

Nov. 11, 2010

Insurgent

The Capture of Osama Bin Laden

Screenplay By

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EXT. BARREN DESERT LANDSCAPES – DAY

A barren desert landscape, baking in the sun. A deep blue sky. High rocky walls of every shape and size. Craggy rock-strewn hills. Enormous boulders sitting at strange angles.

We hear a female voice singing a ululating Pashtun native tribal song from Afghanistan.

A title reads: “Somewhere near the Afghanistan-Pakistan border in the Tribal Frontier.”

EXT. DIRT TRACK – DAY

A 20-year-old, beat-up, blue Toyota Corolla drives quickly along a dirt track through the desert kicking up a cloud of dust behind it. The car is dwarfed by the enormous landscape.

INT. MOVING CAR – DAY

Driving the blue Toyota is a man wearing a turban, a scarf and native Afghan garb, but is Caucasian. He is 40 years old, with a deeply tanned, weather-beaten complexion and speaks into a bulky satellite cell phone. He is ARMSTRONG.

ARMSTRONG

(into phone)

. . . Yes, that’s right. From my business account into my personal account. Yes. Uh-huh. No, I can’t come into the office and sign the form, we really have to do this over the phone.

(listens)

Yes, I know my account’s overdrawn, that’s why I’m moving the money into that account. Yes, I know they’ve never

been linked up, and I've been meaning to do that for a long time, but, you know, with one thing and another I haven't gotten around to it. And now the mortgage payment is due, and I'm not there, and I
(continued)

ARMSTRONG (cont.)

do have the money, it's just not in the right account, see . . . ?

(listens)

No, no, wait, please don't put me on hold.

(he's put on hold)

Son of a bitch!

In the backseat of the car is an arsenal: a big 50mm black military rifle with a scope, a small, Uzi submachine gun, boxes of ammunition, MREs, bottles of water, a carton of Marlboros, two 10-gallon cans of gasoline, and a black backpack.

Armstrong rolls up the window, cradles the phone with his shoulder and lights a cigarette. He opens the window and the smoke is whipped away.

ARMSTRONG

(he hears something)

Hello? Yes, I'm on hold. I'm waiting for Mr. Fitzgerald. Uh-huh, thank you. I'll wait.

(he's put back on hold
so he starts humming)

La la la . . .

(there's a loud crackle,
then the line goes dead)

Oh, shit!

(he tosses the phone on
the seat)

So, go ahead, take my house. I'll just move my family into the street. What do you care? Assholes!

Armstrong drives along holding the dead phone and thinking. Considering.

ARMSTRONG

(mumbles)

I don't know what I'm gonna do.

Finally, he sighs and dials the phone – it's a lot of numbers. The phone rings and rings, then is answered.

ARMSTRONG

Hi, Dad, how're you?

(listens)

I'm good, thanks. Yeah, I know, we haven't

(continued)

ARMSTRONG (cont.)

talked in a long time. Here's the thing, could you lend me the money to pay my mortgage?

I've got the money, I just can't get at it. I'll pay you pay back in like a week, OK?

(listens)

It's fourteen hundred dollars. Can you do that?

You can? Great. I really appreciate it.

Just send it to Sarah and she'll handle it.

(listens)

Uh, no, I can't tell you where I am. And this call is like a hundred dollars a minute, so give my love to Mom. Thanks. I lo—

(the connection cuts off)

—ve you.

Armstrong sighs, hangs up and sets the phone on the seat beside him.

EXT. BARREN DESERT LANDSCAPE – DAY

The blue Toyota barrels along, a tiny dot at the bottom an enormous rocky landscape. In the foreground, out of focus, is an Afghani man in a black turban and scarf holding a rifle, watching the car go past.

EXT. DESERT – NIGHT

The car is parked. Armstrong sits on his backpack outside under stars eating a U.S. Army MRE (Meals Ready to Eat). He squirts meat paste out onto a cracker, eats it, chews, shrugs – it's not bad – then drinks some water. As Armstrong sits eating we see that he's wearing tan army pants and black army boots under his native robe. He

also has a pistol on his belt. The submachine gun sits beside him. He swallows and looks up at the stars.

There are a million stars in the sky. Constellations, shooting stars, galaxies.

The phone rings and he answers it. We hear a male VOICE on the other end.

ARMSTRONG

(into phone)

Yeah?

VOICE (O.S.)

What's your status?

ARMSTRONG

On schedule. Who's my contact?

VOICE (O.S.)

Omar Abdul Zahir.

Armstrong writes down the name.

ARMSTRONG

And you're sure of him?

VOICE (O.S.)

As sure as I can be.

ARMSTRONG

Meaning?

VOICE (O.S.)

He probably knows where the target is, but that doesn't mean you should trust him.

ARMSTRONG

Of course.

VOICE (O.S.)

This is a high-level target, Armstrong. Christ, if you pull this off we're set for the rest of our lives.

ARMSTRONG

Your intel better be good.

VOICE (O.S.)

It is. As good as I can get it. You having second thoughts?

ARMSTRONG

Fuck no. I'm the one who's out here in the middle of abso-fucking-lutely nowhere. If I didn't trust your intel, I wouldn't be here?

VOICE (O.S.)

No. And we're both gonna get rich, so pull this thing off.

ARMSTRONG

I will.

VOICE (O.S.)

I know you will. But keep in mind that other people have this exact same information and are moving in right now.

ARMSTRONG

Any idea who it is?

VOICE (O.S.)

No, but they're probably not as good as you. You're the best.

ARMSTRONG

Fucking-A right I am.

VOICE (O.S.)

Good luck.

ARMSTRONG

Thanks.

He hangs up and sets the phone down. He lights a cigarette, inhales deeply, then blows the smoke up into the clear, star-filled sky.

EXT. BARREN DESERT LANDSCAPE/VILLAGE – DAY

The blue Toyota drives across the rocky desert. Up ahead is a small Afghani village made up of dwellings made of baked mud. A shepherd walks along with a herd of sheep, Bedouin men lead their camels into the village.

INT. MOVING CAR – DAY

Armstrong has the phone plugged into the lighter, but even still he can't get it to turn on. He keeps pushing the button, but nothing happens.

ARMSTRONG

Come on, will you just turn on!

But it won't. He tosses it on the seat in disgust.

Armstrong pulls the car over to the side of the road outside the village. He turns off the engine and gets out of the car.

EXT. BARREN DESERT LANDSCAPE/VILLAGE – DAY

Armstrong leans against the side of the car outside the village. He takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, puts a cigarette in his mouth and lights it. He looks at his watch.

Armstrong drops his cigarette butt into a pile of five others. He looks to his right, then to his left. He sees a man walking slowly up the track toward him. Armstrong pulls his caftan up over the 9mm Berretta pistol holstered on his belt and unsnaps the cover. As the man slowly gets closer he sees that it's an Afghani man in a turban, scarf and robe, cartridge belts crisscross his chest, an AK-47 is strapped across his shoulder. He is OMAR ABDUL ZAHIR. Armstrong watches as the Omar wearily steps up to him.

OMAR

Armstrong?

ARMSTRONG

Omar Abdul Zahir?

OMAR

I am he.

(sighs in exasperation)

We were supposed to meet at the village of Ekbar.

ARMSTRONG

This isn't Ekbar?

OMAR

No, this is Anzadah. Ekbar is seven kilometers east of here. I had to walk.

ARMSTRONG

(grins sheepishly)

Really? No kidding. Sorry about that.

OMAR

Seven kilometers is a long way.

ARMSTRONG

The two villages looked the same to me.

OMAR

Well they're not.

ARMSTRONG

Nice to meet you, too. Get in.

Armstrong gets into the driver's seat. Omar goes around to the passenger door.

INT. CAR – DAY

Omar takes the rifle off his shoulder, gets in the car, sets the rifle upright between them and shuts the door. Omar pulls the scarf off his face revealing him to be an Afghani man in his 40s with a slightly graying beard. Armstrong puts it in gear and drives up the track.

They drive along in silence for a few moments.

EXT. BARREN DESERT LANDSCAPE/VILLAGE – DAY

The blue Toyota passes the Afghan village, heading further off into the desolate wasteland.

INT. MOVING CAR – DAY

Omar sees the exposed pistol on Armstrong's belt, but says nothing. Armstrong throws an occasional glance at Omar.

ARMSTRONG

So, you know where Aziz is?

OMAR

I do.

ARMSTRONG

How?

OMAR

(shrugs)

I just know.

ARMSTRONG

That doesn't answer my question. How do you know?

OMAR

I've been there.

ARMSTRONG

(suspicious)

How did you manage that?

OMAR

I know one of Aziz's guards.

ARMSTRONG

And he just took you along with him?

OMAR

Yes.

ARMSTRONG

Why?

OMAR

(shrugs)

He trusts me.

ARMSTRONG

(nods)

I see.

(Omar gives him a dirty look)

So, is it far?

OMAR

Yes, and we won't be able to drive all the way. We'll have to leave the car.

ARMSTRONG

(nods; thinks)

So, why are you doing this?

OMAR

I'm a patriot. I love my country. Al Qaeda has no place here. We don't want them and we don't need them.

ARMSTRONG

How about the Taliban?

OMAR

I don't think we need them, others think we do.

ARMSTRONG

How about the Americans?

OMAR

We do need them right now, but not forever.

ARMSTRONG

America doesn't want to be here forever.

OMAR

That's what you say, but when American forces enter a country they rarely leave. You still have troops in Germany and Japan and that war's been over for nearly 70 years.

ARMSTRONG

The USA's the world's police force. We're just trying to keep the peace.

OMAR

Is that why you invaded Iraq?

ARMSTRONG

(nods)

Yes.

OMAR

Al Qaeda wasn't in Iraq until America invaded. Did that make the world more peaceful?

ARMSTRONG

Hey. I'm just a soldier, I do what I'm told.

They ride along in silence for a few more moments. Finally . . .

OMAR

So, who do you work for? The CIA? The Army? Special Forces? Or are you an "independent contractor"?

ARMSTRONG

You don't need to know that. It won't do you the slightest bit of good.

OMAR

No, I suppose not. I was just curious, not that it matters. I want Aziz dead just as much as you do, and I'll help you in any way I can to achieve that goal. We both want the same thing, to eliminate al Qaeda in Afghanistan.

Armstrong nods, reaches into his robe and removes a packet of U.S. currency which he hands to Omar. Omar takes the money and counts it.

ARMSTRONG

And to make a living, too, of course.

OMAR

Yes, that, too.

Omar puts the money inside his robe.

ARMSTRONG

You speak English very well.

OMAR

Thank you.

ARMSTRONG

Where did you learn?

OMAR

At the university in Kabul.

ARMSTRONG

Did you graduate from there?

OMAR

Yes, I did. I studied for two years, then joined the Mujahideen and fought the Russians for two years, then came back and finished my degree.

ARMSTRONG

In what?

OMAR

History. I've also got a master's degree. I now teach history at the university in Kabul. Afghanistan has a very long, rich history, you know.

ARMSTRONG

I know it's been conquered by just about every world power that ever existed.

OMAR

(nods and smiles)

Overrun, yes, many times, but never conquered. By the Mongols, the Turks, the Greeks, the Macedonians, the British, the Russians, the Taliban, and now the Americans. Afghanistan is truly the crossroads of the world. We understand that. We accept it. Everyone will come to Afghanistan sooner or later, whether they like it or not, and some will get stuck here, and others will die here. But we Afghanis, the Pashtun people, we persevere and we go on. No one can ever *truly* conquer us.

ARMSTRONG

(unimpressed)

It's all how you wanna look at it, I suppose. Is that what you teach the kids?

OMAR

(nods)

Yes, it is.

ARMSTRONG

When you're not out killing al Qaeda leaders, that is.

Omar looks serious as he turns from Armstrong and stares out the window at the passing desert.

OMAR

That's correct.

ARMSTRONG

So, is this like a hobby or a sport to you?

OMAR

No.

ARMSTRONG

Then you work for someone?

OMAR

Yes, the university.

ARMSTRONG

Is this an extracurricular activity?

OMAR

(smiles begrudgingly)

You're very amusing.

ARMSTRONG

Thank you. So?

OMAR

So, what?

ARMSTRONG

So, who do you work for?

OMAR

It wouldn't do you the slightest bit of good to know.

ARMSTRONG

Yeah? I don't know about that.

EXT. DESERT – NIGHT

It's night and the car is parked. Armstrong and Omar sit on the ground, Armstrong on his backpack, Omar on a blanket. They eat in silence. Armstrong eats another MRE, Omar eats rice from a tin mess kit. The star-filled desert sky enshrouds them. Finally

...

OMAR

You think that's just a rationale when I say that the Afghanis have never been conquered?

ARMSTRONG

Invaded, overrun, occupied. They're all just other words for conquered, as far as I'm concerned.

OMAR

And you think this is a . . . *deficiency* in our national characters? Or is it simply a mistake of our geographic location?

ARMSTRONG

What does it matter what I think?

OMAR

I'm interested.

ARMSTRONG

Well . . . I think this is the asshole of the world. It's a hot, rocky, inhospitable desert, and I don't know why anyone would want to come here, let alone live here.

OMAR

Why are you here?

ARMSTRONG

I'm a professional soldier. This is where the fighting is, so this is where I am.

OMAR

And the politics and the reasons for the fighting don't interest you?

ARMSTRONG

Sure they do. Al Qaeda isn't just your problem, they're America's problem, too. Don't forget, America had the deadliest terror attack of anywhere in the world, and it was perpetrated by al Qaeda. They're our enemies, too, and I'll do everything within my means to eliminate them.

OMAR

But it doesn't effect you personally, right?

ARMSTRONG

Wrong. It does effect me personally. I had a friend who was killed in the World Trade Center. He was a fireman. We grew up together. I liked him a lot.

OMAR

I'm sorry. I've had many friends killed. I understand.

ARMSTRONG

Is that why you're out tracking down and killing al Qaeda leaders?

OMAR

That's part of it.

ARMSTRONG

What's the rest of it?

OMAR

Well . . . Teaching history is important. Those who don't know the past are doomed to repeat it. But teaching history isn't really being a part of it. I don't want the tide of history to just wash over me, I want to make a difference. Don't you?

ARMSTRONG

(nods)

Yes, I do. I don't have to be here. I'm here because I choose to be here. And I take the hardest assignments because I believe that they mean the most. If it's possible I'd like to leave the world a better place than I found it.

OMAR

You're an idealist. So am I. It's the only

way to be, as far as I'm concerned. You live your life and you can either hope for the best, or be afraid expecting the worst. I hope for the best. Do you have children?

ARMSTRONG

(nods again)

Uh-huh. Two. A boy and a girl. Twelve and fourteen. You?

OMAR

(smiles and nods)

Yes. I have six children. Five girls and a boy.

ARMSTRONG

(impressed)

Don't tell me, the boy's the youngest?

OMAR

Yes. It only took six tries, but Allah finally blessed us with a son. Not that I don't love my daughters every bit as much, of course.

ARMSTRONG

Of course.

Armstrong reaches into his pocket and retrieves a photograph. He looks at it for a second, smiles, then hands it to Omar.

ARMSTRONG

Here. This is them.

Omar looks at the photo, nods and smiles.

OMAR

Very nice. You have a an attractive family.

ARMSTRONG

Thanks.

Omar reaches into his caftan and also takes out a photo, which he hands to Armstrong. Armstrong admires it and nods.

OMAR

This was taken at my birthday party last year. It's not easy getting everybody to stand still long enough to get a picture.

ARMSTRONG

I'll bet. Very nice. And you live in Kabul?

He hands the photo back. Omar puts it back inside his caftan.

OMAR

Yes.

ARMSTRONG

You have a house?

OMAR

No, an apartment.

ARMSTRONG

Eight of you in an apartment?

OMAR

No, eleven of us, with my parents and my wife's mother.

ARMSTRONG

Wow. Must be a big apartment.

OMAR

No, it's actually quite small.

ARMSTRONG

Sounds like you could use a bigger place.

OMAR

Yes, I could. But my eldest daughter will

be getting married soon, so she'll be moving out.

ARMSTRONG

Congratulations.

OMAR

Thank you. Where do you live in America?

ARMSTRONG

New York.

OMAR

(smiles)

Ah, the Big Apple, yes?

ARMSTRONG

Well, yes, New York City is the Big Apple, but I live upstate in a small town called Phoenicia.

OMAR

Phoenicia? That's an ancient civilization.

ARMSTRONG

I know.

OMAR

Are there ancestors of the ancient Phoenicians living there?

ARMSTRONG

I doubt it. It's just a little artsy-fartsy town, right near Woodstock, where the big music festival was held in the '60s.

(Omar looks blank)

Jimi Hendrix? Janis Joplin? Canned Heat?

(Omar still looks blank)

Doesn't matter.

OMAR

The Phoenicians had the very first alphabet.

ARMSTRONG

No kidding.

OMAR

Yes. And they were great sailors. You know where Phoenicia was?

ARMSTRONG

Uh, actually, no.

OMAR

You live in a town called Phoenicia, but you don't know where Phoenicia was?

ARMSTRONG

No.

OMAR

Weren't you ever curious?

ARMSTRONG

Honestly, no. Was it near here?

OMAR

No. It was on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, where northern Israel, Lebanon and Syria are now.

ARMSTRONG

Well, what do you know about that.

OMAR

When you go home you can now tell your fellow Phoenicians where ancient Phoenicia was.

ARMSTRONG

Thank you.

Just then in the distance, behind the mountains, explosions begin going off – white flashes followed by distant booms. One explosion after another after another. Both men watch.

OMAR

Another night strike on the insurgents
south of Kandahar.

ARMSTRONG

Now, what about Aziz? Will he be
guarded?

OMAR

There were two men guarding him when
I was there.

ARMSTRONG

What type of weapons did they have?

OMAR

They both had Kalashnikovs. That's all
I saw.

ARMSTRONG

Short range, that's good. We just need to
be outside their range, like 300 to 400 yards,
then we're safe. An AK-47 is solid, durable
weapon, it's just highly inaccurate beyond
100 yards. At 300 yards they won't be able
to hit anything, unless they have some other
weapons you didn't see.

OMAR

It's possible. I wasn't there for very long
and I didn't see what they had inside the
cave.

ARMSTRONG

We'll have to chance it. Let's get some rest,
we've got a big day tomorrow.

Armstrong rolls out a sleeping bag, Omar makes a bed out of his blankets and they
both lay down under the vast canopy of stars. The explosions continue detonating in
the distance.

EXT. DESERT RAVINE – DAY

The blue Toyota drives slowly down a thin, snaking ravine beneath high rock walls. There's no track here, so the driving is very difficult. The car bounces over deep ruts and winds its way between huge boulders.

INT. MOVING CAR – DAY

Omar picks up the clunky satellite cell phone.

OMAR

Satellite phone?

ARMSTRONG

Yeah.

OMAR

May I use it?

ARMSTRONG

I can't get it to charge.

OMAR

Ah, that's too bad.

ARMSTRONG

Do you know anything about electronics?

OMAR

No, I don't.

ARMSTRONG

Oh, well. Maybe the car's lighter is fucked up. I don't know. I'll try rigging it to the car battery on the way back, maybe that'll work.

OMAR

Then you'll call your superiors and tell them you've killed Aziz?

ARMSTRONG

Maybe. Or I might order Chinese food.

OMAR

(smiles)

Yes, you are very amusing, Mr. Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG

I almost went into comedy, but I chose the military instead.

Omar points at a rocky little trail leading out of the ravine and up a hill.

OMAR

There it is. From here we must walk.

ARMSTRONG

Right.

Armstrong stops the car and turns it off.

EXT. DESERT RAVINE/ROCKY TRAIL – DAY

Armstrong and Omar unload their equipment from the car – it's a lot of stuff for just two men to carry. Armstrong opens the trunk and takes out a rolled-up tan camouflage net. He and Omar pull the net over the car, holding the corners down with rocks.

Armstrong now wears the black backpack, and strapped over his shoulders are the big 50mm rifle and the Uzi. Omar wears another backpack full of ammunition and has his AK-47. They start walking up the rocky mountain trail.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE – DAY

Omar goes first making his way nimbly up the steep mountain trail, with Armstrong right behind humping his heavy load. It's a treacherous climb and Armstrong is having difficulty not falling down. Omar begins to get ahead of Armstrong, who is pouring sweat and panting. Armstrong stops to take a breath.

ARMSTRONG

Hang on a second.

Omar turns and walks back down to Armstrong.

OMAR

It's very steep. Let me take some of your equipment.

ARMSTRONG

No, no, I've got it.

OMAR

(patiently)

I appreciate that you are a strong, determined man, Mr. *Armstrong*, but if you simply let me help we'll certainly go faster.

Armstrong considers this for a second, then nods.

ARMSTRONG

Right.

Armstrong hands Omar the 50mm rifle which he puts over his shoulder. Omar waits for more, but that's all Armstrong's giving him. Omar turns, looks off into the distance, shades his eyes, then points his finger.

OMAR

Bedouins. Nomads.

Armstrong looks, doesn't see anything, squints and still doesn't see anything. He takes out a pair of binoculars.

EXT. DESERT/POV THROUGH BINOCULARS – DAY

Through the binoculars, way in the distance, Armstrong sees a group of twenty nomads all dressed in black robes, leading camels and pack mules across the desert.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE – DAY

Armstrong turns to Omar.

ARMSTRONG

Who are they?

OMAR

Wotapuri-Katarqalai. The Shadow Men. A fierce nomadic tribe.

ARMSTRONG

Whose side are they on?

OMAR

No one's. Their own. Very little is known of them. They have nothing to do with anyone else. No one even knows what language they speak.

ARMSTRONG

How could you not know what language they speak?

OMAR

No one has ever spoken to them and lived to tell about it. What we do know is that they're bandits. And make no mistake, they'll kill anyone who gets in their way and take whatever they want. Best to avoid.

ARMSTRONG

(nods)

Right.

They both keep going.

EXT. ANOTHER MOUNTAIN TRAIL – DAY

Both men keep trudging up the thin mountain trail. Omar is ahead, Armstrong behind. Armstrong is really struggling with his load. He looks up and sees that Omar has stopped and is kneeling down. A look of confusion and concern crosses Armstrong's face. He takes the Uzi off his shoulder and holds it in his hands.

Armstrong steps up beside Omar to find that he's kneeling beside a severely wounded DYING MAN. There's a bullet wound in the man's chest and he's bleeding profusely. His face is covered by a scarf and there's an expression of horror in the man's eyes. Omar looks up at Armstrong.

OMAR

He's very badly wounded. We must get him to a doctor.

ARMSTRONG

We haven't got time.

OMAR

Then he'll die.

ARMSTRONG

Then he'll die. It's not our problem.

Armstrong pulls back the scarf covering the man's face revealing him to be a Caucasian. The Dying Man looks at Armstrong and recognizes him.

DYING MAN

Armstrong.

Armstrong recognizes him.

ARMSTRONG

Why, Robertson. As I live and breathe.

DYING MAN

You son of a bitch!

Robertson reaches up, grabs Armstrong around the throat and squeezes as hard as he can.

Armstrong unceremoniously pulls out his 9mm Beretta, wraps it in the man's scarf, puts the barrel to Robertson's head, and to Omar's horror, shoots him in the head killing him. Omar's eyes widen in disbelief. Armstrong grabs Robertson's dead hand, dislodges it from his throat and drops it on the dead man's chest.

OMAR

He knew you.

Armstrong unwraps his pistol from the bloody scarf.

ARMSTRONG

Casually.

Omar still looks horrified.

OMAR

That wasn't casual.

ARMSTRONG

No. He went and got serious on me.

(shrugs)

What are you gonna do?

Armstrong put his pistol back in the holster. Omar goes through Robertson's pockets. He finds some local money, a photo of his family, and a wanted poster in Pashto for Aziz offering a \$1,000,000 reward for his capture. Omar holds the poster up for Armstrong to see.

OMAR

What's this?

ARMSTRONG

Hey, that looks like Aziz.

OMAR

It *is* Aziz.

ARMSTRONG

Sorry, but the rest is Greek to me.

OMAR

(correcting)

Pashto.

ARMSTRONG

Yeah, whatever.

OMAR

It says that there's a million dollar reward for the capture of Aziz.

ARMSTRONG

Really? No kidding?

OMAR

Yes. That's a lot of money.

ARMSTRONG

It sure is.

OMAR

You gave me a thousand U.S. dollars.

ARMSTRONG

Uh-huh.

OMAR

That's a very small percentage of a million U.S. dollars.

ARMSTRONG

Your point being?

OMAR

Shouldn't *I* be getting more?

ARMSTRONG

Uh. No.

OMAR

Why not?

ARMSTRONG

Because we all make our own deal, that's why. You made your deal, live with it.

OMAR

What if I don't want to live with it?

ARMSTRONG

Then we've got trouble. Omar Abdul Zahir, you don't want trouble with me, of *that* I can assure you.

OMAR

What if I don't lead you to Aziz?

ARMSTRONG

That's making trouble. Omar, my friend, you've been paid to do a job, so just do your job, OK? Now let's get moving.

They both keep walking. Omar throws a stricken glance back at the dead man, then a disgusted look forward at Armstrong.

EXT. ANOTHER MOUNTAIN TRAIL – DAY

The two men keep climbing the side of the mountain along a thin, rocky trail. Once again, Omar is ahead and Armstrong has fallen behind, huffing and puffing, clearly struggling with his load. Omar sighs, turns around and goes back. He finds Armstrong sitting on a rock, panting and sweating.

ARMSTRONG

I'm fine. No problem. Just give me another second here.

OMAR

Seriously, Mr. Armstrong, I can carry more than I've got.

Just then they both hear a distant buzzing sound. They both look all around, then up in the air.

ARMSTRONG

It's a surveillance drone.

(he points)

Quick, let's get behind that rock.

They both hustle behind a large boulder and duck down.

EXT. SKY – DAY

A little white airplane, a surveillance drone, flies across the blue sky, accompanied by the buzzing of a little motor.

EXT. BOULDER – DAY

Armstrong and Omar hide behind the boulder and peer up at the drone. They watch as it flies past.

ARMSTRONG

They're getting close, but we'll get there first.

OMAR

“They” are the U.S. Military, correct?

ARMSTRONG

Yeah.

OMAR

So, you’re not one of them?

Armstrong gives Omar a long serious look.

ARMSTRONG

What’s it to you?

Omar raises his hands.

OMAR

Nothing.

ARMSTRONG

Right. Nothing. So let’s keep going.

They keep climbing the side of the mountain.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BELOW CAVE – DAY

There is a cave entrance perched on the side of the mountain, approached by a thin trail. Several hundred yards below it Omar comes crawling up, hidden behind large rocks. He looks back and sees Armstrong huffing and puffing his way up the mountainside. Omar waves at him, catches his attention, then indicates he should be quiet and duck down. Armstrong squats down, then crawls up beside Omar, who points up at the cave.

OMAR

There it is.

ARMSTRONG

There’s no one there.

OMAR

Believe me, they’re there.

Armstrong digs into his pack and comes out with a small green, military telescope. He looks through the telescope, which has distance markings visible on the side. As he turns the focus ring it tells him how far away the cave is – 350 yards.

ARMSTRONG

OK. This is a good position.

OMAR

Now what do we do?

ARMSTRONG

We wait. Unless an opportunity presents itself earlier, we'll do this thing at first light.

OMAR

Then what happens?

ARMSTRONG

I'll take out the sentries, then we'll storm the cave and capture or kill Aziz.

OMAR

What do you mean, capture?

ARMSTRONG

I don't mean capture, I mean kill. But we might catch him first before we kill him. Either way, he's dead.

OMAR

Correct. We're here to kill him.

ARMSTRONG

Correct.

OMAR

Not to capture him.

ARMSTRONG

No.

OMAR

We're not taking him back. That wasn't the deal we made.

ARMSTRONG

We're not capturing him, and we're not taking him back, OK? We're going to kill him, and that's that.

OMAR

All right. I'm just making sure.

ARMSTRONG

You're very suspicious, aren't you?

OMAR

Not generally, but I don't even know who you work for.

ARMSTRONG

Whoever I work for, we want the same thing, so just cool down. By this time tomorrow Aziz will be dead.

Omar nods, but he doesn't look convinced. The two of them quietly take off their packs and make themselves comfortable for the night.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BELOW CAVE – NIGHT

It's dark, but it's a bright moonlit night. Omar is curled up asleep. Armstrong sits awake holding the Uzi on his lap. He looks up and there are a million stars. He scans the vicinity and all is quiet.

Then wait, what's that? Armstrong's brow furrows and he leans to his left, straining to hear. Crunching. Feet on gravel. He reaches into his pack and comes out with a night vision scope. He puts it to his eye and looks around.

EXT. TRAIL TO CAVE – NIGHT/NIGHT VISION P.O.V.

Through the night vision scope, in a green grainy image, we see five armed Afghani soldiers making their way up the trail toward the cave entrance.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BELOW CAVE – NIGHT

Armstrong lowers the scope.

ARMSTRONG
(under his breath)

Crap!

He turns and gently wakes Omar. Omar opens his eyes and Armstrong puts his finger to his lips indicating to be quiet. Omar looks around. Armstrong points and hands him the scope. Omar looks through it.

EXT. TRAIL TO CAVE – NIGHT/NIGHT VISION P.O.V.

Through the night vision scope he sees the five armed Afghani soldiers enter the cave.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BELOW CAVE – NIGHT

Omar lowers the scope and hands it back to Armstrong.

OMAR
(whispers)
Now what do we do?

ARMSTRONG
(whispering)
Same plan. No change.

OMAR
But now there are a lot more soldiers.

ARMSTRONG
Doesn't matter.
(looks at his watch)
Two hours till dawn. Hopefully, no one else will show up.

EXT. CRAGGY MOUNTAINTOPS – DAY

The sun rises over the ragged edges of the craggy mountaintops, splintering the rays of light like a diamond.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BELOW CAVE – DAY

Armstrong and Omar both sit in their same positions below the cave entrance, well hidden behind rocks. Omar peers through the small telescope. Armstrong now has the big 50mm rifle set up. On the end of the barrel is a foot long black silencer which rests on a small tripod. Armstrong has his eye up to the rifle's scope.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE – DAY/THROUGH SCOPE

Seeing through the rifle's scope, Armstrong has a clear view of the cave's entrance.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE – DAY

An AFGHANI SOLDIER (#1) with an AK-47 over his shoulder steps out of the cave entrance. He yawns, and begins fumbling with the front of his caftan like he's about to urinate.

Down the hill in front of the man there is a muzzle flash. A second later there's a high-velocity hissing sound, we see a tracer round come straight at us, then a bullet slams into the man's forehead leaving a hole the size of a fifty-cent piece and taking off the entire back of the man's head. Blood and brains spatter the rocks behind the man who drops to the ground dead.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BELOW CAVE – DAY

The smoking spent shell ejects from Armstrong's rifle and clatters on the rocks beside him. Without looking up he says to Omar . . .

ARMSTRONG

That's one.

Omar lowers the telescope and looks at Armstrong.

OMAR

Good shot.

Armstrong never removes his eye from the scope.

ARMSTRONG

Thanks.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE – DAY

Another AFGHANI SOLDIER (#2) with an AK-47 groggily steps out of the cave. He sees his dead comrade and looks up to see where the bullet came from. Just then

there's the flash in the distance, then the high-pitched hissing noise. A bloody hole appears in the middle of the man's face where his nose used to be. There's a spray of blood and viscera, then he too drops to the ground dead.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BELOW CAVE – DAY

The smoking shell ejects from Armstrong's rifle. He looks up at Omar.

ARMSTRONG

That's two. OK, now they probably know something's going on. You ready?

Omar has the black backpack on his back and is holding his AK-47.

OMAR

Yes, I am.

ARMSTRONG

Right.

Armstrong puts his eye back to the scope. He sights back in on the cave entrance, then fires four quick shots.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE – DAY

Four big bullets shoot into the cave, then ricochet around like mad.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BELOW CAVE – DAY

Omar and Armstrong both stand. Armstrong has his Uzi in his hands. Leaving the 50mm rifle behind, the two men dash from behind the cover of the rocks up toward the cave. They run as fast as they can, zigzagging their up the side of the hill. So far so good.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE – DAY

As Armstrong and Omar get to the lip of rock beside the cave entrance, at least two, maybe three weapons open fire from inside the cave. Bullets go flying all over the place.

Armstrong and Omar are flattened against the rock wall beside the cave entrance. Armstrong reaches back and Omar hands him a smoke grenade. Armstrong pulls the pin, reaches all the way back and throws the grenade with all his might into

the cave. They hear a pop come from inside the cave, then slowly bright yellow smoke begins to float out the entrance.

Armstrong turns back to Omar.

ARMSTRONG

Gimme another one.

Omar hands him another smoke grenade. Armstrong pulls the pin and throws that one in, too.

A moment later an AFGHANI SOLDIER (#3) comes staggering out of the cave, coughing and firing blindly with his AK-47.

Armstrong and Omar both open fire. A line of bullet holes tear across the soldier's chest and he falls to the ground dead.

ARMSTRONG

That's three.

Omar takes two gas masks out of the pack and hands one to Armstrong.

OMAR

Here.

Armstrong takes the gas mask.

ARMSTRONG

Stay low. Follow me.

They both put on the gas masks, squat down in a crouch, then dash over to the cave entrance. At the entrance itself they both get down on their faces and crawl into the cave, past the dead soldier, yellow smoke billowing out over their heads.

INT. CAVE – DAY

Armstrong and Omar crawl into the cave wearing gas masks, their weapons in their hands in front of them. Yellow smoke fills the air, although it's somewhat clearer down at the floor.

They hear coughing, then see a man's feet staggering toward them. Armstrong fires off a short burst with his Uzi, then the AFGHANI SOLDIER (#4) drops to the ground

in front of them with several bullet holes in his chest, although he's still alive. Blood gushes out of the man's mouth.

As Armstrong crawls past the wounded man he reaches out with the Uzi, puts the barrel to the man's head and fires another shot, killing him. Omar winces inside his gas mask, but keeps crawling along up beside Armstrong, who holds up four fingers. They both keep crawling deeper into the cave.

They arrive at a rock wall that curves around leading to the next section of the cave. Armstrong gets to the edge of the wall and holds up his hand indicating that they should stop, which they do. Armstrong slowly sticks the barrel of his Uzi out past the edge of the wall.

Suddenly bullets come spraying out from behind the wall, which then ricochet all around the cave. Armstrong and Omar both flatten themselves against the floor as bullets come zinging right past them off the rock walls. When there's finally a lull in the shots and ricochets, Armstrong sticks the Uzi around the corner and fires off a long burst of automatic weapon fire. Bullets begin ricocheting around the next section of cave and scream is heard. Armstrong glances back at Omar, then cautiously peers around the edge of the wall.

In the next section of the cave lies a wounded AFGHANI SOLDIER (#5) who is riddled with bullets, his AK-47 on the ground beside him. Armstrong and Omar come crawling up. Armstrong reaches out with his Uzi, puts a bullet in the man's temple blowing his brains out against the stone wall. Armstrong holds up five fingers to Omar, then continues crawling past. Omar watches through the gas mask with a look of disgust in his eyes.

As they get even further into the cave the smoke is much thinner and visibility has increased. Armstrong pulls off his gas mask and so does Omar.

ARMSTRONG

(whispering)

None of those guys was Aziz was it?

OMAR

(whispering)

No.

ARMSTRONG

Then we have to assume he's still in here,
and maybe some more guards, too.

Armstrong replaces the clip in his weapon and Omar follows suit.

OMAR

What if they're just waiting for us further into the cave?

ARMSTRONG

I expect they are. I hope they are. I'd hate to've done all this for nothing.

OMAR

Do you have to kill the wounded men?

ARMSTRONG

(nods)

Yeah, I do. I hate people sneaking up behind me.

(looks around)

Look at all this shit.

Omar looks around and sees a camera on a tripod, a TV and a DVD recorder, as well as several pieces of medical equipment on metal stands – an EKG and an EEG. There are also a number of wooden crates. Omar doesn't know what to make of it.

OMAR

Huh.

Armstrong reaches back to Omar.

ARMSTRONG

Gimme another smoke grenade.

(Omar hands him a grenade)

It worked once, it'll work again.

Armstrong pulls the pin and tosses the grenade around the corner. They hear it pop, wait, but don't see any smoke. Armstrong looks at Omar in confusion, then moves forward in a crouch. Omar follows behind.

They come around the corner to find the smoke grenade on the ground spewing yellow smoke, but the smoke is being sucked out of the cave through openings in the rock wall that obviously lead outside. Beams of sunlight shine in through the openings. There's another cave corridor beside that one. Armstrong puts his fingers

to his lips for quiet, then listens intently, furrowing his brow and looking from one corridor to the other. Omar watches as Armstrong concentrates. Finally . . .

ARMSTRONG

I think there's someone down both of these corridors.

(he points down the
to the left)

You check out that one . . .

(points to his right)

. . . I'll check this one.

Omar nods, then dashes down the corridor to the left, toward the beams of light. Armstrong runs into the corridor to the right, which is much darker.

INT. CAVE CORRIDOR WITH LIGHT BEAMS – DAY

Omar cautiously makes his way up the corridor toward the beams of light. He sees movement within the light beams – it's someone squeezing their way through the space between two boulders. By the time Omar gets there the person has gotten through. Omar now squeezes himself through the opening.

INT. DARK CAVE CORRIDOR – DAY

It's really dark in this corridor. Armstrong peers through the night scope attached to his Uzi.

INT. DARK CAVE CORRIDOR/P.O.V. THROUGH NIGHT SCOPE

Through the night scope Armstrong's view is reasonably clear in the dark corridor, but he doesn't see anything. He continues moving up the corridor very slowly.

INT. DARK CAVE CORRIDOR – DAY

Suddenly, bullets start flying out of the darkness at Armstrong, who immediately hits the dirt and flattens himself on the floor. The bullets hit the rock walls and ricochet around over Armstrong's head. When the bullets stop for a second he brings his weapon up and fires back, although he doesn't know what he's shooting at.

INT. CAVE CORRIDOR WITH EXIT – DAY

Omar squeezes his way between the rocks and comes out in another cave corridor that leads to a back way out of the cave. Bright sunlight streams in the cave opening causing Omar to squint. He dashes to the opening and looks out . . .

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE – DAY

Omar sees a man in a robe and turban dashing down the rocky hillside, already at least 100 yards away. The man is ducking in and out between boulders.

INT. CAVE CORRIDOR WITH EXIT – DAY

Omar brings his AK-47 up, sights in and fires off a burst of automatic weapon fire, but all of the bullets fall short. In a moment the man has disappeared among the rocks. Omar grimaces and stomps his foot. He then lowers his weapon and heads back into the cave.

INT. DARK CAVE CORRIDOR – DAY

Armstrong is still prone on the cave floor. Another fusillade of bullets come whizzing over his head, hitting the rock walls and ringing around. The bullets stop, then he hears the distinct sound of a weapon clicking empty, being re-cocked, clicking empty, then being thrown to the ground.

Armstrong stands, brings the scope up to his eye and slowly moves deeper into the dark corridor.

INT. DARK CAVE CORRIDOR/P.O.V. THROUGH NIGHT SCOPE

Armstrong's view through the night scope moves cautiously up the corridor until it reaches a dead end. He finds a man in a turban and a robe, his face covered by a scarf, standing there with his hands up, obviously surrendering.

INT. DARK CAVE CORRIDOR – DAY

Armstrong steps up to the man, sticks the barrel of his weapon under the man's chin, then pats him down with his other hand. Finding no other weapons, Armstrong grabs the guy's robe, give him a yank, then puts the barrel of the Uzi in the man's back and pushes him down the corridor.

INT. CAVE – DAY

Armstrong arrives back at the part of the cave where he and Omar split up to find Omar just standing there.

ARMSTRONG

Did you get him?

Omar shakes his head.

OMAR

No, he got away.

ARMSTRONG

You think it was Aziz?

OMAR

(shrugs)

I don't know.

Armstrong pushes his prisoner toward Omar.

ARMSTRONG

Is this Aziz?

Omar pulls the scarf off of the man's face revealing a thin, tall, Middle Eastern man in his 50s with a long beard streaked with gray. Omar's eyes widen and his mouth opens.

ARMSTRONG

Well, is it?

OMAR

No, it's not Aziz.

ARMSTRONG

(disgusted)

Great!

Armstrong raises his weapon to shoot the man, but Omar reaches up and pulls the barrel down.

OMAR

Wait!

ARMSTRONG

(impatient)

What?

OMAR

(quietly)

This isn't Aziz, *this is Bin Laden!*

ARMSTRONG

(in disbelief)

Bin Laden? You're saying this is *Osama Bin Laden?*

OMAR

(nods)

Yes, it is.

Armstrong can't believe what he's hearing. He looks closer at the man who arrogantly smirks back at him.

ARMSTRONG

How do you know?

OMAR

I know him.

ARMSTRONG

You know him? You know Osama Bin Laden?

OMAR

Yes, we were both Mujahideen. We fought the Russians together.

ARMSTRONG

You never mentioned you knew Osama Bin Laden.

OMAR

You never asked. It never came up.

OSAMA BIN LADEN stands there looking at both of them with an amused expression on his gaunt weathered face.

ARMSTRONG

You're sure?

OMAR

Yes, I'm sure.

ARMSTRONG

Osama Bin Laden?

OMAR

Yes.

ARMSTRONG

The one and only?

OMAR

Correct.

Armstrong really looks at Bin Laden. He squints his eyes.

ARMSTRONG

Are you Osama Bin Laden? Do you speak English?

BIN LADEN

Yes, I speak English, and who I am is of no concern to you.

ARMSTRONG

There's a twenty-five million dollar bounty on your head.

BIN LADEN

If I am who you think I am. If not, then I'm worth nothing.

Armstrong turns back to Omar.

ARMSTRONG

But it is Osama Bin Laden? You're sure?

Just as Omar is about to speak, terrorists begin shouting from outside the cave in Pashto. Omar listens to what they're saying.

OMAR

They're at the cave entrance. They're worried. They think Bin Laden is dead.

Armstrong reaches into the pack on Omar's back, takes out a plastic zip-tie, grabs Bin Laden's hands and binds them together behind his back. He then looks closely into Bin Laden's face.

ARMSTRONG

Tell them to lower their weapons and we'll come out.

(Bin Laden hesitates.

Armstrong pushes his gun
into the back of his head)

Tell them I *will* kill you if they don't follow my orders!!

BIN LADEN

(in Pashto; hollering)

*Yekhawul hati-yar! Tapunah iza rasawul!
Mungah watah!*

Subtitle: "I won't be harmed. Lower your weapons. We're coming out."

They hear more chatter from outside. Armstrong turns to Omar for translation.

OMAR

They're doing it. Several are arguing, but it seems that one man is taking charge. He's telling us to come out.

ARMSTRONG

(to Bin Laden)

You'll die first if I see a single weapon aiming at us.

BIN LADEN

(in Pashto; hollering)

*Ba-ham! Adamaey ilyas-zaey ag halaey!
Yekhawul hati-yar!*

Subtitle: "It's OK my brothers! I'm not harmed! Lower your weapons!"

The three men move toward the cave entrance. Armstrong pushes Bin Laden in front with his gun in one hand and unlatches his side pack with the other.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE – DAY

Yellow smoke is still wafting out of the cave entrance as Armstrong, Omar and Bin Laden step outside. They all blink in the bright sunlight. For a second it's hard to see, but when they can see they find three terrorists with weapons held down at their sides.

Armstrong pulls Bin Laden close with his gun to his head.

ARMSTRONG

(yelling)

Anybody makes a move and I *will* kill him!

Omar and Bin Laden translate the command at the same time.

BIN LADEN / OMAR

(in Pashto)

Khuda-e, hits-kas pats-edal!

Subtitle: "Please, nobody move!"

A big ugly terrorist with a FLAT-NOSE speaks harshly to his men.

FLAT-NOSE

Hits-kas pats-edal!

Nobody moves.

ARMSTRONG

All right! Now back the fuck up! Over there!!

The terrorists back up. Armstrong has Bin Laden close – Omar brings up the rear. They slowly move to the edge of the trail.

ARMSTRONG

(to Omar)

Keep an eye on that big ugly motherfucker.

Omar tries to hide his fear as he aims his rifle at the flat-nosed terrorist who is giving him the evil eye.

Armstrong spins around as he walks looking for any snipers. He spots a terrorist hiding on a ledge above.

He pushes the gun into Bin Laden's head.

ARMSTRONG

(to Bin Laden)

Get that son of a bitch down from their now!!

BIN LADEN

(shouts in Pashto)

Ba-ham! Khuda-e alu-wal ika-mat.

Subtitle: "My brother! Please come down."

A TEENAGE BOY stands up from behind a bolder. He starts down the cliff face with his weapon aimed forward. Flat Nose shouts up to him.

FLAT-NOSE

(in Pashto)

Sunil. Yekhawl hati-yar.

Subtitle: "Sunil. Put down the weapon."

The Teenage Boy lowers his weapon, comes down and joins the other terrorists.

Armstrong, Bin Laden and Omar position themselves next to the edge of the trail down. Armstrong uses Bin Laden as a shield.

ARMSTRONG

(to Bin Laden)

OK, tell them we're going down this trail and I don't want to see anyone following us.

As Bin Laden relays the orders, Armstrong whispers to Omar.

ARMSTRONG
(softly to Omar)
You ready?

Omar throws a worried look to Armstrong.

OMAR
For what?

ARMSTRONG
For this.

Armstrong raises his Uzi with one hand and fires off the whole clip, spaying 30 bullets right across the chests of all four terrorists. They all fall to the ground in a heap. Armstrong then systematically steps up to each of the dead and dying men and quickly puts a bullet into each one's head.

Omar and Bin Laden watch with shocked expressions, wincing with each shot.

Armstrong comes back, pops out his empty clip and replaces it with a new one.

ARMSTRONG
Come on, let's get moving.

Armstrong starts down the hill. Omar takes hold of Bin Laden's arm and the two men exchange a look, then follow behind.

EXT. TRAIL DOWN FROM CAVE – DAY/ LATER

Armstrong leads the way with Omar and Bin Laden following a few yards behind. Bin Laden speaks to Omar in English as they walk.

BIN LADEN
Your name is Omar Abdul Zahir, correct?

OMAR
Yes.

BIN LADEN
It's been a very long time.

OMAR
Twenty years.

BIN LADEN

So, you're now working with the Americans?
Against your own people?

OMAR

I'm not working against my own people.

BIN LADEN

The Americans are the enemy.

OMAR

They're *your* enemy, not *mine*. Al Qaeda
is the enemy. The Taliban is the enemy.

BIN LADEN

Not to a true believer.

OMAR

When we were Mujahideen you were a
great hero to the Pashtun people. A freedom
fighter. Now you're a terrorist.

BIN LADEN

I'm not a terrorist. I'm the leader of a great
cause. I'm doing the work of Allah.

Armstrong joins the conversation without looking back.

ARMSTRONG

So, you really are Osama Bin Laden, the
great leader. Well, guess what, you're going
to be worth a lot of money to me. I'm going
to get rich and famous for catching you and
bringing you in.

Bin Laden shrugs, a look of deep disdain on his face.

BIN LADEN

Just like a Yankee capitalist dog to see
everything from a profit point of view.
That's your biggest problem – you Americans
never look at anything from the perspective

of what's best for your society, just what will make each of you the most money.

ARMSTRONG

(looking back)

Save your civics lessons for the press because they don't mean shit to me.

Armstrong gives Bin Laden a push moving him down the trail. Meanwhile, Omar looks troubled.

OMAR

I thought we going to kill the al Qaeda leader, not capture him?

ARMSTRONG

That was Aziz, not Bin Laden. This is a whole different deal.

OMAR

All right, then what about me?

ARMSTRONG

What about you?

OMAR

You wouldn't know it was him if it weren't for me.

ARMSTRONG

Yeah? So what?

OMAR

So, I identified him.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE BELOW CAVE – DAY

The three men walk down the rocky hillside back toward where they were set up earlier.

ARMSTRONG

And you were paid for your services.

OMAR

I was paid for leading you to Aziz. As you say, this is a whole different deal.

They arrive at the spot where they had previously been set up and find the big 50mm rifle missing, as well as the extra boxes of ammunition. All that remains now are some empty boxes and the refuse of used MREs. Armstrong looks pained.

ARMSTRONG

Oh, shit! I loved that gun. Fuck!

OMAR

There must be others.

Armstrong and Omar both look around. Bin Laden smirks.

BIN LADEN

You're in *my* territory now. You two are never going to make it out of here alive.

ARMSTRONG

(angry)

Shut up!

BIN LADEN

You're surrounded.

ARMSTRONG

I said shut up! I'm going to take you back, you're going to be tried and then hung, just like Saddam Hussein.

BIN LADEN

If it's the will of Allah, blessed be his name, then so be it. But I don't think so.

(to Omar)

Do you think so?

Omar doesn't get a chance to answer, but he appears unsure.

ARMSTRONG

Who asked you?

(gives Bin Laden a push)
Now move it! Let's get back to the car as
fast as we can.

The three men keep moving.

EXT. ANOTHER MOUNTAIN TRAIL – DAY

They are going back the same way Armstrong and Omar came, down a precipitous, rocky mountain trail. Bin Laden doesn't walk fast and Armstrong keeps nudging him in the back with the barrel of his Uzi.

BIN LADEN
I don't feel well. I'm diabetic.

ARMSTRONG
That's too bad.

BIN LADEN
I need to stop and eat something.

ARMSTRONG
You're breaking my fuckin' heart. Keep
moving!

Omar looks disgusted and shakes his head.

OMAR
If he passes out and we have to carry him
will that make it any easier? Let the man
eat.

ARMSTRONG
You're sounding awfully sympathetic. Having
a change of heart?

OMAR
Are you questioning my loyalty?

ARMSTRONG
How can I question your loyalty when I
don't know who you're loyal to?

OMAR

I'm simply being practical. If he's diabetic then he must eat or he'll go into shock and pass out. And very honestly, I don't want to carry him, do you?

Suddenly, Bin Laden loses his footing and starts to slip down the side of the hill. Armstrong reaches for him but misses. Bin Laden begins sliding off the trail toward the edge of a cliff, his hands bound behind his back.

Armstrong scrambles after him trying to keep himself from falling, too. Omar drops his pack and joins in the rescue.

With his hands tied behind him Bin Laden is unable to get a hold of the rocks he is bouncing off of as he slides down toward the cliff's edge and certain death.

Armstrong does a belly dive and grabs a hold of the bottom of Bin Laden's robe stopping him momentarily. Armstrong has one hand on Bin Laden's robe and the other around a rock outcropping. The robe starts to tear and Armstrong is losing him.

Just then Omar reaches out with both hands and grabs Bin Laden by the shoulders. Together Armstrong and Omar haul Bin Laden to safety.

They sit on the edge for a moment catching their breath.

ARMSTRONG

(catching his breath)

All right, we'll stop and eat.

Bin Laden grins – he won this one, even if he did almost die. He glances over at Omar who looks back at him, shakes his head and sighs. Omar whispers in Bin Laden's ear.

OMAR

All praise be to Allah, blessed be his name,
but I think your days are severely numbered.

BIN LADEN

If it is His will, then so be it.

EXT. BOULDER – DAY

They are seated in the shadow of a big boulder eating lunch. Omar eats his rice dish, Armstrong sucks on a green foil packet full of corned beef paste, and Bin Laden, whose hands are now bound in front of him, eats the candy and crackers from the MRE. Meanwhile, it's *really* hot, even in the shade. Armstrong waves away some flies.

ARMSTRONG

Who on Earth would want to live here? We have deserts in America, but we don't live in them.

BIN LADEN

What about Las Vegas? Isn't it the perfect example of corrupt, decadent American society? Built in the middle of the desert for the explicit purpose of vice, sin and corruption.

ARMSTRONG

(smiles)

It sure is. Have you been there?

BIN LADEN

No.

ARMSTRONG

Take my word for it, it's pretty fun. If you haven't been there you shouldn't judge it. If I have to be in the middle of a desert, I'll take Vegas over this shithole any day of the week.

Armstrong makes a fist and shakes it like he's got dice, then blows in his hand and throws the imaginary dice. Bin Laden turns to Omar.

BIN LADEN

So, Zahir, this is what you want for your country?

(points at Armstrong)

This?

OMAR

All I want for my country is freedom, from

all invaders, including you. You were with the Mujahideen, but you're not Pashtun. You fought the Russians for your own reasons, not for my reasons. You now fight America for your own reasons that make no sense to me. I think you just like to fight.

BIN LADEN

That's correct. It's Allah, blessed be his name's, will that I fight injustice wherever I find it. I do what I'm commanded to do, just like you. But I fight in the blessed name of Allah.

(points at Armstrong)

What does he fight for? Money.

Bin Laden makes a fist, shakes it like he has dice, then opens his hand letting the silly imaginary dice float away off into a world of stupidity. Omar gets his point. Armstrong doesn't like what he's hearing or seeing.

ARMSTRONG

You know what? I think you should just keep your big mouth shut or I may have to put my fist in it, OK?

Bin Laden shrugs nonchalantly and eats another piece of candy.

Just then all three of them simultaneously hear a distant buzzing sound and look up. It's the surveillance drone.

ARMSTRONG

Oh, shit! Let's get deeper under this rock.

All three of them move out of sight under the big rock while peering up at the approaching drone.

EXT. SKY – DAY

The surveillance drone lazily sputters right past them.

EXT. BOULDER – DAY

Armstrong turns to Omar.

ARMSTRONG

We've got to get out of here, now.

They quickly collect their stuff and leave.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE – DAY

The three men make their way down the rocky mountainside, first Omar, then Bin Laden, then Armstrong holding up the rear, looking around nervously behind himself.

EXT. DESERT RAVINE/ROCKY TRAIL – DAY

The three men come down the rocky trail back into the desert ravine where the car was left and they began to walk. They make their way behind the big boulder and there sits the car covered with the camouflage net.

ARMSTRONG

The car's still here, that's a piece of luck.

Omar gets to the car first. He stops, takes off the black backpack and digs out the satellite phone. He then steps over to the driver's door and reaches for the door handle.

OMAR

Let's see if we can't get the phone charged.

Armstrong glances down and sees a wire hanging underneath the car waving in the breeze.

ARMSTRONG

(yelling)

WAIT!!! DON'T MOVE!!!

Omar, who has already lifted the door handle, freezes on the spot.

OMAR

(concerned)

What?

ARMSTRONG

It's booby-trapped.

OMAR

(confused)

Booby-trapped? What does this mean?

ARMSTRONG

The car's wired with explosives. Don't move a muscle.

OMAR

I won't.

Armstrong lets go of Bin Laden, who looks amused. Armstrong moves slowly toward the car. As soon as Bin Laden sees that no one is paying attention to him, he begins to edge his way in the other direction.

Armstrong gets down on his hands and knees and peers under the car.

ARMSTRONG

There's definitely a wire hanging here that wasn't there before.

OMAR

What if I let the handle down very slowly?

ARMSTRONG

Don't do anything!

Armstrong lies down on his back and slides himself under the car.

EXT. UNDER THE CAR – DAY

Armstrong looks up at the underside of the car. There are four sticks of dynamite wedged between the exhaust pipe and the gas tank, all wired together, with another wire running back up into the car. Armstrong takes a hold of the wire and follows it and it runs right into the driver's door.

ARMSTRONG

All right, I've got the wire.

OMAR

Can you disarm it?

ARMSTRONG

I don't think so.

OMAR

What if you cut the wire?

ARMSTRONG

That might be bad.

OMAR

So, what do we do?

ARMSTRONG

We don't do anything. *You* don't move.

Armstrong slides slowly out from underneath the car. He rises to his feet, brushes off his pants, then turns and sees Bin Laden backing away from the scene. Armstrong points at Bin Laden.

ARMSTRONG

Where you goin', motherfucker?

Bin Laden raises his hands.

BIN LADEN

Nowhere.

ARMSTRONG

That's right, nowhere. Make me chase after you and I'll kick your fuckin' ass, as Allah is my witness.

Omar is getting very nervous.

OMAR

Forget him, what about me?

ARMSTRONG

All right, just hang on.

(picks up a small rock)

Let's try wedging this in there.

Armstrong tries pushing the rock under the door handle, but it won't fit. He tosses it, looks around, finds a smaller rock and tries again. This rock fits into the slot.

ARMSTRONG

OK, now let it down very gently.

Omar eases off on the door handle which now comes down on the rock and stops. Omar sighs deeply.

OMAR

Oh, dear merciful Allah.

ARMSTRONG

Get the hell away from here.

Omar does as he's told. He runs over to Bin Laden.

Meanwhile, the rock won't stay in place. Each time Armstrong tries to remove his finger holding it in it starts to slide out.

ARMSTRONG

(mumbling)

Aw, shit.

He finally pulls the rock out and spits on it, then puts it back in place. Now it seems to be sticking. He quickly rises to his feet and runs like hell away from the car.

The spit covered rock drops out of the door handle, the handle closes and – BOOM!!! – the Toyota explodes in a giant fireball, knocking all three men down. They cover their heads as shrapnel rains down around them. The fireball rises high into the air.

Armstrong stands and brushes himself off. Omar helps Bin Laden to his feet.

ARMSTRONG

(shakes his head)

Well, everyone knows where we are now. And they also know we don't have a car anymore, either. We'll be nothing but moving targets walking back through this valley.

OMAR

We'll have to go another way.

ARMSTRONG

Is there another way?

OMAR

Yes, there is. But it's treacherous and much longer.

ARMSTRONG

Well, we don't really have a choice, do we?

Omar points at Bin Laden, who still has a bemused expression on his face.

OMAR

He might not be able to make it.

ARMSTRONG

Oh, he'll make it all right. I'll make sure of that. Let's get moving.

OMAR

It's back this way.

Omar starts walking back the direction they just came. Bin Laden follows along. Armstrong looks all around, a concerned expression tightening his face, then also starts walking.

EXT. ROCKY RIDGE/ ABOVE GORGE – DUSK

Armstrong stands on a rocky ridge overlooking a vast gorge below, scanning the horizon with binoculars.

EXT. GORGE/P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS – DUSK

Armstrong's P.O.V. through the Binoculars pans across gorge but doesn't see anyone.

EXT. ROCKY RIDGE/ ABOVE GORGE – DUSK

At a campsite set up behind Armstrong, Omar and Bin Laden kneel on the ground and genuflect toward the east. They both rise up, then lower back down, mumbling prayers, their shoes sit beside them.

Armstrong takes his eyes from the binoculars and glances back. He sees the two men praying, then turns back and rolls his eyes.

ARMSTRONG

(to himself)

Jesus Christ!

The two men finish their prayers. Omar scoops his rice concoction from the mess kit into two cups and hands one to Bin Laden. Bin Laden does not accept the food and turns away. Omar shrugs, placing the cup down in front of him. He picks up the other cup of food, slings his rifle over his shoulder and walks away.

At the ridge, Omar joins Armstrong and hands him a cup of food.

ARMSTRONG

No Thanks. I've got my own.

OMAR

(smiling)

Please. Eat.

(he pushes the cup
into Armstrong hand)

Back home I'm known as a – what you
call in America – a master chef. Everyone
likes my cooking.

Armstrong relents and takes the food from him. He raises the cup to his nose and recoils from the aroma.

ARMSTRONG

Whoa!

OMAR

(defensive)

It's the spices. I use a lot of spices. Very
good for the heart.

Armstrong hands him back the cup.

ARMSTRONG

No thanks.

Omar looks offended.

OMAR

Why not?

ARMSTRONG

(shrugs)

It smells like camel shit to me.

(changing subjects)

So, you and Bin Fuckhead were getting awfully chummy back there.

OMAR

(wary)

What do you mean?

ARMSTRONG

You two were praying together.

OMAR

So?

ARMSTRONG

So, the family that prays together stays together.

OMAR

(confused)

I don't understand.

ARMSTRONG

Are you two becoming friends?

OMAR

No.

ARMSTRONG

Are you starting to see things from his perspective?

OMAR

(offended)

I know what his perspective is and it's not mine.

ARMSTRONG

Just checking. You said he was a hero to your people.

OMAR

He was, but he isn't anymore. Do you not trust me?

ARMSTRONG

Why should I?

OMAR

You and I have now fought together. We've fought a common enemy. Among my people that's a binding connection.

ARMSTRONG

Right. And you fought with him against the Russians, so you've got a binding connection to him, too.

OMAR

That was a long time ago.

ARMSTRONG

Like you said, you're an ancient civilization. Twenty years is a drop in the bucket. Just remember, you're on my team, OK?

OMAR

Yes. I understand.

ARMSTRONG

Good.

Armstrong hands Omar the binoculars, then turns and climbs down the ridge. Omar watches him go with an uncertain expression on his face.

At the camp Armstrong sits down across from Bin Laden. Armstrong pulls an MRE from out of his pack and begins eating. He glances up at Bin Laden.

ARMSTRONG

So, your book says if you kill an infidel you go straight to heaven and get seventy-two virgins?

BIN LADEN

Yes.

ARMSTRONG

Do you then get to fuck the virgins?

BIN LADEN

That's ridiculous.

ARMSTRONG

No it's not. It's exactly to the point. Does your mythology make any more sense than mine? Jesus died, came back to life and ascended to heaven? To me, as a semi-intelligent adult, they both seem ridiculous.

(continued)

ARMSTRONG (cont.)

I have no more right to kill you for not believing my nonsense than you have to kill me for not believing your nonsense. Neither one of us has the *right* to kill the other guy. I may just kill you, but I don't have the *right*.

Bin Laden patiently explains . . .

BIN LADEN

Islam didn't exist in 500 AD. By 600 AD there were 100 million Muslims. By 1,000 AD there were half a billion. There were as many Muslims as Christians.

ARMSTRONG

Yeah? So what? It's all bullshit. What about the Hindus? There's like a billion

of them. It's all crap. Eskimos think god is a giant walrus.

(leans forward)

Come on, man to man, it's all crap and you know it. 'Fess up. You can tell me. I swear I won't tell anyone what you said.

BIN LADEN

(looks up)

It is *all* the will of Allah, blessed be his name.

ARMSTRONG

(waves his hand and sits back)

Chicken.

BIN LADEN

(curious)

Then nothing has any meaning?

ARMSTRONG

Love. That's it.

BIN LADEN

Not belief? Not faith?

ARMSTRONG

No, just love. Everything else is bullshit.

BIN LADEN

(smiles)

And, for you, of course, being an American, money.

Armstrong lights a Marlboro with a match.

ARMSTRONG

La, la, la. You know what's worse than being a terrorist?

BIN LADEN

What?

ARMSTRONG

Being a bore. Your beliefs, sir, bore me.
Killing me because I'm not you is just stupid.
Boring. Bullshit. If Islam can't exist without
threatening me, then it shouldn't exist. Because
I am no threat to Islam.

BIN LADEN

Islam is the only true path to salvation.

ARMSTRONG

Says you. I don't buy it. And if you kill me
you don't go to heaven, you're just a fuckin'
killer. The terrorists who blew up the World
Trade Centers, they didn't go to heaven and
get seventy-two virgins, they're just pieces of
dogshit who killed innocent people.

BIN LADEN

No, they're martyrs. Martyrs to Allah, blessed
be his name.

ARMSTRONG

Martyrs my ass. And you're saying that if
a guy in Denmark draws a comic it's OK for
a Muslim to threaten his life or to kill him?
For a comic? Really?

BIN LADEN

He drew the Prophet Mohammed. It is forbidden.

ARMSTRONG

(points)

For *you*, not for *me*. I get to do whatever I want.

BIN LADEN

Not by orthodox Muslim standards.

ARMSTRONG

But I'm not a Muslim. I don't give a shit about
what you think.

BIN LADEN

That's why there's a jihad against you. You don't see what's right.

ARMSTRONG

By *your* standards. But I don't accept your standards.

BIN LADEN

(grins)

And that's why there's a jihad against you.

ARMSTRONG

Fuck you and fuck your jihad! In English jihad means bullshit. You know what, every orthodox anything has their head up their ass. Orthodox means stupid. I have to be afraid because I don't believe what you believe? That's the worst sort of oppressive horseshit in the whole world. If you *really* believe that, you're the biggest asshole on Earth. And I really ought to blow your brains out because you're unworthy of having brains.

(takes his pen and begins
drawing on the MRE box)

This is the Prophet Mohammed.

Armstrong holds up a drawing of a stick figure. Bin Laden turns away.

BIN LADEN

It is forbidden.

Armstrong keeps drawing. He adds four vertical lines below the stick figure.

ARMSTRONG

Wait. Here's Mohammed on camel.

(adds a circle for a hand)

He's waving at you.

BIN LADEN

Blasphemer.

ARMSTRONG

Yeah? Fuck you! You believe in bullshit!
You deserve to die because you're an idiot.
You stand for crap. I don't believe in Jesus,
but he kicks Mohammed's ass. He believed
in love. Vengeance is for assholes.

BIN LADEN

Yet you want revenge on me.

ARMSTRONG

(shrugs)

Yeah, I do. But at least it's not my religion.
You want to put this all on a level of Muslim
vs. everybody else, but it's not. That's the big
lie. I think 99.9% of all Muslims think you're
a complete fuckin' asshole. Honestly, you don't
represent anything but the lunatic fringe. The
crazy people. This isn't about Muslim vs. non-
Muslim, it's about rational against irrational.

BIN LADEN

What you don't realize is that *you* are the irrational
ones. Driven by your base emotions. Desire, lust,
greed. You're pathetic.

ARMSTRONG

I'm pathetic? You're the one killing innocent
people.

BIN LADEN

But what is "innocent"?

ARMSTRONG

If I went to work in the morning, got on the
elevator, pushed the button and the building
blew up, *I'm* innocent.

BIN LADEN

Not in the jihad. In the jihad you are as
guilty as any other Capitalist infidel. You
want to believe that you're better than your

sins, but you're not. Your sins are bigger than you.

ARMSTRONG

Yeah? Fuck you! You believe in bullshit! You deserve to die because you're an idiot. You stand for crap. Vengeance is for assholes.

BIN LADEN

Yet you want revenge on me.

ARMSTRONG

(shrugs)

Yeah, I do. But at least it's not my religion.

BIN LADEN

But you'll take me in for money instead.

ARMSTRONG

Yep. You mean as much to me as a winning lottery ticket.

BIN LADEN

I daresay this ticket won't win.

ARMSTRONG

No? Then we both lose. I'm taking you down with me.

BIN LADEN

Are you sure?

ARMSTRONG

I'm sure. If I win, you lose. If I don't win you still lose. It's a lose-lose proposition for you.

(changes subjects)

So, what's your big hard-on with the Jews? My wife is Jewish, by the way.

BIN LADEN

The Israelis oppress the Palestinians.

ARMSTRONG

Quite frankly, I agree with you. I don't like Israel's policy toward the Palestinians. But you seriously believe that's sufficient reason to obliterate the country and exterminate the people?

BIN LADEN

The Jews are an abomination.

ARMSTRONG

It doesn't say that in the Koran, does it?

BIN LADEN

It says that the infidels shall perish.

ARMSTRONG

But particularly the Jews?

BIN LADEN

Yes, particularly the Jews. They did not accept Mohammed, praise be to his name, as the prophet.

ARMSTRONG

(shrugs)

Hell, they didn't accept Jesus as a prophet, and he was one of theirs. What chance did Mohammed have 500 years later? That's silly. Judaism was already 4,000 years old by the time Mohammed was born. They'd just called time-out on anymore prophets. And what does it matter anyway what I think? Or what the Jews think? Or the Hindus? Or the Buddhists? I mean, who are the Muslims to be giving lessons anyway? Muslims can't live together. Sunnis and Shiites blow up each other's mosques. I don't see Jews blowing up each other's synagogues.

(points)

You know what? I think Jews embarrass you.

BIN LADEN

Embarrass me? How?

ARMSTRONG

Not just you. All Muslims, and Christians, too. Of all these silly religions. Judaism has been around for so long it makes Christianity and Islam look like Mormons.

BIN LADEN

(nods and sighs)

Yes, Judaism is old.

ARMSTRONG

It's like Judaism is like "Jaws," then Christianity is "Jaws 2, and Islam is "Jaws 3-D." See, they certainly don't get better as they go along, so as a believer in "Jaws 3-D" I think it embarrasses you that there's an original.

BIN LADEN

(shakes his head in disgust)

You Americans and your ridiculous novelties. You're like trained animals. Dogs that jump and do tricks. Catch balls in their mouths. Eternity is at hand, my friend. The time of enlightenment is now! These are the events that will be written of. It's all happening around you, Mr. Armstrong, while you sit looking for an "angle."

ARMSTRONG

But what if it isn't all happening right now?

BIN LADEN

It doesn't matter. If you say that it is, then it is. I say that it is. I make history, Mr. Armstrong, you simply respond to it. Should a giant rock fall on both us right now, when this time is spoken of, I'm part of it, not you. I define the events around me; you respond to them, fight them, try

to profit by them. I stand for something; you stand for nothing.

ARMSTRONG

So, look, you must have always known you weren't going to get away with it forever, right? You knew it was just a matter of time before we got you.

Bin Laden studies Armstrong for several moments.

BIN LADEN

It is the will of Allah, praise be to him. Our fate is in His hands. He chooses our path yesterday, today and tomorrow.

ARMSTRONG

Right. So you wake up and ask, "Does Allah want me to kill three thousand people today?" Is that how it works?

BIN LADEN

I am merely a follower. Who will live and who will die is not for me to choose.

ARMSTRONG

So then no one has free will?

BIN LADEN

Yes, but at their own peril. The true believers, those who take part in the Great Jihad, do what Allah, blessed be his name, commands and will be blessed for all eternity. This is Allah, praise be to his name's, promise.

ARMSTRONG

But you just keep committing acts of terrorism over and over again and expecting a different result. That sounds like the definition of insanity to me.

BIN LADEN

Infidels cannot understand.

ARMSTRONG

I understand that I killed every one of your men in that cave back there and Allah didn't protect them.

BIN LADEN

Perhaps. But tomorrow will He protect *you*?

ARMSTRONG

Enslaving your own people, killing your brothers, all part of Allah's master plan or yours?

(Bin Laden doesn't answer)

No matter how many children you brainwash or how many people you trick into joining your jihad, there is always someone who defects. If this is such a great idea why does Allah allow that to happen?

BIN LADEN

(shrugs)

Many are weak and lose their way. In the end we all must face Allah, blessed be his name. Only He will decide their fate.

Armstrong steals a glance past Bin Laden to Omar, standing guard on the ridge facing away.

Armstrong turns back to Bin Laden.

ARMSTRONG

Three thousand people who did nothing but go to work to provide for their families, what gave you the right to decide their fate?

Bin Laden has been waiting for this part of the conversation.

BIN LADEN

You lost a family member in New York?
Someone close?

ARMSTRONG

My oldest friend. He was a fireman. You
murdered him in the North Tower.

BIN LADEN

We all have lost someone in this jihad.
It is all part of Allah, blessed be his name's,
plan. But I killed no one. I didn't fly those
planes. I didn't conceive the plan.

ARMSTRONG

But you endorsed it. You took credit for it.

BIN LADEN

Everyone makes their own choices, with the
will of Allah, praise be to him.

ARMSTRONG

Their blood is on *your* hands.

Bin Laden shrugs, then points his bound hands at a red spot on Armstrong's cloak.

BIN LADEN

What about the nine men you killed today?
Their blood is *truly* is on you.

ARMSTRONG

Those men were terrorists guarding a terrorist.

BIN LADEN

And what about the tens of thousands of
Iraqis killed by the U.S. military? They
didn't attack you.

ARMSTRONG

That's war.

BIN LADEN

This is war. Jihad is war. I am but one man in this moment in time doing what has been commanded of all true believers. In the coming years the righteous will dominate and the infidels will perish. The events in New York will be but a minor footnote in the Great Jihad.

ARMSTRONG

Yeah, but *you're* going to die soon. Real soon. Then I'm going to hunt down and kill every last one of your murdering terrorist comrades.

Bin Laden sighs, tiring of both Armstrong and this conversation.

BIN LADEN

Who lives and who dies is the will of Allah, praise be to him.

Armstrong gets furious.

ARMSTRONG

There you go again with that *blame it on Allah thing*. Don't you take responsibility for *anything*?

With lightning speed, Armstrong produces his Berretta 9mm from his belt and puts the business end against Bin Laden's forehead.

ARMSTRONG

I do. I take responsibility for my own actions. So, can Allah stop me from blowing your fucking brains out right now?

Bin Laden shrugs and shakes his head.

BIN LADEN

(simply)
He already has.

(pause)

You are obviously much more interested in collecting the bounty on my head than avenging the death of your close friend, or even avenging the lives of the three thousand lost in New York, or you would have killed me already. Allah controls you with your own greed.

Armstrong is caught off guard, speechless. Bin Laden looks him in the eyes.

BIN LADEN

You see, Allah, blessed be his name, *has* chosen. It is *His* will.

With the Berretta still pointing at his head, Bin Laden casually picks up his cup of food with his bound hands and brings the cup toward his mouth. Armstrong, torn between rage and self-doubt, smacks the cup from Bin Laden's hand spilling the food everywhere.

Bin Laden just sits there unfazed with the gun still aimed at his head.

ARMSTRONG

(smugly)

Tonight you starve.

(leans in)

It's the will of Armstrong!

Armstrong withdraws the gun, puts it back in his holster, then sits down and continues eating his MRE as if nothing has happened, never taking his eyes off Bin Laden.

Meanwhile, Omar has been watching and hearing this whole encounter from the ridge. He slowly turns away.

EXT. DESERT – DAWN

The sun rises over the parched desert landscape. Strangely shaped boulders cast long shadows. A scorpion scuttles across the sand.

EXT. ROCKY RIDGE/ ABOVE GORGE – DAWN

At the campsite Armstrong sits against a rock asleep, his chin down against his chest, his hands holding the Uzi resting on his lap. Sunlight hits his face and he suddenly bolts awake. Blinking his bleary eyes, Armstrong sees Omar and Bin Laden sitting across from him whispering to each other.

ARMSTRONG

What's going on?

Omar looks at him with a blank expression.

OMAR

What do you mean?

ARMSTRONG

What are you two talking about?

OMAR

We're not talking about anything.

ARMSTRONG

Bullshit. You have to be talking about *something*. What is it?

Bin Laden looks at Armstrong with a bemused grin on his face.

BIN LADEN

We were planning my escape.

ARMSTRONG

(concerned)

What?!!

OMAR

He's joking.

ARMSTRONG

Joking? Are you fucking crazy? Don't joke with me! What we you two talking about?

OMAR

The old days.

ARMSTRONG

The *good* old days?

OMAR

Not that good.

BIN LADEN

You seem nervous this morning, Mr. Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG

Why shouldn't I be?

BIN LADEN

Indeed. As they say, it's a fine day to die.

ARMSTRONG

Oh yeah? If anyone's gonna to die today it's gonna be you, not me.

BIN LADEN

(shrugs)

The day is young. The Koran says that each day is a miniature eternity. It also says that you are not promised a tomorrow. Who knows what will occur?

Armstrong stands up and looks down on the other two men, his weapon gripped tightly in his hands.

ARMSTRONG

All right. New rule. No fucking talking!
Got it?

Omar rises to his feet.

OMAR

Mr. Armstrong, please. Nothing was said of any importance. Honestly.

ARMSTRONG

Fine, let's keep it that way. OK, let's get moving.

Omar reaches down and helps Bin Laden to his feet. Armstrong watches with a disapproving glare. Bin Laden says to Omar . . .

BIN LADEN

He must not have slept well.

Armstrong reaches out with the Uzi and sticks the barrel in Bin Laden's face.

ARMSTRONG

Yo! Shit-for-brains! What part of no talking are you not understanding?

BIN LADEN

I understand.

ARMSTRONG

Good. Let's move it!

They gather up their belongings and start to walk.

EXT. GORGE – DAY

The three men make their way down the side of the gorge, through a thin snaking path. Omar helps Bin Laden and Armstrong goes last, keeping a cautious eye on the surroundings.

EXT. BOTTOM OF GORGE/ VALLEY – DAY

They get to the bottom of the gorge, coming out in a rock-strewn valley. High sheer rock walls surround them. Armstrong keeps looking up at the tops of the rock walls. Anybody could be up there.

BIN LADEN

This is the Valley of Death.

ARMSTRONG

You're talking.

BIN LADEN

Indeed I am. You know of course this whole area belongs to me. This is Al Qaeda territory. My men are everywhere. You'll never make it through this valley alive.

Armstrong considers what he's just been told, rubbing his chin. He nods his head thoughtfully, steps forward and punches Osama Bin Laden in the mouth, hard.

ARMSTRONG

Shut the fuck up! Don't make me tell you again!

Omar looks shocked. Bin Laden spits blood out into his hand and looks at it. He smears it around on his fingers, then looks at Armstrong and smiles. Armstrong gets angry.

ARMSTRONG

You think it's funny?

BIN LADEN

Oddly, I do.

ARMSTRONG

What if I take the butt of this Israeli-made Uzi and knock in your fuckin' teeth?

Bin Laden looks him straight in the eye.

BIN LADEN

I don't think you'll do that.

ARMSTRONG

(nods)

Really? You don't?

Bin Laden shakes his head. Armstrong promptly smashes him in the mouth with butt of his Uzi. Omar pushes himself between them. Now Bin Laden has blood coming out of his mouth and his nose. Armstrong speaks directly into Bin Laden's face.

ARMSTRONG

Listen, motherfucker! You represent everything evil in the world, as far as I'm concerned. You are the face of evil. And you overestimate my greed.

Omar speaks into Armstrong's face.

OMAR

This isn't making it any easier.

ARMSTRONG

So what? Who says it has to be easy? I'm starting to think it would be a helluva lot easier to put a bullet in his head and just carry in the corpse.

OMAR

(seriously)

Yes, but I can't let you do that.

Armstrong can't believe his ears.

ARMSTRONG

You can't "let" me do that? Really? And how on Earth do you intend to stop me?

However, just at that moment . . .

EXT. HILL – DAY

An Afghani man holding a an AK-47 and wearing a turban with a scarf around his face, steps over the rise of the hill in front of them, maybe 200 yards ahead of them. Then beside him steps another armed man, then another. Now there's three of them, just standing there, ostensibly blocking the path.

EXT. VALLEY – DAY

Armstrong, Omar and Bin Laden keep walking forward, their eyes glued to the men in front of them.

ARMSTRONG

Well, there's three of them and three of us.
That's fair.

EXT. HILL – DAY

Four more armed men step up beside the other three. A moment later three more men step up around them. Now there's ten of them.

EXT. VALLEY – DAY

Armstrong, Omar and Bin Laden stop, accepting that their path is now officially blocked.

BIN LADEN

As I said, you'll never get out of this valley alive.

Armstrong puts the barrel of his weapon against Bin Laden's temple so everyone can see it.

ARMSTRONG

Yeah? Well, if I don't, you don't, so that might be something to think about. Then again, maybe it's just a good day for everybody to die. Me, you, and everybody I can take with me.

BIN LADEN

It is the will of Allah, praise be upon him.

ARMSTRONG

(exasperated)

Yeah? And Superman's Dad is Jor-El and they're from the planet Krypton. Do me a fuckin' favor and *shut the fuck up!* You're boring me to death with all that Allah shit already. Jesus Christ!

EXT. HILL – DAY

Now five more armed men step up, making it fifteen, and more seem to be coming. Soon there are at least twenty men blocking their path.

EXT. VALLEY – DAY

Omar turns to Armstrong.

OMAR

What will we do?

ARMSTRONG

Don't ask me, ask Allah. He seems to have
all the answers.

Just then there is a familiar buzzing noise. Everybody looks up.

EXT. SKY – DAY

There it is, the surveillance drone, making its rounds.

EXT. VALLEY – DAY

Armstrong grabs Omar and Bin Laden and pulls them down.

ARMSTRONG

Get down!

The three hunker down behind some large rocks.

EXT. HILL – DAY

The crowd of men on the hilltop have also noticed the surveillance drone and begin to scatter.

EXT. SKY – DAY

The drone passes right over Armstrong, Omar and Bin Laden's heads heading toward the men on the hilltop. It fires a missile . . .

EXT. HILL – DAY

. . . The missile comes down right in the middle of the crowd of men and explodes—
BOOM!! The men are blown to bits, several of them go sailing through the
air. Wounded men scream in pain. The another missile comes down and blows up—
BOOM!!

EXT. VALLEY – DAY

Armstrong, Omar and Bin Laden all look at each other in amazement.

ARMSTRONG

Wow! Ask Allah and ye shall receive.
And I thought he was on *your* side.

(to Bin Laden)

So, what have you got to say about the U.S. military now? Sure, they make mistakes occasionally, but they do get it right sometimes, too.

(stands; to Omar)

Come on, let's go. Leave him here.

Armstrong and Omar, their weapons out in front, go running toward the hill.

EXT. HILL – DAY

Armstrong and Omar dash up the hill right into the midst of the smoke and carnage. They promptly shoot anyone who's still alive. Two men are running away down the hill. Armstrong sights in and with one quick burst of automatic weapon fire kills both of them.

Armstrong turns around to find Omar standing there with his smoking AK-47 in his hands aimed right at him. The two men look each other in the eye. It's a tense moment.

ARMSTRONG

Yeah? So?

Omar slowly lowers the barrel of his weapon, turns and walks down the hill the way they came. Armstrong raises his weapon so that it's aiming at Omar's back. He holds it there for a moment, then shrugs, lowers it and heads down the hill.

EXT. VALLEY – DAY

They get back to where they left Bin Laden, but he's not there. Armstrong sighs and shakes his head.

ARMSTRONG

That cocksucker is really starting to piss me off. I'm still thinking it might be a whole lot easier to just shoot him and carry his dead body back.

OMAR

(flatly)

As I said, I can't let you do that. We have to take him back alive.

ARMSTRONG

We do, huh? Why's that?

OMAR

Because he needs to be tried by the Afghani people for crimes he's committed against us.

ARMSTRONG

Really?

OMAR

Yes, really.

ARMSTRONG

OK, we'll talk about this in a minute. Right now we need to find our escaped captive.

The two men head back the way they came, looking behind every large rock they pass. There's no sign of Bin Laden anywhere. They're both starting to get a little concerned.

ARMSTRONG

This is ridiculous! He's old and ill, he can't have gotten very far.

OMAR

Actually, he's not all that old. He's in his early 50s, he just looks old.

Yet he's nowhere to be seen. They walk along through the valley. Finally, Omar points.

OMAR

There he is.

Bin Laden is sitting on the hillside next to a huge boulder. Armstrong calls up to him.

ARMSTRONG

What were going to do, push that big rock
down on us?

BIN LADEN

Yes. But it's too big, I can't move it.

ARMSTRONG

Lucky for us.

Armstrong indicates with his index finger that Bin Laden should come down. Bin Laden slowly rises to his feet.

BIN LADEN

(weary)

Perhaps you should just shoot me. I'm
too old and sick to keep walking.

ARMSTRONG

Don't tempt me. It would not break my
heart to blow your brains out.

BIN LADEN

So you keep saying.

EXT. HILL – DAY

Armstrong, Omar and Bin Laden reach the top of the hill, which is littered with
corpses. Armstrong doesn't even look down, but both Omar and Bin Laden do. They
all walk right past the carnage and head down the other side of the hill.

EXT. CANYON – DAY

The three men walk across a vast canyon surrounded by high rock walls.

BIN LADEN

That was only a few of my followers.
There are many more around here.

Armstrong steps up beside Omar.

ARMSTRONG

So, where were we regarding you “letting”
or “not letting” me take in Bin Laden?

Omar thinks long and hard before speaking. Finally . . .

OMAR

He has to be turned over to the Afghani
authorities.

ARMSTRONG

You’re kidding, right? To the Afghani
authorities? This country has the most
corrupt government in the entire middle
east, and that’s saying something. No,
no, no, I’m taking him to the Americans.
That’s what’s happening.

OMAR

Mr. Armstrong, please. It’s *very* important.

ARMSTRONG

Not to me.

OMAR

I really must insist.

ARMSTRONG

(can’t believe his ears)

You what?

OMAR

I said, I must insist.

ARMSTRONG

Seriously, don’t say it again. I’m warning
you.

Omar puts his hands together like he’s pleading.

OMAR

Mr. Armstrong—

With lightning speed, Armstrong pulls his Berretta, puts the barrel against Omar's forehead and fires a bullet, spraying his brains out the other side. Omar's body crumples to the ground in a heap, stone dead. Bin Laden is shocked and takes a step back.

BIN LADEN

Was that necessary?

Armstrong sticks the smoking pistol in Bin Laden's face.

ARMSTRONG

Was 9/11 necessary? Was the U.S.S. Cole necessary? Or the embassies in Africa? Or the gas attacks on the trains in Spain? Huh?

(Bin Laden doesn't answer)

Answer me, motherfucker!

BIN LADEN

I thought so.

ARMSTRONG

Why?

BIN LADEN

Because I thought people needed to pay attention to our cause.

ARMSTRONG

Really? Well I thought this was necessary. I needed *you* to pay attention to *my* cause. Now keep in mind that I kinda liked him, and I don't like *you* at all. Understand?

BIN LADEN

I understand.

ARMSTRONG

You better. You know what I really don't like about you?

BIN LADEN

No, what?

ARMSTRONG

That you think you know something I don't know. You know what I say to that?

BIN LADEN

What?

ARMSTRONG

Fuck you. We both know exactly the same, which is nothing. Being a Muslim, a Christian, a Hindu, a Jew, it's all the same bullshit. Nobody knows any better than anybody else. If you think you know, you're wrong.

BIN LADEN

But you know that?

ARMSTRONG

That I know!

(pushes Bin Laden)

Now move it!

Right at that moment bullets begin thumping into the ground around them. Armstrong grabs Bin Laden and pulls him behind some rocks. Bullets continue to hit the ground right in front of them.

BIN LADEN

I told you, my followers are everywhere. You'll never take me out of this valley alive. It is futile.

ARMSTRONG

Maybe so, but I assure you that if I die today, you die today.

BIN LADEN

So it shall be.

ARMSTRONG

Exactly.

And meanwhile the bullets just keep coming in from above hitting the ground and the surrounding rock walls. Finally, a bullet hits the rock wall beside them, ricochets off directly into Armstrong's side. He falls over, bleeding profusely.

Bin Laden looks down at the wounded Armstrong. He reaches for the Uzi, but Armstrong still has a hold on it and raises the barrel up toward Bin Laden's face. Bin Laden's hand stops halfway to the weapon. Just then another bullet hits Armstrong, this time in the thigh. He yells in pain and rolls over, still clutching his weapon.

Bin Laden sees his moment. He dashes out into the open with his hands in the air. He hollers up toward the ridgeline.

BIN LADEN

(in Pashto)

*Rafiq! Zrrewer rafiq! Wrunna! Yem Bin
Laden! Tsergandawem yem Bin Laden!*

A subtitle reads: "Friends! Brave friends! Brothers! I am Bin Laden! I declare I am Bin Laden!"

The shooting stops. Suddenly there is an eerie silence. Bin Laden keeps his hands in the air while scanning the ridgeline above him.

Armstrong is still alive. He looks furious and begins to crawl toward Bin Laden, his Uzi still in his hand. As he nears Bin Laden and begins to raise his weapon another bullet hit's him in the back causing the Uzi to jerk out of his hand. Armstrong winces in terrible pain.

Bin Laden glances down and sees Armstrong lying there, bleeding from three different wounds.

BIN LADEN

You were right about one thing. Today is the day you're to die. It was a valiant attempt, Mr. Armstrong. You almost succeeded and you almost got rich and famous. But it was clearly not the will of Allah, blessed be his name.

Armstrong grits his teeth in excruciating pain as he glares up at Bin Laden with deep hatred.

Just then three native Afghani TRIBESMEN, all dressed in black robes and head scarves and carrying long, old-fashioned rifles, come walking slowly up.

Armstrong and Bin Laden both turn their attention to the tribesmen. Bin Laden smiles in relief. Armstrong's hand moves down to the pistol on his belt.

BIN LADEN

(in Pashto)

Zmaa zrrewer wrunna. Peezhenem Bin Laden.

A subtitle reads: "My brave brothers. Recognize me, I am Bin Laden."

The three tribesmen step up, their faces covered by black scarves, their long rifles held out in front of them.

Armstrong has his hand on his Berretta. Slowly and silently he slides the pistol out of the holster.

As the tribesmen get to within twenty feet of them, Bin Laden continues to smile.

BIN LADEN

(in Pashto)

Zmaa rafiq. Shuker. Yem Bin Laden. Osama Bin Laden.

Subtitle: "My friends. Thank you. I am Bin Laden. Osama Bin Laden."

The three tribesmen look at each other and shrug. Either they don't understand or they don't care.

BIN LADEN

(in Pashto)

Tana, tsergandawem yem Osama Bin Laden.

Subtitle: "Men. I declare I am Osama Bin Laden."

The three tribesmen raise their long rifles, aim and all three shoot Osama Bin Laden. Three big bullets hit Bin Laden in the chest.

Armstrong watches as Bin Laden falls to the ground beside him, dead, his eyes wide open in an expression of shock and confusion. Armstrong grins. He then slowly brings the pistol forward, but a foot in a leather sandal comes down on Armstrong's wrist, knocking the pistol out of his hand.

Armstrong looks up and sees one of the tribesmen aim his rifle directly into his face. The tribesman pulls the trigger. The bullet strikes Armstrong in the face, blowing his brains out the back of his head. Armstrong rolls over dead.

The three tribesmen laugh, then shriek with delight as they quickly set about stripping the bodies of everything. They take the Uzi, the Berretta, the AK-47, then all of the three men's clothing. One of the tribesmen finds the photograph of Armstrong and his family. He looks at it for a brief moment, then tosses it.

The photograph is caught in the wind and blows lazily away across the parched desert floor.

The three tribesmen walk away carrying their new belongings.

The dead bleeding bodies of Armstrong, Osama Bin Laden and Omar lie there naked in the blazing sun. Our view widens to include the surrounding landscape, then keeps getting wider and wider until the naked bodies are merely dots on the canyon floor.

FADE OUT