

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

EXT. BERKSHIRE COUNTRY CLUB SWIMMING POOL CIRCA 1990 - DAY

After tightening the elastic hair ties against her pigtails, CHARLOTTE (5), cautiously steps to the side of the swimming pool where she stands with her feet straddling the four-foot depth marker. She's surrounded by latchkey kids whose divorced fathers or underpaid nannies are mostly allowing them to run wild.

Fortunately, even at five-years old, Charlotte is an expert at tuning out others and entirely focusing on the task at hand. And today's task is to overcome her fear of jumping in the water. Oh, and as it always is, gaining and maintaining the attention of her own distracted parents.

Her father, LINUS (late 30s), is impatiently standing in the chest-deep water in front of her increasingly losing interest in trying to coax her in.

CHARLIE

I'm thirty-six inches tall, right  
daddy?

LINUS

Yes, Charlotte.

Through his dark sunglasses, she sees him roll eyes.

CHARLIE

If the water is forty-eight inches  
deep, that means with my feet  
touching the bottom, there would be  
twelve inches of water over the top  
of my head. But you're not going to  
let me touch the bottom, are you  
daddy?

LINUS

Of course not. I'll catch you right  
when you splash in the water. Your  
hair won't even get wet. Now, just  
close your eyes, and jump.

Charlotte's hands are nervously slapping her thighs.

CHARLIE

I'm going to close my eyes now.

She mashes her eyelids shut as though it takes that kind of effort to mute her bright, inquisitive eyes. Almost immediately, she opens them again. This time she turns her boney shoulders enough to address her mom.

Mommy, look. I'm closing my eyes.

Her mother, GLADYS (mid 30s), is sitting in a nearby lounger protecting her fare skin with a shawl, a broad-rimmed hat, and a thick layer of sunscreen, intently reading a thick book. There is a camera wrapped in a towel by her side. When she finishes the page she's on, she looks up over a pair of readers.

GLADYS

That's very brave, dear.

Charlie closes her eyes again. When she cracks them open, she finds her mom has resumed reading.

CHARLIE

Mommy. You're not watching.

She turns back to the pool and sees her father picking at a grey hair on his chest.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Daddy. You're not paying attention either.

LINUS

C'mon, Charlotte. Just jump.

CHARLIE

You promise you'll catch me? So quickly that my hair won't even get wet?

A shapely young woman struts by wearing a bright red string bikini.

Beneath his dark sunglasses, Linus' attention moves with her.

LINUS

(not paying attention)

Sure, Charlotte.

CHARLIE

Daddy's going to catch me as soon as I splash in the water, mommy.

Gladys sets down her book and fishes her oversized beach bag out from beneath her chair. While ruffling through it...

GLADYS  
That's very brave, dear.

This time when Charlotte shuts her eyes, her fists are anxiously clenching and unclenching at her side.

CHARLIE  
(excited voice)  
Here I go-o.

SPLASH.

Not finding what she is looking for, Gladys has started tossing things out of the bag onto the chair between her pale legs lathered in sunblock.

Linus continues ogling the red bikini rinsing off in an outdoor shower.

Entirely still, Charlie is slowly sinking.

GLADYS  
Linus. Did you pack *Mere Christianity* like I asked?

After turning enough to confirm his wife's attention is elsewhere, his returns to the shower.

LINUS  
I did. But it's a thin book.  
(mutters under his breath)  
Its most redeeming quality.

GLADYS  
There's a quote that I want to use during tonight's debate. You know, the one about humility?

LINUS  
"Humility is not thinking less of yourself, but thinking of yourself less."

GLADYS  
That's it. Did you pack my notebook?

Once she reaches the pool bottom, Charlie stubbornly sits with her arms folded across her chest, glaring up through the still water as her dad wades toward her mom. Bubbles rise as she contemptuously counts...

CHARLIE  
...Eleven. Twelve. Thirteen.

Just as the periphery of her vision starts to go dark...

SPLASH.

A pair of strong arms wrap around Charlie's narrow waist. Then she feels a powerful push followed by water rushing by her face. The moment they surge out of the water, she opens her eyes and takes a breath. When she looks up, the intense sunlight is washing out the details of her rescuer's face.

**END TEASER**

**ACT 1**

EXT. ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG SITE CIRCA 2010 - DAY

Subtitle: Jewish Quarter, Old City of Jerusalem

The sharp CRACK of pickaxes and SCRATCHING of shovels BATTERING their way through the dry red and brown limestone earth have started to taper off. That means the site's coordinator, DR. GOLDBERG (60s), has left the dig site located on a tell near the Old City for the day. Confirmation he has, comes when a group of graduate students working beneath tents shielding the villa ruins up near the crest switch their boombox from a classical station to one that plays Israeli pop. And each time Diva comes on, which is does each hour, works stops, and everyone - even the foreigners down the hillside - SING.

SHOVEL BUMS

"Viva nari'a, Viva Victoria,  
Afrodita. Viva la Diva, Viva  
Victoria, Cleopatra."

Once the song ends, one of those foreigners, a young lady, Charlotte nicknamed Charlie (26), sets down her trowel and reaches for her nearly empty canteen of lukewarm water. After several gulps, she pours what remains onto a bandana that she uses to wipe her face, neck and upper chest. She uses it again to pull back her wavy hair which has turned into a frizzy mess.

She satisfyingly examines her progress. Between yesterday and today, she's doubled the depth of the six-by-six-foot outdoor unit making it nearly as deep as she is tall. Then she stands on her tip-toes and looks out over the rich history that literally surrounds her. To the west, the Citadel on the former site of Herod's Palace. To the north, the tower from the Church of the Redeemer, and the domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. And to the east, the Western Wall, and the Dome of the Rock on the Temple Mount.

Her two far less enthusiastic friends, MAYA (mid 20s), born in Israel, but quintessential New Yorker and EMI (20s), her Japanese American roommate at Stanford are chatting in the unit next to her.

EMI

(picking the grime from  
under her nails)

Uhg. All this manual labor is  
ruining my manicure. And it's going  
to take a week of bubble baths to  
get all this dirt out of my pours.

MAYA  
(rubbing the back of her  
neck)  
The reservations I made at the  
hotel spa should help.

The pair SQUEAL.

EMI  
How exactly DID we let Charlie  
trick us into digging for  
artifacts, of all things?

CHARLIE  
(resumes digging)  
I didn't trick you. It was on the  
itinerary.

MAYA  
No one makes an itinerary for a  
vacation.

CHARLIE  
I do.

EMI  
No one BUT you.

MAYA  
And you purposely snuck it in after  
visiting all the cool sights during  
the day and being pampered in a  
swanky hotel each night.

CHARLIE  
It's only at the end because that's  
when my father arranged it.

MAYA  
Tell us you've at least found  
something over there.

CHARLIE  
Some potsherds, a broken  
millstone, and mandible and  
patella fragments from the order of  
Columbiformes.

EMI  
English?

CHARLIE

Broken pieces of pottery, a cooking stone, and some pigeon bones. What about you guys?

EMI

(examines her fingers)  
I found a broken nail.

CHARLIE

That's unlikely since nails weren't common in home construction back then.

EMI

(smirks)

It's not that kind of nail.

MAYA

What about fake eyelashes?

Both girls GIGGLE.

CHARLIE

Please don't leave anything like that in your unit.

(places her hands on her hips)

We're having enough trouble being taken seriously after arriving with the top down and radio blaring like we were going to a frat party. It's no wonder they assigned us to this midden on the outskirts of the actual pre-exilic villa site.

MAYA

(teasingly)

We get it. You're finally getting a chance to make use of that PhD in Anthropology of yours.

CHARLIE

(muttering to herself)

Archaeology.

(to her friends)

You know. Lots of people would pay money to dig at a site that dates back to six-hundred B.C.E.

EMI

(excitedly)

Ooh. I know that one. Before Christ.

CHARLIE

Actually, it means Before the  
Common Era.

MAYA

Which me-eans?

CHARLIE

(sighs)

Its the secular version of Before  
Christ.

Emi and Maya HIGH-FIVE.

EMI

Booyah.

Charlie shakes her head. At first softly, she starts to hum *I Want It That Way* as she resumes scraping the dirt away from a sherd of some sort of large vessel. When she get to the refrain, she pauses her work, and SINGS.

CHARLIE

Tell me why.

Maya picks up a hand shovel and Emi a trowel. Then using their handles as microphones, they join in.

EMI AND MAYA

Ain't nothin' but a heartache.

CHARLIE

Tell me why.

EMI AND MAYA

Ain't nothin' but a mistake.

CHARLIE

Tell me why.

EMI AND MAYA

I never want to hear you say.

CHARLIE, EMI, AND MAYA

I want it that way.

Maya and Emi drop down on the dirty ground laughing. After settling down, Emi looks at her watch.

EMI

How much longer do we have?

CHARLIE

Our driver isn't due to pick us up  
for another two hours.

MAYA

Two more hours!

EMI

Seriously, Charlie. We love you.  
But these walls are starting to  
close in on us over here.

Emi stretches out her hands toward the vertical walls. With them fully extended, she twists from side to side.

Maya points at the burnt orange handle sticking out of the earthen wall.

MAYA

Be careful you don't smack your  
hand on that dirty old jar.

EMI

(stops stretching)

Say, Charlie. What's the scientific  
word for dirty old jar?

CHARLIE

Just a dirty old jar.

EMI

(taps her finger to her  
lips)

That won't do. Let's make something  
up.

(to Maya)

What's the Jewish word for jar?

MAYA

*Cantsent.*

EMI

That sounds better. Don't you think  
that sounds better, Charlie?

CHARLIE

What?

EMI

We've decided to rename this dirty  
old jar a *cantsent*, instead. You  
know, to make it sound more exotic.

CHARLIE

You can't just make a word up.

MAYA

We didn't make it up. It's Jewish  
for...

CHARLIE

(interrupting her)

The Jewish language is Hebrew. But  
Arabic, Yiddish and English are  
also very..."

(abruptly sits up  
straight)

Wait. Did you say you found a  
storage jar?

MAYA

(teasingly)

A *cantsent*.

CHARLIE

Seriously?

EMI

Actually just a handle. The rest is  
still in the wall.

MAYA

We noticed it while playing tick-  
tack-toe.

Charlie scrambles to her feet.

CHARLIE

You were playing tick-tack-toe on  
the excavated wall of a two-an-a-  
half thousand-year-old Jewish  
villa?

MAYA

Walls, actually. All four.

(winks at Emi)

You should be happy we finally  
found something useful to do with  
that pointy dig thing.

Charlie stands on her bucket and pulls herself out of her  
unit...

CHARLIE

The pointy dig thing is called a trowel. Why didn't you start digging it out?

EMI

Technically, it wasn't IN...  
(makes air quotes)  
...our hole. Some dirt fell away when I kicked the wall while trying to get out to use the smelly potty earlier. They really should put steps in these things.

MAYA

And Dr. Grumpypants made such a big deal out of restrictive permits and remaining in our spot.

Charlie appears above their pit which is nearly the same size as when they started.

CHARLIE

Dr. Goldberg is the Director of the Institute of Archeology at Tel Aviv University. He's one of the most renowned archeologists of our time.

EMI

He should learn to be nicer to his guests.

CHARLIE

We're not guests. We're nuisances that my father forced upon him as far as he's concerned. Now, show me.

Emi steps aside revealing what appears to be the bowed handle of a clay jar. Mostly buried beside it, there is also a portion of a bulbous body that is near the same color as the dried dirt.

Charlie hops down into their unit.

CHARLIE

That's the handle of an ancient vessel.

EMI

(teasingly)

A ship?

CHARLIE

It's another name for a jar.

MAYA

I thought you said there wasn't a scientific name for a dirty old jar.

Charlie SIGHS while nudging both her friends aside. Then she snatches the trowel from Maya and begins carefully clearing away the dirt around the object. The more that is revealed, the faster she works.

CHARLIE

(excited)

I think it's intact. One of you get that tarp from the storage unit up top.

Emi scrambles out of the pit first.

MAYA

While you're up there, fill our water bottles please. By the way, your butt looks great in those Soffe Shorts.

Emi kneels down to collect both bottles.

EMI

Thanks.

During their conversation, Charlie is narrating to herself.

CHARLIE

It's definitely pre-exilic. Look at these markings. They weren't common until around seven-hundred B.C.E.

MAYA

(to Emi)

The dirt makes them look authentic. Plus the way the sweat is making them cling to your buns is super sexy.

Emi stands. With one hand on her hip, she twists and checks out her backside.

EMI

That's kinda gross. But my butt does look good.

She takes the empty plastic bottles over to the yellow and red Igloo nearby and fills them.

EMI

Maybe I should make another runway  
pass by those geeks up the hill to  
see if any of THEM take notice.

MAYA

Honey, those boys wouldn't know  
what to do with a knock-out like  
you.

Charlie sets down the trowel, lightly grabs hold of the two free ends, and gently wiggles the jar.

CHARLIE

We just need to remove a little  
more of this silty clay. Then we  
should be able to ease it right  
out.

Emi hands the bottles to Maya. Then she sits with her feet dangling in the unit, the tarp folded neatly in her lap.

EMI

Wow. It's a lot bigger than it  
looked before.

CHARLIE

I'm guessing twenty liters. That's  
five-and-a-quarter gallons. They  
used these as storage for grains,  
wine, and bones.

MAYA

Hopefully, not at the same time.

CHARLIE

The Dead Sea Scrolls were found in  
clay jars...

MAYA

(interrupting with a grin)  
Vessels.

EMI

What I wouldn't do for a vessel of  
wine right now.

MAYA

I'd settle for a cold beer.

CHARLIE  
(ignoring their playful  
banter)

Wouldn't it be awesome if there's something inside. I mean, this WAS the home of the High Priest Seraiah, the chief religious official in Jerusalem at the time. He would certainly have had access to the most valuable temple possessions. Gold, jewels.

Emi and Maya both perk up.

MAYA  
Like an ancient treasure chest?

CHARLIE  
(to Emi)  
Hop down and spread out that tarp.  
(to both)  
Then I'm going to need both of you to help ease this twenty-six-hundred year-old, potentially priceless vessel out of the wall.

MAYA  
Maybe we should get some help?

CHARLIE  
No!  
(catches herself)  
I mean, we don't need it. Not yet.  
Not until we're ready to move it out of the unit.  
(glances determinedly between her friends)  
We can do this. We're going to do this.

With Maya nervously gripping the top, Charlie begins slowly wiggling the bottom until it works free.

CHARLIE  
(to Maya)  
Switch places.

Once she and Maya traded ends, Charlie wiggles the top. Loose dirt falls around the sides.

CHARLIE  
Once it comes free from the wall,  
Emi, you help on the backside.  
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Then we'll just ease it down to the  
tarp. Easy peasy.

Maya mouths 'easy peasy' toward Emi who shrugs.

With everyone in position...

CHARLIE  
On the count of three.

Emi and Maya are staring wide-eyed at their friend.

CHARLIE  
One, two, three.

EMI AND MAYA  
Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.

With the weight of the jar in their hands, they ease it over to the tarp. When the three of them kneel to set it down, a wide top falls between Maya's knees.

Emi GASPS.

Once it wobbles to a stop, Maya bends down and looks into the opening.

CHARLIE  
Well?  
(beat)  
Is there something inside?

**END ACT 1**

ACT TWO

INT. KING DAVID HOTEL - EVENING

Charlie is impatiently waiting for her habitually late friends at the elevator of the posh six-story landmark King David Hotel overlooking the Old City.

Maya passes through the doorway of their top-floor suite first while observing herself applying lip gloss in a compact. Emi is holding the door open while bending over and fastening her second heel.

CHARLIE

Please hurry. We were supposed to be downstairs by now.

MAYA

We know you subtract fifteen minutes from our 'be ready' time because you think we're always late.

She 'air kisses' Charlie on the cheek so she doesn't smear her bright red lipstick.

Emi winks as she enters the elevator second.

EMI

It's just some boring academic dinner.

Charlie presses the button for the lobby.

CHARLIE

The Annual Excellence in Science Achievement Gala is the premier event of the year. And my dad's the keynote speaker.

MAYA

He's always speaking somewhere.

As the doors close, Maya checks herself out in each of the four surrounding mirrors. She stops on Charlie's reflection, and smiles.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You wore the red one.

CHARLIE

Please don't. I'm already self-conscious enough.

Emi looks over and smiles, too.

EMI

Are you kidding? You look crazy hot. Wasted if you ask me, on a bunch of self-important middle-aged brainiacs.

MAYA

Which is why you should ditch the speeches and come clubbing with us instead.

CHARLIE

I can't. I promised my dad. I barely get to see him these days.

She tugs the hem of her dress over her knees. When that doesn't make her feel less exposed, she pulls the sweetheart neckline up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You really think this dress is too much?

Maya slaps Charlie's hand.

MAYA

Absolutely. Now stop fiddling with it.

Charlie mashes her hands against the elevator wall behind her back.

CHARLIE

Good. I'm sure my dad will be his usual pre-occupied self.

The elevator doors open to a group of businessmen who part.

Emi and Maya strut out between them.

Charlie takes one last quick glance at herself.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

I just really feel like being noticed tonight.

When she notices the men staring at her, she hustles between them atop the signatures of many of the hotel's celebrity visitors inlaid into a walkway of white stone.

EXT. KING DAVID HOTEL PORTICO - EVENING

As Charlie exits through the dark, rich mahogany-framed revolving front doors, a cool, early evening breeze lifts the bottom of her dress which she catches before anyone notices.

Ahead of her, Emi and Maya have stopped beside a long, black limousine parked beneath the portico.

MAYA  
(in her loud party voice)  
Our chariot awaits.

Charlie is distracted with putting on the light shawl that she's been carrying.

CHARLIE  
It should be a long, black limo.

A tall, lean, broad-shouldered man wearing a wrinkled tuxedo, HUCK (28), steps out from behind a pink limestone column.

Charlie walks straight into his chest. She stumbles back.

He catches her before she falls into a row of prickly pyracantha bushes. His firm grip remains on her arms even after he sets her petite frame back on the pavement.

HUCK  
I'm sorry, ma'am.

She feels his sonorous voice travel through his fingers.

CHARLIE  
I should have been watching where I  
was going.

As her eyes make their way upward, she notices his worn Converses below pants that are too short for his long legs, and too wide for his narrow hips and waist. His jacket is tight over his shoulders but loose everywhere else. The entire ensemble has clearly been borrowed. And it looks even more slapdash because his shirt-sleeves are unbuttoned and his tie is crooked because he's loosened it too much for it to stay in place.

Charlie pulls at one of his fingers to free herself. It doesn't budge.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Could you please release me now?

HUCK  
I'm sorry, ma'am.

CHARLIE  
You said that already.  
(when he still doesn't)  
My arms?

He finally releases her and takes a step back.

As he does, she makes a practiced mental note of a jagged scar across his left cheek that is mostly hidden beneath his thick beard. His nose is crooked and there is a nodule of scar tissue just above where it was once broken. Her pause on his transfixed hazel eyes is unintentional and quickly corrected when she notices she has.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You are my driver?

He CLEARS his throat as he looks away.

HUCK  
Yes, ma'am.

CHARLIE  
You're new? To driving, I mean?

HUCK  
I'm new to this job, if that's what you're asking.

He tries to straighten his tie. But fiddling with it makes it worse.

A pair of men with sun-dried skin and narrow eyes standing nearby smoking, move to the far side of the portico. They are whispering in Arabic, and Charlie instinctively listens in.

FIRST MAN  
*Ei janeb?*

SECOND MAN  
*Rakab.*

FIRST MAN  
*Gade jadda.*

Charlie suddenly takes in her surroundings. Emi and Maya are still waiting beside the limo's back door staring at her. She has that FEELING. Her attention returns to her driver.

CHARLIE  
Is this your usual vehicle?

HUCK  
Like I said. I'm new to the job. I  
can assure you that I thoroughly  
cleaned it.

Emi and Maya are getting fidgety.

EMI  
C'mon Charlie.

She ignores them.

CHARLIE  
What I mean is, is this one of your  
regular pool vehicles?

HUCK  
Actually, it just came back from  
the shop. They replaced the air  
conditioning thermal control valve.  
It works fine now.

CHARLIE  
Would that involve motor oil?

HUCK  
Not normally.

Emi and Maya join her at the back of the limo.

MAYA  
What is it?

CHARLIE  
What is what?

EMI  
You've got that - LOOK.

Charlie runs her fingers over the polished trunk.

CHARLIE  
It's probably nothing.

HUCK  
(interjects)  
C-4 can smell oily.

She looks more intently at him.

CHARLIE  
You smell it too?

He shakes his head as he steps around them to the vehicle.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(mumbles to herself)  
Your sense of smell is limited  
because of the scar tissue in your  
sinus cavity.

His suddenly serious expression doesn't allow for a reply.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Is this limo gas or diesel?

HUCK  
You smell diesel, too?

CHARLIE  
Faint. But, yes.

HUCK  
You three should go back inside.

Maya grabs one of Charlie's hands, and Emi the other. Then they drag her a few feet away.

MAYA  
(whispers)  
Is something wrong?

CHARLIE  
Maybe you two SHOULD go back inside  
and order a cab. I don't want you  
to miss your dinner reservations.

EMI  
What about you?

CHARLIE  
My dad ordered the limo. So I'm  
going to stick around a bit longer  
to see if this ride can be  
salvaged.

EMI  
(giggling)  
I think the ride you want to  
salvage is on that brawny driver.

CHARLIE  
(firmly whispers)  
What? No. He's SO not my type.

MAYA  
Tall, rugged, and mysterious?

EMI  
And the way he man-handled you. I sure wouldn't mind checking out what's under HIS hood.

CHARLIE  
You two stop. I mean it.  
(sighs)  
Please just go inside and order a cab. I'll catch back up with you later.

MAYA  
Okay. But we want to know if that scar eventually leads to a pair of soft, firm lips.

LAUGHING, the pair link arms and walk away.

Charlie finds Huck checking beneath the back bumper on the driver's side.

CHARLIE  
You might want to try the right side.

He looks up with a questioning expression.

Charlie subtly confirms that the two men she overheard before are still there. And they are watching her while pretending not to. She kneels down beside Huck.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
There are two men. Middle-eastern.

HUCK  
I saw them.

CHARLIE  
I overheard them talking. One of them said, "which side." The other answered, "passenger."

HUCK  
That could mean anything.

CHARLIE  
Sure. But the smell. Dioctyl sebacate.

HUCK

How...

CHARLIE

I have a B.S. in Biochemistry. And I read a lot. A whole lot. Not to mention, I have an instinct about these things. And it's telling me that something is up.

Her driver duck-waddles by her. When he stretches his neck beneath the wheel-well, his jacket TEARS along the back seam.

One particular vein in his neck is swollen, and Charlie stops her fingers from tracing it.

HUCK

Would there be any reason someone might want to...

CHARLIE

Blow up the car I'm supposed to take to a gala dinner for scientists?

HUCK

Is there?

CHARLIE

Not me. But my father who made the arrangements. He's had some very public, potentially inflammatory things to say about - all religions, actually. But particularly about Christianity and Islam.

When he's finished his search, there's a drop of grease on his forehead.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it make more sense for IT to be located nearer the front?

Huck stands and briefly reexamines the two Arabs.

HUCK

Maybe you should take the cab with your friends while I check this out further.

CHARLIE

We're going to separate places. Besides, now I'm curious.

HUCK  
Curiosity killed the cat.

CHARLIE  
But resolution brought it back.  
(beat)  
I promise to stay out of your way.

Her driver takes off his jacket and tosses it on top of the trunk. Then he rolls up his sleeves.

Charlie grabs the jacket, folds it neatly, then sets it more carefully back on the trunk.

HUCK  
(in a low voice)  
IT could be wired to the ignition.  
Or connected to a timer.

CHARLIE  
(in a low voice)  
Since you've driven it here, it's probably not triggered by the ignition. And those guys wouldn't be standing so close if it was on a timer.

HUCK  
That leaves remotely controlled probably by a repurposed fob.  
(beat)  
But why haven't they set it off?

CHARLIE  
Since my father arranged for the vehicle, they probably assumed he'd be using it. Maybe they're waiting for him to show.

HUCK  
(firmly)  
You should go.

CHARLIE  
I'm fine. Besides, haven't I already proved myself helpful?

He walks past her toward the front of the car and starts to take a knee.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Wait.

The way he obediently pauses, makes her pause.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

When they see you getting near the device, they'll have to set it off.

HUCK

Good point.

CHARLIE

I've got an idea.

She nonchalantly approaches the valet, YAEL (60s), standing behind a podium. They have a brief conversation, he smiles, and then she returns with something in both hands.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Almost all car remotes transmit on the same frequency.

She discreetly shows that she has two borrowed fobs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

When I alternate pressing these buttons, it will jam the receiver on the bomb.

HUCK

Giving me time to diffuse it.

CHARLIE

Can you do that?

HUCK

Yes.

CHARLIE

Okay then. What are you waiting for?

HUCK

We ARE talking about a bomb.

CHARLIE

We're talking about Chemistry and Physics.

HUCK

But this isn't a classroom.

CHARLIE

The world is a classroom. Now I've already started pressing. So go.

This time he slides his entire torso beneath the car. When he glances forward, he notices her exposed legs kneeling beside his.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Ooh. How about a signal. Some sort of code word.

HUCK  
You know this isn't a game, right?

CHARLIE  
I know. It's just that my life has always been so - cautious. And I know all this stuff. But its academic, not practical.

She dreamily smiles in a way entirely inappropriate for the present serious situation.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Sometimes, I imagine myself on some grand adventure. Sometimes...

HUCK  
(interrupts)  
Shut-up.  
(beat)  
For just a moment. Please.  
(beat)  
Do you have a purse?

CHARLIE  
(subdued)  
A clutch. A small one, yes.

From under the car, he reaches out a dirty white bar that looks like play-do.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Is that it?

HUCK  
C-4? Yes. But it's disconnected so it's...

CHARLIE  
Harmless without an energy source to trigger an explosion.

HUCK  
Regardless, try not to handle it so the authorities can fingerprint it later.

She grabs the stick with a handkerchief and then closely examines it.

CHARLIE

(rambles)

I can't believe I'm actually holding a stick of C-4 in my hands. It's lighter than I imagined. The holes are from the blasting caps, right? It looks so harmless.

HUCK

Please, shut-up so I can concentrate.

(beat)

Now if those two goons ARE involved, they're likely getting real suspicious by now.

She frowns again as she places the wrapped stick in her purse.

HUCK (CONT'D)

They may have a back-up plan, if you know what I mean.

She doesn't answer.

HUCK (CONT'D)

Are you alright up there?

Her feet haven't moved.

HUCK (CONT'D)

Look. I'm sorry I told you to shut-up.

CHARLIE

Twice. You told me to shut-up twice.

HUCK

I really think that there are more important things to worry about here.

Her feet begin shuffling.

CHARLIE

It's just rude, that's all.

HUCK

Not as rude as someone trying...

CHARLIE  
...to kill me.  
(beat)  
Wait. Somebody was trying to kill  
me!

HUCK  
I know that must be upsetting.

CHARLIE  
I'm not upset. I'm pissed. Who do  
those dip-sticks think they are?

HUCK  
(smirks)  
So look. I'm going to finish  
untangling the rest of this line.  
I'm telling you, they threaded it  
through just about...

CHARLIE  
(whispers firmly)  
Shut-up.

HUCK  
What?

CHARLIE  
They're coming this way.

He extends his neck until he sees two sets of feet walking  
hurriedly toward them.

When one of the men pulls a gun from his jacket, Charlie  
SHRIEKS.

Her driver wraps his long legs around hers and then yanks her  
to the ground behind the passenger side of the limo. Then he  
drives his heel right into the shin of the first man passing  
the front bumper, SNAP. The man drops to the ground MOANING.

Squatting behind cover, Charlie glances toward the front  
entrance of the hotel where she sees the bellman, valet, Emi,  
and Maya all urgently WAVING for her to join them inside.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(quiet dialogue with  
herself)  
You should go.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Are you kidding. This is  
exhilarating.

She crawls forward to the front right tire from where she watches her driver sweep the second man's legs out from under him. After pulling himself out from under the engine, and with the same thick fist that had held her so securely earlier, he punches the second man in the jaw as he tries to come back to his feet. His whole body goes limp.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(quietly narrates to  
herself)

His eyes roll to the back of his head because the violent blow has rattled the brain in his skull enough to break the axon connections causing it to temporarily shut down.

Curiously, she then watches as the first man retrieves the gun that he'd dropped, and points it at her driver's chest. She'd never really known if the world actually slowed down at certain times, or if her mind simply had an extra gear. In that gear, she reaches into her clutch, pulls out the stick of C-4, peels a square chunk free then lights it with a match.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
*Amek tretdy Crocs!*

When the man looks her way, she throws the brightly burning square at him. Though she misses by several feet, he ducks allowing her driver time to spring back into action. From behind, he wraps his arm around the man's neck, and squeezes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(narrates)  
Now he's constraining the blood flow to the brain by constricting the carotid artery which should shortly result in...

The weapon drops a second time and the man's eyes close.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
...temporary loss of consciousness.

EXT. KING DAVID HOTEL PIAZZA - NIGHT

Several police cars with flashing lights surround the impounded limo. By the time the Israeli counterterrorism force, the Yamam, finish interviewing Charlie, she finds her driver sitting on a bench nearby smoking.

CHARLIE

Cigarettes increase the risk of death due to lung cancer by twenty-five times in men. They also make it more likely that you'll get chronic obstructive pulmonary disorder, emphysema, bronchitis...

He pinches out the lit end then sticks the butt in his pocket.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You'll pollute your lungs but not the environment?

HUCK

There's still hope for the environment.

She sits beside him not yet able to tell if he's joking.

CHARLIE

Thanks for, you know.

He notices a scrape on her knee that's bleeding. After spitting on the tail of his shirt, he delicately wipes it clean.

HUCK

I'm sorry I yanked you down like I did.

CHARLIE

All things considered, it was probably better than getting hit by a lead projectile moving at fifteen-hundred feet per second.

Her legs start to swing beneath the bench.

HUCK

It was a forty-five.

CHARLIE

Twelve-hundred then.

HUCK

You DO read a lot.

CHARLIE

And I have an eidetic - photographic memory.

She glances toward the hotel entrance.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
The bellman has your jacket.

HUCK  
He can keep it.

CHARLIE  
I'm sure the damage can be mended  
by a good tailor. Maybe you should  
get it professionally fitted while  
you're at it.

HUCK  
That won't be necessary.

CHARLIE  
I'd pay for it since this was all  
sort of my fault.

HUCK  
It's not the money.

CHARLIE  
I could come pick it up and...

HUCK  
(interrupts)  
I quit the job.

CHARLIE  
Oh?

HUCK  
Not enough action.

She smiles.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
Besides, I was just trying to make  
enough for a plane ticket out of  
here.

CHARLIE  
To where, if you don't mind me  
asking?

HUCK  
Haven't decided yet.

He abruptly stands.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
Someone from work will be dropping  
off my wheels shortly.

(MORE)

HUCK (CONT'D)  
You can either wait for the  
replacement limo - or I could give  
you a lift to your fancy dinner?

She frowns and her legs stop swinging.

CHARLIE  
I forgot about the gala. My dad  
must be worried.

A pair of motorcycles drive up and stop in front of the bench. One of the riders gets off his bike, sets the kickstand, removes his helmet, and hands it to Huck. Then he hops on the back of the other bike and they drive off.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Your WHEELS is a motorcycle?

HUCK  
It's a Harley.

She surprises herself when she stands.

CHARLIE  
I've never ridden on a motorcycle  
before.

He straddles the bike.

HUCK  
It's a Harley.

After kicking back the kickstand, he presses the clutch and then revs the engine.

CHARLIE  
Wait!

He releases the throttle and the bike idles again.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Considering its advantage in  
acceleration and agility, I might  
imagine that one could get downtown  
- at a reasonably safe speed and  
mindful of existing laws and  
regulations - sooner on a bike such  
as this.

HUCK  
(grins)  
A reasonably safe speed, huh?

CHARLIE

One that might be exciting yet  
allow ample reaction time to  
respond to any unforeseen  
circumstances.

Her driver shakes his head. Then he tosses her the helmet.

After fumbling but catching it, she sits as far back on the seat as is possible.

HUCK

Unless you want to risk falling off  
the back and rattling that pretty  
little head of yours, I'd recommend  
you move forward.

She slowly does.

HUCK (CONT'D)

And wrap your arms around my waist.

She slowly does.

HUCK (CONT'D)

By the way. What did you shout at  
that guy with the gun earlier to  
make him look?

CHARLIE

Your mother wears Crocs.

She feels his stomach muscles tense as he presumably laughs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's the first thing that came to  
my mind.

HUCK

You might want to drop that visor.

She slowly does.

HUCK (CONT'D)

And please don't scream directly  
into my ear.

CHARLIE

Why would I scream?

He releases the brakes and opens up the throttle. The front wheel hops off the ground as the bike lurches forward and then races away.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
HOLY HAZEL EYES!

END ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. ISRAEL MUSEUM - NIGHT

As the motorcycle slows in front of the sprawling museum complex located on a hill in the Givat Ram neighborhood, Charlie points toward a service road which Huck follows until it dead ends at a poorly lit loading dock.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, ISRAEL MUSEUM - NIGHT

A square man with an intimidating scowl is blocking the lone steel door. FRANCIS (30s), has been Charlie's father's bodyguard since the start of his controversial book tour for *Blasphemy* five years ago.

Even after the bike is turned off, Charlie can still feel the cool wind on her skin, and tingling vibrations all over her body. She releases his waist then hops off.

CHARLIE

That was ama - I mean, it was kinda cool.

She removes his helmet and shakes out her hair. After briefly taking in the star-filled sky, she turns to find him still on the bike.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I was hoping you might come inside.  
I'm sure I could scrounge us up  
some dessert. Not to mention that  
my dad will want to thank you for  
getting me here.

HUCK

Does he thank all your drivers?

CHARLIE

Usually just the ones that prevent  
his only daughter from being blown  
to bits.

HUCK

I'm not exactly dressed properly.

CHARLIE

I'm sure he'll understand.

She hands him the helmet.

He looks at his scraggly reflection in the visor.

HUCK

How long have I had this grease on  
my forehead?

CHARLIE

As fast as you were going, I  
thought it might blow off.

HUCK

Axle grease is very viscous.

CHARLIE

But thixotropic greases usually  
thin when pressurized by...

Her voice trails off as he grins.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It won't take but a second. Then  
you can speed off to wherever the  
wind takes you.

He wipes it free with the loose sleeve of his shirt.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Please?

He stands. Then he dangles the helmet by its strap on the  
steering wheel.

HUCK

I'm pretty sure I'm going to regret  
this.

He walks a step behind from where he watches her glide across  
the asphalt drive then skip lightly up the steps.

As she approaches, Francis' chiseled face softens. He lifts  
her in a bear hug completely off the ground.

FRANCIS

Where have you been?

After he sets her down, she straightens her dress.

CHARLIE

We had some trouble with the limo.  
So my friend drove me here instead.

Francis opens the door then guides her inside. As the door  
begins to close...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Wait.

She GRUNTS as she pushes the heavy door back open.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
This is...I'm sorry. I don't even  
know your name.

Francis SNORTS like a bull.

Her driver steadies the door over her head.

HUCK  
Huckleberry. Huck.

She reaches her hand through the opening and he takes it.  
Then she leans in and whispers near his ear.

CHARLIE  
You should know as well as anyone  
that stars and shadows ain't good  
to see by.

INT. ISRAEL MUSEUM - NIGHT

A young lady taking short steps in a tight-fitting evening gown, PENELOPE (late 20s), is approaching from the opposite direction. When Francis, Charlie, and Huck turn the hallway corner in the back of the museum, she's the only one that's surprised to see others there.

PENELOPE  
(British accent to  
Francis)  
Blimey. How does a man as wide as a  
lorry walk so quietly?  
(tidies her hair)  
Have you heard anything more on  
Charlie?

Charlie's shoulder's tense at the sound of the woman's voice.

Francis steps to the side.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Oh Charlie. You're alright.

The two women lean toward one another's cheek and make the noise of a KISS. From several inches above Charlie's shoulder, Penelope does a double-take at Huck.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Linus will be so relieved.

The bottom of her dress whirls about as she turns and then escorts them further down the hall.

From behind the hurried, noisy steps...

CHARLIE  
I hope I didn't ruin dad's speech.  
Or his dinner. I know how much he  
likes Foie Gras.

PENELOPE  
Not to worry. His speech was  
rousingly received. And dinner was  
delish. He's relaxing in the VIP  
room with a brandy.

They arrive at a room with a color picture of her father on the door, and DR. WALLACE printed in bold letters below it. Inside is a crowd of formally dressed people around Charlie's age surrounding a fully extended recliner. Smoke from a pipe is wafting toward the high ceiling from the headrest.

Francis remains in the hallway.

Instead of holding the door after she opens it, Penelope pushes her way through those gathered, and then sits on the armrest of the recliner.

Several of the by-standers turn and then create an open path for Charlie. Once she's through, the opening closes.

Huck remains on the periphery.

LINUS  
That's when I looked the surly  
chief in his fiery red eyes and  
say, I'm not leaving without my  
favorite hat.

The crowd bursts into LAUGHTER.

Charlie continues around Penelope, grabs the pipe from her father's hand and taps the charred remains into a nearby ashtray.

LINUS (CONT'D)  
Charlie, dear. You made it. You  
should have heard me tonight. I had  
them on the edge of their seats.

CHARLIE  
You always do, father.

She leans down and kisses him on the cheek.

Penelope reaches for Linus' near hand.

PENELOPE  
You were fabulous, Paulie.

LINUS  
They had me follow that scruffy,  
Neanderthal Dovid Gottlieb who wore  
sneakers and couldn't be bothered  
to find his one clip-on tie. You  
believe that?

The others LAUGH.

Huck looks down at his worn sneakers. Then he scratches at the scar that suddenly itches below his scruffy beard.

LINUS (CONT'D)  
What respect he had leaving the  
stage, I reduced to contempt before  
he made it out of the building -  
without his supper.  
(to Charlie)  
Your mother is a far more  
formidable opponent. How is she?

Francis doesn't say a word as Huck passes him in the hallway.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, ISRAEL MUSEUM - NIGHT

Once back outside, Huck looks up at the sky. He FLASHES BACK to his Grandmother reading to him before bed when he was a boy. Mark Twain was her favorite author. Because he'd heard *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn* literally dozens of times, he recognized the quote immediately.

HUCK  
(repeats)  
Stars and shadows sure ain't good  
to see by.

He removes his helmet from the handlebars and puts it on. When he INHALES, he smells her shampoo.

## EXT. STREETS OF JERUSALEM - NIGHT

Huck idles his bike back out to the main street in front of the museum where he distractedly merges into traffic. When he gets to the loop on Yehuda Burla Street, he slowly circles several times. A child screams from the open window of a car nearby. His head SNAPS toward the sound. Then he watches as the young boy turns and yanks a Tickle-me Elmo doll back away from his sister.

He takes a deep breath.

HUCK  
(muttering)  
You had your chance. And you blew it.

Aggressively weaving between vehicles, he eventually accelerates ahead of the others. There is a mistimed stop-light ahead that is green. From experience, he knows that it will turn red just as the throng behind him approaches.

He momentarily FLASHES BACK to the memory of her red dress and toned legs. He shakes it away and then CLOSES his eyes. His increased heartrate must have carried over from earlier because he's done this before, and felt nothing. Several seconds pass. Horns HONK. But there are no screeching tires or smoking brakes. No screams of horror.

On the far side of the intersection, Huck opens his eyes and raises his visor. Looking back, he sees a flood of cars crossing the intersection. He shakes his head. Then he lowers his visor and speeds away.

## INT. VIP ROOM, ISRAEL MUSEUM - NIGHT

Linus finally takes a pause from a crude story about getting sick from eating wild buckthorn berries that he thought were blueberries. As he finishes off the remainder of his drink...

CHARLIE  
Don't you want to hear why I'm late?

LINUS  
Sure. Sure I do, dear.  
(pats Penelope on the thigh)  
Penelope. Be a dear and pour me another brandy.

Once Penelope leaves for the bar, he similarly pats on the armrest where she had been sitting.

Instead, Charlie kneels in front of him and rubs his forearm. Her eyes brighten.

CHARLIE

Well, as it turns out, you have made more enemies than Rabbi Gottlieb in Jerusalem.

LINUS

Unfortunately, it is the ignorant that propagate like cockroaches.

Charlie frowns as the crowd dutifully breaks out in LAUGHTER again. When Penelope returns with the brandy, she grabs the glass, and then takes a sip before handing it to her father.

CHARLIE

Someone tried to blow up the limo you arranged for me.

The crowd GASPS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(mutters to herself)

I'm sure they thought you'd find the time to pick me up.

Her father raises the pull-handle on the recliner and sits up straight.

LINUS

But you're alright? Of course, I can see that you are.

As he shuffles to the edge of his seat, she smells the alcohol on his breath. His watery eyes brighten.

LINUS (CONT'D)

You know, my daughter has always lived beneath a lucky star. I remember this one time, we were on safari in the Maasai Mara National Reserve, Kenya, when this Tarzan-like figure appeared from the jungle...

Charlie stops listening. Instead, she FLASHES BACK to bouncing off Huck's chest but then being caught before falling into the pyracantha bushes in front of the King David Hotel. She smiles.

Once her father's finished with the story and the others stop esteeming him, she stands.

CHARLIE

I want you to meet someone.  
(calls out)  
Huck?

LINUS

I once knew a professor named Huck.  
Huckleberry, to be precise.  
Huckleberry Spencer from Cambridge  
had a nose that came to a crook  
that he could have used to catch  
fish...

Charlie stretches her neck to try to see around the crowd.  
Then she walks around them, searching. Finally, she opens the door.

Francis looks down at her.

CHARLIE

Did he leave?

Francis nods. Then he pulls her through the doorway for  
another bear hug. The door SHUTS behind her muting the most  
recent round of LAUGHTER from inside.

FRANCIS

We're all so relieved you're  
alright.

CHARLIE

(mutters into his barrel  
chest)

Some more than others.

END ACT 3

**ACT 4**

INT. TOP FLOOR SUITE, KING DAVID HOTEL - DAY

A bellman rolls the last of Emi's and Maya's bags out to the elevator on a luggage cart. Then her friends take turns hugging Charlie.

MAYA

(through free-flowing  
tears)

Are you sure you want to stay?

CHARLIE

We found a twenty-six-hundred year-old vessel with some sort of ancient priestly vestment inside. Most archeologists work a lifetime without ever discovering anything that significant.

EMI

(ignoring tears)

Maybe you could focus on a different degree of yours, instead. One that doesn't involve danger.

CHARLIE

It's only for a few more days.

MAYA

(grabs hold of Charlie's  
hand)

Just promise you'll be careful.

CHARLIE

I've been careful all my life.

EMI

(grabs Charlie's other  
hand)

Need we remind you that someone just tried to kill you.

Charlie squeezes then releases their hands.

CHARLIE

And they didn't succeed.

After Maya wipes away her tears with a Kleenex, her eyes suddenly twinkle.

MAYA

Maybe you could get that ninja limo  
driver to be your bodyguard?

CHARLIE

I don't need a bodyguard.

MAYA

When was the last time you let some  
strapping man GUARD your body?

EMI

Yeah. Why not let ninja guy put  
some miles on that practically  
unused motor of yours?

CHARLIE

(blushing)

You two need to go now so you don't  
miss your plane.

All three hug again.

Charlie escorts them to the door.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Say hi to the rest of the gang for  
me.

After Emi and Maya leave, she listens to their chattering  
down the hallway until it fades away.

Through the peephole, she sees the elevator door shut. She  
turns, leans her back against the door and tries to expel the  
uncertainty.

She locates her cellphone and carries it over to the long  
window near the narrow balcony. In the distance, she catches  
the sun glint from the golden dome of the Temple Mount. Then  
she watches as the usual crowd of tourists in cars and on  
foot make their way toward the Old City. Further below, her  
eyes follow a motorcycle weaving between the stop-and-go  
vehicles.

Charlie's mother is sitting at a desk surrounded by stacks of  
books, rereading a copy of *Villette* beneath a bright lamp.  
She sets the book aside when the phone, also somewhere on the  
desk, RINGS.

GLADYS

Hello?

CHARLIE

Mom. It's Charlie.

GLADYS

I'm so glad you called, dear. How was the Holy Land?

CHARLIE

Actually, I'm still here.

Gladys takes off her thick readers and rubs her eyes. Then she wraps the wire hooks back around her ears.

GLADYS

Oh?

Charlie walks over to the couch and straightens the pillows.

CHARLIE

I think I told you how dad set us up to dig with the team from Tel Aviv University?

GLADYS

Seraiah's Villa.

CHARLIE

That's right. Well...

(beat)

...we found something.

GLADYS

Ooh. How exciting.

CHARLIE

A fully intact, twenty-liter clay vessel. And that's not all.

GLADYS

(sits up straight)

I'm riveted.

CHARLIE

Inside, there was what appeared to be a priestly breastplate.

GLADYS

*Hoshen. What about the ephod?*

CHARLIE

There were fragments which could have come from a ceremonial apron. They've been sent off for analysis.

GLADYS

(rolling her long nails over the top of the desk)

(MORE)

GLADYS (CONT'D)  
You will be my all-time favorite  
child if you tell me they're on  
their way here.

CHARLIE  
I'm your only child. And yes. Yale.

GLADYS  
(throws her arms into the  
air)  
Hallelujah! I can't wait to get  
them into my lab. What about the  
breastplate?

CHARLIE  
They're insisting on conducting the  
initial analysis here. But I had  
someone from Dr. Goldberg's team  
send you pictures.

As Charlie's cleaning up some of the dishes her friends left out, she notices the red dress that she wore to the gala laying across the back of a chair to a corner writing desk.

GLADYS  
That's amazing. I can't wait to  
examine them.

Charlie walks over and picks up the dress. When she raises it to her nose, she frowns when she only smells her father's pipe. She returns to its hanging bag and puts it back in the closet.

CHARLIE  
I was hoping you might have a  
moment to fill in some details.

GLADYS  
There's nothing I'd love more -  
with the possible exception of  
having an opportunity to personally  
examine that breastplate.

CHARLIE  
Okay, then. Who was Seraiah? And  
what was *urim* and *thummim*?

GLADYS  
My word. I'm getting all tingly  
inside.

CHARLIE  
It's probably nothing.

GLADYS

But you have one of your hunches?

CHARLIE

Yes.

Gladys opens her desk drawer and takes out a notepad and a pen. Then as quirky habit leftover from her days debating, she jots down key words during her explanation. The first word at the top of the page is 'Seraiah.'

GLADYS

Now then. Seraiah hails from a family of prominent Jewish officials. He served as High Priest under King Zedekiah around 590 B.C.E.

CHARLIE

The time of the Babylonian Exile.

GLADYS

That's right. It was rumored that the family may have secretly aligned themselves with their conquerors.

CHARLIE

A High Priest betraying his people?

GLADYS

It's just a title, dear. Hiding behind which was apparently just another flawed man.

Charlie returns to the chair and sits. Then she lifts her feet up on the desk. Almost immediately, she sets them back down on the ground then wipes off the surface where they were.

CHARLIE

Can we please have a conversation without slighting dad?

GLADYS

(dismisses)

The association was too obvious.

Jots down the words '*urim*' and '*thummim*'.

Now the Hebrew words *urim* and *thummim* literally mean 'lights and perfections.' But it has also been interpreted along the lines of 'revelation and truth,' or 'guilt or innocence.' Its purpose was to divine God's will in the ancient tradition of casting lots. The privilege of doing so was maintained by the priesthood.

CHARLIE

So Seraiah would have had access to it?

GLADYS

Access to it, along with the responsibility of protecting it.

CHARLIE

By potentially burying it in midden outside his villa during a conquest. But what exactly were they?

Gladys opens a nearby Bible and quickly flips to Exodus.

GLADYS

The *ephod* was a vest-like over-garment that would have been made of some sort of expensive linen, and elegantly embroidered with gold thread. It would have held the *hoshen* or Breastplate of Judgement, which Exodus 28 describes as having pouches for four rows of three different precious stones each.

CHARLIE

The number twelve would have been associated with the original twelve tribes of Israel.

Gladys jots down the word 'jewels' as she takes a DEEP BREATH.

GLADYS

Can I assume you didn't find any jewels?

CHARLIE

We did not.

GLADYS

(exhales)

Too bad. That would have been the  
find of the century.

Charlie places the phone on speaker then sets it on the desk.  
Then she resumes tidying up the mess that her friends left  
behind.

CHARLIE

How would it have worked?

GLADYS

According to the renown Jewish  
philosopher *Maimonides*, the High  
Priest would stand facing the Ark  
of the Covenant. An inquisitor at  
his back would then ask a question,  
and God, through the priest, would  
respond.

CHARLIE

But how, exactly?

GLADYS

That's where things get quite  
speculative. Some believe that  
there were letters inscribed in the  
jewels that would either  
supernaturally protrude, or  
illuminate like LIGHTS, ultimately  
spelling out God's reply.

CHARLIE

Like a divine Ouija Board.

Charlie pauses from drawing open the window shade.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

But there were only twelve jewels,  
and the Hebrew language has twenty-  
two letters?

GLADYS

As with any ancient legend, there  
are areas open for interpretation.

Charlie grabs her phone and heads into the bathroom where she  
collects water in the sink bowl.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

Your dad would tell you to leave  
that for room service.

CHARLIE  
I got it from you.

She turns the water off and then begins soaking the wash clothes that are covered in makeup smears.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
So while the *ephod* and *hoshen* are historically significant, their contents are the real treasure.

GLADYS  
They would have been irreplaceable.  
Priceless.

CHARLIE  
Did I mention that we also found sherds from a similar vessel in a different unit?

GLADYS  
That's interesting. Whatever *urim* and *thummim* were, they would have been kept separate from the other adornments. Only when they ceremonially came together would they have worked.

Gladys jots down the word 'divination.'

I should add, there's much academic debate surrounding whether the Temple was even using divination by that time, though.

Charlie leaves the cloths to soak then hangs the wet towels piled up on the floor over the shower curtain bar.

CHARLIE  
Because the roll of determining God's will had shifted to the Prophets.

GLADYS  
Precisely. Although there ARE historical writings that suggest they were still being used for another five hundred years.

CHARLIE  
During the Hasmonean Empire and the Jewish reign of the Maccabees.

GLADYS

Until Jerusalem was conquered by  
the Romans around 70 B.C.E.

Gladys stands, pushes aside a column of thick volumes from another table nearby, and then starts removing books from the top of a second stack. Then she returns to her seat and first opens *Jewish Antiquities*.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

I'll start with a passage from *Antiquities* written by the historian Josephus around 94 A.D.

"Now this breastplate, and this sardonyx, left off shining two hundred years before I composed this book, God having been displeased at the transgressions of his laws."

CHARLIE

The prefix 'sard' means red. And onyx stones are thought to bring protection.

Gladys closes that book and opens the second.

GLADYS

Now from the *Book of Maccabees*. "He extended the glory of his people. Like a giant, he put on his breastplate; he bound on his armor of war and waged battles, protecting the camp by his sword."

She turns a few more pages then stops again.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

Later in Chapter 3, "They also brought the vestments of the priesthood and the first fruits and the tithes."

CHARLIE

That suggests *urim* and *thummim* somehow ended up in the hands of the Maccabees.

GLADYS

Traditionalists who cleansed the Temple and reinstated many of the old practices.

Charlie collects her phone and steps out of the bathroom. As she looks around the room for something else to do...

CHARLIE  
What happened to them after that?

GLADYS  
We may be quickly moving from speculation to fancy.

CHARLIE  
Noted.

Once in the bedroom, she tosses the pillows on the floor and begins making the bed.

Gladys jots down 'Hasmonean' and 'Herodian.'

GLADYS  
The Hasmonean Empire was replaced by the Herodian Empire.

CHARLIE  
(pauses)  
As in Herod the Great. The King that ordered the massacre of Jewish boys below the age of two at the time of Jesus' birth.

GLADYS  
In a final attempt to hold onto power, Hasmonean royalty married off one of their daughters, a young princess named Mariamne, to King Herod.

She jots down 'Mariamme' then 'Mariamne' followed by a question mark.

GLADYS (CONT'D)  
With her went many of the families' most precious possessions. Though Herod was enamored by her beauty, and loved her deeply, he became increasingly convinced that she was plotting to have him killed. Under his direction, she was eventually tried for treason, convicted, and put to death.

CHARLIE  
And the family possessions?

GLADYS

Folklore says they were buried with  
her in a cave west of Herod's  
Palace in Jerusalem.

CHARLIE

Do we have any idea where that cave  
is?

Gladys leans around the books, and thumbs through an old-fashioned rolodex that she's kept for decades.

GLADYS

An acquaintance of your father's  
may be able to help. He goes by the  
name of...

Pulls out a contact card.

Here it is. Tuvia Perl. He deals in  
grey-market antiquities.

CHARLIE

Grey?

GLADYS

The world of antiquities isn't  
often black or white.

After she finishes making the bed, Charlie returns the pillows.

CHARLIE

It's a start. Thanks mom.

GLADYS

Glad I could help.

Charlie walks back over to the window. She FLASHES BACK to racing through the streets on the back of Huck's motorcycle.

CHARLIE

There's something else.

Her mom immediately notices the change in her voice.

GLADYS

It's okay, dear. I already know  
that your father is sleeping with  
that leggy assistant of his.

Charlie WINCES.

CHARLIE

We said we weren't going to talk  
about dad.

Gladys draws a very rudimentary skull and crossbones on her notepad.

GLADYS

You said that.

CHARLIE

Regardless, that's not it.

Her face scrunches in anticipation of her mother's reaction.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Someone may have tried to booby-  
trap the car I was taking to the  
gala.

The pencil point snaps because Gladys is pressing too hard on the notepad.

GLADYS

What does that mean?

CHARLIE

I don't want you to overreact.

GLADYS

If you don't clarify that  
disclosure, I almost certainly  
will.

CHARLIE

We found a bomb.

GLADYS

(rambling)

Oh my God! Are you alright? Where?  
When?

CHARLIE

(attempts interrupting)

Mom.

GLADYS

Why would anyone try to blow you...

CHARLIE

(interrupts)

MOM. I'm fine. We disarmed it, and  
everything is fine.

When she hears her mother pause for a needed breath.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I don't think it was meant for me.

GLADYS  
Your father. I told him that his constant antagonizations were foolishly provocative. You should leave Israel. Come home immediately.

CHARLIE  
I can't do that. I'm too close to something. I can FEEL it.

GLADYS  
I don't want you out searching isolated caves on your own. These extremists can be ruthless.

CHARLIE  
I'm a grown woman. I can take care of myself.

GLADYS  
I know you THINK you can.

Gladys looks at her watch and SIGHS.

Charlie has been checking hers every few minutes, and the timing has worked out precisely as planned.

GLADYS (CONT'D)  
I have to leave for class. But I suspect you knew that.

She jots down 'CALL LINUS' in capital letters.

GLADYS (CONT'D)  
Promise me you won't do anything until we have a chance to talk again.

CHARLIE  
I promise I'll be careful. Now go to class. I love you, mom.

GLADYS  
I love you too, dear.

After they hang up, she calls her father. When Penelope answers, Charlie feels her entire body tense.

CHARLIE  
Could I speak with my father,  
please?

PENELOPE  
He's on the other line.

CHARLIE  
Have him call me when he's done.

Charlie watches a plane climbing into the sky heading west. It's too early to be the flight she was supposed to return to her sheltered life in New York with Maya and Emi on.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(mumbles)  
I hope you know what your doing.

EXT. KING'S GARDEN RESTAURANT, KING DAVID HOTEL - DAY

The waiter seats Charlie at the same table that she and her friends frequented. This time, she is alone out on the terrace overlooking the pool gardens nibbling on a bagel topped with cream cheese and sipping on a limonana. Her phone starts to VIBRATE.

CHARLIE  
Charlie.

LINUS  
Your mother has been yelling at me  
for the last hour.

CHARLIE  
I'm sorry about that, dad. But I  
had to tell her.

Linus rubs the bridge of his nose then SIGHS.

LINUS  
She may have a point, you know.

CHARLIE  
Not you too. I can take care of  
myself.

LINUS  
Once she calmed down, she told me  
about your plans. Why not just  
continue digging at the villa site?  
I can talk to Goldberg?

CHARLIE

It's not there. *Urim* and *thummim*, I mean.

LINUS

I figured. I also figured you have your mind set on finding that cave. So I called Tuvia.

(teasingly pauses)

CHARLIE

And?

LINUS

He has a friend, who has a friend. There IS a site.

He teasingly pauses.

CHARLIE

That's terrific.

LINUS

There's one condition. And I'm afraid your mother and I are in complete agreement on this one.

(laughs)

Wow. I never thought I'd hear myself say that again.

CHARLIE

(sarcastically)

When was the other time?

LINUS

When we decided to have you.

She allows herself a brief moment to let that thought warm her before refocusing.

CHARLIE

What's the condition?

LINUS

You can't do this alone. I've contacted a local agency for a bodyguard.

Charlie smiles as she FLASHES BACK to Maya's similar, albeit more racy suggestion.

CHARLIE

I have a condition to amend your condition.

LINUS

That's not how conditions work.

CHARLIE

It's how this one is going to work.

LINUS

When did you get your mother's...

CHARLIE

(interrupts)

Determination. The stubbornness  
came from both of you.

LINUS

That's likely true. So what is your  
amendment?

CHARLIE

I'll get my own bodyguard.

LINUS

What would you know about getting a  
bodyguard?

CHARLIE

You're going to have to trust me.  
One thing I can assure you though  
is that the person I have in mind  
has proven they're capable.

LINUS

Where should I wire the money?

CHARLIE

I may have to convince him first.

LINUS

I'm sure you will. You always get  
what you want.

He pauses so suppress suddenly intense emotions.

LINUS (CONT'D)

Listen, sweetheart. I have accepted  
that my controversial opinions  
sometimes ruffle some feathers. Who  
am I kidding, I enjoy pushing  
people's buttons. But I would never  
want to endanger you.

CHARLIE

I know that, dad.

LINUS  
Promise you'll be careful.

CHARLIE  
I promise.

**END ACT 4**

ACT 5

INT. HETZI TUKI BASEMENT DIVE-BAR - NIGHT

After the cab drops Charlie off, she pauses at the top of a set of narrow stairs.

CHARLIE  
(muttering to herself)  
Tracking down a virtual stranger in  
an area with a discreet, if not  
unseemly reputation, isn't exactly  
being careful.

She starts down at the same time the door opens below and three young men exit fully engrossed in their on-going conversation. Seeing they are distracted, Charlie presses her small frame against the sticky wall to avoid being trampled over.

Once inside, she searches the dimly lit tavern around several small pockets of harmless looking revelers. She locates her subject at the far end of the bar, tracing his finger around the rim of an empty lowball glass while staring in the direction of a game of soccer on a wall-mounted television. Before she even has time to rehash the many reasons why this is a foolhardy idea, she finds herself cowering in a cramped lady's room.

INT. LADY'S ROOM, HETZI TUKI BASEMENT DIVE-BAR - NIGHT

Seeing her hesitant reflection in a smudge-covered mirror flashes her back to earlier in her hotel suite when she'd tried on virtually every outfit she'd brought on this trip. Eventually, she had settled on a pair of tight-fitting jeans and a thick button-down shirt because it was getting cool in the evenings. Finally, she had squeezed her small feet into a pair of stiff, practically new cowboy boots because they added an inch-and-a-half to her height.

CHARLIE  
(scolding her reflection)  
Stop being a ninny baby. Just go  
right up to him and ask if he'll be  
your bodyguard.

She takes out a tube of lipstick and then leans in toward the mirror. Then she backs away, returns the tube to her purse, and wipes the original heavy application off.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
And don't ever use the word 'ninnny'  
again.

INT. HETZI TUKI BASEMENT DIVE-BAR - NIGHT

Huck abruptly turns in the stool he's sitting on. He pauses from standing when he sees Charlie approaching.

His continuous staring is making her even more self-conscious. But when she lengthens her strides to hasten getting there, her heel slides on a spilt drink, and she stumbles.

He catches her by the arms, then stands her back up.

CHARLIE  
You can let go now.

He looks at his hands firmly gripping her elbows. Then he releases them.

More uncomfortable silence follows.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Don't let me keep you if you're in  
a hurry.  
(muttering to herself)  
You rehearse for an hour and that's  
what comes out?

HUCK  
I'm not in any hurry.

He looks down at the empty stools.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
Would you like to have a seat?

She accepts.

CHARLIE  
So you like football?

HUCK  
I love football.

She looks up at the television.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
Oh. You mean soccer. Actually, no.  
Not enough scoring and too much  
flopping.

CHARLIE  
Flopping?

HUCK  
When a player flops to the ground  
after barely being touched to get a  
penalty call.

CHARLIE  
I see.

Crossing her feet dangling above the floor to keep from  
nervously kicking them, she notices his empty glass.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
What's good here at the Half  
Parrot?

HUCK  
Half Parrot?

CHARLIE  
That's what *Hetzi Tuki* - the bar  
we're at - means.

HUCK  
Oh.  
(beat)  
I had a Jack and Coke.

The BARTENDER (30s), with tattoos covering his arms,  
approaches and sets a napkin on the bar in front of her.

CHARLIE  
Jack and Coke, please.

BARTENDER  
(Israeli accent)  
Another for you?

HUCK  
Actually, I'll have an Arak this  
time.

The bartender looks at him curiously.

Huck nods. Then he sits beside Charlie.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I flaked out on you the  
other night.

CHARLIE

It's alright. My father and his friends can be a bit much.

HUCK

They seemed your age.

CHARLIE

Our age. Yes. Groupies.

The bartender returns with the drinks.

Huck slides the Arak in front of Charlie, grabs the Jack and Coke, and takes a drink.

HUCK

(explains)

You don't seem like the Jack and Coke type.

She dips her finger in the sweet drink, sticks it in her mouth and smiles.

CHARLIE

So, you have probably guessed by now that me being here isn't a coincidence.

HUCK

This doesn't seem like the kind of place a girl like you would happen upon.

She takes a sip of her drink.

CHARLIE

A girl like me?

HUCK

The kinda girl that has a limo and goes to fancy galas.

CHARLIE

I would have been fine with a taxi. But my father insisted.

HUCK

Daddy's little girl.

She takes a bigger gulp.

CHARLIE

You shouldn't stereotype people. It's not nice.

HUCK

It's necessary in my line of work.

CHARLIE

I didn't know that being a  
limousine driver was normally so  
perilous?

HUCK

(grimaces)

I told you. That was a temporary  
gig.

CHARLIE

So what is your USUAL gig?

Huck downs what remains of his drink. Then he taps on the bar  
as the bartender passes by.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Why don't I guess?

HUCK

(blurts)

I was a Marine.

CHARLIE

Semper Fi. Always faithful.

She reaches for her drink but then she can already feel  
herself getting light-headed. Instead, she unwittingly traces  
her finger around the rim of the glass.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I thought it was once a Marine,  
always a Marine.

Huck turns as the bartender slides him a fresh Jack and Coke.  
He takes a drink then hovers over the top of it.

HUCK

I'm just not one anymore.

Despite his stony face, she's clearly hit a nerve. Suddenly,  
her eyes are drawn back to the scar that disappears under his  
beard.

HUCK (CONT'D)

(feeling her staring)

So. Your father is someone famous?

CHARLIE

The most famous clown in the  
circus.

She SNORTS then embarrassingly covers her mouth with her hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
That's what my mom says sometimes.  
They are divorced.

Before she can stop herself, another drink goes down.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
He's actually a geologist and evolutionary biologist. Though he spends most of his time writing books and giving lectures these days. The group of adoring graduate students that follow him around sure think he's famous. And unfortunately, he's come to believe them.

HUCK  
What about your mom?

CHARLIE  
She's a professor at Yale. Her specialty is the Abrahamic Religions. Judaism, Christianity, Islam and some lesser-known faiths such as Bahá'í, Samaritanism, the Druze. SHE'S written several books, too. They used to do this thing where they would debate one another. Creation vs. Evolution.  
(smiles)  
It was fun watching them together.

HUCK  
You've followed in your father's footsteps, then?

CHARLIE  
Not necessarily. I also have a B.A. in Religious Studies.

HUCK  
Also?

CHARLIE  
Never mind.

HUCK  
(faces her)  
How many degrees do you have?

CHARLIE  
It's embarrassing.

HUCK  
No way you're getting away that  
easily.

She looks around though nobody is near enough to hear.

CHARLIE  
My undergraduate degrees are in  
biochemistry and linguistics.

HUCK  
And Religious Studies.

She nods.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
And?

CHARLIE  
Masters in Philosophy and  
Astrology. A Ph.D. in Archaeology,  
and an M.D. in Forensic Pathology.

HUCK  
You're a doctor, and a doctor?

She shrugs.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
How did you have time for all that?

CHARLIE  
I graduated high school when I was  
fifteen.

HUCK  
So you're a genius.

CHARLIE  
I don't like that term.

HUCK  
What's your IQ?

CHARLIE  
Those kinds of tests aren't a  
complete measure of intelligence.

HUCK  
The number?

CHARLIE  
I don't remember.

HUCK  
I doubt that.

CHARLIE  
Two twenty-five, okay.

HUCK  
Wow. I'm assuming that's high?

CHARLIE  
Pretty high.

Huck sits up straight.

HUCK  
I've never known a genius before.

CHARLIE  
I'm just an ordinary girl.

HUCK  
I doubt there's much that's  
ordinary about you.

CHARLIE  
(looks away to cover her  
smile)  
What about you?

HUCK  
High School GED.

CHARLIE  
What about home?

HUCK  
Idaho.

CHARLIE  
Is that where your parents still  
live?

HUCK  
Grandparents. They raised me.

CHARLIE  
Oh.

HUCK  
MY pedigree is pretty ordinary.

CHARLIE  
Why'd you join the service?

HUCK  
Usual reasons. Adventure.  
Patriotism. Judge said it was  
either that or jail.

She LAUGHS then catches herself when she sees his expression  
still hasn't changed.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
I was just joking about the judge  
thing.

The bartender returns.

BARTENDER  
Will that be all?

HUCK  
(nods)  
Close my tab.

Once the bartender leaves.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
How'd you find me, anyway?

CHARLIE  
I went by your former place of  
employment.

HUCK  
They shouldn't have given out  
personal information to a stranger.

CHARLIE  
I'm pretty non-threatening.  
Besides, they didn't tell me much  
because they didn't know much.

HUCK  
So why ARE you here?

Charlie leans her forearms on the sticky bar.

CHARLIE  
I have a proposition for you.

HUCK  
I wasn't expecting that.

CHARLIE  
(blushes)  
Not THAT kind of proposition.

He lifts her arms and slides two napkins underneath.

HUCK  
I figured.

She twists around on her stool to face him.

He pulls the napkins that have remained stuck to her forearms, free.

CHARLIE  
I was part of an archaeological dig  
which uncovered a vessel - a clay  
jar, with a priestly breastplate  
inside that may have been used in  
divination - prophesizing.

HUCK  
Why don't I raise my hand if I  
don't know a word.

CHARLIE  
I didn't mean to imply anything.

HUCK  
It's alright. A vessel to me is a  
boat you take into theater - area  
where bad guys do bad things.

CHARLIE  
Clever.

HUCK  
I guess we're just from two very  
different worlds.

CHARLIE  
Adventures almost never originate  
from my world.

She licks her dry lips.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
The reason I've stayed in this  
THEATER is because I have a  
potential lead on where the jewels  
that were fitted into an ancient  
breastplate used to divine God's  
will, might be.

HUCK

Finding something like that might  
make you more famous than your  
parents.

CHARLIE

That's not why.

(beat)

Listen. Your initial stereotyping  
of me was probably right. Naïve.  
Privileged. Maybe even a little  
spoiled.

HUCK

For the record, I didn't say any of  
those things.

CHARLIE

But you thought them.

HUCK

Don't tell me you're clairvoyant,  
too?

CHARLIE

I have read some books on  
parapsychology. But no, I'm not  
clairvoyant. If I was, I would  
already know how you were going to  
react to what I'm trying to ask  
you.

She twirls the hair tie around her wrist. Her wide eyes look  
directly into his.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And I don't.

HUCK

So just ask.

CHARLIE

My parents - that is, I have  
decided it prudent for me to have  
an escort...

(blinks)

...attendant.

(blinks)

HUCK

Driver who knows how to break  
shins.

CHARLIE

Yes. It seems my father has made many enemies. And these jewels, if they exist, would be priceless to the scientific and religious communities.

HUCK

And to bad guys who'd like to steal them.

(beat)

You need a bodyguard.

CHARLIE

Look at me. Degree in linguistics and I can't seem to come up with the right words...

HUCK

What's pasta got to do with any of this?

CHARLIE

Linguistics is the study...

HUCK

I was just joking Doctor, Doctor. You've read about those, right? When a person says something clever to be amusing?

CHARLIE

Very funny. Pun intended. By the way, I'd prefer you not call me Doctor, Doctor.

HUCK

How about Professor?

CHARLIE

Does that mean you'll take the job?

In anticipation of his answer, her eyes have already started to sparkle.

HUCK

I think it PRUDENT of me to take some time to consider all my options.

She softly bites her bottom lip.

CHARLIE

Now you're just making fun of me.

He notices a smudge of lipstick in the corner of her mouth.

HUCK

You know, I've never met anyone quite like you.

CHARLIE

Like I said. I'm just a regular girl.

HUCK

I've known a lot of regular girls. And you're nothing like any of them.

Huck finishes his drink and then slides his empty glass next to hers. After signing the receipt, he wedges it between the two glasses.

She casually tries to read the signature. But it's too sloppy.

HUCK (CONT'D)

Huck Soulis. Or were you trying to see if I'm a good tipper?

When she stands and extends her hand to shake, she feels the effects of her drink go straight to her head.

CHARLIE

Charlotte Wallace. Most people call me Charlie.

HUCK

Please to meet you, Charlotte Wallace.

CHARLIE

And I you, Huckleberry Soulis.

They shake.

HUCK

By the way. The only person that's allowed to call me Huckleberry is my grandmother. Call me Huck.

Charlie uncharacteristically takes a step toward him.

CHARLIE

What are you going to do to me if I don't?

She immediately steps back, blushing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry. I don't know where  
that came from.

HUCK  
It's alright Charlotte, Charlie,  
Doctor, Doctor, Professor. I have a  
feeling we'd better get used to  
working closely together.

Charlie hiccups once, then again. After she finishes the melted ice from both their drinks, they stop.

CHARLIE  
So, you're accepting my offer?

HUCK  
We haven't really talked about pay.

CHARLIE  
Name your price?

HUCK  
Five hundred a week.

CHARLIE  
Done.

HUCK  
Plus expenses.

CHARLIE  
Plus expenses.

HUCK  
All I've got is the bike.

CHARLIE  
I'll get us a vehicle. Do we have a  
deal?

HUCK  
I suppose we do.

When Charlie leans in for a hug, she feels the tips of his stiff fingers glance off her boob. She immediately withdraws, blushing again.

Huck snatches back his hand and they both glance away.

CHARLIE  
I should be going.

HUCK  
I could give you a ride?

CHARLIE  
That won't be necessary.

Huck steps aside as she quickly walks by.

HUCK  
Say, Professor.

She pauses.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
When and where would you like to  
meet?

CHARLIE  
I'll pick you up at 8:00am. Where  
do you live?

HUCK  
Why don't I meet you in the hotel  
lobby instead. 8:00am.

CHARLIE  
I'll be there.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HETZI TUKI BASEMENT DIVE-BAR - NIGHT

Huck watches her ascend the steps from the doorway below.  
Then from near the top of the stairs, he watches as she waits  
for a cab. She's either singing or talking to herself, or  
both.

CHARLIE  
(talking to herself)  
Huck Soulis. Probably Greek.  
Possibly derived from the Albanian  
word *shul* meaning brawny.  
(smiles)

EXT. JERUSALEM STREETS - NIGHT

After she enters the cab and it drives off, Huck gets on his  
bike and follows her to The King David Hotel. Out of sight,  
he waits until she disappears inside.

This time, he only makes one circle at the roundabout on  
Yehuda Burla Street. Deep in thought, he sees the stop-light  
ahead. It's late, and there's far less traffic.

Approaching the intersection, he slows at the last minute when the light turns red. Just as he comes to a stop, the inattentive driver of a delivery truck races through the crossing.

HUCK  
(shaking his head)  
I wonder what the Professor would  
have to say about that?