LEGATION OF TANGIER. James looks at it uncomfortably.

LIME (CONT'D)

Turn around.

Lime uncuffs James, pockets the cuffs, then knocks on a heavy wooden door which is opened by a Moroccan uniformed guard.

LIME (CONT'D)

Sbalhkir, Sidi.

GUARD

Bon jour, mon cher ami!

LIME

Bon jour, Hassan. On peut entrer?

GUARD

Soyez le bienvenue, monsieur.

LIME

Il est la, le chef?

GUARD

Oui.

The Guard holds the door open for them, and they enter a handsome courtyard with a large American Flag tapestry on one wall. On the staircase, paintings of George Washington, photos Reagan with Moroccan King Hassan II.

They walk into the leafy COURTYARD of the legation, with more US Seals on the walls, a framed document on parchment.

They climb an Embassy-like staircase and cross a series of rooms which looks like The White House -- polished tables on hardwood floors, tall French windows, bookshelves and impressive paintings on the walls.

Lime nods to a STAFF GIRL carrying a handful a books. She nods back politely.

As they pass an OFFICE, Lime sticks his head in the door.

LIME

Excuse me -- is the Director in his office?

Somone mutters a response inside.

JAMES

Where are we going?

Lime turns to look at James, holding a door open.

He follows James down the stairs, to a Utility Area with trash cans in it, off of a large kitchen. They cross another courtyard and open another door, to go into a spacious library. The decor looks like the West Wing of the White House.

Lime sits down at the table, and gestures to a chair.

LIME

Before I hand you over, I have some questions. (beat) You working for NSA, NSC? Army Intel?

JAMES

Uh, what, sir?

LIME

I'm a colonel in the Joint Support Group, Task Force Black. I have the same security clearance as an American four-star Army General, son. I promise, it's OK to tell me.

JAMES

I'm just a Paladin driver, sir.  
761st Field Artillery.

LIME

Then what are you doing in Sheik Faisal's house?

JAMES

His wife...is a friend of mine.

LIME

Why didn't you return to to the 761st after leave?

JAMES

I just... had enough.

LIME

Of what?

JAMES

The whole thing.

LIME

OK, I'll bite -- what *thing*? The war machine?

James looks towards the Director's office. He has nothing to lose...

JAMES

My family are Christians, OK. Most people are, where I come from. And I mean... well, since I was a kid, I've been... they got me like a bull in the chute, you know, going down a corridor that could only lead to once place, you know, church, football. Then boot camp, then my first tour, you know, I'm inside this multimillion dollar rolling weapons system and I get it, I'm just the remote controlled asshole of this thing, the one piece McDonnell Douglas can't build yet.

Lime looks almost approving.

LIME

And how's Slim Bryant in bed?

James hesitates.

JAMES

Hey, I just needed a place to stay.

LIME

And you just HAPPENED to land in THAT house. Sheik Faisal.

James looks at him, puzzled.

JAMES

What are you asking me?

LIME

How's the big Sheik like an evil American banging his wife right under his terracotta tile roof?



JAMES

Well, you know, they're married  
but... they have like an  
understanding...

LIME

An understanding.

JAMES

Well, yes, sir.

LIME

What's the nature of their  
understanding, Private?

Lime is studying James' face closely.

JAMES

I just mean, you know, Faisal is  
... what does this have to do with  
me, sir?

Lime stands up, walks over to James, and THWAP! he boxes  
James ears twice rapidly. James stands up fast -- ready to  
fight. Lime shoves him down.

LIME

You're not going back to Lawrence  
Kansas, kid. You're going to spend  
the night flying to Newark on a C-  
130 with an escort of Marines who  
will deliver you to the Fort Sill  
stockade. But first you're going to  
tell me everything you know about  
Sheik Faisal.

JAMES

OK. He's gay, he's a queer. He's  
got some kind of sickness. Takes  
opium to control the pain. He prays  
five times a day, fasts on  
Saturdays. Speaks better English  
than me. Real smart. I don't  
really know him. Seems like an OK  
guy.

Lime laughs.

LIME

"OK guy." Sure. That's why there's  
a team of analysts writing his  
biography at Langley right now.

James takes this in.

Lime opens a LAPTOP computer. The first screen is a document with a C.I.A. logo, labelled "CENTCOM HIGH VALUE SUSPECT BULLETIN."

The Sheik's ID PHOTO.

LIME (CONT'D)  
Big family over there,  
construction, built them whole  
cities on oil money. But he didn't  
pop up on the radical-Islamist  
radar until 2000.

A page with Faisal's date of birth, parents' names, etc.

Surveillance-style photos of Faisal sitting in a hotel lobby with other Arab men.

Next, a series of PHOTOS of Faisal as a young man, playing tennis, riding horses.

A photo of Faisal, dressed in white, kissing the hand of a BEARDED IMAM in the entrance of a MOSQUE.

LIME (CONT'D)  
There's him in Cairo with Abu  
Abderrahman. He's Al Quaeda  
Mahgreb, the ones who blew up the  
Embassy.

PHOTOS of the bombed American Embassies in Africa. A photo of the USS Cole.

A DIAGRAM of the royal family of the Sheik's country, with his name, halfway down, highlighted.

He opens a report with a Department of Homeland Security logo on it, titled GULF STATES -- SUSPECT PROFILES. Lime flips to a page with the Sheik's name across the top.

JAMES  
Holy shit. I can't believe it...  
Him?

LIME  
Your "OK Guy" is an A-List terror  
suspect. He's poised to make the  
move from financing to direct  
action, a major operation of his  
own. He is already moving money  
around; he's sick and he's got to  
(MORE)

LIME (CONT'D)  
do it soon, martyr his way into  
Heaven, before he dies of natural  
causes.

JAMES  
Shit.

LIME  
There's just one problem. So far I  
can't prove it.

He closes the computer.

JAMES  
Why not?

LIME  
People that rich live in a shell.  
You've seen the security at the  
house: his whole life is like that.  
He has eight more houses like that.  
We have no eyes.

James nods.

LIME (CONT'D)  
Faisal's smart, he plays his cards  
close to his chest. And he has  
protection here, high up.

Lime leans back in his little plastic chair.

LIME (CONT'D)  
In a way it's too bad you're leaving.

JAMES  
Well, maybe we could--

LIME  
I could probably get authority to  
keep you for debriefing. Do that,  
I'm going to need something to  
debrief from you.

JAMES  
Something to debrief.

LIME  
I run a task force, James. You'd be  
tasked to us. You do your part,  
maybe we can arrange a little quid-  
pro-quo for you.

James resists.

JAMES

I don't know, sir. What is it you...?

Lime cups his hand to his ear.

LIME

I'm a little deaf, Specialist. Did you just say "Thank you for the opportunity, sir, I will work my skinny combat-deserting ass off to stay out of the federal stockade."

JAMES

Yes, uh, thank you, really. What will this assignment involve, sir?

LIME

Whatever I tell you. It's called following orders. Soldiers do it.

JAMES

I do this, I'm squared away with the Army?

LIME

Son, you do your duty, we do things like exercise Diplomatic Immunity: the Moroccans drop charges. My report goes to US CentCom: you stand for a bad conduct discharge. You lose your benefits. You get your balls back. Your pride. That has to matter.

James nods slowly.

LIME (CONT'D)

Listen up, son. You deserted once before and were caught. At some point you may think, you can make a run for it. That's treasonable desertion. And you belong to us now. We WILL hunt you down. It's what we do. If it takes years The Company will find you. And forget prison, we'll skullfuck you, son. Sign this.

James signs another paper, titled "U.S. ARMY -- TASKING ON LOAN." Lime reaches into the bag and takes out a flask and a cel phone. He gives a drink to James, hands him the phone, and takes a drink himself.

We watch IN A MIRROR as he hands James the drink.

LIME (CONT'D)  
 You're on the tip of the spear,  
 now. We have been called on to do  
 something big. So here's to staying  
 frosty and getting the job done.  
 You ready for this?

JAMES  
 Slim doesn't know, I can tell you  
 that.

Lime shakes his head.

LIME  
 Nothing. And the less she knows,  
 the safer she'll be. Is that clear?

James nods. Lime takes the little paper bag from his  
 briefcase and hands it to James. Inside are James' wallet,  
 change, cigarettes and lighter.

LIME (CONT'D)  
 OK, then listen up.

54 EXT. OLD MOUNTAIN ROAD, MIDDAY 54

James drives back up the Old Mountain Road to Slim's. He's  
 holding a MOBILE PHONE. He looks alert and focussed.

55 EXT. VILLA, FRONT GATES 55

James relaxes his face as a tough-looking GUARD opens the  
 gate.

56 INT. SLIM'S SUITE, LATE MORNING 56

James knocks on Slim's door.

SLIM (O.S.)  
 What is it?

He opens the door.

JAMES  
 Hey.

She's been up all night: ruined dress, a full ashtray, empty glasses. When James comes in, she jumps up, walks towards him, and wraps him in a hug, inhaling deeply.

SLIM

Jesus. I was starting to think you weren't coming back.

They separate awkwardly.

JAMES

Sorry. I ran into a guy I know, in the Casbah. Wound up passing out on his couch. My head...

Slim nods.

SLIM

You've got a hell of a nerve.

JAMES

Hey, I'm sorry. That last drink was a killer...

SLIM

"A Guy in the casbah..." You're quite sure it wasn't a Girl in the Medina?

James looks her in the eyes. Sees the need and fear in Slim's eyes.

She breaks away and sits at her dressing table in front of the mirror, coldly examining her reddened eyes.

He comes up behind her, puts a hand on her shoulder.

JAMES

Hey, I'm sorry.

SLIM

Not sorry enough.

James leans down awkwardly to kiss her cheek. She turns away.

JAMES

Slim, damn it, I said I'm sorry.

He takes her wrist, tries to turn her around.

Her eyes flare and she turns and SLAPS his face hard. On a reflex, James reacts, stops himself in time. She stares at him, turns and stands up.

SLIM

You son of a bitch. Don't EVER do  
that to me again.

Slim shoves him onto his back, and then pounces on top of him, and kisses his mouth. They're on the floor. Slim's on top, undoing his pants, then fucking him, wild and angry. Grabbing his hair -- asserting her possession of him. She's dark, animal. Slaps him again, forces herself against his mouth. James goes with it. Has no choice.

57 INT. POOL HOUSE

57

He gets out of a hot shower, clears a hole in the steam on the mirror. Slim's NAIL SCRATCHES on his back. In his eyes, a mix of shame and determination.

He takes the NEW MOBILE PHONE from his pocket. Presses a button on the side. A light flashes once. He puts it down, crosses the room, and moves his hand back and forth. Then picks it up and works through a menu. A jerky but clear film plays on the small screen, James waving his hand.

58 INT. SHEIK'S LIBRARY, LATER

58

James looks through a glass door.

Faisal is sitting in a low chair, staring out the window. He looks up at James' knock. He's on opium, eyes slightly narrowed, voice a little hoarse. He sits up, gestures to a chair.

FAISAL

Please.

James sits in the chair. He puts his PHONE down on the table, along with a book entitled TANGIER - CITY OF DREAMS.

FAISAL (CONT'D)

"Like a dream congealed in  
stone..." He's good, Findlayson,  
isn't he. Look at Walter Harris,  
too.

JAMES

Is it true the city got its name  
from Hercules wife?

FAISAL

Well, originally she was the giant  
Antaeus' wife; Antaeus bestrode the  
(MORE)

FAISAL (CONT'D)

Strait, reaching down to devour the passing boats like oysters, which was inconvenient for shipping.

JAMES (SMILES)

Yeah.

FAISAL

Finally Hercules found a way to kill him -- he's buried under the Charf hill -- and Tingis became the hero's wife and the city's namesake.

JAMES

The Charf is one of the seven hills?

FAISAL

Seven hills. Like Rome. Only the Fall of Tangier has been happening for centuries, in slow motion... now we are the guardians of a ruin.

JAMES

It's crazy. You see history everywhere here. It's like living in a museum.

FAISAL

Or a mausoleum.

Faisal is quiet.

JAMES

So you really have Catherine de Braganza's wedding ring? It must be incredible to handle that, and know that she wore it...

Works like a charm. Faisal brightens.

FAISAL

Like to see it?

JAMES

Hell, yeah. I mean, if you don't mind. I was always into history.

Faisal smiles, gets slowly to his feet.

FAISAL

No, just a... just a moment.



Faisal goes to a wooden panel in the bookshelf, opens it. The dial of a large old SAFE hidden behind it.

James comes over quietly to put his phone down on a table, aimed towards the safe. He moves it so it will aim past Faisal's head, bent in concentration.

James looks towards the open window. Outside is a purple tree in bloom. Faisal, sighing with effort, begins to dial the combination of the safe.

James simply WATCHES the combination: 34...6...12.

Faisal opens the safe: documents in Arabic in neat folders. And little velvet boxes.

FAISAL (CONT'D)

Voila.

Faisal looks over his shoulder suddenly. But now James is looking out the window.

JAMES

What kind of tree is this? It's amazing.

FAISAL

The Jacaranda? You're right, it's a marvel. You know, they were all imported by the Portuguese from Brazil... ah, here we are... see for yourself.

As Faisal opens the box, James comes forward to examine the ring. He brings it out in the sunlight to see it better. It's small and ordinary.

JAMES

This is it?

FAISAL

King Charles was the Merry Monarch. Extravagant fellow, and a generous lover. At least before they were married.

JAMES

But marrying Catherine was total politics.

FAISAL

Yes, but, I always thought that he developed an affection for her.

(MORE)

FAISAL (CONT'D)

Unrequited. Catherine was barren, and a sour type. She turned Charles mean in the end. He kept a dozen mistresses, began doing horrid things like having Cromwell's body dug up and re-killed officially. In the end, I think the marriage ruined them both.

59 EXT. VILLA, NIGHT

59

The walls designed to keep strangers out can also look like prison walls, keeping the inhabitants in.

60 INT. SLIM'S SUITE

60

Slim sits watching a movie. James is at the window, watching rain hammer down.

SLIM

I hope to God the chergui doesn't start blowing. We're all crazy enough without the evil east wind rattling our brains.

James is silent, his mind elsewhere.

SLIM (CONT'D)

You're not sulking, are you?

JAMES

Oh fuck you, Slim.

SLIM

I always find "fuck you" strangely imprecise as an expression. Who is being directed to fuck whom? And why is being fucked an insult?

JAMES

Depends how you do it, I guess.

SLIM

Are you angry because you didn't like the way I fucked you? Or because you did?

James takes the provocation. He advances on her, his eyes hard and aroused.

Slim backs up slowly towards the bed, barely breathing. He grips her wrists strongly and forces her back onto the bed...

then roughly turns her over so she is face down. Slim's face is taut with desire.

61 EXT. VILLA JOSEPHINE, SAME 61

The wind whips the palm trees and pines.

62 INT. VILLA JOSEPHINE, LIME'S SUITE 62

Lime works at his desk, squinting at the screen of a computer, files in the open briefcase next to him. He rubs his eyes, tired, then gets back to work.

63 INT. SLIM'S ROOM, LATER 63

Slim and James lie spent in the bed. Slim stroking James' hair, her head on his chest. She studies her wrist, rubbed red by his grip.

Then she reaches her face up and kisses him.

64 INT. CINEMA TANGIER 64

A VIRILE YOUNG MAN, stripped to the waist, dances down a grand staircase as indian music plays. We are in a run-down old Cinema. On the screen is a 1980's Bollywood movie, a scratched-up print subtitled in english and arabic. A few groups of young men talk and smoke in the darkened theater.

Lime sits in the dark. James is one row behind him, leaning forward.

JAMES

The Sheik is a smart guy. He's, you know, like, modern -- OK, he prays a lot but he does all the other stuff too... I can't believe he'd be into something like that.

LIME

This is a war: Faisal is one of the Generals. They're modern and educated and deadly as vipers. Zawahiri went to medical school, speaks four languages, he's a surgeon -- started Al Queda. Bin Laden loves classical music, took ski vacations in the swiss alps. Top leadership comes from the elite classes. They don't start out

(MORE)

LIME (CONT'D)

living in caves. That's why we need evidence for the Moroccans, verifiable proof, to arrest him. In the safe there will be documents in Arabic. Probably in grey or manilla folders.

Lime hands him a digital camera.

LIME (CONT'D)

I need clear flash photographs of every page -- Arabic above all -- front and back, text, photos, newspaper clippings, bank records, handwritten notes, scribbled words. Don't touch the valuables. Don't even think about stealing something. Don't get caught opening the safe.

JAMES

Yes, sir.

James looks squared away. Lime nods.

LIME

Good to be working again?

JAMES

I guess.

LIME

Where'd you do your basic training? Fort Jackson? Leonard?

JAMES

Fort Sill.

LIME

I was on loan as a SERE instructor at Jackson for a month, in my Royal Marines days. (beat) Two kinds of men in the military. Soldiers, the sheep. And warriors. The sheep stay in line. The guys who snap and walk away, like you did, are more often the warrior type. They have ideals of excellence, of personal duty, that don't correspond to the realities of military life.

JAMES

I don't know. My first tour it was all duststorms and grey area over  
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)  
there. Nothing black and white in sight.

LIME  
Operation Enduring Rubbish. (beat)  
I didn't fit the Marines -- not really a leader, not a team player. They put me in Special Ops until someone figured out Intelligence was my vocation. And let me tell you, the REAL war is us. Lone operators, alone in the field. And it never ends. Tell you the truth, I hardly remember the States. Family I lost, on my mother's side. But I know a wolf when I see one, And for me, if I can take down one of them...

James looks at him. He nods respectfully.

LIME (CONT'D)  
Get the photos. Stay clear of Faisal. Be polite, don't ask him questions. If he brings up politics, you're an unpatriotic left wing deserter.

JAMES  
Yes sir.

On the movie screen the Young Man kisses a girl.

LIME  
Is Slim falling in love with you?

James looks surprised.

JAMES  
Uh... I don't think so.

LIME  
And what about you?

65 INT. SHEIK'S STUDY, NIGHT

65

James opens the door and lets himself into the room, goes to the safe.

James dials the combination and opens the safe. Moving fast, he opens the folder of documents in Arabic. There are six sets of documents, each a few pages long, paper-clipped

together. He turns the pages, photographs them quickly and carefully, then returns the folder to the safe.

He sees several envelopes, held together by a rubber band. Thick wads of cash in different currencies. Jewel boxes.

He takes out other folders and keeps flashing.

Later -- dawn. James hears FOOTSTEPS, shoots a last picture, closes and replaces the folder. Snaps the safe shut.

FOOTSTEPS come down the hall. He stands behind the door, frozen. The footsteps slow, then stop. James picks up a book off a table.

He takes a deep breath and walks out into the hall. Abdelatif, the butler, is standing there, waiting.

James grins, holding up the book.

JAMES

Good morning. Found it!

Abdelatif looks sternly at him.

ABDELATIF (STIFFLY)

Mr. Faisal invites you to join him  
for a horseback ride.

66 EXT. TANGIER, FORET DIPLOMATIQUE

66

James and Faisal ride horses together through a pine forest along the coast. TWO BODYGUARDS in street clothes follow them at a discreet distance on horses. James sees that they both have GUNS at their waists.

James looks back at the bodyguards, tense. They arrive at a clearing in the trees.

Faisal turns in the saddle.

FAISAL

I like to muck around in the sand  
here. Curious spot -- ancient  
tribes lived here. Near the fish  
and the fresh water.

He dismounts and James follows Faisal as he kneels in the sandy soil, sifting it with his hands. Faisal winces slightly as he kneels. James, trying to stay cool, finds a small triangle of stone.

JAMES  
Is this anything?

Faisal takes it, examines it. James glances at the GUARDS.

FAISAL  
Manmade. See how regular the  
chipping marks along the edge are?  
An arrowhead, but ornamental, not  
for hunting. A stone jewel.

The horses wander free through the woods. A little later,  
James is digging around and finds a hefty stone.

JAMES  
What about this?

FAISAL  
Well, well. May I see it?

The piece is the size of a fist, with a sharp edge, and a  
smooth place that would fit a hand holding it.

FAISAL (CONT'D)  
Now this is a good. Look at the  
design -- a cutting edge and a  
pounding surface. One clubs the  
wounded animal to death. Then skins  
it, guts it, cleans and tans the  
hides, with a single tool.

He hands it back to James, who studies it.

JAMES  
Wow. How old is it?

FAISAL  
Neolithic, at least 20,000 years.  
Before the last ice age.

JAMES  
Who -- what were they? Africans?

FAISAL  
All of homo sapiens began in Africa  
two hundred thousand years ago.  
Your friends here were hunter-  
gatherers.

JAMES  
This is one nasty weapon. Did they  
fight? Tribal warfare?

FAISAL

Oh, yes, there are fossil skulls  
bashed in by stone tools like that  
one. We're animals first. God  
leaves it up to us to elevate  
ourselves.

JAMES

And we invent the atom bomb... and  
politics.

FAISAL

Well, not all politics are bad.

JAMES

I think all of them are pretty  
fucked up. Especially ours.

FAISAL

American foreign policy is  
contradictory. The Pentagon wants  
think of war in the terms of Greek  
tragedy, a beginning, a middle, a  
cathartic ending, with morality,  
villains, justice. But in reality,  
America is in a permanent state of  
war.

James looks at him hard.

JAMES

Do you understand how people -- how  
they can blow themselves up just to  
make a statement...?

FAISAL

All occupations produce  
insurgencies. And the occupiers  
always call the insurgents  
terrorists. The Vietnamese, the  
Moroccans under the French. Your  
founding fathers under the yoke of  
the British.

JAMES

So one man's freedom fighter is  
another's terrorist... but against  
an obviously force like the US, the  
whole Alliance... I mean, they  
can't win.



FAISAL

I don't think today's martyrs expect to win against enemies like the US and Israel. They want something more attainable...

JAMES

What?

FAISAL

Paul Bowles said of the Wattanaine, they want the pleasure of seeing the enemy humiliated, by suffering, by dying. To know they still have the small power of vengeance. Hopeless people are the most dangerous.

Faisal is looking at James, with emphasis. The Call to Prayer sounds from a speaker in the distance.

FAISAL (CONT'D)

Never fight with a man who has nothing to lose. (he smiles) Can you find your way back?

Faisal rides off. James looks after him. He shakes his head. Then he takes out a cel phone and dials.

67 EXT. SIDI KASSEM BEACH, SUNSET

67

James, on horseback, rides along the water's edge, waves breaking around the horse's feet.

Ahead of him he sees the Mercedes turn into a parking lot on the beach.

68 EXT. CAFE ABDOU

68

A cafe on the beach. The Mercedes sits out front. James' horse is tied up to a tree. James is angry.

LIME

"Hopeless people are the most dangerous." Right. "I'm sick, I'm going to die. I have to do this soon." They always want to tell someone. Unconsciously.

JAMES

That's why I tried to get him  
talking a little.

LIME

Don't. We don't need your amateur  
psychological profile, we need hard  
evidence. Where's my pictures?

James hands him the camera. He flicks through the images,  
stops and studies one. He stands up.

LIME (CONT'D)

All right, I'm going to get these  
on the wire right now for  
translation.

JAMES

How does a guy like him, smart as  
he is --

Lime looks up.

LIME

Once we take away his dope, and get  
him on a waterboard we'll see how  
smart he is. You just keep Lady  
Slim purring. That's your job.  
Leave Faisal alone.

69

EXT. PERDECARIS HOUSE

69

James and Slim walk up a path through a large wild park, the  
sea below them.

Alone at the top of a steep valley stands a RUINED MANSION,  
three stories high, with turrets, and a crumbling tile roof.

JAMES

Come on.

They walk around the side of the house to a small courtyard.  
There's a wooden door. James shoves it open and leads her  
into the darkened interior of the house, through the wood-  
panelled living room, past spooky empty rooms where sunlight  
slants into the dark through closed shutters. Up to the top  
floor, where he opens the window to let sun in.

He takes a bottle of cold white wine, the cork already loose,  
from a bag and hands it to her.

She drinks from the bottle. Then comes to him. She lets the wine spill from her mouth to his. That turns into a long kiss...

The loose window bangs in the breeze, the ocean outside.

Afterwards they lie half on their clothes and half on the wooden floor, sweating and spent. Like the first time.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What's your real name?

She laughs.

SLIM

Oh my god. You'll have to torture me.

James immediately pinches her. She winces.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Ah, OK, OK -- it's Jean. And I forbid you ever to speak that name aloud.

JAMES

What are you going to do -- after?

SLIM

I've been trying to think about it...

James is moved by her vulnerability.

JAMES

Things don't work out the way we plan 'em, huh.

SLIM

I haven't had a stable home since I was seven.

James raises his eyebrows.

SLIM (CONT'D)

You thought I was living a princess dream all this time? We all compromise. Settle. It's called life. People who decide are far more rare.

JAMES

Yeah.

SLIM

How you did decide to leave the Army?

JAMES

People don't know the shit we did over there. I never thought... we're supposed to be the good guys. But I mean -- women, kids, just regular guys in the street, we're wasting them, happens every day. Sometimes it's by accident. Some guys though, they get mean, crazy. And the hadjis are killers, man. They make these bombs, and they lie there waiting for us to drive by, waiting for it, and they kill everybody in broad daylight. Straight terrorists.

SLIM

Well those people, sure it's necessary -- and morally acceptable -- to kill them.

JAMES

I have no problem there.

SLIM

So did you... did you kill people who weren't soldiers?

James looks at her.

SLIM (CONT'D)

What happened? You have to tell somebody sometime.

He shakes his head. Stressing out. She talks soothingly.

SLIM (CONT'D)

I'd like to take you to Mallorca. My apartment is on the beach there, with a room on the top floor. The windows are a mile high, and the curtains are lace, and when the wind blows the sun dances around the room, and when the curtains open you can see the island in the harbor and the ocean... I remember being there once, not alone but very lonely, and how beautiful it was, and thinking, someday maybe

(MORE)

SLIM (CONT'D)  
I'll come back here... just slide  
off the map...

James looks at her. For a second he wants to tell her everything. But thinks the better of it.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
What?

JAMES  
Yeah. Maybe someday.

70 EXT. ROMAN ROAD, LATE AFTERNOON

70

Slim holds onto James as they walk along a rough cobblestone road along the beautiful coast. They're smiling and talking quietly. They come to the paved street, and she keeps her hand on his arm as they walk to the convertible.

SLIM  
Something's troubling you. James, I  
never asked: does your family know  
where you are?

James shrugs, gets in the driver's seat. Slim sits next to him. BELLS start ringing. James looks towards the sound.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
It's Sunday. Mass at St. Andrews.

James nods, drives away.

Unseen, LIME WATCHES from the back of a dark green Land Rover parked in a cul-de-sac. A burly Moroccan is at the wheel.

71 INT. ST. ANDREWS CHURCH

71

James walks hesitantly alone into the small Episcopal church and crosses himself reflexively. It's empty, except for a pretty young SENEGALESE MOTHER, neatly dressed but with a large torn plastic suitcase nearby, who kneels praying, holding her baby, in the front row.

James goes to a back pew. Sits there, looking around at the church, the statues and stained glass, at the light slanting in a high window. Is God really up there?

Uncertain, he kneels and begins to pray.

72 INT. VILLA

72

A small dinner party is in progress, with Faisal, Slim, James and their overnight guests, an English couple, the MYNOTTS; South African ANNA MCQUEW with her Moroccan husband, Ahmed, and a particularly jovial Dean.

DEAN (V.O.)

It was August, everyone squeezing the last dregs from summer...

Dessert is being served. James looks tired but clear-eyed.

ANNA

That's when the Kray brothers came.  
Ronnie even took an apartment here.

MR. MYNOTT

Ronnie Kray lived here? Good god.

ANNA

Ronnie fell in love with an Arab boy.

SLIM

Was he queer?

DEAN

Oh, both the brothers, Reggie too --  
AC/DC at the very least..

James, far away, doesn't join the laughter. He looks at Faisal. Faisal looks back, sensing his unease. James looks down.

73 INT. LIVING ROOM, LATER

73

James sits on a couch, drinking Scotch. Faisal looks uncomfortable in his armchair: his back is hurting.

Slim saunters back into the room.

SLIM

Faisal, did you see the hollyhock by  
the front door -- just exploding with  
health and vigor! You were right to  
move them into the sun.

The men are both surprised that she's being nice to Faisal.

FAISAL

It's poor soil in the back. (he rises, painfully) Will you excuse me?

JAMES

You know, it's OK if you want to smoke here.

SLIM

Yes, for god's sake. Who are we to judge you? I intend to smoke a joint.

She walks to the window.

JAMES

Go ahead. You should see the shit the guys in my unit shot into their ass-cheeks. Turned them into kill-crazy banshees.

FAISAL

This does quite the opposite.

Faisal sighs. He reaches for a small leather case, takes out a pipe and attached the stem to the base. He places a bowl of brown resin into the bowl and holds it to a candle on the table, lets it heat, then inhales.

He leans back and exhales slowly, relaxing as it hits.

JAMES

Does the pain stop right away?

Faisal hesitates, then:

FAISAL

It recedes, like a tide. (beat) As a child I had a Chinese nanny who would make me a "poppy tea" when I couldn't sleep. What dreams it gave me! And now the drug feels like some deep, resonant homecoming, a return to childhood.

Slim pours wine for both of them.

SLIM

I remember my mother getting Dilaudid from doctors. I was always glad when she took it, because she'd stop scowling, stop criticizing. Her face would change,  
(MORE)

SLIM (CONT'D)  
 like a mask dropping, she'd lie  
 down on the daybed, she'd stroke my  
 hair. Apologize to me.

FAISAL  
 My Mother use Gilbey's Gin to a  
 similar effect.

JAMES  
 Can I try it?

FAISAL  
 I don't think --

SLIM  
 It's been ages since I touched this  
 stuff.

FAISAL  
 Slim --

But Slim reaches over and makes a pipe and heats it. Faisal  
 can only shake his head as she exhales a big hit.

SLIM  
 Ah, dope. (beat) We spend our lives  
 trying to not become our parents  
 and what happens?

Faisal looks at James in a friendly way. James looks away. Slim  
 hands James the pipe.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
 I remember quite clearly, being at  
 table with my parents, they were  
 not-talking about something, just  
 staring at their plates, and I  
 started playing a game, staring at  
 them, and thinking how do I know  
 these are really my parents? What  
 if they're NOT.

James's voice is a little heavy with the opium.

JAMES  
 Oh, man, I...it was pretty funny. I  
 was in the supermarket when I was a  
 kid. Probably five. My mom sorta  
 vanished, left me in the cereal  
 aisle and this guy in army fatigues  
 and a sun visor comes up behind me  
 and goes "do you like Frosted  
 Flakes?" Next thing I was holding  
 his hand and walking out to the the  
 (MORE)



JAMES (CONT'D)  
 parking lot. My mother came running out of the store just as he was about to strap me into his big old Lincoln. I'd never seen her so freaked out. Screaming "that's not your father!" My mother at least admits she's a whiskey addict. My father lies...

SLIM  
 All fathers lie, don't they?

FAISAL  
*"Full fathom five, thy father lies.  
 Of his bones are coral made..."*

James walks to the open window. Out at sea, the LIGHTS of the fishing fleet wink in the fog, with the lights of Spain beyond. Everything is very beautiful, the lights leaving slight trails...

SLIM  
 (now high)  
*"...those are pearls that were his eyes... nothing of him that does fade..."*

FAISAL  
*"But doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange..."*

SLIM  
 Rich and strange. That's us. Did we read Shakespeare together, with, who was it, Wells?

FAISAL  
 Long ago and far away.

SLIM (O.S.)  
 Look at us now. Halfway around the world, in this big house, lost children.

FAISAL (O.S.)  
 We're not lost in this house. We're not lost in the world. We make the self into a prison, and we see the world, our lives through the bars. It's not something outside that traps us. We do it to ourselves.

Camera returns to the room.

SLIM

We "ignore the light," you've  
always said that...

Slim stops. A wave of nausea takes hold of her. She rises and runs for the door. Doesn't make it. She vomits into a corner of the room.

FAISAL

She'll be all right, poor dear.

James, heavy-lidded, looks on detached, smiles slightly and turns back to Faisal.

JAMES

So what does it take? To see?

FAISAL

Sacrifice. Killing the self... it  
takes sacrifice.

Slim is cursing at the other end of the room. She looks helplessly at her vomit. Then throws a couch cushion on it.

JAMES

Let's say Allah is listening every  
time you pray. Does He want... us  
to, um, do certain things? Or...

Faisal looks at James closely.

FAISAL

I'm not sure Being, or Truth, or  
God has any form or qualities, that  
you could call "he" or "him...."

James looks confused. The record stops playing. Slim speaks from far away, wiping her mouth.

SLIM

God doesn't give a shit about us  
and what we do anymore. We broke  
his heart and he left us.

James watches them, silent. Slim looks at them from a great distance fixing her hair in a mirror. She speaks to herself, clearly, as if the room were empty.

SLIM (CONT'D)

This is all there is.

The three of them sit, each very alone, in silence.

FAISAL

Yet a God must exist in order for a God to be said not to exist. That's the problem of faith...

JAMES

What the fuck does that even mean?  
What kind of faith? The shit I saw.  
Things I saw people do. Where is  
God when the World Trade Center is  
coming down.

Faisal sighs.

FAISAL

Oh, your Trade Towers. The West's great crisis of faith.

JAMES

My Trade Towers?

Slim returns to the couch, lights another pipe.

SLIM

Oh, spare him. This is too nice for talk of the...

JAMES

No. No, what about *my* Trade Towers?

FAISAL

James -- I... how can I put this... many Towers have fallen before... and many more will fall... against the big picture... of apocalypse across the sky... it's nothing. It's not enough.

JAMES

Not enough? Thousands of innocent people dead -- kids and women.

FAISAL

Compared to how many have died, Rome, the Andaluz, the French and the Spanish and the British. How many more will die, until the American Empire falls in its turn...

But James can't follow him.

FAISAL (CONT'D)  
 You should read your Bible, James.  
 It's a great book, you know --

James looks up at the portrait of Catherine de Braganza. The room begins to spin. A moment later he is on his feet running to the bathroom to vomit.

74 EXT. VILLA, NIGHT 74

The big house is surrounded by darkness.

75 INT. POOL HOUSE, LATE NIGHT 75

James lies on his bed, sweating. He's restless, sits up, takes out his cel phone, dials.

JAMES  
 Sir? Yeah, it's me. I need to ... I  
 think we have the wrong guy.  
 (listens) OK, I'll meet you there.

76 EXT. TANGIER STREET, 3 AM 76

James, still high, steers his convertible through the near-empty streets.

77 INT. MOROCCO PALACE, 3 AM 77

James walks into the packed nightclub, swinging at this hour. He scans around the blur of faces, bodies, and light for Lime. Doesn't see him.

He sits at the bar. Looks around. The girl bartender yells something and a drink he didn't order appears in front him. OMAR comes out of his office and walks up to James smiling, holding out his hand.

OMAR  
 James? I was sure. I am Omar.  
*Labbas, b'khir, ca va bien?* It's a  
 pleasure to meet you. Our friend  
 asked me to welcome you, he had to  
 go do a thing, but he'll be here in  
 half an hour. Come, let me get you  
 a table.

He waves at the barman and steers James to a banquette near the stage. James sits, head spinning. A box of Kleenex and a

tray of drinks appears. He pours a drink. The band playing Soussi music is deafening. Girls in costumes dance and tumble in front of him, all smiling directly at him. Other girls writhe in the beams of spotlights, disturbing, snakelike. James realizes he is hallucinating mildly.

A FAT MAN in the next booth SLAPS one of the girls dancing for him. She sits down quietly. James is on his feet, ready to fight. Immediately one of the waiters is standing between them, gesturing: NO. He sits down.

A little later the same girl, who is CUTE AND SHORT, and her friend, TALL AND FAT, make hand signals at him, giggling. James signals back, helpless. They come over to sit on both sides of him. The Fat Man gestures magnanimously to James: they're all yours. Verbal communication between James and the girls is hopeless. The girls' hands are on his knees, holding his hands. James pours drinks for all of them. The girls are laughing and get him laughing too.

Later. The Girls drag James onto the dancefloor, where he joins ten of them in a complex group dance, as TOUGH GUYS grin and laugh at him. James breaks away, drunk, head spinning.

Time slips. Later he is upstairs in a corner of the balcony with the CUTE SHORT GIRL. She gives him a joint, lights it for him, smiling and talking and laughing. He sits down and she sits in his lap. They pass the joint. Her hands in his hair. Lips at his ear. Lips on his neck...

78 INT. ATLAS HOTEL, MORNING

78

James lies asleep, naked and alone, in a cheap hotel room. His cel phone rings. He wakes up, looks at it, answers.

JAMES  
Yeah? Yes sir.

80 EXT. STREET NEAR ATLAS

80

James comes out of the hotel unsteadily. He sees a cafe across the street.

Soon after. James drinks espresso at an outdoor table. He looks like hell, bleary-eyed, an angry red hickey on his neck.

The Mercedes pulls up in front of the cafe. James comes out and gets in the passenger seat.

LIME

I asked Omar to help you relax, not  
break you in half.

James groans.

JAMES

You never showed up.

LIME

I was working. I just got this over  
the wire.

He takes a document from his briefcase and hands it to James  
and puts the car in gear.

LIME (CONT'D)

See what your terrorist friend  
bought in May from an arms dealer  
in Jalalabad.

It's a diagram of a MISSILE LAUNCHER, with all the writing in  
Arabic.

JAMES

This looks like a TOW missile.

LIME

Give the fucking genius a Mars bar.

JAMES

Why is the schematic in Arabic?

LIME

It's Iranian. A knockoff.

JAMES

And it's... it's here?

LIME

We're about to find out.

81 INT. MERCEDES, CAP SPARTEL ROAD

81

A narrow, winding coast road. Lime has a topographical  
blueprint map on the dashboard. He makes a hairpin turn, then  
looks around.

LIME

Shit. Wrong way.

He slows down, makes a U-turn, and drives back the way they came.

He parks in a lot overlooking the ocean. A LIGHTHOUSE stands at the point there. In a house nearby, a JACKHAMMER is working out of sight.

LIME (CONT'D)

This must be it. Parcels 1840 A, B  
and C.

James follows him. They push open a rusted gate. A dog barks in the distance. Lime takes a GUN out of a holster as they approach the LIGHTHOUSE, glancing at James.

82 INT. LIGHTHOUSE

82

They push open the door to a large courtyard. Trash lying around. Silent. They cross it and open a door to a SPIRAL STAIRCASE leading up into the lighthouse tower.

They glance at each other and climb the stairs. They come out in a round room with an open door facing the sea. The room is empty.

JAMES

Nothing here.

Lime looks at the floor. There's a dirty carpet on it. He kicks it. It is TAPED to the floor. He removes it. There's a circle drawn in chalk, with three shiny little metal plates fixed to the floor, each plate with a large empty screw hole in the center.

LIME

Oh, hell.

James watches as Lime kneels, running his hand over the metal plates. He takes the MISSILE LAUNCHER DIAGRAM from his jacket and traces with his finger...

LIME (CONT'D)

A base with three 40mm bolts set  
around a 1.5 meter diameter.

They both stare at the screw holes, stunned.

JAMES

Those are mount holes for a TOW  
missile? What is this place?

Lime pulls out a photograph of a document in Arabic.

LIME

Al Barak Realty owns it, one of his holding companies. The deed was in the safe.

JAMES

A black-market TOW missile has that kind of range?

LIME

It's only five miles to the inbound shipping lane. These Iranian knock-offs are ten-for-ten -- range of ten miles and still accurate to ten feet.

JAMES

He's really going to do it.

They both stare out to sea. Huge container ships are passing through the Strait, outside the single window.

LIME

That's why Tangier. It's beautiful, perfect. An attack on the Strait would paralyze world shipping. The economic aftershock... 100,000 ships through here a year, a trillion dollars... force traffic through the Suez...

JAMES

So grab him. Stop it.

LIME

Only the Moroccans can do that, soldier. Your President and our Prime Minister -- and a half million other pencil pushers -- they want courtroom evidence to take him down. It's in that house, it has to be. They want to know where that missile is, when it's coming and by what means. And I need to know what else he's planning. I need personal files, letters, I need bank records. I need everything in that safe.

JAMES

But look at it. The gun mount is right here.



LIME

You can get these in any hardware store. It's not enough for a prosecution of this scale. Faisal is a major terrorist financier. In Beirut we used to call it the Stairway to Heaven. They start out small, Afghanistan, making a couple of wires to Peshawar from their Swiss accounts. Like giving money to the Red Cross for us. After the Trade Centers, some of them dropped out. Some got serious. Now they want to get their hands dirty for jihad. That's where he is. Ready to go big league. Our medical people say he doesn't have much time left.

JAMES

It's fucking huge. It's the next big thing after 9-11. This is why I called you last night. He was telling me some shit.

LIME

What was it?

JAMES

I don't... we were a little fucked up, sir. It was something like, 9-11 wasn't enough.

Lime looks disgusted.

LIME

You joined up September 12.

JAMES

Yeah.

LIME

Did you get your revenge?

James' silence is a "no." Lime nods.

LIME (CONT'D)

You know where they sent me, after 9/11.

James shrugs.

LIME (CONT'D)

Dark side of the moon. Village on an island off of the Philippines. Islamic separatists, Sword of God militia. The maalem, the boss, was called Abu Khalid. Organized, ambitious. Studied engineering at Stanford. A death-worshipping psychopath. He operated from the courtyard behind a cafe in town.

He takes out a flask and drinks.

LIME (CONT'D)

I got cover as an Australian buyer of cocoa beans, moved in. Put on an Aussie accent and started spending every night at the cafe months, til I became invisible. Khalid would even talk to me, about soccer, history. I became a world expert on Sword of God, members, finance, theology, everything except the details of his next operation. (beat) One day I got transfer orders. I told headquarters I was close, that I was hearing stuff about targetting boats, and I needed to keep pushing. They said fuck you, pulled me out, sent me to London to run renditions.

He spits out a bit of tobacco.

LIME (CONT'D)

90 days later, the superferry out of Manila. 900 people on board. Blows wide open. 416 dead. They said it was a gas explosion. I knew it was him. (beat) It was. They filled a TV set with plastique, blew it an hour out of port. (beat) I got on a plane to Manila, no orders, no authorization. Bought a street gun, drove out to his country place, a farm on the coast. I knew if he was alive he'd go back there to regroup. He loved that place.

He drinks again. James looks at him.

LIME (CONT'D)

I found him in the fields, mending a well. One of his kids was with him. He looks at me, sends the kid home. He goes "Welcome, Mister Spy. God is great." And he opened his shirt and smiled.

JAMES

You do it?

Lime looks James in the eye.

LIME

Last thing he said was, "You're three months too late. I am already a martyr."

James nods slowly.

LIME (CONT'D)

The banking guys traced the money back. To Al Barak Realty. Faisal. Here I am.

James gets it. He sits up.

JAMES

I better get back. I've been out all night. I don't want Slim to--

Lime glares at him.

LIME

You were out all out night?

JAMES

I was waiting for you, sir.

LIME

If you get yourself thrown out of there... Go home. Go. I'll call you as soon as we have a plan. (beat)  
You need to check the safe. Now.

83

EXT. VILLA, SAME

83

The WIND WHIPS VIOLENTLY through the trees. WHITECAPS on the waves in the Strait. A wooden table BLOWS AWAY across the lawn.

DEAN (V.O.)

You know, all down the Mediterranean  
they have a name for the unlucky east  
wind, that infernal hot draft off the  
desert that rattles the windows late  
in the summer and makes men quarrel,  
fight, lose their minds.

84

INT. POOL HOUSE, MIDDAY

84

James, showered and in clean clothes, with a silk scarf  
around his neck, walks through the empty hallway of the  
house.

DEAN (V.O.)

Old folks lock their shutters and stay  
inside until it stops. The Greeks call  
it the Scirocco, the French the  
Mistral. In Morocco they call it the  
Chergui.

Now the house radiates a quiet menace. The windows rattle in  
their frames from the hard wind outside. He comes to Slim's  
suite. Tries the door. It's locked. He knocks. No answer.

The Call to Prayer sounds, faint behind the wind.

James goes down the hall to the Sheik's study DOOR.

Tries it: locked. But there are a few FLOWER PETALS on the  
floor. The wind moves them. He puts his hand near the bottom  
of the door. The wind is blowing through the room.

James goes OUTSIDE into the wind, and around the corner of  
the house to the WINDOWS of the small room connected to the  
study. One window is ajar. He opens it.

James slips into the room, closes the window as it was  
before, and goes to the safe. He opens it.

There's a FedEx package on top. He takes the Arabic documents  
out of it and begins to PHOTOGRAPH them rapidly.

The wind is so loud that he doesn't hear the door open.

SLIM is standing there, frozen in surprise. James slips the  
CAMERA into his pocket, and raises his hands in mock  
surrender and smiles.

Slim, not smiling back, stands there calculating something.  
Then comes into the room, closes the door and leans on it.  
Deep in thought.

There's something STRANGE about her reaction. She should be angry to find him stealing. But instead she's watching him closely, trying to read something...

SLIM

And here I was just furious with you for staying out all night with a prostitute. (beat) OK. All right. Put everything back in the safe as it was.

JAMES

It's not what you think...

James trails off lamely.

SLIM

Close it.

He does. Slim speaks carefully, watching him.

SLIM (CONT'D)

What were you looking for?

JAMES

I... nothing. The ring. He left it out. I was going to put it back...

Slim ignores this obvious lie, watching him closely now, studying his face.

SLIM

Is there something you want to tell me James?

JAMES

What can I tell you? You caught me. Nothing's missing. Really. Let's forget it.

Slim takes a deep breath. Makes a decision.

SLIM

You have to leave. Right now.  
(beat) I'm leaving to Paris in an hour.

JAMES

OK. Can I... come back after you're gone?

SLIM

Abdelatif will pack your bags.

JAMES  
Slim. I'm sorry...

SLIM  
I can see that. I'm just not sure  
WHAT you're sorry for, exactly.

JAMES  
I can't... I can't tell you now.

She gets up and opens the door. She looks at James hard as he passes.

SLIM  
*Au revoir.*

He walks out

SLIM (CONT'D)  
James.

He turns, and she kisses him once. Then closes the door. She leans against the wall, immobile, then she slides to the floor, panicking and uncertain: Was James just robbing the safe? Or was it something else?

She takes a deep breath, pulls a card from her purse, goes to the phone and dials.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
Dean. Thank god. Will you take me  
to the airport?

85 EXT. VILLA

85

James walks out onto the lawn. Looks around at the WINDSWEPT hillside. He walks to his car, gets in and drives down the hill.

As he drives into town, the city looks ragged and violent -- the bad energy of the Chergui wind. Traffic is jammed. SCHOOLKIDS walk through a small sandstorm as wind rakes a dusty street. A SHEEP is dragged towards a little truck by a BUTCHER.

James watches as a BLACKSMITH SLAPS his dirty young APPRENTICE, a 12-year old with a face scar in a dirty RED SWEATSHIRT. He slams on the brakes, reverses, jumps out of the car and strides over the big Blacksmith and gives him a shove that knocks him on his ass. James stays right in his face as he gets up.

JAMES  
 What the fuck is wrong with you?  
 You want to try that again? Go for  
 it, scumbag.

James is red hot with anger. The Blacksmith backs away and the APPRENTICE hesitates, then runs off.

86 INT. DEAN'S CAR, CAP SPARTEL ROAD

86

As the car weaves through the tight turns, Dean looks over at Slim, waiting for her to speak.

DEAN  
 What's happening, Slim.

SLIM  
 I'm... I'm afraid.

DEAN  
 Of what? Of whom?

Slim glances over.

SLIM  
 How well do you know Thomas Lime?

DEAN  
 As well as anyone -- not very.

SLIM  
 I think he's after Faisal.

Dean glances at her -- but the winding road requires his full attention.

DEAN  
 After in what way? Why Faisal? What  
 in the hell is going on?

SLIM  
 I don't know, Dean. And I don't  
 know what to do. But I have to go  
 to Madrid, and god forbid, if  
 something happens...

Dean looks at her.

DEAN (V.O.)  
 You think Faisal is in danger?

Slim just looks scared.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
If he needs more protection, I'll  
speak to the Governor...

She shakes her head.

SLIM  
Dean, I... I'm in a delicate  
position.

Dean doesn't like it.

DEAN  
I can't help unless you tell me the  
plain truth.

SLIM  
I don't KNOW what the truth is.  
(beat) I need rather a large favor.  
And it will require some nerve. I  
want you to follow Lime.

She slips a roll of bills from her purse.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
You're the only one I can trust, Dean.

The CALL TO PRAYER rings out from seaside mosque.

87 EXT. AMERICAN STEPS, CASBAH, SAME

87

The Call to Prayer continues in the city. James, grinding his  
jaw, waits near the Mercedes as Lime comes out.

DEAN (V.O.)  
I knew she wasn't telling me  
everything. But I agreed to start  
watching him. But it was already too  
late.

JAMES  
Hey...

LIME  
I already know. Get in the car.

James obeys. As James gets in, Lime snaps a HANDCUFF over his  
wrist and the door handle.



88 INT. CAR/EXT. TANGIER, OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, SOON AFTER 88

James leans his head against the car window. Stares out at the trees whipping past, hammered by the chergui wind.

The LIGHTHOUSE goes past. Lime looks at James. His cel phone rings. He answers.

LIME

Yes? I can't... I'm sorry. This is what's happening. That's impossible. We all just have to deal with it. I can't talk now. I'll call you later.

He hangs up abruptly. Then dials a number.

LIME (CONT'D)

Hi Erin, this is Thomas Lime. I need him for one minute on the secure line. (beat) You heard right sir, he's blown. He's out of the house. I realize that. What about surveillance on the lighthouse? Why not? (beat) Yes, sir. I'm going to sign Mr. Mouritzen over to the Marine Escort at the airport and then come in. It couldn't be more urgent-- (beat) Yes. I'm sorry, Mr. Ambassador...

He hangs up. Drives in scornful silence. Then can't help it...

LIME (CONT'D)

You desert from combat -- that alone makes me sick. Federal prison: I give you a way out of that. I bring you on, I share a lifetime of tradecraft with you. And what? WHAT? To thank me, you what --get high, go out, get drunk, fuck a whore, and blow a critical surveillance setup -- at the exact moment the target is preparing an attack of massive proportions. You fucking NOTHING. YOU BLEW THIS OPERATION! WHAT THE FUCK AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW! (beat) You are a pathetic fucking excuse for a soldier and I hope they lock you up until you're fifty.

James looks at Lime's eyes in the rear view mirror. Something dark behind James' eyes.

JAMES

I'm supposed to go back up there at four. After Slim leaves to Paris. To get my bags.

LIME

To hell with your bags.

JAMES

I know how I can get upstairs.

LIME

At four PM you're going to be sitting between two Marine MPS on a flight to the stockade.

JAMES

All I need is five minutes.

LIME

You can't do anything for us in that house in five minutes.

JAMES

Yeah I can.

LIME

Shut up.

JAMES

I can kill him.

LIME

Shut up.

JAMES

It's Saturday. He's alone in his prayer room all day.

LIME

You crazy? You think the Task Force is going to terminate a prominent--

JAMES

It won't be the Task Force. It'll be me. An AWOL soldier, a drifter. It will be me, alone. Slim's ex-boyfriend. Think about it. Dean will tell everyone she threw me out. For stealing. When I came

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)  
back, she was gone, I argued with  
her husband. I shot him, emptied  
out the safe. It's a robbery-murder  
open and shut. You have your police  
contacts...

Lime looks hard at him in the rear view mirror. James's eyes  
are a thousand yards down the road.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
It has to be today. Around 4 pm.  
It's our only chance to get him.

LIME  
We can't.

JAMES  
Why not?

LIME  
Hey, I would love to shoot this son  
a bitch myself. But I have a chain  
of command.

JAMES  
I don't.

LIME  
If I ever -- something like that --  
you'd be completely on your own.  
Anything went wrong... you'd be on  
your own.

JAMES  
That's the point. But you still  
have to get green light from *your*  
chain of command.

LIME  
Why?

JAMES  
Cause you guys are going to get me  
out of Morocco tonight. And take  
care of me after.

LIME  
Forget it. Even if it did work--

JAMES  
Then we wouldn't be three months  
late.

Lime is thinking but still not convinced.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It will work. Call whoever, pass it up the chain. Make me a deal.

Lime hesitates. He pulls the car over. He gets out into the wind, and makes a phone call, pacing behind the car. James leans both hands on the windowsill, looking grimly out to sea. Time passes.

Lime gets out and sits in the back of the car. He turns slowly to James and hands him the key to the handcuffs.

LIME

I don't believe it. They went for it. (beat) You ready for this?

James doesn't look at him, undoing the cuffs.

LIME (CONT'D)

Underestimated you, kid.

Satisfaction crosses James' face.

JAMES

OK. What about after?

LIME

First, you put three in his head. Assassinate that son of a bitch like you were taking out the rubbish. Don't talk to him, don't give him time to play with your head. Number two, you get out of there alive. Cause I'm starting to take a sudden liking for you. The gun I'm giving you is untraceable, throw it away when you're done. And above all, you bring us every goddamn thing in that safe. Every scrap of notepaper, everything.

JAMES

Then what?

Lime closes his eyes to concentrate on the plan.

LIME

I'll have a boat waiting. Omar's guys, they run hash and wetbacks across three, four nights a week in Zodiacs. Someone will meet you in front of Garcia's restaurant in Asilah. Just lock all the stuff in

(MORE)

LIME (CONT'D)  
 your trunk, they'll bring me your  
 car. Omar will drop you on the  
 beach at Tarifa, someone from the  
 US Consulate will be waiting to  
 take you to Seville. They'll get  
 you home.

James looks at him hard.

JAMES  
 You'll be at the boat?

LIME  
 I'll try... Here...

Lime opens his wallet and hands James all the currency in it, Moroccan dirhams and euros. Then he opens the STASHBOX in the armrest, takes out 9mm Beretta and a SILENCER, cleans both with an oily cloth, and hands them back to James. James snaps the clip out, checks the chamber is empty, tests the trigger action, replaces the clip.

JAMES  
 You got a cigarette?

89 EXT. OLD MOUNTAIN ROAD, DUSK

89

James drives back up the Old Mountain Road to the Sheik's gate. Honks twice. Takes a deep breath. His hands are shaking on the wheel. He shakes them loose. The Guard doesn't open, but calls on the phone. He opens the gate, waves him in, unsmiling.

James drives to the front door and gets out.

90 INT. VILLA

90

Abdelatif is standing near his two suitcases in the front hall. James walks up the steps, looks at the suitcases.

JAMES  
 Is she gone?

Abdelatif nods. James looks sad and defeated.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
 Abdelatif, I'm going away now. I've  
 been out all night. I feel like  
 dirt. Can I just shower in the  
 guest room real quick?

He nods. James picks up the larger suitcase.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Change of clothes. Thanks.

James goes into the house. He picks up the large suitcase carries it upstairs to...

91 INT. VILLA GUEST ROOM 91

He leaves one shirt and a pair of pants in the suitcase, and throws EVERYTHING ELSE in the closet, shuts the door.

He steps into the bathroom, turns the shower on.

He walks through the silent house holding the almost empty suitcase.

He climbs the stairs to the door of the SHEIK'S MEDITATION ROOM.

Faintly through the wall James hears a voice, chanting.

He takes the gun from his belt and opens the door slowly. Steps into...

92 INT. SHEIK'S MEDITATION ROOM 92

James pulls the door silently shut behind him. The outside world goes QUIET -- the walls are thick.

Faisal, dressed in white with a white hood pulled over his head, kneels on a prayer rug, calm and immobile. His lips move in a rhythmic chant.

The room has no furniture except a low stand for his Koran.

James cocks the gun. Faisal, sitting on his knees, turns his head.

FAISAL  
James. What are you doing here?

JAMES  
Somebody has to stop you.

Faisal starts to rise to his feet and turn around.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Don't move.

Faisal freezes.

FAISAL  
My God. Has Slim gone crazy? Is  
this about money?

JAMES  
No more lies. You fucking Hajji  
terrorist.

Faisal turns around and rises to his feet.

FAISAL  
Terrorist? James. In the name of  
God, tell me... what is this? Who  
told you what about me?

James raises the gun. Faisal lifts his hands, palms open.

JAMES  
DON'T LIE TO ME! We've been  
watching you. I was at the  
lighthouse. I saw it. We know  
everything!

FAISAL  
No, Allah, what is this madness.  
Who is "we"? What lighthouse?

JAMES  
The lighthouse where your fucking  
guided missile --

Faisal understands now.

FAISAL  
Someone lied to you, James. They  
lied -- but we'll work it out. I  
promise you. Put the gun down.

Faisal is tender, his eyes on James' face, a hand reaching  
out to calm him. But as his hand touches James' hand, James  
jerks it up and FIRES the gun. A bloodstain appears on the  
chest of the Sheik's red robe, and he sits down at once.  
James bares his teeth, grunts, and raises the gun.

FAISAL (CONT'D)  
Slim. I loved her. Whoever told you  
these lies... next they will come  
for you.

James SHOOTS Faisal in the side of the head, the silencer  
thudding.

Faisal lies on his back. Blood is pooling around him on the floor, his white robe splashed with it, blood in his eyes.

James turns away as he dies. DOUBT and shame rising in him.

Then, wincing, he wipes the gun and throws it on the floor near Faisal's hand.

93 INT. SHEIK'S VILLA

93

James opens the door and steps out. Goes to the window. He can see Abdelatif standing near the car. The house is as quiet as before.

He takes the empty suitcase and goes quickly down the stairs to the Sheik's Study. In the mirror he sees there is a spatter of blood on his shirt. He takes it off along with his pants and changes into clean clothes.

He goes to the safe and opens it with the combination.

Takes everything out. The folders with the documents in Arabic. Underneath are gold-stamped bonds. Jewelry boxes. Envelopes full of currency. Bank books.

A sound from the hallway. James moves to stand beside the door. His pulse racing. The door opens and Abdelatif comes in -- James GRABS the smaller man from behind, locks his arms to his sides, and SNAPS his neck with a horrible cracking sound. Abdelatif falls to the floor.

Hands trembling, James loads all the contents of the safe into the suitcase. He closes and locks the safe.

James looks at the gun. Puts it into his belt, under his shirt. He looks at Abdelatif lying dead, runs into the bathroom. He VOMITS quickly, comes out, locks the suitcase and carries it down the stairs and out to the car, puts it in the trunk, gets in, and drives towards the gate.

A different Guard stands watching him, talking on a cell phone. As James approaches, he walks towards the car. James tenses up, puts his free hand on the gun, and slows down.

But the Guard opens the gate. James drives out, and down the Old Mountain Road. The WIND shakes the flowers hanging over the stone walls, sending colored petals everywhere.

94 EXT. TANGIER STREET, LATE AFTERNOON

94

James drives carefully but fast, checking the mirrors.



95 INT. CAR, ROAD TO ASILAH, SUNSET 95

James drive fast in silence along a peaceful and beautiful coast road, eyes still on the mirrors, tense.

96 EXT. ASILAH BEACHFRONT, NIGHT 96

James's car drives along the empty oceanfront road, under a straight line of streetlights and windswept palm trees.

Sinister euro-house music comes booming out the door of Garcia, a nearly empty Spanish restaurant facing the beach on the main street. James parks, vigilant.

At once the dark green Land Rover comes cruising down the beachfront. It stops behind him. A big Moroccan with a SHAVED HEAD gets out and walks slowly up to James side of the car.

SHAVED HEAD MAN  
*Tikalum arabia?*

JAMES  
What? No. Where is he? Lime?

James looks at the man. His eyes are hard and cold.

SHAVED HEAD MAN  
Waylu. Aiji. Come.

JAMES  
Where is he?

SHAVED HEAD MAN  
No here. Playa, la plage.

James gets out of the car. The SHAVED HEAD MAN points to the waiting Rover. A man inside opens the back door. They get in. The man in the back is another BIG THUG.

In the front seat are two big THUGS.

The BIG THUG in the back frisks James' roughly. He finds James GUN, and makes a hissing sound with his tongue as he takes it.

James looks back as another THUG shuts the trunk of James' convertible, gets in, and drives it back towards Tangier.

97

EXT. BEACH, ASILAH, NIGHT

97

The Rover drives off a rough road straight onto the empty beach. The driver flashes his headlights. A strong light in the waves responds.

They all get out of the truck.

JAMES

Where is he? Lime?

BIG THUG

*Spania. Tarifa.*

JAMES

You said the beach.

BIG THUG

*F'barco. Boat.*

The Big Thug points north. A little Zodiac is landing on the beach, another thug jumps out to hold it by the bow rope. The thug gestures and James gets into the small rubber boat and the driver pushes them off and steers into the big waves. The FLOODLIGHT finds them.

In the deeper water waits a 40-foot long matte-black Zodiac, with four 300-horsepower motors on the back, a rubber central pommel bench with chrome grip handles. The front of the boat is full of neat packages in plastic bales. The back is full of cans of gasoline. A rack of lights shines on the water ahead.

OMAR is driving. He nods to James, smiles, thumbs-up, and revs the big motors in neutral.

James jumps into to the bigger boat, where a YOUNG THUG makes him sit at the front of the pommel bench, and sits behind him.

The big boat roars away, and a moment later is leaping over big whitecapped waves at high speed, deafening noise of motors, wind and surf. James and everyone else hangs onto the pommel grips. They hit a big wave, and James looks over his shoulder.

As he does, the wind blows the Young Thug's jacket OPEN: He has a .45 PISTOL at his belt. James turns back as if he hadn't seen anything.

But Omar YELLS something to the Young Thug, who takes the gun out and cocks it.

James WAITS for the next wave. As the boat rise into the air, James HURLS HIMSELF over the side and disappears.

Omar curses, throttles down, but can't turn right away in the heavy waves. He forces the boat into a wide turn, and cuts across his own wake to retrace it back to where James has now VANISHED.

The big boat prowls the waves, looking for him. After a long time, it gives up and speeds off towards Spain.

98 EXT. OCEAN, NIGHT

98

Whitecaps on large waves at sea.

A big swell drops to reveal James, swimming with difficulty. He pulls off his soaking clothes. Checks the pockets of his pants. Empty.

JAMES

Shit!

He rolls over to float on his back, pulling deep breaths, and lies there staring upward. He is stripped to his underwear. His eyes are cold and determined.

Later. Darkness in the waves and James is tiring and getting afraid.

Rising on a wave he sees lights. He swims towards a FISHING BOAT, its big lamps trained into the water.

99 EXT. FISHING BOAT, DAWN

99

From the deck of the fishing boat, James, wrapped in a filthy towel, looks up at the town, white in the morning light. As the boat steams towards the port, the dawn call to prayer sounds over the noise of the motor.

On a flat peninsula just above the SEA, 50 yards away, a beautiful LITTLE GIRL in a school uniform, letting goats out into their pasture, watches him silently. James stares back.

100 EXT. FISHING PORT, MORNING

100

The battered blue boat pulls into Tangier's fishing port, the camera rising to reveal a floating city of ramshackle boats, hundreds of men sleeping on the decks, rising to light pipes, mending long nets on the pier. James stays low and looks

around anxiously -- a COP stands on the pier talking to a captain.

As the boat moors James nods thanks to the crew and walks away stepping from one boat to the next, stops onto the outer end of the pier and walks behind a building.

101

EXT. PORT OF TANGIER

101

A GANG of street kids stand behind a building, sniffing glue out of a rag, while keeping a watchful eye on the TRUCK YARD beneath them.

The kids look at him and snicker at his ragged clothing. Then one kid points down at the yard. The GUARD is carrying a tin of food towards the GUARD SHACK.

The kids are on their feet, and two of them jump up onto the wall to stand 25 feet above the secure truck lot. Below them are two rusting tractor trailer containers. A KID IN A RED SWEATSHIRT grins, makes a thumbs-up sign, and JUMPS ten feet down to land on the roof of the truck. From there he hangs by his hands off the side and drops to the ground. The kids APPLAUD silently as he darts across the truck yard and into the WHEEL WELL of a truck. He vanishes.

James looks at the kids, then at the Guardshack. A moment later, James, JUMPS off the wall and performs the exact same sequence of actions. When he hits the ground he runs to hide under a big Volvo truck.

Once UNDER THE TRUCK James looks around. There's a child-sized space above the wheel well. He squeezes up into it. His body is touching the wheel.

He manages to find a very uncomfortable position hanging with his feet hooked over a bar. He waits.

From above, we see Lime's Mercedes enter the Port area in a line of cars.

Later. The truck engine comes to life, and all the trucks ROLL FORWARD through Customs. The LEGS AND FEET of a Uniformed Officer come briefly past James' POV.

As truck jumps forward, James reaches for support. His left hand finds an exhaust pipe -- and gets BURNT BADLY. James cries in pain and FALLS to the pavement and ROLLS sideways desperately to avoid the REAR WHEELS of the trailer. He sees a line of PASSENGERS, walking from the custom's shed up the gangplank. He looks around desperately -- but no cop has seen him yet.

He spots THE MERCEDES in the second row of passenger cars waiting to go on the ferry.

He leans on his hand to stand up and cries in pain. The hand is blistering badly. He gets on his feet, wincing.

A small truck with a GREEN TARP over the back is pulling forward. As it does, a KID'S FACE appears around the edge of the tarp -- he beckons.

James runs forward and jumps into the back of the little truck. There are three BOYS in there. One of them is a Blacksmith's APPRENTICE in his RED SWEATSHIRT. They all grin at James.

The truck rolls into the vehicle hull of the big ferry.

On the passenger gangplank high above, DEAN boards the boat, waving hello to a FAT LADY also in line to board.

102

INT. FERRY, CAR LEVEL

102

James hides between two trucks, watching the passenger cars load through the big rear doors. Passengers lock their cars and go upstairs. The Mercedes' hood appears in the square of light. As the car parks, James walks to the passenger side. He opens the door and gets in.

Lime looks over at him, takes in his scars and burnt hand and torn clothes. It takes him just a second to compose himself.

LIME

My god, James. Why did you jump off that boat? Omar was searching for you out there for hours. (beat) You scared the hell out of me, kid.

He's utterly convincing. James looks deeply confused. He looks over at Lime, not ready to speak. He looks at his hand -  
- an ugly burn.

JAMES

I have some questions.

LIME

That makes two of us. That's a bad burn, I can smell it -- needs to be cleaned and wrapped. (beat) What the fuck were you thinking... the guy from the Consulate was waiting for you on the beach in Tarifa...

JAMES

Why weren't you at the boat?

LIME

I know you're scared. You've killed a man while looking him in the eyes. Nobody wants you to like it. But it's done and now I gotta get you home. But you have to listen to me, you have to do every thing I tell you.

James looks over at him for a beat -- and nods.

Lime reaches into a hiding area and takes out a KNIFE and flicks it open, pulls his own shirt out of his pants, and cuts off a BANDAGE sized piece of cloth. James watches closely. As he's winding it around James' hand he looks up at him and cracks a smile.

LIME (CONT'D)

You're a dumb redneck but you got the job done and the Wise Men are going to remember that. You're gonna be OK. You have your passport?

James shakes his head.

LIME (CONT'D)

I'm going to hide you in the trunk. I'll have you at the Consulate in Seville in three hours. Come on.

They both get out of the car.

James watches Lime open the trunk. He is trying to THINK. He looks around -- all the people have left the car area to go upstairs.

On a car dashboard, James see A WHITE HAT.

Something clicks for James. He comes up quietly behind Lime. A reflection in the car's chrome betrays him.

Lime turns around to face him.

LIME (CONT'D)

In you go.

JAMES

I don't think do.

Lime turns away, then turns back with a knife in his hand, and BURIES THE KNIFE in James' sternum. Lime speaks, for the first time, in his own ENGLISH ACCENT.

LIME  
Sorry, kid. It's the way of the  
world.

He leans against James, pulling him onto the blade.

James' hand takes Lime's wrist, applies a pressure hold that causes them both to scream in pain. Lime twists away. James falls to the ground.

A passenger -- is it DEAN? -- walks across the parking area at the far end.

Lime, holding his damaged wrist, darts between two cars and disappears into a darkened CARGO AREA.

James pulls the knife out of his stomach. He's covered in sweat. He grunts, then charges quickly into the dark after Lime.

CU: A small pool of blood SHIVERS with the vibrations of the hull.

103 INT. TANGIER-TARIFA FERRY

103

From behind we see Lime's pale suit and hat. He waits his turn at the window of the on-ship SPANISH CUSTOMS OFFICE. He steps forward and passes his American passport and customs form through the grill. The SPANISH CUSTOMS AGENT stamps it, barely looking up at his face.

He steps away from the window. It's JAMES, dressed in a clean suit of Lime's clothes. He puts away the passport and walks up the ferry steps to the foredeck. He looks very seasick. His hand goes under the suit jacket and comes out with blood on it.

The ship is entering the the PORT OF TARIFA Spain.

It turns towards the pier.

A WOMAN, her hair covered with a scarf, is among the people waiting. James looks closer.

It is SLIM.

James stays at the rail, looking at her, as boat begins manoeuvring towards the dock.

SLIM sees the pale figure on the deck. She makes a small gesture of acknowledgement, and moves towards the arrival area.

Then she stops. She realizes that the man is James, dressed in Lime's clothes and hat.

She freezes. Turns to walk away quickly down the pier. The boat is still turning towards its berth. James watches her go.

Dean is watching both of them, hidden behind a steel pillar farther down the ship's rail.

She stops walking, turns, looks back up at James.

James looks straight back at Slim, his hands on the railing.

She puts a hand on the railing, looking back at him, tears in her eyes. Her eyes pleading for forgiveness.

The boat shudders, turning.

As Slim watches, James falls back against a bulkhead, then to the floor. Blood comes from his mouth.

Through a drain hole at floor level James sees the stone statue of the Virgin Mary who guards the harbor at Tarifa. Sunlight streaks across his eyes, then goes dark.

DEAN runs down the deck towards James and kneels over him, speechless. Bubbles of blood are coming from his mouth. James' eyes open slightly. He sees that it's Dean. James begins reaching painfully for a pocket, and pulls out a British PASSPORT and a set of MERCEDES KEYS. He presses them into Dean's hands, getting him bloody in the process.

On the pier, Slim walks on uncertain legs towards her car. She looks broken. An ambulance siren starts to whine. Sitting in the car she cries, her head down, eyes closed. Broken.

Slim puts the car in gear and drives slowly away.

Inside the ferry, the big door folds open and all the drivers starts their motors. The daylight reveals Dean, scared, watching from a hiding place. Nobody comes to the Mercedes.

Cut to: The Mercedes drives out of the belly of the ship. DEAN is at the wheel, his hat pulled low over his eyes.



104 EXT. BELVEDERE DEL ESTRECHO

104

Dean drives the car along the Spanish coast and comes to the parking lot of...

A modest wood-framed cafe on a bluff overlooking the Strait, with Morocco visible in the distance.

Dean gets out of the car and walks anxiously to the trunk. He opens it as though there were a snake inside.

Inside the trunk light shines on James suitcase and Lime's briefcase.

Dean opens the suitcase first, pushes aside the files to see the VELVET BOXES. He opens one: a magnificent Greek bracelet in gold. Another: an antique diamond ring. There are dozens more. Dean takes a deep breath, looks around. It is a small FORTUNE.

Dean takes the briefcase out and carries it into the restaurant.

DEAN

Cafe, por favor.

He undoes the latches carefully and opens the briefcase. It's empty. He feels around and finds the FALSE BOTTOM of the case. Inside he finds:

- Lime's plans of Slim's house, with red marks to indicate security cameras.
  - The clippings of photographs of Slim and Faisal from the tabloid press
  - The law firm divorce letter -- a cut-and-paste forgery.
  - A Morocco Palace business card with a telephone number on it and the name OMAR scrawled across it.
- ... and a very small microcassette recorder. Dean picks up the recorder, examines it. He presses PLAY:

LIME (O.S.)

*...don't have to tell you what  
Sharia says.*

SLIM (O.S.)

*Sharia?*

LIME (O.S.)  
*Islamic law. The law that governs  
 your marriage.*

SLIM (O.S.)  
*What does it say?*

LIME (O.S.)  
*You know very well, Slim. A  
 divorced wife gets nothing. (beat)  
 A widow gets half.*

On the tape a BELL rings and a voice calls faintly.

CLAUDE (O.S.)  
*Everyone! A table!*

There's a pause, wind noise on the tape. Then Slim's voice  
 come, flat and beaten.

SLIM (O.S.)  
*All right. I'm listening.*

Dean looks up, stunned.

The OLD MONKEY looks down at Dean from the trees with calm  
 ancient eyes.

DEAN (V.O.)  
 When Slim made her deal with Lime, she  
 never have imagined who he would use  
 to kill her husband -- the only man  
 she ever loved.

105 EXT. YACHT, SUNSET

105

Dean's friends stare at him.

CHRISTOPHER GIBBS  
*What did you do?*

He raises both hands in a small fatalistic gesture, then rubs  
 his eyes.

Then he signals to the boatman, and the last sunlight of day  
 plays across their lined faces as the boat begins to move.

The American traditional song PATHS OF VICTORY rises, a  
 simple piano arrangement. JAMES' voice sings.

JAMES (SINGS, O.S.)

*I walked down by the river  
I turned my head up high.  
And I saw that silver linin'  
That was hangin' in the sky...  
The evenin' dusk was rollin'  
I was walking down the track,  
There was a one-way wind a-blowin'  
And it was blowin' at my back...*

*The trail is dusty  
The road it might be rough  
But the good Lord is waitin'  
And boys He ain't far off...*

The white foam of the boat's wake melts away into the dark water of the ocean as night falls.

THE END