

PENETRATION

(aka Body Of Lies)

by

William Monahan

Based on the novel "Body Of Lies"

by David Ignatius

Previous revisions by

Steven Zaillian

Revisions by

William Monahan

PINK REVISIONS	9/21/07
BLUE REVISIONS	9/17/07
WHITE SHOOTING DRAFT	9/10/07

This script is the confidential and proprietary property of Warner Bros. Pictures and no portion of it may be performed, distributed, reproduced, used, quoted or published without prior written permission.

PENETRATION

*

FADE IN:

1 AMERICAN SOLDIERS 1

heavily-armed, entering an insurgent neighborhood in Humvees and trucks.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

Do we belong there... Do we not.

2 INT. ROOM IN SAMARRA - MORNING 2

A MAN'S FACE... thousand-mile stare... sweat trickling from his temples... (This is FERRIS)

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

It doesn't matter what you think.

2A SOMEWHERE ELSE 2A

Hands wind tape around the grip of a cricket bat.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

It doesn't matter what I think.

The bat slices THROUGH FRAME striking someone O.S.

BACK TO SCENE

But the man's face here doesn't grimace.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

We're there and we're tired and can't see the end. We can't even console ourselves thinking they're just as tired because they're not. It's a fallacy that prolonged war weakens the enemy. It weeds out the weak. It makes the enemy stronger.

FERRIS drinks an orange soda as flies copulate on a torn window screen in his monastic room.

2B INT. HOFFMAN'S TOWNHOUSE (VIRGINIA) - NIGHT 2B

A dark figure stares at a plasma screen. HOFFMAN.
Breaking news on CNN (silent).

(CONTINUED)

2B CONTINUED:

2B

HOFFMAN is talking with a headset on and as he talks his words are recorded in type.

HOFFMAN

You can't make a war go away.
Like a child 'hiding' in a corner
with his hands over his eyes.

BACK TO FERRIS

FERRIS is in his thirties. Neither shaven nor unshaven. He could be a Madrassa student, an Islamic convert, but isn't. He's been in the desert too long. In his own kind of war too long. Numb.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

We pulled out of Vietnam and a million people who had believed in us were murdered. Was that really giving peace a chance? Or were we just being selfish pricks who couldn't be bothered.

A FAN oscillating on a broken table. Cell phones charging in a power strip. Extra batteries -- lots of extra batteries -- you don't want to be without your phone. Water bottle, wristwatch ticking, pint of Johnny Walker Black. .45 micro-compact, six extra clips.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

And Vietnam was a little colonial war...

2C INT. HOFFMAN'S TOWNHOUSE (VIRGINIA) - NIGHT

2C

As HOFFMAN, insomniac, turns away from kettle, water, etc, with his headset and coffee...

HOFFMAN

This is what you call a global conflagration.

3 A BLISTERING COLLAGE OF NEW FOOTAGE

3

The French Muslim riots. Cars burning in a Paris suburb. London Salafists rioting. The imam with the hook shouting in Charlotte Street. The shadow of a jet slamming into one of the Trade Towers. THEO VAN GOGH lying dead in his blood on a Dutch street. Flashes of masked kidnapers on Al-Khaleej Network. And over this
ON SOUND:

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

A corresponding AURAL COLLAGE you might get from a random sampling of radio-waves and NSA wiretaps if you were George Martin... Bits of English, media Arabic, intelligence "chatter," static, building up to a howl which cuts off abruptly as we OPEN UP ON:

4 A CCTV IMAGE

4

of a MILK VAN moving along a street in London. Early morning; no one else is awake. VARIOUS CCTV camera images follow the progress of the van. POLICE move INTO SHOT stopping the driver, a PAKISTANI. We have just time to get curious before we GO TO:

5 EXT. STREET

5

LIVE ACTION COLOR AND SOUND: Rowhouses in a poverty-crushed Muslim neighborhood in Manchester. Feel of news. Arabic graffiti everywhere. We see ordinary POLICE.

6 INT. FERRIS' ROOM IN SAMARRA - CONTINUOUS ACTION - MORNING 6

MANCHESTER images on Ferris' TV in his Spartan room...

REPORTER (V.O.)

(on TV)

The standoff, in one of Manchester's heavily Asian neighborhoods, is now in its twenty-eighth hour. The persons inside the house, not yet identified, are thought to be responsible for the terror campaign in the Midlands which has been connected to a new and evolved network... [MORE ON SIDE DOCUMENT]

7 INT. A TERRIBLE FLAT

7

AS A PAKISTANI TEENAGER, mumbling a prayer, sorts through wires, material, fitting things together. He finishes what he's doing just as:

MASKED S.A.S. enter with flashbangs, broken glass, ripping fire from submachine guns. THE PAKISTANI TEENAGER crams two wires together and screams the name of God.

NO SOUND: S.A.S. are blown to bits. The house disintegrates.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

The STREET: THE ENTIRE ROW OF HOUSES is obliterated. It's a bomb big enough to blow out windows for miles. We GO BACK TO:

8 INT. FERRIS' ROOM IN SAMARRA - CONTINUOUS ACTION - MORNING 8

The MANCHESTER EXPLOSION plays behind FERRIS on TV as he blows dust from dismantled gun parts, wipes them with an oiled rag, methodical, yet weary...

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

Despite this new operational intensity, the new threat is not what they do, but how they do it.

9 CCTV IMAGES - SOHO SQUARE 9

The MILK VAN rounds the park, and pulls to the curb in front of a central office of an international bank. Shot static. A PAKISTANI MAN gets out and the CCTV stop-motions him around the corner.

10 INT. HOFFMAN'S STUDY (VIRGINIA) - NIGHT 10

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

The mystery is their command and control. How they communicate. How they secure their networks...

HOFFMAN -- fifties, a lifer CIA officer, flawed, too smart to be "professional," too professional to be as smart in the end as he needs to be, a little bit of a miles gloriosus but aware of it, a truth-teller and liar and inhabitant of the wilderness of mirrors -- moves through darkened rooms, dictation headset on, his words coming up on a computer screen.

HOFFMAN

The enemy has figured out they're fighting guys from the future. If you live in the past, behave like it's the past and guys from the future can't see you.

11 EXT. STREET CORNER (TURKISH GERMANY) - DAY 11

MUSLIM MEN stand pinched with cold on a street corner in Turkish Germany, angry, conspiring, looking around for police.

11 CONTINUED:

11

Elsewhere, box codes with Arabic characters being written; a jihadist getting his coded orders from behind a loose brick.

CUT BACK TO:

12 INT. HOFFMAN'S TOWNHOUSE (VIRGINIA) - NIGHT

12

HOFFMAN

This is the new AQ.

ON HOFFMAN as he looks instead out chill blue panes at a freak Virginia snow falling on his garden below.

HOFFMAN

What I need you to understand, sir, whatever the fuck I call you... Delete clause...

"Whatever the fuck I call you" disappears from the screen.

HOFFMAN

Continue dictation... is this, colon: These people don't want to negotiate. They want the Universal Caliphate established across the face of the earth and every infidel converted or dead.

13 INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

13

HOFFMAN, in a hard chair, looking at a figure we assume to be the President, O.S. Others also O.S. We are only ON Hoffman. (NOTE: Shoot this dialogue both in Hoffman's townhouse and in the Oval Office to intercut.)

HOFFMAN

Terrorism -- or 'Tourism' as we say back at home -- is easy. Remember the Virginia sniper? A kid and his stepfather with one rifle fired from the trunk of their car paralyzed an entire state for a month. Imagine what I could do with ten rifles. Or fifty. One in every state opening fire on the Prophet's birthday and I could destroy the US economy for a few thousand dollars in bullets and bus tickets.

14 INT. HOFFMAN'S TOWNHOUSE (VIRGINIA) - NIGHT 14

HOFFMAN in the snow-light, outside on his blue-lit GARDEN PORCH. He switches on the light to his garden. We see a large treed area giving onto a small dock with a small motor yacht.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)
 What's happened, is that the other
 guy knows it's easy, too.

15 BRIEF IMAGE 15

OF THE MILK VAN, the stop-motion PAKISTANI.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)
 The end of our world is easier
 than you think.

16 BACK TO THE OVAL OFFICE 16

Hoffman with his black shoes together, just sitting, finished...

17 COLLAGE OF IMAGES 17

And as the NSA CHATTER rebuilds on SOUND, rising to an Abbey Road crescendo... we see images of every event in this war from 9/11 to the present... and the instant the aural/visual collage reaches its limit and goes to sudden silence --

CUT TO:

ON SOUND: John Lennon's "Gimme Some Truth," AND COME UP ON:

18 EXT. AMERICAN "CANTONMENT" (BALAD, IRAQ) - DAY 18

A STRONGPOINT. Sandbagged roof parapets, emplaced machine guns, soldiers on guard, an officer with dust-glazed range-finding glasses. Mortars somewhere in the distance.

A CHECKPOINT. American soldiers are fired on by an unseen enemy, take cover and fire back at the buildings' impromptu positions.

SUPERIMPOSE: SAMARRA, IRAQ, PRESENT DAY

19 INT. FERRIS' ROOM IN SAMARRA - CONTINUOUS ACTION - MORNING 19

The old TV in the corner shows silent images from the Manchester bombing, a jihadist statement, the continual news stream. FERRIS lights a cigarette with a Bic, rakes the curtains aside, looks out the window, knowing all he'll see are the ruins of Golden Dome and the same street life as yesterday. ON his face:

FERRIS (V.O.)
Tell me something real.

BASSAM (V.O.)
(no Arab accent,
perfect American
English)
All I got is real.

20 EXT. STREET - (SAMARRA) - DAY 20

A GREEN RENAULT moving through the streets of Samarra.

21 FLASHBACK - EXT. BASSAM'S APARTMENT - BALCONY 21

To BASSAM and FERRIS talking, drinking beer on BASSAM'S APARTMENT balcony last night. Bassam's wife and 2-year-old son can be seen behind them inside, preparing food.

BASSAM
A guy named Nizar, from Aquiz up near Tikrit. I knew him when I was a kid before I left. He wanted to come to America with me but he couldn't get the papers.

INTERCUT FERRIS packing up his "Go" bag in his room.

BASSAM
He got all messed up in the head after the invasion, you know, started working with the Baathists ... then the jihadists. But he's scared shitless now, man. He's supposed to do a martyrdom operation, but he doesn't want to die. So he's coming to us.

22 INT. FERRIS' ROOM 22

FERRIS, alone in his room, packed, stares dully at the TV images.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

FERRIS (V.O.)

He knows about the UK bombings?

BASSAM (V.O.)

He knows all the fuck about everything. He says.

FERRIS looks around the room. If he never comes back to it, so what: a couple of pairs of socks and underwear on a shelf. Empty booze bottles. Stack of books. FERRIS leaves the room. Closes the door.

23 EXT. A STREET IN BAGHDAD - DAY

23

FERRIS, driving the GREEN RENAULT, which looks like it has served as a taxi for a thousand years in the desert. Arab beads dangle from the rearview mirror. A news broadcast in Arabic is on. Ferris turns it up. Whatever it says (it is about the Manchester bombings), disturbs him as he drives through the crowded streets.

Every young man visible through the dusty windshield and side-windows is his potential murderer. Dangerous men looking at his car. FERRIS slows at an intersection with a traffic cop, leans over to unlock the door for -- waiting at a street cafe -- BASSAM, an Iraqi-American hipster under considerable strain.

FERRIS

Ya, Bassam. Marhaba.

BASSAM slides onto the passenger seat: Cheap leather jacket, gelled hair, an Iraqi by way of Detroit. Ferris pulls the car back into the street traffic.

FERRIS

Rules of the day. If the car's immobilized, start shooting. No one gets traded. Everybody dies.

BASSAM

So, same as every day...

They slow at the exit from the city. An arched gate through the walls. An ELDERLY WOMAN selling flowers holds out a yellow blossom. Ferris says no, then makes a salaam to a mystified SOLDIER who doesn't quite understand why his OFFICER (hauling him off by an equipment strap) is indicating "leave the CIA guys alone" as other SOLDIERS check vehicles.

(CONTINUED)

BASSAM

We're going to get killed by one of those fuckers. That's my prediction.

FERRIS

We're going to get killed by somebody.

The American presence fades in the rearview mirror.

FERRIS

What are the chances your buddy's playing both sides?

BASSAM

I don't know. What are they with me?

FERRIS smiles at him. But you never know. Looks out at men at a cafe staring at him as he passes. Cigarettes. Cheap shoes. Poverty, heat, dust, despair, anger. As we go through the slums past groups of ashamed unemployed fathers in plastic sandals and rescue-mission clothes, BASSAM texts on a cell phone.

BASSAM

I say it again: We had more fucking green cards we wouldn't be in this shit. We'd all be in Beverly Hills.

From the craziness of the SOUK --

HARD CUT TO:

SILENCE AND:

A long dirt road cutting across white hot desert. The GREEN RENAULT moving through dust on the road leading to what once was a farm: a villa with outbuildings, broken irrigation equipment, blowing dust. It might once have been as nice as something in Andalusia. Now it's a wreck. FERRIS has a folding carbine across his lap now as he drives, staring towards the house. BASSAM still on texting.

BASSAM

He says one of us has to come in. Come up to the house.

Ferris just looks at Bassam who's sweating.

(CONTINUED)

BASSAM

He means me, he means me. He wants to see my face before he comes out.

FERRIS

And what do you think of that?

BASSAM

They'd have to be smarter than I think they are for it to be a setup... but it still could be a setup.

Ferris parks. Bassam doesn't get out. Ferris doesn't rush him. Eventually --

BASSAM

I'm not getting my head cut off on the Internet, sahib. You'll shoot me, right?

FERRIS

Fuck that, I'll shoot you right now. You got that thing on mute?

With a fuck-you look, Bassam clicks back in on his call --

BASSAM

Ya, Nizar... (etc., etc.)

FERRIS

(while Bassam talks)
We don't go into the house. Bring him out, no matter what he says. I'll cover you from the small building. Tell him he'll come out to us if he wants to talk.

(as Bassam's
hesitating too long
now)

Do the *fuck* what I said.

Bassam gets out, starts to walk towards the main house. FERRIS gets out and, as he glances at the sky:

We see the farm, the car, Bassam moving toward the house, Ferris, everything, startlingly clear from high above.

26 EXT. THE VILLA - CONTINUOUS ACTION 26

As FERRIS heads to the SMALL BUILDING for better vision and protection, he sees the silver glint high in the sky (a Predator). He speed-dials a number --

FERRIS
 (anxiously into
 phone)
 Who's on? I need you out of here,
 right now. They'll know an
 agent's under it. Get it out of
 here now.

INTERCUT:

27 INT. CIA LOCATION 27

AN ARMY INTEL SGT. glances O.S. to an implied Predator operator and nods "OK"... A CIA TECHNICIAN in a headset somewhere in Virginia moves a JOYSTICK, and we see the CAMERA IMAGE of the VILLA sweep away as the Predator turns away from it.

28 INT. THE LITTLE BUILDING - VILLA - DAY 28

It looks like the shed where Saddam clambered out of his spider-hole to fry eggs. As FERRIS finishes clearing the rooms, one of his cell phones vibrates. Answers:

FERRIS
 I can't talk now, Larry --

INTERCUT LARRY

his feet up, undoing his tie as if he's had a terrible few hours.

ATTORNEY
 (on phone)
 She wants the house.

FERRIS
 She can have it.

INTERCUT PREDATOR GUYS

listening and grinning.

ATTORNEY (V.O.)

(on phone)

No, she can't. I'm not gonna let you give her the house. She can ask for whatever she wants but I'm not listening.

FERRIS

Then why are you calling?

Ferris hangs up. Shuts off the phone like he should've done before. Unlimbers a serious next-generation HK with optics and a long barrel. Peers through an aperture --

FERRIS' POV

scanning for danger, then back to the main house where Bassam is coming out with another Iraqi -- NIZAR -- a former academic, with that self-possession, but maybe a little crazy, with fear, at least.

29 INT. THE LITTLE BUILDING - LATER

29

FERRIS and NIZAR sit looking at each other in the gloom. BASSAM leans against a wall of the thrashed room, holding Ferris' HK. NIZAR is terrified, fingertips pressed together trembling, staring at FERRIS for help.

FERRIS

Maybe I can help you.

NIZAR

Thanks God, thanks God.

FERRIS

But why do you need help?

NIZAR

I know too many things. They prepared me to go outside Iraq.

FERRIS

Tell me what you mean by 'outside Iraq.'

NIZAR

But then they said they needed me for martyrdom, here in Iraq. When a man knows too much they say 'martyrdom.'

FERRIS

Who are 'they,' Nizar?

(CONTINUED)

NIZAR

(in good English)

I don't want to die. I want to go to America.

FERRIS

Then you did well to call Bassam.

NIZAR

God, God, God. Thanks God.

FERRIS

But you have to tell me what you know. Who are 'they'?

NIZAR

I have a *Ph.D.* *Me.* And they want me to blow myself up!

FERRIS

Ph.D. in what? Chemistry? What do you know about radiological materials, Nizar?

NIZAR

No! Linguistics! I speak five languages. Five. No one should say 'martyr' to me.

FERRIS

You're a rare flower.

NIZAR

I *am!*

FERRIS

You don't want to kill the Jews and Crusaders.

Nizar won't go that far. Says nothing.

FERRIS

So why come to me?

NIZAR

If I know enough to be martyred, with you I know enough to stay alive.

FERRIS

Maybe.

FERRIS turns away from NIZAR and lights a cigarette, playing disinterested, and knowing very well what he's doing.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

NIZAR takes out a DVD from a folded dirty envelope.
(Perhaps play this O.S.)

NIZAR

Do you have a computer?

30 EXT. HOFFMAN'S DOCK (VIRGINIA) - PREDAWN

30

HOFFMAN, bowl of cornflakes in hand, contemplates his small yacht. A line on his phone rings.

HOFFMAN

Yup.

INTERCUT:

31 EXT. VILLA/INT. FERRIS' PARKED RENAULT

31

A LAPTOP SCREEN: a video of a man sitting on a prayer rug in a nondescript room.

FERRIS

I got an Iraqi walk-in, up near Samarra. He's got a communique video somebody walked across the Iranian border. I'm watching it. It's Al-Saleem.

HOFFMAN

Can you see his face?

HOFFMAN walking back to his house.

FERRIS

Yes. I'm looking at the white whale, Captain.

HOFFMAN

What's he saying?

BACK WITH FERRIS

The man in the video speaking in Arabic to the camera.

FERRIS

Well, it must be current. He mentions the Sheffield bus bombs a week ago... He's telling the brothers to prepare for UK operations already planned.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

FERRIS (CONT'D)

That would be about the bombing
his people fucked up in Manchester
this morning.

(translating)

*We will avenge the America Wars on
the Muslim world. We will come at
them everywhere. We will strike
at random, across Europe and then
America, continually. We have
bled. Now they will bleed. And
bleed. Until they are bled out.*

CUT BACK TO:

32 EXT. HOFFMAN'S PORCH (VIRGINIA) - PREDAWN

32

HOFFMAN'S WIFE looks fuzzy-brained, fuzzy pink robe and
slippers from the house porch.

HOFFMAN'S WIFE

It's 4 A.M., what are you doing?

HOFFMAN

Saving civilization.

(sotto)

Shut the fuck up.

She goes. HOFFMAN enters the house.

33 BACK WITH FERRIS

33

FERRIS

The disks are passed from hand to
hand. The communiques are not
transmitted, not copied. Nizar
says real orders are verbal, or in
code, on paper.

(backing up video)

At the end he repeats five words.

A code...

We see Al-Saleem CLOSE saying the Arabic nouns for
"Mountain," "Razor," "Fruit," "One," "Seven."

HOFFMAN

Any indication where he is?

FERRIS

Maybe. My guy, Nizar, hasn't got
his location, but there's shitty
raised-print Victorian wallpaper
... anaglypta... he's maybe in
England...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

HOFFMAN

Have Bassam upload the fucker now.

34 INT. HOFFMAN'S KITCHEN - PREDAWN

34

HOFFMAN pours coffee then encounters a sleep-walking young son and steers him to the toilet.

FERRIS

They're killing anyone who knows anything. He's scared. We need to debrief him very carefully.

HOFFMAN

So do it.

FERRIS

In the States.

HOFFMAN

No.

FERRIS

I think he has a lot more, Ed...

HOFFMAN

He doesn't. Milk him now, on site, and cut him loose.

FERRIS

They're already on to him. That's why he's running.

HOFFMAN angles his young son's shoulders to keep him from peeing on the floor in his sleep --

HOFFMAN

He wants to go to the US in one piece rather than to Paradise in a hundred? He should've thought of that before. Fuck him.

FERRIS

They will, Ed. They'll kill him.

HOFFMAN

All right and if they do, we can see who pulls the trigger. Am I missing the *point*?

(to his son)

Night night, Timmy, Dada's working.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
 (to Ferris)
 He's the enemy. He deserves
 nothing.

FERRIS
 I already offered him asylum.

HOFFMAN
 You lied. And not for the first
 time. Put him back on the street.

35 BACK TO FERRIS

35

doesn't like it, but he knows it's right. THROUGH the
 dirty window he sees --

NIZAR, out in the sun, hint of a relieved smile on his
 face, taking a cigarette from BASSAM.

FERRIS hangs up and pockets the phone. Walks outside.

EXT. CAR

FERRIS
 Nizar. I have a few more
 questions.

NIZAR
 No more questions here. Take me
 to the Green Zone.

FERRIS says nothing... and Nizar's hopeful smile fades.

NIZAR
 But they will kill me.

Still nothing from FERRIS. NIZAR attacks him. FERRIS
 hurls him onto the dirt, then slams him into a wall as he
 rises. Nizar starts laughing and crying at once.

NIZAR
 You want to see who kills me. I
 talk to you and that's all you
 want. I don't want to die.

FERRIS
 It's worse, Nizar. You've seen my
 face. You know what that means.

NIZAR
 Guantanamo? You threaten me with
 Guantanamo?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Nizar spits. That's what he thinks about Guantanamo.

FERRIS

(Arabic)

No. If you don't do what I say,
I'll execute you right here. Give
me your phone.

Nizar stares at him. Then does as he's told. Ferris hands the phone to BASSAM, the sparks of the operation, who inspects the bottom of the phone, finds the right connector in his kit, and connects it to his laptop. Bassam hacks the phone.

FERRIS

Don't worry, we'll be watching
you. Protecting you.

NIZAR

(laughs painfully)

You can't even protect *yourselves*!

FERRIS

Tell me everything or you get
nothing.

CUT TO:

LAPTOP SCREEN

as information uploads from Nizar's phone.

36 EXT. SAMARRA - MORNING

36

NIZAR, hollow-eyed, comes out of a mosque courtyard, pushing his moped, and moves through the thronged street.

BASSAM

They're already on him.

BASSAM, looking like an ordinary unemployed Iraqi, plug of his cell in his ear, is in position at a cafe. Ferris on the opposite side of the street. Both see hard-faced guys monitoring Bassam.

FERRIS

I see them.

37 FROM ABOVE - PREDATOR-VIEW

37

The narrow street in deep, complicated shadow.

38 INT. CIA PREDATOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY 38

HOFFMAN is watching on a monitor. NIZAR goes into shadow.

HOFFMAN

Why they can't do this shit at noon is what I want to know...

39 EXT. SAMARRA - DAY 39

The AQ guys are moving through the roof. Another is watching as NIZAR puts his bike on its kickstand and goes to a kiosk cut in a hovel and comes out unwrapping cigarettes. He puts one in his mouth and lights it and starts pushing his bike again. The AQ GUYS pick up the pace to intercept him. Into his phone mic --

BASSAM

I can't move. They'll see me.

Too many guys watching for just such an action, Bassam stays glued to the spot, watching the inevitable.

FERRIS, too, watches NIZAR, hating himself...

And now, NIZAR sees the men approaching him, one with an AK wrapped in a towel. NIZAR runs, pulling a pistol, a terrible weapon with a taped handle. As he turns to defend himself, the guys, shouting, open fire massively, with horrific civilian casualties...

NIZAR, hit deliberately in the legs, falls into the dust along with his pistol. As he reaches for it, it's snatched away...

BASSAM stares. An IRAQI ARMY ARMORED VEHICLE is trying to come through the crowd 50-yards away, blowing a klaxon...

FERRIS fights through the crowd toward NIZAR who's lying on the ground, still alive. As he's picked up like a doll -- legs broken, calling for help, struggling -- and lifted toward the back of an open Jeep, Bassam intercepts Ferris, drags at him. Sotto voce, Arabic:

BASSAM

Boss, we gotta go. We lost him.
We gotta go, man, we gotta go.

FERRIS looks towards the Iraqi armored vehicle, coming closer. Looks around at the crowd: no one watching him. Everyone running.

39 CONTINUED:

39

FERRIS fades back into a deep doorway, takes out his pistol, waits for the gap, and at thirty feet, fires through the chaos, hitting NIZAR in the head, and the gap in the crowd closes...

FERRIS and BASSAM move slowly down an alley, then run...

40 INT. CIA PREDATOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

40

Bad PREDATOR CAM pictures of this event: All either in shadows or chaos. They can barely tell what happened. TECHNICIANS pulling up less-than-useful images of the hit squad, the car they pile into, the car driving away.

On another screen, a download of Nizar's AL-SALEEM DVD replays. Translators (serious young men) watch, writing on pads, arguing about a word.

TRANSLATORS

He said 'kelba.'/ No, he didn't,
(etc.)

Into his Bluetooth headset --

FERRIS

I executed him.

HOFFMAN

You did, and if you hadn't, he'd be describing you down to your eyebrows to them right now. He was going to get killed no matter what he did. You know, we *all fuckin' die*. Older I get I'm convinced it doesn't matter how. I'm fucked, you're fucked, he's fucked, everybody's fucked. He's just the one who was fucked *today*. And he was dry.

INTERCUT:

41 EXT. BASSAM'S APARTMENT - BALCONY

41

FERRIS, sweaty, dirty, on the balcony of BASSAM'S APARTMENT. Bassam sits near him, shook up. Nothing from Ferris. Behind him in the apartment BASSAM'S WIFE feeds the baby, unaware of any drama.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

HOFFMAN

Is your silence supposed to say something? This is war. Your pal, who I *guess* you had some kind of intense cross-cultural eye-contact with, was a terrorist a-hole who at his apex, was a coward who wanted to go to Disneyland.

FERRIS

I'm going north now.

HOFFMAN

You're going nowhere. You're blown. There's chatter...

FERRIS

If I'm blown, Ed, they're going to be destroying the safehouse. You should have sent a team there the minute Nizar was shot. You didn't send one, did you?

FERRIS hangs up. He looks fiercely at BASSAM.

HOFFMAN

Not since we've been talking. Ferris?

42 EXT. A RIDGELINE IN THE IRAQI DESERT - DAY

42

FERRIS, atop a ridgeline, peers through binoculars at:

A HOUSE in the middle distance, like a fortified villa. Some outbuildings, dead vehicles. A small fire burning behind a kitchen door where a rifle-slung man tips things into it: disks, notebooks, papers...

42A EXT. THE VILLA - MOMENTS LATER

42A

The man at the fire looks up at a djellabah-clad figure walking down the hill toward him.

42A CONTINUED:

42A

FERRIS
 (in Arabic)
 Friend. I need help.

The man at the fire unshoulders his rifle and yells at the robed figure to stop. FERRIS keeps walking.

FERRIS
 (in Arabic)
 My car broke down on the road just there.

Another armed man carrying a box of cell phones to be destroyed comes out the kitchen doorway and Ferris has to do it now: Pulls a pistol from under his djellabah and shoots the first man, then the one with the box as he drops it and unslings his rifle --

43 INT. THE RENAULT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

43

BASSAM, hearing the distant shots, peers through binoculars at Ferris running toward the fire. Into his Bluetooth --

BASSAM
 Urgent request you dispatch Chili, Speck, or Nitrate to these coordinates.
 (gives them)
 This is a live target, a known operating base of an Al-Saleem cell.

44 INT. A ROOM AT BALAD AIRBASE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

44

Real-time images from the three Predators covering Iraq. A YOUNG SERGEANT wearing a headset moves a joystick. Latitude and longitude numbers alter. A CAPTAIN watches.

CAPTAIN
 (AD-LIBS)
 High value target...

45 EXT. THE VILLA - CONTINUOUS ACTION

45

The second man shot crawls back into the buildings, legs not working, as a now-frantic FERRIS arrives and kicks at the stuff burning in the fire: cell phones, digital cameras, memory sticks -- then turns to the kitchen door and goes in --

46 INT. THE VILLA - CONTINUOUS ACTION 46

The man has died in the filthy kitchen. Flies are already finding his blood, which is all over the tiles. FERRIS moves past him into the living area. Mattresses, a wretched TV, pile of porn tapes.

He finds a bunch of phones, SIM cards, flashdrives in a shoebox. As he claws them into his pockets, he turns to see an unarmed BOY in the doorway. Some sort of servant of the jihadists. Infected sore at the corner of his mouth. FERRIS is aiming the carbine at him.

FERRIS
(in Arabic)
Get out.

The boy scrambles out. Ferris moves into another room, and sees:

47 INT. THE VILLA - ANOTHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 47

A MAN FROZEN IN PLACE, gun in hand, not raised, above a trip line leading to a nail bomb not completely concealed under a blanket. FERRIS rips him with an automatic burst, then spins in to cover behind the wall as the MAN falls across the trip-wire. An explosion of shrapnel rocks the place, blowing holes in the cinder-blocks.

FERRIS, head ringing, choking on dust, scrambles to scrape more SIM cards off a table, looks through a window and sees two cars churning up the dust, heading for the house, and BASSAM driving up by the kitchen door.

FERRIS grabs a few more things near the fire, shoves them into a plastic grocery bag, and jumps into the car.

48 INT. THE RENAULT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 48

BASSAM hits the gas. The car races up the rutted road, the chase car after them. Ahead, FERRIS sees:

A YELLOW CHEVY, waiting on the shoulder of the main road.

FERRIS takes out his pistol, cocks it, holds it in his lap. They are nearing the intersection.

FERRIS
Turn!

As the RENAULT speeds past, FERRIS shoots the driver of the YELLOW CHEVY, blowing out the Chevy's window.

49 EXT./INT. THE RENAULT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 49

The RENAULT bursts onto the road, barely missing a DUMP TRUCK, which, for its part, intersects with a burst of automatic fire meant for the RENAULT.

BASSAM straightens out... FERRIS has bought time as the Chevy's bloody driver is replaced.

The CHEVY gives chase again, followed by the other CHASE CAR, bursting from the dirt road.

With a very brief lead, FERRIS is on the phone...

FERRIS

We are in some serious fucking trouble here on Highway 1. We are south of Samarra, a green Renault, being pursued by two cars. The lead chase car is a yellow Chevy. I've got all sorts of critical intel in the vehicle...

Ferris sees in the side mirror: A man aiming an RPG out the windshield-less CHEVY --

FERRIS

Get around them!

The cars in front of them. BASSAM swerves, trying to get past on the shoulder, but it's no good. The Chevy closes -- Bassam's car slides, and the RPG is fired --

50 EXT./INT. THE RENAULT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 50

The ROCKET broadsides the Renault's driver's side door. The windows implode, FERRIS' face and T-shirt splashed with blood, peppered with shrapnel. Bassam, taking the full impact of the blast is... gone... blown apart -- there's no one where he just was driving.

51 INT./EXT. THE RENAULT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 51

FERRIS grabs at the steering wheel, but his hand slips on the blood covering it, and the car somersaults across an irrigation ditch and into the desert, flipping onto its roof, huge volumes of dirt plowing into the interior of the shattered car.

INTERCUT:

52 OMITTED 52

53 EXT. A RIDGELINE IN THE IRAQI DESERT - DAY 53

A BLACKHAWK comes up over the ridgeline, orients itself, and fires a CANNON, blowing the Chevy to pieces, shrapnel hitting the second chase car --

54 INT. THE RENAULT - DAY 54

FERRIS lies upside down, held by the seat belt, lacerated with bits of shrapnel and glass, blood trickling, covered with dirt, trying to reach for his dropped pistol...

ON SOUND WE HEAR: HELICOPTER ROTORS.

55 EXT. ROAD NEAR JIHADIST'S VILLA - DAY 55

The second car and armed men trying to get out of it are torn to pieces by another CANNON from the BLACKHAWK. It then wheels and finishes off the YELLOW CHEVY.

56 EXT. ROAD NEAR JIHADIST'S VILLA - DAY 56

A SECOND BLACKHAWK lands a SPECIAL FORCES TEAM which instantly sets up a perimeter, while a MEDIC heads for the car, his HELMETED HEAD appearing at FERRIS' window.

MEDIC

Can you hear me? Sir? Sir?

Only barely. The voice is muffled and FERRIS can't answer. Dangling upside down, he stares at the bloodied driver's seat where Bassam used to be.

MEDIC

Let's get him out, out, out.

FERRIS is dragged out. Rushed to the chopper through the swirling dust as the second BLACKHAWK keeps circling above. As they lay him inside, he closes his eyes...

A trill of Arab music, distorting, hallucinatory, opiated...

57 OMITTED 57

CONTINUED:

FADE IN:

58 HALLUCINATION 58

AN ELDERLY IRAQI WOMAN holds out a YELLOW BLOSSOM and is obliterated by an explosion. The cricket bat with flecks of blood on it. It slices down again, striking someone O.S. --

59 INT. US BASE (QATAR) - EMERGENCY BAY - DAY 59

FERRIS' hearing is shot. Everything muffled as he stares up at a figure silhouetted against bright lights --

TWO VOICES

What is your name?

The figure is either a doctor or a torturer; Ferris can't be sure which.

DOCTOR/TORTURER

Do you know where you are?

The figure plucks pieces of shrapnel out of Ferris' face, neck, arms and chest with surgical tweezers. Some, when they're dropped on a tray, make a metallic clink, but most do not: the ones that are white and splintered.

FERRIS

What is that?

DOCTOR

Bone fragments... Not yours.

Not Ferris'. Bassam's.

60 EXT. MILITARY BASE (QATAR) - DAY 60

Ferris' wounds have been cleaned and dressed. He's not that bad off considering, sitting outside a barracks with a Coke, watching a guy approach with a cell phone.

FERRIS

Where's the stuff I had?

AGENT

All uploaded to Langley.
(hands Ferris the
phone)
Hoffman.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

Ferris? Christmas came early,
buddy.

FERRIS is barely capable of speaking to Hoffman.

FERRIS

(hating Hoffman)
What'd I get for Christmas, Ed?

INTERCUT:

61 INT. CIA (LANGLEY, VA)

61

Hoffman is looking at RECENT SURVEILLANCE PICTURES of a safehouse in a lively lower-middle class neighborhood in Amman.

HOFFMAN

A safehouse in Amman, among other things. Jihadists coming and going like it's a student hostel. *Look at this fuckin' place.*

PHOTOS of men going in and coming out. Playing dominos at a cafe. No beards or any other sign they are anything other than secular students. But they aren't.

Hoffman intently regards one photo like he vaguely recognizes someone (MUSTAFA KARAMI). The Al-Saleem DVD plays silently on another screen.

FERRIS

What are you doing for Bassam's family?

HOFFMAN

I didn't know him. What are you doing for Bassam's family? He was your guy.

Ferris unable to listen to this hangs up the phone and hands it back to the other agent. Two seconds later it rings again and the guy hands it back to Ferris. Hoffman continues as if Ferris hadn't hung up on him --

HOFFMAN

You're going to Amman as Acting Station Chief. You'll outrank Holiday. You're the show-runner.

Ferris sees a sliver of bone the Doctor missed in his arm and pulls it out.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

HOFFMAN

You'll liaise with Jordanian GID, who are as hot for Al-Saleem as we are, working with a man named Hani Salaam, who is not your usual raghead fingernail-puller. Hani's a pro.

FERRIS

Am I sharing information with him?

HOFFMAN

Let me say this about that: No. You want to take a few weeks off, bang the wife?

FERRIS

I'm getting a divorce, Ed, you know that. You know more about it than I do.

HOFFMAN

So you'll go to Amman?

FERRIS digs a small hole in the dust, puts the bone fragment in, and covers it.

FERRIS

I'll go to Amman.

62 EXT. CAFE (BAGHDAD) - DAY

62

BASSAM'S WIFE, in mourning clothes, sits with Ferris, her 2-year-old daughter asleep in a stroller next to her. In Arabic, subtitled, resigned to these facts:

BASSAM'S WIFE

There can be no funeral. No burial. No cleansing of the body... because there *is* no body.

Ferris nods; he knows this is the way it is with Muslim death rites. Awkward silence before --

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

FERRIS

I want to help.

BASSAM'S WIFE

What can anyone do?

There's one thing perhaps: Ferris sets an envelope on the table that is thick with cash, and Bassam's Wife is suddenly very nervous --

BASSAM'S WIFE

No, no, no --

FERRIS

Please take it. I'm sorry it's not more.

(as she's looking
around anxiously)

No one's watching. No one will know where it came from. Don't be afraid.

But she is afraid, whether anyone is watching or not. Ferris tries to push the envelope closer to her, but she gets up, terrified of him, and hurries away, pushing the stroller, leaving him alone at the table...

63 OMITTED

63

64 INT. CAR (AMMAN) - MOVING - DAY

64

Ferris is sitting shotgun with Arab-American kid from the Embassy in an old diesel Mercedes, suitcase in back. FERRIS awkwardly ices his knee, in pain.

FERRIS

We can't afford better than this?

SKIP

I brought this car in case you wanted to cruise the safehouse before.

FERRIS

No one 'cruises' that safehouse! What I want is a shave and a clean shirt. Where's my apartment?

SKIP

You're in a high-rise. Hot and cold water, plus you can drink it. Not much local color though.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

FERRIS

I've had it with local color.

SKIP

Exterminate the brutes?

FERRIS looks at him.

FERRIS

I'm glad you're literate. But you're not very bright. Unless that's embassy security we have a GID tail. Or worse. Still want to 'cruise' the safehouse?

Behind them, a black SUV follows. SKIP looks alarmed.

FERRIS

Just fuckin' drive.

64A INT. FERRIS' APARTMENT (AMMAN) - DAY

64A

FERRIS looks through the gleaming, modern, well-furnished apartment. Alienated. He plugs in his BlackBerry. The instant it gets coverage, it rings. The name comes up on the screen: GRETCHEN. He presses "Ignore," and the ringing stops.

He goes and looks at himself in the mirror. Begins to shave.

65 EXT. US EMBASSY (AMMAN) - DAY (LATER)

65

A little fortress in the Abdoun neighborhood, guarded by US MARINES and JORDANIAN SPECIAL FORCES. Sandbagged and ringed by troops and protesters, it looks like the embassy of a nation under siege, which is what it is.

66 INT. EMBASSY BASEMENT OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

66

On the "MEDIA WALL," A BARRAGE OF SURVEILLANCE IMAGES of the SAFEHOUSE. Arabs coming and going. Wary men in sunglasses. Things being carried in. Carried out. A sequence of one man walking from safehouse to mosque. No particular individual seen twice.

HOLIDAY

NSA is listening to all the phones and computer links of anyone who's been near the house...

(CONTINUED)

Ferris, clean-shaven, clean clothes, stands with HOLIDAY, the nominal head of station, twice Ferris' age.

FERRIS

That's over with. It doesn't happen that way anymore. They might as well be listening to a seashell.

(beat)

You don't have to be a genius to stop using telephones and email when you're up against the NSA. But you do have to be pretty stupid not to have noticed they don't communicate electronically anymore.

HOLIDAY

(holding his temper)

The house is owned by a family named Alousi. In my opinion, it just seems like a normal Jordanian family with a lot of country relatives...

FERRIS

Yeah, and all of them unmarried men between 18 and 35.

HOLIDAY

Whatever information you got in Iraq, I just don't think this house is what you think it is. The young men in this house drink *alcohol*.

FERRIS

So did Mohammed Atta. It's Takfir methodology. They shave their beards, they drink liquor, they stuff dollar bills into g-strings. Got it? It's permitted, to deceive the infidel.

(using a remote to scan digital pics)

You've got the guys going in and going out but who's following them when they leave?

HOLIDAY

There's so much activity at this... location... that we... we've exhausted the station's... indigenous-appearing manpower.

FERRIS leans close to him.

FERRIS

You don't have any more Arab guys
to follow their guys.

HOLIDAY

... Right.

FERRIS steps away, controls his temper, turns back.

FERRIS

We need human surveillance --
loaners from Jordanian secret
service.

HOLIDAY

Young man, let's have a chat.

FERRIS looks at him interestedly. A "chat"? Certainly.

HOLIDAY

Skip, get out.

SKIP goes out and looks back in through the glass wall.

HOLIDAY

I am in receipt of a directive
which tells me to make myself
useful to you in any way you
request or require. But my
feeling is that to involve the
Jordanian secret service is a
break of operational integrity.

FERRIS nods as if taking it onboard. Then:

FERRIS

I know about Jordanian
intelligence. They're better than
we are. You had plenty of time to
get on the same page and you are
not on it. What I need you to do
now, sir, is to leave the
Operations Room and hand your
staff over to me.

(as Holiday stares at
him)

I'll have the Marines remove you.
Do you have to read the
'directive' again, Mr. Holiday?

HOLIDAY

We've all watched your rise in the
Near East Division.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)

I'll see you on your way down.
You and Hoffman both.

FERRIS

When I hit bottom, you'll probably
have the best seat in the house.

HOLIDAY regards Ferris a moment, then goes. FERRIS shuts the glass door and we see Holiday looking through it as if he's just thought of something to say. He goes. FERRIS motions to SKIP, who enters the room.

FERRIS

I need some coffee and I need a
full staff meeting in fifteen
minutes.

SKIP

To be fair to Mr. Holiday, Mr.
Ferris, Mr. Hoffman didn't tell us
this was such a big deal.

FERRIS

Ed Hoffman is the head of the
Middle East Division, but still
doesn't know shit until he steals
it from the guy who does. Don't
be such a fucking ingenué. Get me
an appointment with Hani Salaam.

67 EXT. THE GID COMPLEX (AMMAN) - DAY

67

A complex flying the black flag of the Moukhabarat, with Arabic script reading "Justice Has Come."

68 INT. HANI'S ROOMS - DAY

68

The long room is decorated with portraits of Jordan's king and his father. HANI is cool. Lustrous black hair. Bit of gray in his mustache. Beautiful tailoring, polished shoes. He's Chief of Jordan's GID -- General Intelligence Directorate. An ormolu clock ticks.

FERRIS

Hani Pasha.

HANI

That is an Ottoman term.

FERRIS

But I've heard you like it.

(CONTINUED)

HANI

How do you like Jordan?

FERRIS

It is far from Damascus.

Hani smiles and pours FERRIS a tea.

HANI

You are smarter than the Americans who are usually sent to Amman.

(FERRIS bristling slightly)

I knew that, of course, before you came...

(hands Ferris the tea)

Welcome to Jordan. A 'promising' country, you will find. As reliable as what Edward would call a 'towelhead monarchy' can be. And what have you heard about this building?

(NOTE -- Let's remember about FERRIS that he's on his first big job with people of this caliber: but he's got balls.)

FERRIS

I've heard they call it the fingernail factory.

(as Hani laughs out loud)

No one who knows you calls it that, certainly.

HANI

You know, people are foolish. Torture doesn't work. Under torture any man will say any thing to make the pain stop. You know this from experience, I am sure.

And HANI is sure. He's not using a turn of phrase. FERRIS doesn't answer. Thinking about things he's done. Things we know about. Things we don't. They gravitate to the window where Hani sips his tea, and:

HANI

On a clear night you can see Jerusalem.

FERRIS

And how do you feel about that?

(CONTINUED)

A long beat, and Hani refusing to give his opinion of Israel:

HANI

On a clear night, you can see Jerusalem.

(turning more cheerfully)

Here in Jordan we are caught between Iraq and a hard place.

(a beat)

To the fundamentalists I am myself an enemy. Perhaps the worst.

(raises palms)

'Take not the Jews and Christians as allies...' Do you know it, Mister Ferris?

FERRIS

(in Arabic)

'... if any of you take them as allies, then surely he is one of them.'

(back to English)

5:51. So, we're together, Hani Pasha, in the House of War.

HANI

The Dar al' Harb.

(a beat)

Very good. You know we are at war.

FERRIS

I am here to win the war, Hani Pasha.

HANI

How shall we begin, with such an immodest plan.

Silence.

FERRIS commits.

FERRIS

There's a large Al-Saleem safehouse and training cell in Amman. I need your help with surveillance.

If Hani is surprised, he doesn't show it. Hani, Ferris will learn, never gives away anything...

FERRIS

This is what we know so far.

He takes a FILE out of his case and puts it on Hani's desk. Hani looks at it, then at Ferris.

HANI

This is unusual. Your Ed Hoffman would rather have less information than share what he has with me.

FERRIS

I'm in Aamman now. It's not Ed Hoffman. It's not my predecessor. It's me.

HANI appraises FERRIS. Slowly:

HANI

I have one rule, my dear, if we are to cooperate: Never lie to me.

FERRIS nods, but HANI, wanting more assurance, stares into his face:

HANI

Never -- lie -- to me.

FERRIS nods again, gravely. He hears him.

HANI

You will have your agents.

FERRIS, sitting in a ratty vehicle at an edge of the marketplace, eating food from a stall, bits of fish and rice with a wooden paddle, stares through sunglasses at:

THE SAFEHOUSE: three stories of cinder-block in a row of other houses. A woman in a black headscarf hangs laundry on the roof. SKIP comes through the crowd, gets into the car.

SKIP

I'm not sure about this GID surveillance. I don't see any of Hani's guys.

FERRIS

Those two, selling radios.

SKIP looks and sees: two JORDANIAN GUYS selling boxed cheap radios off the back of a truck. They have a good position from which to observe the house.

FERRIS

There are at least four more moving around as customers in the bazaar, and there's one in the cafe.

(sees something else)

What the fuck is this...

A JIHADIST sits down at a cafe table, orders coffee and opens a paperback. Instantly a young Palestinian man, ZAYED IBISHI, sits down with him, begins speaking to him earnestly... THE JIHADIST looks confused, alarmed, gets to his feet. As ZAYED IBISHI implores him to sit and as we are on Zayed:

SKIP

That's one of our guys.

FERRIS

What do you mean one of our guys?

SKIP

A station asset. Zayed Ibishi. He's one of our contacts in the Palestinian camps.

ZAYED follows the JIHADIST through the crowd and the JIHADIST is terrified, anxious to lose him: this is a security breach!

FERRIS

Son of a bitch! Fucking Hoffman.

FERRIS leaps from the car and follows as fast as he can without being noticed. The JIHADIST punches ZAYED, knocking him down, and runs out of the square, going for the safehouse by a back route.

HOFFMAN, headset on, turns from a live video of the market square and says very casually to no one:

HOFFMAN

Oops.

71 EXT. A BACK STREET (AMMAN) - CONTINUOUS ACTION 71

The back streets get "back street" very quickly... Music from houses. Barking dogs. Boys kicking a soccer ball down the alley. Ferris gains on the Jihadist, who trots around a corner. FERRIS turns the corner and... is cut at with a knife -- his shirt slashed open.

JIHADIST
(in Arabic)
Help! Help me!

FERRIS tries to shush him, calm him down, though in truth he did come to kill him. A woman in a headscarf looks out her doorway. A man in a singlet comes chewing to a window. Ferris with regret but in two moves disarms the JIHADIST, and then in a third move kills him with his own knife as the WOMAN watches open-mouthed.

FERRIS quickly takes the dead man's papers and wallet. BOYS gather at the end of the alley. FERRIS, trapped, sees a wall with broken glass embedded on top and goes over it, cutting his hands, drops into --

72 EXT. A COURTYARD (AMMAN) - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY 72

FERRIS is rushed by two savage dogs, big ones, garbage eaters.

The only way out is back the way he came, over the wall, if he can make it in time. He jumps up, grabbing hold of the broken glass atop the wall as the dogs clamp onto his ankles and feet. He kicks them free, drops back down --

73 EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE COURTYARD (AMMAN) - DAY 73

FERRIS hurries past the dead Jihadist, emerges onto another street, limping along outlandishly, bleeding. No one touches him. Into his cell --

FERRIS
Get me now... get me now... behind
the mosque... fuckin' diseased
dogs.

As we begin to hear Jordanian police sirens --

We see MARWAN, with a high-powered rifle, retire from a roof parapet.

73A OMITTED 73A

74 INT. CLINIC (AMMAN) - DAY

74

FERRIS is sitting in a hospital smock on a paper-covered exam table. The EMBASSY DOCTOR finishes a quick exam.

EMBASSY DOCTOR

Let's get you cleaned up and jabbed. The rabies situation around here is no joke.

FERRIS barely nods, sits, consumed with hatred for Hoffman and regret for what he has done. He looks around the clinic: Bright "Medical" cartoons for the American legation's children. The food groups, etc. He barely notices a new presence in the room though we see details of AISHA'S hand-washing.

AN ORDERLY comes in with RABIES VACCINE which is set on a counter. Cartons with French markings. Maybe just off a courier.

FERRIS is aware of being touched, his wounds washed, and iodined. Almost like an autistic he manages to look up at:

EXTRAORDINARY EYES

above a pale blue disposable medical mask. The eyes swerve at him: look back at his wounds. She looks at other more recent wounds, burns, shrapnel: inventorying them. She turns over his hands and looks at the ripped palms and then at Ferris' eyes.

AISHA

(in Arabic)

These are not bite wounds.

FERRIS of course cannot answer. There is a murder being looked at by Jordanian police.

FERRIS

(in Arabic)

No.

She's not going to get anything else out of him. She takes one of his hands and begins cleaning the cuts with antiseptic pads...

FERRIS

You're Iranian.

EYES. No answer.

(CONTINUED)

FERRIS
 (embarrassed and
 surprised that he
 nearly began a
 conversation)
 Your accent...

AISHA opens the carton, gets an ampule, prepares an injection... and turns with a giant needle.

AISHA
 I was Iranian. I live now in
 Amman.

After a moment in which she seems to be measuring the depth of his personal pain, she stabs the needle into his stomach. With the needle still in:

FERRIS
 'A Persian Heaven's easily made --
 'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.'

AISHA seems to smile.

AISHA
 That's Byron... Are you a Romantic
 traveler?

FERRIS
 There are a lot of things I was,
 that I'm not, anymore.

Her EYES. She disposes of the needle. A bit discomfited:

AISHA
 The doctor told you this is the
 first... are you listening? Of
 five injections you'll need over
 the next month. You will come
 here.

FERRIS
 We're done?

AISHA
 Done.

And that's it. She goes through the hanging curtains, never having removed her mask. FERRIS, noticing his wedding ring, regretting that he had it on, reaches for his clothing.

74A INT. THE EMBASSY CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER 74A

FERRIS, dressed, moves down a little hallway, and hearing running water, glances through a door and sees:

AISHA, washing her hands. She has removed her mask. They look at each other. She gets it. He gets it.

FERRIS
(in Arabic)
Thank you.

AISHA
(in Arabic)
You are welcome.

FERRIS lingers. But if there was ever a time to blow a moment to talk to a woman, this is it. He limps on.

75 INT. US EMBASSY (AMMAN) - DAY 75

A phone line holding. SKIP gives a sign through the glass wall and FERRIS grabs up the handset.

FERRIS
(viciously)
You fucking cocksucker. I can't run an operation with you running a side operation that fucks up mine. You want me to run Amman, I run Amman. I have made *promises* to Hani Salaam.

76 EXT. PRESCHOOL (VIRGINIA) - DAY 76

HOFFMAN, somewhat distracted, dropping his son off at preschool, eyeing the other kids' mothers.

HOFFMAN
Uh-huh. Promises... What's your point?
(off, to his son)
Bye, bye. Say bye, bye --

FERRIS
My 'point' is, having met Hani, I can tell you we can't do this kind of thing -- we have to respect him.

HOFFMAN

I respect him. Hani's the best liar I've ever met -- plays a good game of tennis -- and he can drink like a regular white man. I respect the shit out of Hani.

FERRIS

We can't ask him for his help and then fuck everything up putting your guys where they don't belong.

The other embassy guys present glance at each other; no one talks to Ed Hoffman this way.

FERRIS

If you fuck around, you will blow Amman, these motherfuckers will vacate their only known safehouse, and we will never see them again, Ed. Ever.

HOFFMAN

You know me. I like to run Plan A and Plan B simultaneously. Just trying to back you up, buddy. It's a dangerous world.

FERRIS

Don't. I don't need it.

HOFFMAN

Whatever.

SKIP, on another phone, mouths, "Hani."

FERRIS

Now I've got to talk to Hani. Fuck you.

FERRIS presses a button on the embassy phone.

ED HOFFMAN looks at the phone in his hand.

77 INT. THE GID COMPLEX (AMMAN) - DAY

77

HANI and FERRIS are walking along a basement corridor.

HANI

The safehouse is still there. As for the man you killed...

FERRIS looks at Hani.

(CONTINUED)

HANI

If you had not killed him, Marwan would have. You were right. You made a good decision. Listen to your ustaaz Hani. The jihadists believe it was a robbery. There are many robberies in that district. You are very clever, my dear.

FERRIS

Hoffman can't help himself...

HANI

I have spoken to Edward, very sharply. Now, we will explain the King's espionage laws to Mr. Hoffman's agent.

THROUGH A WINDOW AT GID: we and FERRIS see ZAYED IBISHI waiting terrified in a cell. ZAYED's PANTS are pulled down and his wrists are cuffed to a table.

MARWAN bends a RATTAN to prepare it, breaking it into sharp crackling strips.

FERRIS

I thought you didn't believe in torture, Hani Pasha.

HANI

This is *punishment*, my dear. An entirely different matter. Tell Edward what you have seen.

MARWAN starts in with a hundred of the best.

77A INT. FERRIS' APARTMENT (AMMAN) - NIGHT

77A

FERRIS is in bed, his leg iced. He uses the remote to switch off the TV, the lights. Then his silenced cell phone lights up. He looks at the caller ID, hesitates, then opens it. No sound other than heavy breathing.

FERRIS

Gretchen... what do you want?

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

I want you to fuck me.

FERRIS

(impressed)
From here?

(CONTINUED)

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

You can always try, honey... I am so, fucking, hot...

FERRIS

This phone is tapped, Gretchen. Why don't you say hello to Ed Hoffman, the Moukhabarat, the Mossad...

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

I don't care... let them listen. I'm taking my panties off now...

FERRIS

Well, let your lawyer wear them on his head at his next court appearance.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

Don't embarrass me, Roger.

FERRIS

Look, I really admire what you've done with yourself in DC, at State... your whole deal in Washington... I just don't want any part of it.

GRETCHEN (V.O.)

I don't want a divorce. I just want a *change*...

FERRIS

I want a change, too. I want to be the guy with a divorce. You don't love me, I don't love you... You just don't want to bother looking for another husband. Sorry.

He hangs up.

A CHINESE TOURIST, digital camera in hand, moves among the crowds at ALBERT CUYP MARKET. He pauses at a souvenir stand. Regards a neat row of replicas of windmills in ascending size. Picks one up and turns it over to check the price and discuss it with his WIFE.

He sets it back down and moves with his wife toward a more crowded stall selling knock-off leather goods. Stares blankly at the merchandise.

78 CONTINUED: 78

As he takes out a handkerchief and wipes his brow, the sounds all around him begin to fade. Then silence. And a blast of white light as he disappears --

79 INT. HANI'S APARTMENT - (AMMAN) - MORNING 79

A bedroom, where HANI watches TV as his wife brushes her teeth in the bathroom. The TV shows images of the Amsterdam bombing captured by security cameras...

80 INT. FERRIS' APARTMENT (AMMAN) - MORNING 80

PULL BACK to reveal we are in ANOTHER APARTMENT. FERRIS sits on the edge of his bed, drink in hand, ice on his leg... the same news report on TV...

81 THE REPORT 81

cuts to the aftermath of the bombing: Images of bloodied tourists carried to ambulances, sitting stunned on curbs, zipped into body bags.

And --

82 INT. AL-SALEEM'S APARTMENT (ENGLAND) - DAY 82

We are in a middle-class apartment, where AL-SALEEM sits on a couch with a napping child, hand resting protectively on the child's side, watching the same news report on a TV. Behind him, his wife clears plates from the dinner table...

82A EXT. FERRIS' APARTMENT (AMMAN) - DAY 82A

As FERRIS emerges from the front door, sunglasses on...

Hani's bodyguard, MARWAN (a street thug), holds open the back door of a black Mercedes. Three more just like it are lined up and idling. FERRIS looks into Hani's car.

FERRIS

Where are we going?

HANI

Fishing.

HANI is immaculate in a black suit.

FERRIS

I see you're dressed for it.

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED:

82A

HANI

Get in.

83 OMITTED

83

84 EXT. A DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

84

The four black Mercedes scream across the desert.
There's no water for hundreds of miles.

85 INT. THE GID MERCEDES - MOVING - DAY

85

HANI is in the back with FERRIS. MARWAN sits in front
with the driver.

HANI

Since no credit was claimed in
Amsterdam, we know it was Al-
Saleem. That's his signature.
Anonymity. We -- may I say
'we'? --

FERRIS

You may. As long as we're not
including Hoffman --

HANI

-- need a man inside the Amman
cell.

FERRIS

(looking at him)
We do.

HANI

We shall have the man we need.

Ferris' look says to him, "seriously?" Hani nods.

HANI

You gave me one.

FERRIS

(genuinely curious)
How?

85A FLASHBACK - THE PHOTO OF KARAMI

85A

in Hani's office, in Hani's hands. And Ferris watching
him look at it...

86 FLASHBACK - EXT. STREET (AMMAN) - EARLIER TODAY 86

KARAMI entering the back room of a cafe through a beaded curtain, is seized violently.

87 BACK TO SCENE 87

HANI

I've known Mustafa Karami since he was a teenager selling stolen boomboxes from the back of a truck. Now he's AQ. In my country.

Hani lights a Sherman with a beautiful gold lighter etched with swords and his initials.

HANI

Watch and learn, my dear.

We see the eyes of HANI'S DRIVER glance up in the rearview mirror.

88 EXT. DESERT HARDPAN - DAY 88

MUSTAFA KARAMI, a black bag over his head, kneels in the dust, hands tied, while around him stand GID men, talking, smoking. Nearby is an SUV with an old bicycle on top.

HANI'S CARAVAN OF MERCEDES move into a half circle, dust blowing, making a little amphitheater. Hani and Ferris and security men get out, all in sunglasses.

HANI's fine SHOES step through the sand towards KARAMI. FERRIS watches as he crouches before the blindfolded man. In Arabic, subtitled:

HANI

Hello, Mustafa, my friend. It's me. God is great.

KARAMI

What do you want!

Silence.

HANI

You did not think to tell Hani Salaam that you are a jihadist?

Silence. KARAMI is terrified.

HANI

You have become a religious man.
A pious man. No longer a thief.
You had bad luck in the world. It
is so with many religious. Or
perhaps you are still not so
pious. But you still love your
mother...

MARWAN cuts the bonds on KARAMI'S WRISTS. A significant
act. The trembling hands, freed. HANI crouches, and
gently:

HANI

I have someone who wants to talk
to you. Take this phone. Please.
It is only a phone. Take it.

(puts it in Karami's
hand)

Take the phone and talk to your
mother. I will dial the phone.
Your mother has a new telephone
number, in her new apartment.

KARAMI takes the phone. HANI walks back to Ferris.
While KARAMI talks on the cell in the middle distance:

HANI

His mother was in the Palestinian
camps. Now she has a fine
apartment. A garden...

FERRIS is beginning to smile.

FERRIS

Which Karami bought her?

HANI

She will tell him that she is
proud of him. That she always
knew he would be a success, even
as a little boy in the refugee
camps. And now he has sent her
money, she is glad he is no longer
mixed up with the radicals.

FERRIS grins. We can tinnily hear KARAMI'S MOTHER, a
voluble woman, going on and on, not realizing that her
son is in the desert with a bag on his head.

HANI

She can sit in a chair and watch
the sun set over the hills. She
has a refrigerator, a couch.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANI (CONT'D)

Even a television set. He is a great son, thanks to God.

KARAMI is crying.

KARAMI

Goodbye, Mother, goodbye.

Hands over the phone to a GID man, who turns it off. HANI reapproaches him, gesturing to a GID MAN who brings Hani a folding chair, swats dust off of it with a handkerchief. Hani sits elegantly. Subtitles:

HANI

You are God's blessing to your mother, Mustafa. You did none of those things for her. But you should have. A mother, and that she should live in peace, is more important than anything they have told you. In the future you will be better. We have given her many gifts and we have told her these gifts come from her son. This is a hasanna we have done. A good deed.

THE BAG is removed from KARAMI'S head.

KARAMI

What do you want me to do?

HANI

Continue your life! Be a good Muslim! Do not be detected as my friend. You know what happens to those who are detected.

KARAMI

And what else?

HANI

We will think of it in time. Continue your life, with your brothers in Al Quaeda. We will devise a way to talk.

MUSTAFA embraces HANI's legs.

KARAMI

Thanks be to God.

HANI raises KARAMI to his feet and kisses both cheeks. FERRIS watches: a masterpiece.

88 CONTINUED:

88

THE GID THUGS put the shaking KARAMI back in the SUV with the bike tied to the top. Speed off.

HANI

So we throw him back in the sea to swim where he naturally swims and learn what he naturally learns, and see how long he remembers my benevolence.

FERRIS

And if he forgets?

HANI

If he forgets, I remind him I hold the power of life and death over him. Anytime I wish I can let them know he works for me.

HANI looks around at his guys.

HANI

Did we bring anything to eat?

89 EXT. NIGHTCLUB (MUNICH) - NIGHT

89

A hipster place. Electroclash music pounding at the walls from inside, spilling out with German post-punks onto the sidewalk.

A CAR parked nearby. Two shaven Turks in sunglasses, young men who could easily be from the club. But, as they get out of the car we see one has wet his pants.

The other one takes out a cell phone as they come past the club. When they reach the corner he consults numbers scribbled on a piece of paper and presses them into the phone... but nothing happens. He tries again...

They start back toward the club and the van, the Turk looking at the single reception bar on his phone as he keeps pressing the "resend button." Suddenly, he gets 4 bars and the car detonates -- and --

A CCTV camera's view of the huge explosion whites out, then goes to black...

90 EXT./INT. FERRIS' APARTMENT (AMMAN) - NIGHT

90

FERRIS, back from work at the embassy (different clothes from his excursion with HANI -- we may want to insert a bit of Ferris watching the bombing at work) climbs from his car and heads for his apartment, phone earpiece in --

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

So tell me about Karami.

*

FERRIS

Who?

*

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

Hani's guy. Karami. What do you think I do in my spare time, play tennis? I'm in the CIA. I am the CIA. Fucking Salaam-Salaam Amateur Hour is over. Europe's having the shit blown out of it.

FERRIS unlocks the outside gate of his building and climbs interior stairs.

FERRIS

It's not going to happen, Ed.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

Yes, it is. You know why? Because otherwise I'll be unhappy.

FERRIS

You'll be unhappy and he'll say, Ma'alesh.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

What's that mean?

FERRIS

Too fuckin' bad.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

There's a bomb every two days. We need results now.

FERRIS

You need the appearance of results.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

Yes I do. Yes I do. Let's live in the real world and say yes I do. What is this? Decaf? Are you kidding me?

FERRIS comes down the corridor past other apartment doors.

FERRIS

Hani doesn't trust you. Arabs help you because they trust you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FERRIS (CONT'D)

They'll do everything for a friend
and nothing for someone who treats
them with disrespect.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

What are you, moving here? I
don't care about towelhead
insecurity issues.

FERRIS

Who do you have on Hani's team,
Ed?

HOFFMAN

Ma'alesh. Who pays the heating
bills for Jordanian Intelligence?

FERRIS finds his apartment door open a crack, and
HOFFMAN'S voice splitting into two voices out of sync --

HOFFMAN (O.S.)

We'll let Hani do his bit. I just
want to give him a little help.
He'll thank me for it in the long
run.

FERRIS finds HOFFMAN standing in his kitchen, phone in
one hand, empty French press carafe in the other.

HOFFMAN

Good. You're home. Here. Make
some coffee. You ought to have a
Mr. Coffee like a human being.

He hands FERRIS the carafe and wanders into the other
room to switch on the news.

AN ARMORED US EMBASSY CAR is waved onto the complex.
Inside, in back, Hoffman drinks from a travel cup --

HOFFMAN

In the words of the great Sam
Snead, 'If you're not thinking
about pussy, you're just not
concentrating.'

(grins and adds)
'My dear.'

*
*
*
*

*

92 INT. HANI'S OFFICE - DAY

92

HOFFMAN, FERRIS, HANI, the staring MARWAN and tea service.

HOFFMAN

I want a piece of the guy you've got in the Amman cell.

HANI looks at FERRIS. Then back at HOFFMAN.

HOFFMAN

To clear the young man, here, he told me zip. The jihadists don't use cell phones, Hani. You do.

Smiles.

*

HOFFMAN

Don't say no before I say anything. Let me say what I have to say.

Hani says nothing.

HOFFMAN

Thank you. You have done a hell of a job developing this guy, Kitami, Kabami...

HANI

Karami.

HOFFMAN

It's just nifty. But I'm frustrated.

HANI

Why are you frustrated, Edward?

HOFFMAN

I'm frustrated because you put me in a pickle, Hani. There are guys out there riding the Milan sleeper with polonium in a fucking coffee can. There's a bomb every other goddamn day. There is *urgency*.

HANI

Urgency does not call for changing methods which work, for methods which do not work.

HOFFMAN

Who do you think pays the bills here, Hani? I'd hate to have the President call the King.

HANI

In matters of intelligence, you are speaking to the King. Edward.

HOFFMAN

I still want some control. As a special favor to the United States.

HANI

You can't have it. I'm sorry. I could tell you we will run him jointly, but it wouldn't be the truth. Real intelligence operations stay secret forever. You Americans cannot understand that. You are incapable of secrecy, because you are a democracy. I know my business and have never failed you in the past. Have I.

*
*
*
*
*
*

HOFFMAN

No, this is the first time.

Ferris watches them, and the impasse between them. Is the conversation over, or only about to get tougher...

HANI

Karami is my asset, Edward. I intend to keep him that way.

HOFFMAN

(having had enough)
You think you're the only guy who knows anything and that is not true, Hani. Your boy Karami? He has a cousin who's up in France on a Saudi passport, right now. I need to know what he's doing there before he makes Paris uninhabitable for the next five hundred fucking years. And maybe Karami knows. Hence, my 'urgency.'

HANI

You're missing the point. Karami
would not know where he is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANI (CONT'D)

It is not the way the organization operates. You care about the French?

HOFFMAN

Not necessarily, but I wouldn't mind taking the kids there without wearing a radiation suit.

*
*
*

HANI

I'll ask him what he knows -- when it is time. I agree, Ed, to ask him your superfluous question. Are you happy?

HOFFMAN, angry, takes a file from his briefcase. Sets a picture down on the table: An Arab man in a knitted prayer cap.

HOFFMAN

You may have invented algebra but we're the ones figured out what the fuck to do with it. Know what *this* is?

HANI

It's a recent photograph of Al-Saleem.

FERRIS looks at the picture then at HOFFMAN.

HOFFMAN

From a fake Yemeni passport. He got in and out of the UK on that. I'm sure he's got another one now, but you didn't have *that*, did you.

He grins smugly at Hani, who just calmly sips his tea.

HOFFMAN

Well, you keep it, Hani. Because we are partners. I keep my side of the bargain. Now, you give me Karami.

HANI

Ma'alesh.

FERRIS looks at Ed.

FERRIS

Too fuckin' bad.

93 INT. THE EMBASSY CAR LEAVING THE GID COMPOUND - DAY 93

In the back of the car, HOFFMAN slips his sunglasses on.

FERRIS
Still thinking about pussy, Ed? *

HOFFMAN
Don't be a smart ass. I'm not
through. Hani's bright but he's
also arrogant and that's going to
be his undoing. *

FERRIS
You're talking about *him*. *

HOFFMAN
Fuck you. *

FERRIS
I could have used new intel on
al-Saleen too, Ed. You're holding
back from *me*? What else are you
holding back? *

HOFFMAN
More than I told him, I'll tell
you that. We know where al-Saleen
is from, for one thing. He's a
Syrian, from Hama. His real name,
not that he's used it for years,
is Karim Al-Shams - *

93A INT. MOSQUE (UNDISCLOSED LOCATION) - TIGHT ON AL-SALEEM'S FACE - DAY 93A

Somewhere -- as it rises up from prayer. As he bows a second time, we begin to PULL BACK, revealing other praying men on either side of him.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)
His family was killed by Hafez Assad. He went to live in Saudi Arabia. He studied engineering and physics in Riyadh, then here in Amman, post-graduate at the University of North Carolina... man was a Tarheel...

STILL PULLING BACK REVEALS Al-Saleem to be among a thousand devout men praying on the floor of a huge mosque...

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

And, we found documents in Afghanistan that show he experimented in considerable detail with nuclear and biological devices, so he is not fucking around. I'm hearing now he's in Italy.

IT ISN'T ITALY -- it's closer than Italy -- and we can see that as AL-SALEEM and the hundreds of other men file out of the mosque and into the street, many of them -- but not AL-SALEEM -- resuming their lives on cell phones.

94 BACK TO THE EMBASSY CAR:

94 *

FERRIS

Ed?

*

*

HOFFMAN

Yes?

*

*

FERRIS

Don't do anything about Karami.
Don't try to flip him. Hani will
throw me out of the country.

*

*

*

*

Nothing from HOFFMAN. FERRIS waits. Eventually -

*

HOFFMAN

Fine. Now that I'm *sensitive* to
the situation. But listen to me.
Because I can see what's
developing between you two love
birds: You cannot trust him.

*

*

*

*

*

*

Hoffman is serious and waits for a nod from Ferris.

*

HOFFMAN

Now can we get drunk so I can
sleep on the flight back? I have
to take the kids to "The Lion
King". Don't ever have kids. I'm
serious.

*

*

*

*

*

*

94 CONTINUED:

94

FERRIS
 Don't touch Karami, Ed.

*

HOFFMAN
 Never.

95 EXT. STREETS NEAR SOCCER FIELD - DAY

95

MUSTAFA KARAMI is heading somewhere, presumably away from the safehouse. As he enters a narrow alley:

Watching him is SKIP, sitting behind the wheel of a mud-caked car, cord dangling from his ear.

SKIP
 All right, here we go. Take him.

As Karami sees four men step out of doorways in front of him, Skip's car screeches INTO VIEW behind, blocking his exit.

ON THE SOCCER FIELD

A JIHADIST stops playing football and stares towards the alley. He looks confused, and then he backs up, and then he runs towards the safehouse visible in the distance.

96 INT. CLINIC (AMMAN) - DAY

96

The relative quiet of the clinic. Aisha preparing Ferris' second rabies injection. A CHAPERONE watches from nearby.

AISHA
 I think I told you you could get this at any clinic.

FERRIS
 You did. But when you find a good doctor, you don't change.

AISHA

I'm not a doctor.

FERRIS

(in Arabic)

Nurse, doctor, accountant, imam,
same thing.

AISHA

Wife.

FERRIS

Am I wearing a ring?

AISHA

No. But you were last week.

(a beat)

Are you a bad husband?

FERRIS

I'm a bad husband and she's a bad
wife. We deserved each other, but
it's over now.

AISHA

Now you're looking for something
else. Something as different from
her as you can find. Something
impossible maybe.

She stabs him with the needle. Drops it in the "sharps"
bin. Pulls off her latex gloves and throws them away.

AISHA

We're done.

FERRIS

'Til next week.

AISHA

If you like.

FERRIS

I'd like if it was maybe sooner
than that. Maybe later today.

(in Arabic)

Unless that would make you
uncomfortable.

AISHA

I think it would make you
uncomfortable more than me.

FERRIS

I doubt that.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

AISHA

I don't.

97 EXT. STREETS (AMMAN) - DAY (LATER)

97

Ferris is walking with Aisha down a narrow street that leads to a slum. A tinny radio somewhere plays Arabic music. Young angry men slouch in doorways, staring at them. Aisha seems to enjoy his unease. In Arabic --

AISHA

Was I right?

FERRIS

When I arrived in Amman they advised me where not to go. This was one of them.

AISHA

I could have told you this is where I was going, if you'd asked.

98 INT. PALESTINIAN REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

98

An outdoor clinic that makes Aisha's other clinic look like Cedars. As she makes her rounds, attending to the sick, Ferris -- very much aware that everyone is aware of, and hates him -- waits, smokes.

One of the young, unemployed men leaning against a wall covered with peeling posters of Arafat and anti-American graffiti, says in Arabic loud enough for Ferris to hear, "Who's the Jew?"

Ferris ignores them as best he can, watches as an Arab man in a robe (HIJAZI, we will come to know later) talks with Aisha and gives her an envelope of cash...

99 INT. PALESTINIAN REFUGEE CAMP CAFE - DAY (LATER)

99

The CAFE OWNER comes out to where Ferris and Aisha are sitting, wiping his hands on a towel, humble, terrified.

AISHA

(in Arabic)

Two teas, Mohammed. Thank you.

The cafe owner nods but doesn't leave. He seems unable to believe she has brought this man who could only be an American spy into his place, endangering him. Arabic:

(CONTINUED)

AISHA
 (meaning "go")
 Thank you.

The cafe owner leaves them. FERRIS opens a folding knife under the cheap tablecloth, lays it on his lap, and smiles with a little difficulty at Aisha.

FERRIS
 If you're trying to find out how far I'll go to express my interest I think you have the answer.

AISHA
 Do I? What else are you supposed to do at this point? Leave here alone? You're safer with me and you know it. Though there's only so much I can do to protect you. Their hatred of you is intense.

Everyone -- over their dominoes and cards and nargila smoke -- is staring at him.

AISHA
 I don't hate you. Unless I should. Should I?

FERRIS
 What are you asking?

AISHA
 I'm asking what you do here. In Amman.

FERRIS
 Political Counselor.

AISHA
 That's sufficiently vague.
 (a beat)
 I have a thing to tell you. An important one. A man is not his job.

He wonders what she is trying to tell him. Her English fails her...

AISHA
 He is... apart from his job. The man.

FERRIS
 Haven't tried that, recently.

AISHA

I just want you to know... my feel
... My understand... My
understanding. Of you.

They regard each other. The nervous cafe owner returns,
his hands shaking as he sets the tea glasses down.

AISHA

We are friends. We may talk
again.

She sips her tea. And for Ferris it's out of this world
different from anything in his life to date.

FERRIS

(in Arabic)
When you wish. And with your
permission.

100 EXT. STREETS (AMMAN) - DUSK

100

FERRIS escorts AISHA home -- or rather she, him. YOUNG
ARAB MEN watch them from a dark storefront. Arabic music
plays from an open window. This is a dangerous place,
too.

AISHA

My apartment's just around the
corner. Thank you for walking me
back.

As they turn the corner, MARWAN and TWO OTHER GID MEN
appear in front of them. The GID MEN are the same who
were watching SKIP try to kidnap Karami. All in Arabic:

FERRIS

Marwan... salaam.

MARWAN

Come.

FERRIS

I have to escort my friend home.

AISHA already has her keys out.

AISHA

It's just there.

MARWAN

With permission, Miss.

Meaning, "Leave us." Aisha regards FERRIS. In English:

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

FERRIS

It's all right. They're friends
of mine.

Now it's AISHA who's scared, more for herself than him.

FERRIS

It's fine.

She crosses the street and unlocks the gate to her building. MARWAN and the GID MEN escort FERRIS toward a parked car.

FERRIS

What is it? What's wrong?

Aisha glances back as they usher FERRIS into the back of the car.

101 INT. GID CAR NEAR SAFEHOUSE (AMMAN) - NIGHT

101

It enters the square where the safehouse used to be. MARWAN grabs FERRIS by the hair and turns his face to the window so that he can see...

The SAFEHOUSE burning. FIRE TRUCKS. Water being sprayed on the burning building.

FERRIS closes his eyes. Everything is gone.

102 EXT. A GARBAGE DUMP - NIGHT

102

SEAGULLS and VULTURES tear at black plastic bags and rubbish. Fires burn here and there. Everything you can think of has been discarded. FERRIS is pulled out of the GID car, and pushed towards HANI, who looks especially elegant, set against the garbage dump.

HANI

Marwan showed you the burning house?

(as Ferris nods)

Do you know what happened?

FERRIS

I have absolutely no idea.

Hani studies Ferris. Then:

HANI

You could've said yes or no. Simply that. When a man says more than yes or no, I wonder.

(CONTINUED)

FERRIS

I don't know what (happened) --

HANI

We had the advantage. That house could have led us to Al-Saleem. Now it's gone. And everything in it.

FERRIS

Hani. I...

HANI

I told you, never lie to me.

FERRIS

I'm not lying.

Hani studies him again. Then glances to Marwan who signals to the other men. A figure is dragged from a car and stood before Hani and Ferris, the sack pulled from his head. It's SKIP. Terrified. To Ferris:

HANI

You didn't know -- that after all I said to you -- and Edward -- this man tried to take Karami.

SKIP

He didn't (know) --

Hani backhands SKIP so fast and hard, it chokes his last word and almost knocks him from his feet.

HANI

(calmly, to SKIP)
When I speak to you, I'll look at you. I'm talking to Mr. Ferris now.

(to Ferris)
In as few words as possible... did you know?

FERRIS

No.

Hani studies Ferris...

HANI

I don't believe you. Leave Jordan.

Hani calmly walks to his car and climbs in. Marwan and the other GID men follow. The cars drive off leaving Ferris and SKIP alone in the dump.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

Now Ferris regards SKIP with as much menace as Hani did.

FERRIS

Let's get real, man. Let's...
Obviously, I have been a douche.
We have things to straighten up...
but a direct order, man, is a
direct order.

FERRIS walks away through the garbage dump without untying SKIP. Walking angrily, purposefully.

SKIP

Ferris!

FERRIS keeps walking. VULTURES hop closer to SKIP.

SKIP

Ferris! Ferris!

103 INT. A PARK IN WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

103

A deserted outdoor concert amphitheater. Wet folding chairs in disarray. HOFFMAN looks awful, relatively, and FERRIS is in a rage.

FERRIS

If you're keeping all the cards to your chest, how do you expect me to function? All he asked was patience and you couldn't do it. You were impatient and greedy and you fucked it up. I thought Hani was going to *kill* me.

HOFFMAN

Naw, he likes you. He *likes* you. What's he going to get over there better than you? You'll get back to Jordan before you know it. Back to that Jordanian piece of ass.

FERRIS makes a move as if to hit HOFFMAN. HOFFMAN stumbles back onto the wet grass.

(CONTINUED)

FERRIS

Ed, you're an old fat fuck. I do this shit for a living. Go on a goddamned diet.

HOFFMAN

What are we, in a school yard?

HOFFMAN stands up.

HOFFMAN

Look, I did what I had to do. I don't have time for 'patience, sidi, patience' and sit around and eat fucking couscous. Hani's interests extend no further than his little fiefdom. Mine are global. That said, I admit I should have told you what I was doing.

FERRIS

No, what you should've done was not do it.

HOFFMAN

Ten years ago I could've beat the shit out of you.

FERRIS

Then you should have taken your shot back then.

They take a moment to size each other up.

HOFFMAN

Somehow, we have to get our own guy inside Al-Saleem's tent.

FERRIS

We could penetrate every Salafi mosque in the world and never get to him.

HOFFMAN knows it's true.

FERRIS

But he doesn't know that. That we can't do it. He doesn't know how close or far we are. What's true and what isn't. We could make it appear there was another organization out there as deadly as his own. What would Al-Saleem do?

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN

Rejoice. And/or be paranoid.

FERRIS

Exactly. Doesn't matter which, he'd try to get in touch with them... but it would be us.

HOFFMAN

It would be us...

(a beat)

We can't do it out of Langley.

FERRIS

Oh no.

HOFFMAN

You know, I am going to have to revise my opinion of you. I had no idea you were so devious. This puts you in a whole new category in Eddie Hoffman's book.

CUT TO:

103A INT. DC HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

103A

FERRIS opens the door revealing a gorgeous woman dressed for a night out -- or in -- like the best Deborah Palfrey's escort service has to offer.

(CONTINUED)

GRETCHEN

You called for someone?

FERRIS

No.

GRETCHEN

You must have. Because I'm here.
I'm Nicole.

The woman lets herself in and goes straight to the mini-bar to make herself a drink.

GRETCHEN

Do you mind if I have a drink? It
relaxes me. Which will relax you.

Ferris closes the door but does not put out the "Do Not Disturb" sign. Comes back into the room.

GRETCHEN

This is a nice place. We can have
some fun here.

FERRIS

I want this divorce.

GRETCHEN

Shhh. I don't want to talk about
that.

FERRIS

We don't have to talk about it.
We just have to do it.

She sips her drink. Sits on the sofa.

GRETCHEN

No, let's talk about it. Sit.

She pats the cushion next to her. He knows better but sits there anyway. She touches his face and neck and says nothing. He pulls slightly away.

FERRIS

You're right, there's nothing to
talk about. You don't love me and
I don't love you.

GRETCHEN

Neither is true.

FERRIS

What do we have. Nothing.

GRETCHEN

We have a marriage people dream about.

FERRIS

Marriage is about children -- and we don't have that -- which makes ending it easy.

GRETCHEN

Marriage isn't only about that.

Her hand has moved down to his leg.

FERRIS

Gretchen --

GRETCHEN

My name is Nicole --

FERRIS

Gretchen --

GRETCHEN

I don't know what you think is wrong. I don't think you know. You're seeing someone? Fine.

FERRIS

I'm not.

GRETCHEN

Marriage can work with that.

She unzips his fly and slips her hand in.

GRETCHEN

I need you. I need my husband. I need my husband, and you don't touch me? Touch me.

He doesn't and she slaps him hard. Then coos:

GRETCHEN

Touch me.

She takes his hand. He allows her to put it under her short skirt. And as it's happening, he hates, but can't help, himself.

103C OMITTED

103C *

104 OMITTED 104

105 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE (VIRGINIA) - DAY 105
 FERRIS drives himself through the Virginia countryside.

105A INT. FERRIS' CAR 105A *
 FERRIS driving --INTERCUT w/ ATTORNEY *

ATTORNEY
 This is why you have a lawyer, you
 stupid idiot.

FERRIS
 It's still over, Larry, it doesn't
 matter.

ATTORNEY
 It does matter. It doesn't look
good.

FERRIS
 And I don't feel good about it. I
 got to go --

ATTORNEY
 Don't call her, don't see her,
 don't fuck her -- anymore.

FERRIS
 I told her on the way out the door
 we were still getting divorced.

ATTORNEY
 How'd she take it?

Instead of conveying the enormity of the answer, Ferris
 hangs up.

106 EXT. A COUNTRY HOUSE (VIRGINIA) - DAY 106

A modest house set in dark parkland by a horror-film
 lake. FERRIS parks next to an Audi, the only other car
 in sight. Climbs out and crunches across gravel to the
 porch. Looks through a window at sheeted furniture.

He hears a creaking sound and follows it to the side
 porch where he finds a MAN in a wicker rocker, napping.
 A BlackBerry rests on a little table.

FERRIS
 Garland? I'm Roger Ferris.

Garland glances over and regards Ferris. When he speaks it's with a vague European accent, a bit effeminate:

GARLAND (MAN)

Where's Hoffman?

FERRIS

I don't know. A Ben and Jerry's.

GARLAND

He trusts you.

(meaning, to send you
here alone)

I don't trust *him*. Whenever you
run an operation and don't see
Hoffman, it means he's running
another operation.

The BlackBerry chimes softly. Garland glances at the
incoming text message.

GARLAND

I'm tracking a cell in Syria.
They were in Damascus last night.
Today, Dayr-az-Zor, on their way
to the Iraqi border. But
something tells me they aren't
going to make it to Husbaya. We
have ninjas waiting.

FERRIS

Who do the ninjas work for?

GARLAND

Nobody. Fruit?

Ferris isn't sure what he means.

GARLAND

Do you want some fruit? An apple.
Orange. Some berries.

FERRIS

No, thank you.

107 INT. THE COUNTRY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

107

A bowl of fruit on an otherwise bare wood table.

FERRIS

Where is everyone?

GARLAND

I'm not sure what you mean.

FERRIS

It's just you?

GARLAND

No. It's me -- and you.

Garland chooses a fat strawberry from a bowl.

(CONTINUED)

GARLAND

You expected a war room? Flashing lights and people running through with clipboards? It's all here --

(holds up BlackBerry)

And here --

(a laptop)

And here --

(his head)

You're sure you don't want some (fruit).

FERRIS

Positive.

Eating his strawberry, Garland becomes momentarily distracted by a bird flying around the dusty space.

FERRIS

I'm going to need some low-level AQ contacts. A lawyer. Some kind of Security Consultant. But first I need an Arab who travels a lot in the region. A businessman who fits the profile of jihadist without actually being a jihadist.

GARLAND

A straw man. Receiving money. Making plans. Let's start with him.

GARLAND plops onto an Aeron chair, clicks a remote. As the BIRD flies across a plasma screen, a Powerpoint presentation comes up. Garland clicks through earnest middle-aged male Arab faces...

GARLAND

No... no... no... no... Maybe here's your man.

We see a passport photograph on the screen of a pious, somewhat bland zealot.

GARLAND

His name is Omar Sadiki. He's Jordanian. An architect. Most of his commissions come from Islamic charitable groups who also send money to jihadists. He's got every jihadist signifier... Except he's innocent.

FERRIS steps up to the screen. Regarding the callus on the middle of Sadiki's forehead.

(CONTINUED)

FERRIS

He touches his head to the ground
five times a day... He believes in
God.

GARLAND

I wonder what that's like.

So does Ferris probably. He hasn't believed in anything
since he was five.

FERRIS

What makes you think he'll trade
with an infidel like me?

GARLAND

(looks at Ferris like
he must be daft)

Money.

107AA INT. FERRIS' DC HOTEL ROOM - DAY 107AA *

FERRIS cell phone rings. He answers. *

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

What the fuck did you do?

FERRIS

What are you talking about? *

INTERCUT: *

107A EXT. CAFE (VIRGINIA) 107A

HOFFMAN walking out with coffee in hand.

HOFFMAN

Your wife called me. She said
she's prepared to go to IG. To
make allegations. What did you
say to her? *

FERRIS

I told her I didn't love her.

HOFFMAN

Well, buddy, that was a
fundamental tactical error. But I
don't mean your personal
business...I mean, what did you
tell her about my business? She
mentions the words torture and
death. Why would you do that? *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

107A CONTINUED:

107A

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

I made that go away. I made it
disappear.

*
*

107A CONTINUED:

107A

FLASHBACK - THE CRICKET BAT

The cries. And Ferris sitting on a ratty couch in some dark room somewhere, calmly smoking a cigarette.

BACK TO HOFFMAN AND FERRIS - NOW

*

FERRIS

Did I ask you to do that?

HOFFMAN

No, and you never thanked me either because you are an ingrate.

*

FERRIS

Maybe I didn't want it to disappear.

HOFFMAN

Listen, buddy, find a church, get yourself a priest. Confess. Let it off your chest. Then get on the phone to your wife. Stop being self-destructive and get your business out of my business. Is that clear?

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

107B INT. A RESTAURANT IN WASHINGTON - DAY

107B

The restaurant is Washington's best, filled with power. FERRIS is waiting at a table set for two. GRETCHEN appears, looking spectacular. FERRIS stands up coldly and watches Gretchen sit.

GRETCHEN

(settling in)

Have you come to your senses?

FERRIS looks at her.

FERRIS

You're willing to destroy me.
That's interesting to know.

GRETCHEN

How could I destroy a big strong
CIA man? You must be having
delusions.

FERRIS

There's no evidence, no witnesses,
just your word against mine. And
you are an angry, unstable, soon
to be ex-wife. No one's going to
believe you.

GRETCHEN starts to dash her water in his face.

FERRIS

Look around at this restaurant,
before you throw the glass.
That's why I picked the
restaurant.

GRETCHEN sees the results: a career-ender. She smiles at a colleague.

GRETCHEN

You don't have the balls for this,
Roger. You're not a killer.
That's always been me.

FERRIS

I wish I could say you were wrong.
You think of yourself as a killer.
But I really am one. You've just
never been in my way until now.

He opens a file on the table. GRETCHEN looks worried.

FERRIS

Remember the great age of e-mail?
Before we all knew it was
insecure? Let's not forget
digital photography.

He flips around a picture of GRETCHEN naked,
masturbating. Then hands over a sheaf of other pictures.

GRETCHEN

I made those for you, you fucking
bastard.

FERRIS

You made them for yourself. It's
not really my thing... Let's go
back to undergraduate days. You
made friends with a man in the
financial aid office at Columbia
and illegally transferred your
student loans to your father when
he was dying of cancer. The old
man never owed a penny in his life
and you made him die a hundred
thousand dollars in debt without
his knowledge. When you went to
work at Justice, you told them
you'd never used drugs. I doubt
you've used ecstasy for a while,
but you still do coke.

GRETCHEN

So does half the fucking room,
Roger.

FERRIS

Yes, but how many lied about drug
use when they joined the
Department of Justice?

GRETCHEN stares.

FERRIS

And when you were still filing
individually, you cheated on your
taxes. All the time. I have
documents. Shall I go on?

She takes a drink of water.

GRETCHEN

Do you think all this time I
haven't been fucking someone?

107B CONTINUED:

107B

FERRIS

(and he means it)

I could care less. You fuck everybody you meet. One way or another. I expect your lawyer to call the IG office tomorrow, first thing, or I'll have you under investigation at Justice by tomorrow afternoon. There it is.

GRETCHEN gets up and leaves the room, with every appearance of calm. She is shaken but smiles at associates. DC is like LA: everybody in the same business: getting their asses alive through the jungle. FERRIS lowers his eyes, and puts the folders in his case. Free.

108 EXT. DUBAI - DAY

108

The other invented city -- the one in the middle of the Arabian Desert instead of the middle of Mojave, with its even more outrageous skyscrapers, indoor ski slopes and man-made palm tree and world-shaped islands dotting the Persian Gulf. *Bladerunner* in the Middle East.

FERRIS (V.O.)

You'll move the money, you'll make the virtual legend of Omar Sadiki. I'll do everything else.

109 INT. FERRIS' HOTEL SUITE (DUBAI) - DAY

109

A PASSPORT with Ferris' picture on it, but with the name BRAD SCANLON, rests on the bed with a half-unpacked suitcase. FERRIS is at a window overlooking a panoramic tangle of building cranes, on the phone --

FERRIS

Mr. Sadiki? It's Brad Scanlon from Hayes Andover Bank, following up on my e-mail. I'm in Dubai now. Got in a little early... At the Jumeirah Emirates Towers but I can meet you anywhere you like.

(checks his watch)

That would be great. You're sure you don't mind...

110 INT. LOBBY OF A HOTEL (DUBAI) - DAY

110

FERRIS has cleaned himself up and put on a nice suit. Sitting across from him -- glum and robed -- is the Islamic architect OMAR SADIKI, prayer callus on his forehead. After a long silence...

SADIKI

Our clients are usually Arab companies...

FERRIS

You come very highly recommended by our Arab clients.

FERRIS notices that Sadiki has looked aside at a German drinking beer.

FERRIS

I'm so sorry, I didn't know they served beer here.

SADIKI

(not meaning it)
It is no problem. He is not a Muslim. He can do as he likes.

FERRIS

That's very generous of you.

Sadiki isn't sure Ferris isn't having him on, but nonetheless produces a sheaf of photographs, turns the pages for Ferris...

SADIKI

This is a shopping center in Fahaneel in Kuwait... Offices in Amman... A dormitory for the College of Technology in Irbid...

All uninspired but not terrible...

FERRIS

Uh-huh... nice... but for our branch here in Dubai, we're after something with more of a... Islamic ambiance.

SADIKI

Islamic...

Ferris nods. SADIKI stares a moment, then opens another folder.

*

(CONTINUED)

Beneath a crescent logo on the folder we see the legend:
"Darul Adira Architects: The Islamic Design Solution."
Inside, photographs of mosques they've built...

FERRIS

This is more like it.

SADIKI

(hoping it's not
true)

You want your bank to look like a
mosque.

FERRIS

Mosque-*like* -- yes -- since our
building site is in Sharjah and we
want to be respectful of the
Islamic character of the
neighborhood.

And we know this: Omar Sadiki hates Scanlon, and hates
the idea of working for an American company -- but also
that he will do it.

FERRIS

We can go there after lunch. I
could show you the site. If you'd
like to see it.

Sadiki is either playing hard to get, or truly is
uncomfortable running around town with the infidel.
Ferris takes him into his confidence --

FERRIS

Mr. Sadiki, I know you must have a
certain level of discomfort just
sitting with a non-believer, what
with all that's going on. But let
me assure you: I *despise* this
horrible war. I'm a Democrat.

Ferris makes a terrible smile.

In burning sunlight, as Sadiki takes digital pictures of
a dusty work site, Ferris, over by the parked cars and
pickups, watches with another MAN -- ostensibly a Hayes
Andover Bank construction worker who is actually Special
Forces.

TONY (MAN)

How much can I know?

FERRIS

Exactly as much as I tell you.

Tony waits to hear it, but apparently he just did.

111 CONTINUED:

111

TONY

I'm cool with that. I'm used to knowing nothing.

FERRIS

I'm sure you are. Get your camera.

112 EXT. THE BUILDING SITE (DUBAI) - DAY

112

Ferris has rejoined Sadiki as he finishes photographing the site.

FERRIS

Hayes Andover's option to buy this property will expire at the end of the month. So perhaps we could get some preliminary sketches and a rough bid say by... next Thursday... before the Islamic weekend...?

SADIKI

I think we... yes, certainly.

FERRIS

You'll have to sign a letter of intent with our attorney -- Mr. Al-Masri -- if you don't mind.

FERRIS points to a rotund Arab in a suit patting at his jowls with a handkerchief outside a construction trailer.

SADIKI

It makes no difference to me. God will decide if I get the job or not.

As SADIKI goes in through the trailer's open sliding glass door, a series of SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS: SADIKI WITH AL-MASRI, greeting each other, exchanging papers, etc.

FERRIS (V.O.)

Al-Masri is a lawyer. But he tithes money to AQ. He's fairly low on the map, but on the map.

MORE SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS OF SADIKI and AL-MASRI exchanging Islamic kisses on the cheek, taken by Tony from a parked pickup truck with a long lens...

113 INT. AIRPORT (DUBAI) - NIGHT 113

FERRIS leans against a wall, phone to his ear, waiting for the security screening line to thin out.

FERRIS

Garland's also got stolen Saudi money going into Sadiki accounts at a rate of about ten grand a --

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

What the fuck am I doing here?

FERRIS

What? Where.

INTERCUT:

114 EXT. HOFFMAN'S DAUGHTER'S SOCCER FIELD (VIRGINIA) - DAY 114

HOFFMAN at the sidelines of a soccer field in a park in Virginia, where his daughter and other 7-year-olds run around kicking at the ball.

HOFFMAN

Never mind. Where are you?

FERRIS

Dubai International, heading to Germany.

HOFFMAN

Yeah you're not. You're going back to Amman. Hani called and asked me where you were. If you don't go back, he's gonna wonder why you're not going back. He's already wondering. You have to put in an appearance. Change your ticket.

Hoffman hangs up and watches the soccer game and mom-referees like he wants to shoot himself.

115 INT. QUEEN ALIA AIRPORT (AMMAN) - NIGHT 115

FERRIS comes out the arrivals door, having cleared Immigration and Customs, to find two GID officers waiting for him.

GID OFFICER

Come.

116

INT. A CAR OUTSIDE THE AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

116

FERRIS is escorted to a Mercedes and "helped" into the back seat where HANI waits.

HANI

I wanted to tell you I'm sorry how we left things. I was upset.

FERRIS

Which you had every right to be. I'm sorry for what happened.

The car pulls away and glides through airport traffic.

HANI

Where did you go?

Ferris quickly decides not to lie.

FERRIS

Washington. Dubai.

Hani holds out his hand. Ferris places his passport in it. Hani glances at the last stamped entry.

HANI

Ah, Dubai. The money-laundering mecca for AQ. And therefore, the safest place in the Middle East. R & R?

FERRIS

Yeah.

HANI

Much deserved. But I'm happy you're back.

(returns the passport)

Miss Aisha, too, I think, will be happy you're back.

(off Ferris' frown)

We're not *watching* you, we're *watching out* for you. The one you should worry about is Edward... Edward and *his* plans. Which could get you in trouble. Again.

FERRIS

Neither of us has to worry about that.

(CONTINUED)

HANI

No? I don't have to worry about what I don't know? No more stupid escapades like Karami?

FERRIS

No.

HANI

That's good.

But HANI doesn't believe it for a second. He smiles.

FERRIS

I'm glad you let me back. I like it here.

HANI

What are Ed Hoffman's plans now for Al-Saleem? Always with Ed, I hear him breathing. But I do not see him. That bothers me.

FERRIS can say nothing.

HANI

Don't worry. I am not going to try to recruit you. But I want you to understand something. Do not make further mistakes in Jordan.

FERRIS

You are my teacher, ustaaz Hani.

HANI

I will remember that expression of friendship. This is a part of the world where friendship matters. It can save your life.

FERRIS' car pulls ahead of HANI's car, along with two escort police cars with lights flickering.

HANI

Your luggage has been collected. They will escort you to your house.

FERRIS nods, and gets out of the car.

HANI

Welcome home, my dear. We will talk about how we shall cooperate in the future.

116 CONTINUED: 116

FERRIS nods, right, and closes the door. HANI'S little motorcade moves off.

117 INT. CLINIC (AMMAN) - DAY 117

AISHA readies Ferris' third rabies injection.

AISHA

You're uncharacteristically quiet.

FERRIS

Am I?

She taps at the syringe with a fingernail to push air bubbles up.

AISHA

If you're going to insist on coming here to see me -- which is what you're doing -- my sister is going to insist on meeting you.

FERRIS

Your sister.

AISHA

My sister looks after me in matters that are non-medical.

FERRIS

She has to approve of me before you'll begin to.

AISHA

I like to let her think so whenever I can.

She jabs the needle in his stomach.

117A EXT. AMMAN MARKETPLACE - EVENING 117A

Ferris, in a clean white shirt, and several Muslim women jostle to make their purchases at a pastry stand. Ferris buys konafa.

118 INT. AISHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 118

The door opens revealing Ferris in the hallway with a small pastry box in his hands.

118 CONTINUED:

118

AISHA

You're early. I'm still cooking.
 (hence, the apron;
 re: the box)
 What's in there?

FERRIS

Dessert. Konafa. Lots of syrup.

AISHA

Oh, the kids are going to love
 you.

FERRIS

The what?

119 INT. AISHA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

119

Another woman and two young children stand politely in a
 simply-furnished, working-class Muslim living room.

AISHA

This is my sister, Cala.

FERRIS

How do you do.

AISHA

And Ali and Gamal... my nephews.

He hides it well, but Aisha knows Ferris is relieved. He
 shakes the boys' hands.

AISHA

Mr. Ferris brought you something
 for later.

120 INT. AISHA'S APARTMENT - LATER

120

As Aisha and her sister cook, Ferris sits with the boys
 in the living room in an uncomfortable silence...

FERRIS

Smells good in there.

GAMAL

It's not good.

FERRIS

She's not a good cook, your aunt?

(CONTINUED)

GAMAL

Better than our mom but I wouldn't say good.

FERRIS

What about you, Ali, what do you think?

ALI

Together they'll be worse.

FERRIS

All right, listen --

(beckons them closer)

-- because if there's something really bad on my plate, I don't want to eat it; I don't even want to taste it. I'll touch it with my fork, and you -- very subtly -- nod or shake your head. K?

THE BOYS

K.

121 INT. AISHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

121

The five of them at the dinner table, just beginning to eat. Ferris touches his fork to something on his plate and the boys give him very slight shakes of the head.

CALA

How long are you in Amman?

FERRIS

It could be a long time. I'm hoping it is.

CALA

Where were you stationed before?

FERRIS

Riyadh.

CALA

And before that?

FERRIS

Cairo.

There are two covert operations going on here, Ferris knows: His own with the boys and the food, and Aisha's having her sister ask Aisha's list of questions...

(CONTINUED)

CALA

What do you do exactly?

AISHA

I told you, Cala, he's a political advisor.

CALA

But what does that mean? Forgive my ignorance.

There's nothing ignorant about her. Quite the contrary.

FERRIS

It means I offer my assistance to His Majesty's advisors, when they ask for it.

The boys send nods to Ferris that the pale green stuff is safe to eat.

CALA

You do this now, but not before the war. Before you didn't consult with us at all.

AISHA

Cala --

FERRIS

It's all right. We know the situation in Iraq has created hardships for Jordanians.

CALA

The situation?

FERRIS

Sorry?

CALA

The situation in Iraq?

Ferris lets it go with just a nod. He's a guest. Aisha shoots her sister a look: "enough." The boys shoot Ferris one: "don't eat that."

CALA

His Majesty believes the best hope for the war is that it ends.

FERRIS

That's my hope, too.

122 EXT. AISHA'S BUILDING - NIGHT (LATER)

122

Ferris is leaving. Aisha seeing him out.

AISHA
Sorry about that.

FERRIS
It's all right, I take no offense.

AISHA
The funny thing is, she wants to live in America.

FERRIS
I'll stay here, she can go there, we'll both be happy.

AISHA
Don't joke about this.

FERRIS
I'm not. I'm serious. I don't think I'm ever going back.

They regard each other.

FERRIS
I liked her boys.

AISHA
They're great, aren't they? But not very good spies.
(as his look to her is all innocence)
At the dinner table. Where you barely touched a thing. None of you were good spies.

FERRIS
Thank you for tonight, Aisha. I had a really nice time.

He means it. Or he is a good spy. She watches him go.

123 EXT. HANI'S GARDEN BALCONY - DAY

123

FERRIS, in sunglasses, watches as HANI sets down a photo next to FERRIS' tea: SADIKI and AL-MASRI cozying up to a couple of Chinese bargirls-hookers at the notorious Cyclone nightclub in Dubai:

HANI

This was taken last week at the Cyclone Club in Dubai. This man is a well-known AQ financier. If that is not a contradiction in terms. This --

(the other man)

-- is a Jordanian, an architect named Omar Sadiki. No known terrorist ties.

FERRIS hopes his poker face is straight enough. Sadiki and Al-Masri must have hit it off and run off afterwards to a club, after all of Sadiki's pious bullshit... but how on earth, he wonders, does Hani have the photo.

HANI

The question I ask myself, is what are they doing together... apart from the obvious. Is this Sadiki more than he claims to be? He travels a lot, building mosques and shopping malls. At the least I'd say he's worth examination. By us. By 'we.' Allies, correct?

FERRIS

Where'd you get this?

HANI

A friend in Saudi intelligence.

FERRIS

Useful friend.

FERRIS pushes the photo back across to Hani --

HANI

No. Take it. I want you to have it. We're partners.

124 EXT. BEIRUT - DAY

124

ESTABLISH.

SUPERIMPOSE: BEIRUT

125 INT. HOTEL TAWQEER (BEIRUT) - FERRIS' SUITE - DAY

125

As FERRIS reviews SADIKI'S presentation folder, Sadiki helps himself to tea and a pastry.

He may be a pious man -- or not -- but he is every asshole in the history of the world who has submitted an outrageous bid. FERRIS gets to the final page of the proposal, and whistles.

FERRIS

This is way too expensive. The Board will never approve this.

SADIKI jumps a bit, but then turns, self-righteously.

SADIKI

You want the best...

FERRIS

I hate to make what could seem to be an ethnic remark, but I thought I was clear with you we're not doing business in a bazaar. I'm not an infidel to get ripped off here. Do you want the job?

SADIKI

Yes, we very much wish to... have the job. Perhaps a change or two is possible.

FERRIS

Well, give me your best price, close as you can to a 25 percent reduction.

SADIKI

25 percent is possible with a *lavish* sacrifice of quality.

FERRIS

Do what you can. And while you're here in Beirut, could you meet with our security consultant? He's good at what he does but he's an odd guy. I think he used to be involved with the... well...

(as Sadiki is
perplexed; Ferris
whispers)

The extremists.

SADIKI stares blankly.

FERRIS

He's over in West Beirut, over there in Dodge City.

(MORE)

125 CONTINUED:

125

FERRIS (CONT'D)

And since he's going to have to sign off on the final designs, I'd love it if you could get his input now, if you're okay with that.

Sadiki regards Ferris with a slight measure of suspicion. Ferris is unable to picture him anymore without a Chinese girl from the Cyclone on his lap. Finally --

SADIKI

Okay.

126 A BARRAGE OF DIGITAL SURVEILLANCE IMAGES

126

taken by Tony from a darkened office in West Beirut: SADIKI in a BUILDING directly across with lots of glass, sitting down with "Security Consultant" Hussein Hanafi -- looking over plans -- laughing -- stopping for prayer time -- doing business again.

FERRIS (V.O.)

So we've got him with two Salafists with AQ ties now: The money-launderer in Dubai, and this mobbed-up security guru here in Beirut.

INTERCUT:

127 INT. HOFFMAN'S HOME

127

HOFFMAN at home, feeding the finicky family dog.

HOFFMAN

You got his computer?

FERRIS

I will. Soon as he runs off to the hand job parlor.

128 EXT. SADIKI'S ISLAMIC HOTEL (BEIRUT) - NIGHT

128

Ferris regards the back of the hotel from the shadows of an alley. Behind one of the windows he can see Sadiki getting ready to go out, locking up the balcony doors.

129 EXT. SADIKI'S ISLAMIC HOTEL - NIGHT (LATER)

129

Sadiki comes out of the hotel, takes the keys from a valet and climbs into his car.

- 130 INT. SADIKI'S ISLAMIC HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT 130
 Ferris, looking like a tourist who got a bad tip from Fodor's, checks into the hotel.
- 131 INT. SADIKI'S HOTEL - A ROOM - NIGHT (LATER) 131
 FERRIS steps out onto the balcony of his new room. Climbs the low railing to the adjacent balcony, then over that one to the next, and trips the cheap lock on the French door.
- 132 INT. SADIKI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 132
 Sadiki's laptop sits on the desk, asleep. Ferris taps the space bar and the computer's wallpaper of the wandering man's devoted traditional family blinks on.
- 133 INT. SADIKI'S CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME - NIGHT 133
 Something occurs to Sadiki. Irritated with himself, he turns the car around and heads back to the hotel --
- 134 INT. SADIKI'S ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT 134
 Ferris opens a secure email account, highlights all the files on Sadiki's desktop and sends them as attachments --
- 135 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE (VIRGINIA) - SAME TIME - NIGHT 135
 The attachments begin downloading onto Garland's laptop, the icons appearing one by one on his desktop --
- 136 EXT. SADIKI'S ISLAMIC HOTEL - SAME TIME - NIGHT 136
 Sadiki pulls his car up to the entrance of his hotel, tells the valet to keep it running, he'll be right back.
- 137 INT. SADIKI'S ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT 137
 Ferris has moved on to hard-drive files, sending them all to Garland while he talks to him on the phone --

GARLAND (V.O.)
 This is useful. An email list for
 the Brothers of Awareness.

137 CONTINUED: 137

FERRIS

The brothers of who the fuck?

GARLAND (V.O.)

The Ikhwan Ishfan.

INTERCUT:

138 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE (VIRGINIA) - SAME TIME - NIGHT 138

GARLAND

It's just a study group of believers at his mosque but I can make it look like anything.

FERRIS

Make it look like everything.

139 INT. SADIKI'S ISLAMIC HOTEL - SAME TIME - NIGHT 139

Sadiki comes through the lobby, gets into an elevator.

GARLAND (V.O.)

Make fake accounts for half a dozen of the brothers and start transferring money to them from Sadiki's fake receiver account. Small operational sums.

140 INT. SADIKI'S ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT 140

FERRIS

The Saudis will pick up the money moving, and everything they pick up...

GARLAND (V.O.)

They leak to jihadists.

FERRIS

You got it, my friend.

141 INT. SADIKI'S ISLAMIC HOTEL - SAME TIME - NIGHT 141

Sadiki emerges from the elevator. Comes down the hallway. Opens his door with a card key --

As he steps in, we (but not Sadiki) see Ferris is on the balcony, back to the wall, French doors closed --

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

Sadiki rummages around his toiletries, finds a 3-PACK OF CONDOMS, heads back for the door, hesitating when he sees his computer's desktop of his family --

It unsettles him, but it's unclear if that's because they're "looking" at him, or because the computer should have gone to sleep in his absence. In any case, he's got more exciting things to think about, and leaves.

142 INT. A STREET IN BEIRUT - DAY

142

Ferris is walking.

FERRIS

Pull up an Arabic keyboard and take down this message.

INTERCUT:

GARLAND

doing so.

FERRIS

(in Arabic)

'In the name of God, we praise our Brothers who shall carry out this heroic act in the Fig Orchard, and beg God to give us strength in our continuing struggle. The time is at hand.'

GARLAND

(amused)

That's good Arabic. What's the Fig Orchard?

FERRIS

Well, I really haven't let you in on that one just yet. Let's say it's developing.

GARLAND

It will create chatter, but it'll have to be big to get Al-Saleem's attention.

FERRIS

It'll be big. Put the message in Arabic and send it from Sadiki's fake e-mail account.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

Ferris snaps his phone shut.

143 EXT. QUEEN ALIA AIRPORT (AMMAN) - NIGHT 143

Ferris emerges from a terminal talking on his "Scanlon" cell --

FERRIS

Mr. Sadiki. It's Brad. I'm fine, but we have a bit of a problem. Our chief engineer, who's based up in Ankara, has raised some questions about the insulation... Yeah, I know it's the same as what you use in Saudi Arabia... But you're going to have to go up to Ankara, ASAP...

Ferris sees SKIP pulling up in an Embassy car and crosses to it. Into the phone:

FERRIS

No, he *can't* come to you, and in fact, the only day you can see *him* is this Wednesday. We'll fly you, of course... no, I'm sorry, Business Class... let me give you his address and numbers. You got a pen?

144 EXT. THE COUNTRY HOUSE (VIRGINIA) - DAY 144

Garland steps carefully around his garden, tending strawberry plants.

FERRIS (V.O.)

Garland will send out a message from Sadiki hinting that a strike is preparing...

144A INT. NSA FACILITY SOMEWHERE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 144A

An ANALYST looks from his screen and asks the man beside him:

NSA ANALYST

What's the Fig Orchard, and who are the Brothers of Awareness?

145 INT. ESENBAGA AIRPORT (ANKARA, TURKEY) - DAY 145

Sadiki, about as irritated as a man can be, is met by "Hayes Andover Bank's Construction Head," a dodgy-looking Muslim. As they move away together --

A BARRAGE OF SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THEM --

146 INT. CIA (LANGLEY) - NIGHT 146

-- pop-up on screens here, where Hoffman sits with some analysts, picking at a plate of sprout-ridden health food that he hates while the others eat wonderful-looking junk food. Other screens in front of them show live views of a military base.

FERRIS (V.O.)

When the strike is done, he'll
post another message taking
responsibility for the bombing --

One of the screens shows a live image of a Blackhawk landing at --

147 EXT. US MILITARY BASE (INCIRLIK, TURKEY) - DAY 147

The helicopter settles on the ground. TONY climbs out as a Jeep pulls up to meet him. As Tony supervises the transfer of some equipment from the chopper to the Jeep --

SPECIAL FORCES SGT.

Got everything you need?

TONY

Oh, yeah.

And that's because several full body bags are now being off-loaded from the Blackhawk onto a cart. The SPECIAL FORCES SGT. stares.

TONY

(comic)

Bodies from the morgue. Iraq has
plenty.

148 INT. CIA LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT 148

HOFFMAN

After the event, a buzz of messages will then pass among jihadist networks announcing the Brothers of Awareness as a new player, and Sadiki as its leader.

Sadiki's face on a screen "watches" Hoffman, who can't take another bite of his food, toss it in a wastebasket. He takes a French fry off somebody else's plate.

HOFFMAN

Wife's worried about diabetes. Runs in my family... my fuckin' father. Asshole.

149 EXT. US MILITARY BASE (INCIRLIK) - DAY 149

TWO TURKISH JANITORS push large plastic bins on wheels into the US Bachelor Officers' Quarters.

150 INT. BACHELOR OFFICERS' QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER 150

The "Turkish janitors" (one of whom is "Tony") -- push their bins into the barracks, and wheel them down the waxed corridor, past... the CORPSES from the body bags -- all Middle Eastern men -- are laid on cots in the officers' quarters in the late afternoon shadows...

151 EXT. US MILITARY BASE (INCIRLIK) - DAY 151

The "Turkish Janitors" leave the building.

152 INT. CIA LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT 152

A WALL OF INTERNATIONAL CLOCKS. It is ticking towards 4AM in Turkey.

And THE SAME LIVE IMAGE from overhead on the main screen.

YOUNG ANALYST

I've got it, I've got it. 'Fig Orchard' means 'Incirlik' in Turkish!

152 CONTINUED:

152

HOFFMAN

Brilliant.
 (turning to screen)
 Fire in the hole... three, two,
 one...

153 EXT. US MILITARY BASE (INCIRLIK) - DAY

153

The Officer's Quarters explode -- in a flash...

154 INT. CIA LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

154

From 20,000 feet, the overhead image of the explosion --
 silent -- unspectacular -- on the screen. To himself --

HOFFMAN

... boom.

155 INT./EXT. FERRIS' APARTMENT (AMMAN) - DUSK

155

A speaker outside a mosque below calls people to prayer.
 Ferris, having a drink, watches BBC World.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)

Officials have confirmed the
 target of the blast was the US
 Bachelor Officers' Quarters at the
 airbase at Incirlik, Turkey. The
 bomb attack destroyed the
 barracks, but American casualties
 reportedly were limited because
 many pilots and officers are away
 on Christmas leave...

156 INT. HANI'S APARTMENT (AMMAN) - SAME TIME - DUSK

156

Video on Hani's TV of the smoking ruins and a short line
 of blanket-covered bodies and body parts. His wife sets
 out plates and silverware for dinner.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)

The Pentagon has not released the
 names of the dead pending
 notification of next of kin, but
 we are being told there might not
 be a public announcement of the
 casualties because some of the men
 killed may have been stationed at
 Incirlik on classified missions...

157 INT. AL-SALEEM'S HOUSE - SAME TIME - DUSK 157

Some children run past another TV here broadcasting the same report --

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)

No one yet has claimed credit, but terror experts are already speculating, because of the target and the ferocity of the attack, this may be the work of a new offshoot of Al-Quaeda...

Al-Saleem glances to another man in the living room. The other man doesn't know any more than Al-Saleem what that "new offshoot" could be, and gestures as much with a slight shrug.

157A STOCK NEWS FOOTAGE 157A

OF "THE ARAB STREET" REJOICING, FIRING WEAPONS INTO THE AIR, ETC, THE WHOLE "FUCK YOU, AMERICA" SPECTACLE THAT HAPPENED AFTER 9/11. GLOBAL REJOICING.

158 INT. FERRIS' APARTMENT (AMMAN) - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DUSK 158

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)

Incirlik, which in Turkish means 'Fig Orchard,'

INSERT GARLAND

Smiling and eating a peach as he watches.

BACK TO SCENE

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)

... has served since September 11 as a primary hub in the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq...

One of Ferris' cell phones vibrates on the desk. He picks it up. The BBC report continues in the b.g.

FERRIS

Yes?

(a beat)

Hani.

159 INT. HANI'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

159

Ferris sits with Hani, who is wearing a tiny candy cane on his lapel.

FERRIS

Is that in deference to your Christian employees?

HANI

Yes, all none of them. Still, Christmas is for everyone. Here in Jordan, everyone has Christmas trees.

Hani pours Ferris a small glass of something.

HANI

Eggnog!

FERRIS

Islamic eggnog?

HANI

You be the judge.

FERRIS sips: It is stiff with liquor.

HANI

First of all, my greatest sympathies to the families of the Incirlik victims.

FERRIS

Thank you.

HANI

Second, I think I can help.

Hani pulls a picture from a file and lays it before Ferris: A passport photo of OMAR SADIKI. And a Turkish Customs printout with the date.

FERRIS

This is the architect you showed me before. Who met the money-man.

HANI

The same. Only now I think he may have had something to do with this bombing. He was in Turkey on Wednesday, meeting with this man -- an engineer who we know is also an explosives expert.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

He sets down a SURVEILLANCE photo of the Muslim man who met Sadiki at Esenboga Airport.

HANI

Naturally, you can do whatever you want with this information, but if I were you I'd leave Sadiki in place and see what he brings.

FERRIS

Your usual technique.

Hani nods. Ferris asks with a look, "May I take this?"

HANI

Yes. It's my Christmas gift to you. Use it wisely.

160 EXT. THE DEAD SEA - DAY

160

Ferris and Aisha sit atop a jagged cliff overlooking the Dead Sea, 50-kilometers from the nearest tourist floating around on his back reading a newspaper. Here, it's rugged, still, primeval.

FERRIS

How often do you come out here?

AISHA

As often as I can. It's as beautiful as a place can be where nothing lives.

FERRIS

Bacteria lives there.

AISHA

That's romantic.

The word hangs there a moment. She smiles and stares back out at the ancient waters. In the distance, some Bedouins on camels ride silently along a ridge.

FERRIS

Aisha?

She looks at him a little more expectantly than she intended.

FERRIS

If you're waiting for me, you're going to have to wait forever. I'd never touch a Muslim woman... first.

(CONTINUED)

They regard one another... then she touches his hand, and even then he doesn't do more than allow it. Her hand comes up, touches his neck, the fingers running along one of the scars on it, then to another just under the collar of his T-shirt. Her hand stops there, feeling something sharp, like the tip of a spine of a cactus, trying to work itself out.

FERRIS

What'd you find?

She looks, the nurse in her taking over. Sees a small infected area around the "cactus spine." She moves it around a little, then gently pulls it out.

AISHA

What is this?

It's small, sharp, and white.

AISHA

Is this...

Ferris shakes his head he doesn't know, but of course he does. It's another piece of Bassam.

AISHA

It looks like bone.

FERRIS

I have no idea what it is, but it's not bone. How would it get there?

AISHA

I don't know.

She rolls it gently between her fingertips, then holds it out for him to take. He holds out his hand and she drops it onto it. Ferris doesn't know what to do with it. It seems wrong to throw it away, but he does.

They're driving on a highway, headed back to Amman presumably. Not talking. Until --

AISHA

What if I told you I don't want anything to do with a man with a secret life.

FERRIS

What if I told you the same thing.

AISHA

I'm not hiding anything. I wish I was. At least we'd be even.

FERRIS

At the camps you took money from a man that I know is -- how can I say this -- not a simple cleric.

AISHA

What are you talking about?

Ferris doesn't say.

AISHA

Are you talking about Hajazi? He's a teacher. He donates money for medicine for people who can't afford it. From his own pocket.

FERRIS

(not wanting to argue)

Okay.

AISHA

You mean 'okay' no. You're wrong.

FERRIS

I've been wrong before. But not this time.

AISHA

I can prove you're wrong. Take me to Mu'tah.

FERRIS

I don't think so. Mu'tah's not a place for me.

AISHA

Nonsense. It's perfectly safe. It's a university town. It's where he teaches. You'll meet him. You'll see.

Ferris keeps driving. Doesn't answer. Senses this may be the end of things here, and he's right.

AISHA

Fine. Take me home.

FERRIS

I'll take you to Mu'tah.

162 EXT. MU'TAH - DAY

162

FERRIS scans every house as he drives into the town. All the women wear headscarves. There are no Jordanian special forces, only useless unshaven provincial police. Most of the people are Bedu, stone 7th Century. It is a town of professional malcontents.

But there is a university in this town, and Ferris parks at the entrance to the alley that leads to it.

FERRIS
(faux unconcerned)
This is no place to be an
outsider.

AISHA
I'm not an outsider.

FERRIS
Even for you.

AISHA
I'll be right back.

She gets out, walks briskly down the alley. Ferris bashes his head back against the headrest. Looks around. Sees a HALF A DOZEN MEN playing soccer behind him, a unit of idling jihadists, no doubt about it.

Ferris sinks down in the car, every fucker looking at him, and the soccer ball is driven deliberately into a side panel of the car, giving him a jolt. FERRIS thinks, what to do. And then gets abruptly out of the car. You don't want to be sitting down. He confronts the guys.

FERRIS
(in his perfect
Arabic)
You have made a mistake, brothers.

FERRIS bluffs it out, and in parade ground manner heads towards a cafe where an old man smoking a nargilah stares at him. FERRIS sits down at a cheap, wobbly table.

FERRIS
A coffee, please. Medium sweet.
And I need the toilet.

The WAITER points. FERRIS stands and enters the cafe, aware that the soccer players were merely disconcerted. They are not leaving him alone. They come towards the cafe, one carrying the ball.

163 INT. CAFE TOILET - MOMENTS LATER

163

It's a smeared hole in the floor. FERRIS pisses, smelling waves of shit. He turns, zipped up, and sees:

THREE OF THE JIHADISTS

FERRIS pulls his knife but is clubbed on the head and goes down on the filthy floor. One of the Jihadists picks up the knife and holds it to Ferris' throat.

Another Jihadist is looking through his wallet and finds: A US EMBASSY ID CARD. Much talk over this one. They have a real prize. FERRIS is half dragged to his feet and crammed against the wall.

JIHADIST

Why you come to Mu'tah? To spy on Muslim people?

FERRIS

I am diplomat from Amman. Visiting the university. I am a friend of Hani Pasha, and if you don't know who he is, you will. I'll forget what you've done, if you let me go.

He is spit on, full in the face.

JIHADIST

Take him out the back.

They open a door to the storeroom as... FERRIS breaks the nearest man's jaw with the heel of his hand. We hear the sloppy pop of the sideways dislocation. He headbutts the next man, sending him down, and knees him in the face. The KNIFEMAN is disarmed in one move and FERRIS pins him against the wall with the stiletto at his throat, held straight on, ready to punch in, a straight puncture.

FERRIS

(in Arabic)

Maybe I cut off *your* head, motherfucker. Maybe we start doing that. We'll all be on the same fuckin' page. I'll cut off your fucking head and throw it down the toilet.

(CONTINUED)

He kneels the KNIFEMAN in the balls and puts him down, slamming his forehead against the sink in the process and knocking the old sink off one of its brackets with the force of the blow. He turns to see:

AISHA, staring at him from the doorway. With her is the money-donating scholar -- HIJAZI -- in a white robe.

HIJAZI

(in Arabic to
jihadists)

Brothers, you shame the town.
This good visitor has come with
Miss Aisha. Apologize to him and
beg his forgiveness for your
ignorant and uncivilized behavior.

JIHADIST

I have made a mistake. It is
customary...

FERRIS

(in Arabic)

Keep your money. I accept that
you made a mistake.

AISHA and FERRIS stare at each other. He closes the
knife.

FERRIS pulls the car to the shoulder of the road. He has
gotten out of Mu'tah. Now he succumbs to the fear.
AISHA stares straight ahead.

AISHA

You were going to kill that boy.

FERRIS

He was a kidnapper. Not a 'boy.'

AISHA

And you know how to kill, don't
you.

He doesn't answer; there's no point.

AISHA

I don't know what you are... and
you're not going to tell me.
There's nowhere to go from there.

165 INT. FERRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 165

Ferris looks very much like he did in the first scene. Tired. Sweating. Drinking. He looks like a man about to give it up... but instead picks up one of his phones and dials. As it rings (normally) in the receiver --

166 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE (VIRGINIA) - SAME TIME - NIGHT 166

Garland reaches for a cell phone playing a tinny version of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 24.

GARLAND

Ferris...

FERRIS

Send out the message taking credit. But make the responses go back to Sadiki's actual account. Fuse his real and shadow bank accounts.

GARLAND

I can't say 'It's been real.' But you know what I mean.

FERRIS, uncomfortable, hangs up.

Garland sits at his laptop. He pastes an Arabic message into an open "Sadiki" email file. Message reads (subtitle it): "In the name of God, the Merciful God, the compassionate, we tell you that the Brothers of Awareness have completed against the Crusaders an operation that has struck at the heart of their evil designs..."

167 INT. SADIKI'S OFFICES (RIYADH) - NIGHT 167

Sadiki and a couple of assistant architects are working late on the "Hayes Andover Bank" revisions. At his computer, Sadiki is scrolling down a list of insulation manufacturers when a chime alerts him he has a new incoming e-mail message. Not a man who gets a lot of e-mail, Sadiki is intrigued to see that he has 1,298 messages downloading.

"Omar, I don't understand. What is this?"

Sadiki opens the first message, from JIHADBOY2, and reads (subtitle it):

"Congratulations brother in your endeavors to destroy the great Satan."

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

Sadiki stares at "his" incoming messages.

"God will reward you."

SADIKI SCROLLS DOWN and sees the copy of the message that Garland sent as "Omar Sadiki."

He glances up at the others in the room, all bent over drafting tables, then suddenly realizes that the wall of glass he so proudly designed in his office affords, from the buildings across, a fishbowl view of him. He quickly gathers his things to leave -- and passes a flat-panel TV in the waiting lounge...

TV NEWSREADER (V.O.)

Credit for the Incirlik bombing
has been claimed by a mysterious
group called the Ikhwan Ishfan...

168 INT. SADIKI'S BUILDING - NIGHT

168

Coming down an elevator alone, he almost hyperventilates. The doors open and he ventures out warily into the underground garage. He sees no one, but fears for his life.

He fumbles his car keys from his pocket as he crosses toward his reserved parking space which, until now, he never noticed was so goddamned far from the elevators.

He presses what he thinks is the unlock button on the key ring, but mistakenly hits the panic button and the car's alarm goes off and the headlights blink. Out of his wits he presses at all the other buttons until it silences.

He pulls his car door open, slides in quickly, locks himself in. Trying to catch his breath, he stares out the windshield at the few other cars there, and the shadowy corners of the garage...

169 EXT. ISLAMIC HOTEL (SOMEWHERE) - NIGHT

169

A car pulls up. Al-Saleem's lieutenant climbs out from the passenger seat, leaving the driver inside.

170 INT. ISLAMIC HOTEL (SOMEWHERE) - NIGHT

170

Al-Saleem regards printouts of the e-mails and a photo of Sadiki himself. Re: the photo (subtitles):

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

AL-SALEEM

This is the man who has been
receiving our money?

The Lieutenant nods.

LIEUTENANT

And it seems he blew up the US
base, Sheikh.

AL-SALEEM

He looks like an accountant.

LIEUTENANT

He's an architect in Amman.
Successful.

AL-SALEEM

That is an understatement.

Al-Saleem reaches for a cell phone, holds it for a
moment, looking at it, like he knows he shouldn't do
this, then flips it open and dials...

170A NSA MONTAGE

170A

A CELL TOWER in a European city. CACOPHONY of voices in
different languages.

These and MORE VOICES plucked by an ARRAY OF SAT-DISHES
in an American desert --

The WORLD'S CHATTER as it's sifted through by NSA word-
flagging and voice-recognition computers --

Buried in it all at first, one voice begins to surface:
Al-Saleem's --

171 INT. KING KHALID INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (RIYADH) - DAY

171

FERRIS exits the terminal. Ferris' phone rings.

FERRIS

Yeah.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

You did it, buddy.

INTERCUT WITH:

172 HOFFMAN - NIGHT

172

Sneaking a cigarette on the balcony of his townhouse glancing in from time to time to make sure his kids don't catch him.

HOFFMAN

NSA is picking up voices it hasn't heard in years, including one on a World Phone from Vienna we think is Al-Saleem himself, saying something to the effect of, 'Who the fuck is Omar Sadiki.'

HOFFMAN is interrupted by a small fist tapping on the glass door. He cups the cigarette and looks at his son who's holding up a toy that needs new batteries.

HOFFMAN

What the fuck's Daddy supposed to do about that? Go ask Mommy.

INTERCUT:

FERRIS climbs into a waiting SUV. TONY, in front, hands a gun and ammunition back to Ferris, and pulls the car away. SKIP is sitting nervously beside FERRIS.

FERRIS

I'm bringing him in.

HOFFMAN

Who.

FERRIS

Sadiki. He's gonna get hurt.

HOFFMAN

Oh, please. Decide what side of the cross you're on, Buddy. I need nailers, not hangers.

FERRIS

I'm bringing him in. He's innocent, Ed.

HOFFMAN

Oh, *please!* *Sadiki isn't* innocent -- the only difference between him and the other Salafi motherfuckers is he was the only one with a job.

(Ferris has hung up)

Ferris?

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

In the car, Ferris flips his phone closed. He looks over at SKIP, who looks deservedly anxious. FERRIS punches him in the head. As SKIP spits blood.

BACK TO SCENE

HOFFMAN

Ferris! Hello!

172A EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET (RIYADH) - DAY

172A

The SUV pulls to the curb. Tony indicates a particular house down the block. Ferris climbs out tucking his gun in the waistband behind his back. SKIP and Tony clip their own guns and stay in the car.

As Ferris walks toward the house, he notices another parked car with a couple guys in it. Could be anyone, but he keeps an eye on them as he keeps going.

The front door of the house opens and Sadiki steps out looking scared to death. He heads quickly for his car, parked the other way from where Ferris is coming...

FERRIS

Omar...

Sadiki looks back. Sees Ferris. Stares at him...

FERRIS

It's okay...

SADIKI

What are you doing here?

FERRIS

(in Arabic)

Come with me.

SADIKI

What?

Sadiki looks around. Sees the guys in the other car. Looks back to Ferris confused: What is Hayes Andover Bank's Brad Scanlon doing here?

FERRIS

(shouting in Arabic)

You have to trust me, Omar!

Sadiki doesn't. Bolts. Ferris takes off after him. Tony shoves the SUV in gear --

(CONTINUED)

172A CONTINUED:

172A

From the rooftops -- perhaps someone's POV -- Sadiki can be seen sprinting across the street to his car --

Ferris reaches it just as Sadiki closes the door and locks it. Ferris smashes at the side window, tries to grab Sadiki, but he's got the car started, kicks at the accelerator.

Sadiki speeds down the street -- toward Tony speeding toward him. Both, to avoid colliding, have the presence of mind to pull at their steering wheels. Unfortunately, they both turn the same way, and do collide --

SKIP, without a steering wheel to hold onto, is thrown through the windshield of the SUV --

As Ferris sprints toward the crash, Sadiki hobbles out from his car. The guys from the other car grab and drag him back to theirs, covered by the gunmen on the roofs --

Ferris only gets one shot off before the gunfire from above strafes the parked cars he's using for cover. He looks up, sees gunmen along the rooftops, returns their fire on the run as he tries to catch up to Sadiki --

Tony is trying to drag SKIP to cover when the shots from above drive him back.

The kidnappers throw Sadiki in their car and pull away from the carnage --

173-177 OMITTED

173-177

178 INT. A ROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

178

Sadiki sits alone in a room. He's not tied up, but he's scared. An Arab man we've never seen before comes in and sits down. Silence. Then -- all in Arabic -- subtitled:

MAN

God praises you for your work.

Nothing from Sadiki.

MAN

The Sheikh praises you for your work.

Nothing from Sadiki.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

The House of Islam rejoices at the strike you have made against the House of War.

SADIKI can't take it.

SADIKI

I don't know what you're talking about. I'm an *architect*.

MAN

You have nothing to be afraid of here. Do you think we are the moukhabarat? Do you think we are Americans trying to trick you?

SADIKI

I don't want to know who you are!

179 INT. ANOTHER ROOM - SAME TIME

179

Where Al-Saleem and a few other men listen to the interview and watch a closed-circuit video of it live:

MAN (V.O.)

Mr. Sadiki, we've read your statements taking credit for what you did at Incirlik. You don't have to pretend. We are not angry that you took our money... Look what you have done with it! We congratulate you...

SADIKI (V.O.)

Someone else is doing something to me I don't understand. The American has done this.

CLOSE ON AL-SALEEM

studying the video image of Sadiki's frightened pleading face.

SADIKI (V.O.)

(losing it)
The American did this to me! He pretended to want me to design a bank. I will tell you everything I know.

The MAN reaches out and touches Omar's prayer-callus.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

MAN (V.O.)

You are a pious man. We will
believe you.

The awful thing is that if Al-Saleem does believe him, he
is dead.

MAN (V.O.)

Tell about this American.

180 EXT. A DITCH SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

180

Some kids with goats moving along an embankment stop and
look down at dark water in a ditch below. There's
something half-submerged in it: Sadiki's body.

181 INT. HOSPITAL (RIYADH) - DAY

181

Ferris gets a snack from a vending machine, carries it
down a corridor to a door guarded by TONY and Saudi
security, goes inside and sits. SKIP, who has survived,
sleeps, flanked by IVs. Ferris' phone rings.

FERRIS

Yeah.

HOFFMAN

Sadiki's dead.

Nothing from Ferris.

HOFFMAN

Are you there?

FERRIS

I heard you.

HOFFMAN

I didn't kill him, buddy.

FERRIS

I know you didn't. I did.

HOFFMAN

Here we go...

(a beat)

You know, buddy, this just isn't
constructive.

(CONTINUED)

FERRIS

How are you measuring that? By how much closer you got to Al-Saleem? You probably got a shitload of chatter and then it stopped.

HOFFMAN

That's right.

FERRIS leans against the wall.

FERRIS

Then where is Al-Saleem?

HOFFMAN doesn't know and neither does Ferris.

HOFFMAN

There's data to be analyzed...

FERRIS

I've had it. I can't do this anymore.

HOFFMAN

Don't be a drama queen for Christ's sake. Get some sleep for a couple hours and call me when you're thinking straight.

FERRIS

I am thinking straight. You're not and you can't because you're a million fuckin' miles away. I'm *here*. I see every fucking day what you only look at pictures of. I am thinking straight.

Nothing from Hoffman. Ferris absently touches the festering wound that Aisha pulled the last piece of Bassam from.

FERRIS

It's not working.

Ferris hangs up. Hoffman hangs up and looks at the analysts in the room all looking at him. Eventually, more to himself --

HOFFMAN

I should pack.

182 INT. FERRIS' APARTMENT (AMMAN) - DAY 182

Footsteps. Rattle of a key in the lock. The door opens and Ferris' shoes step on a manila envelope just inside. He opens the envelope. Finds inside it: A SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of himself with Aisha walking toward his car after the debacle in Mu'tah. No note. Suddenly:

183 EXT. AISHA'S BUILDING (AMMAN) - DAY 183

ON SOUND -- A RINGING PHONE -- as FERRIS hurries across the road and into the building -- cell phone to his ear --

184 INT. HALLWAY OF AISHA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 184

THE RINGING PHONE goes to Aisha's voice mail. Ferris disconnects it and hits "redial" as he hurries down the hallway. The ringing phone again as he knocks, gets no answer, tries the knob. It turns. He enters --

185 INT. AISHA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 185

It's been rifled, nothing destroyed, but everything askew, nothing where it was. BOOKS have been pulled off the shelves. AISHA'S CELL PHONE vibrates on the desk... FERRIS pulls his pistol.

FERRIS

Aisha?

No answer. In the KITCHEN, FERRIS sees the remains of breakfast: a bowl of cereal, open carton of milk. He smells the milk: not bad yet. It's then he sees:

A trail of drops of blood that leads to the back door.

He follows it. Comes through the back door and looks at the flight of open stairs leading down into an alley. He hurries back in, hits a speed dial number on his phone, pockets Aisha's now silent cell phone from the desk.

FERRIS

I need a team. Immediately.

186 INT. AISHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 186

An Amman Station FBI forensics team dusts for prints, takes blood samples, as Ferris sits with Aisha's sister and kids. EMBASSY GUY comes in and gestures to Ferris they need to talk. Ferris joins him.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

EMBASSY GUY

Hoffman wants you to call him.
Says yours is going straight to
voice mail. He's on his way here
from Washington.

The EMBASSY GUY offers his phone, but Ferris doesn't take it.

187 INT. A RESTAURANT IN AMMAN - NIGHT (LATER)

187

FERRIS knows where he is going. Comes past MARWAN, sitting at the bar and heads into the back of the place where Hani is entertaining a gorgeous Indian woman.

FERRIS stands and stares at HANI. If Hani knows anything, he is an impeccable actor. The Indian woman realizes it is time to visit the ladies room. After she's gone:

FERRIS

I invented Omar Sadiki. He's not a Jihadist... I moved him around... moved money. He was my operation. Then I lost him.

HANI

That is impossible...

FERRIS

Why.

HANI

Because it would mean you sat in my office and lied to me to my face.

Ferris doesn't bother apologizing, and Hani doesn't expect him to.

FERRIS

They've kidnapped a friend of mine, Hani, to get to me. You know who I'm talking about. I need your help brokering a trade. Her for me. They'll kill her, Hani.

Hani takes a sip of wine. Lets Ferris wait. Then --

HANI

You have lied to me. I will not help you. Goodbye.

188

EXT. QUEEN ALIA AIRPORT (AMMAN) - NIGHT (LATER)

188

Hoffman comes down the steps of a private jet, cell phone to his ear. Ferris waits for him on the tarmac. Hoffman closes the phone and they cross the tarmac to a car --

HOFFMAN

You should have told me you were getting serious about the girl, buddy. We could have watched her.

FERRIS

They left the phone. I know how this goes, Ed. They took Aisha. This means someone has to take her place.

*
*
*
*

HOFFMAN

If she's alive.

*
*

FERRIS

She's gotta be alive.

*
*

HOFFMAN

Probably she's alive. At least they want you to think so. That's the good part.

*
*
*
*

FERRIS

What's the bad part?

*
*

HOFFMAN

Well, they know about you. That you work for the agency. That tells us two things. One, the people who have Aisha are running the show and are close to Al-Saleem. Two, they have learned enough from Miss Aisha to know that she's your pal. Which is to say, she's been interrogated.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

FERRIS

She's alive. They'll call.

*
*

HOFFMAN

You can't tell Hani. Did you go see Hani?

FERRIS

No.

HOFFMAN

By 'no' you mean 'yes?'

(CONTINUED)

FERRIS

Yes.

HOFFMAN

Why did you do that?

FERRIS

Because I have to trust everyone right now.

HOFFMAN

No, you only have to trust me. What did he say?

FERRIS

Ma'alesh. Because I lied to him. Again. He's not going to help.

*

As they climb into one of the Embassy cars by the plane, Aisha's cell phone vibrates once in Ferris' pocket... a text message... Ferris and Hoffman both read:

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE

"Mr Ferris, please call Miss Aisha, 963.9325.8771"

BACK TO SCENE

FERRIS starts to make the call. HOFFMAN puts a hand on the phone.

*
*

HOFFMAN

No. We have to get it set up. We have to do it right. This ain't just about you and your girlfriend.

*
*
*
*

189 INT. US EMBASSY (AMMAN) - AUDIO ROOM - NIGHT (LATER) 189

Ferris, a phone to his ear, listens to ringing. WIDER REVEALS Hoffman and some NSA TECHS in a room full of tracing equipment. The call connects.

FERRIS

This is Roger Ferris. I want to talk to Aisha.

ARAB VOICE (V.O.)

Okay, Mister, thanks God you are calling. I have a question, to make sure you are you, please.

FERRIS

Fine.

ARAB VOICE (V.O.)

Where do you meet Miss Aisha, first time?

FERRIS

A medical clinic in Amman. She's a nurse.

ARAB VOICE (V.O.)

Where do you take Miss Aisha for dinner, first time?

FERRIS

I didn't. She invited me to her apartment for dinner.

ARAB VOICE (V.O.)

Did you bring anything?

FERRIS

I did. Dessert. Pastry.

ARAB VOICE (V.O.)

If you want to see Miss Aisha you must go where I say. To trade you for her. No trick or Miss Aisha will die.

FERRIS

Tell me where I'm to go.

ARAB VOICE (V.O.)

I tell you where to go. It is near the border... Highway 15... Dera... the street is...

Everyone in the room is writing it down...

ARAB VOICE (V.O.)

That's where you go. Goodbye.

190 INT. US EMBASSY - NIGHT (LATER)

190

Ferris and Hoffman are alone in the audio room now. One of them is looking at a dead man. Eventually --

FERRIS

Our body count of innocent people is pretty high and she had nothing to do with this. It's my decision.

HOFFMAN

I don't agree with this Ferris. It's a Goddamn waste.

FERRIS

It's be nice if you could have a Predator up there -- in case I get lucky.

HOFFMAN

I can't risk having you taken.

FERRIS

(cynically)
But you get to catch the bad guys, Ed. Can't pass that one up, can you?

HOFFMAN

I can't risk having you taken.

HOFFMAN pushes a box across the table containing --
FERRIS opens it -- a GEL BRIDGE. Silence.

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN

This is a gel bridge. You put it in your mouth, bite down hard on it. It releases a poison, very quick, very easy and tastes good, or so I'm told. I haven't had pleasure.

FERRIS

Would you take one of these?

HOFFMAN

I take one of these every time I fly...Do we agree on this ? I won't think you're a pussy if you say no. But I will end the conversation and the operation right now.

FERRIS puts the box in his coat.

191 EXT. HIGHWAY 15 (NEAR THE SYRIAN BORDER) - DAWN 191

A BMW roars along the road. We see a sign ahead in Arabic and English for Dera (which incidentally is where Lawrence copped one from the Bey).

192 OMITTED 192

193 EXT. AN ALLEYWAY (DERA) - DAWN 193

THE BMW turns into a courtyard where a MERCEDES TAXI waits, the TAXI DRIVER calmly smoking a cigarette.

FERRIS gets out, takes a deep breath, listens to the neighborhood sounds: children, mothers, radios, birds. He glances back at the rear-side window of the BMW, but all he sees in the black tint is his own reflection.

He crosses to the Mercedes. The taxi driver, who looks like a gangster, lifts the back seat revealing a space between it and the trunk. FERRIS gets in it and is handed a bottle of water.

FERRIS' POV

The compartment is closed. BLACK.

FADE IN:

194 EXT. SYRIAN BORDER POST - DAWN 194

THE TAXI DRIVER has the fix in: the car is waved through into Syria.

195 EXT. DEAD TOWN ON A WINDSWEPT PLAIN (SYRIA) - DAY 195

The Mercedes, having crossed a hundred miles of empty plain, stops at an outcropping of rubble walls that was once a small town.

THE DRIVER helps FERRIS out of the compartment and leads him away from the car, telling him --

DRIVER
(in Arabic)
Okay, stand here.

Ferris can't imagine why, but does as he's told.

The DRIVER walks across the "street" of the "town," eyes darting to the few places someone could be hiding. He reaches a particular rubble wall. Looks behind it. Kneels down. As Ferris watches, the Driver stands back up with a Nike sports bag -- of all things -- in his hand.

FERRIS

(in Arabic)

What's that?

The Driver crosses back to his cab without answering, throws the bag onto the front seat, and points off.

DRIVER

(in Arabic)

You go there. She's there.

Ferris looks to where he's pointing, but there's nothing to see there -- or anywhere -- but endless desert.

FERRIS

(in Arabic)

Where.

But the Driver has given enough instructions. Climbs into his car. Drives away.

Ferris watches the car drive off, looks back to where the Driver pointed... and begins to walk "there"...

Ferris sits alone in the middle of an absolutely flat plain. Nothing in sight in any direction. He glances off in the general direction of a faint sound and sees in the far distance through heat waves:

A small cloud of roiling dust with a black center that could be a rider on a black horse. Gradually, as it comes closer, he can discern it's actually a car leading three other cars, speeding toward him across the hardpan.

He pulls a rock closer to him and smashes his phone against it. Takes out the SIM card with its store of numbers, covers it with sand, tosses the phone away. He looks up into the sky shielding his eyes to the bright sun, hoping to see a metallic glint -- a Predator -- but sees nothing there. He stands. And like a condemned man, lights a last cigarette as he waits for the arrival of his kidnappers.

197 INT. US EMBASSY (AMMAN) - SAME TIME 197

A SCREEN: From 20,000 feet: A graphic live image from miles above the desert, of the dust cloud -- like the contrail of a jet -- moving toward the dot that is Ferris. Hoffman, Holiday, and several others watch.

198 EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY 198

The four cars stop thirty yards away from Ferris, dust engulfing them. Ferris raises his hands, so there's no mistake, but nothing happens. No one appears from the dust. In Arabic:

FERRIS

Where is she? Where is she?

Several armed men suddenly break through the wall of dust and throw Ferris to the ground. They quickly search him for weapons and GPS devices, duct-tape his hands behind his back, and drag him into the dust cloud to one of the idling cars.

199 INT. US EMBASSY (AMMAN) - SAME TIME 199

Everyone stares at the Predator image, which is the cloud of dust, and nothing else. Then the four cars emerge from it, drive straight for a bit, then split apart in four different directions...

HOFFMAN

(to himself)

Fuck me...

Everyone looks at Hoffman who for once in his life looks unsure of himself.

VOICE (O.S.)

(somewhere)

What do we do? Which one do we follow?

It's the Lady or the Tiger, only the odds are worse. No answer is the right one...

HOFFMAN

That one. To the north.

He points to one of the cars only because he has to point to one of them. And, to himself:

HOFFMAN

Sorry, buddy.

200 INT. A TERRIBLE ROOM - NIGHT 200

Wherever we are, it's very close to the blown speakers of a mosque. Bugs crawl on shattered walls. FERRIS' belongings and wallet are sorted through. His watch is put on a skinny wrist. His MATCHBOX is shaken. The tablet is turned over in fingers.

Ferris -- we assume it's Ferris -- there's a black cloth sack over his head -- sits on a cot -- the only "furniture" in the room -- hands still duct-taped behind him. His head turns to the sound of a door opening, and someone -- more than one -- lift him from the cot and lead him out.

201 INT. A CAR (SOMEWHERE) - MOVING - NIGHT 201

Ferris can only listen to where he's headed now -- which could be anywhere, he figures, within a 500-mile radius of where he was picked up.

202 INT. ANOTHER ROOM (SOMEWHERE) - NIGHT 202

He's asleep -- or at least lying down -- in another anonymous room.

203 INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT 203

Another drive. The same nothing-but-car-engine clue to where he is, which is no clue.

204 INT. ANOTHER ROOM (SOMEWHERE) - DAY 204

Ferris now sitting on a wooden chair, without which the room would be bare. He hears the door open, someone walk in, set something down. He feels a hand near his neck and flinches slightly, but it's only taking the sack from his head from behind.

As the cloth comes off, Ferris sees this tableaux in front of him:

A small wooden table. Wash basin, hand-towel, soap, plastic Bic razor. Standing next to the table, looking rather more wary of Ferris than Ferris is of him, an Arab man wearing a little white cap and traditional dress, like an ATTENDANT at a bathhouse.

ATTENDANT

(in Arabic)

Make yourself clean.

205 INT. THE ROOM - NIGHT

205

The chair has been moved against the wall. Ferris is sitting on it, bright light shining on his clean-shaven face.

Fifteen feet away, just beyond lights on stands, is a video camera on a tripod, its red record light blinking. Behind that, in the shadows, stand several men.

One of the men comes forward with another chair. Positions it and sits. One of the other men looks in the camera eyepiece, and, like every cameraman in the world, has to fool with the set dressing, gesturing to the man in the chair to move it one inch to the right.

MAN

(holding out paper)
Say what is on this paper. Say
you are sorry to the Muslim
peoples.

FERRIS reads the paper, then hands it back.

FERRIS

Fuck you.

MEN start to move at him, but a signal is given and they relax.

POV THROUGH THE VIDEO EYEPIECE

Ferris against the wall, and the back of the man in the chair, like the moderator of an interview program, still slightly in frame. The camera zooms just enough to put him O.S.

Ferris doesn't see him, but MUSTAFA KARAMI is among the dark figures behind the camera. (Make sure there's enough without Karami visible, for later reveal.) Someone else goes out a door.

206 EXT. STREET (SOMEWHERE) - NIGHT (LATER)

206

A car pulls up. A figure climbs from the passenger seat. As he enters a building, the car continues down the street, perhaps to go around back...

207 INT. THE ROOM - NIGHT

207

The crew waits for the talent. The door behind them opens and he comes in.

(CONTINUED)

Stands completely backlit -- to Ferris -- looking at him. Then -- having done this before -- he goes around the light stands and cords and hits his mark without having entered the video's frame.

Ferris -- in full light -- is now looking at Al-Saleem backlit in the chair. Long silence. The blinking light on the camera. Finally --

AL-SALEEM

Salaam, C.I.A.

He says each letter as if it is a word.

FERRIS

Salaam, Sheikh.

AL-SALEEM

I am not the Sheikh. The Sheikh who is, God praise him, is the Sheikh who always was. I am his servant.

FERRIS waits. No one says anything.

FERRIS

Where is the girl?

AL-SALEEM cocks his head, puzzled.

FERRIS

(angry)
Where is she?

AL-SALEEM is genuinely puzzled for a moment. Then after a long beat.

AL-SALEEM

I think the trickster has been tricked. You were *bought*, my friend.

FERRIS has the dawn of a smile. He's figuring it out.

INTERCUT:

Sitting in a chair at the embassy, looking morally ambiguous.

FERRIS

Who sold me?
(off no answer)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

207A CONTINUED:

207A

FERRIS (CONT'D)

We don't negotiate. You think you'll trade me for your brothers.

AL-SALEEM

Why would I want *them*, Mister Ferris? I don't need them, there's more where they came from. This is a world of poverty and frustration and filth and humiliation. There's no shortage of recruits in *this* world.

The BROTHERS look at each other. Ferris is fucked and he knows it but he sees a way to play the situation:

FERRIS

I forgot I was talking to a man who murders his own men but never risks himself. Who feels his 'brothers' are dispensable.

Glances past Al-Saleem to the executioners in the shadows behind the camera. There is a stir among the brothers. Al-Saleem, pissed off that he had an unusual slip of ego, studies him...

AL-SALEEM

Are you a Jew?

FERRIS

For you? Why not?

He moves like lightning to drive his thumb into Al-Saleem's eye. AL-SALEEM falls backwards, his eye socket merely grazed. FERRIS, still not recovered from his lunge, is shot in the thigh. He falls to the PLASTIC-COVERED FLOOR. AL-SALEEM, a bit of blood at the corner of his eye socket, grabs the agonized FERRIS by the shirt.

AL-SALEEM

I could bind you. You want to be bound?

FERRIS' hands are lashed behind his back.

AL-SALEEM

(punching FERRIS)

How do you like it? Do you like it? Pay attention.

He spits on FERRIS.

(CONTINUED)

FERRIS

You have more of our attention
than you want.

AL-SALEEM

I do? Please tell me.

FERRIS is grabbed and sat in his chair. He almost
screams when his leg is flexed. Recovers...

AL-SALEEM

Tell me about this 'attention.'

FERRIS

I'd rather it be a surprise.

AL-SALEEM

There are no surprises.

FERRIS

How long did it take you to use
your phone after the 'Fig
Orchard,' Sheikh?

AL-SALEEM stares at him.

FERRIS

How long did it take?

AL-SALEEM backhands him.

AL-SALEEM

You know nothing. What country
are you in?

FERRIS

Do you think the people who 'sold'
me were what they seemed to be,
Sheikh?

AL-SALEEM

There are always precautions. No
one knows where you are.

And because Hoffman lost Ferris on predator cam, we think
so, too.

AL-SALEEM

Do you think you will be rescued?
Do you think the cavalry is coming
for you? Let's wait. Let's
listen for your friends.

Al-Saleem lets silence settle in the room. A long pause. The Brothers are grinning. AL-SALEEM picks up Ferris' Embassy ID. Looks at it.

AL-SALEEM

I am not going to torture you,
Mister Ferris. I know you will
not read what is prepared for you
on the paper.

(crumples it)

You know what that camera is for.
It's not for this. This is
Intermission. It's for what comes
after this.

Ferris does know. And when Al-Saleem gets up, he knows the time for it has come. Al-Saleem calmly walks away, back the way he came, around the light stands and cords, and out the door. Ferris' eyes shift to the blinking red light on the camera. Then behind it to the men getting ready in the shadows -- gathering up their beheading knives, putting on their black knit masks. And then they come...

Ferris, who isn't cuffed, goes for the closest one, digging his thumbs into the man's eyes, but is quickly set upon by the others who knock him to the floor, and in a violent blur, punch and kick him to within an inch of unconsciousness, a horrific beating...

Now they cinch his hands behind his back with nylon cuffs. Lift him up and sit him on the chair. Line up behind him, posed with their knives for the camera. One of them, who we might recognize from his eyes as Al-Saleem's lieutenant, speaks to it, in Arabic (subtitles):

LIEUTENANT

When the Believers saw the Allies,
they said: This is what Allah and
his Apostle promised us, and Allah
and his Apostle spoke the truth,
increasing them in their faith.

He's done. Grabs Ferris' hair to pull his head back for the knives that will cut it off --

Ferris' eyes shift as if to see the KNIFE but as he does he sees a man standing to the side who he has not seen before in the room:

MUSTAFA KARAMI.

Ferris has an instant to recognize that Hani's guy is staring at him.

207A CONTINUED:

207A

A FLASHBANG clatters across the dusty wooden floor. Everyone looks to it as it explodes, concussing them. Ferris' hair blasts back as he topples from the chair. Doors and shutters are torn away and brilliant light bursts in on the already blinded men --

MEN IN BLACK TACTICALS advance into the room, shooting some of the jihadists, slamming others to the floor. Ferris, lying with blood trickling from an ear, watches boots go past his face... sees jihadists dragged away from him across the floor toward the open door... sees exquisite loafers step into the room and approach his face...

HANI (O.S.)

Help him.

Ferris feels someone cutting the nylon ties behind his back, but not much else, not even the deep rough jab of the morphine syringe into his neck...

208 INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

208

FERRIS is sitting up on crisp hospital bed sheets, in a private room, face battered, but cleaned and stitched. A NURSE enters, and Ferris glimpses a SOLDIER in the hallway before the door closes again.

FERRIS

Where am I?

NURSE

Amman.

The Nurse checks Ferris' dressing, without much TLC. Like millions of others, she probably hates him.

HANI appears in the doorway, wearing the same loafers, biting the end off a cigar. As he comes in, (in Arabic) --

NURSE

You can't smoke in here, sir.

HANI

I am Hani Salaam. I can smoke anywhere I like, my dear.

He sits with his unlit cigar. Waits for her to leave. Lights it up with his gold lighter and looks at Ferris.

(CONTINUED)

HANI

You can always tell who cares about you most by who comes first to visit you in a hospital. I think I'm first. Which, however, would not be difficult because no one else knows where you are.

Ferris nods; Hani bats at cigar smoke with his hand. Hani looks around for something to use as an ashtray, draws a small plastic wastebasket closer with his shoe.

HANI

Edward couldn't find you. With all his aircraft. All his people. All his money... How did I do it?

FERRIS

With Karami, who you left in place.

HANI

My compliments.
 (a beat)
 It is clear why Edward finds you so valuable.
 (blows smoke)
 I'm sorry I was late. A few minutes later? I shudder to think.

FERRIS' hand grabs Hani by the collar of his nice shirt. Hani doesn't resist. Thinking Hani might have been deliberately a little too late.

FERRIS

I shudder too, Hani. And how frightened was Aisha when you took her?

HANI

Not at all. I explained that it was for reasons of state security. I was very polite.

FERRIS

There was *blood*.

HANI

She gives blood every month. She is a thoughtful woman.

FERRIS loosens his grip on him. Hani shrugs like, no mystery there.

(CONTINUED)

HANI

I have explained to her that you tried to give your life for hers. That goes very far with women. Indeed with people in general. I think she will talk to you again.

FERRIS smiles.

FERRIS

She doesn't want a man in the CIA, Hani.

Hani looks appraisingly at Ferris through cigar smoke.

HANI

Perhaps... you can give her that.

Is it a job offer?

FERRIS

Perhaps.

HANI

You are a hero, my dear. Perhaps not so much as me. But we shall not be overwhelmed by vanity. Ed shall find a way to have all the credit. We shall let him have it.

Hani stands.

FERRIS

What did you get out of Al-Saleem?

HANI smiles.

208A A VIDEO

208A

A bedraggled looking Al-Saleem is reading a statement in Arabic off a shaking paper. It looks like the first video we saw him in. Subtitled:

AL-SALEEM

Because to my shame I have been an agent of the Jews and Crusaders, no operation is safe. The man beside you is not your friend. Do not trust him. Do not trust the brothers. We are penetrated.

209 EXT. A RESTAURANT IN AMMAN - DAY 209

ARMORED SUVS and ear-pieced SECURITY outside an unfrequented trattoria strangely like the one across from the Berber Palace.

210 INT. THE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 210

HOFFMAN sits looking at Ferris, waiting for the answer to the same question Hani asked ...

HOFFMAN

You're blown here. You're coming back with me where there's an office down the hall from mine, and as soon as I throw the guy in it out of it, it's yours. More money. Less sunscreen and couscous.

FERRIS

Down the hall from you.

HOFFMAN

Don't think about it too long, I'll take it as a slight. Besides what else are you going to do, stay here?

FERRIS

Why wouldn't I.

HOFFMAN

Why would you?

FERRIS

I like the Middle East.

HOFFMAN

No one likes the Middle East. There's nothing to like here.

Ferris regards Hoffman for a long moment ...

FERRIS

That's the problem right there.

Ferris gets up to leave. Hoffman casts around in his chair. Finally manages to admit:

HOFFMAN

You're the best I got. You know it kills me to say that.

(CONTINUED)

FERRIS *
Good luck with the war, Ed. *

HOFFMAN *
You're not safe here. *

FERRIS *
Or anywhere else, come to think of *
it. *
(beat) *

FERRIS *
Safe trip home. Say hi to the *
wife and kids. *

210A EXT. PALESTINIAN CAMP (AMMAN) - DAY 210A *

Ferris stands some distance away from the camp clinic. Watches Aisha attending to patients. Helping people who need help. Something he's never really done. He thinks about going over there to talk to her. Then doesn't. Walks away.

210B EXT. AMMAN STREET MARKET - DAY 210B

A vendor puts some konafa pastry, the same kind Ferris brought to Aisha's apartment when he had dinner there, in the same kind of box.

HANI (O.S.)

For you, or for a friend?

Ferris sees Hani picking through fruit at another stall, not looking at him, like he's talking to himself --

HANI

Because if they're for someone important -- and I have a feeling they are -- I should show you where you can get better ones.

FERRIS

These will do.

Ferris pays for the pastry, walks over to Hani and watches him carefully select fruit.

FERRIS

Al-Saleem didn't get away, did he?
You let him escape.

HANI

You're thinking like me now. That
could be dangerous. Are you sure
you do not have Arab blood?

FERRIS

We think like that too, Hani, not
just you.

HANI

The war will go on with or without
you -- which is it going to be, do
you think? With or without you?

If there's one thing Ferris isn't certain of, it's that.

HANI

You're right. Don't answer that
yet. Live life. Enjoy the pastry
and the company of your friend.
We can talk later. You know where
to find me. Here, take these
strawberries. They will make up
for your inferior konafa.

Hani gives him a bag of strawberries and disappears into
the marketplace. Ferris wanders off the other way, comes
around a stall and notices a guy he immediately pegs as
an agent. The guy turns away; Ferris browses at produce.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

What's he doing?

AGENT (V.O.)

Nothing. Buying vegetables.

211,212 OMITTED

211,212

213 INT. QUEEN ALIA AIRPORT (AMMAN) - SAME TIME - DAY

213

Hoffman, in an executive terminal, helps himself to a
croissant and coffee, phone mic dangling from his ear --

HOFFMAN

Watch him. If nothing else, maybe
someone will try to take him and
we can see who it is.

214 EXT. THE AMMAN STREET - SAME TIME 214 *

The agent hangs up his cell phone. Keeps an eye on Ferris. Watches as he walks away, into the dangers all around him --

215 A PREDATOR VIEW 215

of Ferris walking away.

VOICE (V.O.)

What about us?

216 INT. CIA (LANGLEY) - SAME TIME 216

The same live overhead image of Ferris walking away.

PREDATOR OPERATOR

Are we following him, too?

217 INT. QUEEN ALIA AIRPORT (AMMAN) - SAME TIME 217

Hoffman is faced with a momentous decision... Nonfat, 2% skim, or pure cream in three silver milk boats, each with its own little identifying paper tag. He chooses the thick cream, stirs it slowly in his coffee in the executive lounge, and --

HOFFMAN

No. Too expensive. He's not worth that much. Buddy's done.

218 THE PREDATOR VIEW 218

of Ferris WIDENS until he is just a speck among many in the crowded Arab street, and keeps WIDENING until we see the whole city, the Dead Sea, Israel, Syria, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, the Mediterranean Sea...

ON SOUND:

An AURAL COLLAGE: Intelligence CHATTER. And:

219 IN LONDON 219

The MILK VAN tools through Soho Square, parks. A man gets out, disappears around the corner...

220 IN PARIS 220 *

A NEWSPAPER VAN parks near The Tuileries...

221 AND ON CCTV CAMERAS AROUND THE WORLD 221

one van, then another, then another, then another, the
aural collage increasing in volume and intensity, until
we GO TO:

BLACK.

THE END