

Occupation

"Pilot"

by

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ACT ONE

INT. CIA BLACK SITE - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

Tight on a HOODED MAN seated at a steel table. The black hood undulates with each steady breath. A single light bulb hangs overhead, throwing a halo of light around the room, the corners of which remain dark. A low hum of white noise pulses.

OFF-SCREEN, a heavy door whines as it opens. The Hooded Man awakens as if roused from a nightmare. He fights to get up, but his hands are connected to a chain that's attached to the floor. Wooden soles clack over the concrete floor -- a panic comes over the Hooded Man.

A hand reaches into the frame and quickly pulls back the hood to reveal: KHALID WAZIR (late 40s, burly, Afghani). His pupils adjust to the harsh flood of light. As he regains his sight, he focuses on --

CIA AGENT WILLIAM GIBSON (40s, rigid, matter-of-fact), takes a seat across from Khalid, sitting with perfect posture.

Khalid explodes with emotion:

KHALID
(in Pashto)
Where am I? Why have you taken me?

Gibson is calm, unflappable.

GIBSON
English please, Mr. Wazir. I know you speak it. Spent four years at Boston College majoring in engineering.

KHALID
(in heavily accented English)
Why have you done this to me?

GIBSON
(ignoring)
After you graduated, you spent three years working for a small consulting firm in New York City.

Khalid tries again to pull himself free from the chains.

GIBSON (CONT'D)

Then, in nineteen eighty-four you,
for love of your country, went back
to Afghanistan to join the
mujahideen against the Russians.
Haven't been back to the States
since.

(beat)

Such a promising life you had on
your hands, Mr. Wazir.

KHALID

You come in the middle of the
night, take me from my room. I am
a business man. I have done
nothing wrong!

GIBSON

You've been classified as an enemy
combatant of the United States of
America --

KHALID

You have no right to call me
anything!

Gibson rises from his seat and pushes the chair calmly into
the table.

GIBSON

You are here to provide us with
information on any previous and
impending acts of terrorism against
the United States and its allies.

(beat)

Do you understand?

Khalid gives him no reaction at all -- he turns to look at
his empty surroundings.

KHALID

Where is here?

GIBSON

You're in the phantom zone, Mr.
Wazir.

And with that, Gibson opens the door and exits as Khalid
shouts after him:

KHALID

I have done nothing wrong!

Off Khalid's protestations of innocence...

INT. HOLDING BLOCK CHECKPOINT - NYPD PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

BOBBY SOZIO (late-30s, Italian heritage, chip on his shoulder) flashes his GOLD DETECTIVE'S BADGE as TWO DETENTION OFFICERS buzz him through a security gate. One of the officers, JOHN HANNON (40s), recognizes Bobby.

A CHYRON reads: **New York**

HANNON

Look who it is.

The thing Bobby wants most in the world is not to have a conversation with this guy.

BOBBY

How goes it, Hannon?

HANNON

Not bad, Sozio. Just pushin' this button until the pension kicks in -- life is cherry.

BOBBY

You always did think big, John.

Hannon bristles as Bobby's comment elicits a chuckle from the other Detention Officer.

HANNON

An' you always had a big mouth.
(to the Detention Officer)
Couple'a years back, Bobby testified against some brothers in blue.
(to Bobby)
You used to be a good cop, Sozio. Used to walk tall. How d'you like bein' down with the rats?

BOBBY

Get to push a lot of buttons. Could use a real pro like yourself you ever get the ambition.

The Detention Officer doesn't find Sozio so funny anymore.

HANNON

Keep talkin' and jokin' all you want, Sozio, no one around here gives a damn what you gotta say anymore.

Bobby gives him an empty smile and walks down the hall.
Hannon finds victory in getting the last word.

INT. POLICE HOLDING FACILITY - INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS
LATER

A door opens and in walks Bobby. On the opposite side of the interview table is MELVIN MELVIN (early 30s, black) and sitting next to him, looking bored, is his public defender, DAVID BEKERMAN, (40s, apathetic). Melvin anxiously fingers his wedding band.

Bobby takes a seat at the table.

BOBBY

I'm Detective Sozio, Internal
Affairs. Melvin Melvin, is it?
(beat)
Your mama thought you were so nice
she named you twice, huh?

MELVIN

Wanted me to be remembered, you
know? She always be sayin', "won't
nobody forget you when they gotta
say your name two times."

BOBBY

She musta thought you might be in a
line'a work where rememberin'
someone's name was a good thing.

Melvin shrugs. Bobby takes out a small note pad and a pen.
He tries to write something on the pad, but the pen doesn't
oblige.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Nothing more useless in this world
than a pen that doesn't work.
(to Bekerman)
Got one I can use?

Bekerman, annoyed, pulls out a pen and hands it to Bobby.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

So, what do you have for me? You
gonna tell me who at the port let
you through security with a van
full'a TVs?

Melvin takes a beat to ponder on some things, then:

MELVIN

I ain't got nothin' ta say, offica.

Bekerman turns to his client.

BEKERMAN

Melvin. You're looking at seven years, minimum. Tell him what you know.

Melvin doesn't have any plans to say anything and Bobby couldn't care less.

BOBBY

(to Bekerman)

Looks like your boy's gone mute.

(nodding to Melvin's
wedding band)

That wife'a yours must be a real patient woman -- you're gonna be leavin' her all alone for quite some time.

Melvin looks at the ring, pondering the thought.

MELVIN

She'll wait on me.

Bobby smiles.

BOBBY

You know that sayin', "Time waits for no man"? Same goes for women.

(beat)

Counselor.

Bobby opens the door, turns around.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Your mama was wrong, Melvin. Second I walk out this door, I'm gonna forget all about you.

Bobby gives Melvin one last beat to say something, but Melvin doesn't. Bobby shrugs and shuts the door behind him, leaving Melvin to stew and Bekerman to realize Bobby stole his pen.

EXT. MILLENIUM BRIDGE - LONDON - NIGHT

A full moon. A light fog slowly creeps down the Thames. The last commuters have found their way home, barely any foot traffic on the bridge. We find two TEENAGERS, a boy and a girl, alone on the bridge.

A CHYRON reads: **London**

PUSH IN on the couple: NAEEM KHAN (16, Pakistani, caught in distant thoughts) and SABINA HUSSAIN (16, Pakistani, confident).

They're walking in an uncomfortable silence, like the ending to an awkward date. Then:

SABINA

Three bloody years, Naeem.

NAEEM

I know, Sabina. I know.

SABINA

Not a phone call, not a letter. A bloody email. Nothing. And then, out of the blue, you just show up and ask me to go for a walk.

(to herself)

And I'm stupid enough to come with you.

Sabina looks over at him and, in a measured explosion of frustration, she shoves him with both her hands, taking him by surprise.

NAEEM

Hey!

SABINA

Who does that?

NAEEM

I'm sorry, all right? I'm sorry...

SABINA

We've known each other since we were six years old.

(beat)

You didn't even say goodbye...

Naeem looks out over the Thames, looking for the right way to say something that has no right way to be said.

NAEEM

I'm sorry.

Sabina stops walking, angered.

SABINA

Sorry's not good enough. Where'd you go you couldn't tell your best friend?

NAEEM

I went back to Pakistan. To live with my uncle.

SABINA

(sarcastic)

Was it nice? Did you make lots of friends?

Naeem, having no answers to her questions, turns away from Sabina and leans on the bridge. He feels like shit, regretting seeing her because it's made her so upset.

Sabina walks over beside him and leans next to him.

SABINA (CONT'D)

Can you tell me how long you're back for?

Naeem stares into the gray water below.

NAEEM

'Til tomorrow.

SABINA

(frustrated)

This doesn't make sense, Naeem.

NAEEM

I could have come back and not said anything to you.

SABINA

So why did you then?

A beat.

NAEEM

I missed you.

Sabina tries to hold eye contact with Naeem while he does his best to avoid it. Sabina wins and they hold each other's gaze.

SABINA

I could always tell what was going on inside your head, you know. Your eyes always gave you away. Something's wrong.

Naeem turns away from Sabina.

SABINA (CONT'D)
Please. Tell me.

NAEEM
The whole future's ahead of you.
It's not the same for me.

SABINA
What are you talking about?

Naeem turns to Sabina.

NAEEM
It's not something I can explain...
Just -- just let me say goodbye,
Sabina.

SABINA
I don't--

Naeem pushes his lips on to Sabina's. It's a quick kiss, almost in passing -- but to Naeem, it's the world. And as quickly as the kiss happened, it ends, leaving Sabina startled.

SABINA (CONT'D)
Naeem...

Naeem turns and starts walking quickly away from Sabina who's been struck immobile.

NAEEM
Goodbye, Sabina.

SABINA
Wait, Naeem... Come back!

ON Sabina, watching Naeem run away. She's confused, hurt -- unsure if that's the last time she'll see him again...

SOLDIER 1 (PRELAP)
Clear!

INT. IRAQI HOUSE - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

Jumping right into an American military raid -- US SOLDIERS move tactically through each room of the shabby home, like dancing bulldozers. A YOUNG SOLDIER walks up to his commanding officer, SERGEANT ERIK BALUNIS (late 20s, All-American).

A CHRYON reads: **Baghdad**

SOLDIER 2
No sign of him.

An elderly Iraqi Man (JAMAL) and his Wife (ZEINA) are backed up against the wall by a PRIVATE who looks no older than 18. JAMAL is yelling at the Private; his hands gesticulating wildly.

An IRAQI TRANSLATOR enters the room. He's wearing a red wool ski mask over his face, holes cut out for eyes and mouth.

Sgt. Balunis approaches Jamal and Zeina. Balunis does his best to act politely in the face of Jamal's venom, but shows a growing frustration. He takes out a PHOTOGRAPH from his flak jacket and presents it to the couple: it's of a young BEARDED IRAQI MAN in his early 20s.

The Translator translates for both parties.

SGT. BALUNIS
(re: picture)
Where is your son Ahmed?

TRANSLATOR
(fluent English)
He says he has no idea.

SGT. BALUNIS
Does he know where to find him?

TRANSLATOR
He hasn't seen him in over a week
and has no idea where he could be.

SGT. BALUNIS
Your son is wanted for questioning
in relation to a bombing that
killed six American soldiers.

Jamal raises his hands to the sky like he's in prayer. The Translator is hesitant to speak.

SGT. BALUNIS (CONT'D)
What'd he say?

TRANSLATOR
He says that if his son is
attacking the Americans, he will be
smiled upon by God. He has never
been more proud of him.

Not the answer Sgt. Balunis wanted -- he leans in close to Jamal, using his height and physical presence as added intimidation.

SGT. BALUNIS

We'll be back every day.
 Interrupting their dinner, their prayers, their way of life, until he tells us what he knows about his son.

The Translator, with great reticence, starts to translate. Jamal becomes irate.

Sgt. Balunis has had enough.

SGT. BALUNIS (CONT'D)

Everyone clear the room. Let's go, let's go.

(to the Translator)

You tell him, I'll raze this house to the sandy shithole it was built on if I find out he's hiding his son.

Sgt. Balunis and his men quickly exit. The Translator backs away slowly, addressing Jamal as he follows the Soldiers out of the house. In Arabic, subtitled in *italics*.

TRANSLATOR

I am sorry that we have entered your home in this way.

Jamal moves forward, his anger directed solely at the Translator now.

JAMAL

You betray your people by working with these devils. For six years they occupy your country, hunt your brothers -- and you are their slave. You are worse than they are!

And with that Jamal spits into the Translator's face.

Jamal (CONT'D)

Get out of my house! Get out!

The Translator doesn't have time to wipe the spit off before he's forced out of Jamal's house.

SGT. BALUNIS (O.S.)

Let's go, Sam, move your ass!

EXT. IRAQI HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamal shouts from his front door as the Translator moves quickly to the awaiting Humvee and slides in next to Soldier 1.

SGT. BALUNIS
Move it! Move it!

A MILITARY HUMVEE

Pulls away from Jamal's house.

The Translator slumps down in the back seat, making sure his face can't be seen through the window. He wipes some of Jamal's spit with the back of his hand and then removes the ski mask to reveal: SAYF "SAM" ABDALLAH (late 20s, Iraqi, weary).

Sayf continues to wipe away the spit from his face...

INT. HUSSAIN IMPORTS - KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON - AFTERNOON

Upscale Middle-Eastern antique store. It's a small, but obviously high-end shop -- the type of place where yuppies go to pick up their rugs and a bedroom cabinet.

In the back of the showroom is TALIB (30s, a store-hand), who's seated at a computer, engrossed.

On the screen is a message board for a Middle-Eastern female pop singer named Sherine Ahmed. All the writing is in Arabic. It's a very cutesy message board, lots of pink, etc. Talib is scrolling through post after post.

SABINA (O.S.)
Talib?

Talib turns quickly around to see an amused Sabina staring down at him.

SABINA (CONT'D)
(re: the webpage)
I didn't know you were a fan of Sherine Ahmed. I thought only twelve-year old girls listened to her.

TALIB
(feigning embarrassment)
For my daughter. She loves her.

Sabina smiles, yeah right.

ALI HUSSAIN, (50s, an intimidating presence), walks out of his office.

ALI
Don't bother Talib. He's too busy
wasting time.

Talib, a scolded puppy, quickly closes the webpage.

Ali approaches Sabina and gives her a hug, a close bond between father and daughter is evident.

ALI (CONT'D)
It's all right, my daughter here
will be happy to do all the work
for you this afternoon.

SABINA
Actually, I was hoping to ask for
the afternoon off. I was going to
go help a friend of mine with some
homework.

Ali studies her, it's not like her to skirt her responsibilities.

ALI
What friend is this?

SABINA
Marjane. She's in my mathematics
class. She's been begging me for
help all week.

ALI
That's very admirable of you, to
sacrifice your time for your
friend. But what about your
responsibilities to your family?

SABINA
It's just one afternoon...

Sabina smiles sweetly, it's hard for Ali to resist.

ALI
(to Talib)
It looks like you're going to have
to work after all. There are four
vases in the back that need to be
moved into the window.

Talib gets up and gets to it.

ALI (CONT'D)
Just be home for dinner.

Sabina kisses her father on the cheek.

SABINA
Thank you, Father.

Something shakes from Ali's memory, he calls out to her:

ALI
Just a moment, where does Marjane live?

SABINA
Near Islington.

ALI
How're you going to get there?

SABINA
I... I was going to take the Northern line and get off at Angel station.

Ali considers this.

ALI
All right. Remember, be back for dinner. Seven o'clock.

Sabina nods and heads back to exit through the front door, as she's about to leave her smile fades...

EXT. EDWARD WOODS ESTATES HIGH RISE - LATER

Located near Shepherds Bush, it's an English version of project housing for the lower class and immigrants -- small, pre-fabricated apartments stacked on top of one another.

Sabina walks down the exposed walkway to flat number 1244. She knocks meekly on the door -- the shuffling of feet heard inside.

The door opens partially to reveal: MALAKEH KHAN (early 40s, a headscarf fit around her head). Malakeh makes it obvious she has no plans to open the door further for Sabina. Her eyes are glassy, her cheeks puffy -- it looks as though she's been crying. She addresses Sabina with an odd formality.

MALAKEH
Sabina... Hello, can I help you?

SABINA
 Mrs. Khan. Hi...
 (beat)
 I... I was looking for Naeem. Is
 he home?

MALAKEH
 I'm sorry, but you know he's not
 been in London for years.
 (beat)
 If that's all...

Malakeh starts to shut the door, but Sabina's words halt her.

SABINA
 I saw him last evening. He didn't
 seem all right, Mrs. Khan. He
 seemed scared...

Sabina notices the redness around her eyes --

SABINA (CONT'D)
 Are you all right, Mrs. Khan?

MALAKEH
 I'm fine. Naeem is not here.

SABINA
 Mrs. Khan, please, he may be in
 trouble.

MALAKEH
 Just go home. Please... Go home...

And with that Malakeh shuts the door in Sabina's face.

Paralysed with confusion, Sabina remains at the door for
 several beats --

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE TUBE STATION - DUSK

ON SABINA, arms folded, sniffing back tears. She exits the
 Tube Station. She looks at her watch: 7:02PM. Her father is
 not going to be happy:

SABINA
 Damn it...

We stick with her as she tries to pull herself together --
 she wipes the tears from her face.

A RED DOUBLE-DECKER BUS charges by her, coming to a stop a
 few hundred yards down the block.

PEOPLE exit and several more take their place. Just as the doors are about to close, a SKI-MASKED FIGURE wearing BAGGY JEANS and sneakers -- the look of a teenage boy -- pushes his way onto the bus, seemingly coming from nowhere.

ON SABINA, the sight hits her as strange.

Sabina is only a hundred feet from the bus as it begins to pull away from the curb -- a SCREAM rings out from inside, stopping Sabina in her tracks. Then --

BOOOOOOOM! THE BUS EXPLODES!

Sabina, along with everyone else in the blast radius, is knocked off her feet by the force of the explosion.

Glass, metal and assorted debris rain down around the blossomed frame of the bus -- some landing nearly on-top of Sabina. The roof of the bus, having been blown off, lands on a car, crushing it.

Cars screech to a halt, some BYSTANDERS look on while others run for cover, screams ring out, car alarms play a hellish symphony of noise.

We're in Sabina's POV: her ears RINGING with a deafening tone. A YOUNG WOMAN runs over to Sabina and bends down, saying something we can't quite hear.

Sabina's eyes are frozen on the smoldering, smoking remains of the bus. The Young Woman attempts to get Sabina's attention on her. Finally, Sabina looks to her --

Sabina's POV: the Young Woman is mouthing "Are you all right?" over and over again.

On Sabina, who absently nods her head. Her eyes turn to inspect her body. No injuries, just a couple of scrapes.

Sabina's POV: the Young Woman mouths something reassuring then she runs over to an ELDERLY MAN who was closer to the explosion -- the RINGING still pulsing in Sabina's ears.

We PULL BACK from the scene as AMBULANCES and POLICE CARS arrive on the scene of devastation, their lights flashing. The RINGING still pounding as we...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ALVIN JOHNSON'S OFFICE - REPUBLICAN PALACE -
INTERNATIONAL ZONE - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

ALVIN JOHNSON (40s, honest, empathic), sits behind his makeshift desk in an office that's really a renovated room in Saddam's Republican Palace. The ostentatious gold walls and Corinthian molding clash with the brown particle-board desk. Seated across from him is Sayf. Alvin speaks with a Texan's drawl.

ALVIN

There's still nothin' I can do for you, Sayf. S'all a waitin' game. Washington's put a freeze on all new visa applications comin' outta Aye-Raq. My hands are tied. It'll happen, Sayf -- just needs more time.

SAYF

Optimism is your best and worst quality, Alvin.

(beat)

How long do you think I can continue to go out there?

Alvin feels deeply for Sayf's predicament.

ALVIN

I'm doin' all I can, Sayf.

Sayf nods, he knows Alvin's trying, but can't help thinking the worst.

SAYF

You're losing translators every day. If the patrols find a body with no head, no feet and no hands, it's going to be Amir. That's why he didn't show up today. The same will happen to me...

(beat)

You live behind these walls. We are out there, men with no country. If the wrong person sees us, recognizes us -- then we are done. And it was all for nothing.

ALVIN

Your sacrifice is not gonna be for nothin'. I promise you.

SAYF

Prove this to me then, Alvin. Get
me that visa.

Alvin leans back in his chair, keeping silent rather than
hear himself continue making promises he can't keep.

Sayf rises from his seat and leans in to impress his point:

SAYF (CONT'D)

Whatever it is I need to do, I no
longer care -- I just need to get
out of this country.

ALVIN

Okay, Sayf, okay...

(beat)

I'll be in touch about your next
placement.

Sayf forces a smile and nods his goodbye. As he exits,
Alvin's phone RINGS. Alvin picks it up.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

(concerned)

This is Johnson. What? Jesus
Christ...

PRELAP the sounds of SIRENS...

EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE TUBE STATION - EARLY EVENING

The aftermath of the bus explosion. POLICE OFFICERS have
cordoned off the street using their cars and yellow-tape.
AMBULANCE TECHNICIANS and EMERGENCY RESPONSE PERSONNEL are
dispersed throughout the scene, treating the injured, rushing
the more critical patients into awaiting ambulances. It's a
disaster area covering several blocks.

The charred, dead bodies are being lined up on the street so
an accurate death-toll can be assessed.

The CAMERA finds Sabina sitting on the sidewalk, a blanket
draped over her. She's sipping a cup of water
absentmindedly, her expression blank.

A MAN with an ID BADGE hanging over his neck softly
approaches Sabina.

MAN

Excuse me, Miss Hussain?

Sabina looks up at him, barely seeing a human being, but the Man takes this as an invitation to continue. His name is PATRICK DOYLE (30s, Irish).

SABINA

What?

Sabina's POV: Patrick is talking, but we/Sabina can't hear much of anything except for the high-pitched RINGING in her ears.

PATRICK

Are you all right?

Leave Sabina's POV --

Sabina looks at him, nods slowly. Patrick motions his hand to ask if he can take a seat next to her, she nods again. He takes out his BUSINESS CARD and hands it to her.

She studies it while he talks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

My name is Inspector Doyle, Special Branch.

(off her silence)

One of the EMTs gave me your name.

Sabina remains silent, tucks his card into her pocket.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It is my understanding you saw the bus explode.

A beat, then a nod. Another beat as she turns her attention to the burnt remains of the bus -- she loses her composure for a moment, but Patrick's voice brings her back.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I know you've been through a lot today, but if you could tell me anything, anything at all, about what you saw...

Sabina takes another beat.

SABINA

This ringing in my ears. It won't stop.

Patrick gives her a calming smile:

PATRICK
The tinnitus will go away
eventually.

Sabina cups her hand to her ear to isolate the ringing. She removes it, wincing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Whatever you can tell me will be
immensely helpful, okay?

Sabina nods.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Did you see the bomber run onto the
bus? Man or woman?

SABINA
Man.

PATRICK
Can you describe him? Any details
at all?

SABINA
(considering)
He had baggy jeans, he ran on to
the bus, but... he had trouble
running. Just like all the boys
around town, you know? Always
pullin' 'em up.

Patrick makes a note of this on a pad he's taken out of his jacket pocket.

SABINA (CONT'D)
He had a winter hat on, pulled down
over his face -- like a bank
robber. It was black.

PATRICK
Was he carrying a bag at all?

SABINA
...no.

He makes another note.

PATRICK
Is there anything--

ALI (O.S.)
(yelling)
Sabina! Sabina!

Patrick and Sabina turn to see -- Ali and her mother NADIA HUSSAIN (late 40s).

ALI (CONT'D)
Let us through, that's our
daughter!

They're being kept back by a POLICEMAN, Ali's irate. Tears flow down Nadia's cheeks.

Patrick waves for the Policeman to let them through. They rush over to Sabina, Nadia hugs her tightly.

Ali grabs Sabina away. He's holding her by her shoulders -- it's the irrational anger of a father who has no idea how to comfort his daughter.

ALI (CONT'D)
I told you to be home by seven.
You lied to me, Sabina!

NADIA
Ali, stop it!

Sabina breaks down. Ali's anger subsides seeing how upset his daughter is. He lets her go, Sabina goes back to her mother's comforting arms. Ali directs his rage at Patrick.

ALI
Why are you interrogating my
daughter? She's done nothing.

PATRICK
Mr. Hussain, I was doing nothing of
the kind. I was--

ALI
(interrupting)
You think because she's Pakistani
she's responsible?

PATRICK
Mr. Hussain, that's ridiculous.

Sabina stifles her tears.

SABINA
It's okay, Dad. I just wanted to
help...

Ali silences her with his glare.

ALI

I'm taking our daughter home.
She'll answer no more of your
questions.

(to Sabina and Nadia)

Come, let's go.

Sabina is in no mood to fight, the thought of home a
comforting one.

Ali puts his arm around his wife and daughter.

ALI (CONT'D)

(to Sabina)

It's all right. You're safe. I'm
sorry I got angry... Let's get you
home...

We hold on Patrick as he watches the Hussain family make
their way past the police tape...

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS FLOOR - ONE POLICE PLAZA - NYC - MIDDAY

CLOSE on a TV screen showing CNN. A BRITISH REPORTER is
standing outside of the South Kensington tube station. Black
smoke rising in the background. Police and fire engines are
on the scene. The NEWS CRAWL at the bottom of the screen
reads: "Five Bus Bombings at Rush Hour Rock London."

REPORTER

-- a coordinated attack across the
city of London this afternoon
during rush hour. Five bombings in
all. Transportation in the city
has come to a complete halt.

DET. CARL DEITRICH (50s), DET. DENISE VASQUEZ (30s), and
LIEUTENANT BILL CONLAN (40s), are watching the CNN broadcast
on a small television inside the IAB break room.

DENISE

-- They're in the business of this
shit. It's all about money. Ain't
no difference between El-kay-eeda
and the kids who sling off
Eldridge.

CONLAN

Nothin' 'cept those corner boys
won't be blowin' themselves up
anytime soon. They like spendin'
that green way too much.

Bobby pokes his head into the room, his eyes resting on the footage playing on the TV -- he's visibly affected by it.

DENISE

They're blowin' themselves up, it's just a slow burnin' fuse.

BOBBY

(clearing his throat)
Connie, you wanted to see me?

Conlan exits.

IN THE OPEN OFFICE

Bobby and Conlan walk and talk down the hall past a seemingly endless row of H-shaped double-occupant cubicles.

CONLAN

You see this shit on the news? They used kids, Bobby. Fuckin' kids. Life don't mean shit to people who think this ain't all there is.

Bobby looks away from Conlan.

CONLAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, Bobby. Didn't mean to--

BOBBY

S'all right...

Conlan moves past the uncomfortable beat:

CONLAN

You get anything from Melvin?

Bobby shakes his head.

CONLAN (CONT'D)

He clammed up?

BOBBY

He wasn't gonna talk.

CONLAN

(not happy)
We got dragged into this Port Authority business, somethin' we ain't even supposed to be a part of. Homeland Security is going to be up my ass the next couple'a weeks 'cause of this London mess.

(MORE)

CONLAN (CONT'D)
We gotta make sure that shit is
tidy.

BOBBY
(annoyed)
I can't force the guy to talk,
Connie.

Conlan takes a beat, knowing what he's about to say isn't
going to go over well with Bobby.

CONLAN
I want you to go see your old
friend. Tell him he's got some
holes in his boat.

BOBBY
Connie...

Like a Catholic priest at mass, Conlan does the Sign of the
Cross in the air in front of Bobby.

CONLAN
Consider it your penance.

Bobby couldn't be unhappier.

BOBBY
You're makin' me go to Jersey?

CONLAN
I'm makin' you go to Jersey.

Conlan turns and walks away, leaving Bobby to just shake his
head.

INT. HUSSAIN HOME - NIGHT

An upper-middle class home. The decor is restrained while
also being an unmistakably Pakistani household.

The door opens and Ali leads Nadia and Sabina into the home.
The events of the day have taken their toll on Sabina -- she
looks worn out and exhausted.

Sabina sits down on the couch.

NADIA
Let me get you some tea.

Ali walks over to Sabina and kisses her gently on the
forehead.

ALI

If anything were to have happened
to you...

(beat)

Why did you lie to me... You said--

Sabina looks up at her father, her eyes silencing him. Ali relaxes, knows it's not the time to reprimand her.

SABINA

Can you put on the news?

ALI

Are you sure? After all you've
been through...

SABINA

Please. I want to see what
happened.

Ali turns on the television to the BBC news.

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

--just received this video. A
group called Jamet al-Islam is
claiming to have perpetrated the
attack that took place earlier
today claiming the lives of at
least 127 people and injuring 33
more.

ON Ali as he turns to Sabina, looking to gauge her reaction.

ALI

Do you want me to change it?

SABINA

No, please, I want to see...

BACK TO: the television as a MARTYR VIDEO is being played. A large, green FLAG with a white star and crescent hangs behind a MASKED FIGURE. Obviously a man, but on closer exam, a young man. He reads from a sheet of paper he holds in front of him. He speaks in nervous bursts of Arabic.

MASKED FIGURE

(on TV; subtitled)

*No longer can we Muslims who live
in the West stand by while our
brothers and sisters back home die
by the West's sword every day.*

ON Sabina, her eyes intently focused on the video.

Ali looks over to his daughter, seeing how she's taking this all in. It takes him by surprise when she jumps forward saying:

SABINA
It's Naeem!

Ali turns to her, confused.

ALI
What?

SABINA
It's-it's... his eyes...

Sabina moves closer to the television. Ali's eyes move from the TV to his daughter and back again -- trying to make sense of what she's saying.

Nadia walks in from the kitchen.

NADIA
What is going on?

Nadia turns to look at the television, all three of them intently focused on the broadcast.

ALI
It can't be him. You must be mistaken.

Sabina works through what this means, the events of the previous evening playing through her head -- she starts to sob.

ON the TV:

MASKED FIGURE
*We must, as Muslims at war, strike
back at the West in its own heart.*

ON Sabina:

SABINA
It's him. It's Naeem...

CLOSE on the Masked Figure's eyes as we...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CENTRAL POLICE DESK - DETECTIVES FLOOR - JERSEY CITY,
NEW JERSEY - AFTERNOON

Bobby walks uncomfortably down the hallway. He stops a
DETECTIVE going the opposite direction.

BOBBY

Where's Detective Ramsey sit?

DETECTIVE

Lieutenant.

BOBBY

What?

DETECTIVE

It's Lieutenant Ramsey.

Bobby takes in this information as the Detective points to an
office at the end of the hall. Bobby nods his thanks, walks
to the office. The plaque on the door reads: RICHARD RAMSEY,
LIEUTENANT.

Before Bobby enters he takes a beat, steeling himself. He
exhales and KNOCKS on the open door as he enters.

RICK'S OFFICE

Is small. Made even more so by the stacks of case folders
piled around the office. Seated behind the desk is RICHARD
"RICK" RAMSEY (40s, handsome, charming).

BOBBY

Hey Rick.

Rick looks up from a case folder he's looking at and a big
smile jumps across his face.

RICK

Holy shit.

Rick quickly runs over to Bobby, engulfing him in a hug --
he's happy to see him.

BOBBY

Long time, Rick.

RICK

No shit long time.

Rick lets Bobby go, motions for him to take a seat. Rick sits back behind his desk. Bobby is visibly uncomfortable being there, but feigns happiness as best he can.

BOBBY
Lieutenant, huh?

Rick shrugs, almost embarrassed.

RICK
The hell brought you out here?

BOBBY
Thought I'd come an' say hello.

Rick's smile fades.

RICK
Just like that, huh?

BOBBY
Been a while.

RICK
(sour)
Two years.

Bobby doesn't respond.

RICK (CONT'D)
You plannin' on stoppin' by the house on your good will tour?

BOBBY
I hadn't thought of it.

RICK
No, course you didn't.

BOBBY
They're in better hands than they were.

RICK
(calmly)
Fuck you. There's the right thing ta do and there's the fuckin' thing you did. You got no right to play the martyr.

There's a long pause as Rick swallows his anger. Then:

RICK (CONT'D)

I can't imagine you came here to see me uncompelled so what piece of IAB business brought you down here.

Bobby takes a moment. The guise of friendship now gone -- they're just two cops, talking shop.

BOBBY

Since IAB's overseein' internal affairs for the Port Authority these days, my lieutenant wanted me see about makin' sure there aren't any cracks.

Rick is displeased by the idea of someone trying to oversee his department.

RICK

Merchandise goin' missing is as old as humans been sailing. I told those Homeland guys, they got nothin' to worry about. Neither does IAB.

BOBBY

You know a small time guy by the name'a Melvin Melvin? Did some day shifts off-loading tankers? He got a pass through port security with a van full'a TVs. Was pulled over for a busted tail-light, the unlucky prick.

RICK

Chatted with him once or twice. I think we checked him out since he did some time -- seemed all right though. Far as I knew, he was straight.

(beat)

He didn't give up the checker?

BOBBY

Nope. Didn't say a word.

(beat)

My boss is worried it's a symptom of a larger problem. With what happened in London today, he's worried the higher-ups are gonna come down on him over any little thing.

(beat)

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

He wants you and I to check out
your guys -- interview a few and
see if we can't come up with the
person who's takin' a cut to look
the other way.

RICK

See who's sportin' a new gold watch
and payin' for rounds at the bar,
you mean?

BOBBY

Exactly.

Rick mulls this over, finds a perversity in it.

RICK

Partners again, huh?

BOBBY

Looks like.

Rick smiles as Bobby gets up and extends his hand. Rick is
confused by the abruptness of his departure.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

RICK

That's it?

BOBBY

Guess so.

RICK

Tomorrow then.

BOBBY

Tomorrow.

Rick rises, shakes his hand -- his icy demeanor warms and
Bobby's friend emerges.

RICK

Listen, it's good to see you,
Bobby. Really.

(beat)

There're people that still care
about you, not that you really give
a goddamn...

BOBBY

I know...

(beat)

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Tell Marcy I say hi... And give my
 love to Junior. Tell 'im... I
 dunno, tell 'im whatever you think
 I should say.

RICK
 Yeah. All right.

Bobby makes for the door.

RICK (CONT'D)
 Seeya tomorrow -- partner.

Bobby nods unenthusiastically and shuts the door behind him.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL ZONE - ASSASSINS' GATE - DAY

Sayf stands in a long line of Iraqis waiting to exit the safety of the International Zone to the chaotic streets of Baghdad. The CROWD moves slowly through the checkpoint manned by US MARINES. The area is surrounded by concrete breakers -- the CROWD files through an area of chain-link fencing.

Sayf's eyes peer past the concrete blockages to see THREE ALAASA or "chewers" -- insurgent lookouts whose job it is to intimidate any other Iraqis who may be working with the Coalition. The Chewers stand, leaning against a car, smoking cigarettes.

One Chewer in particular, MOHAMMED MUSTAFA (30s, stoic, intense), catches Sayf's eye, he recognizes him from somewhere -- enough to cause an immediate panic --

Sayf looks down, hoping the recognition isn't mutual. After a beat, Sayf peeks to see if he's caught Mohammed's interest.

Mohammed taps the Chewer next to him who we'll call SUNGLASSES (40s), and points at Sayf --

-- who watches the whole thing, he's been made. The line creeps along and, with each step forward, Sayf's anxiety grows more evident.

Sayf makes it to the GUARD at the gate who is ushering everyone through and leans in close to him.

SAYF
 (low)
 Hit me, please.

GUARD
 What'd you say?

SAYF

Hit me. You will save my life if
you hit me.

GUARD

(annoyed and confused)
Move along.

The Guard pushes Sayf forward.

Desperate, Sayf turns back towards the Guard, who, in turn,
shoves him defensively with the body of his M16.

GUARD (CONT'D)

I told you to move along, haji.

Again, Sayf makes an aggressive move towards the Guard -- the
Guard SLUGS him in the stomach with the butt of his rifle,
crumpling him.

Sayf labors to his feet, then lunges at the Guard and grabs
him -- he does not make an attempt to hit him. Sayf is
definitely selling the altercation to the Chewers. In the
small struggle:

SAYF

Hit me again. Please, hit me.

GUARD

You're crazy.

The confused Guard breaks Sayf's grasp and PUMMELS him with
his fist and slams the butt of his gun into his back.

The Crowd behind them reacts with a mixture of fear and
anger. Some protestations are heard in Arabic.

Winded, the Guard stops.

SAYF

(barely audible)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry... Thank
you...

The Guard shakes his head, more confused than angry. He
bends over to pick Sayf up and tosses him through the exit.

GUARD

Crazy sonofabitch.

Bleeding and gasping for breath, Sayf stumbles several yards
away from the gate and eventually falls to the ground.

Mohammed tosses his cigarette and makes his way across the line of traffic. ARABIC in *italics*.

Mohammed
Are you all right?

Sayf coughs a spat of blood and wipes his bloody lips. Mohammed helps him to his feet. As he does this, Sayf notices a horrible patch of scar tissue on his arm, the result of a severe burn.

SAYF
Thank you.
(beat)
You look very familiar.

MOHAMMED
I used to see you around before --

Mohammed motions his head towards the International Zone.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)
-- the imperialists.
(beat)
My name is Mohammed Mustafa. And you are Sayf Abdallah, yes?

Sayf looks at him, confused. How did he know? Mohammed smiles awkwardly at Sayf.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)
I know you from university. We were in the same Western literature class.

Sayf is taken aback, his eyes open with recognition.

SAYF
Yes, I remember you. You were always fond of arguing with the professor. I was jealous of your confidence.

Mohammed smiles at this classification of his younger self.

MOHAMMED
You have mistaken those displays of arrogance as something else it seems -- I spent many thoughtless hours in youth.

Sayf tests his tender ribs and winces.

SAYF

I think we all have.

They share a smile at old times.

MOHAMMED

What were you doing inside there?

SAYF

(lying)

I went to find out information about my cousin. They took him in the middle of the night a few days ago. His wife is worried she'll never see him again.

(beat)

It took me five hours to find out they could not tell me anything.

MOHAMMED

What is his name? I know certain people who can find out this type of information.

SAYF

You don't need to go to the trouble...

MOHAMMED

It is no trouble, brother. We help each other when we can, yes?

SAYF

(nods)

Ibrahim Abdallah.

MOHAMMED

I will see what I can find out.

SAYF

Do you stand outside the Gate all day helping people to their feet?

MOHAMMED

Sometimes. And sometimes I stand there to make the thoughtless a bit more... mindful.

SAYF

A chewer...

Mohammed answers him with a coy smile.

MOHAMMED

Traitors need to be reminded that Allah will not be kind those who go against his will.

Mohammed pats Sayf on his back.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

I must get back to my post. Allah has brought us together and I must take advantage of such a meeting.

Mohammed takes out a small piece of paper and, using a pen, scratches an address onto it.

SAYF

What do you mean?

MOHAMMED

(handing him paper)

Come to this address tonight. Seven PM. We can show you how not to be so helpless when dealing with the Americans.

(beat)

When one strikes you next time, he will learn the consequences.

Sayf stares at the piece of paper.

SAYF

What is this?

Mohammed

(he turns and walks away)

Tonight. Seven PM.

Sayf watches Mohammed make his way back to stand next to Sunglasses. He turns his attention back to the piece of paper in his hand, his mind working over what kind offer this is...

PRELAP the sound of HEAVY INDUSTRIAL MUSIC...

INT. CIA BLACK SITE - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

OFF A BLINDING WHITE LIGHT we find Khalid, seated in the same chair. The music is agonizingly loud.

Khalid struggles to breath. His eyes closed tightly, his body is slumped forward over the table in a state of exhaustion.

It's apparent this has been going on for hours -- maybe even days. Then, all of a sudden, the FLOODLIGHTS shut off and the music STOPS.

The single bulb flashes on and the familiar white noise returns. It's quiet for several beats, then --

The door opens, Khalid slowly pulls his head up and his eyes flutter, adjusting to the absence of the floodlights.

Gibson enters -- he closes the door behind him and refrains from sitting down.

GIBSON

Are you going to tell me what I want to know?

KHALID

I have no responsibility to tell you anything other than name, rank, serial number.

GIBSON

You are not a soldier anymore -- you're a terrorist.

KHALID

You were terrorists once too.

GIBSON

That was a different war.

KHALID

All war is the same. Since Cain and Abel.

(beat)

You want to call me a terrorist? Then I call you imperialist.

Gibson gets up from the table, frustrated that he's not getting the answers he wants. He exits, slamming the door behind him.

After a beat, the pounding industrial music and floodlights return. Khalid closes his eyes and rests his head on the table, nothing to do but suffer through...

INT. HUSSAIN FAMILY HOME - SABINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sabina lies in her bed, eyes wide open. She sits up, listening to the silence of the night. All of a sudden she hears a TINK on the window.

She looks over at it, did she imagine it? Another TINK. She definitely didn't imagine that one.

She gets out of bed and goes to the window, opening it to see what is making the noise. Her eyes go wide --

It's Naeem -- alive and standing in her backyard.

SABINA

Naeem!

Sabina says it a bit too loud and Naeem frantically motions for her to be quiet. Confused and happy, Sabina is frozen in her window.

Naeem waves her to join him in the backyard -- Sabina nods.

EXT. HUSSAIN FAMILY HOME - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Sabina ever-so-gently closes the door behind her and rushes towards Naeem, embracing him. They speak just over a whisper:

SABINA

I thought -- I thought you were dead, Naeem. I thought you were dead.

(beat)

I saw you on the telly...

NAEEM

I couldn't go through with it.

SABINA

I was right near one of the buses. I almost...

Naeem releases her and looks at her in the eyes, he's full of concern.

NAEEM

Are you all right? Were you hurt?

SABINA

I'm fine. But... why would you want to do that? All those people, Naeem...

NAEEM

I know, I -- I thought I had no choice.

Naeem's expression changes to concern.

NAEEM (CONT'D)
 You can't tell anyone I'm alive,
 Sabina. No one can know.

Sabina nods, disturbed by his intensity.

SABINA
 I just, I don't understand. That's
 why you came back? To blow
 yourself up?

A light goes on in one of the rooms overlooking the backyard -
 - Naeem starts to panic.

NAEEM
 (reacting to the light)
 I have to go. You're the only one
 I can trust, Sabina.

SABINA
 But--

NAEEM
 (frantically)
 Tomorrow. Whitechapel station, by
 the movie theatre. Six o'clock.
 Tell no one, Sabina -- no one.

And with that Naeem slips into the darkness and over the
 fence to the adjacent lot.

Sabina is left alone, confused but relieved Naeem is alive.

ALI (O.S.)
 Sabina. What are you doing out
 here?

Sabina nearly jumps out of her skin at his voice. She turns
 to see her father silhouetted by the light coming from the
 kitchen.

SABINA
 I just... wanted some air. I
 couldn't sleep.

Ali beckons for her to join him in the kitchen.

ALI
 Come, my darling. Come here.

Sabina walks slowly over to her father's open arms, she wipes
 away at her tear-stained cheeks.

Ali gives her a fatherly hug.

ALI (CONT'D)

It will be okay. I know you are
upset, but Naeem is with Allah now.
Take comfort in that...

Sabina fights every urge she has to contradict him -- but she remains quiet, holding tightly on to her father.

EXT. YARMOUK DISTRICT STREET - BAGHDAD, IRAQ - NIGHT

Sayf makes his way slowly down the street, his eyes going from the address on the piece of paper to scanning for the building that matches it.

He stops outside of a small hookah bar, this must be the place. Sayf takes a deep breath and walks in.

INT. HOOKAH BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sayf approaches an ELDERLY MAN seated behind a counter.
Arabic in *italics*:

SAYF

Excuse me, but... I'm looking for--

The man smiles a toothless grin and points at the ceiling.

Sayf sees a staircase, nods a thanks to the Elderly Man and walks up. Sayf notices a small surveillance camera tucked in the top corner of the staircase.

INT. HALLWAY ABOVE HOOKAH BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sayf stands in front of a locked door. He knocks and waits. No answer. He looks around and, above him, he sees another security camera. A BUZZ sound unlocks the door, surprising Sayf.

He pushes it open and sees, waiting on the other side with a smile, Mohammed.

MOHAMMED

*Welcome, Sayf. Welcome. Please,
come in.*

INT. ROOM ABOVE HOOKAH BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sayf steps tentatively into the room, an uneasy look on his face.

Several other MEN, EIGHT in total, are seated around the small meeting room -- all of them apprehensive of the new person in their midst.

MOHAMMED

*Everyone, this is Sayf Abdallah.
An old friend that Allah has been
generous enough to bring back into
my life.*

Sayf's eyes slowly make their way through their faces, he sees Sunglasses amongst men in the room. The final BEARDED MAN Sayf sees seems eerily familiar -- he searches his memory as to how he knows him.

Sayf is caught staring at him for a moment when Mohammed intervenes:

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

(to Sayf)

*Everything all right, Sayf? This
is Ahmed Jabaar, have you two met
before?*

It's the insurgent that Sergeant Balunis was looking for in Act One.

Sayf limply offers his hand to Ahmed and they shake.

SAYF

*I don't believe I've had the
pleasure...*

Off Sayf's uneasiness, we...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - AFTERNOON

Bobby walks through the city's crowded streets. Bobby's cell-phone chirps, he begrudgingly picks it up:

BOBBY
 (into the phone)
 This's Bobby-- He what?-- Jesus
 Christ, fuck me-- Where? Yeah,
 shit.

Bobby hangs up the phone. He rubs his head in frustration, this was not good news...

INT. ROOM ABOVE THE HOOKAH BAR - LATER

Sayf releases Ahmed's hand. Mohammed puts his arm around him, leaving him further into the room. Arabic in *italics*.

MOHAMMED
*I made some inquiries about your
 cousin.*

Sayf's blood starts pumping, knowing he has no such cousin --

SAYF
What were you able to find out?

MOHAMMED
I have found no information.

SAYF
*Oh? That is a shame. Thank you
 for--*

MOHAMMED
 (interrupting)
*The reason I found nothing is that
 there is no record of an Ibrahim
 Abdullah having been taken in to
 custody.*

The Men standing in the room tighten the circle they are standing in around Mohammed and Sayf. Sayf takes notice of this, but he does not show his fear.

SAYF
*It is true, I have no cousin. Your
 hands do indeed reach far. It
 seems I underestimated you.*

MOHAMMED
 (finding that amusing)
"Underestimated" me?

SAYF
*I wanted to see if you were a true
 jihadist, not like the brash,
 arrogant child who I went to school
 with.*

Sunglasses grabs Sayf and puts him in an arm lock.

MOHAMMED
*You better start making sense,
 quickly.*

Sayf smiles, unaffected by the world of shit he's currently in.

SAYF
Look in my front pocket.

Confused, Mohammed reaches into Sayf's pocket and pulls out --
 Sayf's GREEN INTERNATIONAL ZONE BADGE.

MOHAMMED
You work for them?!

Sunglasses tightens his hold on Sayf, the other Men move in --
 it's not looking good for Sayf.

SAYF
*Yes, I work for them -- but only so
 that I could move freely in and out
 of the Zone. I needed to find
 someone who had the means and the
 reach to strike them at their
 hearts.
 (beat)
 Allah gave me you.*

The whole room is a bit thrown off, who is this guy to be
 testing THEM --

MOHAMMED
What are you saying?

SAYF
*If we're going to destroy the Green
 Zone, we've got a lot of planning
 ahead of us...*

Each of the men share a look with one another, is Sayf serious? Off his convincing eyes...

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

CLOSE on the open eyes of Melvin Melvin. We PULL OUT to see he's sprawled out on the pavement, dead -- his shirt is soaked with blood, shot several times in the chest.

Police cruisers' lights are flashing red and blue, UNIFORMED COPS are cordoning off the crime scene. HOMICIDE DETECTIVES are taking statements from witnesses while the MEDICAL EXAMINER and a CSI TEAM are collecting evidence.

Bobby is bent over, looking into Melvin's vacant eyes.

ESPINOSA (O.S.)
S'not good when you IAB guys show
up.

Bobby turns, standing behind him is DETECTIVE MIKE ESPINOSA (40s).

ESPINOSA (CONT'D)
Like a black cat or somethin'.

BOBBY
Hey Espinosa.

ESPINOSA
What was he to you?

BOBBY
A lead. As of yesterday, he was in
jail. You know how he comes to be
back out on the street?

ESPINOSA
His girlfriend or somethin' bailed
him out a few hours ago.

BOBBY
You mean his wife?

ESPINOSA
Court had it written down as a --
(checking his notes)
-- D'Shawna Stevens. Probably
wanted to avoid any hassle.
Girlfriend ain't likely gonna tear
him a new one, ya know?

Espinosa walks away to talk with another COP.

Bobby considers this with what Melvin told him earlier -- something doesn't gel about a girlfriend being in the picture. Bobby stares at Melvin's body with a mixture of regret and something we haven't seen from him before: purpose.

BOBBY

You aren't gonna let me forget ya,
is that it?

We PUSH IN on Bobby's eyes and PRELAP the sound of dripping water...

INT. CIA BLACK SITE - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

Drops of water form small puddles around Khalid's chair. We TILT UP to see Khalid -- his head wet, his body shivering.

The door opens, Gibson enters. There's a hint of regret on his face. There are several quiet beats, then:

GIBSON

You're a tough son-of-a-bitch, I'll
give you that.

Khalid receives this like a great honor.

KHALID

"Give me liberty or give me death."
(off Gibson's stare)
Who do you think the people are
that we look up to? George
Washington. Patrick Henry.
Nathaneal Greene... Those are our
heroes. If they were arrested in
these times, they would be called
"enemy combatants." "Terrorists."

GIBSON

You hate everything about our
country.

KHALID

We hate what you've become.
You have forgotten your own brief
history -- you were in our shoes
once, remember?

GIBSON

You flew two planes into the Twin
Towers, you attacked us. We were
responding to your aggression, not
the other way around.

KHALID

You decided to put your troops and your influence into our affairs long before that. Did you not learn from the Russians? From the British before them? All we want is to be left alone.

GIBSON

You've made that impossible.

KHALID

You should have listened to George Washington, "Foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes..."

(beat)

All we ask, but you do not listen...

Gibson doesn't respond. The only sound in the room is that of drops of water falling intermittently off of Khalid and into the small pools forming on the floor around him.

INT. CAB - BAGHDAD STREET - EVENING

Sayf stares out the cab's window, taking in his city's street-life. An AMERICAN CONVOY of HUMVEES loudly passes by the cab.

Sayf (V.O.)

(spoken just higher than a whisper)

Alvin, this is number four-four-two-six. No matter what your promises are, I can no longer wait on them. I have found a way into a lion's den. If I do something extraordinary, then maybe your superiors will find it hard to ignore my plea and grant me a visa.

Sayf looks behind him out the rear window, his eyes searching for any evidence of someone following him.

INT. CAB - EVENING

The cab drives around the Kamal Junblat Square and continues west down Jamia Street. Sayf looks back through the rear window, no sign of a tail.

SAYF

Please take the next left.

The Driver makes the left onto a quiet street.

SAYF (CONT'D)
Here is good. Thanks.

The Driver stops, Sayf pays him and exits the cab.

EXT. KARADAH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sayf takes a final look around, it's quiet. Only a few PEOPLE walking on the street. A loud television ECHOES through the neighborhood.

SAYF (V.O.)
 If I must offer my life to do this,
 then so be it.

Sayf walks down the street and into a hotel.

INT. KARADAH HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Sayf nods at the MAN behind the front desk and continues on through to the back of the hotel.

SAYF (V.O.)
 You will not hear from me for a
 while, not until I can contact you
 safely.
 (beat)
 But if you do not hear from me in
 three days, you will most likely
 never hear from me ever again.

He exits the back door into --

EXT. KARADAH ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Sayf takes a right out of the back door and moves quickly towards a flight of stairs leading to a door in a nondescript building -- he takes out a key from his pocket and unlocks the door.

SAYF (V.O.)
 May Allah grant me strength. And
 luck...

He quietly closes the door behind him --

INT. SAYF'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sayf moves slowly through the unadorned apartment. It's only a few hundred square feet and there's two rooms off the cramped hallway. With a cellular phone up to his ear, Sayf walks into the kitchen. There's a high-chair next to the table.

SAYF

Take care, Alvin. Thank you for
all you've tried to do.

Sayf hangs up the phone and places the cell phone on the table, fraught with worry about the decision he's made. He walks out of the kitchen and into --

INT. SAYF'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A BABY sleeps in a crib next to the wall and in the bed we see RASHIDA ABDALLAH (late 20s, pretty).

Sayf walks over to the baby's crib and takes a long, loving look at his child.

He then removes his shirt and takes off his trousers. He tries to gently lower himself into bed -- but she jumps at the movement. She's a woman on the verge of panic at all times.

SAYF

It's me, my love. It's me...

Rashida's heart pounds.

RASHIDA

*You weren't supposed to be home for
another two days. I thought you
were... I thought...*

SAYF

*I know, Rashida, I know... It's all
right.*

Rashida's eyes adjust to see Sayf's bruised face --

RASHIDA

(concerned)
What happened?

SAYF

It's nothing, I'm fine.

She starts to quietly sob.

RASHIDA

*I can't keep worrying like this,
Sayf. I can't...*

SAYF

*I think I have found a way to get
us out of here. For us all to be
safe.*

RASHIDA

How are you going to do this? How?

Sayf holds her tightly to him, trying to calm her down.

SAYF

Shhh, my love. Lay down with me.

Rashida turns her back to him and Sayf spoons her, burying his head in the nape of her neck.

SAYF (CONT'D)

*I will make it so that we can be a
family that does not look over its
shoulder every second, of every
day.*

Rashida closes her wet eyes, trying to so hard to take comfort in her husband's words.

SAYF (CONT'D)

*I promise you. I will get us out
of here...*

Sayf doesn't close his eyes, his mind too busy trying to work out how he's going to keep that promise.

The CAMERA moves off of Sayf and Rashida -- THROUGH THE WINDOW and down to the alley to see: Ahmed. He stares up at the window, having followed Sayf to his home. Off this we...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. CIA BLACK SITE - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

Back in the familiar room. Wearing an orange prison jumpsuit, Khalid's appearance is remarkably different -- he's had a shave and a haircut. For the first time his hands are unrestrained.

Gibson is seated across from him, a folder open on the table. Gibson hands Khalid a document.

While Khalid looks it over:

GIBSON

You're going to be moved to Guantanamo where you'll await trial.

KHALID

(looking up from the document)

We are at war, you and I...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAYF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sayf lays in bed, Rashida sleeps next to him. His eyes are open, troubled.

KHALID (V.O.)

But you refuse to use the correct definitions.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRASH LANDFILL - BAGHDAD - SUNRISE

A BODY, headless and handless, its arms tied behind its back, lies disposed on a refuse pile. It's the body of AMIR, the other translator that Sayf and Alvin talked about in ACT TWO.

CUT TO:

INT. HUSSAIN HOME - SABINA'S ROOM - LONDON - NIGHT

Sabina tosses in her bed. Sleep is hard to find after all that's happened to her. She takes a moment, then gets out of bed and walks over to her dresser.

She removes Agent Doyle's card she'd tucked away inside her jewelry box. She looks at it, contemplating the future.

KHALID (V.O.)

I don't enjoy the death that I've caused. I regret it, every day. I wish that there was a way for you to understand this.

Off her, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOUBLE-DECKER BUS - LONDON - NIGHT

-- Naeem's tired and worn out eyes. His hoodie pulled over his head, shielding his face from the other PASSENGERS. He stares out the window, his morose reflection staring back at him.

CUT TO:

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - SUNSET

Bobby sits in front of the only window of his cramped studio apartment. The window is open, his leg is propped up on the wall, the chair tilted back. He's listening to the SOUNDS of the city. The CAMERA PUSHES IN on a photograph on top of a small bookshelf against the wall -- it's of the Sozio family: Bobby, ANTHONY (8), MARCY (30s) and BOBBY JR. (10). All have toothy grins -- a moment of familial bliss captured. The Bobby in the photograph is in stark contrast to the one we've been following.

KHALID (V.O.)

But I want the record to state that I am a soldier.

GIBSON (V.O.)

You're an enemy combatant, Mr. Wazir. That's what the record will state.

We hold on Marcy's smile as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAMSEY RESIDENCE - JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY- SUNSET

-- Marcy, standing at the top of a stoop with a smile like the one in the photograph.

She opens her arms to receive -- Rick Ramsey. Rick is married to Bobby's ex-wife. Rick plants a kiss on her, they are the picture of happiness. Bobby Jr. can be seen through the window. Marcy and Rick enter into the building --

CUT TO:

INT. HUSSAIN IMPORTS - LONDON - EVENING

Talib is seated in front of the computer again -- it's open to the same singer's website. He's typing something in Arabic on the message board, something that isn't translated.

KHALID (V.O.)
Why can't you say how things really
are?

He hits enter and the messages posts on the board --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM

-- Another computer screen, someone is looking at Talib's post. We keep pulling back to reveal, an ARAB MAN (20s) sitting in front of the computer in what looks to be a very dingy room. A single flood lamp illuminates the room. There are no windows. Papers and passports from multiple countries are scattered on a desk.

KHALID (V.O.)
War has been going on as long as
there have been people on this
earth.

Keep pulling back further to see crumpled sleeping bags and blankets on the floor. The whole room is odd, it's too makeshift a room to be an actual room. The walls are made of corrugated metal.

KHALID (V.O.)
You Americans think that war can be
won with words and forget that it
is fought with bullets, with bombs -
- with people.

Pull back even more to see another ARABIC MAN, sitting on the floor, cross-legged, playing solitaire. He beckons for the Man at the computer to join him, who does. The Man playing solitaire shuffles the cards and deals them to both of them.

KHALID (V.O.)
 You want to turn Muslims into the
 villains. Like the Indians in the
 western movies.

Keep pulling back to see a CONTAINER in the corner, it has
 the familiar nuclear material marking on the side of its
 silver cylinder.

KHALID (V.O.)
 But we speak the same savage
 language as you.
 (beat)
 The only one you have ever
 understood -- the language of
 bodies.

The CAMERA pulls back through the wall to reveal --

INT. A SHIP'S CARGO CONTAINER

The Two Men are living inside a shipping container, one
 amongst dozens in the hull of a freighter.

KHALID (V.O.)
 Someday you will learn this. But
 until then --

Keep pulling back --

EXT. SEA - DAY

A ship, adrift in the blue sea.

A CHYRON reads: **Atlantic Ocean**

KHALID (V.O.)
 -- we will keep talking, louder and
 louder, until you decide to listen.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA BLACK SITE - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

Khalid and Gibson are holding a stare. Khalid's speech has
 left Gibson quiet.

KHALID
 (re: the document)
 May I have a pen?

Gibson reaches into his jacket and hands his pen to Khalid. Khalid signs the bottom of the document and hands it back to Gibson without another word. The veiled threat hangs in the air as we --

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT