

D I G

Producer's Draft

"I will shake all the nations, and the treasures of all the nations will be brought to this Temple. The future glory of this Temple will be greater than its past glory, says the LORD of Heaven's Armies."

Haggai 2:7&9

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NORWEGIAN FARM - DAY

1

A SNOWY, WHITE landscape. A BARN. A FARMHOUSE. Nothing else. A CHYRON reads, "**OPPLAND, NORWAY**". An OLD NORWEGIAN FARMER stands by the barn, looks down the long ice-covered driveway as a BLACK MERCEDES SHUTTLE VAN approaches him. Stops.

Out of the van come ten HASIDIC MEN in full black regalia. The OLDEST looks like a rabbi. He approaches the Old Farmer, who turns and heads into the barn. The Hasids follows.

We FOCUS on the two youngest. One, a sweet-faced boy of 20. Barely shaves yet. Name is AVRAM. He stares at these alien surroundings, worried. His CHUBBY FRIEND eyes Avram with an excited smile. But Avram is too burdened to find any of this amusing.

2 INT. BARN - DAY

2

A PAIR OF HANDS

PULL hard on a bloody, slippery mass of FUR on what looks like the thin, brownish red leg of a CALF. WIDEN to find the Old Farmer helping to extract the CALF from a black and white DAIRY COW.

The minion of Hasids stands in a semicircle watching as the calf is BIRTHED onto a bed of straw. Its tiny body heaves its first breath. A low MURMUR of PRAYERS as the minion.

The Old Rabbi steps forward, reaches into his inside coat pocket and retrieves a large MAGNIFYING GLASS.

SECONDS LATER

The Old Rabbi, now on his knees examines the calf.

THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS

rusty red HAIR comes into FOCUS. His THUMB brushes through the dense hair for a long beat, then WIDEN as the Old Rabbi turns to the others, waiting with anticipation. He NODS ever so slightly. *Italics = Yiddish.*

OLD RABBI

It is done.

SMASH CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2
MAIN TITLE

3 EXT. ENTRANCE OF THE BARN - MOMENTS LATER 3

The Hasids file toward the waiting shuttle van. The Old Rabbi stops in the doorway, looks at young Avram, who stands in the shadows, a worried look in his eyes. The Old Rabbi places a supportive hand on Avram's shoulder.

OLD RABBI

*On small shoulders rests immense
responsibility. God be with you,
Avram.*

AVRAM

I will not let you down, Rebbe.

The Old Rabbi presses the palm of his hand on Avram's forehead. MUTTERS a PRAYER, then walks away. Over his shoulder --

OLD RABBI

*Trust me, it won't just be me you'd
let down.*

And he walks off towards the shuttle van, passing Avram's chubby friend, who hurries over to Avram, pulls something wrapped in a HANDKERCHIEF from his coat and gives it to him. Then rushes back to the shuttle van.

As the shuttle van drives off down the snowy road, ADJUST back to Avram. He looks down at the handkerchief in his hand, unwraps it and stares down at old military PISTOL. Off his worried eyes --

4 EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE SNOWY ROAD - SECONDS LATER 4

The van CRUNCHES past us, picking up speed. As it exits the farm's entrance, we reveal a NEIGHBOR repairing a fence. He eyes the van suspiciously as it disappears into the dense fog. Something about this isn't right, and he knows it. OVER this -

A MUEZZIN WAILS - "Allah Hu-Akbar, Allah Hu-Akbar".

CUT TO:

5 EXT. STREET - EAST JERUSALEM - NIGHT 5

A gorgeous minaret, lit by a GREEN NEON LIGHT, stands tall above this poor, exotic neighborhood. The speakers BLAST, calling the faithful to prayer. A CHYRON reads, "OLD CITY, JERUSALEM".

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5 CONTINUED:

5

We PAN DOWN the side of the mosque to find --

A TINY FLAME OF A BIC LIGHTER

as it IGNITES a gas-soaked rag of a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL. WIDEN to see a 15 year old PALESTINIAN BOY stand from his crouched hiding place and SPRINT down the street. Five seconds later he HURLS the flaming bottle and we FOLLOW its flight as it EXPLODES near an Israeli ARMORED VEHICLE, catching half a dozen ISRAELI SOLDIERS by surprise.

They burst into action and start chasing the fleeing boy down the street, past a barricade where two dozen PALESTINIAN PROTESTERS CHEER their comrade on.

But we don't stay long enough to see whatever battle ensues here, as the CAMERA DRIFTS UP and OVER the city, several blocks away, to a stately OLDER BUILDING. CAMERA descends into an open third floor window of --

6 INT. AUSTRIAN HOSPICE HOTEL ROOM - JERUSALEM - NIGHT

6

We hear GROANING, as we DRIFT PAST a muted TV, where we see CNN COVERAGE of the Palestinian protests in Jerusalem. A surreal juxtaposition to what we just saw on the street below.

We MOVE PAST the TV and land on PETER CONNELLY, 46, handsome and agile, in the throes of sex with a WOMAN a few years younger than he is. They didn't even bother to undress, as whatever got them to this point was fast and furious.

The sex climaxes, and Peter rolls off of the Woman, whom we'll come to know as LYNN. They both stare up at the ceiling for a beat, then Lynn laughs. Peter looks at her.

PETER

What?

LYNN

Not that I'm prouder of my body than any other woman my age, but are we ever gonna fuck without our clothes on?

PETER

(droll smile)

I'm shy.

She playfully shoves him. He stands and passes the muted TV as he walks into --

(CONTINUED)

6

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6

THE BATHROOM

where he stares at his reflection in the mirror. The placid demeanor he was just showing to Lynn is now replaced by a vacant stare. He's a man with secrets, and the way his eyes probe his own being tells us that he shares these secrets with no one.

He peels off his shirt and we immediately see several rows of ragged, but symmetrical SCARS on his back. Not deep, but irritating looking.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Lynn stands and crosses the bureau to straighten herself in the mirror. She glances down at his two suitcases on the floor nearby.

LYNN

(chiding him)

I hear these modern hotels nowadays
actually let you unpack your suitcases
if you've stayed longer than six
months.

PETER

unamused, glances at her through the crack in the bathroom door, as she bends down to open one of the suitcases.

PETER

Stay outa my stuff.

But she doesn't. She leafs through his things, as though wanting to learn more about this man. She stops when she finds a book - "Seeds of Contemplation" by Thomas Merton. Tattered and dog-eared. She stares at it.

PETER

realizing it's quiet in the other room, turns and looks out the bathroom door in time to see Lynn exit the hotel room unceremoniously. His response is a blank stare. He takes a beat and walks back into the --

MAIN ROOM

where he slumps onto the bed and lifts his CELL PHONE from the nightstand. Stares at it for beat. A moment of decision, then speed dials. We hear an AMERICAN RING TONE. Then a WOMAN'S VOICE answers --

(CONTINUED)

6

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6

WOMAN (O.S.)

Must be the middle of the night there.
Why aren't you sleeping?

Peter doesn't answer. A long, odd beat. Finally --

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

(on the phone)

You okay?

(when he doesn't answer)

Please stop doing this.

She HANGS UP. Peter lowers the phone. He glances over at the TV. CNN is on and muted. WOLF BLITZER. A "Breaking News" banner scrolls at the bottom of the screen. Suddenly interested, Peter grabs the remote and turns the volume up.

WOLF BLITZER

Yussef Khalid, the 24 year old
Palestinian American who fled the
U.S. after the alleged murder an
antiques dealer in Chicago, is now
believed to have entered Israel...

A photo of YUSSEF KHALID on screen. Peter stares. There's something non-threatening about Yussef, even warm in his sensitive eyes. These are not the eyes of a killer.

WOLF BLITZER (CONT'D)

...Just as a new wave of unrest is
breaking out in Jerusalem over Defense
Minister, Udi Barkelof's unscheduled
visit to Al Aqsa mosque on the Temple
Mount. The holy site, controlled by
the WAKF since 1967, has been a hotly
contested piece of real estate for
the last 2,000 years.

The image on the screen changes to an AERIAL SHOT of the
TEMPLE MOUNT, with its iconic golden Dome Of The Rock.

WOLF BLITZER (CONT'D)

Less than 500 meters from end to
end, the Temple Mount is a sacred
site for three of the world's major
religions. Add politics to the mix
and you have a real tinder box, as
evidenced by the current uprising...

Peter lifts a FILE from his night stand and opens it. In it
is the same PHOTO of Yussef Khalid. Peter stares at it.

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6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

As we PUSH IN on the photo we --

MATCH CUT TO:

7 INT. VAN - DAY

7

That same PHOTO, now held in Peter's hand. He's in a SURVEILLANCE VAN with two others, GLENN (Peter's age), overweight, although he'd just say "big-boned". Next to him, a tech/nerd woman named TONI, late twenties, who loves gadgets more than people. Glenn is listening on headphones.

Peter lifts a pair of BINOCULARS and stares out the window.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

The view RISES UP the side of the shithole apartment building they're parked in front of - up to the 3rd floor, obscured by colorful laundry drying on the line on the balcony. Then -- MOVEMENT behind the sliding glass door. A FIGURE.

PETER

I've got a visual.

Toni listens intently on the headphones.

TONI

Yeah. I hear him!

Toni, without pulling off her headphones, excitedly --

TONI (CONT'D)

He's there. We got 'em.

GLENN

Backup's still ten minutes out, if they make it at all.

*

Peter thinks about this. Then --

PETER

That's why we're going in now.

GLENN

What?

PETER

We'll flush him out.

Peter zips up his wind breaker and we see the letters "FBI" emblazoned on its back.

(CONTINUED)

7

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7

GLENN

Flush him out?... There's a thousand protesters two blocks west of us. We have to wait. Build a perimeter. If he runs, we might lose him in the chaos--

PETER

If he runs, we don't need a warrant.
(emphatic)
We flush him out.

There's no lost love between them. Peter again lifts the binoculars to his eyes.

GLENN

And how the hell do we do that?!

PETER

(spots something)
Like this.

8

EXT. EAST JERUSALEM STREET - SAME

8

Peter climbs out of the van, and we now see where we are - a harsh sunlit neighborhood of East Jerusalem. Peter sprints down the street towards DETECTIVE GOLAN COHEN, 38, who strides towards the entrance of the apartment building with two other PLAIN CLOTHES DETECTIVES. Golan has a John Wayne attitude and a Popeye Doyle swagger. Peter is right on him, pissed --

PETER

(whispers loud)
What do you think you're doing?

Golan doesn't even bother to acknowledge him. He speaks with a thick Israeli accent.

GOLAN

We want him for questioning. This doesn't concern you or your government.
(keeps walking)
You're supposed to call in your location. You tried to go around my back. Now I go around yours.

Golan speaks in HEBREW to the cops with him as they head towards the entrance. Peter rushes him, grabs his shoulder, spins him around. Golan instinctively reacts, grabbing Peter's hand with some kind of Israeli Krav-Maga maneuver.

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8

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8

GOLAN (CONT'D)

You want to lose your hand, do that again.

They eye each other. Then Golan lets him go. Keeps walking.

GOLAN (CONT'D)

You can stay out here and direct traffic. I'm going in.

PETER

The hell you are!

(yells)

He's my suspect!

GOLAN

(spins, yells back)

In MY country! Who the hell do you think you are?!

This is now become a big, loud commotion. Peter shoves him, points an angry finger. Glenn and Toni come sprinting up.

GLENN

He's on the roof! He's getting away!

Golan and Peter both stop, look up.

Sure enough, YUSSEF leaps to a 2nd floor balcony, then drops to an alley below and sprints off. (NOTE: He has a small KNAPSACK slung over one shoulder.)

Glenn shoots Peter a look, as he realizes that Peter created this whole commotion on purpose. Peter and Golan scramble to their feet, and the chase is on.

9

EXT. NARROW STREET - DAY

9

Peter and Golan sprint forty meters behind Yussef, as he rounds a corner and heads right into --

A MELEE OF PROTESTERS

We've all recognize this familiar scene, Israeli SOLDIERS squared off against an agitated crowd of young PALESTINIAN MEN and BOYS. ROCKS, BOTTLES, SHIELDS, TEAR GAS, etc.

Yussef weaves through protesters and disappears into the chaos. Peter and Golan sprint to catch up, as Golan pulls out his ID BADGE and waves it at the soldiers, screaming out something in Hebrew as he goes. They let him pass.

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9

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9

Peter signals to Golan you-go-that-way I'll-go-this-way. Golan's not buying it at first, but shit, he's right. They split up.

We STAY WITH Peter, as he leaps over a small wall, gaining on Yussef.

AROUND THE NEXT CORNER

Peter sees Yussef head into a crowded STREET of BYSTANDERS and LOOKY LOOS up ahead.

ON YUSSEF

as he dodges people, hopping over CARTS, knocking over a FRUIT STAND. Then WHAM!! Yussef COLLIDES with a YOUNG WOMAN with RED hair thirty meters ahead. The two of them go down HARD. Yussef's KNAPSACK slides across the ground.

Yussef makes a desperate attempt to retrieve it. We get the feeling that whatever is in it VERY valuable to Yussef.

Peter pulls out his gun and sprints towards them --

PETER

Freeze, FBI!

But the Young Woman stands and turns towards Peter, BLOCKING his line of sight. She looks at him, confused.

Peter takes one look at her and stops dead in his tracks. He almost involuntarily lowers his gun, as he just blinks at her in disbelief. It's as if he's seeing a ghost.

Then he snaps out of it and looks up to see that Yussef is back on his feet and HEADING around a corner. Peter takes off after him --

FURTHER UP THE STREET

Peter suddenly reacts as he sees --

GOLAN

has Yussef pinned to a wall, his GUN to Yussef's head. Peter slows to a stop. Shit. Beat to the punch. He bends over gasping for breath. Turns to look back in the direction of the Young Woman. She's gone. Off Peter. Fucked.

10

INT. FACILITY, SMALL WINDOWLESS ROOM - MORNING

10

CLOSE ON a child's WORKBOOK with HEBREW LETTERS. WIDEN to see JOSH, 13, all-American as can be in jeans and an

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

"Adventure Time" t-shirt, dutifully filling in an assignment by rote. Facile. Fluent.

PULL BACK to reveal that we're looking at him through a TWO-WAY MIRROR. DEBBIE, 41, pretty in a sad kind of way, stands with a MAN, late 50's, coifed. This is TED BILLINGHAM.

Debbie looks at Billingham with pained trepidation.

DEBBIE

I don't know... Maybe he's not ready.

Billingham's expression stays stern as he stares at Josh. He has a nondescript southern accent, Texas, maybe Oklahoma.

BILLINGHAM

No. It's time.

Billingham exits. Debbie stares at Josh with maternal concern as Billingham now enters the room that Josh is in. Josh looks up at him, curious. We watch from Debbie's POV as Billingham sits down across from Josh. His calm, southern accent SQUEEZES through a tiny SPEAKER in this room --

BILLINGHAM (CONT'D)

Hello Josh, my name is Ted. Ted Billingham.

Josh shakes his hand politely.

JOSH

Pleased to meet you, sir.

BILLINGHAM

There's something I need to tell you, and I want you to listen to every word carefully. You understand?

Josh nods his head, unclear what this is all about.

BILLINGHAM (CONT'D)

I know you've been told all these years that your parents are coming for you someday. But the truth is... they're not. They're dead, Josh. They're not coming for you.

Josh just blinks at first, then his eyes begin to well with emotion.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

BILLINGHAM (CONT'D)

You're not going to cry, you hear me. Right now, you have to focus. You've been studying all these years for a very important reason. That time is upon us. Do you understand? That time is now.

Off Josh, and the hurricane of confusion in his eyes --

11 INT. U.S. CONSULATE IN JERUSALEM - DAY

11

Peter, disheveled, strides through the open BULLPEN. OFFICE WORKERS try not to stare at him as he passes. Up ahead, Glenn waits near Peter's corner office, arms folded, pissed. Peter doesn't even acknowledge him as he enters --

12 INT. PETER'S OFFICE - SAME

12

Glenn follows him in.

GLENN

It's time someone stood up and said the obvious.

PETER

(calmly)

Okay Glenn, what's on your mind?

GLENN

You're a great big fucking disappointment. That's what's on my mind.

PETER

Well, now that you've gotten that off your chest--

GLENN

Big shot criminologist from Quantico coming here to teach us how to do our jobs... The fucking Israeli National Police, for god's sake. We're in their country! I could've filled you in on that fact if you'd ever acknowledge my existence!

Peter finally turns to look at him for the first time.

PETER

I might acknowledge your existence if you weren't spending 90 percent of your time gunning for my job.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Glenn just stares, fuming.

LYNN (O.S.)

Peter.

They both look over to see Lynn, the woman Peter was having sex with last night. She's standing in the doorway. Turns out she's his boss.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Come with me.

13 INT. HALLWAY - U.S. CONSULATE - MOMENTS LATER

13

Lynn and Peter walk and talk down the hall. Where she was playful the night before, she's all pissed business now.

LYNN

(sotto voice)

-- Jesus, Peter, chasing him through a goddamn riot. You promised me this was going to work.

(off Peter's silence)

Well it's over my head now. State Department's got it. The Ambassador's on her way here.

PETER

This detective has a personal grudge against me. He overstepped his author--

LYNN

-- A personal grudge! Do you even register the problem with that?! Optimum word being "personal".

Lynn suddenly stops as the Ambassador RUTH RIDELL, a stately looking woman in her early 60's, enters the hall and starts towards them. She stops and takes one look at Peter, disheveled and bloodied from his fight.

LYNN (CONT'D)

(nods hello)

Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR RIDELL

I'm seated next to the Prime Minister tonight at a banquet, while a large chunk of this country is in the streets throwing rocks and molotov cocktails.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

AMBASSADOR RIDELL (CONT'D)

So imagine how thrilled I am that you've now added a jurisdiction battle to the list of shit I have on my plate.

LYNN

We're speaking to our contact at INP about handing him over.

AMBASSADOR RIDELL

Please tell me he wasn't doing anything more than hiding out here.

LYNN

They want to question him about a robbery.

AMBASSADOR RIDELL

A robbery? In Israel?

LYNN

(nods)

Details are a little sketchy.

AMBASSADOR RIDELL

Jesus Christ! I want him on the next plane back to Chicago, do you understand?

Lynn holds her gaze for a beat, then nods. Ambassador Ridell smiles tightly.

AMBASSADOR RIDELL (CONT'D)

Good.

And she moves off, leaving Peter and Lynn. She looks at him, then walks off. He follows --

PETER

I'll handle the transfer. Coordinate with State and the Bureau--

LYNN

Forget the transfer. Worry about your team instead.

PETER

I can handle my team.

She stops, turns on him.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

LYNN

No, Peter, you can't. They don't like you. They don't trust you. And they certainly don't respect you.

This stops him in his tracks.

LYNN (CONT'D)

You're surly, you're moody, you're complicated...

*

PETER

And those are my good traits.

LYNN

...But you know what the Director pointed to when I asked why he was recommending you?

PETER

My people skills?

LYNN

(gives him a look)

He said of all the candidates, you'd be the last one he'd want to be stuck on a desert island with. But in the end, he'd choose you over the others because you'd figure out how to get him off the island.

Peter stares at her. This is news to him.

LYNN (CONT'D)

He called it an "intangible".
Something you can't teach.

(then)

Well unfortunately, this isn't an island. You have a team.

(keeps walking)

Humble yourself to them, bribe them, grovel. Figure it out. Or I will.

She heads off, leaving him to process this. Off Peter --

14 INT. BARN - NORWEGIAN FARM - NIGHT

14

We're TIGHT ON a BLACK LEATHER STRAP unwrapping from around a FOREARM. WIDEN to reveal Avram as he folds up the TEFILLIN, kisses it and ritually puts it back in its SATIN BAG.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

He looks down at the newborn CALF, sleeping peacefully in the straw, tightens his coat against the freezing temperature, then slumps down next to calf. Reaches his hand out and gently pets its head.

AVRAM

(in Yiddish)

*You sleep now. You will need your
rest for the journey.*

He looks up to see a LANTERN coming his way from the farmhouse. It's the Old Farmer. Avram quickly extinguishes his own lantern and curls up next to the calf, pretending to be asleep.

A moment later and the Old Farmer approaches, carrying a BLANKET. He looks down at Avram, seemingly asleep. He shakes his head at the strange twist of fate that brought these two unlikely people together. Then gently covers Avram with the blanket, and walks away.

Avram opens one eye, as if to acknowledge this kind gesture.

15 INT. HOOKAH SHOP, OLD CITY - NIGHT

15

A busy watering hole, filled with Arabs and young secular Jews smoking hookahs together. Peter sits with Glenn, GIL, Toni and two OTHERS around a back table. There's an awkward silence as each nurses a drink. This is a pathetic excuse for bonding. Finally, Peter looks around self-consciously and lifts his glass.

PETER

I want to thank all of you for coming
out like this on short notice.
Something we probably should've done
more often.

GLENN

(under his breath)

Or at all.

Peter gives him a look.

PETER

Look, I know we got off on the wrong
foot when I got here. I'm... sorry
about that. Truth is, I don't know
why I got the call for this job and
not someone else. I know the talk.
But I'm here, and I want to do the
best job I can.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

PETER (CONT'D)

And if we're going to be a team,
we've gotta learn to get along. So
from now on...

But he stops. In mid-sentence, as he sees something across
the room --

THE RED HAired YOUNG WOMAN

he saw when he was chasing Yussef. (*We will come to know
her as EMMA.*) She's wearing a light summer dress, sandals.
She's beautiful.

Peter's eyes narrow as he stares. The others wait for him
to finish his toast. He doesn't. Just keeps staring.

AT THE BAR

Emma pays her tab, then starts for the exit.

Peter suddenly stands and quickly heads for the exit,
following after Emma. As the others watch him leave,
confused. After a beat --

*
*

TONI

Well, I for one, think this is a
really good start.

16 EXT. STREETS OF THE OLD CITY - NIGHT

16

Emma makes her way through the Jaffa Gate, heading deeper
into the old city. Peter follows at a distance. We MOVE
WITH HIM as he passes ORTHODOX JEWS, ARAB COUPLES, two GREEK
ORTHODOX PRIESTS. There's a large security presence, soldiers
patrolling, checking people's bags, etc.

Peter keeps his distance from Emma, studying her stride, the
movement of her hips, the way she tilts her head to nod
"hello" to people as she passes. He's fascinated by her.

AROUND A CORNER

She blends into a CROWD of people heading towards the entrance
to the CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE. Peter follows.

17 INT. CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE - NIGHT

17

The church is awash with GOLDEN LIGHT. The FIRE CEREMONY
is in full swing. Peter enters and immediately loses sight
of Emma, as she disappears into a mass of people. Each one
carries a large LIT CANDLE. The NOISE is deafening with
CHANTING, but not in unison. Discordant. Odd.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Peter is swept involuntarily into the crowd. Everyone seems to know what to do, how to move. Everyone except Peter. He scans the giant room, desperate to find her. Nothing.

Peter stares at the PRIESTS near the altar, swinging large CANISTERS of INCENSE, creating a haze of SMOKE. One PRIEST, a tall, NORDIC looking, turns and stares right at Peter. (Remember this) It's an odd gaze, as though he was expecting Peter to be here. Peter stares back, confused. Then the Priest continues, disappearing into the crowd.

Peter turns, desperately scanning in all directions for Emma. But the FIRE takes over his entire vision. FLAMES seem to engulf him. He looks like he's going to pass out. The fire. The heat. The flames. The smoke. It's too much. This is more than just a reaction to the moment. Something about it is triggering some deep response.

People stare at him. He is sweating, out of breath. Emma's red hair flashes for a split second across the room. He can't take it any longer. He bursts for the exit, fighting his way through the throng.

18 EXT. CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE - NIGHT

18

Peter staggers out into the cold night air. Stumbles to an open space in the courtyard, hands on his knees, GASPING for breath. He closes his eyes, trying to fight off the images in his head.

EMMA (O.S.)

You okay?

Peter spins to see EMMA standing behind him.

PETER

Oh. Yeah... yeah. It was just...
the fire, the crowd.

EMMA

Some people can't handle that much...
(searches for the
words)
...Spiritual energy.

PETER

I'm fine now.
(then)
You're American.

EMMA

Must be the Chicago accent.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

EMMA (CONT'D)

(then)

You're the one I saw with a gun
earlier today... Chasing that guy
where they were protesting.

PETER

I'm an FBI agent working a case. So
I had an excuse. But what were you
doing there?

EMMA

Took a wrong turn.

(then)

Did you get him?

PETER

Sort of.

Emma smiles. She's got a beautiful smile, full of life.

EMMA

Good.

(then)

Well... Good night.

And she turns and starts to walk off. Peter watches her for
a moment. Shit, he can't let her get away. Finally --

PETER

Wait!

Emma stops, turns and looks at him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Where are you headed?

EMMA

Just taking a walk. I hear they
might start a curfew tomorrow night,
so...

Peter nods. There's an awkward beat as the two of them stare
at one another. Finally --

EMMA (CONT'D)

You want to join me?

And she holds his gaze with her quirky smile. Off Peter,
more intrigued than ever by this enticing woman --

*

19 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - JERUSALEM PD - NIGHT

19

We're TIGHT ON the face of Yussef, our captured fugitive. He stares straight ahead, expressionless, stoic. We see a FIGURE moving behind him. It passes once, then again. Then --

GOLAN (O.S.)

I can stay here all night.

WIDEN to see Golan looking at his watch. Nonchalance is his weapon of choice as an interrogator.

GOLAN (CONT'D)

No wife to go home to. But you do.
And you've got a four year old son.

Yussef barely reacts to this.

GOLAN (CONT'D)

A family man. No criminal record,
no arrests, an honor student in
structural engineering...

Still no response.

GOLAN (CONT'D)

Me? I wasn't much of a student.
But I am curious by nature. So I'm
asking myself why kill someone, an
antique dealer, then escape your own
country? Maybe it has something to
do with this.

And Golan now slaps down the KNAPSACK in front of him. The one that Yussef was wearing when he was chased. Golan opens it, pulls out an OLD WOODEN BOX. Opens the lid, revealing a GOLDEN BREASTPLATE about 12 by 12 inches - with 12 empty RECTANGULAR SETTINGS, each missing a rectangular object (1 by 1 1/2 inches) meant to emblazon it.

For the first time Yussef averts his gaze.

GOLAN (CONT'D)

It disappeared three months ago from
the vault in the basement of the
Rockefeller museum here in Jerusalem.
A lot of people have been looking
for it. Rumor is it ended up in the
United States. Now it's back. With
you. Like I said, I'm curious...

Golan studies him, curiously. Leans forward, only inches from Yussef's face now. Finally --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

GOLAN (CONT'D)

What are you up to?

HOLD ON Yussef, whose expression betrays nothing. Then, softly, with no emotion whatsoever --

YUSSEF

We are small men. In the end, we mean nothing.

Off Golan, curiouser and curiouser --

20 EXT. STREETS OF THE OLD CITY - NIGHT

20

Peter and Emma stand at a FRUIT CART. The VENDOR squeezes pomegranate juice for them.

PETER

Hard to believe this guy's still open at this hour.

Emma looks up at the Vendor, loud enough for him to hear --

EMMA

No, Fauzi here is a businessman, right?

(off Vendor's smile)

When the protesters go home for the night, he can still make some money...

The Vendor, FAUZI, laughs and passes them the drinks.

FAUZI

At night, beautiful women are half price.

Peter smiles as he pays him.

EMMA

(thanks him in Arabic)

Shukran.

The start walking in silence for a beat. Peter raises his cup and takes a sip. Emma notices something --

EMMA (CONT'D)

You're married.

Peter looks at her, curious. She glances at his hand. At his WEDDING RING.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

PETER

Oh, this. Barely fits anymore.
Keep thinking it's going to fall
off. I lost a lot of weight after--
Habit, I guess. I mean, I am married,
but... We don't really--

EMMA

I'm sorry. Too personal. We haven't
even met properly yet...

She smiles warmly and extends her hand.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Emma. Emma Wilson. I'm here on a
fellowship with the University of
Pennsylvania. Archeology. Working
on a dig... right here in this
neighborhood.

Peter looks around, confused.

EMMA (CONT'D)

In the tunnels right beneath us...

PETER

(looks down)

Really.

EMMA

I read this book by an archeologist
from Cambridge named Ian Margrove
when I was a kid, about the the Temple
treasures buried under Jerusalem. I
dreamed about coming here ever since.
And not only did I get my wish, but
guess who's leading the dig?

PETER

(smiles)

Professor Margrove.

EMMA

Amazing, huh?

PETER

Sounds like fate. Has it lived up
to the dream?

EMMA

Beyond!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

EMMA (CONT'D)

3,000 years of history right under
our feet... The week I got here,
our team found a breast plate worn
by the High Priest from the first
temple. It's like everywhere you
dig there's something there. This
whole place is tragic and amazing
and sad all at once. The history
here... It's... palpable.

She stops.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

PETER

What?!

EMMA

Humor me. Go on, close your eyes!

Peter closes his eyes. So does Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

If you concentrate, you can feel it
all around you. Vibrating.

Peter opens his eyes and looks at her. She's so beautiful.
She suddenly opens her eyes. Looks at him, laughing.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Well?

He looks around, takes a beat, humoring her.

PETER

I am not getting any vibrations...
Sorry. To me this is just a place I
work. Nothing more.

EMMA

Then maybe that's why we met tonight.
(smiles)
So I could teach you how to see what's
right beneath your feet.

He looks at her, wondering what she means. Then --

EMMA (CONT'D)

Come on. I'll show you what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3) 20

Emma grabs his hand and leads him through the alley. He lets her lead the way.

21 EXT. NARROW STREET - MOMENTS LATER 21

Peter follows Emma down a narrow ancient alley to a small WOODEN DOOR. She pulls a KEY hanging from a RED CHAIN around her neck, slides it into the padlock on the door.

PETER
This where you live?

EMMA
For about 12 hours a day.

CLICK. The door opens, revealing a dark, narrow PASSAGEWAY. They enter the DARKNESS.

22 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY - SAME 22

They move through near total DARKNESS.

PETER
Isn't there any security?

EMMA
It's a back entrance. I lock up at night, so I have the keys. Professor Margrove would fire me if he knew we were sneaking in like this.

PETER
Then maybe we shouldn't be doing this.

EMMA
Or maybe we should just make sure we don't get caught.

And there's that quirky smile again.

They disappear down a narrow corridor where she flips a switch on a makeshift CIRCUIT BOX and a series of bare BULBS ILLUMINATE a long, narrow shaft cut right into the rock, braced by wooden support beams. She heads down. Peter, looking behind him, wondering if this is insane, follows.

23 INT. FACILITY, PREFABBED HALLWAYS - DAY 23

We're MOVING WITH Debbie, (the woman who watched concerned earlier as Josh was told that his parents are dead.) We TRACK WITH her as she walks down a maze of hallways.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

She passes two CO-WORKERS, both dressed conservatively in bible belt middle-American fashion. (Pay attention to them, they'll be important later.)

BIBLE BELT WOMAN

You coming to the prayer meeting?

DEBBIE

In a bit.

And she keeps moving.

AROUND ANOTHER CORNER

where she finally comes to a stop at a DOOR, looks around conspicuously and KNOCKS gently. No answer. She takes a out a KEY. Opens the door.

24 INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM - DAY

24

Debbie steps inside this small, sparsely decorated room. Nothing in here but the essentials for a 13 year old boy. Josh lies on his bed, his back to us. He's been crying.

She stares, her heart breaking. Crosses to the bed and sits on the edge.

JOSH

(after a beat)

Did you know?

DEBBIE

Yes.

(then)

Josh, we all love you. We'd do anything for you. We'd die for you if we had to. You're that important.

JOSH

Why does it have to be me?

DEBBIE

Because you're special. It's what you've been raised for. It's your destiny.

Josh finally turns and looks at her. Wipes the tears from his eyes.

JOSH

I heard him again.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

DEBBIE

Probably just the same nightmare you had before.

JOSH

It's not a dream. I heard him. He was crying.

DEBBIE

Josh, I promise you, there's no other children here.

He looks at her, sighs. After a beat -

JOSH

Can you take me to the spot again?

She looks at him, torn.

DEBBIE

I was never supposed to show you in the first place. It's dangerous.

JOSH

Please.

DEBBIE

We could both get in a lot of trouble.

JOSH

They're all in the prayer meeting anyway, so it's safe.

She just holds his pleading gaze. Then nods.

DEBBIE

Okay, but we need to hurry.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Debbie and Josh move stealthily down a hallway, around a corner towards the stairway. On the way they pass by a secure door with a LOCKPAD on it. Josh slows down and looks at it.

JOSH

What's behind this door?

DEBBIE

Nothing. Storage.

JOSH

Then why can't I ever go in there?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

DEBBIE
(impatiently)
Come on Josh, I told you, we have to
hurry. Please.

She pulls him away from the locked door and they continue on down the hall, around the corner to --

ANOTHER DOOR

with an elaborate emergency LOCKING SYSTEM on it. Debbie enters a CODE on the KEYPAD and the door POPS open. SUNLIGHT streams in through the crack, blinding Josh, who seems completely unfamiliar with its brightness. He shields his eyes, excited.

The door swings all the way open, revealing a SMALL PATCH of YARD with a twelve by twelve foot lawn, sandwiched between two prefab structures.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Hurry up.

Josh steps out onto the GRASS and looks up at the sky above him, as though staring at a UFO. Debbie looks around nervously, as Josh kneels down and plucks a handful of GRASS and lifts it to his face, inhaling its earthy aroma.

JOSH
How come you don't have kids of your
own?

Debbie looks at him, debating how to answer.

DEBBIE
Who said I didn't?

JOSH
Then where are they?

DEBBIE
That's enough for now, nose. Let's
go back.

She swings open the door for him to step inside, then crosses to the keypad to reenter her code. As she does, we notice that Josh places a small ROCK into the doorjamb.

Debbie and Josh hurry down the hall in the direction they came. We ADJUST BACK to the door. It swings shut, but not all the way, the TINY ROCK holding it open ever so slightly.

25 INT. TUNNELS BENEATH JERUSALEM - NIGHT

25

Peter and Emma emerge into an archeology WORK STATION - WOODEN TABLES, SIFTERS, MICROSCOPES, TOOLS, STORAGE BINS, etc., lit by BARE BULBS hanging from the low ceiling.

PETER

So, what exactly is it you guys are looking for down here?

She considers whether to tell him or not.

EMMA

You're gonna make fun of me.

PETER

What? No I won't.

EMMA

The Holy of Holies.

Off Peter's confused look --

EMMA (CONT'D)

The inner sanctum of the 1st temple.

PETER

You mean, like where they kept the ark of the covenant?

EMMA

Along with gold, jewels, treasure.

PETER

Like Indiana Jones?

He laughs. She smiles coyly.

EMMA

You promised you wouldn't make fun.

PETER

Sorry, it's just... that stuff's just a myth, right?

EMMA

Professor Margrove thinks it would be the most important find in human history.

(beat)

Of course, someone would have to be foolish enough to admit to finding it.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

PETER

Why wouldn't they?

EMMA

People have been killing each other over the existence of this particular God for 3,000 years. Hard evidence would blow the lid off it, set off a race to rebuild the temple. You think the muslim world is going to let that happen?

PETER

(getting it)

It would lead to Armageddon...

EMMA

(matter-of-fact)

Uh huh.

Peter weighs how to respond. Then --

PETER

Then maybe we should just be glad the secret's been safe all these years, and leave it at that.

EMMA

Doesn't work that way. Bury something in the ground that means that much to that many people and someone's going to want to find it. It's human nature.

PETER

If people have been searching this long, then how come no one's found it yet?

EMMA

(matter-of-fact)

Because they've all been looking in the wrong place. It's all about the water.

PETER

What water?

And she smiles that quirky smile, and starts off down the tunnel. Off Peter's look, suddenly very intrigued.

26 INT. TUNNELS BENEATH JERUSALEM - MOMENTS LATER

26

Peter and Emma make their way further into tunnels, their flashlight beams illuminating the way.

Emma lowers her eyes. He follows her gaze. Sure enough, they are sloshing through FOUR INCHES of WATER.

*

EMMA

The Dead Sea scrolls described a fountain in the original sanctum of the temple. The theory is simple... follow the trail of the ancient water source... and you'll find the fountain.

And now they emerge to a large opening where

A NATURAL POOL

is carved out of the rock, thirty feet in diameter. Crystal clear WATER twenty feet deep. Emma lights a TORCH that ILLUMINATES the whole area. Peter stares. Beyond it, a dead end.

PETER

Where's the water coming from?

EMMA

Exactly.

Emma bends down and swishes the water with her hand.

EMMA (CONT'D)

This is about as holy as water gets.

(smiles)

If you believe in that sort of thing.

Peter looks down at the water. He can't help but be intrigued by this.

Then, out of nowhere, in one fluid motion, she pulls her dress up over her head, STRIPS DOWN to NOTHING and dives into the water head first. Peter stands, speechless. She breaks the surface of the water, smiles playfully --

EMMA (CONT'D)

You coming in or not?

He stares down at her, never in a million years believing that this night would turn out like this. He hesitates for too long and she just shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

EMMA (CONT'D)

I guess not.

And she turns her back and keeps swimming. A moment of decision. He stares down at his ring, as though weighing the infidelity of this, then fuck it, he pulls his WEDDING RING off and lays it down on a rock (remember this, it's important), peels off his shirt, climbs out of his pants, strips down and dives into the pool. It's a crazy act in a crazy moment.

When he surfaces, she's gone. He looks around and she pops up out of the water behind him. He spins and faces her.

They stare at each other. It's charged. Not quite sexually, just intimate, close, connected, raw. He stares into her eyes.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(re: his scars)

Looks like it hurt.

PETER

(after a beat)

Some scars you deserve.

She eyes him, not asking for more of an explanation. Then suddenly, she leans forward and kisses him. He doesn't respond in kind, as a conflicted look twists on his face.

EMMA

Why did you follow me tonight?

He averts his eyes, busted a little.

PETER

You remind me of someone. Someone I lost. Someone I should've...

He stops. Can't say more. She stares into his eyes.

EMMA

Whatever it is that hurt you so bad...
Sometime all you need is permission
to let go.

We see his expression change, as though he's about to open up, confess something. But just as he opens his mouth to say something -- we HEAR something. DISTANCE VOICES. Emma turns quickly. Stares. Eyes wide.

PETER

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

Emma, head cocked, listens, puzzled. Finally --

EMMA

Someone's here.

And she SWIMS OFF, scrambles out of the water and hurries to get dressed. He follows after her. He quickly starts to get dressed, looks at her as she grabs everything and RUSHES OFF, back down the narrow passageway in the direction they came. Peter hurries to finish dressing, then follows.

IN THE TUNNELS - SECONDS LATER

Emma comes to a stop at a fork in the tunnels. Strains to listen. Peter catches up. And suddenly everything is different about her demeanor. She seems on edge, really freaked about this. They WHISPER --

EMMA (CONT'D)

(looks at her watch)

It's almost four in the morning. No one's supposed to be down here.

She stares down the dark shaft of a tunnel.

EMMA (CONT'D)

And they're in the wrong place.

PETER

Wrong place? What do you mean?

EMMA

This is tunnel 7. It leads to the Temple Mount.

(points)

Those initials there, those are mine.

Sure enough, there are her INITIALS - "E.W.", crudely CARVED into the wall at the entrance of the TUNNEL.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I carved them there.

Peter FLASHES his flashlight beam down the tunnel to look, but Emma SWATS his hand down, pissed.

EMMA (CONT'D)

No. They'll see us.

Peter turns off the light and Emma starts down the tunnel. Peter looks around, apprehensively --

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

PETER

You sure about this?

Emma doesn't answer. We MOVE with them down the darkened, around a narrow bend, as the VOICES now appear to be CHANTING. They hug the wall and come to a stop at the safest distance, right around the corner from the CHANTING, illuminated now by a PALE GLOW of FIRELIGHT from the unseen chanters. Emma cocks her head to listen.

EMMA

(whispers)

That's Hebrew...

Peter's eyes narrow at this. What the hell is going on? In the soft glow of light, Peter looks down and sees --

A LAMB

tied to a STAKE a few feet away. It looks up at them with innocent eyes and lets out a small, pathetic BLEAT.

Peter and Emma exchange a confused look. The CHANTING STOPS. And now FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. They cling to the wall. Shit. Then someone appears around the corner. It's the CHUBBY FRIEND of Avram's, from the opening scene! He unties the LAMB. Peter and Emma are only a few feet away, breathless.

The lamb holds Peter's gaze as it is carried back around the corner, BLEATING with confusion. Emma and Peter breathe again. They inch their way around the corner, hugging the wall until they see --

A SEMICIRCLE OF ORTHODOX JEWS

The same ones we saw from the opening scene in Norway. Lit by torch light, it looks like some ancient, forbidden rite.

And in the middle, next to the now familiar Old Rabbi, is the same PRIEST we saw earlier in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. He's still wearing his ceremonial vestment, looking bizarrely out of place, surrounded by Orthodox Jews.

The Chubby Friend hands over the lamb to the Rabbi, who lays it down on a makeshift WOODEN ALTAR. Now the Priest begins his own CHANT, but his is in LATIN. The Rabbi pulls out a large, KNIFE. Its blade GLINTS in the firelight.

CLOSE ON PETER

his eyes narrow. He looks like he's about to leap out of his skin. He presses himself to the wall tighter, and CLINK. He drops his flashlight. It skids along the stone floor.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (4)

26

Everyone turns. Shit. Peter and Emma exchange a look, then take off running.

We MOVE WITH them, TRACKING low and FAST. FOOTSTEPS catching up behind them.

*
*

EMMA (CONT'D)

This way!

Down a different tunnel in a DIZZYING MAZE through this labyrinth. RUNNING, SCRAPPING against the narrow walls. And finally to

A LADDER

Up they climb, SCRAMBLING, CROUCHING through a

LOW TUBE-LIKE PASSAGEWAY

and finally out into --

27 EXT. OLD CITY DIG SITE - NIGHT

27

They scramble out into the open, cool night air. Peter is the first one out. He extends his hand and pulls her out. Stares at her, wide eyed, nearly bursting.

PETER

What the hell was that?!

EMMA

I don't know. I don't know.

Emma turns and looks up. Peter follows her gaze to see that they're standing right across from -

The TEMPLE MOUNT. Glistening in all its glory. They share an ominous look.

PETER

That Priest. That was a *Viaticum*!

(off her look)

The Latin. A "provision for a journey".

Emma stares at him, like "how do you know this?".

EMMA

A what?

PETER

Last rites! That was a sacrifice!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

EMMA

Jesus. Let's get out of here.

Peter and Emma cross the courtyard, passing TWO ISRAELI ARMED SOLDIERS. They reach --

A NARROW ALLEY

where Emma finally comes to a stop against an ancient wall, catching her breath, looking behind her, nervously. She pulls something out of her pocket.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Here, take this.

She holds out her hand to him. He extends his hand and she places something in it. He lifts it to the light, revealing a small, rectangular STONE, (1 by 1 1/2 inches) It has a couple of HEBREW LETTERS etched into it. It looks OLD. Really old. He shines his flashlight down at it.

PETER

What is it?

EMMA

Just take it.

She starts to walk away.

PETER

Wait. What is this? Why are you...?
(but she doesn't stop)
Will I see you again?!

EMMA

If I don't see you first.

Peter suddenly looks at her like he's seen a ghost.

PETER

What did you say?

EMMA

It's just something my father used
to say.

Then she turns back when she's thirty yards away.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't even know your name!

Peter stares at her, realizing that he never told her.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

PETER

Peter. Peter Connelly.

She nods, then turns and HURRIES AWAY. He watches her go, reeling from the strange events of this long night. He looks down at the STONE that she gave him. Stares down at the HEBREW LETTERS. We PUSH IN on it, and --

CUT TO:

28 INT. PETER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

28

We're still CLOSE ON the STONE. But we WIDEN to find Peter sitting on the edge of his bed, staring down at it. A long beat, then he lifts his CELL PHONE off the night stand.

CLOSE ON THE PHONE'S SCREEN

Peter thumbs through the VOICEMAIL MESSAGES. Scrolls through until he lands on one that says "VICKI". The DATE on the message - 11/19/12. A couple of years old. He CLICKS on it. Through the phone's tiny speaker, a young woman's VOICE -

VICKI

Hi daddy. Looks like I'm coming home this weekend... Some friends from the dorm are going to this concert on Saturday night. I was wondering if you could drive me so I can catch a ride back with them. Tell mom, okay? So I guess you'll be seeing me in a couple days...
(giggles)
If I don't see you first. Love you.

CLICK. She hangs up.

Peter stares at the phone, impassive. Then SPEED DIALS a number. A beat, then we hear the same WOMAN'S VOICE answer from his earlier phone call.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(on phone)

I can't talk to you...

PETER

I think I understand it now.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Understand what? What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

PETER
She died for my sins.

A long Silence.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(hard)
Are you drunk, Peter?

Peter girds himself against her harsh tone --

PETER
No. I just... I see it now. I see
it so clearly.

There's another long beat of silence on the other end.
Finally --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(on phone)
Go to sleep. We'll talk about this
when you're sober.

And she HANGS UP. Peter stares down at the phone. Then
lays back down on the bed. Looks at the STONE in his hand,
turning it over slowly. Then closes his eyes as we --

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK:

"MOOOOO"

29 INT. BARN - MORNING

29

CLOSE ON Avram, as he opens his eyes to see --

AN UPSIDE DOWN GROWN COW STARING DOWN AT HIM CURIOUSLY.

Avram BOLTS up. It takes him a second to remember where he
is. Once he does, he spins around looking for -- there it
is. The calf, safe and warm under the farmer's blanket.

AVRAM
(in Hebrew)
Good morning.

Both cows look at him. Avram gets up. He looks out - Nothing
but white snow.

30 EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

30

Avram makes his way to a corner of the barn, unzipping his pants, getting ready to relieve himself when he suddenly hears VOICES. He peeks around the corner --

AVRAM'S POV

A group of MEN, dressed in black, carry what looks like high-tech furniture from an equipment HANGAR onto a IKEA TRUCK. This obviously isn't an IKEA truck, and they are not IKEA movers, and whatever they're carrying... it's not furniture. It looks more like LAB EQUIPMENT.

One of the men BARKS AN ORDER in ENGLISH with a SOUTHERN ACCENT. The men exit the hangar, climb into the truck and close the tailgate. Within seconds, the truck drives away.

AVRAM stares at the hangar, its doors wide open.

31 EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE SNOWY ROAD - SECONDS LATER

31

The Ikea truck makes its way down the icy road. It passes by the NOSEY NEIGHBOR'S house.

ANGLE TO REVEAL

The NEIGHBOR ducking behind his fence. Once the truck is gone, he rushes into --

32 INT. NEIGHBOR HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

32

The neighbor crosses the living room, passing by his OLD WIFE sitting on a rocking chair knitting. He grabs the phone and dials a number.

NEIGHBOR
(in Norwegian)
Police please.

His wife lowers the half made scarf and looks at him. We PRE-LAP the sound of an elevator door - DING!

33 INT. US CONSULATE - DAY

33

The elevator doors open. Peter steps into the offices, walks down the corridor towards Lynn's office. Walking towards him is **TOM**, 45, CIA analyst.

TOM
(teasingly)
Great work on the Khalid case
yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

PETER
Go fuck yourself.

Tom LAUGHS and walks on. Peter reaches Lynn's office. Through the glass windows we see Lynn, Glenn and Golan conversing. Lynn waves him in.

34 INT. LYNN'S OFFICE - DAY

34

Peter enters. Lynn is at her desk looking at a file. Golan stands across from her.

GOLAN
...The body was found in the Kidron Valley this morning by two Arab teenagers walking their sheep.

LYNN
(to Peter)
Nice of you to join us.

Peter, ignoring the sarcasm, walks over to the back wall and stands next to Glenn.

PETER
(to Glenn, whispers)
What's going on?

GLENN
Murder.

Golan pulls a cigarette out of a pack.

LYNN
(re: cigarette)
Don't even think about it.

GOLAN
Our officers are canvassing the neighborhood and asking neighbors if they saw anything, but don't expect much cooperation from these people.

LYNN
These people?

GOLAN
(pulls a lighter from his pocket)
Arabs. You know how they are.

Lynn gives him a look, not appreciating the racist comment. She turns to MEG, 40's from the consular department.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

LYNN

Notify the family and organize the transfer of the body. Coordinate that with Tel Aviv.

MEG

I'll start the paperwork.

Golan hands Meg the file.

LYNN

We have any suspects yet?

GOLAN

Security camera caught her with...
(reaches over and
pulling a picture
out of the file)
...This man a few hours before her
death. They seemed friendly.

He lays the PHOTO down on the desk. Everyone leans in.

GOLAN (CONT'D)

The image is for shit, so don't high
five yourselves yet.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO

It's very PIXILATED, but we're pretty sure that it's EMMA and PETER from the night before, as they walked through the old city. You just can't make out their faces.

Peter stares at it, and the reality of it stabs him. He nearly gasps. Holy shit.

LYNN

I don't even know what I'm looking
at.

Golan finally lights the cigarette that he's been holding. Realizing she can't win, Lynn walks over to the window and cracks it open.

PETER

(to Meg, re: the file)
Can I see that?

Peter takes the file from Meg's hands, flips through the report until he gets to the DRIVER'S LICENSE. Stares at the photo - Sure enough. It's Emma.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

The VOICES in the room are replaced with the sound of Peter's POUNDING HEART. He stares at the image until -

LYNN

Peter!

Peter snaps out of it. Looks at her. What?

LYNN (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

PETER

Yeah... fine.

Everyone looks at him curiously. Peter hands the file to Meg, wipes sweat off his brow and starts for the door.

PETER (CONT'D)

'Scuse me.

Peter pushes the door, it SLAMS behind him. Off Lynn, noting his odd behavior --

35 INT. U.S. CONSULATE - BATHROOM - DAY

35

Peter strides into the bathroom and locks the door. Rushes to the sink and turns the water on. The room is spinning. He needs air. He pulls on his collar.

PETER

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He splashes his face with cold water and suddenly stops for a second to examine his wedding ring finger. F-U-C-K! He looks at himself in the mirror. His ring, it's gone! How did this happen? What now? Think damn-it, think!

36 INT. LYNN'S OFFICE - LATER

36

Peter enters Lynn's office. She's alone behind her desk.

LYNN

You okay?

PETER

I'm sorry. I needed some fresh air.
His damn cigarettes give me a
headache.

Lynn looks at him, then hands him a PHOTO. It's an evidence PHOTO of the breastplate that was in Yussef's knapsack.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

LYNN

You seen this?

Peter takes the photo. Looks at it. Shakes his head, no.

PETER

What is it?

LYNN

It's what's holding up the extradition in the Khalid case. Some religious artifact stolen from Rockefeller Museum. Our favorite detective has a bug up his ass about how Yussef ended up with it.

PETER

I don't know anything about it.
(hands the photo back)
Where's the file for the murdered girl? I'll head down to the morgue.

LYNN

(matter-of-fact)
I gave the case to Glenn.

PETER

What? Why?

LYNN

(noting his reaction)
Because I don't think you're in any condition to--

PETER

(cuts her off)
--I'm the legal attaché! It's my job. Stop worrying about me.

LYNN

But I am worried. Grief is complicated. It can come out in ways that you don't intend. I'm just trying to be--

PETER

You think that because I let you suck my cock every now and then you have great insight into my mental state?

Lynn stares at him for a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

LYNN
Feel better now?

PETER
(recoils)
I'm sorry.

LYNN
(hard)
You've already fucked up one case
this week. I'm not going to let you
jeopardize another. Close the door
on your way out.

Off Peter, staring at her --

37 INT. HALLWAY - U.S. CONSULATE - MOMENTS LATER

37

Peter leaves Lynn's office, obviously upset. He looks up.
His team is staring at him. He looks away and continues to
march down the corridor, when suddenly... he starts walking
faster, as if he's just thought of an idea.

38 EXT. US CONSULATE - PARKING LOT - DAY

38

Golan crosses the lot and is about to get into his beat up
old Mazda when -

PETER
Detective Cohen!

Golan turns and sees Peter walking towards him.

PETER (CONT'D)
Where're you going?

GOLAN
To the morgue. Why?

PETER
I'm coming with you.

GOLAN
I thought it was the fat one's case.

PETER
Glenn. Yeah, so did he. But things
changed. So now you're stuck with me.

Golan stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

GOLAN

But I don't like you. And you don't like me.

PETER

Is that going to be a problem?
(smiles)
Partner.

Golan holds his gaze, then a smile slowly curls to his lips.

SMASH CUT TO:

39 INT. CAR - DAY

39

Peter and Golan are stuck in traffic. Chaos and sweltering heat all around them. Golan keeps HONKING in the already noisy scene. An ORTHODOX WOMAN crossing right in front of the car gives Golan the finger.

GOLAN

You know why I took this case, don't you?
(off Peter's look)
Same reason you did.

Peter looks at him, wondering what he means. Before he can fumble for a response --

GOLAN (CONT'D)

She's the girl Yussef bumped into when we were chasing him yesterday. Just a coincidence? Maybe. Maybe not. Just seems odd.

Peter considers this as Golan honks again. YELLS something in Hebrew.

PETER

(yells)
Stop honking!
(mumbles to himself)
No one has any fucking patience in this country.

GOLAN

(smiles)
Patience... of course. Must be what they taught you in priest school.

Peter turns and stares at Golan.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

GOLAN (CONT'D)

(big smile)

What, you think you Americans are
the only ones spying on your allies?

Peter turns and looks out the window, not wanting to engage.
Golan HONKS again.

GOLAN (CONT'D)

Not that different, I guess, the
priesthood and the FBI. Both have
rules, uniforms, oaths of allegiance.

(then)

Part I don't get though -- Three
years in a seminary and days before
you get the collar you drop out.
Probably an interesting story in
there somewhere.

And he looks over at Peter with a wry smile. Peter just
sighs as he looks out the window.

PETER

Just drive.

Golan lights another cigarette. Off Peter's stare --

40 INT. JERUSALEM FORENSIC INSTITUTE - DAY

40

The long, dark corridors painted in a SICKLY GREEN color.
Peter and Golan walk down towards a door on the opposite
side of the corridor.

41 INT. MORGUE - DAY

41

Peter and Golan enter and see a BODY covered in a white sheet.
Dr. Pollak, 60s, a smart looking skinny forensic pathologist
wearing a yarmulke, greets them with a nod. Peter stares at
the sheet covered body as Pollak and Golan walk to the other
side of the gurney.

GOLAN

So how dead is she?

DR. POLLAK

*Multiple stab wounds to the torso
and neck. She was set on fire
postmortem.*

GOLAN

*We found her near Silwan. You think
it could be political?*

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

DR. POLLAK

*The level of violence suggests this
was personal. Take a look...*

Dr. Pollak lifts the white sheet and reveals part of the torched chest. Deep stabs run across her body...

Peter looks away. His eyes landing on a cart with nylon bags.

PETER

Are these her personal belongings?

DR. POLLAK

Don't touch it, I haven't filed it yet.

Peter walks to the cart and sees - the RED CHAIN NECKLACE with the key that Emma used to open the door to the dig site. A CELL PHONE; A PURSE... and there it is... His WEDDING RING, sealed in an EVIDENCE BAG.

Peter looks back to make sure no one's looking and quickly grabs the bag. He tears it up and --

GOLAN

Find anything?

Peter spins around, Golan is standing right behind him.

PETER

Nothing.

Golan looks at him suspiciously.

PETER (CONT'D)

We done here?

Peter shoves the nylon bag into his pocket. When he pulls his hand out we see that he is WEARING his WEDDING RING.

42 EXT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DAY

42

Establishing. A three story building in the center of Jerusalem. Golan double parks in the narrow street. Golan and Peter get out of the car. PRE-LAP the sound of a KEY UNLOCKING a door --

43 INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DAY

43

The building's LANDLORD, an older guy, leads Peter and Golan into this small, tidy apartment.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

GOLAN

Did she have any boyfriends,
roommates?

LANDLORD

She paid the rent in cash every month.
That's all I know.

PETER

So no frequent visitors?

LANDLORD

They don't pay me to spy on them.

They all stand here, taking the place in.

PETER

(an aside to Golan)

Is it just me, or are all you Israelis
obsessed with spying?

GOLAN

Everyone needs a hobby.
(to Landlord, Hebrew)
We'll take it from here.

LANDLORD

(nods, then)

Lock the door on your way out.

The Landlord leaves. Peter heads down the corridor to a
white door.

44 INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

44

Peter enters the room and switches on the light. Golan
follows. Peter ignores him and walks over to a bookshelf
with FRAMED PHOTOS. It's Emma, always alone, with Jerusalem
as a backdrop.

He picks up one of the pictures and looks at her closely.
Golan behind him, opens drawers, going through her desk.

Peter walks over to the bookshelf. Tilting his head he
browses through the titles of the books - All of them non-
fiction history and archeology books. He recognizes a name
on one of the books "Ian Margrove"

He pulls the book out, sees a handwritten inscription: **"To
Emma, my favorite student"** above his signature.

Golan spots what he's looking at. Reads over his shoulder --

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

GOLAN
"Ian Margrove".

Golan pulls out his SMARTPHONE, types in the words "Ian Margrove - archeologist". Paces as he waits for the results of his search to load.

Peter tries to put the book back in its place, but something is blocking it. He shoves his hand behind the books and pulls out a - GREEN LEATHER BOUND JOURNAL.

CLOSE ON THE JOURNAL, FILLED WITH HANDWRITING

Peter glances back towards Golan, who has his back to him, staring at his phone.

GOLAN (CONT'D)
Got him. He's here in Jerusalem.

And Golan heads out of the room. Peter quickly slides the JOURNAL into his waistband, covers his jacket over it, and follows --

45 INT. HALLWAYS - FACILITY - NIGHT

45

Debbie walks down the corridor towards Josh's room. When she gets to the door, she opens it and peeks into -

46 INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

46

Where she looks across the darkened room to see Josh is in bed, his back to her, sleeping.

Debbie gently closes the door behind her. The moment she does - JOSH'S EYES OPEN.

He pulls off the blanket, revealing that he is FULLY DRESSED. He stuffs a few things into his pillow case and walks to the door. Places his ear on it and listens intently. He cracks the door open and takes a peek - The corridor is empty.

47 INT. FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

47

Josh sneaks down the familiar corridor and approaches the door that leads out to the small yard. He looks around, then quietly bends down and removes the LITTLE PEBBLE from the doorjamb. He pushes the door open.

48 EXT. FACILITY - YARD - CONTINUOUS

48

Josh exits. It's dark out here now. The door snaps back into its place. He tries the handle - it's locked.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

He quickly crosses the yard and throws the pillow case over the concrete wall. As he shimmies up and over to freedom --

49 INT. CITY OF DAVID TUNNELS - LATE AFTERNOON 49

A GUARD leads Golan and Peter down the same first tunnel Peter was in last night with Emma. However, now it's more like a busy beehive. ARCHEOLOGISTS, INTERNS, HELPERS are all working in unison, slowly and carefully dusting off 3,000 years of history. They round the corner and disappear deeper into the tunnel.

50 INT. MARGROVE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 50

PROFESSOR MARGROVE, 55, British, aristocratic, charismatic, and the only person in this dusty setting wearing a buttoned down shirt and tie, sits at his desk in his makeshift office. Maps hang on the walls, tools all over the place. He studies a picture of Emma. He shakes his head.

PROF. MARGROVE
(re: photo)
Very sad. But what does this have to do with me?

Golan and Peter exchange a look. Pretty cold reaction.

PETER
You didn't know her?

PROF. MARGROVE
Yes, perhaps. I think she worked on tunnel 4 team. Let me try and get her application form--

He buzzes a button on his phone.

GOLAN
If you could also get us a list of people who worked with her, friends...

PROF. MARGROVE
Of course... We get dozens of applications for interns every week. I try to keep track of everyone, but they come and go... You know how it is.

Peter is bothered by Margrove's nonchalance.

PETER
She seemed to be excited about working with you.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Golan looks at Peter - where is this coming from?

PROF. MARGROVE
(how would you know?)
Oh?

PETER
There was a copy of your book in her
apartment. You signed it for her.
Personally.

PROF. MARGROVE
(no emotion)
Did I.

There's a tense beat between Prof. Margrove and Peter.

PROF. MARGROVE (CONT'D)
The truth is, as tragic as this young
woman's death is, I have bigger
problems to deal with. 20 years of
work is now being jeopardized by a
bunch of crazies out there who care
more about their myths than the truth.
I'm finally on the brink of making a
discovery that might change the course
of history and a handful of cowardly
politicians might just stop me from
getting there. So excuse me if I
don't remember autographing an
intern's book.

The door behind Peter opens and ASSAF, a dusty 20 year old
worker enters.

ASSAF
(In Hebrew)
You called?

Margrove jots down the name "Emma Wilson" on a post-it.

PROF. MARGROVE
(fluent Hebrew)
*Get me a copy of her application
form. And a list of the people she
worked with.*

He hands the post it to Assaf, who promptly leaves.

PETER
(softening)
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

Margrove nods.

PETER (CONT'D)
(re: map on the wall)
Is this a map of this place?

PROF MARGROVE
More like a blueprint.

Peter studies the blueprint. Points at an area on the map.

PETER
Is this us here?

Margrove gets up and joins him.

PROF. MARGROVE
That's actually a room that was
excavated about five years ago.
Right above us.
(points at the map)
We're here...

PETER
(points)
Oh. So what's that?

PROF MARGROVE
An underground pond. Part of a
complex system of tunnels that brought
water into the old city from the
Gihon spring down in the valley 400
meters below us.

GOLAN
(hmmm)
Where they found the girl's body.

They all exchange a look. Peter turns back to the blueprint,
his finger follows the path that he and Emma took last night.

PETER
And this? What are you digging there?

PROF MARGROVE
(looks at Peter
curiously)
Tunnel 7. We're not. It's too close
to the Mosque.

Golan looks at Peter, clocking the weird line of questioning.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

50

PROF MARGROVE (CONT'D)
It belongs to the Wakf. The day we
want to start World War Three we'll
dig there.

Golan watches this exchange curiously.

PROF MARGROVE (CONT'D)
Is there anything else you need from
me?

Peter and Golan exchange a look.

GOLAN
No. We'll contact you if we do.

51 EXT. EXCAVATION SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

51

Peter and Golan walk towards the car. Peter's CELL PHONE
RINGS. It's Lynn. He ignores and pockets the phone.
Suddenly Golan stops, turns and faces him.

GOLAN
What are you not telling me?

Peter looks at him.

PETER
What do you mean?

GOLAN
Those questions you asked him.

PETER
I just wanted him to feel
uncomfortable. I don't buy that he
didn't know her.

GOLAN
(eyes him, then)
Yeah, I know. I don't like him.
Let's arrest him.

Peter smiles at Golan's joke, then --

PETER
Shit. My glasses. I-- I left them
there. I--

GOLAN
I'll wait.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

PETER

Don't. I have dinner plans not far from here anyway... I'll walk. I'll see you tomorrow, yes?

Peter turns and walks back towards the tunnels. Golan walks to his car when suddenly his cell RINGS.

GOLAN

Halo? Yes, sweetheart?

He listens. After a second he turns to see Peter heading quickly back into the site. OFF Golan's expression. Something's not right.

52 INT. EXCAVATION SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

52

Peter walks past the guard and marches on down the tunnel. He sees Professor Margrove in his office on the phone, he ducks behind the corner. When Margrove turns away from him, he crosses the office and walks down the wooden stairs to --

53 INT. WORK STATION - BENEATH JERUSALEM - LATE AFTERNOON

53

Peter walks past Emma's work station, where they were the night before. He keeps descending following the path he took with her, avoiding being seen by the people working.

54 INT. NATURAL POOL - MOMENTS LATER

54

Peter hurries down the unpaved path and comes to the fork in the tunnels. He takes the tunnel on the right which leads him in the exact path he and Emma followed last towards the strange chanting. Down to --

A CEMENT WALL

What the hell...? This wasn't here last night! He spins around, confused. And then he sees something --

EMMA'S INITIALS

"E.W." carved on the wall, the same as last night. As he stares at it, his eyes narrowing to a confused stare --

55 EXT. NORWEGIAN FARM - LIVING ROOM - DAY

55

Avram sits by the fireplace, reading his bible. He looks at the Old Farmer in the kitchen, cleaning fish and HUMMING calmly to himself.

We hear A CAR APPROACHING. Avram and the Old Farmer exchange a concerned glance. Avram tiptoes to the window.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

AVRAM'S POV

A POLICE CAR pulls to a stop. Two UNIFORMED COPS get out.

Avram ducks back, stares at the Old Farmer, who lifts a finger to his lips, SHHH.

KNOCK KNOCK

The Old Farmer wipes his hands, crosses to the door.

FARMER

(Norwegian)

Who's there?

Avram hears their RESPONSE, doesn't understand it. The Old Farmer opens the door. Avram tiptoes to the living room doorway, ducks behind it, listens.

The two COPS seem to be asking him tough questions. Realizing that this isn't going well, Avram slips back around the corner. Panicked. His breathing is fast and shallow.

Avram crosses the room to his BAG. Pulls out the handkerchief and unwraps the PISTOL. Stares at the gun. It's obvious that he never shot one before.

The VOICES continue from the doorway, more and more threatening. Finally, Avram shuts his eyes and COCKS THE PISTOL, breathing a nervous GASP at the sound the CLICK.

Avram takes a deep breath. Steps towards the door, hugging the wall, away from the cops eye line. RAISES the gun, his hand SHAKING badly. Petrified, but equally dedicated to protect the mission.

CLOSE ON AVRAM'S FINGER

TIGHTENING on the trigger. And just as the gun is about to fire -- LAUGHTER from one of the cops. Avram stops. The conversation has changed tone. We hear farewells, and the cops walk away.

The Old Farmer turns and sees --

Avram, frozen in the same position, his hand SHAKING. The Old Farmer crosses to him and slowly reaches for the gun.

FARMER (CONT'D)

(Norwegian)

The neighbor saw the truck.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

FARMER (CONT'D)

I told them it was IKEA, and asked them to help me assemble the furniture... They were suddenly busy...

(Laughs, switches to English)

Okay now. It... Okay now.

He pries the gun from Avram's grip and smiles, warmly.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Fish soup. Yes?

Off Avram, breathing again --

56 INT. CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE - LATE AFTERNOON

56

Peter enters. Gone are the hordes of people, the smoke, the fire. We can now see the stunning building in daylight. Peter scans the room, searching for someone.

He spots something. Across the room, a CONFESSIONAL BOOTH, a small line of people waiting their turn. And now he sees what he came here for --

THE NORDIC LOOKING PRIEST

making his way towards the confessional. Peter strides across the room. The Priest enters his side of the confessional booth. Peter cuts to the front of the line, right in front of an old woman, who SQUAWKS at him in some Eastern European language. But Peter is undaunted. He slides into --

57 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

57

Peters settles into the booth. The confessional window slides open from the Priest's side, revealing him in dark shadow behind a mesh screen. Peter stares at him. We're not sure what he's going to say, but then he crosses himself and says --

PETER

Forgive me Father for I have sinned.
It's been a few years since my last confession.

There's a beat, as Peter stares at the Priest's silhouette through the screen. Peter shifts uncomfortably.

PETER (CONT'D)

Not sure where to start.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

PETER (CONT'D)

My wife and I can't seem to finalize our divorce. But I've been seeing another woman.

PRIEST

I see. And you want to make a commitment to this other woman?

This takes Peter by surprise. He wasn't planning on this line of questioning.

PETER

(a true confession)

No.

And now we see that Peter is actually feeling his confession.

PETER (CONT'D)

But the infidelity is just a symptom. Truth is, I'm a fatherless child in a world that may or may not have a God. And I'm pretty confused about a lot of things lately. I seem to careen from one event to the other, feeling out of control.

PRIEST

The world can seem very hectic without faith.

PETER

(demeanor darkens)

But not so out of control that I can't find out what the fuck it is that you're up to.

The Priest slowly turns to stare at Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

I saw you in the tunnel near the Temple Mount. Last night. Didn't exactly sound like the liturgy being chanted down there.

The Priest's stare is intense, cold. Finally --

PRIEST

You are in way over your head, Mr. Connelly.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

PETER
(stunned by this)
How do you know my na--

PRIEST
I suggest you think long and hard
before you go any further down this
road.

And with that, the Priest exits, leaving Peter reeling as to how he's connected to all of this.

58 INT. AUSTRIAN HOSPICE HOTEL - NIGHT

58

Peter crosses the lobby and walks to the reception where MUSTAFA, 20, the Arab receptionist smiles.

MUSTAFA
Your lady friend is waiting for you.

Peter thinks for a second. Mustafa reaches for Peter's key and hands it to him.

PETER
Give me an envelope.

Mustafa hands him a manila envelope. Peter pulls the GREEN LEATHER JOURNAL from his waistband, slips it into the envelope. Then reaches into his pocket, pulls out the STONE that Emma gave him. He starts to put it into the envelope, but stops. Stares at it and slides it back into his pocket.

PETER (CONT'D)
Keep this safe for me. Thanks.

Mustafa nods and takes the envelope. Peter takes the stairs up to the --

59 INT. AUSTRIAN HOSPICE HOTEL - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

59

Peter enters the corridor, and sees Lynn leaning against the wall, waiting for him in front of his door.

LYNN
You lied to me.

Peter holds her gaze, busted, then unlocks the door.

LYNN (CONT'D)
You told Detective Cohen I assigned
you the Emma Wilson case.

He lowers his eyes, not wanting to get into this.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

PETER

Are you coming in?

LYNN

You think because I let you go down
on me every now and then I'll let
you get away with this?

Peter smiles. Touché.

LYNN (CONT'D)

As your boss, or your fuck buddy, we
don't have to be close, I get it.
Those are both easy, require nothing.
But the truth is, I'm also your
friend. That one you need to work a
little harder for. Especially when
I'm the only one you've got.

Peter absorbs this for a beat, then --

PETER

I know.

LYNN

I'm not stupid, Peter. We both saw
the girl's photo. The red hair,
that innocent face. Solving this
won't bring your daughter back.

PETER

I know, but I need this case.

Lynn looks at him debating what to say. Finally -

LYNN

The Israelis have approved the
extradition of Youssef Khalid. They're
releasing him tonight at 10 pm. I
want you to escort him to the airport
and make sure the hand off goes
smoothly.

Peter nods, appreciating this.

LYNN (CONT'D)

As for the girl's case... I'll think
about it.

And with that, Lynn leaves. Peter takes a deep breath.

60 INT. BACK YARD - DAY

60

The small yard is filled with people (it looks more like a congregation). Billingham steps out, takes it in. Fuming.

Debbie appears in the doorway, her eyes red from crying. She's shivering. The moment she sees Billingham --

DEBBIE

Mr. Billingham, I--

But he ignores her as he bends down and looks at the grass beneath his feet, shakes his head, disgusted.

TED

Where?

Faye points at the back wall where a ladder had been laid out for him. He climbs up and stares out at the vast desert. Then turns and faces everyone.

BILLINGHAM

He can't have gotten far. I want everyone looking for him. EVERYONE! Pair up, take the cars and fan out.

EVERYONE jumps into action. Billingham marches back into the building, when --

DEBBIE

Wait. He's just a kid. He's never been out there. He won't know how to deal with the outside--

But Billingham raises his hand to shut her up. It looks like he's going to strike her. Instead he turns and marches away.

61 EXT. FACILITY - DAY

61

Debbie watches from the entrance, as the different couples, get into BLACK SEDANS and drive off down the long, dirt road. As they do, we notice that they pass an IKEA TRUCK, parked off to the side of the facility. Off Debbie's fearful stare --

62 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

62

Peter stands in the jail courtyard next to a police van. The main door opens and Golan, the cops and Yussef exit. As Yussef is cuffed to the back seat of the van, Golan walks to Peter and hands him a piece of paper and a pen.

Peter looks at the paper, signs it and hands it back.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

GOLAN

So, how long did you think you were
gonna get away with it?

Peter looks up at him, unsure what he's getting at.

GOLAN (CONT'D)

Taking a case that wasn't yours.
Your boss called me.

Peter breathes a sigh.

PETER

I figured I'd ride the wave until it
broke.

GOLAN

(smiles)

Finally found one thing about you I
like.

He turns and walks back toward the building. We stay with
Golan as he heads into --

63 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

63

Golan re-enters the station and walks down the corridor. As
he passes an office --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Golan!

He leans back and smiles at the NIGHT CLERK, ANAT, an old
motherly cop.

GOLAN

Yes gorgeous?

Anat gestures to the old WOODEN BOX sitting next to Yussef's
KNAPSACK.

ANAT

*If you're done with the evidence I
need to take it back to the museum.*

Golan is about to reply, but stops. He thinks for a beat...
An idea forming.

64 INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

64

The van drives out of the jailhouse to the Russian Courtyard,
taking a left to the Eastern part of the city on the way to
the highway.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

Peter turns and looks back at Yussef, who stares passively out the window. A bulletproof protective plastic divider between them.

65 EXT. BUCHARIM STREETS - NIGHT

65

We are in the oldest, poorest, most religious neighborhood in Jerusalem outside the walls. These are streets inhabited for generations by Religious Sephardic Jews who live in very crowded conditions and spend their days learning the Torah and baking bread.

Golan, carrying the knapsack that Yussef had, walks through the narrow alleys, nodding at the SEPHARDIC JEWS sitting on low stools and chewing Gat [the equivalent of tobacco].

He reaches an arched blue door, KNOCKS on it. He pulls a YARMULKE out of his front pant pocket, slips it on his head.

A young BROWN SKINNED BOY with long PAYOT (side-burns) opens.

GOLAN

I'm here to see the Rabbi.

The kid moves aside, and Golan enters a small courtyard, where CHICKENS run free and laundry hangs above. He follows the kid across the yard and into the house.

66 INT. VAN - NIGHT

66

Peter opens the window and looks out at Jerusalem at night. The road snakes up and down the hill where there's a massive traffic jam ahead of them.

PETER

Shit.

DRIVER

Must be a road block.

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN

A small smile appears on Yussef's face.

PETER

Is there any way around this?

The Driver nods and takes a right off the main road into the dark "Sheik Jarach" neighborhood.

67 INT. RABBI SHIMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

67

Golan sits on a low stool in front of a copper round table. He stares at a picture of the Baba-Sali on the wall, and kisses his hand for good luck.

RABBI SHIMON, old, frail and very wise looking, enters the room. Golan gets up and hugs him.

GOLAN

It's good to see you. You look--

RABBI SHIMON

Old? That's what happens when you visit your uncle once every ten years.

Golan smiles.

RABBI SHIMON (CONT'D)

Your mother misses you very much. You should come on friday to the Kidush.

They take their seats.

GOLAN

I'm more than willing to come. But not alone.

RABBI SHIMON

That's for others to judge. I'm just glad to see you. How can I help you?

Golan picks the knapsack from the floor and pulls the OLD WOODEN BOX. He opens the lid, revealing a GOLDEN BREASTPLATE.

Shimon reacts. Slips on his glasses and studies it.

RABBI SHIMON (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

GOLAN

Do you know what it is?

RABBI SHIMON

It was found beneath the Temple. Then stolen.

GOLAN

Tell me what it is.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

The Rabbi holds his hands above the object, shuts his eyes and starts mumbling a PRAYER.

GOLAN (CONT'D)
(rolling his eyes)
Shimon?

Shimon opens his eyes. He gets up and grabs a BIBLE from the shelf. He opens it and begins to read --

RABBI SHIMON
*"A span shall be the length thereof,
and a span shall be the breadth
thereof. And thou shalt set in it
settings of stones, even four rows
of stones. And the stones shall be
with the names of the children of
Israel, twelve; and every one with
his name shall they be according to
the twelve tribes."*

Shimon stops reading and looks at him.

GOLAN
What?!

RABBI SHIMON
*Whoever needed this is planning
something big. This changes
everything.*

GOLAN
*Changes what? What are you talking
about?*

RABBI SHIMON
Urim Ve Tumim.

Golan stares, confused.

RABBI SHIMON (CONT'D)
*You should have spent more time
studying Torah and less time on the
soccer field. This was used by the
high priest in the temple to
communicate.*

*
*
*

GOLAN
Communicate? With who?

Off Rabbi Shimon's intriguing smile --

68 EXT. BUCHARIM STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

68

Golan urgently rushes back the way he came, the knapsack over his shoulder. He dials a number on his CELL PHONE as he walks. Waits. Then --

GOLAN
(to phone)
Where are you?

69 EXT/INT. VAN - NIGHT

69

Peter is on his cell --

PETER
On the way out of Jerusalem. We had to take a short detour. Why? What's going on?

The van passes a mosque on the quiet, dark street.

PETER (CONT'D)
(listens, angry)
No, I can't bring him back for more questioning. What are you talking about? It's too late.

Yussef looks to the right at the mosque. He shuts his eyes and starts mumbling a prayer in Arabic. Peter looks at him, as Yussef lifts his feet and BRACES himself against the bulkhead of the van.

Peter's eyes narrow to a curious stare, what hell...? And then a realization stabs him. His head WHIPS toward the driver and he yells --

PETER (CONT'D)
STOP!!!

When out of nowhere --

BAAAAM!

A CAR RAMS into the driver's side of the van, throwing it SPINNING and TUMBLING, end over end. The CAMERA ROLLS like it's in a washing machine until the van SLAMS to a CRUNCHING stop, UPSIDE DOWN in a ditch, and we --

SMASH TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

70 INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM - DAY

70

The door opens and Debbie enters. Without switching on the light she crosses to Josh's bed, sits. She wipes tears off her face and lies down. Closes her eyes for a beat, when suddenly she hears something. Her eyes snap open.

Faint LAUGHTER... She recognizes that laugh. She bolts up.

DEBBIE

Josh?

But where is it coming from? She gets up and exits the room.

71 INT. HALLWAYS - DAY

71

Debbie strides down the hallway trying to follow the sound of the laughter. But the sound is gone. She finds herself standing in front of the security door that Josh had wanted to go into earlier, but was forbidden.

She looks both ways, then tries her code. The light blinks RED. Wrong code. She's about to try again when she hears the door UNLOCK from the other side.

She leaps back and hides around the corner.

Two SECURITY GUARDS exit and walk up the hallway. Debbie watches the door as it slowly swings back... The second the guards are gone, she leaps forward managing to keep the door from shutting at the last moment. She enters --

72 INT. FACILITY - CORRIDOR - DAY

72

It's clear that Debbie is now in a different "arm" of the octopus, but the corridor she is standing in is an exact replica of the one she came from. It's bizarre. Knowing she's not allowed in here, she very quietly whispers:

DEBBIE

Josh? Are you here? This isn't a game.

No reply. She keeps moving - towards a door that looks identical to Josh's bedroom door. She passes a room that's open. She looks inside.

It's empty, except for the weird looking HOOKS and PIPES that are attached to the ceiling. Something bad happened in this room. Off Debbie, staring at them, bewildered.

73 EXT. DESERT - DAY

73

We TILT DOWN past a highway SIGN, "LAS VEGAS - 94 Miles" to find Josh walking on the side of the road, totting his pillow case. He hears a car. Turns to see it's one of the BLACK SEDANS. He drops his pillow case and SPRINTS off the road.

The black sedan FOLLOWS him into the desert, KICKING up DIRT. It SWERVES around him, circles him, and finally blocks his way. He slides to stop. Caught.

A beat, then Faye gets out of the car. Josh stares. They're standing ten feet apart. She's holding a gun at her side.

FAYE

Mr. Billingham is very upset.

JOSH

I'm sorry. I'll come back.

But she doesn't respond. Josh stares down at the gun at her side. Why isn't she saying anything? Finally --

JOSH (CONT'D)

I'll be good from now on, I promise.

FAYE

It's too late for that, Josh. Your feet have touched the ground. They're soiled.

Josh looks down at his dusty sneakers. Oh. Shit.

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

You've known all along that was never supposed to happen.

CLOSE ON Josh's eyes, as they widen with fear. We PRE-LAP the sound of a GUNSHOT as --

74 INT. FACILITY - CORRIDOR - DAY

74

Debbie reaches the door at the end of the hallway. It looks so much like Josh's door. She puts her hand on the handle and pushes it open.

DEBBIE'S POV

JOSH sits on the floor, in what looks like an identical room, his back to us, surrounded by COLORED PENCILS. He's drawing a BREASTPLATE, with twelve colorful STONES emblazoned on it, shading in each stone a different color.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

DEBBIE

Oh my God! There you are! Everyone
is looking for you.

Josh turns and looks at her, confused.

JOSH

Looking for me? Who?

DEBBIE

Everyone. How did you get in--?

But she stops. And her expression changes to one of slow
confusion. There's something different about Josh. His
hair. His voice. His weight. Then she realizes it, just
about the same time WE do. This isn't the same Josh!

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Who... Who are you?

JOSH

I'm Joshua. I live here. It's very
nice to meet you.

He extends his hand. Off Debbie, eyes widening. HOLY SHIT!!

75 INT. VAN - NIGHT

75

PETER'S EYES slowly flutter open. He looks down to see his
cell phone on the roof of the car - he's hanging UPSIDE DOWN
by the seat belt. A deep BLEEDING WOUND on his forehead.

Peter looks to the side at the Driver. Blood pouring from
his nose and ears. He's DEAD! A NOISE behind him.
FOOTSTEPS. A door OPENS.

In the broken side view mirror he sees TWO MEN cutting Yusef
out of his ZIP TIE cuffs. They pull him out of the van and
push him into a DARK CAR.

Peter quickly struggles to release himself from the seat
belt, and DROPS to the roof with a THUD. He KICKS the
windshield out and pulls himself out of the van.

76 EXT. JERUSALEM STREETS - CONTINUOUS

76

Peter shakes the glass off him. The dark car SPEEDS
BACKWARDS, sharply turns and FISHTAILS away. Peter CHASES
on foot, his gun in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

DOWN THE STREET

The car takes a sharp left and disappears down a road that curls around a hill. Peter looks to the left. A long STAIRWAY leads over the same hill. Peter SPRINTS up the stairs taking them two at a time.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Peter crests the top and sees the car turning into a neighborhood below. He takes off running.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL

Peter JUMPS down onto the street. SPRINTS as fast as he can, seeing the car speeding on a parallel street. He takes a left, a shortcut so that he can cut the car off.

ON THE NEXT STREET

Peter SLIDES to stop in the middle of the street, his gun aimed at the car. But it's not slowing down! It just keeps coming - getting closer and closer!

PETER

Stop!!

But it doesn't! Peter releases a shot - **BANG.**

The bullet SHATTERS the windshield. But the car still heads straight for him. At the last second, Peter JUMPS out of the way, side swiping a trash can, tumbling to the sidewalk.

The car CRASHES into a tree and stops. Dead silence. Peter stumbles to his feet and strides towards the car, his gun poised in front of him. Ready to fire.

PETER (CONT'D)

Get out of the car with your hands
up! Now!

He reaches the passenger door, YANKS it open - There's NO ONE HERE. What the fuck?!

Peter looks up and down the street - NO ONE. He pulls his cell phone from his pocket and speed dials a number. Staggeres into the middle of the street.

PETER (CONT'D)

Lynn, it's me, listen--

But he stops, as he sees something -- The BUILDING right across the street. He recognizes it.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

EMMA'S APARTMENT BUILDING

His mind races, as suddenly something dawns on him.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'll call you back.

Peter strides to the building, enters.

NOTE: (For those of you who think this is all just too coincidental, wait another 40 seconds, you'll see it was anything but a coincidence.)

77 INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

77

Peter looks up at the dark stairway - nothing. Not a sound. He climbs the stairs, his gun in his hand. He reaches Emma's apartment door. It's open. Peter steels himself and quickly peeks in, gun first --

78 INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

78

No one. Just mess. The place has been RANSACKED. Someone was looking for something. The living room window is open. The apartment is quiet. Peter crosses the living room and walks into the hallway.

He peeks into the KITCHEN - clear.

LIVING ROOM - CLEAR

BATHROOM - CLEAR

EMMA'S ROOM - CLEAR. He enters. Switches the light on. Emma's drawers and personal belongings are all scattered on the floor. He walks between her things, finally allowing himself to calm down.

He notices a shattered PICTURE FRAME on the floor. Emma smiles, full of life. He down to grab the photo.

He stares at Emma's face as he gently places the photo back onto the cupboard, when --

YUSSEF (O.S.)
Drop the gun.

A GUN IS COCKED behind him. Peter sets the gun down on the cupboard and raises his hands, then turns around. Yussef stands in front of him, holding a gun. Yussef grabs Peter's gun, pockets it.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

YUSSEF (CONT'D)

Take everything out of your pockets.

Yussef gestures with his head to go ahead and do it. Peter removes the contents from his pockets, puts it on the floor - his WALLET, CELL PHONE, the STONE Emma gave him, a piece of paper, a BOTTLE of PILLS.

YUSSEF (CONT'D)

Now turn around.

And there's an implied threat in this. Peter holds his gaze. Then turns around.

PETER

You don't have to do this.

YUSSEF

Get on your knees.

Peter slowly drops to his knees. He knows it's game over for him. He shuts his eyes. It's painful, as the seconds tick away. 1... 2... 3... Then --

THUMP

Peter spins around and sees that Yussef is GONE. The window is open. Peter rushes to it and looks out.

PETER'S POV

Yussef runs across the rooftops, jumping from one to the other. He stops and gives Peter one last look before jumping down to the street level and disappearing down a narrow alleyway. Too far ahead to give chase.

Peter looks down at his stuff - the only thing that's missing is EMMA'S STONE. He takes his belongings and turns to look back out the window, his mind reeling. What does this mean?

And as he looks out at the sprawling city below, Yussef somewhere out there in the wind, the sound of a MUEZZIN WAILS the "call to prayer". It's haunting, lyrical, painful --

79 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

79

The call for prayer continues as Golan strides in, carrying Yussef's KNAPSACK containing the breastplate. He sets it down on the counter as --

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

LAB TECH (O.S.)
(Hebrew)
*Golan... You're gonna want to see
this.*

Golan turns and sees a LAB TECH standing behind him. He follows him down a corridor and into -

80 INT. POLICE STATION, COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT

80

The Lab Tech leads peter to a bank of computer MONITORS.

LAB TECH
*Turns out we were able to enhance
the image enough to make out the
suspect's face.*

On the MONITOR in front of him, we can see that it's the same damaged SECURITY CAMERA PHOTO that Golan showed earlier. From our vantage point we can't yet make out Peter's face. As Golan moves lean in closer --

81 EXT. HOUSE IN GERMAN COLONY JERUSALEM - NIGHT

81

The "call to prayer" CONTINUES OVER as a BLACK TOWN CAR stops outside a beautiful guarded house in Jerusalem. An ASSISTANT opens the back door and Ambassador Ridell, in a beautiful evening dress and a gorgeous necklace, steps out.

82 EXT. STREETS OF THE OLD CITY - NIGHT

82

The MUEZZIN'S WAIL reverberates through the deserted streets Peter walks through, disheveled, exhausted. He enters the front doors of the Austrian Hospice.

83 INT. AUSTRIAN HOSPICE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

83

Peter crosses to the front desk. We watch MOS as he exchanges words with Mustafa, who quickly retrieves the MANILA ENVELOPE that Peter gave him. Peter starts for the stairs.

84 INT. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

84

The "call to prayer" WAFTS through the room as the Ambassador enters, and without turning on the lights, kicks off her high heels and walks over to pour herself a glass of cognac.

AMBASSADOR RIDELL
*How dare you risk my being seen with
you.*

She turns and we now see Yussef standing behind her.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

AMBASSADOR RIDELL (CONT'D)

Do you have it?

Yussef opens his hand, revealing the STONE. She steps forward into the light. And now we see the NECKLACE around her neck. It's an IDENTICAL STONE, mounted in a GOLD SETTING. Only this one has different HEBREW LETTERS etched into it.

85 INT. AUSTRIAN HOSPICE HOTEL ROOM - JERUSALEM - NIGHT

85

Peter sits on his bed in the dark room. He stares down at the MANILA ENVELOPE. Sighs, then tears it open, dumping the GREEN LEATHER JOURNAL out. He begins to leaf through it.

Pages and pages of HANDWRITTEN journal entries, complete with SKETCHES of DIG SITES and ARTIFACTS. He stops when he reaches a page with a DRAWING of the BREASTPLATE.

He lowers his eyes. Thinks a beat. Then picks up his cell. Dials a number -- A moment later we hear someone answer --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Peter, not now.

We recognize the VOICE. The same woman Peter has called from his hotel room each night. But this time there's something unsettled in her voice.

PETER

No. I need to talk. I know we weren't supposed to... But I'm in trouble this time. I've gotten myself into something, something terrible and--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

We both made our choices. That was the agreement.

PETER

I know, I know. But there was a girl... she looked just like Vicki, and--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dammit, Peter--

But they're interrupted by a LOUD BANG on the door. Peter quickly turns, startled.

GOLAN (O.S.)

Open the door, Peter!

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

Peter looks out the window and sees POLICE CARS surrounding the hotel. Fuck.

GOLAN (CONT'D)

NOW!

He tosses the phone on the bed, grabs the journal and SHOVES it under the mattress.

BAAAM, the door is KICKED open. Golan and two UNIFORMED COPS barge in.

PETER

What the fuck are you doing?

GOLAN

Peter Connelly, you're under arrest for the murder of Emma Wilson.

Peter stares, stunned.

GOLAN (CONT'D)

Turn around. NOW!

A POLICE OFFICER shoves Peter against the wall and cuffs him.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

THE CAMERA TRACKS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE CELLPHONE LEFT BEHIND ON THE BED. PETER DIDN'T HANG UP.

Golan looks down at the phone, cocks his head curiously at the sound her the Woman's voice squeezing through the tiny speaker.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Peter...

CUT TO:

86 INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

86

We're in a room we haven't seen yet, homey.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

...Peter?

THE WOMAN sits on the sofa, her back to us, a phone to her ear. We can't see her face.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

WOMAN (O.S.)

Peter, are you there?

A FRAMED PICTURE of Peter and a red headed TEENAGE GIRL at the beach laughing, leans on the end table. This is Vicki, who looks very much like a young Emma.

The CAMERA CIRCLES AROUND the sofa --

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Peter...?

To reveal --

DEBBIE, as she hangs up the phone. Looks up. OFF HER frightened eyes --

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

"TO BE CONTINUED"