

NO JONESTOWN REDUX

Written by

Matthew H Emma

36 sierra Vista Lane
Valley Cottage, NY 10989
(845)-269-1963

EXT. SURINAMESE JUNGLE ENCAMPMENT-NIGHT

A TEENAGED, WHITE BOY races into the bush. A BLACK MAN pursues and captures the boy. The name Wilhelm is sewn into the man's vest. WILHELM, 31, points his rifle.

WILHELM

Brother Thomas. You're getting better, but you'll never be good enough. Understand?

THOMAS, 19, places his hands up.

THOMAS

Yes Brother Wilhelm.

Wilhelm waves his weapon and whistles. MORE THAN A DOZEN MEN wearing fatigues and hats saying: RED BRIGADE leap from the brush and encircle Thomas.

WILHELM

Brother Kurt.

KURT, 37, and white, lumbers forward brandishing a whip.

KURT

You're an embarrassment to me.

Wilhelm drives Thomas to the ground. Kurt flogs Thomas. Wilhelm drags Thomas away.

WILHELM

Let's get back. Papa's waiting.

INT. DUTCH EMBASSY, PARAMARIBO-DAY

A WHITE MAN tiptoes into an office. The placard on the door reads: MIKAEL VERBEEK, DEPUTY CHIEF OF MISSION. The man wears a name tag which says: PETER MARKAMP, PAGE OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF THE NETHERLANDS. PETER, 39, slinks into a seat.

PETER

This place needs better security.

MIKAEL VERBEEK, 40, white with short, blonde hair, sifts through a cabinet, withdraws several files, dumps them into a box and spins around.

VERBEEK

P Man. When'd you get in?

PETER
Late last night.

The computer screen on Verbeek's desk displays an *Amsterdam Times's* article titled: "INTERNATIONAL COURT OF JUSTICE TO CHARGE DUTCH COMMUNE LEADER WITH MULTIPLE DRUG OFFENSES."

PETER (CONT'D)
How're Anna and kinder?

Verbeek maneuvers around several large crates and tears a sheet off a paper calendar revealing the new date: Sunday, November 18, 2012.

VERBEEK
Preparing for the big move. I'll know where Wednesday. Don't care if it's Katmandu, I need new scenery, ya know, another routine.

Verbeek glides open the top drawer of the cabinet, yanks out two shot glasses and a bottle of whiskey, loads both glasses and hands Peter one. Verbeek and Peter raise, clink and chug.

PETER
Still planning to run away?

VERBEEK
Yep. And that's what you should be doing.

Peter thrashes his glass down.

PETER
Please. No more. Okay?

VERBEEK
Wait. At least til you can round up a larger contingency.

Verbeek stomps to the cabinet, snares a newspaper and flings it at Peter.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
Read the lead story.

Peter scans the feature, circled in red ink and headlined: "MARKAMP'S VISIT HEIGHTENS EXILED COMMUNE LEADER'S RAGE TOWARDS DUTCH KING."

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
Well?

Peter chucks the newspaper onto the desk.

PETER

It's fun seeing my name in print.

Verbeek storms to the desk, tears open a drawer and hoists a small, square envelope.

VERBEEK

Watch this.

Verbeek removes a disc from the envelope and inserts it into a computer drive. A few seconds later, A RAVEN-HAIRED MAN donning dark sunglasses appears on screen above the caption: "Janssen Sound Bite."

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Pay close attention to your soon-to-be host.

JERICK JANSSEN, 47, edges closer to the camera.

JANSSEN

I laud the comparison to Jim Jones. His government and the media tarnished his reputation and provoked him.

Verbeek pauses the recording.

PETER

Okay? So?

VERBEEK

Stayed tuned for the cliffhanger.

Verbeek unfreezes the recording.

JANSSEN

Mr. Jones proved incitement leads to harsh responses.

The screen turns blue.

VERBEEK

It's the anniversary of the Jonestown Massacre. Don't you find it a bit creepy he lets you in today? Especially, after watching that?

PETER

Calm down Oliver Stone.

Verbeek nabs the whiskey bottle and refills Peter's glass.

PETER (CONT'D)

Just because you have a bad history with the place and are still sore about what happened, doesn't mean...

VERBEEK

This's different. I'm begging you. Please wait.

PETER

No.

VERBEEK

Why not?

Peter grabs a pencil and casts it into a waste basket.

PETER

Because that's how he wants it and we may never get another chance to get people out.

VERBEEK

Okay. Okay. When you due back at Pengel?

PETER

A little after eleven.

A digital, wall clock flashes six forty-two.

VERBEEK

Good luck.

EXT. OUTDOOR PAVILION-DAY

Janssen leaps off an elevated chair near the stage's back edge. Complete silence reigns over the standing room only crowd. Janssen snares a microphone.

JANSSEN

Let's hear it for the runaway.

Wilhelm and Kurt drag Thomas towards the stage amidst loud screams, boos and hisses.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Bring me that traitor.

Wilhelm and Kurt propel Thomas to the stage's floor. Thomas's hands, arms and face are bruised. Janssen prowls toward Thomas, spits in his face and slaps him. The horde roars.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

What should be done with this vile
filth? Kurt?

Kurt whacks Thomas's face. The mob offers loud cheers.
Janssen hands Kurt the microphone.

KURT

Shoot him.

JANSSEN

How many vote for his proposal?

The audience erupts in a thunderous ovation. Thomas bounds up
when the throng quiets down.

THOMAS

You fucking people serious? He's a
damn lunatic. Why can't any of you
assholes see it?

Kurt socks Thomas's stomach.

KURT

Shut up. I may be your father, but
Papa's our Lord. Show the proper
respect and beg for his
forgiveness.

Kurt turns away from Thomas. Thomas forces himself upward.
Wilhelm reemerges equipped with an electric drill, leg irons,
a hammer and nails.

THOMAS

Please Dad. Please. No. Please.

Kurt strikes Thomas's eye with a clenched fist. The masses
shout. Janssen bellows sadistic laughter and rises.

JANSSEN

There's no escape from Janssendam
my children.

Janssen hovers over Thomas and kicks his abdomen.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

The only time you'll ever run
again's in your dreams.

Wilhelm cranks the drill. The mob erupts into another
thunderous ovation. Janssen plods toward the stage's brink
and draws a pair of sunglasses away from his face. Quiet
reigns.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)
 So what's everyone gonna say to
 that regal spy?

AUDIENCE
 Leave us or else.

Janssen flips Kurt the microphone.

KURT
 God is Papa. Heaven is Janssendam.

The entire audience stands straight, makes fists with both
 hands, extends their arms outward and shakes them.

AUDIENCE
 God is Papa. Heaven is Janssendam.

INT. EMBASSY COMMUNICATIONS ROOM-DAY

Verbeek occupies a table topped by a short wave radio,
 situated to the left of two television screens, which blanket
 the entire front wall. Behind Verbeek are three rows of seven
 computer terminals stocked with phones and faxes.

VERBEEK
 What're you saying about P Man's
 visit Lioness?

Verbeek tunes the radio and adjusts the volume.

LIONESS (O.C.)
 Attention. This's Lioness. The
 crown has landed. Phase one of the
 Four Phases of Destiny: Break The
 Crown soon to commence.

VERBEEK
 What the fuck? Four Phases of
 Destiny's a new one. This can't be
 good.

Verbeek reaches under his seat.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
 Forgot my damn briefcase. Shit.

LIONESS (O.C.)
 Phase Two, Taint The Oranges, Phase
 Three, Raze The Grove and Phase
 Four, Fly To Paradise teams should
 be making final preparations.

Verbeek scurries to a computer terminal, wrenches open a drawer, wrests out a pen and standard white envelope, scribbles, hastens back to the short wave and rips out his phone.

VERBEEK

Come on. Please answer.

PETER (O.C.)

Peter Markamp here. Soon to be at your service somewhere.

VERBEEK

Shit. Knew they'd fucking pull something. Why didn't he listen?

Verbeek positions an open pack of cigarettes near his mouth, taps it, flicks a butt between his lips, ignites it with a lighter and inhales a drag.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

P Man. Serious crap's about to happen. ASAP's not soon enough. Okay?

Verbeek nabs his phone, accesses a contacts list, scrolls down to M. Van Curren and calls the number.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

M. We got problems with Papa. Peter and the kids are in big trouble. Need you to monitor the short wave. Great.

Verbeek's watch reads nine twenty-one.

EXT. JANSSENDAM COURTYARD-DAY

Peter minces toward a fence holding a stack of papers. A MIDDLE-AGED, WHITE WOMAN awaits Peter by the barrier's entrance.

PETER

Mevrouw Nettie Janssen?

NETTIE

For the last twenty-eight years.

NETTIE, 51, unlocks the hatch. Peter moseys through. A YOUNG, WHITE WOMAN possessing a clip board approaches in the distance.

PETER
That's my associate.

NETTIE
We were told it'd only be you.

The woman nears the fence. Nettie hesitates, but signals the woman in. A large sign reading: "WELCOME TO THE JANSSENDAM COMMUNAL COMPOUND" hovers above.

NETTIE (CONT'D)
Fuck. Can't wait to see how this news will brighten Jerick's mood.

The woman wiggles through the partition.

PETER
Mewrouw Janssen. This's Zara Van Dam, Assistant Page of the Netherlands Royal House.

Nettie clumps past ZARA, 28, and confronts Peter.

NETTIE
You know. Everyone's really happy.

PETER
According to whom?

Peter plods toward Zara.

PETER (CONT'D)
Stay behind and process defectors. Any problems, call Xavier.

Nettie leads Peter down a wooden pathway. To the left, A CONSTRUCTION CREW builds a cottage. On the right, A GROUP OF BOYS play baseball. In front of Nettie and Peter, are WOMEN AND GIRLS, who dance and clap.

NETTIE
That's our Peace Choir.

PEACE CHOIR
Welcome, welcome to you Peter. Glad you are with us. Shake hands. No need to be blue. Welcome to you.

Peace Choir members smile and wave as Peter passes by.

NETTIE
Aren't they great?

PETER

Look, I only like shows when they're in a theatre.

NETTIE

Well then, what would you care to see?

PETER

The Special Care Clinic and Anne Frank Senior Housing Complex to start.

Nettie reaches an abrupt stop. Peter and Nettie almost collide.

NETTIE

Why those two places in particular?

PETER

Because I'm here to conduct an inquiry, not buy a timeshare.

Nettie hastens down the path. Peter lags several strides behind Nettie.

EXT. JANSSENDAM OFFICE-DAY

Nettie and Peter near a porch in front of a small, white, wooden structure. Janssen is asleep, slumped over and motionless on a lawn chair.

NETTIE

J. He's here.

Janssen awakens and knocks over an empty, glass vile. Peter extends his hand. Janssen fixates on the ground.

PETER

I want to leave with a good report.

JANSSEN

No you don't.

Peter kneels before Janssen.

PETER

Heren Janssen. Please understand, His Majesty's concerned with the welfare of his people.

Janssen springs forward and attempts to shove Peter. Peter frolics back. Janssen tears off his glasses and thwacks them down.

JANSSEN

His people? They belong to me.
Don't either of you forget that.

Nettie muscles Janssen away from Peter.

NETTIE

Follow me to the pavilion.

Peter and Nettie fade from sight. Janssen snares a walkie-talkie.

JANSSEN

Kurt. Copy?

KURT (O.C.)

Roger.

JANSSEN

Ready?

KURT (O.C.)

Roger that.

INT. EMBASSY COMMUNICATIONS ROOM-DAY

Verbeek claims a computer terminal in the middle row, hoists a phone and dials the numbers six-seven-three, which register on both screens.

VERBEEK

Hit me sexy.

The message: "Please Stand By For Edwina, Embassy Communications Automated Service" appears.

EDWINA

Hello Chief Verbeek. Thank you for entering your code.

A dial tone follows. Verbeek enters 31-42-247-6281 into the keypad, followed by the words: "Ambassador Ruud's mobile number."

EDWINA (CONT'D)

You've entered Ambassador Ruud's mobile number. Would you like to complete the call?

VERBEEK

Yes.

EDWINA

You wish to call Ambassador Ruud's mobile phone. Is that correct?

Verbeek strikes the side of the terminal.

VERBEEK

Yes. Damn it.

The phone rings once.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Fucking technology.

Three additional rings follow.

EXT. BEACH--SAME TIME

AMBASSADOR JAN RUUD, 71, rummages through a tote bag, accesses his phone and reclines on a lounge chair.

RUUD

Yes Deputy.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

VERBEEK

Sir, I wanted to inform you of a possible situation and be advised how to proceed.

RUUD

What and where?

Ruud flips the phone onto an adjacent beach chair.

VERBEEK

Janssendam, Sir.

RUUD

What're the fruitcakes up to now?

A MOCHA-SKINNED, BIKINI-CLAD WOMAN hands Ruud a drink.

VERBEEK

Could be quite a bit, Sir. I've been following coded radio transmissions and believe the lives of Peter Markamp and Janssen's followers are in danger.

RUUD
If it rains, I could be a little
less tan.

A lengthy pause ensues.

RUUD (CONT'D)
Deputy?

VERBEEK
Still here, Sir.

Verbeek writes FUCKING DOUCHE on the envelope.

RUUD
Do what you think's best. Want to
be an Ambassador? Take charge.
Here's your chance.

The bikini-clad woman appears again. Ruud points to his
glass.

VERBEEK
Fine, Sir. Forgive me for
interrupting your holiday.

EXT. JANSSENDAM PAVILION-DAY

Nettie accompanies Peter on stage. Most of the tables are
unoccupied. Quiet chatter graduates to complete silence.

NETTIE
Please extend a warm Janssendam
greeting to our guest, Heren Peter
Markamp.

A smattering of applause follows. Most audience members
whistle, hiss and keep their heads down. Nettie hands Peter a
microphone.

PETER
I'm here to bring any or all of you
back to the Netherlands.

A TALL AND THIN, BUT MUSCULAR WHITE MAN with a mustache leans
against the side of the stage alongside A SHORT, BLACK WOMAN.

PETER (CONT'D)
Again. If you wish to leave, step
forward right now.

Peter lopes off stage. The muscular, white man attempts to step towards Peter, but the short, black woman drags him back by his shirt.

PETER (CONT'D)
 There's nothing to fear. You'll be under the protection of His Majesty.

No one moves forward. ARMED GUARDS surround the pavilion. Nettie faces Peter.

NETTIE
 You'd best get a quick head start.

PETER
 Is that a threat?

NETTIE
 More like a plea.

The audience disperses. Peter minces toward the tall, mustached man.

PETER
 Bart Verhoeks?

BART
 Yeah. How'd you know?

Nettie watches BART, 25 and Peter.

PETER
 Someone smuggled out a list of potential defectors. Remembered your passport photo. Start packing. We leave in an hour.

INT. JANSSENDAM COTTAGE-DAY

Bart flings clothing into a satchel. Bart's pavilion companion leaps off a top bunk.

BART
 Danica. We all must escape now.

DANICA, 23, limps toward Bart.

DANICA
 We've discussed this before.

Bart wallops an adjacent wall with both hands.

BART

But why?

DANICA

Because I won't risk it again.
I was lucky to survive and can't
let fate determine whether I... or
Leo get a next time.

BART

But we've nothing to fear. We've
the protection of the King now.

Danica slides against a wall and slinks to the floor.

DANICA

God couldn't protect us. Me, Tommy,
the young couple who tried it in
Amsterdam that no one's heard from
since?

BART

Who cares? This'll be our last
chance.

DANICA

You're right. But, I can't... and
won't. I'm sorry.

Bart surrenders to the ground next to Danica. Bart and Danica
embrace.

BART

Take care of our son.

INT. STOELMANSEILAND AIRSTRIP-DAY

A WHITE MAN with a pistol strapped to his pants is stationed
adjacent to a stairway leading to a twin engine plane.

PETER

Xavier. Remember that when we flew
in?

Peter points at a red pickup truck, parked sideways at the
border between jungle and tarmac.

XAVIER

Nope.

To the left of the stairway, Zara heads a line of passengers
clutching piles of clothes and half-open parcels of luggage.
Rustling emanates from the nearby jungle.

PETER
What's that?

XAVIER
Not what, but whoever was in that
pickup I bet.

The commotion increases in volume.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Everyone to the right of the plane
and behind us. Now.

Passengers scramble to their right. Wilhelm and Kurt spring from the brush and strut towards the plane, armed with rifles and machetes.

PETER
What do you want?

WILHELM
To give you a royal send off.

Xavier shields Zara and Peter. Wilhelm claps. The remainder of the Red Brigade swarms from the jungle, carrying shot guns.

KURT
Kill these motherfuckers. Charge.

Red Brigade troops ambush the passengers.

XAVIER
Everyone run.

The passengers scatter in different directions. Red Brigade troops shoot at will. A few passengers are hit, but remain upright. Xavier counters and drops two Red Brigade combatants.

BART
My God. She was right.

A bullet grazes Bart's left wrist, but he tumbles into the jungle. Zara gains refuge behind one of the aircraft's rear tires. The gun battle rages. Xavier is hit and falls. Peter reaches the center of the runway and doubles back.

PETER
Zara? Zara? You okay?

Peter darts toward the plane. Kurt shoots Peter. Peter staggers toward Zara.

PETER (CONT'D)
Take off. I'll cover you.

Zara struggles to stand and places a foot forward, but hesitates.

PETER (CONT'D)
Go. Now.

Zara bolts down the runway. Wilhelm fires at Zara. Peter guards Zara and is hit several more times. Zara is shot in her shoulder, but keeps moving. Peter collapses. Kurt hunts Zara. Zara escapes into the bush.

WILHELM
Brother?

Kurt continues to blast at will.

WILHELM (CONT'D)
Hey Brother?

Kurt whirls around.

WILHELM (CONT'D)
Fuck her. Let's finish them.

Kurt saunters toward Wilhelm. Peter is alive, but his chest and abdomen are soused in blood.

WILHELM (CONT'D)
Drag that majestic, dick-licking hostile by the plane.

Wilhelm and Kurt lift Peter and dump his body next to Xavier's. Xavier clings to life, but bleeds from his mouth and gasps for air.

KURT
Who first?

WILHELM
The warrior.

Red Brigade troops boost their weapons and roar.

WILHELM (CONT'D)
All yours Comrade.

Kurt shuffles to Xavier's left, cocks his rifle, centers it over his chest and fires. Wilhelm menaces over Peter.

WILHELM (CONT'D)
You're going out like a King.

Red Brigade soldiers burst into laughter. Wilhelm positions the machete underneath Peter's throat. Peter raises his head.

PETER
Fucking cultists.

Wilhelm forces Peter's head down, grips the machete, executes one fast chop and decapitates him.

INT. PENGEL INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT-DAY

Verbeek stands before an open door inside a small office topped by a placard reading: EDGAR BANKS, MANAGER, in black lettering. EDGAR, 57 and black, shuffles to a desk. A digital clock reveals a time of twelve twenty-three.

VERBEEK
Know anything?

Edgar foots it to a small table and increases the speed of an electric fan from medium to high.

EDGAR
No more than you.

VERBEEK
How long since the last attempted contact?

Edgar inches open the office's lone window.

EDGAR
Ten minutes.

VERBEEK
Mind trying again?

Edgar snares a microphone.

EDGAR
Freddie. Any word?

FREDDIE (O.C.)
Still nothing.

Edgar backtracks to the desk, unlocks a drawer, showcases a bottle of whiskey and a glass, unscrews the cap, fills the crystal and belts the contents down.

EDGAR
Never liked that bastard.

VERBEEK

As a native, how bad could this
get?

Edgar lifts another glass.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

That's what I feared.

Edgar stocks the glass and hands it to Verbeek. Verbeek downs
a quick sip.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

How long a ride to Stoelmanseiland?

EDGAR

Hour-and-a-half if you speed. Why?

VERBEEK

Thanks.

Verbeek sets the glass on a cabinet and hurries toward the
door.

EDGAR

Wait. Are you kidding?

VERBEEK

No. Someone has to.

EDGAR

Do you know how crazy those people
are?

Edgar pours himself another drink. Verbeek casts the door
open.

VERBEEK

Yeah and more than most. Ten
seconds to offer Plan B.

EDGAR

I only need five.

VERBEEK

Well?

Edgar returns to his desk, jots down the address: Barracks
Six, 226 Lelydorp, Paramaribo, into a notebook, rips out a
sheet of paper and hands it to Verbeek.

EDGAR

See if they can do anything.

INT. ARMY BARRACKS, PARAMARIBO-DAY

Verbeek stands in front of a desk across from A BLACK, DREADLOCKED MAN, wearing fatigues, with a lit cigar in his mouth. A nameplate near a computer reads: MAJOR KOFI SPURSWIL, COMMANDER, SPECIAL FORCES.

VERBEEK

Will you help?

SPURSWIL, 45, drops several pieces of paper on the desk. A BROWN-SKINNED, FEMALE SOLDIER with Sargent Epaulettes draped across the collars of her uniform eavesdrops a few feet behind Spurswil.

SPURSWIL

You're claiming another Guyana's imminent, yet your proof's broken crowns and tainted oranges?

VERBEEK

I'm not asking you to start a war, only do a little recon.

SPURSWIL

Not to mention our government's given Heren Janssen and his commune full autonomy.

Spurswil hands Verbeek a card.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

For when you find something credible.

VERBEEK

I see.

Verbeek slogs toward the exit.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Fuck this.

Verbeek's cell vibrates. The caller is identified as Marco's Embassy Line.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Any news M?

MARCO (O.C.)

Nope. You?

VERBEEK

Nah. They do seem to know a lot.
Ain't sharing though.

The female soldier plods toward Verbeek, stops, stares at Verbeek and scurries off.

MARCO (O.C.)

So, my next task is?

VERBEEK

Wake up Bilal.

EXT. STOELMANSEILAND AIRSTRIP-DAY

Verbeek exits a black town car and trudges across the tarmac.

VERBEEK

Bilal. Keep the car running and
your ass in that seat.

BILAL, 28, a brown-skinned man leans to his right.

BILAL

A runway with dead bodies ain't the
place for a white diplomat.

Verbeek tiptoes around the corpses. Blood stains are strewn across the plane. Verbeek descends to one knee.

VERBEEK

Damn you P Man. I warned you. Fuck.

Verbeek darts behind one of the plane's front wheels and vomits.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Think of Anna and kids at the
summer house in Maastricht. The
summer house in Maastricht.

Verbeek snares his phone, photographs the carnage, wobbles back to the car and snatches his wallet.

BILAL

What the fuck you doing now?

VERBEEK

Providing something credible.

Verbeek locates Spurswil's card, enters k_spurswil@leger.su, attaches the photos and hits send.

BILAL

Can we go please? I like my head on my shoulders and don't need anymore gunshot wounds.

VERBEEK

In a couple. Hope this's enough for that pompous Major.

INT. BARRACKS-SAME TIME

Spurswil's computer chimes, indicating an email from M. Verbeek.

SPURSWIL

Jpegs? Won't quit. Will he?

Spurswil clicks the mouse.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Holy fuckin' shit.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Ace. Check out these pics.

ACE, 33, a bald, black man, flies across the room.

ACE

Shit. Where's this at? Who took them?

SPURSWIL

Stoelmanseiland by some Dutch suit we had in here this morning.

ACE

Think this's about today?

Spurswil enlarges and prints the photos.

SPURSWIL

Aye aye Captain.

ACE

It okay for us to get involved?

SPURSWIL

We'd only be securing a location.

Ace retrieves the photos from the copier.

ACE

I mean you know what we've been told about dealing with...

SPURSWIL

It's only to secure a location I said.

ACE

Sure glad you're the boss.

SPURSWIL

Me too. Now assemble Quick, Strong, Crazy and Quiet.

Ace sprints out of the office. Spurswil jacks a desk phone.

EXT. STOELMANSEILAND AIRSTRIP--SAME TIME

Verbeek's phone vibrates. The caller ID registers as PRIVAT. Verbeek holds his finger over the talk icon, but doesn't press it until after the third ring.

VERBEEK

Mikael Verbeek.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

SPURSWIL

Chief. It's Spurswil.

VERBEEK

Corpses are more convincing than tainted oranges? Agreed?

Verbeek snaps additional pictures of the crime scene.

SPURSWIL

Where're you now?

VERBEEK

The airstrip.

Spurswil slides a folder out of a desk drawer labeled: "Janssendam."

SPURSWIL

Why?

VERBEEK

Oh, just needed confirmation a headless man's credible enough?

SPURSWIL
Get out of there.

VERBEEK
Can I count on you?

Kurt mouses across the tarmac, nestles behind a runway marker, pokes his head out and observes Verbeek and the car's diplomatic license plate through a pair of binoculars.

SPURSWIL
To secure the airfield.

Kurt loads his rifle.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Again, get the fuck out of there.

Kurt streaks toward the car.

VERBEEK
Okay.

Verbeek hits end. Kurt opens fire. A bullet skips by Verbeek's head. Verbeek relinquishes his phone and tumbles to the pavement.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
What the fuck was...

Bilal jerks sideways and thrusts open the front passenger side door. Verbeek inches up.

BILAL
A gun shot. Some asshole's charging us with a rifle. Stay down and jump in quick.

Kurt fires two additional shots. A slug penetrates the windshield. Verbeek belly flops inside. Bilal ignites the engine and rockets down the runway with Verbeek's legs dangling. Kurt continues firing.

KURT
Go back to the Embassy fucker.

INT. JANSSENDAM OFFICE-DAY

Janssen occupies the head of a long, metal table reviewing a spreadsheet printout containing dollar figures titled: "Projected Caracas Division Shipment Profits." Kurt sneaks in.

JANSSEN
Why didn't you kill him?

Janssen launches a chair at Kurt.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)
Fucking shitheads. First, you
idiots let traitors survive, then
can't even pop some Embassy suit.

KURT
He was speaking to someone in the
leger. We must kill him. If they
get involved...

JANSSEN
The Army's already covered. I'll
handle the diplomat.

Kurt kneels, seizes Janssen's hand and kisses it.

KURT
Please Papa. Give me another
chance.

JANSSEN
No.

KURT
But Papa...

Janssen lunges at Kurt, tears his shirt and strikes his face.

JANSSEN
Want the chair to take your head
off next time?

Kurt exits TWO, YOUNG, THIN, BLONDE-HAIRED WOMEN prance
inside. Janssen retires to a chair by the short wave. The
women massage Janssen's shoulders. Janssen grabs a
microphone.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)
Attention children. Alert. Curtain
to rise early. All phase teams plan
to complete final preparations by
twenty-three hundred now.

One of the women displays a vile of cocaine, pours a portion
onto the table and divides it into three lines. Janssen and
the women snort.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)
 In addition, all short wave
 transmissions are suspended.
 Communications only through mobiles
 or in person.

EXT. STOELMANSEILAND AIRSTRIP-DAY

Ace and Spurswil stand near a military jeep grounded at the
 runway's center.

ACE
 Why so far off?

SPURSWIL
 So we can't be surprised.

Ace and Spurswil tread towards the jeep's rear. Ace taps on a
 door. FOUR BLACK SOLDIERS IN FATIGUES emerge, bound down,
 line up and salute.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
 Crazy.

CRAZY, 26, stomps forward.

CRAZY
 Yeah Hefe.

SPURSWIL
 Keep an eye on that jungle.

Crazy trembles and offers wild tongue gyrations.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
 Understand?

Crazy runs in place. Spurswil clutches both Crazy's
 shoulders.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
 Do you understand? Come on. Need to
 stay sane for a while.

CRAZY
 Oh yeah Hef.

SPURSWIL
 Quiet.

QUIET, 24, marches forward and clicks his boots together.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
When we break off, you follow me.

Quiet nods.

ACE
Quick, Strong.

QUICK 30, has a visible scar under his right eye and STRONG 27, standing six foot six, two hundred-eighty pounds with bodybuilder arms decorated by tatoos, stride towards Ace.

ACE (CONT'D)
We'll guard the perimeter.

Ace, Quick and Strong inch closer to the brush when a faint cry of help is heard in the distance.

ACE (CONT'D)
Hear that?

Ace stops. Quick and Strong halt behind Ace.

QUICK
What?

ACE
Thought I heard someone yell help.

STRONG
Didn't hear anything.

Ace, Quick and Strong continue on. The cries return, only louder.

STRONG (CONT'D)
I do now.

QUICK
For sure.

Ace freezes.

QUICK (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

ACE
Shit.

Ace swigs water from a canteen and hands it to Strong.

ACE (CONT'D)
We should probably leave it alone.

Strong chucks the canteen to Quick. Quick gulps, caps the container and tosses it back to Ace.

QUICK

We can't.

Ace lights a cigarette.

STRONG

Agreed.

ACE

Come on. Do either of you need to be reminded of the protocol?

Ace puffs the butt and hands it to Quick. Quick inhales a fast drag.

STRONG

Yeah, but these people fled. So, they aren't connected to...

ACE

Who cares? I'm sick of that place and these fucking people.

Ace stomps toward the runway. Quick tracks Ace down and snares his arm.

QUICK

Where the hell're you going?

Ace eludes Quick's grasp and tromps further away from the bush. Quick lurches in front of Ace and shoves him back.

QUICK (CONT'D)

No way Sir.

Ace slams the canteen down. Strong enters the fray.

ACE

Last time I was almost discharged. Okay?

Ace speeds toward the runway's center. Quick and Strong march towards the jungle.

STRONG

It's our job to act.

Ace dashes back toward Quick and Strong. The pleas for help increase in volume. Ace, Quick and Strong study each other.

ACE

Ah fuck it. I'll call the man.

Ace snares a walkie-talkie.

ACE (CONT'D)

Hefe?

Several seconds pass.

SPURSWIL (O.C.)

Go ahead.

ACE

Hearing cries for assistance.
Possible survivors. Please advise.

SPURSWIL (O.C.)

Investigate further, but proceed
with caution.

ACE

Affirmative. Fuck. Guys, ya better
be right.

Ace leads Quick and Strong into the brush. The sound of
footsteps accompany the rustling. Ace, Quick and Strong draw
their weapons.

ACE (CONT'D)

Who's there? This's the Surinamese
Army.

There is no response, but the clamor intensifies. Ace, Quick
and Strong march deeper into the jungle. Zara and Bart emerge
with their hands up.

ZARA

They murdered my boss.

Zara quivers, crumbles down and sobs. Ace, Quick and Strong
lower their guns at a deliberate pace.

BART

She's Peter Markamp's assistant.
I'm Bart Verhoeke, one of the
defectors.

ACE

Check 'em.

Quick and Strong frisk Bart and Zara.

QUICK
They're clean.

ACE
Okay. Anyone else survive?

BART
Everyone so far, but a couple are hurt bad.

ACE
Where're they?

Bart aids Zara to her feet and gestures to his right.

BART
Follow me.

Ace, Quick and Strong trail Bart and Zara.

INT. EMBASSY-DAY

Verbeek sinks into a chair at the side of a long table. A large portrait of a man in a military uniform inscribed: HIS MAJESTY, KING JONAS hangs on the far wall. Verbeek jacks a phone.

VERBEEK
Three minutes ago. In the Conference Room.

A TALL, WHITE MAN with short-blond hair enters several seconds later.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
Marco. No offense, but I never thought I'd find your face such a beautiful sight.

MARCO, 32, occupies a chair to the left of Verbeek.

MARCO
None taken. Anyway, there's much news and none of it's good.

Verbeek inches upward, slogs toward a water cooler, grabs a plastic cup and fills it.

VERBEEK
I boomerang your words my friend.

Verbeek's hands quake and he drops the cup.

MARCO

Shit. What the fuck's wrong?

VERBEEK

You first.

MARCO

Okay. The party's scheduled for twenty-three, Janssen suspended short wave and the Palace's getting antsy.

Verbeek snares his mobile. The screen is cracked.

VERBEEK

Yeah, that's all pretty bad, but my news's worse.

Tears ski down Verbeek's face.

MARCO

Oh shit. Peter?

VERBEEK

Bastards decapitated him. I told him to wait M. He wouldn't listen.

MARCO

Fuck. I'm sorry.

Verbeek taps the cell phone several times.

VERBEEK

Great. Broken phone too. Glad Anna convinced me to add an extra one to our plan.

Verbeek dumps the phone on the table.

MARCO

My next job is?

VERBEEK

Stall.

Marco slams his hand against a wall.

MARCO

Joni wants answers. We're already fucked. Can we please try and avoid the guillotine?

Verbeek repeatedly twirls and clicks a silver, ball-point pen.

VERBEEK

Give me a little more time to prove my theory. Okay?

Marco slinks into a chair.

MARCO

What theory?

VERBEEK

Heard of Jonestown?

MARCO

Only those awful pictures and the phrase "Drinking The Kool-Aid."

VERBEEK

Do a little more research.

EXT. PATIO OF A BEACH FRONT MANSION-DAY

Janssen sits atop an umbrella-shaded table. A HEAVYSET, BALD, BLACK MAN stands across from Janssen.

JANSSEN

Well Piranha, it still safe to assume you'll keep the army home tonight?

PIRANHA

You're in my house. Use a respectful tone. Understand? I'm not one of your whores.

Janssen leaps off the table and kneels before PIRANHA, 66.

JANSSEN

My apologies.

PIRANHA

They may sniff, but know better than to smell.

JANSSEN

And you guarantee that?

A YOUNG, THIN, WHITE WOMAN serves Janssen beer and Piranha whiskey on the rocks. The woman runs her hand across Piranha's face. Piranha downs the booze.

PIRANHA

For a price.

Janssen chugs the beer. The woman brings Janssen a refill.

PIRANHA (CONT'D)

Your people fucked up and the Dutch Embassy wasn't blind at all. Was it?

JANSSEN

I'm prepared to bargain.

Piranha places a pistol on the table.

PIRANHA

That's why I like ya. You understand the value of correcting a disadvantage.

Piranha plops down on a bench near the table.

PIRANHA (CONT'D)

Tell ya what. A permanent ten percent cut of your new Venezuela yayo operation ensures you'll be the only one causing chaos in the jungle tonight.

JANSSEN

I'm fair, not selfless.

Piranha's drink is replenished.

PIRANHA

Did you know Military Magazine rated our Army one of the best trained small forces in the world last year?

JANSSEN

Fine. Fat, corrupt, jackass.

PIRANHA

Maybe, but now one with platinum hooves and a golden bell.

EXT. BARRACKS-DAY

Verbeek minces into a shooting range and dons ear coverings. Spurswil unloads a round of ammo at a moving target. Spurswil and Verbeek remove the ear coverings.

VERBEEK

What's happening?

SPURSWIL
Some positive developments.

VERBEEK
Like?

SPURSWIL
Fifteen survivors. Found them in
the jungle.

Spurswil rearms his weapon and pops the ear coverings back on.

VERBEEK
Can I speak to them?

SPURSWIL
All you want. They're at University
Hospital.

VERBEEK
So what's your plan?

SPURSWIL
For what?

Spurswil cocks his weapon and aims it at a stationary target.

VERBEEK
You know what I'm asking.

SPURSWIL
Don't have one.

VERBEEK
As in, one hasn't been put together
yet?

Verbeek plants the ear guards back on. Spurswil riddles the target with bullets.

SPURSWIL
As in, there isn't one.

Verbeek wrenches off his ear coverings and strikes them against a cement barrier.

VERBEEK
You saw what happened. How can you
ignore that?

SPURSWIL

Look Chief. Your colleague's death was tragic, but doesn't guarantee an inferno's kindling. He was warned to stay away.

Verbeek points at the stationary target.

VERBEEK

Mind if I try?

Spurswil extracts a pistol from his boot. Verbeek repositions the ear coverings.

SPURSWIL

Target's yours.

Verbeek releases the safety catch and nails the mark with each shot.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

I'm afraid to ask how, when or why.

VERBEEK

Diplomacy breeds anger and frustration. Worked it out at a range outside Amsterdam for years.

SPURSWIL

Impressive.

VERBEEK

Yeah. The trouble is communiques are the only thing I fire these days and you know it'll take guns.

Spurswil storms off. Verbeek chases Spurswil, clutches his shoulders and pushes him. Spurswil shoves Verbeek back. Verbeek and Spurswil stand nose to nose.

SPURSWIL

Gotta show me a little more smoke. I'm not against dispatching the fire brigade, but not before there's an alarm or two.

VERBEEK

Fine. I'll rub a few rocks together.

INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL PARAMARIBO-DAY

Verbeek and Zara stand in the center of a windowless, unfurnished waiting room. Bart remains off to the side.

VERBEEK
This everyone?

ZARA
Guess so. Most are still too scared
of talking.

Bart stomps toward Verbeek.

BART
Or too tired.

ZARA
Chief, this's Bart Verhoeks.

VERBEEK
I've read Heren Verhoeks's letters.

BART
Sure. Just like Lester's right?

Verbeek's phone chimes.

VERBEEK
Pardon me.

A text from Spurswil reads: "Meet me at Twenty-Two Anthony Nesty Street."

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
Sorry, I have to leave for a bit.

BART
Of course. Same as your prick boss.

Verbeek confronts Bart.

VERBEEK
You're wrong.

BART
Bullshit.

Bart blitzes out. The bandages on Zara's shoulder loosen, causing her to bleed. Zara tries, but cannot reattach the coverings.

ZARA
Damn it.

VERBEEK

Allow me.

Verbeek refastens Zara's bandages.

ZARA

Thanks. Sorry about Bart. They need time.

VERBEEK

I don't think there's much left. Heard of Jonestown?

Zara winces. Verbeek escorts Zara to a sofa.

ZARA

A little. Why?

VERBEEK

I believe Janssen's planning something similar.

Zara wheezes. Verbeek pours Zara a glass of water and hands it to her.

ZARA

Why? What could possibly...

VERBEEK

A hunch. Not to mention what happened to Peter.

ZARA

I'm not making the connection.

VERBEEK

Get to a computer and Google Jonestown Massacre.

Verbeek grasps Zara's hand.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

I'm not joking and only they'll be able to confirm my suspicions.

ZARA

Okay. I'll do my best.

EXT. ANTHONY NESTY STREET, PARAMARIBO-DAY

Verbeek steps away from a black SUV. Spurswil stands before a small, one floor dwelling.

VERBEEK

So?

Spurswil points at the house.

SPURSWIL

Our friends city headquarters.

VERBEEK

The embassy had no knowledge of such a place.

SPURSWIL

Neither did we. An inside source told us an hour ago.

Spurswil doubles back to the jeep and plucks a megaphone out of a rear compartment.

VERBEEK

What's that for?

SPURSWIL

Personal introductions.

VERBEEK

What inspired the sudden interest?

SPURSWIL

A few other things our source mentioned.

Ace, Quick and Strong advance across a manicured lawn towards the backyard. Spurswil faces Verbeek.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Move.

Spurswil elevates the megaphone.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Attention. Attention. This's the Surinamese Army. Please acknowledge.

There is no response.

VERBEEK

What're you gonna do?

SPURSWIL

Didn't I say step back?

Verbeek retreats. Spurswil lifts the megaphone again.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Attention. This's your second and final warning. Thirty seconds.

Ace, Quick and Strong hustle back into the front yard.

QUICK

No rear or side doors.

Spurswil points. Ace, Quick and Strong cock their weapons. The half-minute expires without acknowledgement.

SPURSWIL

We're going in.

Verbeek strides toward the home.

VERBEEK

Awesome.

Spurswil pulls Verbeek's arm and drags him back.

SPURSWIL

Not you. Us.

VERBEEK

No fucking way Major.

SPURSWIL

Relax. Only til the place's secure. Please?

Verbeek stomps to his right.

VERBEEK

Fine, but that better not take long.

Spurswil and Ace man either side of the entrance. Quick flanks Ace. Strong wings Spurswil. Spurswil breaks inside. Ace, Quick and Strong follow. Verbeek tiptoes toward the house.

INT. JANSSENDAM HEADQUARTERS-DAY

Spurswil, Quick, Strong and Ace peruse an unfurnished living room. Large, open boxes filled with papers blanket the floor. Spurswil pussyfoots to a closed door and rotates the knob.

SPURSWIL

Locked.

Spurswil positions his ear on the door. Music plays at a low volume. Spurswil shifts back and waves Ace, Quick and Strong ahead. Ace, Quick and Strong slither forward with guns drawn.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Anyone in here?

Several seconds pass. Spurswil forces entry. The unoccupied room is outfitted by a table topped by a disconnected short wave and a small, transistor radio. A chair stacked with papers is stationed against the back wall.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Guys.

Spurswil grabs several documents off the pile.

ACE (O.C.)
Yep.

SPURSWIL
Start going though the boxes.

Spurswil glances at a folder designated: "House Photos," opens it and flips through several pictures chronicling the construction of an ocean front mansion from January 2010 through October 2012.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Interesting.

Spurswil reenters the living room. Verbeek bursts inside. Ace, Quick and Strong direct their guns on Verbeek.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Stand down boys. This's Chief Verbeek of the Dutch Embassy.

Ace, Quick and Strong lower their weapons.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Chief. Meet Ace, Quick and Strong. Men, this's the dude responsible for today's little Odyssey.

VERBEEK
What'd you find?

Spurswil holds up the folder.

SPURSWIL
Why didn't you do as I asked?

VERBEEK
What's inside that?

Verbeek snakes toward Spurswil and nabs the folder. Spurswil snares the binder back.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
How 'bout the boxes?

ACE
Banking statements from The
American Savings and Loan in New
York City.

Quick kicks one of the boxes and points.

QUICK
Banco Nacional in Mexico City.

STRONG
Grand Cayman's Trust from mine.

VERBEEK
Send all this stuff to the Embassy.

Spurswil lights a stogie. Verbeek wrests several folders from a box.

SPURSWIL
Not yet Chief.

VERBEEK
Excuse me.

SPURSWIL
I'll be glad to share once we look
at it.

Verbeek dumps the folders into a box and sneaks out of the living room.

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

VERBEEK
On a self-led tour.

SPURSWIL (O.C.)
Find out where else they're
collecting interest.

Verbeek inches into a bedroom and shuffles around several sleeping bags and a few open, half-filled suitcases spread out across the floor. The closet and pulled out dresser drawers are empty.

VERBEEK

Ah, Major.

Spurswil bolts into the room.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Seems like they were in a pretty big hurry.

SPURSWIL

Your point being?

VERBEEK

The alarm was more than a call to wake up this morning.

Verbeek wanders down the hall, edges into a kitchen and flips a light switch. A frying pan covers one of the stove's front burners. Three half-eaten plates of scrambled eggs top the table. Spurswil enters.

SPURSWIL

What'd ya find in here Dr. Watson?

Verbeek totters to the counter and touches an unplugged coffee pot. The sink is empty.

VERBEEK

Breakfast was interrupted. Pot's still warm. I'm seeing smoke. You? And I prefer Mr. Holmes.

SPURSWIL

Sorry. Not thick enough to trip an alarm's sensor Sherlock.

Spurswil lumbers out of the kitchen.

SPURSWIL (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Ace. Get all these boxes to the jeep.

EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL-DAY

Verbeek breezes through a courtyard. Bart dribbles a soccer ball around Verbeek.

VERBEEK
How long have you played?

Bart kicks the ball between Verbeek's legs.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
Tell ya what.

Bart lifts the ball up and heads it several times.

BART
What?

VERBEEK
Get it past me, I'll go. Can't, you
squeal. Okay?

Bart stops, strikes the ball up and catches it midair.

BART
Deal.

Bart places the ball down, fakes right, but dribbles left.
Verbeek steals the ball.

BART (CONT'D)
Damn it.

Verbeek snares the ball.

VERBEEK
Still remember something from those
days on Holland's Under-17 team.

Verbeek slides the ball to Bart.

BART
I don't know a damn thing about the
Four Phases of Destiny.

Bart launches the ball over Verbeek's head.

BART (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Verbeek reclaims the ball close to a sidewalk, dribbles ahead
and strikes it. The ball bounces off Bart's knee.

VERBEEK
He ever mention a guy named Jim
Jones?

BART
A few times.

Bart elevates the ball and heads it to Verbeek.

VERBEEK
In what context?

Verbeek fields the ball with his foot and sidekicks it to Bart.

BART
That Jones helped a lot of people
and got fucked like Janssen
believes he's been.

Bart nudges the ball to Verbeek.

BART (CONT'D)
None of us knew shit. Your best
bet's to find Shanna.

VERBEEK
Who the hell's Shanna?

Verbeek dribbles and edges the ball to Bart.

BART
That gal you've been hearing on the
radio.

VERBEEK
Lioness?

Bart crouches down.

BART
Oh, that's her alias? Real name's
Shanna Amundssen, Janssen's
Communications Director and another
floozy he fucks.

Verbeek nails the ball. Bart avoids the kick and surrenders to the ground.

VERBEEK
What's wrong?

BART
Shit. I don't think he's fucking
around this time.

VERBEEK
About what?

BART
 We've been having drills for the
 last six months.

Verbeek joins Bart and sits atop the ball.

VERBEEK
 What kind of drills?

BART
 Suicide rehearsals. Janssen'd call
 them White Nights.

Verbeek bashes the ball. Bart fields it with his chest.

VERBEEK
 Just like in Jonestown.

BART
 Huh?

VERBEEK
 Never mind. Continue.

Bart glides the ball to Verbeek.

BART
 Late night, he'd psych us into a
 frenzied state, drag us to the
 pavilion and order us to prepare
 for attack. Sometimes it'd be the
 Dutch, others the Surinamese.

Verbeek smashes the ball. Bart dives and blocks it with his
 hands.

VERBEEK
 Fuck. This nut's creating an exact
 historical replica. Never seen such
 a cluster of people afflicted with
 acute blindness.

BART
 They'd hand us small cups of juice.
 We'd all drink it. After a few
 seconds, he'd say it was poison and
 we'd soon be dead.

Bart pelts the ball upward and catches it.

VERBEEK
 Fuck me.

BART
That's what we thought. Time would
pass and he'd tell us it was only a
loyalty test.

Bart catapults the ball across the courtyard.

BART (CONT'D)
There was also the week-long siege.

Verbeek brandishes a cigarette, lights it and inhales a quick
drag.

VERBEEK
I've heard all I need to.

Verbeek recoups the ball and launches it into the air.

BART
Ya think he'll go through with it?

VERBEEK
I've no doubt now.

Verbeek slogs away. Bart cries.

BART
My partner and son are still there.
Can't anybody stop him?

Verbeek approaches Bart and extends his hand.

VERBEEK
Heren Verhoeks. I promise I'll try.

Bart accepts Verbeek's hand and they complete the formality.

INT. BARRACKS-DAY

Verbeek and Spurswil gather towards the rear of a room
equipped with computers, speakers and a short wave radio.

SPURSWIL
It's an important development.

VERBEEK
Then you're on board.

SPURSWIL
Define on board?

Verbeek stomps a few feet to his right.

VERBEEK

It necessary to keep playing
detective? His admission wasn't an
alarm, it was an air raid siren.
You'd only be deaf if you so
choose.

SPURSWIL

What're you implying Chief?

VERBEEK

You tell me.

Quick opens a silver, metal briefcase.

QUICK

What'd the escapee say that woman's
name was?

VERBEEK

Lioness?

QUICK

Yeah, but her real name.

Quick withdraws what appears to be a large, laptop computer
attached to a black base and two, long, thin, stick-like
objects.

VERBEEK

Shanna Amundssen. Why?

Quick attaches the apparatus's wires into a computer.

QUICK

We may be able to trace her phone.

VERBEEK

With a laptop?

QUICK

Ain't no laptop. You're looking at
a GSM Interceptor.

VERBEEK

Oh. Okay.

Quick flips up the interceptor's screen.

QUICK

How do you spell her name?

VERBEEK

S-H-A-N-N-A. A-M-U-N-D-S-S-E-N.

Quick enters the name into a database.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
How does this work?

The interceptor reveals a fresh screen, which says:
"Searching, Please Wait."

QUICK
Watch.

The screen flashes the name Shanna Amundssen, followed by the company moniker Telesur, the number 85-48761 and the words:
"Call In Progress."

QUICK (CONT'D)
Okay. Got her name and service provider. And, as's often the case with my girlfriend, she's on the phone.

Verbeek and Spurswil leap up and observe the interceptor's screen.

SPURSWIL
Then, let's nail her.

Quick presses the interceptor's keypad a few times and a new screen appears, which reads: "Tracing In Progress."

VERBEEK
Any idea?

Another screen appears, detailing a map outlying the outskirts of Paramaribo. A large, bright red, square in the top, right corner flashes. The words: "Undisclosed Address" surface a few seconds later.

QUICK
Shit.

VERBEEK
What's wrong?

Quick pounds the table with both hands.

QUICK
Couldn't get an exact location.

SPURSWIL
Approximate.

QUICK

Judging by the signal, my only
guess'd be Shantyville.

VERBEEK

What's Shantyville?

Spurswil giggles and plods toward the door.

QUICK

Not a place with front lawns,
driveways and mailboxes.

EXT. JANSSENDAM PAVILION-DAY

Nettie and Wilhelm lug several boxes to a table. Hundreds of plastic cups and syringes cover an adjacent table. A YOUNG, DARK-HAIRED, THIN, WHITE WOMAN broods at the stage's edge.

NETTIE

Try to be discreet.

Nettie approaches the weeping woman.

NETTIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong Marie?

Nettie rests down beside MARIE KLEINE, 25.

MARIE

Having trouble.

Wilhelm lugs a large, green barrel within a few feet of Janssen's throne chair.

NETTIE

With what dear?

Wilhelm tears open a box with a knife, withdraws and unfastens several plastic bottles with the skull and bones symbol above the words: "DANGER POISON" and empties their contents into the vat.

MARIE

There any other way?

NETTIE

Tomorrow, you'll be a wealthy
woman.

Wilhelm unseals another box and yanks out a few small packets labeled: "DRINK MIX," shreds them open and deposits their powdery contents into the barrel.

MARIE

I know but...

NETTIE

This's Papa's will. We wouldn't want to disobey him. Would we?

Wilhelm fills the drum with a fire hose.

MARIE

Can we make it less bitter?

Wilhelm stirs the concoction with a large, wooden spoon.

NETTIE

Honey, aftertaste ain't gonna be a problem.

Wilhelm and Nettie laugh. Marie wipes tears away.

MARIE

Okay. Papa's God.

Nettie conceals the vat and utensils tables. Wilhelm snares a walkie-talkie.

WILHELM

Phase Two preparations complete. I repeat, we're ready to Taint The Oranges.

JANSSEN (O.C.)

Copy.

EXT. SHANTYVILLE-DAY

Spurswil, Verbeek and Spurswil's men disembark from a jeep. Spurswil taps Verbeek's shoulder.

SPURSWIL

Can't persuade you to stay in the truck?

VERBEEK

I'm part of the team now.

SPURSWIL

Don't push it Chief.

VERBEEK

Only kidding. Damn. I knew military men were wound tight, but you're a frayed knot.

Verbeek, Spurswil and his team proceed down a muddy path, leading into a village of countless dilapidated, wooden huts.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Wow.

SPURSWIL

Ain't like the Embassy. Huh?

Verbeek gives Spurswil the finger.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Only kidding Chief.

Crazy points his weapon. SEVERAL CHILDREN scoot back into their dwellings.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Don't scare them. They may be able to help us.

Crazy tosses the weapon over his shoulder. Ace waves at A SMALL, BLACK BOY and smiles. The child hedges toward Ace.

ACE

Blanku muher?

The boy scurries off.

SPURSWIL

She's here.

In the distance, A HEAVYSET WOMAN with brown skin surrounded by THREE YOUNG CHILDREN points left. Verbeek tugs on Spurswil's arm.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

What?

VERBEEK

She must know where.

The woman continues to motion leftward. Verbeek, Spurswil and his men veer left before reaching a particular hut. The woman places her palm out and disappears.

SPURSWIL

I hear something. Quiet, stay with me. Strong, go right. Quick, head left. Ace and Crazy cover the back.

Spurswil and Quiet draw their weapons and position themselves at each side of the entrance.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Chief, take one side or another. If she goes down shooting, dead center buys you a unit in Pine Box Condos.

Verbeek traipses left. Spurswil signals Quiet.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Three, two, one.

Spurswil knocks the door down. A YOUNG, WHITE MAN clutching a laptop nears the hut, but stops short and scampers off.

INT. LIONESS'S HUT-DAY

Lioness reclines on a chair with her feet perched atop the radio table. A laptop computer is open to the "Orange Crush Account" page on the Banco de Brasil's website.

SPURSWIL

Hello Lioness.

Lioness inches her legs off the table, slides down the computer screen with one hand and attempts to slink the other hand behind her back.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Uh uh. Get those mitts on the table.

Spurswil and his men surround Lioness.

LIONESS

Who's the white boy in Armani?

Verbeek flings his diplomatic credentials at Lioness.

SPURSWIL

Conducting any other business in here?

LIONESS

Business?

SPURSWIL

Sweep it.

Strong, Crazy and Quiet haul the table away from the wall and tear open its drawers, which are empty.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Quiet, Strong. Get her out.

Quiet and Strong each grasp one of Lioness's arms. Lioness shoves Quiet, knees Strong in the groin and charges toward the door. Spurswil blocks the exit and seizes Lioness's wrist.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Stupid girl.

Lioness snarls, spits and hisses at Spurswil. Spurswil forces Lioness to the ground face first and binds her hands.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Gonna get shocked in a second.

Lioness scratches the floor and flexes her legs.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Last chance.

Lioness attempts to bite Spurswil's hand. Ace hands Spurswil a taser. Spurswil dangles the device in front of Lioness's face.

LIONESS
I don't give a fuck.

Spurswil shocks Lioness.

SPURSWIL
With each zap, the number of joules rises exponentially. Give a fuck now?

Lioness places her hands up. Spurswil tosses Lioness over his shoulder and exits. Verbeek and Spurswil's men follow.

INT. BARRACKS-DAY

Verbeek moseys toward a dark room.

SPURSWIL
Where're you going?

VERBEEK
To have a few words with your guest.

Spurswil puffs a half-smoked cigar.

SPURSWIL
That's a soldier's job.

VERBEEK

You've already played that card
Major.

Spurswil tromps by Verbeek, illuminates the room and perches
down in a seat next to Lioness.

LIONESS

Let me speak to a lawyer or make a
call.

SPURSWIL

This's Suriname dear, not
Hollywood.

Ace appears by the door holding a stack of folders. Spurswil
waves at Ace. Ace plods in, places the materials down and
exits.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

What're you and Papa up to?

Verbeek positions a chair close to the table. Spurswil hurls
the stack of folders at Lioness. Lioness chucks the folders
back at Spurswil.

LIONESS

You really can't figure it out?

Verbeek confronts Lioness.

VERBEEK

Enough fucking around. We know
you're planning to recreate
history.

LIONESS

What is it with people and
massacres? Just fucking say
Jonestown.

Spurswil restrains Verbeek. Verbeek eludes Spurswil's grasp
and barrels toward Lioness.

VERBEEK

Okay. Jonestown.

LIONESS

That was a tulip festival compared
to what we're planning.

SPURSWIL

Meaning?

LIONESS

Good Lord. It's all there.

Lioness points at the folders.

LIONESS (CONT'D)

Big wig needs to disappear. How do you do that when everyone's watching? By creating havoc.

SPURSWIL

Shit Chief. You've been right all along.

LIONESS

Mass suicide qualifies. Wouldn't you say?

Verbeek catapults a chair over Lioness's head.

VERBEEK

More like mass murder. No government will grant you asylum.

Lioness leaps up and attempts to punch Verbeek, but misses. Spurswil brandishes a pair of handcuffs and binds Lioness to her seat.

LIONESS

Wrong again Embassy Boy. They've already seen the preview. A nine figure payout causes lots of sight problems and memory loss.

VERBEEK

There're hundreds of children there. Major, we must stop it.

LIONESS

Come on. You couldn't save one.

Lioness bellows a sadistic giggle.

LIONESS (CONT'D)

Yeah. We know who you are.

Spurswil pushes a trembling Verbeek up against a wall.

SPURSWIL

Relax. We'll stop them.

LIONESS

Easy Major. We knew you'd be on to us the minute Dutchy Diplomat started playing photographer.

SPURSWIL

Then why leave so many clues behind? Had to know someone'd figure it out.

LIONESS

Because we've nothing to fear, from his suits, or your fatigues.

Verbeek blitzes out.

SPURSWIL

We ain't staying away from this.

LIONESS

I knew your army was inept, but didn't think it was also blind and stupid. This's too easy. Why'd we wait so long?

Spurswil uncuffs Lioness.

SPURSWIL

Why're you happy? Your paradise's a jail cell.

LIONESS

Average's still zero Major. By dawn, I'll have a hundred million bucks. Enough to buy off one of your corrupt judges I think?

Spurswil trudges toward the door and snaps his finger. Ace and Quick enter.

SPURSWIL

Put this cunt behind bars.

INT. SMALL CABIN-DAY

A TALL, THIN, WHITE MAN with a patch over his right eye faces a desk housing a laptop. Photos of helicopters and a number of assault weapons hang on surrounding walls. The man snares a cell phone.

INT. JANSSENDAM OFFICE-SAME TIME

A mobile phone atop the table vibrates. The caller is identified as Fruit Fly. Janssen's watch reads sixteen fifty-seven.

JANSSEN
Everything set?

FRUIT FLY, 43, ambles toward the cabin's lone window.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

FRUIT FLY
Not quite.

JANSSEN
Fuck you mean?

Fruit Fly backtracks to the computer, open to the Surinamese National Trust Bank's website, and scrolls down to the recent transfers heading of the "JUNGLE CAT ADVENTURES BUSINESS ACCOUNT," which says: NONE.

FRUIT FLY
Your girl's late.

JANSSEN
Bullshit. Lioness doesn't fuck up.

Fruit Fly reaches under the desk, snatches a bottle of whiskey and gulps a healthy dose.

FRUIT FLY
This's why I don't have employees.
Anyhow, I need prep time. Twenty-one thirty Janssen. A minute later, you're fucked.

EXT. PAVILION-DAY

Nettie, Marie, Wilhelm and Kurt congregate at a table near the stage. Janssen prowls toward the pavilion.

MARIE
What're we gonna tell Papa?

NETTIE
The truth. We all know better than to lie.

JANSSEN
Well?

Marie, Kurt and Wilhelm tremble. Nettie inches out of her seat.

NETTIE

Tried her mobile six times.

Janssen slams a chair against the stage's side.

JANSSEN

That fucking diplomat.

Janssen pounces atop the table, lopes down and points at Wilhelm.

WILHELM

Yes Papa.

Wilhelm does not budge. Janssen waves Wilhelm toward him. Wilhelm still hesitates.

JANSSEN

Get your fucking ass over here.

Wilhelm quivers toward Janssen. Janssen grips a portion of Wilhelm's shirt.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

You contact Cheetah?

Wilhelm surrenders to his knees.

WILHELM

No. Sorry Papa.

Janssen rockets up, wallops Wilhelm in the stomach and vaults atop the table again.

JANSSEN

Can't any of you cunts and pricks think?

Janssen leaps down.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Once again, I must do everything.
Fucking fools.

Nettie occupies the chair closest to where Janssen gaits back and forth. Marie, Kurt and Wilhelm cower at the table's far end. Janssen wrenches out a cell phone.

EXT. SHANTYVILLE--SAME TIME

CHEETAH, 25, leans against a steel drum. A laptop and mobile phone lie in his lap. The android vibrates.

CHEETAH

Yes Papa.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

JANSSEN

What the hell's going on? Where's Lioness? Moreover, where the fuck's Fruit Fly's geld?

Janssen's cell phone clock reads seventeen-nineteen p.m.

CHEETAH

A bunch of soldiers and some suit captured her.

JANSSEN

So, why the fuck am I still speaking to you?

A few children pass by. Cheetah places a headset on.

CHEETAH

I was returning to the hut, but stayed out of sight.

JANSSEN

Still have the computer?

CHEETAH

Yeah.

JANSSEN

Then take care of business.

Cheetah tucks the laptop under his shoulder.

CHEETAH

What if they come back?

JANSSEN

They'll be too busy trying to force our comrade to squawk.

CHEETAH

It's too risky.

Janssen pounds the table with closed fists.

JANSSEN

You have to.

CHEETAH

I can't.

JANSSEN

You'll do it damn it. If he doesn't get it by twenty-one thirty, forget paradise, we'll be in hell. Understand?

CHEETAH

Yes Papa.

EXT. FIRST FLOOR TERRACE OF ROYAL PALACE-DAY

The King reclines on a lounge chair beside a table covered by six empty beer bottles, photos of Peter and Xavier, a document titled: "URGENT TELEGRAM," and a mobile phone. The phone rings.

INT. MILITARY AIRCRAFT-SAME TIME

A BURLESQUE, TALL MAN in fatigues adjusts an ear piece. The name Gelder is sewn into his vest. COLONEL PAUL GELDER, 55, unseals a can of smokeless tobacco and pops a wad in his mouth.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

GELDER

Glad you're there Your Majesty.

Several soldiers board the plane.

KING

Please tell me this won't be as tough as I fear.

GELDER

Okay. Then what I will tell you is the terrain's impossible, my soldier's haven't been trained for this and we're dealing with a sick man at the height of his power.

KING

Couldn't you bullshit my a little?

GELDER
That's your staff's job Your
Majesty.

The King drops the phone on the table, jacks a golf club and swings it.

KING
There any good news?

GELDER
The plan's set. We'll have boots on
the ground by twenty-one thirty and
these are the best boots I've ever
commanded.

Gelder studies a map of Brokopondo Province with Janssendam highlighted by a large red "X."

KING
You were right. Why did I wait this
long?

AN OLD MAN dressed in a tuxedo serves the King a bottle of beer.

GELDER
What's done's done Your Majesty.

Gelder spits a pinch of tobacco into a paper cup.

KING
Gelder?

The King's sips from the bottle.

GELDER
Yes Your Majesty.

KING
Please tell me I'm doing the right
thing.

GELDER
Your doing what's necessary.

INT. BARRACKS-DAY

Verbeek trails the familiar, female soldier into an office. The placard on the door reads PALOMA SEEDORF, INFORMATION AND OPERATIONS. Verbeek knocks.

VERBEEK
May I come in?

PALOMA
Major Spurswil's out.

VERBEEK
I'm aware.

PALOMA, 29, extracts a packet of powdered iced tea mix from a drawer and pours it into a plastic cup.

PALOMA
Then, what can I do for you?

VERBEEK
Answer a few questions.

Atop Paloma's desk, Verbeek spots a yellow folder labeled: "LETTERS FROM JANSSENDAM."

PALOMA
In reference to?

Verbeek points at the folder and snares it.

VERBEEK
There. You're the inside source the Major spoke about.

PALOMA
I beg your pardon. How dare you remove something from my desk?

Verbeek scans the first document, which is a handwritten correspondence signed by Nykesha.

VERBEEK
Who's Nykesha?

PALOMA
None of your damn business.

Paloma yanks a prescription bottle from her purse, empties a pill into her hand and swallows it.

VERBEEK
Why else would you've sent me to the Special Forces Commander this morning? Now spill.

PALOMA
It's bad. Okay? Nykesha's my older sister.

(MORE)

PALOMA (CONT'D)

My younger sister's there too.
Mama's sick, worried and wants them
out.

VERBEEK

Shit.

Paloma dashes towards Verbeek.

PALOMA

What's happening? Are they in
trouble?

VERBEEK

Yes. Everyone there is.

Paloma holds up a photo of herself with TWO YOUNG AND ONE
ELDERLY, LIGHT BROWN SKINNED WOMEN.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

That them?

PALOMA

Yeah. With Mama and I last year
when he let families visit. Please
don't blame the Army. We've known
from the start, but were told to
stay away.

VERBEEK

By whom? Will someone tell me why
that shithole's so damn taboo?

PALOMA

Can't.

Paloma bawls.

VERBEEK

Who's the problem?

PALOMA

You'll soon know.

INT. EMBASSY COMMUNICATIONS ROOM-DAY

Marco glances at his watch.

MARCO

Should be playing racquetball now.
I'll miss our games.

Verbeek slides a blue, rubber ball out of his pocket and flips it to Marco.

VERBEEK

Who says? If you don't mind using your hands that is.

MARCO

You're on.

Verbeek slaps the ball against the side wall. Marco counters.

VERBEEK

So, what do you make of her comments?

Marco strikes the ball. Verbeek dives for it, but misses. Marco palms the ball.

MARCO

One nothing me. Janssen's friends include more than the poor and under represented.

Verbeek and Marco exchange several volleys.

VERBEEK

Agreed. Throw in Spurswil's reluctance and radio bitch's remarks. It all fits.

Verbeek punishes the ball. Marco fails to answer.

MARCO

One all. But who's the question?

Verbeek nails a hard serve. Marco dives, but whiffs.

VERBEEK

Two one me. Got a feeling Mystery Bigwig will soon reveal himself.

Marco retrieves the ball and serves. Verbeek thrashes a hard return. Marco swings and misses.

MARCO

Three one you. Why?

VERBEEK

Because I'm certain whoever it is has as much to lose as Janssen.

MARCO

Um.

VERBEEK

What?

Marco snares the ball and faces away.

MARCO

Nothing.

VERBEEK

It isn't nothing. Whenever you start a conversation with um lately, it leads to a lecture on our favorite subject, so lay it on me.

Verbeek tears the ball from Marco's hand.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

I said lay it on me.

MARCO

This's getting too complicated. Maybe it's time to you know...

VERBEEK

That's not an option.

Marco picks up the ball and hurls it across the room. Verbeek zooms toward the exit.

MARCO

Stop. It's gonna be a lot tougher than that this time.

Verbeek stops short, leans against a wall and slides to the ground.

MARCO (CONT'D)

No one blames you.

VERBEEK

I blame me. And now for P Man also.

MARCO

No one wanted him to go, but you know how stubborn Joni is.

Marco plods toward the stairs and occupies space adjacent to Verbeek.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Getting killed won't alter history.

VERBEEK
It might now.

INT. BARRACKS-NIGHT

Verbeek minces into a conference room. Bart scribbles on a chalkboard decorated by a makeshift map of Janssendam. The words PAVILION, WEST HOUSE, OFFICE, RADIO ROOM and TOWER are all circled.

BART
Chief. Please join us.

Spurswil, Paloma and the entire Spec Forces first team sit in a circle atop desks.

BART (CONT'D)
By the way, thanks.

VERBEEK
For what?

Bart points at Spurswil.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
Glad they can help.

SPURSWIL
Heren Chief. You're here to tell us the whole thing was staged and we can go home. Right?

VERBEEK
Dreaming never hurt.

Spurswil flicks the butt of a cigar into a trash bin.

BART
Uh. There's one other thing Major.

SPURSWIL
What's that young man?

Bart stomps to the back of the room and paces.

BART
Can this be done quietly?

SPURSWIL
Most rescue missions can't.

BART

It's just armies always put us on
suicide watch. Understand?

Spurswil smashes the pointer over his leg, tosses the broken
wood into the air, charges into the hallway and reenters.

SPURSWIL

Sorry. Needed a second.

Verbeek inches his hand up.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Yes Chief.

VERBEEK

Might capturing Janssen ASAP
improve the odds?

SPURSWIL

I'd imagine so, but...

VERBEEK

Then, why not drag him to the
pavilion, present the evidence we
collected and put him on trial
before his people?

Spurswil and his men burst into laughter. Bart overturns a
desk. Silence ensues.

BART

He's right damn it.

Bart zips toward the front of the room, jacks another pointer
and slugs it against the board.

BART (CONT'D)

The less hundreds of brainwashed,
floating zombies see men in
fatigues, the better Major.

SPURSWIL

Okay fine. How're we gonna do that?
It's not like we can access a loud
speaker and announce Heren Janssen,
paging Heren Janssen. Special
Forces are here to kill you.

Bart snatches a piece of chalk and circles the words WEST
HOUSE.

BART
His mistress Marie's always there.
Find her, find him.

Verbeek steps in front of Bart.

VERBEEK
I will.

SPURSWIL
You'll what Chief?

VERBEEK
Get Janssen.

The sound of laughter again fills the room.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
I won't be in fatigues.

SPURSWIL
What a fucking mess. Glad I let my
daughter read my numbers this
morning.

Spurswil and his team disperses.

BART
Thanks again. Sorry about before. I
was wrong about you.

Verbeek's phone chimes. A text from Marco reads: "His Majesty wishes to speak with you. Patching through at eighteen forty-five." The wall clock reads eighteen twenty-three. Verbeek sprints toward the door.

BART (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

VERBEEK
Knew I should've majored in
journalism.

INT. EMBASSY COMMUNICATIONS ROOM-NIGHT

Verbeek clumps in holding a racquetball and a flask. Marco is stationed at the far right terminal in the first row.

VERBEEK
I miss Edwina?

MARCO
By a second.

Verbeek bounces the ball.

MARCO (CONT'D)
We don't have time for another
game.

VERBEEK
The ball's my physical stress
buster.

Verbeek swigs from the flask.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
And that's the chemical one.

The screens flash a time of eighteen forty-seven.

MARCO
Skype's set. Should be any minute.

Verbeek centers himself between screens.

MARCO (CONT'D)
And don't get cute. He's in no
mood.

VERBEEK
Neither am I.

The King appears on screen.

MARCO
Ready Your Majesty?

KING
Yes.

Verbeek bounces the ball off the near wall.

VERBEEK
Your Majesty. On behalf of the
Embassy, please accept our deepest
condolences.

KING
That's all you can say.

Verbeek pounds the ball down and snares the rebound.

VERBEEK
Your Majesty, the Surinamese Army's
planning a response.

KING

This'll be a Dutch operation.
Special Forces are scheduled to
descend at twenty one-thirty,
neutralize Janssen and liberate the
compound.

Verbeek squeezes the ball, launches it against the front wall
and nabs the carom.

VERBEEK

May I please speak against that
plan Your Majesty?

KING

No you may not.

VERBEEK

Please Your Majesty. Janssen's used
the threat of attack to scare his
people before. An invasion would
almost guarantee their demise.

KING

Don't argue Heren Verbeek. If
you're Embassy'd done its job, I'd
be spending the day with my
grandchildren.

Verbeek hurls the ball backward, forcing Marco to duck.

VERBEEK

Our Embassy begged Peter not to go.

KING

Pardon me.

Verbeek snatches the flask and swigs.

VERBEEK

Your Majesty, Peter was your
employee, but my close friend.

KING

Listen Heren Verbeek. You'll
convince the Surinamese to stay
away. Should you fail, consider
yourself jobless and stateless. Am
I clear?

VERBEEK

Yes. Your Majesty.

The screens fade to blue.

MARCO

Well?

Verbeek darts to the door.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Where're you going?

VERBEEK

The Presidential Palace. Someone has to convince him Joni's an idiot.

MARCO

Don't.

VERBEEK

Joni's gonna thank me.

INT. JANSSENDAM OFFICE-NIGHT

Janssen and Nettie sit at a small table. Nettie swigs from a bottle of booze. Janssen's watch flashes nineteen twenty-one.

NETTIE

What're we gonna do?

JANSSEN

He told me there'd be word by nineteen-thirty.

Nettie drains another gulp.

NETTIE

It's almost time. We're dead. Were fucking dead.

JANSSEN

Hush.

NETTIE

We're never getting out of here.

Janssen springs from his chair and whacks Nettie's face.

JANSSEN

Another peep and it'll be my fist.

Nettie kneels before Janssen and spits blood.

NETTIE

At least tell me you've considered another way out and, if not, please make now the time.

Janssen's cell rings. The caller is identified as Cheetah. The wall clock reads nineteen twenty-three.

INT. SHANTYVILLE TENT-SAME TIME

Cheetah sits tailor fashion with a computer in his lap, open to "The Orange Crush Account" on the Banco de Brasil's web page.

JANSSEN

And?

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

CHEETAH

I've been trying for the last hour. Fuckin' system's saying someone's already logged in. Ya try to complete it yourself?

JANSSEN

The reason you're here is because I can't handle that computer shit.

Cheetah pounds on the computer's keyboard again. The message: "A User Is Already Logged On" appears.

CHEETAH

No freakin' shit. What the fuck?

Cheetah glances at his watch, which gleams nineteen twenty-five. Nettie's phone vibrates and she dodders to one of the room's corners.

NETTIE

Yeah. Just a second.

Nettie flips Janssen her phone.

JANSSEN

Don't need to guess. Right?

Janssen activates speaker on both phones.

INT. SHACK-SAME TIME

Fruit Fly paces.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

JANSSEN
We're working on it.

FRUIT FLY
Better work harder. Time's
dwindling.

The office's wall clock reads nineteen twenty-six.

CHEETAH
Think I got it. Obviously, she
didn't think to log off when they
captured her. Let me try logging
her out and back in using my sign
in credentials.

Fruit Fly dumps himself into a chair by the desk and fixates
on the computer.

FRUIT FLY
I want a wire transfer now.

CHEETAH
Kinda figured as such Comrade.

Cheetah accesses the log in page. The moniker HAPPYFAM is
listed under the user name heading. Seven black dots appear
under the password heading.

JANSSEN
Update please.

CHEETAH
I'm logging her off now.

Cheetah logs out, logs back in and enters the HAPPYFAM user
name and his password CHEETAH. The next screen to appear is
titled: "ORANGE CRUSH SAVINGS ACCOUNT." Cheetah hits the icon
for wire transfers.

CHEETAH (CONT'D)
Yes. We're in. Now, all I'll need
from our Comrade's the Surinamese
National Trust's SWIFT code and his
account's routing number.

JANSSEN
Did you get all...?

FRUIT FLY
Swift's SNTPARA, all caps and the
routing's 724568331.

Cheetah writes SNTPARA and 724568331 on one hand and then types the information into the appropriate spaces with the other. Cheetah then enters \$5,000,000 into a box titled: "Amount To Be transferred" and hits send.

CHEETAH

Comrade?

Janssen and Nettie snort a line of cocaine.

FRUIT FLY

Yeah?

CHEETAH

You should be a bit richer by now.

Fruit Fly hits the pending transfers icon of the "Jungle Cat Adventures" account. A deposit for \$5,000,000 from HAPPY FAMILY" is listed.

FRUIT FLY

See ya at twenty-three hundred.

JANSSEN

We'll be waiting.

INT. PALACE MUSIC STUDIO-NIGHT

The King tunes an electric bass. A WHITE-HAIRED MAN minces inside and bows.

KING

Sim. Have a seat.

SIM, 69, remains standing. The King powers on a compact disc player and the Caro Emerald song: "A Night Like This" plays at a low volume.

KING (CONT'D)

I love that number. Promised her
I'd learn the bass portion to play
with her band when they're here
this summer.

SIM

And I you're still King then Your
Majesty.

The King snatches a pair of drumsticks and tosses them to Sim.

KING

Show me your skills.

Sim chucks the sticks on a bench.

SIM

I'm not kidding Your Majesty. You need the Prime Minister and States General's approval.

The King mashes the CD player's power switch and seizes another pair of drumsticks.

KING

Why? I'm sure Janssen's bought them off also.

The King possesses a stool behind a drum kit and thumps the bass drum.

SIM

But Your Majesty, if this fails, you could be forced to abdicate... or worse.

The King punishes the snare drum.

KING

Turning hash bars into a cartel, extortion, enslavement and now murder. He's a blight on the Netherlands and I want him dead. You understand? Dead.

The King strikes the kit's toms and rises.

KING (CONT'D)

Special Forces swears an allegiance to me. Maintain media blackout order. That'll be all.

SIM

God be with you Your Majesty.

INT. SURINAMESE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE-NIGHT

Verbeek rocks to and fro at the edge of a sofa outside an ajar office door adorned by a placard reading: OFFICE DE PRESIDENTE. Under the placard is a picture of a fish captioned: Piranha, Sea Predator.

PIRANHA

Stop calling me Piranha. It's Mr. President to you now.

Verbeek snakes toward Piranha's office.

PIRANHA (CONT'D)
Fine. But I want my initial payout
tomorrow. In cash.

Verbeek places his ear on the door.

VERBEEK
He can't mean...

PIRANHA
I'll get it done.

Verbeek snares his cell, activates a voice recording app and
positions it on the door.

PIRANHA (CONT'D)
Ten mil. By nine hundred. After
tonight, you and that fucking
cesspool better be gone forever.

Piranha drops the mobile on his desk and jacks his desk
phone.

PIRANHA (CONT'D)
Talitha. Send him in.

TALITHA, 30, a slender, black woman sneaks up behind Verbeek
and taps his shoulder.

TALITHA
What're you doing?

Verbeek frolics back and slinks the phone into his jacket
pocket.

VERBEEK
Nothing.

Verbeek scampers toward the exit.

TALITHA
The President will see you now.

VERBEEK
Sorry, but I've been called away on
other matters. Please extend my
apologies.

Piranha separates a window's blinds and watches Verbeek exit
the palace and enter a car.

INT. EMBASSY CAR-NIGHT

Bilal motors beyond the palace gates. Verbeek grabs his phone and calls Spurswil.

SPURSWIL (O.C.)
What now?

VERBEEK
Things just took an unexpected and much more complicating turn.

Verbeek strikes the phone's keypad.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
Near your computer?

SPURSWIL (O.C.)
Yeah. Why?

Verbeek's positions the phone in his lap.

VERBEEK
I sent you an audio recording.

SPURSWIL (O.C.)
Of?

VERBEEK
Your President, also known by his conspirator name, Piranha.

Bilal skids the car to a halt.

SPURSWIL (O.C.)
Why? How? And, oh by the way, what the fuck you talking about?

VERBEEK
First, forward this to your superiors and then listen. See you in ten.

Bilal exits the car, studies the surroundings and reenters the vehicle.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
Why'd you stop?

BILAL
I don't know what's happening, but can guarantee your situation just went from grim to six feet under.

Bilal lights a cigarette and inhales a puff.

VERBEEK

Huh? Why're you so nervous?

BILAL

You must get Anna and the kids out of the country. Like now.

VERBEEK

Why? What the fuck dude?

BILAL

Janssen may be bad, but the President's the devil. Give me that flask.

Verbeek hands Bilal the flask. Bilal downs a hearty sip.

VERBEEK

How do you know?

Bilal swills again.

BILAL

Because I worked for him.

VERBEEK

Doing what?

Bilal cries.

BILAL

Stuff you purposely forget to leave off a resume.

Bilal speeds down the road.

VERBEEK

Easy. I may die tonight, but don't want it to be in a car wreck.

BILAL

Text Anna. Make up some reason and tell her. I'll make sure she gets on the first flight to the main dam.

VERBEEK

But...

BILAL

Do it damn it.

Verbeek rips out his phone.

BILAL (CONT'D)
Whatever you do, don't leave the
barracks alone tonight.

INT. BARRACKS-NIGHT

Verbeek gaits around Spurswil's desk. Spurswil slumps in his chair.

SPURSWIL
Well, now we both know why he told
us to keep our distance.

VERBEEK
Have any of your superiors seen it
yet?

SPURSWIL
It doesn't matter.

Verbeek shuffles toward a dart board and snares a hand full of projectiles.

VERBEEK
Why not?

Verbeek launches a dart at the board.

SPURSWIL
Because it's over.

VERBEEK
But those people'll die.

Verbeek casts another dart and strikes the bull's eye. Spurswil snares the darts from Verbeek's hand and shoots one at the target.

SPURSWIL
I understand, but who knows how
deep this goes? And, even on the
slight chance we made it down
there, Janssen'll be prepared.

Verbeek recaptures a dart from Spurswil and fires it at the board.

VERBEEK
Well, if you won't, give me a gun.
You've seen me shoot.

Spurswil catapults the darts across the room.

SPURSWIL
Calm down. Your desire and
commitment's admirable Chief.

VERBEEK
But...

SPURSWIL
I'm sorry. Go home to your family.

VERBEEK
Wish I could.

EXT. BARRACKS ENTRANCEWAY-NIGHT

Verbeek descends a flight of stairs when a pistol inches toward his face. Piranha holds the gun. TWO LARGE, BLACK MEN flank Piranha.

PIRANHA
Chief Verbeek.

Verbeek places his hands above his head.

PIRANHA (CONT'D)
How could I pass up a chance to
meet with one of our friends in the
diplomatic corps?

Piranha snaps his fingers. Piranha's guards frisk Verbeek. One of the guards retrieves Verbeek's phone and tosses it to Piranha.

VERBEEK
Shit. How'd you know?

Piranha stashes the phone in his shirt pocket.

PIRANHA
Talitha. Thank God for nosy
secretaries.

VERBEEK
Major Spurswil heard it and others
in the Army may have as well.

PIRANHA
Relax. You, he and anyone else who
did will be eulogized long before
it has the chance to go viral.

Piranha saunters toward the entrance. Piranha's guards trail, shoving Verbeek forward at gunpoint.

INT-BARRACKS-NIGHT

The guards hurl Verbeek to the floor. Spurswil slinks his hand towards a gun at the corner of his desk. Piranha aims his weapon at Spurswil.

PIRANHA

Not another fucking millimeter
Major.

Piranha confiscates Spurswil's gun. One of Piranha's guards grabs a chair, positions it next to Spurswil and forces Verbeek down.

SPURSWIL

Ten mil? A steal for a traitor.

Piranha prowls toward Spurswil and whacks his face. Spurswil spits in Piranha's eye. Piranha's men handcuff Verbeek and Spurswil.

PIRANHA

That's the signing bonus.
Contract's for life and includes a
few more zeroes.

VERBEEK

What's he gonna do?

PIRANHA

Ensure they'll be no parties
crashed tonight Chief.

Piranha slithers into a side office.

PIRANHA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

But, of course, the bullets can't
come from my gun. Gentlemen.

Piranha's guards aim their weapons at Verbeek and Spurswil. A BROWN-SKINNED MAN IN FATIGUES bursts inside with TWO BLACK, CAMOUFLAGED SOLDIERS wearing helmets which say: MP.

VERBEEK

Who're they?

SPURSWIL

The newest members of your
permanent Christmas card list.

The MILITARY POLICEMEN jam assault rifles into the backs of Piranha's henchmen. Piranha's guards relinquish their pieces. The name Orkesh is sewn into the shirt vest of the man in fatigues.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Glad you got the message Commander.

Piranha reemerges.

PIRANHA

Commander?

SURINAMESE ARMY COMMANDER, COLONEL STEFANO ORKESH, 67, extracts a handgun from a holster.

ORKESH

Yes Mr. President. Your voice sounds quite different on a recording.

Piranha directs a hand into his pocket. Orkesh fires at Piranha, but misses.

ORKESH (CONT'D)

Next time, I'll put it in your heart. Lose whatever you're carrying and step forward. Prick.

Piranha chucks his pistol. Orkesh waves his weapon at Piranha's guards.

ORKESH (CONT'D)

Uncuff them.

One of the guards frees Spurswil and Verbeek. The MPs arrest the guards.

ORKESH (CONT'D)

Take them away.

The MPs escort the guards out. Orkesh turns his gun on Piranha.

ORKESH (CONT'D)

I could arrest you on many counts, but treason will make killing you the easiest.

Orkesh slides a phone out of his pocket.

ORKESH (CONT'D)

Okay.

A team of military police intrude.

ORKESH (CONT'D)

Take this blood clot to my private office and hold him there until the matter in Brokopondo's solved.

SPURSWIL

Then, I gather the mission's still a go?

ORKESH

That's a correct assumption.

The military police escort Piranha out. Spurswil lights a cigar. Verbeek languishes toward the barrack's rear. Spurswil tracks Verbeek down.

SPURSWIL

I thought you'd be singing Het Wilhelmus in your underwear.

VERBEEK

The news isn't all good.

SPURSWIL

Ah no. What the fuck does that mean?

VERBEEK

His Majesty's dispatched a Dutch spec forces team, scheduled to invade by twenty-one thirty.

A wall clock reads nineteen forty-seven. Spurswil hoists his desk phone.

ORKESH

What's the problem? Two always beats one.

SPURSWIL (O.C.)

We gotta move now. Everyone down here in five.

VERBEEK

I don't have time to explain, but if the Dutch encroach, every news station in the world will film your troops placing a thousand corpses in body bags.

EXT. BARRACKS-NIGHT

Verbeek and Spurswil lean against the side of a large white van.

VERBEEK

Sure it runs? My first car still looks better.

Spurswil glides open the vehicle's side door. The instrument panel screens adorn the walls. Five two-seat rows are situated in back. A divider separates the front two seats from the rear. The only window is a tinted windshield.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Wow. Now the old VW bug didn't have any of these extras.

SPURSWIL

Unwanted guests don't arrive in limos, but that doesn't mean it can't be in style.

Ace and Quick hop aboard carrying a rocket launcher. Paloma and Bart close in. Spurswil places his hand out. Paloma and Bart prance past Spurswil, skip inside and fill the two most rear seats.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Didn't either of you understand what that gesture meant?

PALOMA

You know my reasons and besides, someone needs to man the van.

SPURSWIL

Okay. The last thing I got time for's an argument with a woman.

Crazy, Strong and Quiet step into the van. Verbeek places a foot inside. Spurswil clutches Verbeek's arm and drags him down.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Which leads me to you. I'm giving you one last chance.

VERBEEK

I'm going. Okay?

SPURSWIL

May I at least ask why?

Spurswil yanks out a cigar and pops it in his mouth.

VERBEEK

Better give me one of those?

Spurswil flicks a stogie to Verbeek. Verbeek twirls the cigar with his fingers.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Haven't you been paying attention?

Spurswil ignites both stogies.

SPURSWIL

To what?

Verbeek inhales a drag and coughs.

VERBEEK

Sorry. Shooting isn't the only vice
I haven't enjoyed since Holland.
Anyway, you saw how she mocked me.

SPURSWIL

Who?

VERBEEK

Lioness.

SPURSWIL

I wasn't really listening.

Verbeek slogs away from the van and bawls. Spurswil follows Verbeek.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

What?

Verbeek expels a burst of smoke.

VERBEEK

I'm sure you've heard of Lester
Haugen?

SPURSWIL

That kid our boys fished out of the
jungle last year?

VERBEEK

Yeah. Anyhow, he wrote us a bunch
of letters. Of course, Ruud didn't
care and dumped it on me.

Verbeek slumps to the ground.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

He desperately wanted out. Promised I'd help, but before I could, read this story of how he was tortured and killed. I'm the reason his mother buried her only child.

SPURSWIL

My God.

VERBEEK

So yes, I'm aware my fate could be decided tonight.

Spurswil rises and extends his hand. Verbeek grabs it. Spurswil helps Verbeek to his feet.

SPURSWIL

Brave man. I'm proud to have you on this mission. You'd of made a fine soldier.

Spurswil and Verbeek saunter back towards the van.

VERBEEK

You'd wouldn't have done too bad in diplomacy school either.

EXT. PAVILION-NIGHT

The pavilion is crammed. The two Red Brigade troops killed in the airport skirmish lay center stage with hats atop their hearts. Janssen ascends from the throne chair.

JANSSEN

They're coming.

Janssen hovers over the bodies.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Let's end it peacefully, before the King's marauders do it murderously.

Nervous chatter overtakes the crowd.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Any dissenting opinions?

Danica slides her way off a bench at a table situated in the pavilion's center and inches her hand up.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Yes. Danica.

Nettie hands Danica a microphone.

DANICA
I say we fight. Why surrender
without a battle?

JANSSEN
We'll have a greater place in
history if we make the world see
what it made us do.

The audience roars.

DANICA
Well, I say make them earn it.

Several cultists lunge at Danica. Nettie and Kurt restrain
the attackers.

JANSSEN
Please. Peace.

The angry cultists rush towards their seats. Janssen
recaptures the throne chair. Nettie vaults on stage and
marches toward Janssen. Nettie's watch reads twenty twenty-
six.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)
One hour. Understand?

NETTIE
Okay.

Nettie and Marie scurry offstage and transfer the contents of
the vat into cups and syringes.

EXT. PATHWAY NEAR JUNGLE-NIGHT

Verbeek, Spurswil and the Special Forces team stand
entrenched in mud puddles up to their ankles. Torrential rain
teems. Paloma mans the van's driver seat. Bart slides open
the van's side.

BART
This's still more than a mile from
the gate. Why here?

SPURSWIL
Rain's too heavy. Van'll get bogged
down.

VERBEEK
Then, how we getting there?

Spurswil points at the jungle.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Wonderful.

SPURSWIL

We need to split up. Ace. You, Strong and Crazy head towards West House and shake down Kleine. Quick, you and Quiet go with me.

VERBEEK

Whose team I on?

Spurswil faces Ace. Ace drops his head.

SPURSWIL

Mine I guess.

VERBEEK

Shouldn't I have a gun?

Spurswil whips out a pistol stashed in his boot and presents it to Verbeek. Ace taps on the van's front window.

ACE

Get this out of here.

Paloma shifts into reverse and the van gradually fades from sight. Ace, Crazy and Strong head right and into the brush. Spurswil leads Verbeek, Quick and Quiet left.

INT. JANSSENDAM WEST HOUSE-NIGHT

Ace, Strong and Crazy peruse a room inside a darkened, one-floor cabin. Crazy runs his hand across the wall.

CRAZY

There a light in this fucking place?

Ace illuminates a flashlight. The sound of footsteps reverberates, followed by a shadow looming larger in the light outside the cabin.

ACE

Get down.

Ace, Strong and Crazy hit the ground and point their weapons. The door edges open. Marie slips through, bends down, flips a switch near the floor. Ace, Strong and Crazy pounce up.

ACE (CONT'D)

Freeze.

Marie places her hands up.

ACE (CONT'D)

Good evening Ms. Kleine.

MARIE

You're too late.

Strong and Crazy each seize one of Marie's arms and deposit her onto a chair at a desk topped by a walkie-talkie and disconnected amateur radio.

ACE

Not if you do the two things I'm about to ask.

Strong and Crazy flank Marie.

ACE (CONT'D)

First, tell us where Papa is.
Second, instruct you're chums in the tower to head towards the brush.

Marie sneaks her hands under the chair and quickly draws them back. Ace closes in.

MARIE

He's in his office, but not for much longer.

ACE

And the men in the tower?

Marie reaches under the chair again. Ace prods Marie with his assault rifle.

ACE (CONT'D)

Keep those hands visible.

MARIE

Sorry, but I refuse to endanger the lives of my Comrades.

Strong stomps toward the door, bashes it and clumps back towards Marie.

STRONG

But you can poison hundreds of kids?

ACE
Cool off big guy.

Ace traipses around Marie, snatches the walkie-talkie and forces it into Marie's hand.

ACE (CONT'D)
Say there's a problem on the southern jungle border. Ten seconds. Otherwise, you'll be taking a messy trip to paradise.

Marie fails to comply. Ace glances at his watch.

ACE (CONT'D)
Five, four, three, two...

MARIE
Fine.

Marie snatches the walkie-talkie.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Attention Unit Two. Investigate a disturbance on the southern edge. Stat.

Ace, Strong and Crazy spread out.

KURT (O.C.)
This's Kurt. Roger that. Dispatching now.

MARIE
Copy. Over and out.

Ace, Strong and Crazy huddle together.

STRONG
And her?

ACE
Tie her up. Look for some rope or string.

Strong and Crazy wiggle around Marie and rummage through the table's drawers. Ace glances away. Marie sneaks her hand under the chair, seizes a pistol taped to its bottom and shoots Ace.

ACE (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Strong and Crazy unload their weapons and kill Marie. Ace clutches his shoulder. Strong and Crazy rush towards Ace.

ACE (CONT'D)
Broke the first rule we're taught
guys. Took my eyes off her. Shit.

A pool of blood collects on the floor surrounding Ace.

ACE (CONT'D)
Gotta dull the discharge. Try and
find alcohol and tape.

Strong and Crazy dash into the cabin's other rooms.

EXT. JANNSENDAM PERIMETER-NIGHT

Spurswil observes the pavilion through a pair of binoculars. The facility is packed and surrounded by guards armed with rifles and knives.

VERBEEK
What do you see?

SPURSWIL
Nothing good.

Spurswil adjusts his headset.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Sargent. Put Bart on.

Spurswil examines the pavilion again.

BART (O.C.)
Yes Major.

Verbeek snares Spurswil's binoculars and notices armed men advancing towards their location.

SPURSWIL
Pavilion's surrounded by armed
guards. Interpret.

Several seconds of silence follow.

BART (O.C.)
It's already started or, at the
very least, about to.

SPURSWIL
Spectacular.

Verbeek elbows Spurswil.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

What now?

Verbeek places the binoculars in Spurswil's hands and points forward. Spurswil peeks through the scopes and watches the armed men storm towards the shed.

VERBEEK

The plan is?

SPURSWIL

Crouch down, get into sniper position and wait for the others. Ace's my best shooter.

The walkie-talkies emit static.

ACE (O.C.)

Sorry to use the open frequency Hef, but you need to scrap that plan.

SPURSWIL

Why?

ACE (O.C.)

Afraid we hit a little bump. Kleine shot me. I'm okay, but my trigger arm's numb and leaking.

Spurswil snares a cigar, bites off the top and spits it to the ground.

ACE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

There's some good news though.

SPURSWIL

Not of the sarcastic variety I hope.

ACE (O.C.)

Janssen's in the office and Kleine's dead.

Spurswil motions Verbeek, Quick and Quiet into the brush.

VERBEEK

Now what?

SPURSWIL

Time to think on the fly.

Spurswil attaches his head set to the walkie-talkie.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
 Captain. Let's speak in private.

ACE (O.C.)
 Okay.

SPURSWIL
 Gonna create a diversion. You'll see it. Stay incognito and alive. Meet up soon.

ACE (O.C.)
 Affirm.

EXT. JANSSENDAM SHED-NIGHT

Quiet shines a flashlight and illuminates the otherwise pitch black facility.

SPURSWIL
 That light's too bright. Kill it.

Quiet powers down and pockets the flashlight. Spurswil ignites a match and holds it up.

VERBEEK
 Really?

Spurswil edges the shed's door ajar and casts the match into a nearby garden. A few flowers are set ablaze.

SPURSWIL
 It'll be enough to create our little diversion. Anyone else got a few fire sticks?

Verbeek, Quick and Quiet ferret through their pockets. Quiet displays a full pack.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
 Excellent silent man. Strike 'em and heave.

Spurswil and Quiet kindle several matches, chuck them in the garden and create a noticeable fire.

VERBEEK
 This's it?

SPURSWIL

Would you rather I knock on
Janssen's door and shout let's get
ready to rumble?

VERBEEK

At least that'd get his attention.

EXT./INT. WEST HOUSE-NIGHT

Kurt and three other Red Brigade troops search the
surrounding brush.

KURT

What the fuck's she talking about?

Kurt accesses a walkie-talkie.

KURT (CONT'D)

Marie? Marie? Copy. Disturbance
false alarm. Repeat. Disturbance
false alarm. Over. Still not
answering. Shit.

There is no response. Kurt notices the fire near the shed.

KURT (CONT'D)

Think we got party poopers. Check
that out. I'm headed inside to see
what gives with her.

The Red Brigade troops race towards the fire. Kurt cocks a
rifle, sneaks into the house and finds Marie's bloodied
corpse spread out across the floor.

KURT (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Kurt brandishes a walkie-talkie.

KURT (CONT'D)

Papa come in. Emergency. Emergency.
Marie shot dead at West House.
Dispatched unit to investigate fire
near shed.

INT. JANSSENDAM OFFICE-SAME TIME

Janssen and Nettie face each other.

JANSSEN

Well, I see why the President's most recent approval rating was below twenty percent.

NETTIE

Should we just burn them alive? I doubt we have time for Fruit Fly now.

Janssen removes a vile from his shirt pocket, snorts cocaine and snares the walkie-talkie.

JANSSEN

Open frequency transmission. Hostiles near garden. Engage with lethal force.

NETTIE

You fucking nuts? What if they have a large...

JANSSEN

Calm down. The Red Brigade will keep them busy and perhaps eliminate a few. And if not...

Janssen snatches his cell, accesses Fruit Fly's contact info and hits a text icon.

NETTIE

What're you doing?

JANSSEN

Shut up and watch.

Nettie hovers over Janssen. Janssen sends the text: "For a million extra, could we make it twenty-two?" Several seconds elapse. A chime is followed by the reply: "I'd rather be early than late."

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

A couple billion in reserve sure comes in handy.

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING SHED-NIGHT

Several Red Brigade troops fan the garden's flames, while another unit tiptoes toward the shed with weapons drawn.

QUICK

Uh Hefe. Attack or retreat?

SPURSWIL

Fall back for the moment.

Spurswil leads Quick, Quiet and Verbeek behind the shed.

QUICK

We can take them, but it'll be very noisy.

VERBEEK

Use me as a decoy?

SPURSWIL

What?

VERBEEK

Got a sudden brainstorm.

Spurswil pulls Verbeek aside.

SPURSWIL

Your desire for revenge's wonderful Chief, but this could compromise our position and the entire...

VERBEEK

Shut up. It's the only way the good guys with guns can surprise the bad guys with guns.

SPURSWIL

Fine. But if you fuck this up, our last drink will be Kool-Aid.

EXT. JANSSENDAM GARDEN-NIGHT

Smoke emanates from the garden. One Red Brigade unit stands guard, while another peruses the surrounding area. Verbeek leaps out of the jungle.

VERBEEK

I'm who you're after. I surrender.

Both Red Brigade units zone in on Verbeek. A TALL, MIDDLE AGED MAN approaches Verbeek, frisks him and binds his hands.

RED BRIGADE LEADER

Who the hell're you?

VERBEEK

Deputy Chief Verbeek of the Dutch Embassy.

RED BRIGADE LEADER
How'd you get out here?

Two Red Brigade troops grasp Verbeek's arms.

VERBEEK
Drove. Guess I've seen one too many
Van Damme movies.

Spurswil, Quick and Quiet creep around the shed and encircle
the Red Brigade.

RED BRIGADE LEADER
Papa's gonna love this. Take him
away.

Several Red Brigade troops clutch Verbeek and veer around.
Spurswil, Quick and Quiet face their adversaries with guns
drawn.

SPURSWIL
We're the Surinamese Suicide
Prevention Club. Drop 'em.

Every Red Brigade troop remains armed.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
We don't wish to engage. Only want
to save your Comrades.

RED BRIGADE LEADER
No one surrenders their arms.

Spurswil, Quick and Quiet close in. A few Red Brigade troops
inch forward with guns pointed.

SPURSWIL
Put em' down you'll live. Standoff
ten more seconds and die. Clear?

A Red Brigade soldier cocks his rifle and positions his
finger on the trigger, but before he fires, is shot dead from
behind.

QUICK
Where the hell'd that come from?

Crazy, Strong and a hobbling Ace speed towards the fracas.
Crazy gestures licking motions and dances in a circle.

SPURSWIL
Thanks Crazy Man.

Crazy continues to dance and jump. Spurswil grabs Crazy's shoulders.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
It's sane time.

Spurswil confronts the Red Brigade Leader and points to the shed. The Red Brigade Leader raises his arms.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Any nonsense, we stop being good soldiers. Understand?

RED BRIGADE LEADER
Stand down men.

The Red Brigade Leader mopes into the shed. The remainder of the Red Brigade relinquish their weapons and trail their leader into the shed. Verbeek approaches Spurswil.

VERBEEK
There's still one more rodent to bag. Let me. Please.

SPURSWIL
Need cover?

VERBEEK
No.

Spurswil hurls Verbeek a walkie-talkie.

SPURSWIL
Let us know when the trap's full.

Verbeek scampers off.

INT. JANSSENDAM OFFICE-NIGHT

Verbeek slinks through the open door. Janssen and Nettie empty cash and jewelry from a safe into wooden crates.

JANSSEN
Hurry up. Let's get back to the pavilion and finish this.

A chime sounds. Nettie accesses a mobile phone and scans the screen and exhales.

NETTIE
All five kids made it to paradise.

JANSSEN

Thank God.

Nettie extracts a diamond bracelet.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

You and your fucking diamonds.

Verbeek releases the pistol's safety catch.

VERBEEK

Oh, you're going back to the pavilion, but to confess to your people how you've betrayed them.

Janssen and Nettie spin around and inch upward.

JANSSEN

Hello Chief Verbeek. You've grown up so much since Lester.

VERBEEK

Can't wait to see your followers rip your dick off when they learn who you really are.

JANSSEN

He used to let people die. Then, he tried to save them. Should make a snappy epitaph.

Janssen and Nettie lean against a table. Verbeek yanks out the walkie-talkie. Kurt creeps inside and jams a gun into Verbeek's back.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Ripping off a cock. Thanks for the advice. Perhaps we'll employ such a technique on you.

Verbeek chucks his gun. Kurt motions Verbeek into a chair.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Before we rid ourselves of you forever, there're a few things you know, we don't.

Janssen swipes the rifle from Kurt and smashes the butt end against Verbeek's leg.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

How many friends you bring and who do they work for?

Verbeek does not respond. Janssen bashes his other leg with the rifle.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Next time, it'll be your head and it'll come from the other end. Those words need explanation?

VERBEEK

No.

JANSSEN

Once again, how big's the cavalry and where do they call home?

VERBEEK

Six men from the Surinamese Spec Forces unit.

Janssen snaps his fingers. Kurt hauls Verbeek to his feet.

JANSSEN

Six? Really? Offer Heren Chief some punch, put him to bed and tuck him in under ground.

Janssen, Nettie and Kurt step outside the office. Verbeek slinks toward the wall and flicks a light switch on and off. Kurt peeks in. Verbeek pulls his hand away from the lever.

NETTIE (O.C.)

What about the soldiers?

JANSSEN (O.C.)

If there're any left, we'll have them trampled. Assault rifles might take out a hundred or two. All a blessing in disguise babe. We'll have less to taint.

Verbeek flicks the light switch on and off again.

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING SHED-NIGHT

Spurswil observes the office through a pair of binoculars.

SPURSWIL

Think he's in trouble.

QUICK

Why?

SPURSWIL
See for yourself.

Spurswil hands Quick the lenses. Quick hones in.

QUICK
Could be a trap. I'm sure Janssen
knows we've arrived by now.

SPURSWIL
Maybe. But I'm going after him
anyway.

QUICK
It worth sacrificing the mission
for?

SPURSWIL
Without him, there'd be no mission.
Now stay alert. I'll be back in a
minute.

Spurswil breaks for the office.

EXT. JANSSENDAM OFFICE ENTRANCE-NIGHT

Janssen, Nettie and Kurt stand atop the stoop. Kurt opens the
door and waves his hand forward.

KURT
Let's go.

Verbeek slogs outside. Verbeek's cell chimes. Janssen and
Kurt accost Verbeek.

JANSSEN
Answer it.

Verbeek accesses the phone. The screen reveals the message:
"Skype Call from Bilal." Kurt aims a rifle at Verbeek.

KURT
Smile and tell only happy tales.

Verbeek fields the call. Bilal stands inside an airport
terminal.

BILAL
Got to Pengel. Their plane leaves
in a half-hour. Where're you?

Kurt noses the gun closer to Verbeek's face.

VERBEEK

Out for a stroll. Can I see them?

Bilal steps off screen. TWO WHITE, BLONDE-HAIRED CHILDREN kick a mini soccer ball. A WHITE, BLONDE-HAIRED WOMAN leans against a ticket counter. Verbeek views the scene. Janssen closes in and grabs the phone.

JANSSEN

Okay, you saw them. Now, bid adieu to your friend or your smoking hot wife and innocent kiddies watch dada's brains dirty a camera lens.

Bilal returns to the screen.

VERBEEK

My battery's dying. Gotta jet. Thanks for everything. You've been a good friend. Take care of yourself.

Verbeek ends the call.

JANSSEN

Do him fast and get back to the pavilion.

Spurswil closes in on the office. Janssen and Nettie descend several stairs, followed by Kurt, who propels Verbeek forward. Spurswil descends to the ground and observes the scene through his weapon's scope.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Give Lester our sincerest regards.

Spurswil zones in on Kurt through the scope. Kurt leads Verbeek down the stairs. Spurswil fires. Kurt tumbles to the ground. Spurswil races toward the office. A deceased Kurt has a bullet wound in his head.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)

What the...

Spurswil corrals Nettie and covers her mouth.

SPURSWIL

No no no. Mouths shut. Both of you. Got it?

VERBEEK

How'd...

SPURSWIL
I caught the light show.

VERBEEK
So glad you were entertained.

Spurswil directs his weapon at Janssen and Nettie. Verbeek bolts back inside the office.

QUICK
Where're you going?

VERBEEK (O.C.)
To get something.

Verbeek reappears with a walkie-talkie and pistol, which he aims at Janssen.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
You've a confession to make. Hefe,
call your men.

SPURSWIL
Quick?

QUICK (O.C.)
Yes Hefe?

SPURSWIL
Get everybody to the pavilion. Now.

Verbeek and Quick shove Janssen and Nettie forward.

QUIET
Roger.

EXT. PAVILION-NIGHT

Verbeek stands center stage holding several folders. Janssen and Nettie are on their knees with their hands bound. Spurswil and Quick wing Verbeek with guns aimed at Janssen and Nettie. Spurswil accesses a microphone.

SPURSWIL
Everyone at attention please.

Loud chatter permeates the pavilion. Spurswil hands Verbeek the microphone.

VERBEEK

Ladies and gentlemen, my name's
Mikael Verbeek, Deputy Mission
Chief at the Dutch Embassy in
Paramaribo.

Boos and hisses ring out. A few people attempt to snake
towards the stage. Spurswil and Quick halt their progress.
Verbeek hoists the folders.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

I'm in possession of evidence
that'll prove Papa's betrayed you.

CULTISTS

No.

Verbeek opens a folder, removes several documents, presents a
stack to Spurswil and a bunch to Quick.

VERBEEK

He's not planning anything
revolutionary. Your deaths were
meant to serve as nothing more than
a cover for his escape. Hefe, if
you will.

Spurswil showcases photos. The crowd remains silent.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Major Spurswil's holding pictures
of a beach castle Papa, Mother and
a few chosen others planned to flee
after all of you all were dead.

Janssen leaps up and stomps to the stage's edge.

JANSSEN

This's a cruel story fabricated by
the King, his Dutch killers and
their Surinamese lackeys.

More than half the crowd applauds. Spurswil taps Janssen with
his assault rifle and motions Janssen back. Verbeek points at
Quick.

VERBEEK

The lieutenant's holding banking
statements. I bet Papa didn't
mention he's pocketed billions
intending to finance his new life
of luxury while you lived in huts?

Danica lunges toward the stage.

DANICA

At one time, I would've died for
you. Lying bastard.

A few cultists restrain Danica.

VERBEEK

Papa's no God. He's a common
criminal that we're taking into
custody.

CULTISTS

No.

Verbeek and Spurswil guide Janssen and Nettie off stage and
out of the pavilion. Spurswil snares his walkie-talkie.

SPURSWIL

Ace?

ACE (O.C.)

Yes Hefe.

SPURSWIL

Got a situation in the pavilion.
Can you guard the shed alone?

Several cultists try to separate Janssen and Nettie from
Verbeek and Spurswil. Spurswil aims his weapon at the
intervening cultists. The cultists retreat.

ACE (O.C.)

Yeah.

SPURSWIL

Send everyone else up here.

ACE (O.C.)

Yes Hefe.

INT. JANNSENDAM RADIO ROOM-NIGHT

Verbeek and Spurswil enter. Quick adjusts the ham radio.
Quiet points his weapon at Janssen and Nettie, who are seated
at a table.

VERBEEK

They didn't believe us.

A digital clock reads twenty-one eleven.

SPURSWIL

Who cares? Let's get this over with
before twenty-one thirty please.

Spurswil approaches Quick.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

Ready?

QUICK

Should be patching through any
second.

Static screeches through the radio's speakers.

ORKESH (O.C.)

What's the verdict?

VERBEEK

Colonel. This's Verbeek. Janssen
and his wife are in custody.

Sudden, loud screams echo.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

What the hell's that?

SPURSWIL

You're countrymen are unfashionably
early I'm afraid. Shit.

The shrieks intensify. Gun shots follow.

VERBEEK

Colonel. We need to investigate a
disturbance.

ORKESH (O.C.)

Very well. Check back ASAP.

Spurswil confronts Janssen and Nettie.

SPURSWIL

You're coming with us. Move.

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING PAVILION-NIGHT

Verbeek, Spurswil, Janssen and Nettie near the pavilion.
Hundreds of cultists charge the vat. A unit of men in
fatigues with Dutch flags affixed to their uniforms struggle
to fend off the cultists.

VERBEEK

What the fuck have you done to
these people?

JANSSEN

Made them obedient.

Gelder stomps forward, hoists an assault rifle and fires it
skyward. Cultists surrender to the ground.

GELDER

Everybody back.

Verbeek stampedes toward Gelder.

VERBEEK

Put your weapon away.

Cultists ascend and storm the vat again. The Dutch forces
draw their weapons. Spurswil fires his assault rifle into the
air.

SPURSWIL

Everyone on their knees and get
your hands over your heads.

The cultists obey Spurswil's orders.

GELDER

These fucking people are nuts. As
soon as we marched in, they started
running towards this drum. What's
in it, gold?

VERBEEK

Not quite Colonel.

Janssen barrels forward.

JANSSEN

Papa's a prophet. Papa told you he
saw this in a vision. Papa's right.
Papa's never betrayed you. Papa's
right.

The cultists spring up in unison and advance towards the
drum. The Dutch troops cock their weapons and prepare to
shoot. Cultists continue their march forward. Verbeek forges
in between the cultists and Dutch troops.

VERBEEK

Stop.

The cultists halt. Gelder points his weapon at Janssen.

GELDER

I've been instructed to kill you.

Hundreds of cultists attempt to shield Janssen. Verbeek and Spurswil drive the cultists back. Spurswil bullets the black sky.

SPURSWIL

You're not killing anyone.

GELDER

Who the fuck are you? We're in charge here.

SPURSWIL

And your effectiveness should be decorated.

Gelder confronts Spurswil. Verbeek separates Spurswil and Gelder.

VERBEEK

Colonel. I'm Mikael Verbeek of the Dutch Embassy in Paramaribo. You can't kill him now.

Spurswil and the Dutch soldiers direct the cultists away and surround Janssen.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

Should you, it'll guarantee they'll all dive into that tub because that's what he's programmed them to do. We must take him into custody.

A booming sound reverberates, followed by a light shining in the sky. Everyone glances up. Janssen glimpses at his watch. The time's twenty-two hundred.

JANSSEN

Right on time.

VERBEEK

For what asshole?

SPURSWIL

Sounds like a chopper.

As the flying object encroaches, the light brightens and sound intensifies. Spurswil and Gelder face each other.

GELDER

Don't look at me. It ain't ours.

SPURSWIL
Ain't ours either.

VERBEEK
Then would someone wish to take a
gander at who the fuck it does
belong to?

Janssen snatches a pistol from a Dutch soldier's holster.

JANSSEN
It's mine.

Janssen shoots a cultist and bolts off. The helicopter fire
bombs the encampment, leaving Verbeek, Spurswil, Gelder, the
Dutch Special Forces Team and cultists surrounded by flames.

GELDER
Holy fuck.

People scatter in all different directions. The helicopter
makes a wide turn. Verbeek pursues Janssen.

SPURSWIL
Where the fuck you going?

VERBEEK
To take care of him. You deal with
this.

Gelder approaches Spurswil.

GELDER
Ya know he's coming back for an
encore. Hope you brought a rocket
launcher.

SPURSWIL
Yeah, but these fires gotta be
contained and we need to get a
thousand people in a secure
location.

Crazy, Strong, Quiet parade on scene. Thomas limps behind
Quiet with a broken leg iron attached to his foot.

THOMAS
There's a huge fire hose and spigot
near the office. I'll show you.

GELDER
We'll fan the flames. Major. You
and you're men blow the shit out of
that chopper.

Spurswil and Gelder share a firm handshake. Gelder snares Thomas's shoulder.

GELDER (CONT'D)

Lead the way young man.

Thomas leads Gelder and several of his men to an area near the office. Thomas snares the hose. Gelder helps Thomas hook the hose into a spigot. Gelder and Thomas quell the flames. Spurswil brandishes his walkie-talkie.

SPURSWIL

Sargent. Get the van down here.
Now.

PALOMA (O.C.)

Right away Hefe.

Paloma speeds the van into the compound, but thick mud halts its progress. Spurswil, Quick and Strong dart towards the van. The helicopter closes in.

SPURSWIL

Get that damn bazooka.

Quick grapples with the van's back door, but cannot open it.

QUICK

The lock's jammed. Shit.

Quick continues to struggle with the door. Strong pushes Quick away, clutches the door and pries it open. Quick snares the rocket launcher and gallop towards the pavilion.

STRONG

Think I've earned this one.

QUICK

No arguments here.

Gelder, the Dutch troops and cultists gather outside the pavilion. Quick positions the bazooka over his shoulder. The helicopter gains speed and loses altitude. Quick fires. The helicopter is hit and explodes.

SPURSWIL

Great hunting Sargent.

Gelder, his troops and the cultists applaud. Spurswil scampers off.

EXT. JANSSENDAM PERIMETER-NIGHT

Verbeek leaps atop Janssen. The remnants of the helicopter topple to the earth.

VERBEEK

Cheer up. It's only a couple
hundred mile jaunt to Venezuela.

Janssen punches Verbeek in the groin and thrusts him to the ground.

JANSSEN

At least killing you'll be a decent
consolation.

Verbeek counters and jabs Janssen's face. Spurswil closes in. Janssen accesses a gun. Verbeek knocks the weapon away. Janssen swings at Verbeek, nails Verbeek's jaw and attempts to snare Verbeek's gun. Verbeek seizes Janssen's legs.

VERBEEK

And killing you'll be a fantastic
bonus.

Verbeek lifts Janssen up by his legs, flips him over, pounces atop Janssen and pummels him with several punches. Verbeek releases his grip on Janssen, brandishes a pistol and aims it at Janssen.

JANSSEN

A gun ain't a communique diplomat.

Verbeek releases the safety catch.

VERBEEK

You're right. It's much heavier.

JANSSEN

You're a pencil pusher who obeys
orders.

Janssen rises and minces toward Verbeek.

VERBEEK

Don't move.

JANSSEN

An Embassy has to follow protocol.
You're gonna bring me in.

Verbeek's hands tremble. Spurswil rushes in.

JANSSEN (CONT'D)
 I spend a couple rough nights in
 custody and buy my way to
 Venezuela.

SPURSWIL
 Shoot him.

Verbeek hesitates. Janssen prowls towards Verbeek.

JANSSEN
 Let's get this over with.

SPURSWIL
 Kill him. Now.

Janssen places his hands out. Verbeek lowers the gun.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
 No.

JANSSEN
 I knew it. Pussy. Just like Lester.

Janssen extends a hand behind his back, yanks out a pistol
 and aims the weapon at Spurswil. Verbeek shoots Janssen in
 the chest. Janssen collapses.

VERBEEK
 I'd tell you to give him my
 regards, but you're headed to a far
 different place.

Verbeek stomps toward Janssen. Spurswil observes, but remains
 several feet from the scene. Verbeek positions the gun over
 Janssen's head.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
 That one was for Lester.

JANSSEN
 Fuck you diplomat.

Verbeek blows Janssen's head off.

VERBEEK
 And that's for Peter.

Verbeek chucks the gun away and hyperventilates. Spurswil
 rushes toward Verbeek, grabs his shoulders and shakes him.

SPURSWIL
 Calm down. Calm down.

Verbeek's breathing settles. Spurswil clutches Verbeek's shoulders again.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Let's get back to the pavilion. A
thousand people await liberation.

Spurswil grabs a walkie-talkie.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
Lieutenant.

QUICK (O.C.)
Yeah Hefe.

SPURSWIL
Janssen's dead. Meet us in the
radio room.

INT. JANSSENDAM RADIO ROOM-NIGHT

Quick tunes the short wave. Verbeek, Spurswil and Gelder stand behind Quick. The radio emits static.

ORKESH (O.C.)
We sure this time?

Verbeek captures the microphone.

VERBEEK
Wouldn't believe so if I didn't do
it myself Colonel.

Spurswil and Gelder laugh.

ORKESH (O.C.)
Well done Chief.

VERBEEK
Thank you Colonel.

Gelder slides a cell phone out of his pocket.

GELDER
As long as we're spreading the good
news.

Gelder pounds the phone's keypad and places it on a table.

VERBEEK
Who're you calling?

GELDER

Joni.

Verbeek dashes toward the door.

GELDER (CONT'D)

Hold up Chief.

Verbeek halts and veers around.

GELDER (CONT'D)

I'll handle him.

The phone rings several times.

KING (O.C.)

Speak only if you've succeeded.

GELDER

Janssen's dead and we're preparing to liberate the compound.

KING (O.C.)

I owe the remainder of time spent on this throne to you and your men.

GELDER

Can't take all...

Gelder faces Spurswil and Verbeek.

GELDER (CONT'D)

Really, much of the credit.

KING (O.C.)

I don't understand.

GELDER

We had help.

A long respite follows.

KING (O.C.)

From whom?

GELDER

The Surinamese Special Forces Team, led by Major Kofi Spurswil and...

KING (O.C.)

It wouldn't happen to be Mikael Verbeek, Deputy Chief of the Dutch Embassy in Paramaribo.

GELDER
Your Majesty...

The King clears his throat.

KING (O.C.)
Patch him through Gelder.

Verbeek mopes toward the radio, snatches the microphone and inches it toward his lips at a deliberate pace.

SPURSWIL
Chief.

Spurswil hurls Verbeek a cigar.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)
You earned it. Regardless.

Spurswil and Gelder flank Verbeek.

VERBEEK
I'm here Your Majesty.

KING (O.C.)
Diplomats are supposed to honor the chain of command.

Verbeek pops the stogie in his mouth. Spurswil lights it.

VERBEEK
Did what I thought I had to Your Majesty. Whatever punishment you wish to hand down, I accept.

A few seconds pass.

KING (O.C.)
Chief?

VERBEEK
Yes Your Majesty.

KING (O.C.)
We both did what we had to. You're a fine diplomat and a courageous man. I, and those people owe you a great deal.

Spurswil brandishes two more cigars, hands one to Gelder and ignites them. Verbeek inhales and exhales a healthy drag.

KING (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I'd like you to remain in Suriname
as Ambassador.

Verbeek tips back. Spurswil and Gelder break his fall.

VERBEEK
What about Ruud?

KING (O.C.)
What about him?

VERBEEK
I accept your offer and thanks Your
Majesty.

KING (O.C.)
In the coming months, you'll be
awarded the Order of the House of
Orange. Good evening Ambassador.

Verbeek lumbers toward the door.

SPURSWIL
Can we celebrate now?

VERBEEK
Not yet. Radio your men and have
them gather everyone in the
pavilion one final time.

EXT. PAVILION-NIGHT

The facility is filled to standing room capacity. The crowd
is silent. Ace, Quick, Crazy, Strong, Quiet and the Dutch
troops guard Nettie, Wilhelm and the Red Brigade. Verbeek
plods across the stage.

VERBEEK
May I have your attention please?

Spurswil and Gelder emerge and flank Verbeek with weapons
drawn. Verbeek hoists a microphone.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)
Papa's dead.

A thunderous ovation ensues. Wilhelm surrenders to his knees
and weeps. Verbeek lifts his hands up and down. The cheers
wane.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

In the next few minutes, I, with the help of the Surinamese and Dutch forces will lead you out. To freedom.

The cheering resumes. SEVERAL CULTISTS dash towards the vat. A few of the Dutch troops obstruct the cultists' path. The cultists attempt to crawl around the soldiers and access the barrel.

CULTIST

We can't live without Papa. Please let us die. Papa was our life.

Verbeek stomps to the end of the stage, lopes down and positions himself in front of the vat.

VERBEEK

Subdue them please.

Quick, Strong and Quiet corral the distraught cultists and lead them out of the pavilion.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

And will somebody please knock this fucking tub over?

Gelder bounds off stage.

GELDER

Everybody move.

Those standing near the tub frolic back. Spurswil and Gelder tip the barrel over.

VERBEEK

Papa was your life and would've been your death.

EXT. JANNSENDAM ENTRANCE-NIGHT

A sign reading: "Thank You For Visiting The Jannsendam Communal Compound" towers above. Verbeek, Spurswil and Gelder guide the procession through the gate. Paloma and Bart emerge from the crowd.

PALOMA

Anyone seen Nykesha and Tamira Seedorf?

TWO WHITE MEN shake their heads.

BART
Danica? Leo?

DANICA (O.C.)
Here.

BART
Hon. It's Bart. Where're you?

Danica darts out of the crowd with A DARK-SKINNED BOY in her arms. Bart embraces Danica and LEO, 8. Paloma tugs on Danica's arm.

PALOMA
Have you seen Nykesha or Tamira Seedorf?

DANICA
They were at the back of the line when we started marching out.

PALOMA
So they're alive and okay?

DANICA
As much as any of us can claim to be under the circumstances.

Paloma dissolves back into the procession.

PALOMA
Nykesha? Tamira Seedorf?

Paloma plods toward the end of the line and freezes. TWO, LIGHT BROWN SKINNED WOMAN amble towards Paloma.

PALOMA (CONT'D)
Thank God.

Paloma makes the Sign Of The Cross, bolts towards the two, light brown skinned women and tosses her arms around them. Paloma, NYKESHA, 27 AND TAMIRA, 25, surrender to their knees and cry.

EXT. AREA BEYOND JANSSENDAM GATE-NIGHT

Gelder escorts survivors into military vehicles. Spurswil and Verbeek lean against a jeep.

VERBEEK
So Hefe? What's next?

SPURSWIL

Retirement. I'll never top this triumph.

VERBEEK

Not that I'm the persuading type, but the new Ambassador's gonna need a Head of Security. It'd mean normal hours and no jungles. Would be seeing me everyday though.

Spurswil brandishes two stogies and hands Verbeek one.

VERBEEK (CONT'D)

I know that's a drawback, but I think you'd be just right for the job.

Crazy leaps in front of the procession, gyrates with his tongue and pounces up and down. Spurswil approaches Crazy. Verbeek follows Spurswil. Ace arrives on scene and eyes Spurswil.

SPURSWIL

Don't look at me. He's your responsibility now. Commander.

Ace and Spurswil shake hands. Verbeek and Spurswil saunter off.

SPURSWIL (CONT'D)

If I'm gonna be your muscle, I'd love to be included in that trip to Holland. Could use a vacation.

VERBEEK

Anywhere I go, I'd feel much safer if you followed.

SPURSWIL

I accept your offer. One thing though? No involvement with any more cult leaders.

VERBEEK

You don't have to worry.

FADE OUT

