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MOROCCO

a screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FEZ MEDINA. EARLY SPRING MORNING

Arabic music, colorful sounds of the old city, establishing shot of alleys, shops, rooftops, beautiful minarets, and chaotic traffic - a hypnotic kaleidoscope of pedestrians, bicycles, cars, police, buses, trucks, and animals. We hear birds flying overhead and then the call to prayer from one of the minarets. Bleached sunlight casts angular shadows along doors, tiled and stucco walls, and cobblestone roadways.

Many people in contemporary Western dress. Children play in front of a small luxury hotel restaurant. Through the restaurant window, businessmen take their seats at a prominent table. A beautiful waitress attends to them.

EXT. FEZ JAIL.

Unruly men and women argue in front of the jail entrance. A burly guard with strapped pistol enters, yelling at them. Quiet. The guard turns and we see a closer view of the dilapidated stone and mortar jail. The small crowd wants entree but the guard signals to a posted sign in Arabic. Quickly the argument resumes.

COLONEL SAFIR enters and signals to the guard. COLONEL SAFIR is overweight, late fifties, with fiercely chiselled features. He is strikingly handsome in the manner of a predator jackal. He has a brilliant smile that doesn't always convey simple joy.

The guard raises his gun high above the crowd. The silence is now menacing. The Colonel grimaces and, with his eyes, has chastised the guard for resorting to drawing the pistol. A string of mangy cats crosses the Colonel's view. He smiles and lights a cigarette.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE OUTSIDE FEZ.

Workers raise steel beams and pour sand into mixers. This is a large construction and the edifice is halfway towards completion. A peasant sells bread and dried fruits. The foreman reprimands an incompetent worker with a slap to the arm. A crane dominates one side of the building. There is visible confusion among a team high atop the scaffolding. A beam falls from up high, but misses the laborers below.

Two robed Arab fundamentalists hand out literature to some workers on break.

The foreman saves them to leave and the fundamentalists exit slowly. Their literature remains at a comfort station.

INT. FEZ RESTAURANT.

A closer look at the sitting businessmen - ETIENNE VITREUX, thorny face, mid-fifties, senior Swiss bank executive fond of neck ascots; a black, affluent CONTRACTOR; an American architect CHARLES KEMPLER, early 40s, lean and handsome behind eyeglasses. KEMPLER checks his watch and reaches for the check.

BUILDER

In truth, it could grow into a situation like Turkey and Egypt.

VITREUX

Let's hope not.

KEMPLER

You can't compare this government with other Arab states.

VITREUX

I agree, Charles. But things are getting very fluid and unpredictable in this part of the world.

KEMPLER

We're ahead of schedule and we can redouble security at night and around the parameters.

BUILDER

It's your costs, not mine.

VITREUX

We're already way over budget. My bank . . .

KEMPLER

I know all about your bank.

Kempler tosses down his credit card for the check.

BUILDER

Thank you.

KEMPLER

I'm concerned about worker safety.

BUILDER

I am too, boss.

KEMPLER

And morale. Payroll is often late,
Mr. Vitreux. They need cash not
stupid excuses.

VITREUX

So they can get drunk before the
end of the week?

KEMPLER

Most Moslems don't drink.

VITREUX

And most camels don't piss.

The Arab Builder is stoic about the last remark.

INT. JAIL.

Along a twisted corridor, jailed women are washing their hands and faces. They move to a long wooden table and two guards hover nearby. The light is stark. The Colonel walks by with a riding crop under his arm. He acknowledges the women eating at the table. Heat inside the jail is fierce.

The Colonel stops at a cell near the eating facility. He raps at the cell with his crop. A woman, partly disrobed, covers herself although she was trying to cool down. He tosses his cigarette to the floor.

INT. RESTAURANT.

Kempler leaves the table and children outside the door crowd him. He gives them loose coins and is respectful to them.

EXT. RESTAURANT

The children follow Kempler to his parked Fiat. He smiles and gestures that no more money will come. A few adult touts are trying to hustle Kempler. He slips into his car and drives in a zig zag dash, avoiding the kids and the touts. One tout smacks the car window. The Fiat honks and avoids hitting a peasant.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE.

Aerial view of Kempler's car approaching the site along a dirt road. He passes a cement truck and workers carting sand and coiled wire. He parks and takes out his cell phone to speed dial.

KEMPLER

Abril? Come on. Pick up.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE.

Tiny windows with rusted bars frame the shafts of light entering the office. Dank walls are stained by decades of neglect. A picture of King Mohammed VI is seen behind the old wooden desk. The Colonel, seated, makes notes in a ledger. He rises, slowly closes shutters, sees a black Mercedes approaching the jail.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE.

Kempler finds the foreman.

KEMPLER

*Tout a fait mal. Qu'en ensez-vous?
(Completely bad. What do you
think?)*

The foreman shakes his head showing his disgust with his crew. Kempler hands him cash discreetly and ambles by a worker in a crane. Wind kicks up a dust cloud. Through the din, another worker mimes to Kempler there is a phone call. Kempler goes to shed and is handed a phone. His face contorts at the news conveyed.

EXT. MEDINA.

Aerial view of heavy low clouds over large domed Mosque and the smoke from a tannery factory. Kempler's Fiat is seen at a remote distance.

EXT. JAIL. AN HOUR LATER

Kempler's Fiat rolls to a stop. Two taut guards come out walking a Doberman Pinscher. A shepherd is having trouble with his herd nearby. The Muezzin call to prayer is heard. Guards approach the Fiat. Kempler rolls down his window. He shows papers to one guard.

INT. JAIL.

Kempler is escorted by one guard along a dingy corridor.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE.

Kempler enters. The guard leaves. The Colonel's attention is on his ledger. Kempler's discomfort is loud. The ceiling fan cast shadows on Kempler's face. The Colonel looks up, lights a cigarette, and reaches for a file atop his desk.

Photos from the file spill and the Colonel snatches one
BLURRY PHOTO OF A HALF NAKED WOMAN

COLONEL
Is this a picture of your wife?

TWO MORE PHOTOS

KEMPLER
I don't understand?

COLONEL
Please have a seat.

KEMPLER
Is she here?

COLONEL
Yes.

He signals to sit and Kempler sits. Colonel offers a
cigarette and Kempler declines.

COLONEL
You are an architect?
(Kempler nods)
Your wife is a banker?

KEMPLER
Yes.

COLONEL
We treat bankers very well.

KEMPLER
How kind of you.

COLONEL
Wives sometime misbehave. *Je le
tiens de bonne source. (I have it
on good authority).* You speak
French?

KEMPLER
Are you head of staff?

COLONEL
Colonel, yes.

KEMPLER
Why was she apprehended?

COLONEL
Prostitution, disorderly conduct,
drunkenness.

KEMPLER
That's absurd.

COLONEL
And you wish to post bail? Your
wife spent last night sleepless.
Did you wonder where she was last
night?

A mouse darts along the wall, catching Kempler's eye.

KEMPLER
She said she might have to fly to
Spain.

COLONEL
I see.

KEMPLER
May I see her?

COLONEL
She's with our medics.

KEMPLER
Your medics?

COLONEL
Why are you here in Morocco?

KEMPLER
My firm's building the industrial
park outside your city. My wife's
with the affiliate bank.

COLONEL
Does she dress this way at the
office? Do they not pay her
enough?

(phone rings)
Na-on? (yes?) Sho-kun. (Thank you)
Your wife has been checked for a
contagion. She will be detained.

KEMPLER
You must let me see her.

COLONEL

You should make a friend of me, Mr. Kempler. I am in a position to help. Have a cigarette.

From desk humidor, he offers one to Kempler.

COLONEL

You needn't inhale to enjoy. The tobacco is excellent. Almost sweet. I keep them in a humidor. My wife worries. Cancer scares.

Kempler searches his jacket pockets and seems frustrated. He pulls out a leather checkbook and the Colonel rises.

COLONEL

No, no, no. Keep your checks. You're in the company of an honest officer.

A guard enters with a pot of mint tea. Guard leaves.

COLONEL

Put aside your checkbook. We will do this the proper way.

KEMPLER

Fine.

COLONEL

Do you play chess? I am quite skillful at the game. And backgammon. Do you play backgammon, Mr. Kempler?

KEMPLER

No.

COLONEL

Four-handed bridge?

KEMPLER

No.

COLONEL

Did you play with little buildings as a boy?

KEMPLER

Please, we're wasting time.

COLONEL

Yes, I am sorry. How is it that you married a whore?

Kempler stands and puts out his cigarette with insolence.

KEMPLER

I will call the U.S. Consulate.

The room becomes large and wide angled.

COLONEL

Thank you for stopping by, Mr. Kempler.

INT. JAIL.

Kempler is escorted out of the jail by one of the guards. Under his stoic countenance, Kempler is burning with anger and pain.

EXT. ROAD NEAR JAIL.

Kempler's car races off from the prison compound and leaves a trail of dust.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. SUNSET

A luxury suite with balcony in the newer section of Fez. From the seventh story, there is a grand view of the old city. The interior walls are bone white with Islamic art.

Kempler, showered, enters in robe from the bathroom. He pours himself a scotch. Mrs. Kempler's jewelry and make-up are seen on the bureau. Her stray clothes are scattered throughout the suite. He picks up her pearl necklace and palms it nervously. He then checks his BlackBerry.

Kempler steps out on the balcony and is transfixed by the golden light of the setting sun over the ancient city.

INT. JAIL. MORNING

Kempler, sunglasses on, passes through the corridor under escort. Imprisoned women notice him, call out to him.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE.

Kempler's entrance disturbs the Colonel during his morning tea. Kempler stands at the doorway. The guard leaves.

KEMPLER

I have a letter from my Ambassador.

After a silence, Kempler takes a step or two to the desk. The Colonel smiles strangely. Kempler hands the letter over.

COLONEL
Thank you.

KEMPLER
Damn it, you can read the letter!

The Colonel reads the letter and loses his smile.

COLONEL
But he makes no mention of venereal disease?

KEMPLER
Venereal disease?

COLONEL
Syphilis, yes.

KEMPLER
Either you release her, or let my doctor see her.

COLONEL
Bring in your doctor.

KEMPLER
This will cost you your rank?

COLONEL
Are you Jewish, Mr. Kempler?

KEMPLER
What?

COLONEL
What is your religion?

KEMPLER
I've been overseas for fifteen years and have never seen such idiocy.

COLONEL
I won't let you flatter me. I'm not a sinister man. Look, here's a picture of my family.

KEMPLER
You dressed and photographed her. Who are you trying to hurt?

A guard comes in and delivers the mail. The Colonel is now distracted by his envelopes. Absentmindedly, he hands a large sack to Kempler.

COLONEL

I have some of her personal things. Take them with you. She wears contact lenses. Have you a pair of glasses for her?

Kempler opens the sack and handles a blouse delicately.

KEMPLER

Please let me see her for one minute.

COLONEL

Do you want her free? Do you wish her well? Really, we can straighten this out with remarkable civility.

KEMPLER

I doubt it.

COLONEL

I don't want your wife here. I am embarrassed to see you here. I don't want letters from your Embassy.

KEMPLER

Is it because she works at the bank? It's a powerful bank.

Gunfire is heard in the distance. The Colonel gets up and goes to the door. He says something quietly to a guard.

KEMPLER

Is it my work then? My company's policies are very liberal here.

COLONEL

What are your company's policies?

KEMPLER

We hire locally. We pay worker's disability and extensive sick leave.

COLONEL

Are you a generous man, Mr. Kempler?

KEMPLER

I am.

The Colonel looks out the window hearing more gunfire.

COLONEL

I am too, Mr. Kempler. Is your
firm from New York?

KEMPLER

Yes.

COLONEL

But the names are European. Somehow
we're always doing business with
America.

A lattice of wood beams are seen through the revolving
ceiling fan. A thin stream of light filters in from the
shutter and cut by the fan.

KEMPLER

My country has fine relations with
Morocco.

COLONEL

Times have changed. Are we in
store for American skyscrapers?
What beautiful dreams have you for
us? Why do architects put
bathrooms in the oddest of places?

The Colonel stands and invades Kempler's personal space.

COLONEL

Don't be silent with me.

KEMPLER

What would you like to hear?

COLONEL

Anything you care to say.

KEMPLER

You seem to know enough.

COLONEL

Go back to your hotel and rehearse.

KEMPLER

Rehearse what?

COLONEL
Stories. Make up a story.

Kempler exits with guard.

EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT. AFTERNOON

Kempler and his building contractor are having drinks on the terrace.

BUILDER
Everything's legal. I know.

KEMPLER
Why would they shut us down?

BUILDER
The principality can change zoning heights at a moment's notice. We paid big money for all of the rights, Charles. There's no one to bribe to fix this today.

KEMPLER
Make a few more calls.

BUILDER
In Fez, nothing is easy. And you look very pained, my friend.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT

As Kempler enters lobby, a well dressed businessman VICTOR BLEAU rises from a sofa and approaches.

BLEAU
Mr. Kempler?

KEMPLER
Yes?

BLEAU
Victor Bleau. With your wife's bank. Mr. Vitreux sent me. It's a terrible affair and we liked to help.

KEMPLER
Good. We're going to need it.

INT. JAIL. MORNING

Kempler, lacking sleep, rises from the seat when the Colonel enters. Kempler follows him into his office. No guard is needed to escort Kempler. Kempler has a small bag.

COLONEL
I see you've brought your
physician.

KEMPLER
And some of her things.

He gives the bag to the Colonel.

COLONEL
In a few weeks you'll receive
notice of the trial. She' being
given penicillin.

KEMPLER
What if the doctor says that she is
fine?

COLONEL
Go home and get some sleep.

KEMPLER
I'll wait for the doctor.

COLONEL
Go home, Mr. Kempler.

EXT. FEZ MEDINA. NIGHT

A call to prayer is heard. From a passing view of the winding streets below, Kempler comes into view. He is dressed in a suit. He roams past shops, tanneries, and cheap restaurants. Teenagers follow him, thinking they spot an easy tourist. He waves them off.

A merchant with mules, a money changer, beggars all disperse with the Muezzin's call. Kempler stops at a hotel bar with neon Arabic/English letters - *Arabesque*.

INT. ARABESQUE.

Kempler enters, sees several businessmen at tables and at the bar. Two alluring women in modern dress are at the bar. His attention draws to their short hemlines. One woman looks like his wife's image from the earlier photos from jail. A soldier enters. Kempler sits at the bar and points.

KEMPLER

Scotch.

Kempler studies the soldier who lingers at the door of the restaurant. The two women pay minor attention to Kempler.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE. NEXT MORNING.

This is the fourth day of Mrs. Kempler's incarceration. The Colonel and Vitreux are in mid conversation.

VITREUX

You can see our position.

COLONEL

Yes.

VITREUX

There aren't enough rewards to go around. And in truth, this woman is indispensable to my bank. Just a few minutes with her.

The Colonel grimaces and turns away. He walks out of his office, Vitreux follows him.

COLONEL

I don't allow the husband, and I don't allow Mohammed himself from barging into my wonderful jail, Mr. Vitreux.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE. AN HOUR LATER

Sunlight fills the office as the Colonel opens the wood shutters. The Colonel sees Vitreux lingering by his Mercedes parked outside. Kempler enters and is not wearing his customary necktie. The Colonel is cleaning his pistol.

KEMPLER

My doctor phoned. He said it's an early infection.

COLONEL

Yes, we caught it quickly.

KEMPLER

Your medics gave it to her.

COLONEL

No, Mr. Kempler.

KEMPLER
You son-of-a-bitch.

Kempler steps towards the Colonel.

COLONEL
Let me tell you something, my
friend. She's quite beautiful.
I'd like to sleep with her myself.

The Colonel chambers his gun and puts it inside his desk
drawer. Kempler restrains his anger behind the chair. H

KEMPLER
You're crazy.

COLONEL
Yes.

KEMPLER
You find some prosperous Americans
and play with their lives.

COLONEL
I'm an officer in the King's army.

KEMPLER
How did you ever get to be Colonel?

COLONEL
I speak English. Sit down please,
Mr. Kempler. Your wife's very
educated. Our women are hardly
schooled.

KEMPLER
Your nation's very backward.

COLONEL
My nation's based on tradition.

KEMPLER
Why snap at my wife?

COLONEL
I told you. I like your wife.
Tomorrow you may see her.

Kempler's hands drop and rest on the back of the wooden seat.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE. AFTERNOON

Kempler, in hard hat, inspects work. The foreman approaches.

FOREMAN

Comment ca va? (How are things?)

KEMPLER

Merde.

FOREMAN

Ils plaisantaient sur vous (the men are joking about you).

The foreman accosts a worker smoking and pulls the cigarette out of his mouth. The foreman investigates the cigarette tip and sees hashish imbedded at the tip.

FOREMAN

(to Kempler)

Hashish.

Kempler walks on as more workers stare.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Kempler's on the phone as he swallows two pills with water.

KEMPLER

The Embassy isn't doing shit. I'm calling a dozen times a day. The bank is useless too.

(Pause)

Is he a good attorney? Can he work behind the scenes? I know, I know. It's an Arab game.

He hangs up. Walks out to the balcony.

KEMPLER

Screw this country.

EXT. ROAD NEAR JAIL. MORNING

This is the fifth day of Mrs. Kempler's jailing. A caravan of camels block the road. Kempler's Fiat has to stop. Af family herds them from the road. A woman nears Kempler's window. Her weathered face is unveiled and she extends an open palm. Another woman joins her showing primitive jewelry. No sale. He gives them a few coins.

A child jumps atop the car and wipes the windshield with his torn shirt. The child sees the camera on the passenger's seat and mimes to Kempler that it is okay to photograph the child. Since the car cannot move for the moment, Kempler takes a picture of the child. Again, he gives out a few more coins.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE.

The Colonel pours tea. A bird flies into the office from the open window. Kempler is seen standing, with a bouquet of flowers in his hand.

The Colonel approaches Kempler and picks lint off Kempler's jacket. The bird lands on the desk.

COLONEL

I know I made a promise to you
yesterday.

He directs Kempler to the corridor where his wife resides. A guard is a few feet away.

COLONEL

Go right ahead, Mr. Kempler.

Kempler follows the guard tentatively down the corridor. Water leaks from exposed pipes, and some of the ceiling bulbs are broken. Electrical wiring hangs overhead. A long shot of this walk shows an absurd image of a well dress man with flowers entering hell.

INT. OUTSIDE MRS. KEMPLER'S CELL.

Kempler's hands hold the bars of the cell. Inside there are three cots, bed pans, a wooden stool and a pitcher of water. An angular medieval window three inches wide, two feet high lets in a shaft of light. There are too many flies and gnats in the air.

ABRIL KEMPLER, mid-30s, sleeps in a fetal position on the cot. Her long, black hair is filthy. Her feet are black. Her natural attractiveness is impossible to see in this dungeon. Her eyeglasses are beside the pitcher.

Kempler's reaction is quiet terror. His whole system is in shock. Another woman, very fat, is resting by the far wall in the same cell. She stares at Kempler.

KEMPLER

Abril . . .

His wife doesn't respond. She is breathing heavily. Kempler taps the cell's bars with his wedding ring and fist. The guard grabs Kempler's arm and takes his flowers. The guard opens the cell door's slot for the meal tray and tosses the flowers into the cell. He then leads Kempler away.

EXT. KEMPLER'S MEMORY OF A COUNTRY FIELD. DAY

The sound of pounding hooves. Kempler and his wife are cantering on horseback. The speed gradually slows to show the quality of a dream and we see a fleeting view of Mrs. Kempler's face. She is vivacious, beautiful, and radiates strong intelligence. The horses climb to the top of the hill and stop. Her hand reaches out to touch his. Kempler smiles at his wife.

EXT. KEMPLER'S OFFICE AT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE. AFTERNOON.

An attache from the U.S. Embassy, in a Peugeot, catches Kempler leaving his makeshift office. CYNTHIA LIPTON, attractive, mid-40s, beeps her car horn.

LIPTON

Mr. Kempler? I've been assigned to your . . .

KEMPLER

Where's Henderson?

LIPTON

He asked me to . . .

KEMPLER

I don't want a third string utility player.

LIPTON

I can assure you . . .

KEMPLER

What's your name?

LIPTON

Cynthia Lipton. From the U.S. Embassy in Rabat. We have an informal office in Fez . . .

Kempler leans into her car window.

KEMPLER

Lipton, my wife's all I have in life. I'm not going to gamble like an asshole. I want her out of that hell hole immediately. Or I want the fucking jail bombed. Tell Henderson and the cowboy Ambassador from Texas.

LIPTON

We're doing everything we can.
Please understand the Code of Law
is Napoleonic.

KEMPLER

Meaning?

LIPTON

Guilty until proven innocent. The
code comes from the French.

KEMPLER

They're fucking molesting her. You
know that?

LIPTON

Mr. Kempler, no one's molesting
her. I personally know this
prison.

KEMPLER

You don't know shit.

LIPTON

Look. She can be released in
another three weeks. But you could
screw up everything if you don't
work in synch with our office.

KEMPLER

That's not soon enough.

Kempler pulls away and Lipton is speechless.

INT. VITREUX'S BANK OFFICE. DAY

A very large, posh suite over modern Fez. Bleau sits on the
couch as Vitreux looks out the window.

VITREUX

Every new glass building has a
stature in front. Is this
necessary?

BLEAU

Morocco has a love of heroes.

VITREUX

Bleau, things tend to fray so
inexplicably. She really intrigues
me. It must be her contempt for
all cultural habits.

(MORE)

VITREUX (cont'd)
 Either culture. Here or in Europe.
 Or perhaps it is her utter rashness
 about sex. Then I ask myself: Is
 love worth anything today?

BLEAU
 Love is worth more than a Ferrari.

VITREUX
 Kempler is such an idiot, and still
 I feel I have to help him. Because
 I have to help her.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE. NEXT MORNING.

The Colonel feeds a lizard inside a terrarium along the wall shelf. He hums or sings a melody to the lizard. Without turning his head, the Colonel senses Kempler is in the doorway.

COLONEL
 We have the trial date. Twelve
 dates.

KEMPLER
 My wife needs to see a dentist.

COLONEL
 Yes, Mr. Kempler.

KEMPLER
 There are insects in her bed. I
 would appreciate your help.

COLONEL
 Of course. She'll get another bed.

KEMPLER
 And paper for the lavatory.
 Someone from the Embassy is coming
 shortly and also a magazine
 journalist.

COLONEL
 How are things at the Industrial
 Park?

KEMPLER
 Fine.

COLONEL
 On schedule? Do you walk around
 with a little lunch pail?

(MORE)

COLONEL (cont'd)
When was the last time you slept
with Mrs. Kempler?

KEMPLER
Go to hell. Army life must suit
you.

COLONEL
It is respectable.

KEMPLER
The stench permeates the uniform.

COLONEL
It is the King's Army.

KEMPLER
How many women do you have locked
away?

COLONEL
Not as many as Iran.

KEMPLER
She's willing to leave the country?

COLONEL
And what about you?

KEMPLER
After my building is completed.

COLONEL
There's a reflex in Moroccan life
which attempts what I like to call
human betterment. Penal life is
part of that reflex.

KEMPLER
You don't care about these women.

COLONEL
But I do. I am a humanitarian.

KEMPLER
You're a racist, Colonel.

COLONEL
We're all children of Abraham.

Kempler picks up his attache case to go.

COLONEL

How do you reconcile yourself
spending your talents in the Arab
world?

KEMPLER

Thank you for your time.

COLONEL

Your wife is of Arab descent, Mr.
Kempler. Did you know that?

EST. JAIL. NIGHT

The Colonel leaves the prison compound. He climbs into his
beat-up jeep and drives off.

INT. COLONEL'S HOME

The Colonel enters, hangs his hat and coat. His children are
at the dinner table. His wife, plain and heavy, serves from
a large pot the evening meal. He kisses her cheek as his
children spark at the sight of their father.

COLONEL

Habiba. (My dear)

CHILDREN

Yalla! (Come on!)

He kisses each child's forehead and joins them at the table.

EXT CONSTRUCTION SITE. NIGHT

Kempler obsessively checks details of the construction along
a high, free standing wall. Things look wrong to him
although he cannot spot the error. He leads with a powerful
flashlight. Waving, Kempler acknowledges the night watchmen.
There is ample security guarding the construction site.

Kempler finds evidence of tampering with an I-beam at the
base of one wall. He marks the error with chalk. He also
finds nearby a detonator charge that is clearly out of place.
He decides not to touch the detonator and let the security
team handle it. One of the guards comes over and Kempler
points out the breach.

INT. MRS. KEMPLER'S CELL.

This is the seventh day of her incarceration. The broad
hands of the Colonel unlocks the cell.

COLONEL

Good morning, Mrs. Kempler.

She sits under a thin sheet on the cot. Her face, partly in shadow, is puffy and worn. He has a tray of baked cakes and a glass of mint tea.

COLONEL

Sweet breads baked fresh.

He places the tray on the wood stool, and casually sits on the cot, but not quite touching her. Silence. Her cell mate is asleep. Mrs. Kempler's face comes out of shadow and we see all of her features. Her prison gown parts below her legs.

EXT. JAIL ENTRANCE.

Kempler and Vitreux run into each. Two police guards are on duty in the distance. Vitreux spots Kempler first.

VITREUX

Hello, Charles. Things are moving too slowly, don't you think?

KEMPLER

I don't know what else to do.

VITREUX

The bank's prestige and influence can only go so far in this matter.

KEMPLER

The Embassy said today might turn around, but a don't believe a soul anymore. Maybe it's time to bring in a journalist.

VITREUX

No, that would be counterproductive. Trust me on this.

KEMPLER

Do you know the Colonel?

Vitreux makes a sour face.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE.

Kempler, seated, watches two guards confer with the Colonel. The guards exits.

KEMPLER

My Ambassador said there will be some developments in a few hours.

COLONEL

He's a close acquaintance of the Commissioner. You've used your leverage, Mr. Kempler.

The Colonel washes his hands in a large bowl. The nearby ashtray holds a lit cigarette.

COLONEL

Today your wife confessed.

KEMPLER

Confessed?

COLONEL

To the charges. Yes. Would you like to read her affidavit?
(waves document)

KEMPLER

I can imagine how you worded it.

The Colonel hands him the paper and Kempler reads it nervously.

COLONEL

When is ribbon-cutting?

KEMPLER

Several months, maybe a year.

COLONEL

Please do invite me.

KEMPLER

You're on my list.

Kempler stands and drops the confession on the Colonel's desk.

KEMPLER

Aren't you ever given a day off?

COLONEL

It's a ten day shift.

Kempler crosses to the door.

KEMPLER

You could stand a change of clothes.

COLONEL

My wife's to blame, yet she works very hard, Mr. Kempler. Perhaps we could get together some afternoon for tea?

KEMPLER

And for a moment you can pretend I'm not a Jew.

COLONEL

For a moment.

There is a warm smile radiating from the Colonel as he signals a guard to escort Kempler out of the jail.

INT. JAIL CELL CORRIDOR

A stunning black woman sings to herself as the Colonel passes her cell. He taps at her cell bars. She doesn't acknowledge him but lowers her volume. He hums the melody of her song as he turns to another cell where two women are arguing. One of the women notice him and stops speaking. The black woman still singing is now heard again.

The Colonel lights a cigarette and continues his stroll. His cell phone, hooked to his pants' belt, rings, but he ignores it. He steps closer to Mrs. Kempler's cell. She is washing her face using a bowl of water. From a safe distance, he watches her with fascination and deep interest.

INT. RESTAURANT. MID-DAY

Kempler lunches with Vitreux and the building contractor.

VITREUX

I've worked late many times with your wife. I know her habits well. And I know how many nights you were away.

KEMPLER

Clearly, she shouldn't be working after 5 o'clock in this city.

VITREUX

Tell her that.

KEMPLER

You're getting to be a pain in the
ass, Vitreux.

VITREUX

Thank you, Charles.

KEMPLER

You've show your interest in Abril.

BUILDER

Gentlemen . . .

VITREUX

Is that an innuendo?

KEMPLER

It's more than an innuendo.

Lipton arrives just as Vitreux rises out of his chair in
anger.

VITREUX

I don't have to take this crap from
you.

LIPTON

We've a plan, Mr. Kempler.

KEMPLER

(quietly sarcastic)
Wonderful.

LIPTON

Extradition. A change of venue.

KEMPLER

Who cooked this up?

LIPTON

It's more effective than fighting
in their courts. We'll set up
everything through New York - your
legal residence. Once back in the
States, obviously, the charges
vanish and you'll just have to pay
administrative costs.

VITREUX

Count your blessings. *Qu'est-ce
quil faut faire? (What's to be
done?)*.

(MORE)

VITREUX (cont'd)
Miss Lipton, red dresses don't suit
you. Midnight blue is your color.

LIPTON
And if I were you, I'd lose the
ascot.
(to Kempler)
We'll have her out in a week.

KEMPLER
Would you bet your job on it?

Vitreux leaves the table without excusing himself.

LIPTON
I don't gamble, Mr. Kempler.

BUILDER
Very smart.

LIPTON
I need you to come by the Embassy
today for the paperwork.

KEMPLER
All right. I'll be there in an
hour.

Lipton smiles and exits.

BUILDER
Charles, maybe this settles it.

Kempler frowns and finishes his drink.

BUILDER
I know you don't like Vitreux.

EXT. MOSQUE IN THE MEDIA. NIGHT

Kempler with attache case passes impressive arches of a
historic mosque. He sees a congregation kneeling in worship.
A member of the mosque accosts him at the gate. Kempler
knows he is not allowed to enter. He manages to smile at the
Moroccan and Kempler walks away from the mosque.

INT. MRS. KEMPLER'S CELL.

Cold moon light illuminates her cell. Mrs. Kempler smokes a
cigarette. A tiny radio belonging to her cell mate plays an
Arabic song. Mrs. Kempler gazes at her cell mate who is
disaffected. Footsteps of guards are heard.

INT. JAIL CELL CORRIDOR. MORNING

The eighth day. Kempler is led to the Colonel's office. Jail workers lay down pipe. Construction noise is loud. Kempler allows himself occasional views of other incarcerated women and this takes a toll on him. He does not pass by his wife's cell.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE.

The Colonel puts down his phone. He sees Kempler sitting in the chair opposite his desk. The Colonel lights a cigarette.

COLONEL

I know you've begun extradition proceedings.

(pause)

I watch your wife each morning through her prison window. I tap the door, hand her a cigarette or a sweet pastry. She knows me well.

KEMPLER

I wish my country could extend to you the same hospitality you've shown us.

COLONEL

I never know when you're joking, Mr. Kempler.

Kempler walks to the door, awaiting the guard escort. The guard arrives and takes Kempler to his wife's cell.

INT. MRS. KEMPLER'S CELL.

The guard stands next to Kempler in front of his wife's cell. The cell mate is gone. Mrs. Kempler looks at her husband and Kempler's eyes drop. She stands and walks over to the bars of the little window of the solid door.

MRS. KEMPLER

Charles . . .

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE.

With the call to prayer broadcast throughout Fez, the Colonel kneels on a kilim rug to pray.

INT. JAIL CELL CORRIDOR. MORNING

Kempler walks out of the jail. He is expressionless.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE. AFTERNOON

Kempler talks to his builder and security team.

KEMPLER

I think you have to install higher fencing around the site, add live cameras, and motion detectors in the surround fields. Otherwise, we will see a horrible accident.

The team nod in agreement.

KEMPLER

Not next week, but today. Do you understand?

INT. ARABESQUE LOUNGE. NIGHT

Rock music plays as two soldiers drink at the bar. Kempler enters and orders a scotch. He then goes to the men's room.

MEN'S ROOM

Through the mirror, a transvestite in a dress catches Kempler's eye as Kempler stands at the urinal. It only rattles Kempler when the stranger sidles up to him.

KEMPLER

Arret! (stop it)

The transvestite laughs demurely and steps away from the urinal.

BACK TO SCENE

Three attractive women sit by a corner table as Kempler returns to the room. There is non-verbal exchanges between the women and the two soldiers. Two black African nationals in white linen suits enter and find a table. They spot the three women. One woman crosses to their table. The transvestite finally joins the main room and still stares at Kempler. Kempler, in his discomfort, cannot finish his drink.

INT. KEMPLER'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

The hotel room phone rings. Kempler, who has a drink in his hand, answers it.

KEMPLER

Yes?

LIPTON (O.S.)
 It's Lipton from the Embassy. A few good things happened over dinner.

KEMPLER
 (sounding drunk)
 Are you married? Don't you have a personal life?

LIPTON AT HER EMBASSY DESK

LIPTON
 No, I work late when it's urgent. I take my job quite seriously.

BACK TO SCENE

KEMPLER
 I'm sorry to be so rude, but the liquor is talking.

LIPTON (O.S.)
 Extradition has paid off.

Kempler sees himself in the hotel mirror.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE. MORNING

The ninth day. Kempler is seated.

COLONEL
 I have the medic's report. No allergic reaction. Eating habits are normal. Her blood pressure is good. The dental work begun earlier in the week has been completed. They built a cap around one of the teeth. And that is our report. Any question?
 (pause)
 She'll be leaving tomorrow. How about smiling a little?

KEMPLER
 I am smiling.

COLONEL
 A celebration drink?

Brings out liquor and two shot glasses from desk.

COLONEL
L'chaim! (to life)

They drink together, the Colonel smiling.

COLONEL
Must you look at me every day with
dagger eyes?

Kempler doesn't know how to respond.

COLONEL
You make more money than I. You
dress very well. Have a
wonderfully exciting wife. Travel
around the world.

KEMPLER
And you can rot in your jail.

COLONEL
Yes, I can rot inside my jail.
Full of fugitive women. Half were
found on their backs. I am their
warden, their shepherd. They have
sad lives. You know that, Mr.
Kempler. You won't be allowed
physical relations for some time.
Be patient with her problem. Have
you any children? I have six. My
oldest is fourteen. He has my
features and a temper like the
devil. Why did you marry a
gentile? Aren't you religious.
I'm told that you are.

KEMPLER
No.

COLONEL
You get strident like a zealot.

KEMPLER
No.

COLONEL
Have I created a zealot?

KEMPLER
No.

COLONEL
Is it good to be a Jew?

KEMPLER

It is.

COLONEL

I can only wonder, Mr. Kempler.
You seem to tell me so little. Is
this secrecy wise?

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NEXT MORNING

Kempler shaves, cuts himself. Applies tissue. Appears
anxious.

EXT. FEZ JAIL.

Kempler drives up and parks. Enters jail.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE.

After a long silence, the Colonel acknowledges Kempler.

COLONEL

Good day, Mr. Kempler.
(silence)
Your wife is waiting for you in the
next room.

INT. JAIL HOLDING CHAMBER.

Kempler finds his wife in her evening dress and purse. Her
hair is combed plainly. There's a tear in her eye. He
embraces her dramatically. A woman attendant watches them.
He interlocks fingers with her and he walks his wife out of
the jail.

EXT. FEZ-SAISS AIRPORT. THE NEXT DAY

An Iberia jet takes off heading for Malaga, Spain.

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE/ MALAGA, SPAIN. NIGHT

Establishing shot of the Mediterranean resort city. Tall
ships, the large historic bullring, the Alcazaba are all in
view. The focus moves to the hotel terrace high on the cliff
overlooking the sea. The luxury terrace is framed by dinners
around a central fountain comprised of cherubic figures.

Kempler, drink in hand, is at the end of the retaining wall
glancing at the magnificent view. He is dressed in a white
silk suit. He turns to see if his wife approaches.

After a moment, Mrs. Kempler walks over from the hotel foyer.
She wears an elegant black backless dress.

Her make-up has transformed her. Her hair is up, her neck like a swan. Her accent is slight, a hint of Spanish and something beyond Europe.

KEMPLER
I've ordered for you. Clams.

MRS. KEMPLER
And you?

KEMPLER
Chateaubriand.

MRS. KEMPLER
Is it cool out?

KEMPLER
Take my jacket

MRS. KEMPLER
I'll be all right. What are you drinking.
(sips his drink)
Vodka? How long are we going to stay?

KEMPLER
It's up to you.

MRS. KEMPLER
Won't you need to get back?

He finishes his drink. A waiter comes by, serves wine and they hold up their wine glasses.

KEMPLER
To good living.

MRS. KEMPLER
Cheers.

They touch glasses. Her eyes tear.

KEMPLER
What would you like to do tomorrow?

MRS. KEMPLER
Tour the gardens at the Alcazaba
and . . .
(touches tooth)
. . . get drunk.

KEMPLER
The cap again?

MRS. KEMPLER
The dental work was done by a
gorilla.

They stroll in the vicinity of their table.

KEMPLER
Did you hear about your transfer?

MRS. KEMPLER
Vitreux will do whatever I say.

KEMPLER
We can stay in Europe. I can get a
colleague to finish the industrial
park.

MRS. KEMPLER
Can you really?

A waiter leads them to their table, and serves appetizers.
They have an exceptional view of the harbor. Waiters turn on
gas lamps which surround the tables.

KEMPLER
How odd that Arabs drink everywhere
but in public.

MRS. KEMPLER
It's a veiled society.

KEMPLER
I'll never forget his odor.

MRS. KEMPLER
The Colonel?

KEMPLER
His cheap tobacco and dank-mold
carpets.

MRS. KEMPLER
Cleanliness is seen as a terribly
alien characteristic. Unless one
is religious.

KEMPLER
They all say they're religious. He
was a peasant.

MRS. KEMPLER
 For a peasant, he spoke excellent
 English. I believe he liked you,
 Charles.

KEMPLER'S FANTASY/ARABESQUE LOUNGE

Mrs. Kempler is surrounded by three soldiers. The image is
 not sensational but remains vivid to Kempler.

BACK TO SCENE

KEMPLER
 Everything you told me about jail
 feels contradictory.

MRS. KEMPLER
 My nerves are still jangled.

KEMPLER
 The photos didn't show an inhibited
 woman.

MRS. KEMPLER
 What do they show? Do you think
 you married a prostitute? I didn't
 sleep with the Moroccan army. You
 believe I was instigating?

Kempler says nothing but she senses his "yes".

MRS. KEMPLER
 To what purpose?

KEMPLER
 Kicks. How long do you intend to
 embarrass us?

MRS. KEMPLER
 What sort of guarantee are you
 looking for?

KEMPLER
 Fidelity being outside your
 vocabulary, any guarantee would
 last ninety days at best.

She laughs sweetly and runs her finger along his lips.

KEMPLER'S FANTASY/BANK OFFICE AT NIGHT

An attractive woman colleague approaches Mrs. Kempler's desk
 and they are ready to leave together.

BACK TO SCENE

KEMPLER

Do you know what the Ambassador said?

(Texas accent)

"Mr. Kempler, wives overseas often need mad money. Does your wife indulge herself after hours?"

Waiter serves entrees.

MRS. KEMPLER

Haven't you had an affair in the last year or so?

KEMPLER

No.

MRS. KEMPLER

You wouldn't tell me anyway.

KEMPLER

You'd know the moment I do. I cannot lie.

KEMPLER'S FANTASY/ARABESQUE LOUNGE

Mrs. Kempler and her female colleague sit at the table. The crowd is mixed, sophisticated and ordinary. One soldier stands alone at the bar glaring at the two women.

BACK TO SCENE

MRS. KEMPLER

There was a time when you gave me special attention.

KEMPLER

Fatigue is a very human thing.

MRS. KEMPLER

Is it really fatigue, Charles? I can't have children. You know that pains me. We can go to all the expensive doctors in the world and still . . .

KEMPLER'S FANTASY/ ARABESQUE LOUNGE

A soldier accosts the two women. Mrs. Kempler waves him away with subdued laughter. He lingers.

Her companion has given too much eye contact to him. His hand falls on her friend's shoulder.

BACK TO SCENE

MRS. KEMPLER

Isn't it better that we just spend money on ourselves?

KEMPLER

We don't have to.

MRS. KEMPLER

What a pity not to be broke and hungry, without a prayer in all hell. My head's full of nonsense.

She reaches over and kisses him passionately.

MRS. KEMPLER

Charles, are you going to make love to me tonight?

KEMPLER

Did you speak to the Colonel like that?

MRS. KEMPLER

(laughing)

Only if you think so.

KEMPLER

I told Ralph in my office.

MRS. KEMPLER

You told Ralph what? He must have had a good laugh. Wasn't his wife arrested in Paris?

KEMPLER

Yes, cocaine.

MRS. KEMPLER

You and Ralph ought to start a club.

(Silence)

Do you want a divorce, Charles?

KEMPLER

I'm in love with you.

MRS. KEMPLER

I know. Do you think I'm schizophrenic?

A close angle on Kempler's face, attempting to show faith and serenity despite the question posed by his wife.

KEMPLER

How do they let you stay on at the bank?

MRS. KEMPLER

I'm very good there.

KEMPLER

But they're reserved people.

MRS. KEMPLER

So am I.

KEMPLER

And the Pope's Jewish.

MRS. KEMPLER

I never know when you're joking, darling.

KEMPLER'S FANTASY/ ARABESQUE LOUNGE

The Colonel enters the lounge, watches Mrs. Kempler as he talks to the soldier. Mrs. Kempler's friend goes to the ladies room. The Colonel takes off his hat, and attempts to light a cigarette for Mrs. Kempler while we hear voice over dialogue from Malaga.

MRS. KEMPLER (V.O.)

Are we candidates for therapy?

KEMPLER (V.O.)

Exemplary candidates.

MRS. KEMPLER (V.O.)

I'm willing, if you are.

KEMPLER (V.O.)

You'd end up sleeping with the psychiatrist.

BACK TO SCENE

KEMPLER

You make me cry inside, Abril.

She reaches for his hand touchingly and kisses his cheek.

MRS. KEMPLER

You're very touching when you cry.
Can I tell you truth, Charles?
You're no longer modern. You're
closer to the last century. An
architect driven by innovation
lives in the past. You're a bit of
a relic. An antique. A very
vulnerable heart.

KEMPLER

You're just as vulnerable.

MRS. KEMPLER

Yes.

KEMPLER

Why must we hurt each other?

He returns her kiss and they are tightly embracing.

KEMPLER'S FANTASY/ ARABESQUE LOUNGE

The Colonel joins Mrs. Kempler at her table. The Colonel
looks at her wedding ring and gently holds her hand during
this vignette.

MRS. KEMPLER (V.O.)

Charles, let the incident fade away
or we'll go mad.

BACK TO SCENE

Kempler signals the waiter for the check.

KEMPLER

All right. I'll let it go. We win
nothing by obsessing.

MRS. KEMPLER

You've lost weight too.

KEMPLER

Do you pity me?

MRS. KEMPLER

Whatever for?

KEMPLER

For my masochism.

MRS. KEMPLER
 You?

KEMPLER
 Me.

MRS. KEMPLER
 No. I don't pity you. I think
 you're very generous.

KEMPLER
 Do you love me?

MRS. KEMPLER
 Yes.

KEMPLER
 Should I believe you?

MRS. KEMPLER
 Yes.

KEMPLER
 Is the future bright?

MRS. KEMPLER
 The future is always bright.

KEMPLER
 Things in the past forgiven?

MRS. KEMPLER
 Best they are.

They kiss. Kempler signs the restaurant check to his hotel room and escorts Mrs. Kempler out of the restaurant.

INT. MALAGA HOTEL CORRIDOR.

Kempler and his wife stroll down the corridor and pass two nuns. The incongruity of seeing nuns at this resort make the couple smile.

INT. MALAGA HOTEL ROOM.

Entering, Mrs. Kempler sits at the vanity removing her jewelry. Kempler crosses to the balcony. He sees a Spanish soldier in the distance. Kempler unzips his wife's dress, a prelude to making love.

The phone rings but they ignore it. They undress each other. His eyes are open while his wife moves with eyes shut.

They leave the balcony drapes open and they make love with abandon.

TIME TRANSITION

Kempler views his wife's sleeping face up close. She seems at peace and angelic. He imagines her asleep in the jail cell for a fleeting moment. He strokes her hair tenderly. He has found peace inside his heart finally. A gentle breeze blows the balcony drapes into the suite.

INT. MALAGA HOTEL ROOM. MORNING.

As Kempler stirs to wake, his wife completes a phone call from the night stand.

MRS. KEMPLER
Soy bien. Si, si. Manana por la tarde. (I'm fine. Yes, yes. Tomorrow morning then.)

She hangs up, lights a cigarette, walks to the balcony and turns to see that her husband is awake.

MRS. KEMPLER
 My father sends his love.

KEMPLER
 Where is he?

MRS. KEMPLER
 Granada. Maybe we'll see him.

EXT. MALAGA HOTEL RESTAURANT.

Seated for breakfast, Mrs. Kempler is in a bright cotton print dress with a plunging neckline. Kempler is seen for the first time without a suit or tie. He glances at an open letter with a Moroccan postmark. He puts the letter away and walks to meet her at the table.

KEMPLER
 Like our honeymoon.

MRS. KEMPLER
 Yes. Who is the letter from?

He takes an impromptu photo of her with his BlackBerry.

KEMPLER
 I got a call from the building site. There was major accident due to sabotage or a bombing.

MRS. KEMPLER

What?

KEMPLER

We had threats for months, Abril,
and the other week I had found a
detonator out of place.

MRS. KEMPLER

Anyone hurt?

KEMPLER

Five workers are in the hospital.
One man was killed.

MRS. KEMPLER

Let your firm handle it, Charles.

KEMPLER

I can't. And if the other laborers
get scared, the whole thing fails.
I just need a day or two to get
everyone focused.

MRS. KEMPLER

I'm not going back with you. You
realize that?

KEMPLER

Of course I do.

Long silence. She looks very uncomfortable.

MRS. KEMPLER

And what do I do in the meantime.

KEMPLER

You've friends in Marbella and you
can see your father too.

MRS. KEMPLER

So you're going tonight?

KEMPLER

Tomorrow.

Mrs. Kempler rises, walks aimlessly along the terrace
restaurant. The expansive area looks different in daylight,
including the harbor. He joins her and embraces her from
behind.

KEMPLER

I want to save our marriage as
though our lives were at stake.

MRS. KEMPLER

And I want to believe you.

KEMPLER

Do you love me?

MRS. KEMPLER

Yes.

KEMPLER

Should I believe you?

MRS. KEMPLER

Yes.

KEMPLER

Is the future bright?

MRS. KEMPLER

The future is always bright.

KEMPLER

Things in the past forgiven?

MRS. KEMPLER

Best they are.

They touch hands. Kiss. A waiter comes by with a cordless
phone for Kempler.

KEMPLER

I was never shocked.

He turns to the waiter and grabs the phone. She is annoyed
by the interruption.

INT. MALAGA AIRPORT

Kempler heads for his plane to Morocco. His attention is
drawn to the standing Spanish Army officers on patrol for
terrorists.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE OUTSIDE FEZ.

We see the modest damage the construction accident had caused
the previous day. Some police and army officers patrol the
zone. Suddenly, with few workers in sight, a devastating
explosion levels the entire structure. A mushroom cloud
hovers above while a raging fire consumes the ground area.

The workers in the distance run for cover behind bulldozers and other vehicles. Safety sirens go off.

INT. MALAGA HOTEL LOBBY.

Mrs. Kempler greets an elderly man who is dressed impeccably well. This is her father. They kiss each other and embrace. They proceed to the bar in the lobby.

MRS. KEMPLER

Papa . . .

PAPA

Hija . . .

Her father signals to the bartender to attend to them.

MRS. KEMPLER

I was about to drive up to see you.

PAPA

I'm faster than you. You must know that by now. Look at you! So skinny. What am I going to do with you? Where is your husband?

INT. CUSTOMS GATE AT FEZ-SAISS AIRPORT

Kempler clears customs, although he stands out as one of the few Western businessmen. He checks his BlackBerry.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY.

Mrs. Kempler kisses her father and completes papers for a car rental at the lobby desk. Her father stands.

PAPA

Let me come with you.

MRS. KEMPLER

No. I'll be fine.

PAPA

It's a stupid idea.

The attendant brings the car to the valet circle just within sight of the desk.

MRS. KEMPLER

(to the attendant)

Gracias.

PAPA

I'll wait for you here.

MRS. KEMPLER
Fine. Stay in my room.

She walks him to the elevator and gives him her hotel key. The elevator takes him upstairs. Mrs. Kempler crosses the hotel lobby and as she reaches the hotel doors, Vitreux grabs her arm.

VITREUX
Abril.

MRS. KEMPLER
What are you doing here?

VITREUX
There was some business with a holding company in Spain. Still, I had to see you. What a difference a few days can do. You look so much better. How are you?

MRS. KEMPLER
Etienne, really this is crazy.

VITREUX
Nothing's crazy.

MRS. KEMPLER
I think we've reached a threshold.

VITREUX
Is that good or bad?

MRS. KEMPLER
You figure it out.

VITREUX
I can't. Damn it. I'm in love with you. Look what I'm risking in my life for you. Look what I can offer you.

MRS. KEMPLER
We're not well matched and I am married.

VITREUX
Happily married?

MRS. KEMPLER
Yes.

VITREUX
Stop lying to me.

MRS. KEMPLER
I'm running late to meet my father.
Excuse me.

She pulls away and steps quickly to exit the hotel. Vitreux sees her enter her rental and drive off.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD OUTSIDE MALAGA.

Rounding a sharp corner, Mrs. Kempler's sports car swipes a passing car. It's a minor accident, no one is hurt. However, an argument ensues between the driver and Mrs. Kempler. We don't hear the dialogue and the angle is distant and upward.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE. AFTERNOON

Kempler tours with his building contractor and the police the razed structure. Kempler is stunned beyond belief.

BUILDER
No deaths. A miracle.

KEMPLER
Which group claimed responsibility?

BUILDER
No one came forward but we believe it's *GICM - Groupe Islamique Combattant Marocain - Moroccan Islamic Fighting Group* - a large Suni terrorist cell tied with *Al-Qaeda*.

KEMPLER
And will they come forward?

BUILDER
Maybe. It doesn't really matter, Charles. The group has members in Europe and Canada. In 2003, they killed 45 people and the same group was responsible with the Madrid subway massacre killing almost 200 people. They have an offshoot group called *Salafia Jihadia*.

Lipton walks over to join the investigation.

LIPTON

I'm surprised you came back, Mr. Kempler.

KEMPLER

I don't think I had a choice. But this is beyond belief.

LIPTON

You seem to have the luck of Job. I've had my share of misfortune.

KEMPLER

Have you?

LIPTON

I lost my husband in the Iraqi war two years ago. One of twenty eight Americans who died to friendly fire.

KEMPLER

I'm sorry for you.

LIPTON

I really advise you to leave the country.

KEMPLER

Why did they target this site, Lipton?

LIPTON

Anything multinational attracts the group, particularly if it's *GICM*. It has nothing to do with you per se. I know you're very angry.

BUILDER

You don't look good, Charles. I'll drive you back to your hotel.

KEMPLER

We were 80% done, Lipton. I'm not a quitter.

Kempler follows the builder to the builder's car. Lipton escorts Kempler, as if he needed a chaperon.

INT. FEZ-SAISS AIRPORT. AFTERNOON

Mrs. Kempler is next to clair customs. She is composed behind sunglasses and a head scarf.

The guard glances at her passport and she quickly removes her sunglasses. He waves her to go forward.

EXT. FEZ HOTEL. EARLY EVENING.

Builder drops Kempler in front of the hotel.

BUILDER

Nothing scares me, Charles. But this project is cursed, I swear it. Come back in six months. Come back in a year. Don't stay around now.

Kempler smiles grimly and closes car door.

INT. FEZ HOTEL DESK.

CONCIERGE

Welcome back, Mr. Kempler. Your wife is waiting for you in your room . . . *pour s'amuser (for your pleasure)*.

KEMPLER

What?

Kempler is handed the room key.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HIS ROOM DOOR.

Kempler, his jacket in his arms, walks slowly to his hotel room door. He inserts the key and opens the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

Entering, there is no sign of his wife, except for her luggage and her dress draped over the chair. He checks the bathroom and the tub is full of water and bubbles. Finally, he parts the balcony curtains and goes out on to the balcony. Mrs. Kempler, wearing just her bra and panties, is smoking a cigarette.

MRS. KEMPLER

Hello, Charles.

KEMPLER

How can you stand here dressed like that?

MRS. KEMPLER

Well, it's so hot tonight darling. Are you surprised to see me?

Kempler retrieves a bathrobe from the room and returns to the balcony. He drapes the bathrobe over his wife.

MRS. KEMPLER
Now do you feel better?

KEMPLER
Why the hell did you come?

MRS. KEMPLER
I missed you more than oxygen,
Charles. Why are you so stupid?

She kisses him all the while holding her cigarette. We now see the couple from a long distance away, as if someone were spying on the couple.

MRS. KEMPLER
Something bad happened?

KEMPLER
Terrorist blew up the entire
complex.

Mrs. Kempler finishes her glass of wine.

MRS. KEMPLER
I'm so sorry, Charles. The Colonel
from the prison phoned our room
about two hours ago. I spoke to
him and he knew about the attack.

KEMPLER
Did he leave his phone number?

MRS. KEMPLER
No.

Kempler goes back into the room and puts on his jacket. He finds his car keys. She reenters the room and looks puzzled.

MRS. KEMPLER
Where are you going?

KEMPLER
To the prison. I'll be right back.

MRS. KEMPLER
No, darling . . .

She grabs him with both hands and he pushes her hard knocking over a table lamp.

MRS. KEMPLER
Damn it, Charles!

KEMPLER
I got to do this.

She throws the telephone book at his head. Kempler is roiled. She drew blood and there is rage on his face.

EXT. ROAD NEAR JAIL.

Kempler's car races along the familiar road.

EXT. FEZ JAIL.

The car screeches to a loud stop.

INT. JAIL.

Kempler enters the jail's public room and approaches the sentry, who remembers the American.

INT. COLONEL'S OFFICE.

The Colonel's shirt is unbuttoned and stained by perspiration. He is filling out some official forms under a dim electric light. The room assumes an eerie atmosphere under such poor lighting. Kempler and his military escort are at the door. Kempler has a band aid on his forehead from the tossed phone book.

COLONEL
What are you doing here?

KEMPLER
To protect what's important.

COLONEL
I understand. That's why I wrote you a note. I knew danger was imminent. And now someone blew up your building, Mr. Kempler. I'm very sorry for you. I'm glad no one was hurt. But I also thought you had left the country for good. Your wife answered the phone and I called on a whim.

The Colonel stands up and walks over to turn on another lamp. He signals to Kempler to sit. Kempler sits.

COLONEL
You could have been killed, Mr.
Kempler.

KEMPLER
I'm very lucky.

COLONEL
Maybe you are. Don't press your
luck.

KEMPLER
How well do you know my wife?

COLONEL
Not very well.

KEMPLER
You speak her language.

COLONEL
And you don't?

KEMPLER
You took advantage of her.

COLONEL
No, Mr. Kempler.

KEMPLER
Why did you phone me today?

COLONEL
You're at great risk now.

KEMPLER
At great risk?

COLONEL
Look. I'm a very busy man. If
your building is destroyed, why be
here at all? Why bring back your
wife? Are you insane?

KEMPLER
I caught her again.

KEMPLER'S FANTASY/ CHEAP HOTEL ROOM

Soldiers occupy a room and guard the door. Mrs. Kempler,
half naked, lies on an unmade bed. An officer is seen from
behind and resembles the Colonel.

COLONEL (V.O.)
You caught her doing what?

KEMPLER (V.O.)
I can tell by which earrings she
has on. What would you do in this
instance?

BACK TO SCENE

COLONEL
What instance?

KEMPLER
You found her in bed.

COLONEL
I cannot say.

KEMPLER
You would torture her, as you did
in your jail.

COLONEL
Torture is arcane.

KEMPLER
Two Arab brothers would sooner kill
a woman than let her come between
them. Your culture since creation.

The Colonel pours two drinks of liquor.

COLONEL
Why overpraise my people? We're
all thieves, beggars, addicts,
murderers. And you are Dagwood
Bumstead. Yes?

He laughs and motions for Kempler to pick up his glass.

COLONEL
You sleep on the couch, the dog
barks, and your wife Blondie has
purchased a new dress with your
seventeen credit cards.

They drink in unison and stare at one another.

COLONEL
Yet your wife loves you very much.

KEMPLER

No.

COLONEL

You are fooling yourself.

KEMPLER

You're so wise.

COLONEL

I am not Mohammed.

KEMPLER

Your advice is late in coming.

COLONEL

So is the Messiah.

Kempler finishes his drink.

COLONEL

You're very gifted, Mr. Kempler.
You've plenty of nerve. Americans
charading with French names,
working for European firms under a
crescent moon. Nerve to appear
unquestionably American. That you
admire our mosques, restaurants and
women. Nerve to marry one of us.

(silence)

Where is your wife?

KEMPLER

I threatened to kill her while we
were in Malaga. She cheats.

The Colonel puts his gun in his holster, rises, and closes
the wood shutters.

COLONEL

We all cheat. Your wife is from
Gibraltar. Once a crazy place.

KEMPLER

I'd like the photos back.

COLONEL

Certainly.

KEMPLER

What would you say if I told you
she disappeared.

COLONEL
Has she? In the last two hours?

KEMPLER
Yes. Kidnapped.

COLONEL
Should I call the police?

KEMPLER
You *are* the police.

COLONEL
Why did you marry this woman?
You've magnificent dreams of
creating monuments and buildings,
dignity few men achieve. But in
the time I've known you, I cannot
see your dignity.

KEMPLER
No one spotted her as you had. No
one at her office.

COLONEL
They're all whores at the bank. Go
home and tend to your wife.

The Colonel finishes his drink.

KEMPLER
If God were only so kind.

COLONEL
God barters.

KEMPLER
God is barbaric.

COLONEL
Only in the movies.

KEMPLER
Do you go to the movies, Colonel?

COLONEL
Yes. I like the cowboy movies. We
all like the cowboy movies, Mr.
Kempler. Try to act like a cowboy.
Make campfire and kiss your horse
sweet dreams.

He pours one more round of drinks.

COLONEL

You never told me how you met your wife.

KEMPLER

We met a building project a dozen years ago. She was different than. Very chaste. When I courted her, I did miraculous things. Sex alone could not spoil my wife.

COLONEL

I don't know what spoils a woman. Rich living? Perhaps she's taken the worst your world has given her. Perhaps she is possessed by your Devil. She cannot be taught another way. Not her. Devil or no Devil.

Kempler's eyes hold back pain and tears.

COLONEL

Where is your wife, Mr. Kempler?

KEMPLER

I killed her.

COLONEL

Where is she?

KEMPLER

Hell.

COLONEL

It is a joke in poor taste.

KEMPLER

Take down my confession. I'll make it easy for you. We had a fight. Her body's in the hotel room.

KEMPLER'S FANTASY/ HOTEL ROOM

Kempler, alone with his wife, and the lights blackout. In silhouette, she has a violent fall to the floor. Mrs. Kempler is motionless. Footsteps are heard.

KEMPLER (V.O.)

I picked up a clothes iron from the hotel. It was as though I were sleepwalking. I paced the hotel room and I must have lost my mind.

COLONEL (V.O.)

You don't have the fury to kills a housefly. You should have married a Jew, Mr. Kempler. You would be happier today. I think your blindness is in poor taste. I pray for you and your wife. If you have done something wrong, do not make me an accomplice.

BACK TO SCENE

KEMPLER

I don't need an accomplice.

He focuses on the whirling of the ceiling fan.

I couldn't hear her cry. I couldn't explain to her the meaning of her punishment. I couldn't express myself with more urgency than with a shot to the head. It really was the best that I could do. She was very high and taunting me in English and Arabic.

COLONEL

I did not hear any of this.

KEMPLER

There's nothing you didn't hear. Nothing you didn't see. You can't hurt me anymore.

From the corridor there is a shadow of a woman approaching. It is Mrs. Kempler in the same clothes as she wore when she left Spain. She is accompanied by a guard. The Colonel notices her appearance first. The guard returns to his post.

MRS. KEMPLER

Charles.

Kempler turns and spots her.

MRS. KEMPLER

I want you home. You must come home with me.

The Colonel walks away from Kempler in silence.

COLONEL
Go home, Mr. Kempler. It's time I
close the office.

The Colonel and Mrs. Kempler hold each other's attention. He takes a few steps towards her.

COLONEL
How nice to see you, Mrs. Kempler.
Your husband is very entertaining.

Sustained eye contact between the Kemplers. Mrs. Kempler controls the moment.

MRS. KEMPLER
Any further business?

COLONEL
No further business.

MRS. KEMPLER
What did you tell my husband?

The Colonel is silent. She approaches him boldly.

MRS. KEMPLER
*Wash kedebti-l-rejali? (Did you
say anything wrong?)*

COLONEL
La abadan. (No, never)

MRS. KEMPLER
*Wakha. Kul shi mezyen. (Fine.
Everything is alright)*

COLONEL
*Ma kaynsh sabab. Barakallafikum.
(There'd be no reason. God's
blessing on you.)*

The Colonel, ready to leave, picks up a folder and riding crop. He nods deferentially.

COLONEL
God's blessing on you.

MRS. KEMPLER
Charles?

Kempler stands, takes his wife arm in arm.

MRS. KEMPLER
Saida. (Goodbye)

COLONEL
Maa-sa-lama. (Goodbye)

The Colonel removes photos from folder and extends his hand to Kempler. Kempler accepts the photos. Kempler and his wife walk into the chiaroscuro corridor. Their footsteps are audible as the Colonel tosses the empty folder over his desk.

EXT. JAIL.

The Kemplers pass the final sentry and leave the building compound. For a brief moment, Kempler turns his head to gaze back one last time.

MRS. KEMPLER
 I took a cab from the hotel.

They walk over to his car and Kempler opens the passenger door for his wife. She lights a cigarette. The car pulls away along the curving road.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE FEZ. NIGHT

A full moon grins over an arid, hilly landscape. The car snakes along a road without guard rails. At a turn-out, they stop to get out of their car.

Mrs. Kempler is crying. Kempler removes his handkerchief and dries her face. Her expression is painful to his eyes. Kempler has aged.

MRS. KEMPLER
 You're driving too fast, Charles.

EXT. FEZ HOTEL.

Mrs. Kempler is assisted out of the car by the hotel valet. Kempler tips him. She walks ahead of Kempler as they enter the hotel.

INT. FEZ HOTEL LOBBY.

Mrs. Kempler removes her shoes and walks barefoot to the elevator. Two hotel guests notice her. Kempler strays to the front desk to check his messages. He calls out quietly to his wife.

KEMPLER
 Abril . . .

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR.

The Kemplers ride up to their room floor. She hums a Spanish melody to herself. He reads one of three memos.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROOM DOOR.

They walk down from the elevator. She begins to disrobe on route. At the door, her dress is partly unzipped. The door opens with their entrance.

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

Mrs. Kempler flings her shoes with abandon. She loses her dress. He goes to the balcony to shut the doors since the wind has picked up. She is kittenish.

MRS. KEMPLER

I'll shower in the morning. Let's make love to make falling asleep easier . . . I've missed you terribly.

He pours himself a scotch while she slips into bed. Kempler reads the last memo from the hotel desk.

KEMPLER

My office downtown was broken into late today. Files and several computers were stolen.

MRS. KEMPLER

Oh, God . . . let it go until tomorrow . . .

They kiss passionately. He enjoys the pleasure of her touch. She truly loves holding him close to her. Kempler goes into the bathroom and he is jumped by two hooded men. Kempler is knocked unconscious and falls to the floor.

PASSAGE OF TIME - ONE OR TWO HOURS

Kempler comes to and is confused. He gets to his feet and notices the wound to his forehead.

KEMPLER

Abril?

He dashes out of the bathroom. His wife is gone. Several pairs of her shoes are scattered about. Loose money is all over the bureau. Her passport acts as a coaster for a half empty mixed drink. He looks out the window and sees two men escorted his wife into a black Mercedes.

Kempler picks up hotel phone, then decides to hang up. He dons his jacket and frantically leaves the hotel room.

EXT. BOULEVARD OUTSIDE HOTEL.

From a distance, Kempler looks insignificant against the large white government buildings of Fez. At this late hour, he is totally alone. A truck drives by quickly. He blazes across the boulevard. It begins to shower lightly, with heavier rain to come. He makes no effort to find shelter. A pack of dogs roam a side street. The moon which was so visible earlier has receded behind clouds. Under a building canopy, Kempler takes out his BlackBerry and phones Lipton.

KEMPLER

Mrs. Lipton? This is Charles Kempler. I'm sorry to call so late, but my wife was kidnapped from our hotel room. No, I'm not in my car.

Kempler sees a taxi and hails it. He gets inside.

KEMPLER

The United States Embassy please.
2 Avenue de Mohamed El Fassi.

The taxi drives off as the rain comes down harder.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY.

The taxi stops outside the guard station. Kempler gets out of the cab. He presents his passport to the American guard who has been alerted to Kempler's arrival.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY OFFICE IN FEZ.

LIPTON

You're in serious jeopardy, Mr. Kempler, and I advise you not to travel anywhere alone from this moment forward. Do you understand what I'm saying?

KEMPLER

Yes.

LIPTON

The fact that there was no ransom note doesn't make things easier. Best to let the Embassy work with the Moroccan police and Interpol. The CIA has also been contacted.

KEMPLER

The CIA?

LIPTON

These kidnaps are more prevalent in Algeria, but the pattern is common.

KEMPLER

What am I supposed to do then?

LIPTON

Act sane and trust the Embassy.

KEMPLER

I had no trust before in the Embassy, why would I start now?

LIPTON

You have no choice and we are your best hope.

(Silence)

The groups we're monitoring have spread Morocco's southern border. The groups are mostly involved in an ideological driven militancy, dominated by Mokhtar Amar, a mysterious figure reported killed or captured only to reappear again in Moroccan press reports.

KEMPLER

Mokhtar Amar. Great name.

LIPTON

Your wife's bank is alerted and is working with us. Although some banks have in the past, Citigroup won't respond to ransom requests and they are experienced in these criminal situations. We do expect a ransom demand in the next 72 hours.

KEMPLER

What makes you say that?

LIPTON

Because the kidnappers had targeted you inside your hotel room and they had help from the hotel staff.

Her office phone rings. She picks it up and looks at Kempler.

LIPTON

The police detective is here to talk to you. It's a good idea to have your conference inside this office, Mr. Kempler.

LIPTON

Fine.

She stands and leads him to the adjacent conference room where the Moroccan detective is waiting.

INT. EMBASSY CONFERENCE ROOM.

Kempler sits down. The detective is a reed thin man with a lit cigarette. Lipton leaves them temporarily.

DETECTIVE

Mr. Kempler, after the attack, where did you go last night?

KEMPLER

Down the boulevard. Maybe for several blocks.

DETECTIVE

How long were you unconscious?

KEMPLER

About an hour.

DETECTIVE

Did you see their faces?

KEMPLER

No. They had masks.

DETECTIVE

Did you fight with your wife before you were attacked?

KEMPLER

No.

DETECTIVE

Why did she come back to Morocco? Her bank thought she would be away for two weeks.

KEMPLER

My wife and I had intended to vacation in Spain for a fortnight.

DETECTIVE

Yes?

KEMPLER

I came back early because of turmoil with my new building construction. Abril surprised me by following me here.

DETECTIVE

Isn't that poor judgment?

KEMPLER

What is your point?

DETECTIVE

We know who's responsible for the bombing of your building and we're trying to connect this to your wife. You've hired many illegals and that has complicated the matter. You may be contacted by pretenders who claim to have your wife. And you may be contacted by the actual kidnapers. Either way, you must not negotiate with them, Mr. Kempler. Is that clear?

Lipton reenters the room.

KEMPLER

Yes.

DETECTIVE

Al Jazeera is prominent in our world and will televise the news soon. Please don't give an interview with *Al Jazeera's* news team.

LIPTON

He's right.

DETECTIVE

Let me be honest, Mr. Kempler. Your wife may be dead and you have to brace yourself for any outcome. You told your Embassy that her cell phone is gone.

KEMPLER

That's right.

DETECTIVE

Here's my card, Mr. Kempler. I wish to talk to you on a daily basis.

Kempler accepts the card and gives the detective his architect's card.

KEMPLER

My cell phone's on the card.

The detective stands and tucks in his shirt.

DETECTIVE

After September 11, the world has changed forever, my friend. It's as if we're back in the middle ages. And we all must suffer for it.

The detective exits and Lipton sits down.

LIPTON

The hotel staff report no unusual sightings, but a chambermaid did tell us that you were fighting with your wife.

KEMPLER

What?

LIPTON

It really doesn't factor into what we are wrestling with at the moment, but the local police assume that you're in a troubled marriage.

KEMPLER

What the hell does this have to do with the kidnapping?

LIPTON

Well, the Moroccans had heard you wanted to kill your wife. The police haven't eliminated that possibility.

Kempler reacts silently.

LIPTON

So the sooner a ransom note surfaces, the better it will be in trying to save her life and to prevent any harm to you.

EXT. EMBASSY BUILDING.

Kempler leaves the building and a cab driver is waiting for him.

KEMPLER

Crown Palace Hotel.

Kempler gets into the taxi.

EXT. FEZ ROADS.

Kempler looks at the window and is processing all that has happened. More powerful images of the city filter through: street vendors, cloaked pedestrians, bicyclists, gangs of children, goats, wheel barrows, crooked alleys, poverty and affluence enmeshed.

EXT. CROWN PALACE HOTEL.

Kempler exits cab and enters the hotel. He is met by Colonel Safir from the jail.

COLONEL

Mr. Kempler . . .

KEMPLER

What?

COLONEL

I must talk to you.

Kempler doesn't know how to respond. He keeps walking forward and the Colonel follows him into the lobby.

COLONEL

You need my help.

KEMPLER

Do I?

COLONEL

I have police friends and this kidnapping is not like others in my country.

KEMPLER

What the hell are you saying?

COLONEL

You have work to do, Mr. Kempler, because the police will not solve this case. And the bank will not take any risks to help your wife either.

KEMPLER

Then what are you saying?

COLONEL

Let me investigate if you will be able to trust me. I know the underbelly of this city and the militants plotting at your expense. The police won't crack the through the wall. Your Embassy won't be any better at it. And soon they will all suspect you had more to do with your wife's disappearance.

KEMPLER

You're a jailer.

COLONEL

Yes, I am not Sherlock Holmes. But I know more than you think. And you have less than 24 hours to save your wife. The group who took her will enjoy ruining you far beyond the building that fell. This is their sense of violence. They don't want money. It is so plain to see, Mr. Kempler.

(reaches for Kempler's arm)

Come with me. I will show you what I know and maybe together we will get lucky.

KEMPLER

Why are you doing this?

COLONEL

Because I don't wish your wife die a young death.

KEMPLER

I don't believe you

COLONEL

You have no choice. My car is outside. Mr. Kempler, look at my face . . .

Kempler studies the Colonel's features.

KEMPLER

How do I know you won't finish their scheme?

COLONEL

What . . . and kill you my pistol? I'm not a shadow. I am a man of quality. I hold a position. I'll take you to my home and then you judge for yourself. It's on the way to where we have to end up. Come, meet my wife.

Kempler follows the Colonel out of the hotel.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT.

Kempler and the Colonel get into the Colonel's jeep. The jeep starts right up and off they go.

COLONEL

If you get cold, I can put up the top.

EXT. FEZ ROADS.

The jeep snakes through a winding road. We hear the dialogue from a distance.

COLONEL

The group responsible for your wife's disappearance is clever. They hold jobs in the city and many of the members pretend to be ordinary. A few are in my jail and they work under me. That's right. I should murder them, but it is better to know what goes underground, Mr. Kempler. Terrorism is destroying the world I inhabit.

EXT. COLONEL'S HOUSE.

The jeep stops. The men get out. The Colonel opens the front door for Kempler.

COLONEL

My wife is home. She will make you
a meal and tea.

Kempler leaves the jeep and tries to find his composure in the midst of the Colonel's family. The Colonel's wife and teenage son are in the living room.

COLONEL'S WIFE

Maljadeed? (What's this?)

COLONEL

*Lahda men fadlek. (One moment
please).*

Kempler manages a half smile and says the one sentence he knows in Arabic.

KEMPLER

*Al maghrib baladun jameel. (Morocco
is a wonderful country.)*

COLONEL'S WIFE

You are American.

The son laughs quietly and Colonel gestures to the boy.

COLONEL'S SON

*Hada shay'un jameel. (Oh, that's
good.)*

The Colonel takes Kempler into the Colonel's home office.

COLONEL

I have news that is unpleasant.
Your wife's supervisor from the
bank is not honorable. Do you know
what I mean? Etienne Vitreux has
dealings with all sorts of people
in my country and he wants things
from your wife.

KEMPLER

Why are you telling me this?

COLONEL

Because he's tied to this crime.

KEMPLER

How do you know?

COLONEL

It's my feeling and Vitreux has told me of his passion for Mrs. Kempler.

KEMPLER

You're saying he kidnapped her?

COLONEL

No, but he encouraged others to make this happen. Any maybe there is no direct link back to him. I say this because his name might surface and you should not be surprised. And you must confront Vitreux soon. There is more to this, Mr. Kempler. The group who is holding your wife hides within Fez and I can barter. We cannot fight them. You come with me if you wish to help. I have a stronger hand to play if you join me. The men want to see you beg. And money will sweeten the visit.

KEMPLER

How the hell can I trust you?

COLONEL

I don't know. Again, the police will not find her. Think it over now please. We must drive to several locations right away.

Kempler is silent. The Colonel places a hand on Kempler's shoulder.

COLONEL

I don't want to see your wife dead, please.

Kempler acquiesces and the Colonel keeps his hand on Kempler.

COLONEL

Good. We first go to a very old mosque and I will protect you.

EXT. COLONEL'S HOUSE.

The two men leave the house and hop into the jeep. They drive into the heart of the city.

INT. CONCRETE BUNKER.

The room is tight, empty and cold. Mrs. Kempler is tied to a wood chair. An exposed electric light bulb affords the only illumination. A young boy enters and brings her something to drink. He also places a moist towel on her head. He seems sympathetic to her. He sits on the floor by her side and there is nothing but silence.

EXT. MOSQUE IN THE MEDIA.

The Colonel parks his car a block away from a very worn and decrepit mosque. The minaret is tilted and several stone blocks are missing. The Colonel locks his gun inside the jeep's glove compartment.

COLONEL

Take off your necktie, Mr. Kempler.

Kempler removes his tie and hands it to the Colonel. The Colonel pockets the tie inside his thin uniform jacket. They walk from the jeep to the mosque. The Colonel gestures to two men outside the mosque. Everyone is nonchalant. The Colonel removes his shoes and points to Kempler's shoes. Kempler removes his shoes. The Colonel gestures to Kempler where to store the shoes - a long wooden shelf outside the mosque. They enter the mosque.

Men are kneeling. The ceiling is high. Kempler's anxiety is palpable. A few men inside take notice of Kempler. The Colonel taps Kempler and he shows Kempler that they both must kneel. Both kneel. The Colonel drops his head to the carpet. Kempler can only make half an effort to drop his head.

One of the clerics walks the perimeter of the mosque's interior. He zeroes in on the Colonel and Kempler. Within moments the cleric is standing over them. The Colonel notices the intrusion, expects the cleric, and he rises to his feet. Kempler follows.

CLERIC

Ta'ala ma'ee! (Come with me!)

The Colonel accepts the invitation. They proceed into an adjacent room and pass a few more men. The cleric knocks on a wood door.

CLERIC

Abhatu 'an Ahmed. (I'm looking for Ahmed).

The door opens. The Colonel is expected to enter first and then Kempler. The Cleric follows them.

COLONEL
*Ayna ajedu Maghreb? (Where is the
Maghreb?)*

CLERIC
La afham! (I don't understand)

COLONEL
He will pay. This is the husband,
Mr. Kempler.

CLERIC
*Motasharefon, Mr. Kempler. (Nice to
meet you).*

COLONEL.
Where is his wife?

CLERIC
La Adri! (I have no idea!)

COLONEL
Is she alive?

CLERIC
Yes, of course.

COLONEL
Here?

Cleric shakes his head and sits at a wood table. He opens up a ledger book. He dashes off a note to give to the Colonel. The Colonel reads it.

COLONEL
Shokran. (Thank you).

The Cleric frowns. He doesn't want to be thanked and he addresses Kempler.

CLERIC
Very lucky man. Yes.

A few men enter the chamber. They have pistols. They check the Colonel and Kempler for weapons.

CLERIC
Your wife is outside Fez in a home.
I promise no bad will happen.
(MORE)

CLERIC (cont'd)

You bring half a million dollars and you tell the bank half a million dollars. I will get the group to accept the money. The money is small, but it will pay for the children's school. If you bring the police, she will die. Help the children, help your wife. The bank will believe you because Colonel Shafir is here as your witness. He is honest and he not part of this trade. When you get her back tonight, you go back to America. You didn't learn your lesson before and this must scare you. Islam knows mercy, Mr. Kempler. You must take that home with you. What do you say?

KEMPLER

I'll get the money.

CLERIC

Good.

KEMPLER

What time?

CLERIC

I am here all day and all night.

KEMPLER

Okay.

CLERIC

This is your first mosque.

KEMPLER

Yes.

CLERIC

And you are an architect.

KEMPLER

Yes.

CLERIC

Then today you have the eyes of a child. I saw you kneeling with Colonel Shafir. It is always good to kneel. And you are sincere.

The two men with guns leave.

CLERIC

Osama bin Laden kneels, Mr. Kempler, but I do not believe him. I am a heretic who has earned the love of Mohamed. I have terrorists and killers, young men who cry to me. They confess everything over time. I must kiss them and I must embrace them. These men have no secrets. They want to see paradise. And paradise is an Arabesque. This is no beginning and each pattern goes on forever. Paradise begins on earth. Colonel Shafir, has a prison full of women. He must embrace them as well. Do you understand what you did wrong?

Kempler says nothing.

CLERIC

I must go and so must you.

Cleric stands and exits.

KEMPLER

Why is he doing this?

COLONEL

Because he can.

KEMPLER

What assurances are there to make this a safe trade?

COLONEL

There are no assurances but I believe this can work.

KEMPLER

And if they kill her after getting the money?

COLONEL

They will also have to kill me.

KEMPLER

How stupid do you think I am?

COLONEL

I care deeply for your wife's life. More than I should.

(silence)

(MORE)

COLONEL (cont'd)
Stop projecting things on me. I'm
not your enemy.

KEMPLER
You're one of them. You're working
with them.

COLONEL
I am my own man. I gave your wife
some sanctuary and I feel
responsible for this danger.

KEMPLER
Take me to the bank office. I need
to talk to Vitreux. On route, I
have to go to my office. Two
streets before Citigroup.

The Colonel and Kempler leave the mosque and find their
discarded shoes.

EXT. MOSQUE IN THE MEDIA.

They approach the jeep and drive away.

INT. CONCRETE BUNKER.

A mosque cleric under the age of forty enters and signals to
the boy to stand. The boy does. Mrs. Kempler is dozing.
The cleric approaches Mrs. Kempler and lifts her head with
his hands. Her eyes open.

EXT. KEMPLER'S BUSINESS OFFICE IN FEZ.

Kempler gets out of jeep and enters his office.

INT. KEMPLER'S OFFICE.

Kempler has a secreted wall safe and opens it. There is a
pile of cash and he piles the money into an attache. He
rushes back to the Colonel's jeep.

EXT. CITIGROUP BANK HEADQUARTERS.

The Colonel's jeep goes into the bank garage.

INT. CITIGROUP GARAGE.

The two men walk to the garage elevator. The Colonel gives
Kempler his pistol. Kempler pockets the pistol and takes
the attache with him.

COLONEL

I can stay down here. Go alone. If you're in trouble, I'll come up in fifteen minutes.

Kempler enters the elevator and gets off at Vitreux's floor.

INT. BANK HEADQUARTERS.

Elevator opens and Kempler exits. He approaches the floor's receptionist.

KEMPLER

I'm here to see Etienne Vitreux.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

KEMPLER

It's urgent. He knows what it is about. Charles Kempler.

The receptionist communicates electronically with Vitreux's personal assistant. In a few moments, the receptionist returns to Kempler.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Vitreux's not in.

Kempler barges through the lobby and forces his way past a locked door.

KEMPLER

Thank you.

Kempler finds Vitreux inside his office.

VITREUX

Charles?

KEMPLER

We've located Abril.

VITREUX

Superb news. Does the Embassy know?

KEMPLER

No.

VITREUX

What now?

KEMPLER
Money.

VITREUX
Ransom.

KEMPLER
Yes.

VITREUX
From both of us?

KEMPLER
Were you contacted?

VITREUX
My heart goes out to you. I would
go mad. This is all unthinkable.

KEMPLER
I need one million dollars by the
end of the day. Half to come from
your bank. Do you hear what I'm
saying?

VITREUX
Maghreb is playing you. Ransom
doesn't guarantee the return of a
loved one, Charles.

KEMPLER
Colonel Safir is brokering this.

VITREUX
Safir?

KEMPLER
He's down in the garage waiting in
his jeep.

VITREUX
And what makes you think he's
beyond reproach?

KEMPLER
He would be risking a lot if he's
part of *Maghreb*. He kept his word
when my wife was released from
prison.

VITREUX

If I were I would only trust the police detective's unit.

KEMPLER

You know Safir. He knows you. Cut the bullshit.

VITREUX

How will you get your half million on the table?

KEMPLER

I had wired money to me two weeks ago during Abril's arrest and I put the cash inside a safe. Look, I know the internal mechanisms. Citigroup has a discretionary fund for these matters, Vitreux. Abril told me so. You have to meet me halfway.

VITREUX

Why?

KEMPLER

I'm begging you.

VITREUX

There's no longer any discretionary fund, Charles. There's a resolution to the UN Security Council banning ransoms to terrorist groups. I'll ask the board if we can arrange something, but we're hard pressed to resolve this by the end of the day.

KEMPLER

Pick up the goddamn phone now.

VITREUX

I'm on your side, Charles.

KEMPLER

Safir said you enabled the terrorists in grabbing my wife.

VITREUX

Because everyone on this executive floor is a terrorist . . .

KEMPLER

If you won't pick up that phone,
I'm going to drag your ass to
Maghreb.

Kempler removes the Colonel's pistol.

VITREUX

You really have lost your mind.

KEMPLER

Maybe. I've nothing to lose
anymore.

Kempler reaches for Vitreux's arm and grabs him.

KEMPLER

I'm dragging your ass with me.

Kempler forces him out of his office.

INT. CONCRETE BUNKER.

The young cleric unties the rope which held Mrs. Kempler's hands. She is attentive to his actions. He forces a smile. She looks the other way.

INT. BANK HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR.

Kempler holds the gun inside his jacket pocket. They walk at a brisk pace.

VITREUX

You know I cannot help you like
this, Charles. Don't be a fool.

INT. BANK ELEVATOR.

Kempler and Vitreux are alone in the elevator.

INT. BANK GARAGE.

The elevator opens and Kempler leads Vitreux to the Colonel's jeep. The Colonel, smoking, is sitting inside.

VITREUX

Safir, you've filled his head with
nonsense. And now you have the
nerve to collect cash from all of
us?

COLONEL
Give him back his wife. You have
the means and you have an
obligation.

VITREUX
Funny words from the Moroccan
jailer.

COLONEL
Very funny, yes. We're driving you
to *Maghreb*. And you can laugh your
head off there.

KEMPLER
Get the fuck in the jeep. I don't
care how many video cameras on
catching this.

Kempler forces Vitreux inside the jeep.

COLONEL
This is not what you wanted.

VITREUX
This is a police matter.

COLONEL
You are right but let's go for a
drive.

The jeep speeds along until reaching the guard at the booth.
The Colonel flashes his badge and Vitreux remains silent.

INT. CONCRETE BUNKER.

The young cleric removes the moist towel around Mrs.
Kempler's head.

YOUNG CLERIC
This room is very cool. Are you
cold?

He puts his hand on Mrs. Kempler's forehead.

YOUNG CLERIC
My name is Ahmed. I am sorry this
happened to you.

EXT. BANK HEADQUARTERS.

The jeep journeys into the streets.

EXT. FEZ STREETS.

The jeep eventually gets to the *Maghreb* headquarters at the mosque.

VITREUX
I'll get the money, Charles. Work with me.

COLONEL
Mr. Kemppler?

KEMPLER
Vitreux, call your office and have them deliver an attache with unmarked bills to this mosque before 4 o'clock.

COLONEL
Are we going inside?

KEMPLER
It's up to Mr. Vitreux.

VITREUX
I'll try.

Vitreux calls his office. We see a view of the jeep from a distance up high and from the POV of a sniper atop the mosque. We then see the sniper with long range telescopic firepower.

KEMPLER
I'll work with you, Vitreux.

COLONEL
You know the men inside this mosque.

VITREUX
I do.

COLONEL
We cannot sit inside the jeep, or they will soon shoot at us.

VITREUX
What do you want me to say?

COLONEL
Are you involved with Mrs. Kemppler?

VITREUX

Only professionally. Why are you asking this?

The Colonel looks sharply at Vitreux and then turns away. The jeep moves away from the mosque and flows into the street traffic.

KEMPLER

You assigned my wife to your office.

VITREUX

So?

KEMPLER

She's told me how you conduct yourself.

VITREUX

Don't presume things about me. She has a habit of exaggerating, your wife. Abril will survive this ordeal, Charles. But will you? Do you have your cash on hand?

KEMPLER

I do. And nothing's going to screw this up, or I will kill you.

VITREUX

You surprise me so late in the game.

EXT. FEZ MEDINA. AERIAL VIEW

The city's light changes into a golden hue. There is a passage of time. The Colonel's jeep is seen and we get a closer view.

EXT. FEZ MEDINA. AERIAL VIEW

The city's light changes into a golden hue. There is a passage of time. The Colonel's jeep is seen and we get a closer view.

INT. COLONEL'S JEEP.

Vitreux's cell phone rings. He picks it up.

VITREUX

My office is ready to deliver the money in an attache.

COLONEL

Have them drop it off at the prison with my personal assistant - a corporal in uniform - Habib Aziz.

VITREUX

They will not bring it to a third party.

COLONEL

Don't lie, Vitreux. The drop is safe, but not anywhere else and not with you present.

VITREUX

(to the phone)

Bring the attache to the prison in the old city. I don't care, do so!

EXT. COLONEL'S JEEP.

The jeep makes a sharp u-turn.

KEMPLER

Did you set up my wife?

VITREUX

No. But believe what you want.

COLONEL

He does.

VITREUX

Many men loved your wife.

KEMPLER

How do you play both sides?

VITREUX

I don't. But your new friend does.

INT. CONCRETE BUNKER.

The young cleric pour water from a canteen into a cup.

YOUNG CLERIC

You will go free before tomorrow. I know this to be a fact. I can see how awful you feel.

(MORE)

YOUNG CLERIC (cont'd)
 You are in an old mosque. No one knows you are here. We are not easy to find, but you were easy to get. You are the only woman in this mosque. An honor if this can be said. When you need the toilet, tell the boy.

EXT. FEZ STREETS.

The Jeep is making its way to the prison.

INT. COLONEL'S JEEP.

VITREUX

I never slept with your wife and I never touched her. I did love her the first months of her employment, but I was honorable, Charles. If you think she had flirted and betrayed you, you're dead wrong. We had drinks together, we went out for meals. Nothing more. I had nothing to do with *Maghreb* and I know they will kill for sheer sport. I think *Maghreb* found you an inviting target. The building site was only half of their goal. And you cannot reason with them, so money is no guarantee. And money can be a drug, making things even worse. Don't you understand this by now?

Kempler is quiet.

VITREUX

You realize they may release Abril but take all of us hostage. They can honor half of their pledge and that will be enough for them. You should fear them, Charles. They will take delight in torturing you.

EXT. FEZ JAIL.

VITREUX

At least I admit I was in love with her. What about Safir? Will he not say the same? You must have seen through him. Is he ashamed to say that he was in love with your wife?

Colonel, with one hand, grabs Vitreux.

COLONEL
Enough. We're here.

The Jeep stops abruptly. The three men get out of the jeep and enter the prison.

INT. JAIL LOBBY.

Lipton is waiting for them in the lobby and she addresses Kempler.

LIPTON
The bank called us. I know what's happening.

KEMPLER
Good.

LIPTON
Don't go to the mosque.

KEMPLER
We have no choice.

LIPTON
They will kill your wife if you bring them what they want without back up. That is the game they play.

KEMPLER
How the hell do you know what's in their fucking minds?

LIPTON
We are trying to protect you as well as save your wife.

COLONEL
I am the back up. And I knows these people better than you. Believe me I do.

The Colonel pushes ahead to find Habib Aziz to see if the drop was made by the bank.

LIPTON
We know that your wife is alive. The group that holds us skyped us.
(MORE)

LIPTON (cont'd)
I've seen her face. They want
publicity more than anything else.
They don't want a brief case of
cash.

KEMPLER
You're just guessing, Lipton.

INT. CONCRETE ADJACENT BUNKER.

Mrs. Kempler is led by the boy to the toilet. She kneels and
throws up into the toilet.

INT. COLONEL'S JAIL OFFICE.

The Colonel gets the briefcase from Aziz and opens it up. To
his satisfaction, there is a ton of cash inside. The Colonel
counts one pile and is satisfied that the right amount is
probably enclosed. He exits his office.

INT. JAIL LOBBY.

COLONEL
Mr. Kempler. We are set.

The Colonel shoots a firm look at Lipton. She is exasperated
by his behavior.

LIPTON
I can't prevent you from this
action, but you're risking
everything.

VITREUX
I said the same to both men. It's
a folly of untold proportion.

Kempler grabs Vitreux's arm and follows the Colonel out of
the jail.

EXT. JAIL.

The Colonel, Kempler and Vitreux cram into the jeep. The two
attache cases are with Kempler in the front seat.

EXT. ROAD NEAR JAIL.

The jeep flies to the mosque in the old city.

EXT. MOSQUE IN THE MEDIA.

The jeep screeches to a halt.

VITREUX

You don't need me now. You have the money. They will see me from a distance. You should let me go.

COLONEL

No, you should come along until we are done.

KEMPLER

That's right.

Kempler still has the pistol in his possession. The three men approach the mosque. The Colonel holds one brief case and Kempler holds the other brief case.

COLONEL

Mr. Kempler, you will have to surrender the gun at the door.

At the mosque entrance, one of the cleric's underlings recognizes the Colonel and waves him to come into the building. The Colonel motions to the underling that Kempler and Vitreux are part of his entourage. The underling wags a finger signalling that only the Colonel can proceed. The Colonel turns to Kempler and Vitreux.

COLONEL

I will be right back.

KEMPLER

I have to come with you.

COLONEL

Not yet. Please.

The Colonel hands Kempler the brief case so that Kempler now holds two brief cases.

INT. MOSQUE.

The Colonel, removing his shoes, is led into the back corridor to meet the Cleric. The Colonel is frisked for weapons in one of the rooms by one of the mosque men.

The Colonel is blindfolded. He is led into a chair and forced to sit down. The Cleric arrives.

EXT. MOSQUE.

An underling attends to Kempler and Vitreux.

VITREUX

Charles, you can still walk away from this madness. There was no reason for Safir to go in alone unless he is a conspirator. Don't you get it by now?

KEMPLER

Then why did he leave the brief cases?

VITREUX

It's an act. A dumb show.

KEMPLER

We'll soon see.

VITREUX

Lipton was right.

Kempler, on impulse, kicks off his shoes and proceeds into the mosque. One underling pursues him and in the other direction Vitreux tries to leave the mosque. The second underling stops Vitreux from getting away.

INT. MOSQUE. BACK ROOM

The Colonel and the Cleric are in the middle of a heated exchange in Arabic. The Colonel stresses his role in securing a measure of safety for Abril Kempler. He insists the money is not tainted and totals one million American dollars. The Cleric argues that the Colonel has become an infidel due to his alliance with Charles Kempler and for locking up many Moroccans linked to this mosque. During the argument, Mrs. Kempler is brought into the room.

She has her hands bound behind her back and is wearing a white *djellaba* robe. A hood covers her head. Immediately the Colonel turns his attention from the Cleric to Mrs. Kempler.

CLERIC

Maa-i-khussni (it is not my problem).

The Colonel stands and faces Mrs. Kempler.

COLONEL

Are you alright?

Mrs. Kempler nods almost imperceptively.

COLONEL
Your husband is here.

The Cleric signals to one of the men in the room.

COLONEL
Everything will work out. We have
an argument but I stake my life on
this exchange.

MRS. KEMPLER
Why would you do such a thing?

COLONEL
I don't know.

MRS. KEMPLER
How insane you must be.

COLONEL
Yes.

In a moment, Vitreux is brought into the room.

MRS. KEMPLER
You?

Vitreux is silent. One the Clerics men has a rifle.

COLONEL
(To Vitreux)
Where is Kempler?

The Cleric drinks a glass of water and addresses everyone
present.

CLERIC
We are counting the money. If the
money is short, we will stop this
business. I know something feels
wrong, and I can only warn you of
bad things to come if we stop. Who
needs water? We have plenty of
water for you. It is good water.
Believe me. Clean water is our
salvation because money will always
be tainted. Water leads to
paradise. Water is transparent.
People are not transparent. And
Colonel Safir is a man of mystery.
Yet he is a Moroccan officer.

COLONEL

And you are a mystery as well.

CLERIC

Of course not. I am an *iman*.
That is a word of integrity and a
promise of faith.

COLONEL

Where is Kempler?

CLERIC

He asked for a tour of the mosque
so we are giving him a tour.

COLONEL

The arrangement means Kempler and
his wife will go free. You gave
your word.

CLERIC

I did give my word. I have to
battle cancer inside my body,
Colonel Safir. What are you
battling inside your body? Or are
you very healthy?

Kempler is brought into the room. He has a few bruises on
his face.

CLERIC

Now everyone is here. Yes?

Kempler and his wife exchange eye contact.

COLONEL

Thank you.

CLERIC

And thank you.

COLONEL

Are we finished?

CLERIC

(to Kempler)

Did you get a tour of our fine
mosque?

Kempler is silent.

CLERIC

This is an historic mosque despite the poor condition of the bricks and stones. An architect can make a great difference. So here we are together. That is your wife. A beautiful woman and I am blind in one eye. She has trouble always in Morocco. So I say to you it is time to leave this land. *Al Jazeera* televises the news of your wife's kidnapping and the Arab world cannot mourn this at all. *Al Jazeera* informs us of a bombing and again the Arab world cannot mourn for you. But the Arab world mourns for Colonel Safir. And I will tell you why. He is like Anwar Sadat. Egypt did not know what to do with their president. Did their president disgrace Egypt?

The Cleric signals to one of the men to untie Mrs. Kempler.

CLERIC

I think so. Yes. I know Safir well. He can be trusted but he is also Morocco's disgrace.

The men blindfold the Colonel.

CLERIC

The Colonel has a family. You can take this back home with you. He worked hard for his family.

COLONEL

Why are you doing this?

The Cleric signals to the men.

CLERIC

I act for Mohammed. I am an empty vessel. Light from heaven blinds us all. Death is quick.

Two men shoot the Colonel dead. There are scream in the room. Vitreux is horrified and vomits. Kempler throws an arm around his wife.

CLERIC

My men will escort you out of the mosque.

(MORE)

CLERIC (cont'd)

The day is over and you can see the business ran its course. Allah is great. Now you know with your eyes. Mercy upon you all.

INT. MOSQUE. CORRIDOR.

Vitreux, Kempler and Mrs. Kempler are taken down the hallway.

EXT. MOSQUE.

Vitreux, Kempler and Mrs. Kempler are pushed into a black car. The car is driven by one of the men from the mosque.

EXT. ROAD LEADING FROM MOSQUE.

A long shot of the black car taking Vitreux, Kempler and Mrs. Kempler away.

INT. BLACK CAR.

Kempler, Mrs. Kempler and Vitreux are in the back seat. We hear the call to prayer from one of the minarets. Vitreux finally gets the nerve to speak to the car driver.

VITREUX

Where are you taking us?

The second man in the car in the front passenger seat turns to face Vitreux.

SECOND MAN

Maalesh (never mind).

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE FEZ.

The car pulls along side a country field. The second man in the passenger seat orders Vitreux to leave the car.

VITREUX

Me? Why?

The second man opens up the car door and pulls Vitreux out. He waves a gun at Vitreux and laughs.

SECOND MAN

Rehala saeeda (have a good journey).

The man gets back into the car and the car drives off.

EXT. HOTEL.

The black car pulls up to Kempler's hotel. There is TV and other news media waiting. The second man opens the car door and lets out Mrs. Kempler first.

AL JAZEERA TELEVISION

We see a television report on the live coverage of the Kemplers entering the hotel's lobby. There is a cutaway shot of Colonel Safir's photograph. The news report in progress is in Arabic but we read the subtitles:

SUBTITLES

. . . American architect Charles Kempler and his banker wife Abril Kempler are reported to be safe, after an extended kidnapping which lasted almost 72 hours. We have live coverage at the Crown Plaza Hotel in Fez, Morocco. Abril Kempler was last seen at this hotel three evenings ago when she was abducted from her hotel room . . .

Another photograph of Colonel Safir.

SUBTITLES

. . . unconfirmed reports suggest that Moroccan Colonel Abdul Safir was shot during the freeing of Abril Kempler.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY.

Lipton and some other Embassy staff are in the lobby along with police officials. We cannot hear the dialogue, and Moroccan instrumental music is heard. Lipton and Kempler see one another. The police, hotel and Embassy staff escort the Kemplers to the elevator.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR.

With a phalanx of officials outside their door, the Kemplers enter their hotel room.

LIPTON

Take a few minutes to be alone. The police and the Embassy have a lot of things to cover with you, Mr. Kempler. It's good to know that you and your wife are alive and safe.

Lipton exits and the hotel door closes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Mrs. Kempler, still wearing the white *djellaba* robe, crosses directly to the hotel balcony. Kempler follows her. They both are silent. He kisses her neck, standing from behind her. She reaches for his hands. Silence.

We see a view of them from another angle - and a greater distance. He puts his arms around her from behind her. His head leans in, over her shoulder.

Kempler takes off her *djellaba*. She is wearing a slip underneath the robe. We hear the call to prayer from a minaret. The sun is setting.

END OF SCREENPLAY

