FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Rain pours.

A dilapidated three story hotel sits alone surrounded by miles of sand.

SUPER: "SOMEBWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST".

INT. BATHROOM - MARTIN’S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A rectangular neon light flickers overhead. The lavatory is run-down.

Half asleep, MARTIN (30s) Martin stumbles in.

Martin is shirtless and fit. He stands in front of the a small, foggy mirror and wipes away the condensation.

Martin leans on the sink and notice notices a red smudge on his neck. He washes his face and exits the room.

INT. BEDROOM - MARTIN’S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark.

Rain beats against the slightly opened window. Martin turns on the light. The room is small, a messy bed crammed in.

The walls are painted in a faded pale green.

A pillow rests on the floor beside a US Marine backpack. A large hunting knife lies on the desk, several feet away.

A cellphone rings. Martin picks it up.

    MARTIN
    I’m on the second floor. I’ll be down in a minute.

He hangs up and opens the drawer on the night stand. He picks up an automatic handgun.

Martin throws on a tee shirt, tucks his weapon into his pants and puts on his grey trench coat.

He exits the room.
INT. HALLWAY - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Martin walks down the corridor then down the stairs.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

EIGHT MEN in US Marine fatigues stand around. They are heavily armed.

Martin walks down the staircase.

MARTIN
Number One, I left you in charge. Where’s the Principal?

MARINE ONE steps forward.

ONE
He went up, but never came down.

MARINE TWO approaches.

TWO
It’s been over two hours. Should be done by now.

MARTIN
Soldiers Nine and Ten aren’t here. Did they go check?

MARINE THREE hangs back.

THREE
Yes, but they haven’t been back either.

Martin walks off the last step and approaches the group.

MARTIN
Marines One, Three and Six, you guys take the fire escape. Marines Two, Five and Seven guard the entrance.

They disperse.

MARTIN (CONT’D)
The rest of you, come with me.

Martin and the men hurry upstairs.
INT. HALLWAY - THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

With their weapons drawn, Martin leads Marines Four and Eight down the dingy corridor.

Martin pounds on the door at the end of the hall. He leans in closer and signals.

The Marines approach, kick down the door and barge in.

MARINE NUMBER NINE (female, Caucasian, 24) lies on the floor unconscious. She clenches a handgun.

Martin kneels down and checks her pulse. Marines Four and Eight check the room, bathroom and closets.

   FOUR
Clear!

   EIGHT
Clear!

Marine Number Four stands guard at the door while Eight helps Martin lift Nine onto the bed.

Nine has a bruise on her chin, but is otherwise unharmed.

Martin gently pats her on the face.

   MARTIN
Nine, wake up! What happened? Where’s the principal? Where’s number Ten?

She blinks and slowly regains consciousness.

   NINE
It all happened so fast.

   MARTIN
Start from the beginning.

Groggily, she sits up.

   NINE
Number One sent Ten and I to check on the Principal. Somehow we got separated, but when I got to the room, the Principal was gone.

   MARTIN
Gone?
NINE
There was some naked Asian chick sprawled out on the bed, asleep.

MARTIN
What happened to the Principal?

NINE
I don’t know, Sir. I noticed the window was wide open, with a rope hanging out tied to the radiator. It wasn’t going all the way down.

MARTIN
Where did it stop?

NINE
On the second floor.

EIGHT
But where is your fellow Marine? Where’s Number Ten?

NINE
As I turn around, the Asian girl kicks me in the face and I go down. I don’t know what happened to Ten.

Martin and hands her back the gun. He retrieves his cell and dials a number.

MARTIN
Send everybody up to the second floor... Now!

He hangs up and marches out of the room. The three Marines follow him down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY – SECOND FLOOR – NIGHT

Martin leads the team of Marines, numbers One through Nine, down the dark hallway.

Lamps mounted on their weapons illuminate the way.

With precision, they break down one door to one room, search it, and then move on to the next.

They repeat the process until they reach the room at the end of the hallway. Martin’s room.
MARTIN
I just came out of there, it’s clean.

NINE
But that’s exactly where the rope ends, Sir.

Everyone stares at Martin.

MARTIN
OK. Let’s check it out.

Martin opens the door and enters his room.

Marines Two, Three, Four and Five remain in the hallway.

INT. BEDROOM - MARTIN’S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The rest of the Marines follow Martin inside. They check the room, closets and under the bed.

Marines Eight and Nine walk into the bathroom.

NINE (O.S.)
I’ve got something here, Sir.

Martin pushes his way through the team and enters the BATHROOM

He glances at the mirror. Condensation again fogs the glass.

The other Marines enter the bathroom. Surrounded by his crew, Martin steps towards the bathtub.

MARTIN
Let me have a look.

The shower curtain is closed and water is heard running. Martin rips down the plastic sheet.

A young ASIAN WOMAN with bright red lips, lies on her back in the bathtub.

She’s submerged in bloody water and her body has turned a light blue. Martin rubs his neck.

Nine steps forward.

NINE
That’s her! She’s the one who attacked me upstairs, Sir.
Martin reaches inside the tub and carefully drags the Asian girl out of the water.

He lays her on the floor.

    MARTIN
    She’s gone.

Martin stands up. Marine Number One taps Martin on the shoulder.

    ONE
    Was she here when you left, Sir?

    MARTIN
    I don’t know. I was half awake.

Marine Nine touches Martin’s neck.

    NINE
    What’s this, Sir?

    MARTIN
    Lipstick.

    FOUR
    Hers?

    MARTIN
    I’m not sure.

Marine Number Five looks at Martin, suspiciously.

    FIVE
    But you’re not sure.

The Marines train their weapons on Martin.

    ONE
    Surrender your weapon, Sir.

    MARTIN
    Get your fucking scopes off of me. Listen. We haven’t got much time to locate the Principal and figure out what happened to number Ten.

    ONE
    Don’t make this difficult, Sir.

The Marines continue to aim their weapons at him.
MARTIN
Alright.

Martin removes his handgun from his leg holster and drops it. The gun lands on the Asian girl’s stomach.

ONE
Now, step back.

Marine Number One pushes Martin against the wall.

MARTIN
You’re wasting your time.

The soldiers frisk Martin and escort him into the BEDROOM.

Marine Number One places a chair in the middle of the room and pushes Martin down on it.

ONE
Where’s the Principal?

Martin retrieves a cigarette from his shirt pocket and lights up.

MARTIN
After assigning everyone to their posts two hours ago, I came upstairs to check once more on the Principal on the third floor. When I entered his room, he and someone were going at it in bed.

ONE
Someone?

MARTIN
The light was off, I couldn’t see.

ONE
How did you know it was the Principal?

MARTIN
Because I heard him.

Martin takes a puff from his cigarette.

ONE
The world’s gone Hell, and we’re stuck in the middle of it.
MARTIN
I left them and came down here. An hour later I hear a knock on my door. Open up and see Number Ten standing out in the hall.

ONE
Ten?

NINE
Well, we did get separated for awhile.

ONE
Separated? What the fuck happened?

Marine Nine walks up to Number One.

NINE
After you sent us upstairs to check on the principal, Ten told me to go on ahead. I figured she was checking the hallway on the second floor.

MARTIN
I guess that’s when she came to see me.

ONE
And?

MARTIN
Ten said nothing as she pushed her way in and slammed the door behind her.

ONE
How long were you two in there?

MARTIN
I can’t say. The last thing I remember was her naked body wrapped around me. She kissed my neck and I must have passed out.

ONE
I can’t fucking believe this!

MARTIN
Later, I wake up to a loud noise outside the window. By that time, Ten was gone.
He takes another puff at his cigarette.

MARTIN (CONT’D)
I get out of bed with a fucking headache and stumble into the bathroom.

NINE
I reach the Principal’s room and find he’s absent, but I that naked Asian chick’s asleep. I think I’ve seen her before. I then noticed the window, with a rope hanging out.

ONE
I see.

NINE
If you don’t mind me asking, Sir, who exactly is the Principal?

Marine Number One looks at Martin. Martin nods.

ONE
He works for the Iranian Revolutionary Guard, and apparently has new information regarding their nuclear weapons program.

The Marines look up, surprised.

ONE (CONT’D)
As you know, our mission is to sneak him out of Tehran and into Iraq, to the Green Zone in Baghdad. From there, he’s to be escorted to Guantanamo for debriefing.

Martin turns toward Number One.

MARTIN
Since you’ve assumed command of this outfit, I’d check the outside perimeter, just to be on the safe side.

ONE
Eight and Nine, stay here with him. The rest of you, come with me to check outside.

The Marines filter out of the room.

Number One lingers. He stares at Martin.
ONE (CONT’D)
I don’t know what your involvement with this is, but it stinks.

Martin blows a cloud of smoke into Number One’s face. Number One turns away then punches Martin in the jaw.

ONE (CONT’D)
That’s for fucking Ten. You’d better hope we find her and the Principal, and quick. I don’t care even if you are CIA, I’ll finish you.

One stomps out of the room.

INT. LOBBY – NIGHT

The Marines runs out of the hotel.

EXT. HOTEL – NIGHT

The Marines circle around the block until they stand below the window of Martin’s room.

They see the rope hanging out of the Principal’s room on the third floor. The rope goes down several feet below Martin’s window on the second floor.

Number One and the Marines look up in shock as they see THE PRINCIPAL (50s, Middle Eastern) hung by the neck at the end of the rope.

INT. BEDROOM – MARTIN’S HOTEL ROOM

Marine Number Eight paces around the room.

Martin glances up at number Nine. She steps forward and aims her gun at him. Number Eight walks into the bathroom.

A GUNSHOT rings out, followed by a THUD.

Nine presses her gun against the back of Martin’s head.

NINE
Eight, are you OK?

His back to the bathroom door, Martin turns his head.
NINE (CONT’D)
Don’t you fucking move. Put your hands behind your back.

Martin complies. Number Nine binds his hands and carefully walks away.

NINE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
What the fuck?

Another GUNSHOT rings out.

Martin strains his neck towards the bathroom, but can’t see the door.

NEAR BATHROOM DOOR

Number Nine is hit in the neck by a bullet and falls to the floor.

The Asian chick stands at the bathroom door with outstretched arms, both hands wrapped firmly around Martin’s handgun.

The Asian chick is MARINE NUMBER TEN. She’s soaking wet.

TEN
Marty, are you alright?

MARTIN
I’m OK, Ten.

Ten yanks off a wig of jet-black hair and reveals her very short blonde hair. She unties Martin.

Number Nine groans in pain on the floor.

Ten wipes off red lipstick, takes a towel and dries off. As she rubs her face, arms and legs, the white towel slowly turns light blue with dye.

MARTIN (CONT’D)
Get the body.

TEN
He’s fucking dead. I made sure of it.

MARTIN
I know, but the big boys back home need proof.

Number Ten proceeds to the window.
TEN

No problem.

Martin reaches under the bed and pulls out a suitcase. He opens it. It’s filled with timer grenades. He arms them.

INT. HALLWAY - THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

Martin drags the suitcase into the corridor.

INT. BEDROOM - MARTIN’S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marine Number Ten steps over Number Eight’s body and opens the window. She looks down. The sidewalk is clear.

Outside the window, the Principal dangles by the neck at the end of the rope, several few feet below the second floor window.

She grabs the Principal by the hair and retrieves a large hunting knife from the table by the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Number One and the Marines run back inside the building.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MARTIN’S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Blood splatters all over Ten as she cuts off the Principal’s head. Once removed, his body falls to ground below.

Ten walks across the room. She puts the head into a pillow case and tosses it on the bed.

TEN

Done, Marty!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Martin throws a handful of grenades down the hall. They do not explode.
INT. BEDROOM - MARTIN’S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martin returns to the room and bolts the door.

Number Nine lies in a pool of her own blood.

MARTIN
They’ll be coming back any moment now. Those grenades should hold them at bay for a few minutes.

Martin and Ten push the bed against the door.

Nine struggles to sit up against the wall. Her breaths are labored.

NINE
Why did you guys kill the Principal? He would have helped us figure out their nuclear secrets.

Martin approaches Nine and kicks away her gun. He squats down holds her in his arms.

MARTIN
The Principal was in charge of the Iranian Nuclear Weapons Program. Without him, development is pushed back indefinitely. Our orders were to eliminate him. I’m sorry you got in the way.

Nine slumps over and stares at the floor. She breathes her last breath.

TEN
Let’s get the fuck out of here.

Ten retrieves two black ski masks from the backpack on the floor. She puts hers on and tosses the other to Martin.

Ten grabs the pillow case with the Principal’s head and stuffs it into backpack. She walks to the window climbs out.

Martin puts on his ski mask and climbs down after her.

FADE OUT.