

# HOMELAND

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WRITERS' DRAFT  
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - SUNRISE

A GALLOWS in a prison courtyard. Several Iraqi SOLDIERS are testing the trap door, ignoring the keening wail of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

LEGEND: KHADIMIYAH MILITARY PRISON, BAGHDAD - APRIL 2009

INT. CELL - DAWN

IBRAHIM HASAN, 23, is kneeling on a mat, softly chanting prayers. A shadow falls across the floor. He straightens to find a GUARD standing before his cell with a tray of food.

GUARD  
(in Arabic, subtitled)  
Your last meal.

Hasan watches as the Guard sets the tray on the ground... then unzips his fly, and pisses on the food.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
For my cousin. In Ramadi.

Hasan averts his eyes, as the Guard finishes, then shoves the tray through the slat with the toe of his boot. After the Guard moves off, Hasan tries but finds himself unable to resume his prayers. He falls back against the wall, what little courage and faith he'd managed to gather suddenly broken by the Guard's humiliation. Now all he feels is fear.

EXT. BAGHDAD - MORNING

A diesel Mercedes cuts through traffic, its horn BLARING as it veers around a stalled pickup.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

CIA case officer CARRIE ANDERSON, 32, steers one-handed, her other hand pressing a Thuraya satellite phone to her ear:

CARRIE  
(into phone)  
He's been locked up for almost a year, and overnight they decide to hold a trial and pronounce a death sentence?

INTERCUT:

INT. BALLROOM (WASHINGTON, D.C.)

DAVID ESTES is the youngest Deputy Director of Intelligence in CIA history. Right now, he's ducking into an alcove in the midst of some large formal dinner to take the call:

ESTES

(into phone)

Don't act so surprised. Hasan blew up a hundred and twenty-nine civilians in a marketplace in Ramadi.

CARRIE

I know what he did. I also know he's got intel about an imminent attack on U.S. soil.

Estes is unimpressed -- he's heard this before.

ESTES

He's been dangling this so-called attack for the last three months --

CARRIE

Yeah. And now he'll make a deal if we commute his sentence.

ESTES

Carrie, we don't dictate law to the Iraqis anymore. Hasan is *their* prisoner, this is *their* jurisdiction.

CARRIE

I'm telling you, he can deliver Abu Nazir.

ESTES

It's too late for that. You had your shot at him. It's over.

As his WIFE comes into the alcove to find him:

ESTES' WIFE

There you are. Senator Feldon is looking for you.

Estes covers the mouthpiece.

ESTES

Tell him I'll be right there.

(then, into phone)

I have to go --

CARRIE

Let me try one more time. I'm just pulling up to the prison now. Call the ambassador, get me inside --

ESTES

He can't do anything either. I said, it's over. Leave it alone.

CARRIE

David --

But he's already disconnected. Carrie curses in Arabic as she turns onto a dusty road adjacent to the high walls of Khadimaya Military Prison.

ANGLE ON WARZER JAFF

Former KPF guerrilla turned State Department translator, looks up at the approaching Mercedes, which comes to a fast, dusty stop. He reads Carrie's expression as she emerges.

JAFF

He didn't go for it.

CARRIE

(shaking her head)

You said you knew someone who could get me inside.

Jaff casts an anxious glance toward an IRAQI OFFICER sitting in a jeep, watching them through a cloud of cigarette smoke.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Is that him?

JAFF

Yes.

She pulls out a thick envelope, and hands it to Jaff, who peeks inside. It's stuffed with hundred dollar bills.

JAFF (CONT'D)

If you get caught, no one will be happy about this. Not your government, and not mine.

CARRIE

Can he get me in or not?

Jaff doesn't like this but knows Carrie won't be dissuaded. He starts towards the jeep...

INT. KHADIMIYAH MILITARY PRISON - MORNING

Hasan tenses when he hears a door open and CLANK shut, followed by the sound of nearing footsteps. He stands, bracing himself... then eases slightly when he sees it's Carrie, hopeful that she's brought some reprieve.

IRAQI OFFICER

Two minutes. You understand what I say? Two minutes only.

He moves to a grimy window to keep an eye on the courtyard, as Carrie approaches Hasan's cell:

CARRIE

I tried to get the CIA to intervene, but they couldn't do anything. I'm sorry.

HASAN

Then I have nothing to say to you.

CARRIE

Ibrahim, tell me what you know, and I can save your family.

This stops him.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

You said they were in hiding -- afraid for their lives. I can get them to Amman. They'll be safe there.

HASAN

Why should I believe you will do what you say?

When the Iraqi Officer suddenly interrupts:

IRAQI OFFICER

We have to go.

CARRIE

I need more time! You said two minutes!

IRAQI OFFICER

The guards... they are coming.

He grips Carrie's arm... but as he yanks her roughly away, she manages to grab his sidearm.

CARRIE

Back off.

Training the gun on the Officer, she turns back to Hasan:

CARRIE (CONT'D)

You don't believe me? Well maybe I was wrong to believe you. You said you were an important man, you said you had information.

HASAN

I have information.

CARRIE

Prove it. Because unless you do, I can't protect your family.

Hasan's resistance gives way to the realization that his entire life has come down to this moment.

HASAN

My son... tell him I was unafraid.

CARRIE

I will. But only if you tell me about the attack.

Suddenly the door at the end of the corridor bangs open, and GUARDS flood in, led by the one who pissed on Hasan's food.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Please --

HASAN

Come closer...

Carrie does so, pressing her head against the bars. Hasan whispers into her ear. She turns to him for clarification, but before she can say another word, she's TACKLED by two guards, the gun clattering across the floor! Against the rising chaos, Hasan shouts through the bars:

HASAN (CONT'D)

My family! You promised to protect them!

Guard #3 bashes Hasan's fingers with a club. He screams. Carrie struggles as she's dragged out the door, looking back at Hasan, the chaotic sounds continuing over the CUT TO BLACK.

After a moment, the sounds fade to silence... and then are replaced by the soothing sound of lapping water.

LEGEND: EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

Late afternoon sun sparkles against the Potomac, beside which sits a sprawling complex.

LEGEND: CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY HEADQUARTERS

INT. CIA - BRIEFING ROOM

Several dozen analysts are gathering. The room is crowded, everyone talking animatedly... except for Carrie, who sits conspicuously alone; a human island dressed in a business suit rather than the rugged clothing we last saw her wearing.

The room quiets when Estes enters, taking his place before a large screen mounted at the front of the room. He taps the screen, on which appears surveillance video of a van pulling up to a low-lying house in a small village.

ESTES

Last night at 0800 GMT, one of our ground assets produced a live lead on an enemy operating base in the Korengal Valley.

Jihadists emerge from the van, and enter the house.

ESTES (CONT'D)

Within the hour, a Delta team was on site, where they identified multiple insurgents on our hit list.

The video freezes and advances through a series of automated frame-captures, isolating the insurgents' faces and matching them to photos on a database -- until the screen fills like a page from a yearbook. Estes continues to a rapt audience:

ESTES (CONT'D)

Minutes later, two Apache gunships put over eight thousand 30 millimeter rounds into the target. All thirteen hostiles inside were confirmed kills.

Estes taps the screen, and the rogue's gallery disappears --, replaced by video footage, showing the Deltas sweeping the rubble of the safehouse, their helmet-mounted lamps reaching into the smoky darkness, illuminating the dead insurgents.

ESTES (CONT'D)

It was a textbook operation. But during the subsequent sweep, one of the Deltas found something. A padlocked door to a subterranean room...

Estes fast-forwards the image, then UNMUTES the sound, and we hear the back-and-forth chatter among the Deltas until:

ON THE SCREEN

The Deltas come to the padlocked door, and hand-signal to one another as they prepare to enter.

ESTES (CONT'D)

I wanted you to see for yourselves  
what we found.

The Delta Commander gives the signal, and his men burst into the dark room, their weapons levelled, coming upon:

A BEARDED MAN

with long matted hair, squinting against the dusty light which floods the windowless room.

DELTA COMMANDER

(in Arabic)

Hands in the air! On your knees!

The Bearded Man raises his hands. He's forced to the ground, his wrists secured behind his back. He mumbles something in Arabic, his voice cracked and parched...

BEARDED MAN

...American.

The Commander reacts, pushing past the soldiers.

DELTA COMMANDER

Stand down.  
(then, to Bearded Man  
in Arabic)  
What did you say?

The Bearded Man regards the Commander... and repeats himself, this time in English:

BEARDED MAN

I'm an American.

His accent is unmistakable, underscoring his astonishing declaration. Off the looks of the Deltas, the camera finds the Bearded Man again... and the image FREEZES.

WIDER

Estes turns from the frozen image of the Bearded American to the stunned people in the room.



ESTES

Turns out he's one of ours. Marine  
Sergeant Scott Brody.

Carrie sits up, reacting with acute interest to the news.

ESTES (CONT'D)

Missing in action since late 2002,  
and presumed dead. Until now.

As he lets this settle:

CARRIE

What happened to the other guy?

Estes regards her carefully.

ESTES

What do you mean?

CARRIE

Brody was on patrol with another  
soldier. Corporal Tom Jessup. They  
were both MIA.

ESTES

(playing to the crowd)

Carrie Anderson, ladies and gentlemen.  
How does she do it?

(then)

According to Sergeant Brody, Jessup  
was killed during their captivity.  
But that shouldn't dampen what is a  
major win for the Agency... and for  
everyone in this room. Since the  
unique nature of what we do prevents  
much public recognition, you should  
all to take a moment and give  
yourselves a big hand. Because of  
you, an American hero is coming home.

Estes claps, igniting a sustained round of applause. Soon  
everyone is clapping... except for Carrie, who continues to  
be troubled rather than pleased by the announcement. Everyone  
is too caught up in their collective enthusiasm to notice  
her as she slips out the back of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA - SQUASH COURT

A fierce game in progress. Division Chief emeritus SAUL  
BERENSON, 63, is presently getting the best of his much  
younger OPPONENT.

Carrie's face appears at the plexiglas square of the court door before she pulls it open and steps into the court in the middle of a point, stopping play.

CARRIE

I need to speak to you.

SAUL

-- Now?

Carrie's determined expression says, "Yeah, right now."

EXT. CIA - QUAD - MINUTES LATER

Carrie and Saul walk across the courtyard, their voices low:

CARRIE

Hasan whispered it in my ear, right before the guards pulled me away.

SAUL

What were his exact words, please?

CARRIE

'An American prisoner of war has been turned.'

SAUL

He said this in English?

CARRIE

Yes.

SAUL

And when he used the expression 'turned' --

CARRIE

He meant turned. Working for Abu Nazir.

SAUL

Only those eight words? Nothing more?

CARRIE

I told you, the guards were there. We were out of time.

SAUL

And why am I just hearing about this now?

CARRIE

Because until ten minutes ago I didn't know there were any POWs still alive in Iraq or Afghanistan.

She goes silent, as two COLLEAGUES move past them, waiting until they're out of earshot before she adds pointedly:

CARRIE (CONT'D)

This is it, Saul. It's starting.  
The next major attack on a U.S. city.

He holds out his hand, checking her walk.

SAUL

Back up a second. If what you're saying is true, last night's operation was a set up.

CARRIE

Yes. I think we were meant to find Sergeant Brody in that spider hole.  
(off his dubious look)  
I realize it sounds like a reach -

SAUL

To say the least. Why not just drop him near a checkpoint, make it look like he escaped? Why sacrifice thirteen trained fighters?

CARRIE

Because Abu Nazir is a fanatic. He's playing the long game. This way no one suspects a thing.

SAUL

Except you.

Despite his affectionate skepticism, Carrie remains undaunted.

CARRIE

Except me. And Sergeant Brody is coming home at 0900 tomorrow. Which gives us just under eighteen hours.

SAUL

(warily)  
To do what?

CARRIE

Put him under surveillance. Tap his phones, wire his house, follow him wherever he goes --

SAUL

Carrie --

CARRIE

I know. Estes won't sign off on this because he's hoping to ride Sergeant Brody to the directorship. That's why I'm coming to you. So you can take it to your friends on the seventh floor --

SAUL

Carrie. I am not going over Estes' head.

(then)

Not until I'm convinced myself.

His doubt hits her like a fist in the gut. But her conviction remains unshaken as she regards him with point-blank urgency:

CARRIE

If Brody is a terrorist, we need to be watching him. Listening. From the moment he steps off that plane.

But Carrie sees that Saul isn't budging.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Fine. What will it take to convince you?

SAUL

Show me proof that the safe house lead was planted. Or at least give me reason to doubt its authenticity.

CARRIE

I'm in the penalty box, Saul, five thousand miles from my contacts. I can't source intelligence from behind a desk.

SAUL

Find a way.

(off Carrie's  
frustration)

Don't look at me like that. We're all fighting the same enemy here.

CARRIE

Yeah. Each other.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marine Sergeant SCOTT BRODY stands naked before a sink, regarding himself in the mirror. He's freshly showered. Beneath the beard is a handsome, heroic face... but his eyes remain impassive, inscrutable. His torso is riddled with scars, a map of past abuses.

A pair of scissors, a razor, and some shaving cream have been laid out on the counter. As he takes the scissors and begins to cut his beard...

LEGEND: RAMSTEIN AIR BASE, GERMANY

INT. MEDICAL BAY - LATER

Now clean-shaven and wearing briefs, Brody stands under a bright surgical lamp. His expression remains stoic as a SOLDIER photographs his scars, and a DOCTOR examines and measures them, reporting his observations into a microphone:

DOCTOR  
 (into recorder)  
 ...Left shoulder, three centimeters  
 in diameter.  
 (he squints)  
 Irregular-shaped, source unclear.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER (FLASHBACK)

Brody is naked, suspended from the stone ceiling by a rope binding his wrists. A shadowed figure ENTERS FRAME, plunging a SCREWDRIVER deep into his shoulder socket. Off his agonized SCREAM, we:

RESUME PRESENT

Brody's voice remains matter-of-fact, as he explains:

BRODY  
 It was a screwdriver.

The Doctor glances toward a military intelligence officer -- Brigadier General TONY TRUJILLO, 41 -- standing nearby and visibly affected by Brody's testimony.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
 Every couple of hours someone would  
 come in and turn it.

The Doctor returns his attention to several puckered scars on Brody's stomach.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
 Camels.

Off the Doctor's confused look, Brody explains:

BRODY (CONT'D)  
Cigarettes.

The Doctor smiles awkwardly, then continues his exam... settling on a thick jagged scar running across Brody's back.

DOCTOR  
What about this one?

BRODY  
That one hurt the most. Skateboard.  
When I was fourteen. I jumped a  
curb and went through a store window.  
(to Trujillo)  
You said I could call my wife.

TRUJILLO  
As soon as the Doctor releases you.

BRODY  
I don't want her hearing from some  
random guy in a uniform. I want to  
be the one to tell her.

DOCTOR  
(to Trujillo)  
I think we're done here, sir.

TRUJILLO  
All right, then. Put some clothes  
on, and let's call your wife.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON - MORNING

Wearing a yellow ribbon, JESSICA BRODY (30's), perpetually but charmingly harried, arrives at her boss' office. She knocks and then enters without waiting for permission. Colonel MICHAEL FABER looks up from behind his desk.

JESSICA  
Sorry I'm late on that report, but  
Stan promised he'd send over his  
budget yesterday -

FABER  
Jessica -

Oblivious to Faber's real purpose, she plows ahead:

JESSICA  
He's always got some excuse -

FABER

*Jessica.*

She stops, hearing the gravity in his voice...

FABER (CONT'D)

That's not why I asked you in here.

(off her look)

You have a phone call.

JESSICA

Tell me what's wrong, Mike, because you're scaring me. Something's happened to my kids -

FABER

Nothing's wrong.

Faber's reassuring smile show some strain as he stands.

FABER (CONT'D)

I should give you some privacy.

Line two.

He closes the door behind him, leaving Jessica alone with the blinking phone. As she slowly lifts the receiver:

JESSICA

(into phone)

Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. RAMSTEIN AFB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Brody is wearing a white t-shirt and khakis.

BRODY

(into phone)

Jessica...?

She blinks, disbelieving what she's hearing.

BRODY (CONT'D)

It's me... Brody.

JESSICA

-- Brody?

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Faber watches her through the glass... with an oddly pained expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRODY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The lawn is a tad longer than the other houses on the block. Tied around the lone tree in the front yard is a faded YELLOW RIBBON, its edges frayed.

Jessica's car pulls to a fast stop in the driveway. She gets out and hurries toward:

INT. BRODY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

CHRIS BRODY, 12, eager-to-please, is playing Call of Duty on X-Box, immersed in a fire fight, when Jessica bursts into the house, startling him:

CHRIS

Mom...

JESSICA

Where's your sister?

CHRIS

How come you're home so early?

Jessica peers into various downstairs rooms, calls out:

JESSICA

Dana!

(to Chris)

Is she upstairs?

Jessica is too wound up to recognize his awkward hesitation.

CHRIS

Yeah.

JESSICA

Come with me --

Jessica moves past Chris and starts up the stairs.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Dana!

CHRIS

Mom, wait a second --

Jessica remains not only oblivious to his warning, but impatient with his progress behind her.

JESSICA

Hurry up, I need to tell you both something very important.

(then calling out)

Dana!?



CHRIS

Don't go in there --

Too late. Jessica's already inside. Chris exhales, then follows her into:

INT. DANA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DANA is wearing panties and unhurriedly straps on her bra, as her mother freezes in the doorway. KYLE, also 17, is hopping into his jeans, a lot less relaxed than Dana by the intrusion. Dana is rebel-cool and irony-prone.

DANA

(dryly)

Come in.

Jessica looks from the half-naked young man back to her daughter, as Chris appears behind her, shrugs to Dana.

CHRIS

I tried to stop her.

DANA

How come you're not at work?

Jessica tries to keep her voice even.

JESSICA

*How come I'm not at work?* I hardly think that's the question here. Who's he?

DANA

Kyle.

JESSICA

Well, Kyle, it's nice to meet you. Now get out.

Dana nods to Kyle, dismissing him.

DANA

I'll call you later.

Kyle grabs his shoes, Jessica calling after him as he slinks out the door:

JESSICA

And you can tell your parents I'll be calling them too.

DANA

Why are you making such a big deal out of this?

JESSICA

Gee, Dana, I don't know. It's either  
the underage sex --

DANA

(overriding)

We didn't do anything, we were just  
fooling around --

JESSICA

(overriding)

Or the lying.

CHRIS

Mom...

JESSICA

(ignoring him)

All I'm asking for is a little  
respect, dammit. Not a lot. A  
little.

CHRIS

Mom.

This time he speaks up, getting her attention.

JESSICA

What?

CHRIS

You said you had something important  
to tell us.

Jessica puts a hand to her mouth, shakes her head...

DANA

(suddenly concerned)

What is it, Mom? What's the matter?

ON Jessica, about to tell them...

DISSOLVE TO:

A TELEVISION

A REPORTER stands amidst a buzzing crowd, some carrying signs:  
"Welcome Home, Scott!" And "Sgt. Brody, American Hero!"

REPORTER'S VOICE

...the turnout is overwhelming here  
at Andrews Air Force Base, where  
Sergeant Scott Brody is scheduled to  
land in just under two hours.

## INT. BRODY HOME - FAMILY ROOM

Chris and Dana are in their Sunday clothes, and Faber is in full dress uniform, as they watch the news coverage.

REPORTER (ON TV)

A White House spokesman has confirmed that the Vice President will be on hand to officiate at the homecoming ceremony. Sergeant Brody is one of two Marines who went missing in action ten years ago --

DANA

I'll get her.

As Dana moves off, Faber looks at Chris, who is fiddling with his tie.

FABER

Nervous?

Chris shrugs. Faber nods toward the TV screen, which displays an official photo of a uniformed Brody taken ten years ago.

FABER (CONT'D)

Do you remember him?

CHRIS

Not really.

Faber nods, and as the awkward silence lengthens...

## INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jessica sits in front of her vanity, nervously trying out several greetings. She wears red lipstick.

JESSICA

Hi, Scott! Hello-- welcome...

(big smile)

Really? You too -

She sits back in her chair and looks at herself. She stretches the skin on her face. She grunts and lets it fall. Then, frowning, she pulls up her hair up and pins it, when Dana appears in the doorway, scowling:

DANA

You're wearing your hair up?

Before Jessica can defend her choice, the phone RINGS.

JESSICA

Don't answer, it's probably -

But Dana's already picked up the phone:

DANA  
 (into phone)  
 Hello? Hold on.  
 (then, covering  
 mouthpiece)  
 Another reporter. USA Today.

JESSICA  
 I told you not to pick up. Tell  
 them I'm not home.

DANA  
 (into phone)  
 She says she's not home.

She hangs up.

DANA (CONT'D)  
 Everyone's waiting downstairs.

JESSICA  
 I'm coming, I'm coming.

Dana leaves. Jessica lets her hair down and then follows her out.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Jessica combs her fingers through her hair as she trails Dana downstairs.

CHRIS  
 You look nice, mom.

DANA  
 Let's go.

Dana files out the door, followed by Chris. Jessica checks her reflection one last time in the glass of a framed photo -- when Faber approaches, lowering his voice:

FABER  
 We need to talk.

JESSICA  
 Not now, Mike. Please.

FABER  
 You can't keep avoiding me. Just  
 because we've kept this thing between  
 us a secret --

JESSICA

I'm not avoiding you. I'm just trying to deal with the situation.

FABER

Well you're not the only one.

He immediately regrets his tone.

FABER (CONT'D)

Look, I understand: you want to do the right thing. And I support you. But that doesn't mean what we did was wrong. It wasn't.

JESSICA

I wish I could believe that.

FABER

Everyone thought he was dead, Jess.

JESSICA

Not everyone.

FABER

You were keeping the faith for your kids' sake.

JESSICA

No. I knew he was alive.

FABER

You couldn't have known.

JESSICA

Well I did. And I fell in love with you anyway.

Her moment of self-recrimination is interrupted by Dana, who suddenly appears in the front doorway:

DANA

Are you coming? Because I don't think it's appropriate to be late.

INT. FABER'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Faber cranks the ignition. From the back seat, Dana clocks the lingering emotion between him and her mother. Faber drives down the block, moving past:

A PARKED DWP TRUCK

HOLD on a pair of WORKERS repairing a junction box. One of them, VIRGIL, watches as the SUV rounds the corner, before turning to the other worker, MAX.

VIRGIL

Let's go.

They pick up identical duffels, then move past the yellow-ribboned tree... toward the Brody house.

INT. BRODY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The quiet in here is interrupted by a rough mechanical sound, then a sharp CLICK. The front door swings open... triggering a warning beep from the ALARM. Wearing latex gloves, Virgil and Max slip inside, unworried by the alarm. Max reads aloud the inked number on his forearm:

MAX

02337.

Virgil punches in the disarm code. The house goes quiet.

VIRGIL

Start downstairs.

As Max sets down his duffel, Virgil continues through the house... coming to the kitchen door. He opens it to reveal Carrie, snapping on latex gloves.

CARRIE

Thirty minutes.

VIRGIL

Nice to see you too, Carrie.

But she's already blown past him into the family room, where she stops dead in her tracks upon seeing Max, who's drilling a tiny hole into the dark wood panelling of a bookshelf.

CARRIE

What the hell!

VIRGIL

Relax. You said we needed a follow man. This is my brother Max. Say hi to the client, Max.

MAX

Hi.

But Carrie is far from sanguine.

CARRIE  
(to Virgil)  
You know I don't like surprises.

VIRGIL  
Or maybe you're getting cold feet.  
Which is understandable, since we're  
about to break about twelve federal  
laws here. Give the word, and we  
walk away right now. No harm, no  
foul.

But Carrie doesn't want to do that either.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)  
Your call.

It doesn't take Carrie long to decide.

CARRIE  
Audio and visual in every room.  
(rechecks her watch)  
We just lost two minutes.

Virgil shoots Max a knowing look as they get to work. Off  
Carrie's determined expression --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - LOWER LOBBY

Estes on the phone, pacing a tight line, when he sees VICE PRESIDENT WILLIAM WALDEN approaching amidst a phalynx of Secret Service agents.

ESTES

(into phone)

Sorry to cut you off, Frank, but the Vice President just got here. Set it up for tomorrow morning. Conference three.

He pockets his phone, approaches Walden with an outstretched hand.

ESTES (CONT'D)

Mr. Vice President -

WALDEN

Congratulations, David.

ESTES

Thank you, sir.

WALDEN

God knows, we've needed some good news, and you certainly delivered. I have to think the short list for the directorship just got a lot shorter.

ESTES

I appreciate the consideration. Not that I'm pushing for the job -

WALDEN

Of course you are.

Said not as a reprimand, but as a statement of fact, which Estes doesn't deny.

ESTES

Sergeant Brody's plane is landing now. We're giving him a few minutes with his family before we bring him out.

WALDEN

I just hope he's up to this. After what he's been through...



ESTES

The Army docs did a comprehensive psych evaluation in Germany. They gave the green light.

Walden nods cautiously.

WALDEN

Still, I'd like to tell the President you'll be monitoring the situation. Because he's hoping Sergeant Brody turns into a gift that keeps on giving.

Off Estes, pleased but feeling the ongoing pressure to deliver -

INT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - PRIVATE ROOM

Jessica, Dana, and Chris scan the skies through an observation window.

CHRIS

I see it. There it is.

Jessica looks where he's pointing to find the 727 on its final approach. She reaches down and squeezes his hand.

DANA

What would you do right now if the plane crashed?

JESSICA

Dana, what is wrong with you?!

DANA

After nine years, he's finally rescued and... boom.

Faber now joins them at the window. Jessica shoots him a sideways look. The 727 touches down on the runway.

INT. 727 - DAY

Brody looks out the cabin window as the plane touches down on the tarmac. Trujillo sits beside him...

TRUJILLO

You'll have some time with your family before you meet the Vice President. There'll also be a couple of the Joint Chiefs on hand, and pretty much every major media outlet in the country. If that's okay with you...

BRODY  
Do I have a choice?

TRUJILLO  
(smiles)  
Not really.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - PRIVATE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jessica waits with Dana and Chris in a tight clutch outside the door to the jetway. PLAY the excruciating anticipation...

Then, suddenly the jetway door opens. Trujillo stands aside and lets Brody into the waiting room. He is unprepared by the actual sight of his family standing there.

For a moment, nothing happens, no one moves. Brody stares at his family. He barely recognizes his children. Jessica's eyes tear up, and then she's in motion, rushing into his arms. PLAY the emotional embrace, as:

ANGLE - FABER

Watching this from a short distance away.

BACK TO SCENE

Dana now loudly CLEARS HER THROAT, stepping closer.

DANA  
Hey, Dad, how was your trip?

BRODY  
Dana...

After an awkward beat:

JESSICA  
Go on, give your father a hug.

And Dana does, albeit a little stiffly.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
-- And this is Chris.

BRODY  
You got big.

Chris sticks out his hand.

CHRIS  
Good to meet you.

They shake hands. Chris is awkward and uncertain. Brody looks over, surprised to see:

BRODY

Mike!

Faber approaches.

FABER

Hey, soldier. Welcome back.

BRODY

Thank you, Lieutenant.

Brody notices the stripes on Faber's sleeve.

BRODY (CONT'D)

I guess it's Colonel now.

ANGLE ON DANA, CHRIS

DANA

(aside to Chris)

'Good to meet you?'

CHRIS

What do you want from me, I don't know him.

TRUJILLO (O.S.)

Excuse me...

ANGLE ADJUSTS to include Trujillo, stepping forward:

TRUJILLO (CONT'D)

If everyone's ready, the Vice President is expecting us downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - GROUND FLOOR LOBBY

MOVING WITH Brody and his family as they descend a flight of stairs to find Walden, who is moving away from Estes to shake Brody's hand.

WALDEN

Sergeant Brody, it's an honor.

BRODY

Thank you, sir.

WALDEN

And you must be Mrs. Brody.

JESSICA

Jessica, please. And this is my son  
Chris. And my daughter Dana.

Walden shakes hands with each of them. AD LIB his individual  
greetings. Then, turning back to Brody:

WALDEN

Shall we do this?

Walden steers him towards a pair of electric doors. They  
WHOOSH open, and we are:

INT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - TARMAC - DAY

A tented red carpet leads to a podium, lined with  
PHOTOGRAPHERS - their cameras already CLICKING and WHIRRING.

Brody flinches at the strobing flashes and grating noise,  
which now bleeds into the sound of RIFLES being chambered as  
we PRELAP:

EXT. BAGHDAD STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A uniformed Brody and Jessup are thrown roughly to the ground  
by swarming insurgents, who train their guns and their  
flashlights on the captured soldiers.

RESUME PRESENT

Jessica notices Brody's reaction, places her hand on his  
shoulder.

JESSICA

Are you okay?

Brody snaps out of it, assures her with a smile.

BRODY

Yeah.

(off her lingering  
concern)

I'm fine.

He continues to the podium that overlooks a grandstand filled  
with military and political DIGNITARIES. Beyond them, past  
a fence line, THOUSANDS of local CITIZENS wave American flags  
and ERUPT in a wave of cheers and applause.

CUT TO:

A TELEVISION (ON SCREEN)

A MARINE HONOR GUARD snaps off a salute as the Vice President  
and Brody step onto the podium. We are:

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carrie watches the television in her spartan apartment. Walden waits for the ovation to subside before he approaches the microphone, addressing Brody publicly:

WALDEN

Sergeant Brody... on behalf of the President of the United States and a grateful nation, it is my privilege to welcome you home.

Camera finds Brody as listens to the Vice President's welcoming remarks (TO BE SCRIPTED). Virgil is sitting nearby, assembling the components of a surveillance bay. He looks up at television as the camera finds Brody listening to the Vice President's welcoming remarks.

VIRGIL

So that's him, huh?

CARRIE

Yeah.

VIRGIL

Nice teeth.

Just then, Carrie's laptop PINGS. She taps a key that brings the screen back up from Sleep Mode.

ON CARRIE'S LAPTOP

Over a patchy satellite feed appears the face of Warzer Jaff -- her Iraqi interpreter from the teaser.

JAFF

Carrie...

CARRIE

Warzer, hold on a second -

She grabs the laptop, indicates Virgil's half-assembled equipment.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

How long before you're set up?

VIRGIL

Don't worry. We'll be live by the time Sergeant Brody gets home.

She moves toward her bedroom, crossing with Max, who waits for the door to close before addressing Virgil.

MAX

There's nothing in the fridge. I mean, *nothing*.

(looking around)

Does she even live here?

VIRGIL

Grab the hex keys from my bag, will you?

Max selects the tool, but doesn't hand it over.

MAX

I like to know who I'm breaking the law for. What's the deal with her?

VIRGIL

Let's just say she's highly motivated to prevent the next major attack on American soil.

MAX

'Highly motivated...?'

VIRGIL

She was on a desk at Langley on 9-11, missed a name on a passenger manifest that turned out to be one of the hijackers.

MAX

Isn't she being a little hard on herself? Everyone missed something that day.

VIRGIL

Not everyone had a husband working in the Pentagon. They were married a week when the planes hit.

(as Max digests this)

Give me the hex keys.

INT. CARRIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Carrie resumes talking with Jaff on her laptop:

CARRIE

Thanks for getting back to me so quickly.

JAFF

I asked around about the raid on the safe house...

Jaff shrugs.

JAFF (CONT'D)

I haven't found anything that says  
Abu Nazir planted that intelligence.

Carrie reacts, surprised and disappointed.

JAFF (CONT'D)

I guess Hasan was lying to you before  
they hung him -

CARRIE

(sharply)

Hasan wasn't lying.

(then, softer)

I'm sorry. I just... I don't have a  
lot of support over here right now  
and I really need you to keep looking.

JAFF

I have another job, Carrie.

CARRIE

Did you even check your other sources?  
Waleed? Or Abdul -

JAFF

Abdul is dead. And Waleed went to  
Kirkuk to work in the oil fields.

Carrie scrambles to keep him engaged.

CARRIE

I can pay you -

JAFF

I'm sorry, Carrie. I have to go.

CARRIE

Warzer, please --

But he's already disconnected, leaving Carrie staring at an  
empty screen.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Dammit.

INT. JAFF APARTMENT - DAY

Jaff looks past the blank monitor...

WIDER TO REVEAL

Jaff's wife and two young daughters are bound and gagged,  
guarded by MEN toting AK-47S. Jaff looks from his wife's  
fearful eyes to:

ABU NAZIR

A fit, refined man in his early forties, standing over Jaff. There is a lethal calm in his voice and in his carriage.

ABU NAZIR

You did well.

JAFF

I did what you told me. Now let my family go.

Abu Nazir doesn't respond, but regards Jaff curiously, studying him.

ABU NAZIR

The Americans... they've abandoned you. They've taken their weapons and their soldiers and run away. Why would you still work for them?

Jaff knows there is no answer that will satisfy this man.

JAFF

Abu Nazir, please. You gave me your word.

ABU NAZIR

My word? There is no contract with a kaffir.

And he shoots Jaff point blank in the head. His wife and daughters scream through their gagged mouths. Unmoved, Abu Nazir addresses his men.

ABU NAZIR (CONT'D)

Kill them all.

He moves out of the room, followed by his second-in-command, NABEEL, who closes the door behind them.

ABU NAZIR (CONT'D)

The traitor was convincing.

NABEEL

What if the woman doesn't give up?

ABU NAZIR

The American will deal with her.

His statement punctuated by gunfire from the next room -

CUT TO:



INT. FABER'S SUV - MOVING

Brody rides shotgun, his impassive expression reflected in the cold glass as the suburban scenery rolls past. Faber drives, Jessica in the back seat with the kids.

FABER

Look, I'm sorry to bring this up... but Langley wants you first thing in the morning. They've scheduled a follow-up to your debrief in Germany.

JESSICA

Tomorrow morning?

FABER

I know. I said the same thing.

JESSICA

He just got home!

BRODY

It's okay, Jess. Let's just get it over with.

Before she can object further -

DANA

Look. We're famous.

She indicates up ahead, where the motorcade is entering the cul-de-sac -- now filled with NEWS VANS, CAMERAMEN, REPORTERS, and NEIGHBORS waving small American flags.

Faber steers through a POLICE PERIMETER and pulls into the driveway. Dana and Chris are immediately out of the car. Brody cranes to get a look at his old house.

BRODY

You painted the house...

JESSICA

Mike's brother did it. He's a contractor, gave us a great deal.

Brody considers this for a beat too long. Finally:

BRODY

(to Faber)

Well, I guess I've got a lot to thank you for.

With a last look, Brody bangs out of the SUV. Faber briefly meets Jessica's eye in the rear view, before she too exits.

EXT. BRODY HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Jessica catches up with Brody, as he heads for the front door, where the kids are waiting.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Hey!

ANGLE - PHOTOGRAPHER

One of many standing with video crews behind the police line.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Can we get a group shot with the yellow ribbon?

BACK TO SCENE

Jessica looks to Brody, who shrugs, 'Why not?' As they shepherd Chris and a mortified Dana towards the tree -

CUT TO:

A TELEVISION (ON SCREEN)

Jessica unties the ribbon, and displays it for the cameras, as Brody puts an arm around each of his kids, everyone smiling... except for Dana.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Carrie turns away impatiently from the television to a surveillance bay set up on the dining room table. Presently, however, all nine monitors display only snow. Virgil is behind the unit, trying to fix it.

CARRIE

You said you'd be ready by the time they got home.

VIRGIL

Minor glitch. Gimme a few minutes.

Carrie's merciless stare is interrupted by her cell RINGING. She checks the display, then answers:

CARRIE

(into phone)

Saul?

INTERCUT:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SAUL'S CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Saul is on a headset, standing at a floor-to-ceiling window looking down at the Quad.

SAUL

I'm calling you back.

CARRIE

I'm not having much luck sourcing that intel. I need you to get me into Sergeant Brody's debrief tomorrow morning.

SAUL

And what good would come of that?

CARRIE

I'm an interrogator. I'll ask him a few questions, poke around his story a little.

SAUL

That sounds a lot like a fishing expedition.

CARRIE

Maybe.

SAUL

Estes was very specific: principals only in the room.

CARRIE

Estes is a travel agent, Saul. And the fact that he's the Deputy Director and you're not says something deep about --

SAUL

(overriding)

Will you behave yourself?

CARRIE

Excuse me?

SAUL

If I get you into the debrief, will you promise to behave?

CARRIE

-- I promise.

SAUL

Good. Then you can have your facetime with Sergeant Brody. But you will raise no eyebrows, understand? You will break no porcelain.

CARRIE

Thank you, Saul.

STAY with her as she ENDS the call. Turning back to Virgil, who strokes a couple of keys - prompting a RESONANT TONE, then, the screens come to life. Each displays a real time image of a different room in the Brody house.

VIRGIL

Hello, big brother.

He stands and offers Carrie his place in front of the monitors. Then, showing her on the keyboard:

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Just move the cursor to bring up a room on the Master Screen.

He does so, and a HIGH ANGLE shot of the Brody kitchen appears on the MASTER SCREEN, where the entire family is now gathered. As Virgil packs his tools...

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

So when do you want me back tomorrow?

But Carrie doesn't answer, transfixed by the screen.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Carrie...

(off her look)

What time should I be here tomorrow?

CARRIE

I need to be at Langley by nine, so get here at eight.

Virgil nods, finishes packing his stuff, as Carrie slips on a pair of headphones and settles into her front row seat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRODY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica is sitting on the edge of the bed in a silk negligee. From the bathroom comes the SOUND of the shower running. She's visibly nervous, catching an image of herself reflected in the mirror above the bureau. She adjusts her hair.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carrie watching at the Surveillance Bay, intruding on what feels like this most intimate of moments. When the phone RINGS. She reaches to answer a moment before she realizes it's coming over the headset.

INT. BRODY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica stands and crosses to answer the phone.

JESSICA  
Hello.... hello?

But there's no one on the line. She hangs up, just as:

BRODY (O.S.)  
Who was that?

Startled, she turns to find Brody silhouetted in the bathroom doorway, wearing pajama bottoms, his towel draped over his naked torso.

JESSICA  
Nobody. They hung up.

Brody approaches...

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Probably a wrong number -

Jessica's voice falls off when she sees Brody's scars. He reflexively pulls down the towel to cover them, but she stops him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Don't -

He tenses, even as he allows her to take them in with her eyes. Then, she traces one of the scars with her fingers, struggling to contain the sudden tide of emotion that rises inside her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
What they did to you... I'm so sorry...

BRODY  
It's over. I'm home.

Jessica nods, manages a tight smile... then leans in to kiss him. Brody is turned on, but he feels her tentative and awkward... and after a moment, breaks the kiss, keeping his face against hers as he whispers into her ear.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Listen, we don't have to rush this.  
If you want to wait -

JESSICA

No. I don't want to wait.

She pulls him closer, down into her breasts... and he kisses them. His breathing quickens and deepens with his arousal as he eases her back onto the bed, a strong hand finding its way between her legs.

His need is primitive and intense as he ... but over his grunting shoulder Jessica's face remains distant, a study in guilt and penance as she allows him to take his pleasure

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Disturbed, Carrie watches for a beat longer... before she takes off the headphones and looks away from the monitor.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The sun is just peeking up over the rooftops.

CARRIE (O.S.)

You're late.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Virgil enters, carrying a bag of groceries.

VIRGIL

I made a pit stop at the market.

He disappears briefly into the kitchen, and then comes back out with a powdered donut in his hand.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Didn't sleep, huh? You look wiped.

CARRIE

You have something?

VIRGIL

You need to ask?

He fishes in his pocket, tosses her a prescription bottle. She pops the top and dry swallows an upper.

CARRIE

Two calls came in.

VIRGIL

Yeah?

CARRIE

One last night and one this morning. Both times the wife answered. Both times there was no one on the other end of the line.

VIRGIL

Did a number pop up on the tracer?

CARRIE

No, the calls were blocked. Is there any way to --

VIRGIL

Not without a subpoena, no.

CARRIE

Look, Virgil, if someone's trying to make contact with Brody, it'll only happen once...

VIRGIL

And when it does, we'll be there. Don't worry, it's all good.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

The Farm on a bright spring morning.

ESTES (O.S.)

Many of the men and women in this room were involved in the operation which resulted in your rescue.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Estes sits at the head of a narrow table. To his left are SIX ANALYSTS and Carrie. To his right sits Brody.

ESTES

So we take an extra measure of pride today in welcoming you today.

BRODY

Thank you, sir.

ESTES

Now we've all read your debrief from Germany. Today we just have a few questions -- clarifications, really -- that might help us in our ongoing fight against Al-Qaeda.

BRODY

I understand.

ESTES

Good. We'll start with Steven Strickland -- Lead Analyst in our Iraq section.

He indicates to STRICKLAND, 38, to proceed.

STRICKLAND

Sergeant Brody, it's a pleasure. A few weeks after your capture, Special Forces conducted a raid...

DISSOLVE TO:



LATER

An Asian woman, ELIZABETH CHU, 33, has the floor:

CHU

According your debrief, most of your captivity was spent at a secret military facility outside Damascus...

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Brody's questioner is now BO HALL, 49.

HALL

Eight months ago, you were smuggled overland to an enemy operating base in Afghanistan...

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

And finally it's Carrie's turn to ask the questions.

CARRIE

Sergeant Brody, my name is Carrie Anderson. I served as a case officer in Iraq between March 2004 and June 2009. I hope you don't mind if I jump right in.

BRODY

Not at all.

CARRIE

How soon after your capture was Corporal Jessup killed?

BRODY

It's hard to say exactly.

CARRIE

More than a year, less?

BRODY

More.

CARRIE

Why him, and not you?

BRODY

-- Ma'am?

CARRIE  
Why was he killed, and not you?

BRODY  
I don't know.

CARRIE  
Why do you *think*?

Brody shrugs.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
What I mean is, did your captors consider you more valuable somehow? Or had they come to the conclusion that Corporal Jessup would never cooperate?

Estes shifts in his chair, uncomfortable at the insinuation. But Brody doesn't seem at all ruffled.

BRODY  
Like I said, we were hardly ever interrogated together, so I don't know.

CARRIE  
Still... when you learned of his death, you must have wondered.

BRODY  
The truth is, I remember thinking he was the lucky one.

CARRIE  
Lucky?

BRODY  
Yeah. He was done. I had to go back into that room every day.

Estes interrupts, as a way of ending this line of questioning.

ESTES  
Is it possible that Corporal Jessup was killed as part of a concerted effort to break you psychologically?

BRODY  
Yeah, that's possible...

CARRIE  
Your interrogators... what kind of information were they after?

BRODY

Supply routes, communication codes, rules of engagement... anything I could tell them about U.S. ground operations.

CARRIE

And what did you tell them?

BRODY

My rank and serial number.

Carrie now slides a classified folder across the table.

CARRIE

Do you know who this man is?

Brody opens the folder to find a dozen or so surveillance photographs of ABU NAZIR, 46.

BRODY

Of course I do. Every soldier in-country was briefed on high-value insurgents.

CARRIE

Did you ever meet him?

BRODY

Abu Nazir? I don't think so.

CARRIE

Look again. There are some shots of him without the beard.

Flipping through the photographs, Brody stops at one briefly, but then continues through the rest, shaking his head.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

You're sure he was never present during any of your interrogations?

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER (FLASHBACK)

Stripped to the waist, beaten and bloody, barely conscious, Brody hangs by his wrists from the stone ceiling as before.

MAN (O.S.)

Cut him down.

The flash of a knife cutting a rope, and Brody's body CRASHES to the cold floor. A silhouetted figure kneels beside him, cradling Brody's head and offering him a sip of water from a shallow bowl.

Gulping in the liquid through parched lips... Brody open his slitted eyes to look at this angel of mercy... who we now see is ABU NAZIR, looking down at him with an expression of calm and compassion.

RESUME PRESENT

Brody is lost in the memory as Carrie leans forward:

CARRIE

Do you need me to repeat the question?

Brody meets her gaze evenly.

BRODY

No. I'm sure I never met him.

CARRIE

(insistent)

Sergeant Brody --

ESTES

He answered your question, Carrie.

CARRIE

I just find it hard to hard to believe that Al-Qaeda's top commander in Iraq never sat down with the only two American POWs in his custody.

ESTES

Well apparently he didn't.

CARRIE

Abu Nazir was coordinating attacks on Coalition Forces at the time. No one had more reason to interrogate these men --

ESTES

Carrie. I said we're done.

Carrie does battle with herself to stay silent. Brody regards her carefully.

ESTES (CONT'D)

Moving on.

CUT TO:

INT. BRODY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jessica seems on edge as she unpacks groceries for what looks like a party - chips, beer, salsa, etc.

- when Chris and Dana come through the front door, carrying their backpacks from school.

JESSICA  
(calling out)  
Would you guys come in here a second?

Chris enters the kitchen, Dana trailing reluctantly.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
I need some help getting ready for tonight.

DANA  
-- Tonight?

JESSICA  
Some of your father's buddies from Bravo Company are coming over for a barbecue. I've got a bag full of corn that needs to be shucked, and the grill needs to be cleaned.

Wanting to avoid the more unpleasant task, Chris moves to the bag of corn.

CHRIS  
I'll do the corn.

JESSICA  
The scraper for the grill is in here somewhere -

She ferrets through the drawer -

DANA  
So do I have to be here?

Jessica slams the drawer shut with sudden fury, Dana and Chris stunned by her outburst.

JESSICA  
Dammit, why is everything always a problem with you?

DANA  
I was just asking a question.

JESSICA  
Your father's been to hell and back, and all of us need to be here for him, even if it means giving up a night at the mall with your friends.

Just then, the phone RINGS.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 Now that he's home, things are going  
 to change around here, do you  
 understand?

She opens the drawer and hands Dana the scraper.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 Clean the grill.

Chris and Dana trade a look as Jessica picks up the receiver,  
 trying to hide her rage.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Brody rides in the back seat, looking out the window.

BRODY  
 (into cell)  
 Hey, Jess.

JESSICA  
 How'd it go?

BRODY  
 Fine. I'm still here actually.  
 It's taking a little longer than I  
 expected.

His lie is easy and delivered without pause.

JESSICA  
 How much longer?

INT. VAN - DAY

Max is following Brody's sedan.... listening to their phone  
 conversation on a cell scanner.

BRODY (V.O.)  
 Not more than an hour or two.

JESSICA (V.O.)  
 (futzd)  
 Well don't forget, everyone's coming  
 around five.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA - DAY

Carrie pays the cashier and takes her tray into the cafeteria. People are eating in groups, laughing and talking... but Carrie finds a seat away from everyone.

She opens the file from Brody's debrief, flipping through her notes, when she comes to a photo of Brody ten years ago. She is studying his face... when her cell RINGS. Checking the display, she quickly answers:

CARRIE  
(into phone)  
Anything?

INTERCUT:

INT./EXT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Virgil on the phone, hustling out the door.

VIRGIL  
(into phone)  
As a matter of fact, yeah.

CARRIE  
What?

VIRGIL  
In the towncar on the way home, Brody lied to his wife, said he was still at Langley. Now the driver's dropping him off at Bluemont Park.

Carrie sits up, lowers her voice.

CARRIE  
This is it. He's making contact.

VIRGIL  
Max is on him. I'm leaving your place now.

CARRIE  
I'll meet you there. Where's Bluemont Park?

She's already grabbed her file, abandoning her food. And before we hear the answer to her question, she's rushing out the door.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CIA - PARKING LOT

Saul is crossing toward his car, when:

ESTES (O.S.)

Saul.

Saul doesn't break stride as Estes catches up and keeps pace.

SAUL

I'm late for a meeting off-campus.  
How many Boards can one man sit on?

ESTES

(point blank)

You kissed Carrie Anderson into my  
debrief this morning. I'm curious  
if that was her request or yours.

SAUL

Hers. Frankly, I'm surprised you  
didn't assign her yourself, since  
she's the only one in the section  
who's even *been* to Afghanistan.

ESTES

It's not her resumé I have a problem  
with, it's her temperament.

Saul squints at him curiously as they come to his car.

SAUL

-- What happened?

ESTES

She went after Sergeant Brody with a  
long knife, and I'd like to know  
why.

SAUL

You'll have to be more specific.

ESTES

She kept trying to connect Brody  
with Abu Nazir. She wouldn't take  
"no" for an answer.

Estes measures Saul, who remains inscrutable.



ESTES (CONT'D)

That's right, Saul. Abu Nazir again.  
It's always Abu Nazir with her.

SAUL

I won't deny she can be a little  
obsessive on the subject.

ESTES

Last time I heard her like this, she  
bribed her way into an Iraqi prison  
and caused a diplomatic crisis.

SAUL

I appreciate your concern, David...  
but Carrie's learned her lesson.

ESTES

I know you think she has.

Saul meets Estes' challenging look evenly, offering neither  
a denial nor a defense.

ESTES (CONT'D)

The only reason she's still working  
here is because of you. So as far  
as I'm concerned, you're accountable  
for her actions.

He moves away. Off Saul's rising concern --

CUT TO:

INT. VAN

Carrie scans Bluemont Park through binoculars. Behind her,  
Max is working the surveillance console, trying to refine  
the digitized white noise coming through the speaker.

HER POV (THROUGH BINOCES)

Brody sits on a bench, looking around... waiting. A  
foreground blur wipes through frame as:

RESUME

Carrie lowers her binoculars, sees Virgil crossing before  
the van, circling toward the back. She turns expectantly as  
the van door slides open and Virgil steps inside.

CARRIE

Did you fix the audio?

VIRGIL

We'll find out soon enough. I set  
up a directional mic at the boathouse.  
(to Max)  
Switch to channel three.

Max does -- and the digitized sounds are now discernible as  
children laughing... music playing... a man coughing.

MAX

That's him. We've got ears.

Carrie reacts to something she sees through the windshield.

CARRIE

Just in time.

She raises her binocs.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Someone's approaching Brody from  
eleven o'clock. Female, red sweater,  
dark hair...

HER POV (THROUGH BINOCS)

Brody stands as the Woman approaches. She is in her mid-  
thirties, at once fragile and furtive. They regard one  
another awkwardly, their voices audible over the speaker.

WOMAN

(futzd)  
Thank you for coming. You look good.

BRODY

(futzd)  
I meant to call you myself, I was  
going to...

RESUME

Carrie keeps watching.

CARRIE

Are you recording this?

EXT. BLUEMONT PARK - AFTERNOON

Brody finally breaks the awkward silence between them:

BRODY

I don't understand why you had to go  
through Mike. Why didn't you just  
call me yourself?

WOMAN

I did. Twice. But your wife answered.

BRODY

She didn't give me any messages.

WOMAN

Because I hung up.  
(off his look)  
Mike didn't tell you?

BRODY

He just said you needed to see me.  
And not to tell Jessica. He said  
you'd explain everything.

The Woman sits on the bench... and Brody sits beside her.

WOMAN

She hates me, Brody.

BRODY

Hates you? Why?

WOMAN

Because I married someone else.

Brody lets this settle, then:

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Jessica reacted like it was a personal  
insult, like I was publicly giving  
up hope that you and Tom were still  
alive.

INT. VAN

Carrie sags, visibly disappointed... as Virgil lowers the  
volume and shoots her a puzzled expression.

VIRGIL

What the hell? Who is she?

CARRIE

Helen Jessup. The wife of the other  
missing soldier.

VIRGIL

Then she's not Brody's contact.

CARRIE

Just keep listening.

Carrie turns the volume back up, as we:

EXT. BLUEMONT PARK - CONTINUOUS

The woman we now know is HELEN JESSUP explains herself, her voice etched with guilt:

HELEN

The Pentagon said you were both dead.  
That's what they told us.

BRODY

I'm sorry, Helen...

HELEN

Now they're refusing to give me any  
information about what happened to  
Tom. Even Mike is saying he can't  
tell me anything until it's  
reclassified.

She trails off, suddenly overwhelmed by emotion.

BRODY

What do you want to know?

HELEN

How he died.

BRODY

He's gone. Does it really matter  
how it happened?

HELEN

It does to me.

BRODY

-- He was beaten. In the middle of  
the night.

HELEN

Were you there?

Brody turns inward, doesn't answer -

ABU NAZIR'S VOICE

Harder!

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER (FLASHBACK)

Jessup on the ground, pathetically trying to shield himself as he's STRUCK by a fist, his blood splattering on the concrete... and now we see that his attacker is Brody. He raises his fist to strike again, but he hesitates, his eyes ablaze with anger and fear and confusion. Abu Nazir appears beside him, brandishing a gun:

ABU NAZIR

Again.

Broken and bloody, Jessup looks up at Brody:

JESSUP

Do it.

(then)

Just do it.

As Brody brings down his fist -

RESUME PRESENT

Helen presses Brody:

HELEN

When it happened... were you there?

Brody forces himself to meet Helen's questioning eyes.

BRODY

-- Yes.

She nods, accepting the grim confirmation... then, she begins to sob, overcome by a sudden wave of emotion, falling against Brody. After a moment, he holds her.

BRODY (CONT'D)

He loved you, Helen. And I don't think he'd have blamed you for getting married again.

She is comforted by his words -

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Carrie lowers her binoculars. Having eavesdropped on this intimate moment, she feels a flicker of doubt and shame... which she sees reflected in Virgil's face.

CARRIE

I'll be at my apartment. I want to be there when Brody's party starts.

As Carrie exits the van, Virgil and Max trade a look, and we -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Carrie climbs the stairs, still carrying the disappointment of the park operation. She unlocks her door and enters:

INT. CARRIE'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She stops cold when she sees:

CARRIE

Saul --

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SAUL

He is standing over the surveillance monitors, which are playing various real-time scenes from the Brody house. He says nothing -- compelling her to fill the silence:

CARRIE (CONT'D)

You're the one who always said it's better to ask for forgiveness than permission.

Saul's voice is ice cold.

SAUL

Did you think for one minute that you'd get away with this?

CARRIE

I thought once I had evidence...

SAUL

Do you have any? Anything even suggesting that Sergeant Brody is what you think he is?

Even in his angry eyes she sees the flicker of hope that she'll answer in the affirmative. Which makes her answer all the more painful.

CARRIE

No.

SAUL

Then you'd better call a lawyer. Because you'll need him when you report to the DCI first thing in the morning.

And with that, Saul brushes past Carrie, stranding her inside her own home --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. BRODY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jessica's at the sink, looking out the open window at the party in progress -- where Brody is at the grill, surrounded by FOUR MEN from his old battalion (one in a wheelchair), drinking beers and laughing.

Faber comes up beside her. After a beat:

FABER

He seems good.

JESSICA

He is, I think.

FABER

And you?

JESSICA

Me? I'm good too.

But her words sound hollow, and Faber's steady look quickly exposes her vulnerability.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

No, I'm not.

Faber nods patiently, his silence inviting her to say more...

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It's hard. Harder than I thought it would be. He's not the same person.

FABER

After what he's been through...

JESSICA

It's not just that. I don't know who he is. I don't know how else to explain it. He's become this... stranger.

Jessica looks at him helplessly.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Or maybe we just need time.

FABER

Well take all the time you need.

(MORE)

FABER (CONT'D)

Sheila's filling in for you at the office. Whenever you're ready to come back to work -

JESSICA

I'm not coming back.  
(off his look)  
I can't be around you, Mike.

FABER

I'm still your friend, Jess. At least let me help you through this.

JESSICA

I can't. I'm sorry.

He holds her look - and, as painful as it is for him to agree, seeing her pain, nods his assent.

ANOTHER ANGLE (POV)

Jessica and Faber framed by the kitchen window... although it's impossible to hear what they're saying, it's also impossible not to see that theirs is an intimate relationship.

ANGLE ON BRODY

He's been watching them, the fire from the grill reflected in his unflinching eyes.

CHRIS (O.S.)

They're gonna burn.

WIDER TO INCLUDE CHRIS

He's holding a plate with pair of open buns. Brody looks absently at Chris, who nods to the two hamburgers smoldering on the grill.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

The burgers.

Brody takes them off the grill and puts them on their buns. Chris screws up the courage to tell his father what he's been wanting to say.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're back, dad.

Off Brody's brittle nod -

CUT TO:



INT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

Carrie's at the bar, glancing up at the television, where the endless news cycle is replaying Brody's homecoming. She downs the last of her bourbon rocks.

CARRIE  
(to Bartender)  
Another, please.

Sitting next to her is guy in a suit, JOSH, late 20s, handsome in an eager sort of way.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Who'd you say you work for again?

JOSH  
I'm a talent scout at the RNC.

Carrie indicates Brody on the television:

CARRIE  
And you think he might actually have a chance?

JOSH  
He's the ideal candidate. I mean, look at him. Handsome, great smile, a war hero. He's John McCain for the next generation.

Carrie considers the prospect. Josh takes a swallow of his beer.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you a personal question?

CARRIE  
Don't you want to get a second drink in me first?

JOSH  
You're married...

CARRIE  
No.

JOSH  
But you wear a ring.

CARRIE  
My husband died.

JOSH  
I'm sorry.

CARRIE  
It was a long time ago.

JOSH  
I like that.

CARRIE  
Which part? That I'm not married,  
or --

JOSH  
That you didn't take it off. Even  
though you're out alone. At a bar.  
On a Friday night.

CARRIE  
Maybe I'm just conflicted about going  
home with somebody tonight.

JOSH  
You don't seem conflicted.

CARRIE  
What if I told you I'm going to be  
indicted tomorrow for breaking about  
twelve federal laws?

JOSH  
I'd say, in this town, you're in  
pretty good company.

Carrie laughs. Then takes a swallow of her new drink.

CARRIE  
Okay, you win. Let's get outta here.

JOSH  
Where should we go?

CARRIE  
I'm done making the decisions. You're  
in charge now.

She grabs her coat. He grabs his.

On their way out, Carrie finds herself distracted by a group  
of Gallaudet University STUDENTS in a booth. They are all  
deaf... and busy signing to each other.

JOSH  
-- What is it?

Carrie's not sure, but she glances up at a second television --  
this one suspended in a corner of the bar -- which is now

showing video of Brody, Jessica, and the kids in front of the house with the yellow ribbon.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You okay?

Carrie returns her gaze to the students in the throes of their intense silent conversation...

CARRIE

(distracted)

Yeah.

JOSH

You sure?

... and the last piece of a disturbing puzzle falls into place for her.

CARRIE

Listen, Josh... it's Josh, right?

JOSH

Yeah.

But before Carrie can say another word:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SAUL'S GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Carrie is KNOCKING and RINGING the bell. Finally the front door opens on a chain, revealing Saul in a robe -- clearly awakened from a deep sleep.

SAUL

Carrie...?

CARRIE

I need to show you something.

INT. SAUL'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Carrie's got her laptop open, Saul peering over her shoulder. On the screen is news footage of Brody standing at the podium beside the Vice President at Andrews Air Force Base.

SAUL

What am I looking at?

CARRIE

His right hand.

CLOSER - LAPTOP

Brody's got his hand down at his side, and his index and ring fingers are tapping against his thigh.

RESUME SCENE

Saul is the picture of skepticism.

SAUL

He's just nervous.

CARRIE

No. Look again. It's a pattern.  
It repeats.

Carrie rewinds the news clip -- this time ZOOMING in on Brody's right hand -- and plays it for Saul again.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

There.

SAUL

I'm sorry, Carrie, but that's hardly definitive.

CARRIE

Wait.

She brings up another clip. This one of Brody, Jessica, and the kids posing in front of the house with the yellow ribbon. Brody again, has a hand down at his side, tapping.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

See. It's whenever he's on camera,  
whenever he knows the world is  
watching.

Saul looks closer.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

The same sequence. Over and over  
again.

SAUL

(coming around)  
A code of some kind...

CARRIE

He's making contact, Saul. He's  
sending a message to somebody... a  
handler, a sleeper cell, somebody...

Saul can no longer deny the truth of this.

SAUL

Remarkable. We have to get the crypto guys on this right away.

CARRIE

Doogan's team is the best. Plus he knows how to be discreet.

SAUL

I'll get his number.

As he crosses to his desk:

CARRIE

So... am I still going to jail?

SAUL

Not just yet.

Off Carrie:

CUT TO:

INT. BRODY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica rolls over in her sleep, putting out an arm to locate Brody... but his side of the bed is empty. Her eyes open. She sits up, alarmed.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

MOVING WITH Brody as he runs through the deserted streets. This is no light jog, he's really pushing himself up a long steep climb, the exertion and strain evident in his face.

Reaching the top of the rise, he slows and finally stops... Hands on his hips, he takes a moment to catch his breath and take in the view from the hill. CAMERA ARMS AROUND to reveal what he's looking at:

HIS POV - WASHINGTON D.C.

Spread out before him, asleep and vulnerable.

CLOSE - BRODY

A gleam of intent in his eye.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW

