

SCRIPT TITLE

SABOTAGE

Written by

NASSORO M. CHAKUJELA

Based on, If Any

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

Nassoro M. Chakujela,
P.O. Box 13693
Dar es salaam, Tanzania.
Phone: +255716670979
Email: nassoromc@yahoo.co.u

FADE IN:

INT. MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Weak rays of early rising sun break in. Special Mossad Agent, GAVRI ISAAC, Mid-30's, flashes in through a front door.

Gavri walks to his desk. As soon as he sits, his cellphone RINGS. Gavri's face instantly turns frown as a name CHIEF displays on the screen.

He ignores the call.

The phone RINGS to disconnection. It RINGS again... one more time... he furiously picks it up.

GAVRI
Hello, it's Gavri.

He listens for few seconds before he rebelliously rushes to --

THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Late-50's old man but looking strong like a superman, strolls around... looking deep in thoughts. This's GEN. MARK SHARON, Director of MOSSAD... Israel's External Intelligence Agency.

In no time, the door CREAKS open. Gavri dashes in. Sharon doesn't care his coming. Still strolling. Gavri looks at him and appears like he wanna talk... but he decides not to.

In a Moment, Gen. Sharon looks back at Gavri... stares at him for a while before he walks to his chair. Gavri follows behind him and sit opposite Gen. Sharon... separated by the table between them .

SHARON
Now tell me, how did you find it?

Gavri stares at Sharon for several seconds. He says no word.

SHARON (CONT'D)
What?

GAVRI
Do you really look for my opinion sir? Do you? Fine, it's a suicide and the craziest mission this agency had ever done befor...

SHARON

...Shut up. What do you know about missions this agency had ever done before? Anh? Do you know anything?

Gavri doesn't respond though he doesn't seem to have the answers either. This's revealed from his new "a good-boy" tone.

GAVRI

But do you think this's possible? I am White and they're Persians. But on top of that, we are enemies. So how am I going to team with them?

SHARON

Things turn impossible only if you think it is, but for this, it's not because you'll easily use Hamas as your stepping stone to Iran's...

GAVRI

...What? Are you telling me to team first with another Israel's worst enemy ever existed in the world history? No sir, I'm sorry. If you don't want me in your department, I better tender my resignation, now.

SHARON

You know you can't resign that easily unless if you mean you better hang yourself.

Gavri gives a fainted smile... slowly leans against the chair... his hands intersecting below his stomach.

GAVRI

Are you blackmailing me Sir?

SHARON

Do I need to remind you that's how intelligence world works? Can you just quit and go even after being exposed to classified information? I don't believe you're that stupid.

GAVRI

What do you really want from me?

SHARON

First, I order you to position yourself on that chair in a well military discipline manner...

Gavri reveals a rebellious expression but still order obeyed.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Good... now what I really want is for you to infiltrate into Iran's Nuclear Development Team and take down their nuclear facilities.

GAVRI

You said this before... but simple like that? Just like tossing a coin over the air and wait for either a head or a tail to face up!

(beat, stares at Sharon)

Can I ask you something sir?

SHARON

Don't.

GAVRI

Is this all because of your daughter?

SHARON

What? Are you insane? This has nothing to do with my stupid daughter though now I hate to know she's dating a coward agent.

GAVRI

I am not a coward sir but am trying to be reasonable. Why shouldn't we use air strike like before... it's very efficient and effective.

SHARON

That's why I said you're coward. How can you say it's efficient and effective while there are still other facilities out there?

Gen. Sharon stares at Gavri like waiting for answers.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Listen... any air strike attempt will explodeangers and criticism all over the world. That's one, but on top of that, we're not sure on the location of their active sites.

Gen. Sharon then spends a couple of minutes explaining, then--

SHARON (CONT'D)

-And remember, among other things, you were chosen for this mission because you're physicist. Iran's nuclear ambition will pull you closer and closer to them, it's just a matter of time. Understand?

GAVRI

Somehow.

SHARON

I don't care. I need you here this time next week with your concise action plan. But no matter how long your plan is, it must strictly be hand written as no traces has to be left behind. No e-mails either. Go!

Gavri rises from the chair... walks towards the door.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Hey.

Gavri stops and turns back... looking at Sharon.

SHARON (CONT'D)

We're working with CIA. Meet your old partner as soon as possible.

Gavri adds no word. Looking more rebellious, he immediately leaves... BANGS the door behind him. As he gets back to his desk, he takes the phone and punches some numbers on it.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The phone RINGS. Asian-American lady, SAKURA AKINORI, 30's, rushes from one room to the phone.

SAKURA

Hello.

INTERCUT Sakura with Gavri in Mossad.

GAVRI

Hello Sakura, I need to meet you honey. So where can I find you?

SAKURA

Nowhere else can be perfect for this meeting but at my apartment.

EXT. QUITE STREET - DAY

It's late afternoon at the middle of natural light and the darkness with the sun about to sink down west. Sharon jogs along the service road, a bottle of drinking water in his hand. He then steps aside and sit on a concrete made seat.

He takes in a gulp of water while leaning against the seat. In no time, Director of Operation for Israel Defence Force, IDF shows up from a distant... jogging as well.

IDF Director arrives... sits on the same seat with Sharon but distancing and paying no attention to one another. They look like they don't know each other... completely strangers.

IDF DIRECTOR

Sharon, I now agree with you that the safety and security of Israel will never be guaranteed in presence of Iran armed with a nuclear weapons. But why now?

SHARON

Look, what's going on in the Middle East is a red flag to Israel as extremists advance day after day and we can't predict of tomorrow. It's better to be safe than sorry.

Sharon goes silent... glances around like preparing to say something only to the intended earshot... then:

SHARON (CONT'D)

Tell me, can you predict what will happen to Israel if uncontrollable situation also happens to Iran to the point terrorists succeed to acquire only nuclear materials not mentioning nuclear weapons if any?

IDF Boss sinks in deep thought for a while, then--

IDF DIRECTOR

So...

(beat, glances around)

As a director of operations in Israel defense force, what are my roles in this mission, Sharon?

SHARON

Simple but crucial. At every right time, Mossad will provide the intel and advise IDF for the military action. So, your role here will be to approve the proposed operations.

IDF DIRECTOR

That's serious issue Sharon... so, I'd like to know the kind of intel you're going to give out.

SHARON

Come on, don't pretend to be some saint here. This's war and sometime intel fabrication may be inevitable

IDF DIRECTOR

You want me in, I want the meaning of everything. Why even fabricating the intel? Remember, I'm the one who'll be held responsible here.

Sharon spends few minutes explaining to the end. IDF Director then turns his head... look at Sharon very politely like how the father looks at his innocent helpless kid.

SHARON

I don't like that kind of look, ok? Now tell me... are you in or not?

IDF DIRECTOR

You're so crazy Sharon. Any ally?

SHARON

CIA.

IDF DIRECTOR

What? CIA? United States and Iran are now brother and sisters and now you're telling me CIA are allies?

SHARON

Hey, leave politicians enjoy their vacations in Geneva but we all know Iran's nuclear lusts can never be ended while seated on rotating chairs. Mind, none of politician will have to know this mission.

Gen. Sharon takes in another gulp of water and continues:

SHARON (CONT'D)

Listen to me. We're working with CIA's Shadow Office regulated by true friends of Israel. So, this will be a covert operation and none of politician will ever know about.

IDF Director stands up... ready to leave.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Don't forget we know much about you, okay... so don't mess up.

IDF Director stops going further... looks back at Sharon.

SHARON (CONT'D)

We know about your illegal military radar deal with a British company. I hope you know what I mean.

INT. GAVRI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gavri stares at the board. It's all covered with various past newspapers and roughly sketched and written paper sheets... all randomly nailed or plastered throughout the board. We see one of the freehand written paper titled: *The Plan to Assassinate Nuclear Scientist*... further over the newspapers and stop on the heading: *CIA Spy Seeks Asylum in Russia*.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Sakura walks to the living room... takes the phone and call:

INT. HAMAS MILITARY CAMP - IN CHARGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Hamas Commander, COL. ABDUL, 40's, picks up the RINGING phone

COL. ABDUL

Who's this?

INTERCUT Col. Abdul with Sakura in the apartment.

SAKURA

I am sorry Colonel, it's Sakura.

COL. ABDUL

You again? What do you want fox?

SAKURA

Call me whatever you want Colonel,
but as I told you earlier, Gavri is
not doing this for you but for his
brothers and sisters of Palestine.

COL. ABDUL

Shame on you, how dare you call a
Jewish Mossad Agent as a brother...

SAKURA

...Are you sure if Gavri is a Jew?
Fine, it's up to you but he told me
to alert you about Mossad plan to
fire rockets back into Israel and
make it look like there're fired by
Hamas with the intention to get an
excuse to attack you back and...

Colonel Abdul terminates the call furiously.

INT. MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Gen. Sharon reviews some files. In no time, the door opens.
Gavri shows in with his hand holding a paper which he hands
it to Gen. Sharon.

Gen. Sharon scans through the papers thoroughly... when done
he tears them off into pieces... dump them into the bin.

SHARON

Approved... but now explain to me
how you'll handle this?

GAVRI

In short...

SHARON

...Not in short. I said explain it.

INT. HAMAS MILITARY CAMP - COLONEL ABDUL'S OFFICE - DAY

The phone RINGS. Col. Abdul picks it up... listens for few
seconds then ends it furiously. In no time, CAPTAIN MANSOUR
HAMID, 40's, in military uniforms rushes in while panting.

MANSOUR

Israel forces launched another
attack in Gaza. May be we'd have
listened the woman who alerted us
about this attack as well.

COL. ABDUL
 It's my fault. As In Charge here,
 I'd to make the right decision at
 least by taking precaution.

Suddenly, the phone RINGS.

INT. TEHRAN - THE IRGC HEADQUARTER - DAY

The Director of Iran's Revolutionary Guards Corps, IRGC, GEN.
 ABBAS YUSUF, 60's, looks distracted with his phone waiting:

GEN. ABBAS
 Hello Colonel, it's General Abbas.
 I want to tell you that your intel
 we undermined was very credible.

INTERCUT Gen. Abbas with Col. Abdul at Hamas Camp.

COL. ABDUL
 About assassination attempt?
 (beat, listening)
 What? Oh my...

Col. Abdul remains frozen, mouth opened but speechless. The
 held phone receiver descends down the floor unconsciously.

MANSOUR
 What's wrong Colonel? Who's that?

No answer from Col. Abdul.

MANSOUR (CONT'D)
 Colonel, whom was you talking to?

COL. ABDUL
 It's Abbas, Head of intelligence
 agency of Iran. An Iranian nuclear
 scientist has been assassinated.

MANSOUR
 What? Oh my god! And Gavri alerted
 us about this before. But how can a
 Jewish Mossad Agent leaks Israel
 Military intel to Hamas?

COL. ABDUL
 His woman said he's doing this for
 his brothers and sisters. What I
 don't understand is how can a Jew
 call Palestinians as his brothers.

INT. MEDIA HOUSE, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

An Investigative Journalist, ALEXANDER MORGAN, 50's, takes the call and listens for few seconds before rushing into the--

CHIEF EDITOR'S OFFICE

Where he gets seated on the chair opposite to the EDITOR.

MORGAN

You said you want to see me?

EDITOR

Yes. I want to tell you that your story will drag you into danger. Don't mess with Mossad or even CIA this far. If there's a Top Secret Nuclear Facility outta there, just forget it for your own good.

MORGAN

Get the story out. The world must know the existence of this project. The project is secretly funded by the US and Americans have the right to know how their money are spent.

EXT. SAKURA APARTMENT - NIGHT

The car arrives and pulls to stop. Sakura dashes out of the car and rushes to the door... opens and flashes in--

INT. SAKURA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Suddenly six masked men show up... punch her down.

MASKED MAN

You fox, you're spy? Now tell me exactly who are you working for?

SAKURA

What do you mean I am a spy?

MASKED GUY

Do you think we don't know you? You can only fool those Hamas idiot.

SAKURA

I am not fooling any...

Suddenly, one guy jumps and cover Sakura's nose with a piece of fabric. In no time, Sakura gets down... goes unconscious.

EXT. COL. ABDUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car arrives and Mansour dashes out. The house door opens and Colonel Abdul shows up.

COL. ABDUL

Yes Mansour, how far have you gone?

MANSOUR

They've already gone and I hope they will be at the camp soon.

INT. GAVRI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gavri walks toward the RINGING phone placed on the table.