

KINGDOM

Screenplay by
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4/26/2006 - Work in Progress

MICHAEL MANN / FORWARD PASS
PETER BERG / FILM 44
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LOS ANGELES, CA 90064

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1 INT. LOCATION UNKNOWN - TIME UNKNOWN 1

Hold on an empty 2' X 1' X 6" balsa wood box set on a dirty linoleum floor.

2 INT. WASHINGTON, DC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY 2 *

Legend: Ronald Fleury, FBI Special Agent in-Charge, Joint Terrorism Task Force

The FLEURY Family: RONALD, LYLA, and KEVIN, step into a maw of little families that look just like theirs. RONALD: handsome, built, quick, 36 years-old. LYLA: more handsome, better built, quicker, 34 years-old. KEVIN: their wiry 9 year-old son. *

'ME-DAY' in-progress: end of the year celebration, time for parents to say good-bye to teachers, lament time-passing with other parents. Ronald sees Kevin waving to a friend.

RONALD FLEURY
Isn't that Kyle?

KEVIN FLEURY
Yeah.

RONALD FLEURY
Didn't he pop you in the mouth last week?

KEVIN FLEURY
(chomping at the bit to
sprint to his Pal)
Yeah.

RONALD FLEURY
But you just waved back to him.

KEVIN FLEURY
Dad, that was last week.

RONALD FLEURY
(impressed)
Damn. Your Mom hasn't taught you
how to hold a grudge yet.

Lyra chuckles in spite of herself.

LYLA FLEURY
And your Dad hasn't taught you how
to throw the first punch yet.

Ronald chuckles openly. Kevin just waiting for the high sign.

RONALD FLEURY

Go.

Kevin immediately goes spaz, sprints to Kyle and a growing gaggle of other 9 year-olds, all desperate to ditch parents.

3 INT. LOCATION UNKNOWN - TIME UNKNOWN

3

Ancient hands line the 2' X 1' X 6" balsa wood box with bricks of putty-gray plastic explosive. We immediately notice the right hand is missing the index and middle fingers. The hands insert bright-red blasting caps into the explosives, lengths of detonating-wire emanating from each cap.

Another set of stronger, younger hands gently pours a mixture into the box now: ball bearings, children's jacks, marbles, razor blades, roofing nails. Everything malevolent densities and angles. Some pieces bounce out, run along the floor. The younger hands then start pressing/molding the pieces of soon-to-be shrapnel into the putty-gray plastic explosives.

4 INT. WASHINGTON DC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL- LATER

4 *

Ronald and Lyla approach Kevin's Teacher, MRS. HINTON: blonde, chubby, a healthy Catholic Martyr streak.

RONALD FLEURY

How are you Ma'am?

MRS. HINTON

Hello there Fleury Family: it's great to see you together. Lyla.

LYLA FLEURY

Hello Mrs. Hinton. How's our Boy?

MRS. HINTON

Well, good. Better. Actually great. You know he got into that little skirmish last week...

LYLA FLEURY

He told us. Thought for sure we'd hear from you too.

MRS. HINTON

No need for me to call: he turned the other cheek! Literally. It was amazing. Whole class admired it.

5 INT. LOCATION UNKNOWN - TIME UNKNOWN

5

The lengths of detonating wire are fed through pre-drilled holes on a wooden cover. The cover is attached to the box with nails and a rubber mallet: no sparks. The wires are braided into one, clipped to a lead on a servo-motor attached to the box-top. Then the finished box is placed into the front pouch of a white linen vest, another box already in the back pouch. The completed vest is then placed right next to another completed vest.

6 INT. WASHINGTON DC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

6

*

RONALD FLEURY

Sure it wasn't pity?

Lyla and Mrs. Hinton both look at Ronald: brute. Hinton forces a giggle.

MRS. HINTON

Yes, I'm sure it wasn't pity! Kevin can really be the sweetest boy when he's encouraged.

Lyla and Mrs. Hinton smile at the thought: Sweet Little Man. Ronald tries to, fails miserably. Mrs. Hinton sees it, immediately into chastise-mode:

MRS. HINTON (CONT'D)

Well Mr. Fleury, at least he's not threatening classmates with the Patriot Act anymore. Not using the fact that you're in the FBI and have 'big guns at home.'

RONALD FLEURY

No, I get it...I just gotta believe there's a happy-medium between the Patriot Act, and taking Kyle's uppercut without countering.

Lyla just shakes her head at Mrs. Hinton: welcome to my Hell.

MRS. HINTON

(beat, searching)

Well that...I'm sure...will get solved next year in the 4th grade.

Kevin screams: full-on dodgeball about to start. The boys are dividing into teams.

*

*

KEVIN FLEURY
DAD! C'MON! WE'RE THE ORIOLES!

7 EXT. AN UNKNOWN ROOFTOP - LATE DAY

7 *

Another family together. Muslim. Sitting at a table under a tented-canopy: a hunched GRANDFATHER, his 35 year-old SON, and his 8 and 15 year-old GRANDSONS. The youngest Grandson leans his weight into his Grandfather, who gently rubs the Boy's head with an ancient left hand. The Boy finger-paints in Arabic script, right to left, getting paint on the table. Read the translation:

There is no God but Allah.

The Grandfather's face is down, obscured by his *ghutra*: the head-wrap worn by some Muslim men. Never a clear view of his face. His 35 year old Son, and eldest Grandson sit next to them, the Son talking quietly on a cell phone, eyes set on something in the distance...

A Security Gate three hundred yards away. An entrance to some sort of Compound. The Compound looks like a walled-off subdivision, most of which we can see from this high up. It sits just on the other side of a traditional Middle Eastern market below, a deserted thoroughfare separating them.

The landscape is foreign. Scrub desert. Ten miles beyond, on the horizon: the shimmer of a modern skyline. Surreal monolithic shapes made more so by the heat.

Muted yells-claps-screams waft in from that Compound now. Catches the youngest Grandson's attention. Eyes lift up from his painting: the yells-claps-screams are coming from a softball game mostly visible behind the Compound's reinforced walls that extend a mile in each direction. Played on the only stretch of green grass visible from this vantage.

8 EXT. WASHINGTON DC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

8 *

Yells-claps-screams. A dodgeball game for all ages, all sexes. Fleury double cocks hard rubber. Takes aim on the little bastards.

9 YEAR-OLDS
BACK UP! BACK UP!

The little kids turn and run backwards. Expecting a huge hit. Kevin smiles huge.

9

EXT. COMPOUND MAIN ENTRANCE - LATE DAY

9

*

Sounds from the softball game much louder now, just over the walls. Security perimeters two checkpoints deep before you get to the main gate. A maze of concrete Jersey-barriers to slow all entering vehicles: give machine-gun emplacements flanking the entrance plenty of time to shred those vehicles if need be. Middle-Eastern Police platoons. 500 lbs. lift-gates to dissuade any vehicle that just tries to ram through.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM: a lean, 27 year-old Middle-Eastern Policeman in-command of the Entrance. Sweats through his uniform. A late-model Range Rover with blacked-out windows queues up. All the windows roll down: just a single, portly White Man behind the wheel. Haytham checks his ID as two other Uniformed Officers mirror-scan the bottom of the Rover.

No words nor smiles between Haytham and the Driver. Mutual, silent animosity. Other Officers checking the inside of the Rover now. They nod to Haytham, Haytham hands the ID back to the Driver. Windows rolls up. Lift-gate goes up. Range Rover pulls away, navigating the zig-zag jersey barriers.

10

INT. COMPOUND - NEXT MOMENT

10

Stay with the Range Rover as it moves deeper into the complex. Think middle-class Phoenix suburb circa 1960: stucco homes sandwiched between dormitory style apartment blocks, concrete and rock where grass should be.

The Range Rover passes the last obstacle, a sweeper: a Police Land Cruiser parked in the middle of the road -- last of the security. Official markings, emergency lights in the grill.

11

EXT. UNKNOWN ROOFTOP - SAME MOMENT

11

Youngest Grandson squinting, trying to study the softball game. Interest cut with jealousy. More muted cheers float. Behind and above him, his Grandfather's voice, rough as sand, to his 35 year-old Son, in Arabic:

GRANDFATHER (O.C.)
*Hang up. If they're not ready now,
 no words will change it.*

12 EXT. COMPOUND SOFTBALL DIAMOND - NEXT MOMENT

12

Another Middle-Eastern POLICEMAN takes in the motley competition: half-smiling, half-smirking at a plump-pink White Man cheering on his plump-pink 9 year-old Son sliding into third.

WHITE MAN
GET DIRTY!

Safe. Clapping and Hoots. The PITCHER: an older White Man in his middle forties visibly frustrated. A 25 year-old African-American Batter steps to the plate now. Pitcher turns to his Fielders:

PITCHER
STEP IT UP NOW!
(back the Batter)
Ready for my knuckle-curve?

The Batter just stays focused as the Pitcher tosses a high-lob. Batter smacks the ball a mile high, deep to left. The teammates of the plump-pink Boy on third:

TEAMMATES
TAG UP! WAIT 'TIL SHE CATCHES IT-

PITCHER
(spins, points up at the
ball)
-COMIN' HOME!

A 14 year-old Indian girl sprints underneath the fly-ball: sets up, catches it, juggles it, drops it.

13 EXT. UNKNOWN ROOF TOP - SAME MOMENT

13

The muted reaction to the dropped ball. The whole Family, save the youngest Grandson, intently focused on two Officers walking up to that Police Land Cruiser parked in the middle of the road, well inside the compound: no blinks now.

The youngest still enthralled by the softball game, the cheers, the running, the shorts and t-shirts. We see his Grandfather's left hand stop rubbing the Boy's head, and move to the Boy's temple, placed like a blinder so he can't see what's about to happen. In Arabic:

GRANDFATHER
Don't stop watching the game.

14 EXT. INSIDE THE COMPOUND WALLS - NEXT MOMENT 14

Noises from the softball game close again. Track these two Officers on foot walking toward the Police Land Cruiser ala shift change: nonchalant but quick.

15 INT. POLICE LAND CRUISER - SAME MOMENT 15

The Driver eyeing the two approaching Officers: something off about them. Uniforms wrinkled, one with a full beard. Driver turns to his Partner, in Arabic:

DRIVER

You have a copy of the duty rost-

-POP-POP-POP before the Driver finishes. The Officers on foot rapid-firing 9MM pistols. The Driver and Passenger hit multiple times instantly, crumble lifeless in their seats before anyone has time to process the sounds, link them to an attack. The two firing 'Officers' move low-fast like professionals: rip the fresh bodies from the Cruiser, jump in. The new Passenger rips an AR-15 rifle off the center console. The new Driver lays rubber into the Compound.

16 EXT. UNKNOWN ROOF TOP - SAME MOMENT 16

The youngest Grandson wide-eyed, startled, watches as every member of the Security Details in and around the Compound go prairie dog: search with necks extended, eyes wide -- what the fuck was that? The Boy tries to turn his head away from the game to look for himself: Grandfather just pushes his head back to the game, voice harder now, in Arabic:

GRANDFATHER (O.C.)

I said keep watching the game.

17 EXT. COMPOUND MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME MOMENT 17

Haytham instantly sprints toward another nearby Police Land Cruiser as most everyone else ducks. In Arabic:

SERGEANT HAYTHAM

LOCK DOWN!

Then points at the Officer in the Driver's seat:

SERGEANT HAYTHAM (CONT'D)

MOVE!

18 EXT. COMPOUND SOFTBALL DIAMOND - SAME MOMENT

18

Game forgotten. Parents up, screaming for loved ones, moving fast toward the parking lot. The Middle-Eastern Officer that has been watching the game hustles onto the field, next to the Pitcher, waves people toward him. Gathering but sporadic gun-fire in very near distance.

WATCHING OFFICER
(accented English)
COME TO ME! FOLLOW ME!

People immediately flocking around the authority figure.

CUT TO:

The 14 year-old Indian Girl running in, more puzzled than scared: why is that Cop wearing a jacket in this heat?

BACK TO:

The Officer rips a yellow gun-shape from his jacket pocket. The Pitcher sees it, instinctively tries to rip it away from him. Gets a handful of collar, pulls as violently as he can, shreds the front of the Officer's coat: a white linen vest with a bulge in-front underneath the jacket...

19 EXT. UNKNOWN ROOF TOP - SAME MOMENT

19

The youngest grandson's wide-eyed face. Then we see the Grandfather's right-hand slide down the other side of his youngest Grandson's face, coming to rest on his other temple: making sure he's still watching the Softball diamond now. The Grandfather's right hand: missing an index and middle finger -
- the ancient hands we saw building bomb vests earlier.

20 EXT. COMPOUND SOFTBALL DIAMOND - SAME MOMENT

20

Panic. The Officer swings the yellow gun-shape, what we now realize is an electric drill crudely modified into something else, bashes the Pitcher's face with it. Those that had gathered have turned, are sprint-stumbling away...

The Officer closes his eyes, depresses the drill trigger, vanishes before we comprehend the massive release of blue-black chaos, expanding in an ever-wider sphere. Immediate surroundings dissolve: players, parents, stands, cars, the light standards surrounding the field and parking lot.

21 EXT. CINDER-BLOCK CONCESSION STAND - SAME MOMENT 21

Located behind straight-a-way center field, at the nexus of four fields. We see it from profile as shock-wave and shrapnel blast the structure: another Officer hiding behind it. Staggers out now, sprawls ugly: balance fucked from a blown inner-ear. He also wears a jacket, and holds a modified yellow plastic power drill. And we remember seeing two completed white-linen suicide vests earlier. Moves uneasy toward screams in the nearby parking lot.

22 EXT. SOFTBALL DIAMOND PARKING LOT - NEXT MOMENT 22

The off-balance Officer stops over a 30 year-old African-American woman pinned under a Toyota. She hyperventilates, her bare leg and open-toed sandal kick at air. The Officer's breathing calms: the sight of exposed skin as divine reassurance. CLOSE-UP: the vented rear of the drill as the 14.4 volt motor sparks blue. A second blue-black explosion that shreds the parking lot as cars smash into one another desperate to escape.

23 EXT. ADJACENT STREET - NEXT MOMENT 23

Panicked women walking dogs. Frozen. A Police Land Cruiser with bullet-scarred windows roars around the corner. Stops near the women. They smile: cavalry to the rescue. Then a man with a full beard leans out the window with an AR-15: point-blank staccato. Tracers exit bodies, drill asphalt. The Land Cruiser rolls, spraying passing homes indiscriminate...

24 INT. JACKED LAND CRUISER - NEXT MOMENT 24

Tearing through the streets, Passenger firing at all signs of life. Sits back for a lightning-quick re-load. Leans back out -- before he can begin firing again-

25 EXT. COMPOUND STREET - SAME MOMENT 25

-another Police Land Cruiser from nowhere hammers their Driver's side. Vicious. The Passenger is launched out his window, head-first into the curb. Both vehicles smoke-screech. Momentary pause after the a massive collision.

Then Sergeant Haytham, 9MM in-hand, falls from the Second Land Cruiser.

Stalks bloody to the Passenger side of the jacked Land Cruiser still slowly rolling backwards, leaking all it's vital fluids, it's snapped drive-shaft leaving a groove in the pavement. And Sergeant Haytham empties his clip into the interior while walking along side.

The Officer Haytham told to 'move,' rips himself from the Passenger's side of their vehicle, bleeding profusely, screaming something unintelligible into his handheld radio.

26 EXT. UNKNOWN ROOF TOP - SAME MOMENT

26

Just the youngest Grandson's horrified eyes: he had no choice but to see it all, carnage painted permanently. His face still held tight between his Grandfather's hands. In Arabic:

GRANDFATHER (O.C.)
*Our Time is not a peaceful one. God
has left it to us to make it so.*

Hold on those deep, young, brown eyes as words fade-in on the lower left hand corner of the screen:

RIYADH, SAUDI ARABIA. RIGHT NOW.

Those young brown eyes finally blink. That very same instant we cut to:

27 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - BRIGHT-HOT SUMMER DAY

27 *

Fleury's in full Murderball attack mode. Picking off ten year olds with an intensity that now feels much more like malevolence than exuberance.

Fleury's cell phone vibrates. TIGHT ON THE ID: 911 at the end of an international number he recognizes. Fleury immediately hustling in, answering his phone at the same time: instantly in another gear as he starts getting pelted by rubber balls.

Game stops. Kevin looking at his Dad, already grimacing. Fleury walks away from the game.

RONALD FLEURY
(surprised)
Fran?

We hear 'Fran's' voice as though we're on the line with him. His voice is raspy-ragged, like he's been crying.

FRAN (O.S.)
You getting this yet?

RONALD FLEURY
I'm at Kevin's school. What?

FRAN (O.S.)
I'm Sorry Brother.
(beat)
Riyadh. Many Dead.

RONALD FLEURY
Where exactly?

FRAN (O.S.)
The Al-Hernif Western Housing
Compound. Oil Company employees.
Hit a company picnic.

RONALD FLEURY
No...they hit that place? *

FRAN (O.S.)
Big. Broad daylight. Blew up a
softball game. *
(tears)
Kids, Brother.

Fleury's eyes lift to his own kid, this dodgeball game. Most
everyone staring back at him now.

KEVIN FLEURY
Dad?

Fleury smiles best he can at his Son, as in the distance the
kids start playing. Into the phone:

RONALD FLEURY
When?

FRAN (O.S.)
Just went off -- twenty minutes
ago. Two bombers. A Shooter crew as
diversion...it's just awful.

RONALD FLEURY
Fran, I'm rollin' right now. Let me
call you back: I gotta ring bells

Fleury takes the phone away from his ear, kneels down to
Kevin, oblivious to everyone watching.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
I gotta go to work.

KEVIN FLEURY
...they're making burgers for us...

RONALD FLEURY
I gotta go to work.

KEVIN FLEURY
(points to the phone)
Who is that?

RONALD FLEURY
Big Fran -- you remember him?

KEVIN FLEURY
(beat, thinking)
Put peanuts in his Coke so he could
drink and eat all at the same time?

RONALD FLEURY
(smile)
Where he's from in South Carolina
that's called fine-dining, Bud.

KEVIN FLEURY
What happened?

RONALD FLEURY
(beat)
Something bad.

KEVIN
(impression of his Dad)
'Lotta bad people out there...'

RONALD FLEURY
(smiles, already homesick)
I love you.

Kisses his boy's forehead hard. Looks back at Lyla who's been
through this drill too many times, knows this face. Ronald
can only give a little shrug, which Lyla gives right back.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
Can you get a ride?

She nods yes. Mrs. Hinton nearby, surprised by this:

MRS. HINTON
Where's your husband going?

LYLA FLEURY
Ex-husband, and God knows.

Then a wave of fear ripples across her face, hesitates, then calls after him:

LYLA FLEURY (CONT'D)

BE SAFE.

Ronald turns, gives a little Cheshire grin, puts the phone back up to his ear.

28 EXT. AL-HERNIF HOUSING COMPOUND BLAST SITES - EVENING 28

The shattered softball diamond and parking lot. Emergency lights swirl from everywhere. Acrid smoke.

Legend: Francis Manner, FBI Legal Attache, U.S. Embassy.

FRANCIS MANNER is giant. The kind of American that only grows in tiny southern hamlets. Military whitewalls, short-sleeves, khaki Dockers, a thick Casio G-shock, FBI credentials visible on a chain. Into the phone to Fleury:

*
*

FRAN MANNER

Go. I'll be here.

Hangs up. Lifts his eyes: Hell from one side of the frame to the other. Saudi teams setting up portable lights that bathe the horror in industrial incandescent. Columns of black smoke. Fleets of emergency vehicles. 100 uniformed men. Another 200 in bio-suits combing the ball field, the parking lot. Fran has to do something/anything.

Move through the horror with him now. His hands shake, his face already dirty with soot. Jumps in with a Saudi team pulling a half-burned WOMAN out of a smoldering car. She fights them, gouging Fran's face, trying to get back in.

WOMAN

I can't feel my legs...

Fran bloodied, just kind of steps away from the woman. Leaves the Saudi emergency team to fight with her. Backs away until he feels grass under his feet. The woman's screams reverberate. Fran just sits in the grass. Staring at the woman, her shattered soul. Forces himself to look away. Eyes come to rest on a child's baseball cap: ragged holes ringed with black stains: where blood dried on the blue felt.

*
*

VOICE (O.C.)

(immediately behind)

Fran. You gotta stand Big Man...

Fran turns.

Legend: Rex Burr, State Department Security Officer, US Embassy

REX BURR: 5'7" fireplug. A long silence. Fran points to the hat:

FRANCIS MANNER
How old were you when your hat was
that small?

We watch tears well in Rex's eyes...

REX BURR
You gotta stand, Big Man.

Fran does. Wipes his hands on his pants. Slack-jaw hopeless. The first moments in what will be weeks of reverse-engineering the murders of unknown dozens. He and Rex step to a group of WALKING-WOUNDED. A NEIGHBOR doles out mugs of coffee. Most everyone from the compound is out, pondering the proximity. SAUDI emergency teams sprint past. Fran spits, settles in: *

FRANCIS MANNER
We need to get everyone back, then
get all their-

SOMETHING HUGE EXPLODES over their shoulders, 50 yards away. The Attack's coup de grace: *wait for people to lift up their heads, hit them again. Five times* the size of the suicide bombs. Shreds emergency vehicles, nearby homes and apartment buildings. Kills Saudi rescuers by the bushel. Fran is crushed by a flying portable light standard. Rex is blown into the man handing out coffee. The walking wounded get decimated. *

29 EXT. AL-HERNIF HOUSING COMPLEX - NEXT MOMENT 29

Slowly lift up and hold on Al-Hernif as it burns. Black smoke and flame pour skyward from the site of the coup de grace explosion. Massive crater. Screams. Chaos postcard.

30 INT. HOOVER BUILDING, FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY, EST 30 *

Startling quiet in contrast. Agents cluster beneath 32-inch Televisions suspended from the ceiling. Tuned to Al-Jazeera, CNN, BBC, etc. Most eyes focus on the double-bloody scoops from Al-Jazeera. Volume low:

AL-JAZEERA REPORT

(accented English)

...1 hour ago: blasts in Saudi Arabia, in or around the 'Al-Hernif' western housing complex near Riyadh. More than 100 feared dead, including children. The Saudi Crown-Prince has released a statement calling this a 'heinous act most likely committed by foreigners... possibly Iranian funded.'

Fleury walks under the televisions. A folder in-hand, heading down a long hallway, subordinating his fury to tasks-at-hand.

31 INT. COMMAND & TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER (CTOC) - NEXT 31 *

MOMENT

Legend: Rapid Deployment Team Briefing

Fleury enters, steps to a podium, opens his folder. 50 Agents seated lecture hall-style. Steam from fifth, sixth cups of coffee. Plasma screens behind show still-images of the crime cribbed from Al-Jazeera.

Throughout the seen Fleury constantly refers to a roster of his ERTs, crossing off names and circling others as the briefing unfolds.

RONALD FLEURY

Numbers so far: 100+ dead, 200+ injured. The target was a softball game. Rumor is the Killers wore Saudi police uniforms.

(beat)

Special Agent Fran Manner was killed.

JANET MAYES, 29 years-old, smartest person in the room, stifles a sob in the front row. Fleury steps from behind the podium, puts a hand gently on Janet's shoulder, leans in and whispers something no one but Janet hears. Whatever his words, they give back her composure. She nods.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

So was Rex Burr from State.

Fleury lets the news absorb as he steps back to the podium. No one says a thing. Fleury lifts his eyes again, real trouble maintaining control...

*

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

Fran was the best among us...we'll
feel that loss the rest of our
days...

(beat, moment to regroup)

Grant, take stabs at bomb sizes.

GRANT SYKES. 50 years-old. Virginia State Trooper before
joining the FBI. Law-and-order thick and formidable: the
mustache, glasses, midriff. Sharp-smart Charlottesville
accent. Studies the images for a beat...

GRANT SYKES

From the craters, looks like they
used a High Explosive... possibly
military grade: can't fit that much
TNT into a vest. 20, 30 pounds of
PETN: they got it. Semtex or C-4:
they could get it. The third there,
God knows...that crater looks like
a plane dropped a 500-pounder...

*
*

RONALD FLEURY

Obviously a secondary blast after
the initial devices used to lure
first responders to the scene.
Don't know anything about where or
what it was yet.

*
*
*

GRANT SYKES

Text-book.

ADAM LEAVITT, 34 years-old, sought-after Investigator, stands
at the back of the room. There's a constant, intense grind to
this guy, a mind and mouth incapable of quiet. Eagle-eyes the
bomb images...then starts surge-scrawling crude diagrams of
the blast site on a piece of loose leaf. Feels more like
nervous doodling than work. Not looking up from his drawing:

ADAM LEAVITT

I already know the answer, but any
chance in Hell we get to go over
there, use our hands?

RONALD FLEURY

If you already know the answer
Adam, why ask the question?

Fleury circles Leavitt's name on the roster. Leavitt never
stops drawing.

*

SYKES

We're not seeing this kind of planning and execution anywhere else...these ain't hot-wired artillery shells waiting for Humvees to roll by.

(pointing at the screens)
These hits are coordinated: planning, timing, and big, broad-daylight balls-

JANET MAYES

(almost trance-studying the images)
Yeah, So... did they all happen during daylight?

Another great question. Fleury looks over to AGENT #1 on his immediate right, an egg-head type with a big binder in front of him. Everyone's eyes follow. Agent #1 flips quickly through the binder, back-and-forth, searching, then:

AGENT #1

Yes. At least the first parts of the attacks.

Everyone smells it: that's big -- more proof these attacks are being carried out by one, very skilled Terror Cell.

JANET MAYES

We had two others...North of Riyadh and the oil thing. What was that?

ADAM LEAVITT

The Refinery.

JANET MAYES

Yeah, south of Jeddah. Same thing: daylight, suicide bombers. Right? Same thing. Followed by machine gun crews. Collect and kill.

ADAM LEAVITT

Yup.

JANET MAYES

This is not new in concept. It is new in scope. It's bigger. Very sophisticated. Command and control was flawless. They got the largest kill zone they could and they did it by being patient.

ADAM LEAVITT

Any rumors or confirmations of uniforms being used in the other two attacks?

*

Fleury circles Mayes and Sykes on the ERT roster.

*

AGENT #1

(from memory)

No. I know this is the first for that.

GRANT SYKES

That's 'worst case scenario' if you're still asking for my stab, Sir. A crew who can build bombs this big, with this level of eyes-on control and detonation coordination... has access to Saudi uniforms now...I mean...Baby Jesus.

*

*

*

(beat)

Not to beat a dead horse, Sir, but if there was ever a time to get boots on Saudi sand...

JANET MAYES

*

They can't afford to appear as if they are losing any kind of control. They lose control over their country, their people...then they risk losing control over the oil. They won't let us in. No way.

*

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*

Fleury's P.O.V.: His open folder on the podium. A memo printed on Department of State letterhead. Pulls the memo, reads it aloud, calm laced with rage.

*

RONALD FLEURY

*

From the State Department, one hour ago: 'We are in agreement with the Saudi security assessment that any additional American presence on Kingdom soil represents reckless risk. Therefore it is the Secretary of State's position that only after the situation has been evaluated and contained, should the Federal Bureau of Investigation be allowed to begin Rapid Deployment.'

(folding the memo)

The National Security Advisor and the Attorney General agreed.

(beat)

(MORE)

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
I'm going to get us access. Keep
your go bags hot. It's gonna come
fast.

*
 *

Leavitt stares at Fleury as he moves fast out of the room.

ADAM LEAVITT
 (beat)
 Well... I guess he's gonna go get
 us some access.
 (beat)
 How's he gonna do that?

31A EXT. WASHINGTON, DC HOUSE - DAY

31A

*

Establishing shot.

*

31B INT. FRAN MANNER'S WASHINGTON, DC HOUSE - DAY

31B

*

Fleury with GLENDA MANNER and her TWO KIDS: Teddy (9) and
 Elise (12). Glenda's PARENTS have made a twelve-hour drive
 from Oklahoma. The vibe is raw.

*
 *
 *

Fleury sits with Elise... a toy remote-control robot comes
 into the room. Little Teddy peeks his head around the corner
 of a door.

*
 *
 *

GLENDA
 It was... I don't know what time it
 was... the kids were hungry...I
 ordered Dominos. We were watching
 TV. The doorbell rang - I thought
 it was the pizza. It wasn't the
 pizza...It--

*
 *
 *
 *
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 *
 *

Glenda breaks down, starts to completely lose it. Her little
 boy Teddy climbs up onto his mother. He starts to lose it.
 Crying. Fleury reaches for the little guy. Glenda's mother
 reaches for her.

*
 *
 *
 *

31C INT. FRAN MANNER'S HOUSE - TEDDY'S ROOM - LATER

31C

*

Fleury sits on the bed with little Teddy looking at a
 beautiful black and white photo of Fran holding a new born
 Teddy up over his head. Eye to eye.

*
 *
 *

Little Teddy shows Fleury his Dad's NASCAR collection. His
 dad's soldier boots.

*
 *

Fleury can't take it.

*

31D INT. FRAN MANNER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER 31D *

Fleury sits with Glenda and her mother. *

FLEURY *

Glenda, I want you to look at me. *
Please. I'm going to take care of *
this. Whoever did this... I give *
you my word. Whoever did this will *
pay. I can't change this, but I can *
promise you that I will make *
someone pay for this. *

32 INT. DAMMAM MABAHITH PRISON - UNKNOWN TIME 32

Legend: Captain Al-Ghazi, Saudi State Police (Mabahith)

45 years-old, mustache as thick as Sykes'. A firecracker-loud crack makes him flinch. He stands in the back of the room, not participating in the interrogation. Just observing. Clearly not happy about what he's observing.

His POV: Sergeant Haytham, the Officer from the second Land Cruiser that rammed the fake, killed those inside. Haytham naked, cross-hung horizontally between two vertical poles, ten feet apart. Silent tears roll off his cheek, left ear split ghastly. A man standing over him, far right of the frame, brings a RIDING CROP down on the ear again: the firecracker sound.

Al-Ghazi looks away, biting his tongue. Obviously wants this over.

In-charge of the interrogation: GENERAL ABDUL BASIR.

Legend: General Abdul Basir, Saudi Arabian National Guard (S.A.N.G.)

He doesn't appear sadistic, but very determined to get the truth from Sergeant Haytham by any means necessary. Those distinctions blur easily. Basir gives a 'hold-up' signal. The following exchange in Arabic:

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR

No falsehoods, Sergeant Haytham.
What was your involvement?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM

Killing those I saw responsible.

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
So none could be questioned?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
(puzzled, angry)
I don't understand.

A nod from General Basir: another vicious riding crop crack.

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
You were born and raised in Suweidi-

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
-that is not a crime-

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
-it should be.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
It's not.

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
Your brother was killed fighting
the Americans. True or false?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
I am not my brother.

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
Your brother was killed-

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
I am NOT my brother!

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
TRUE or-

Al-Ghazi interrupts.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
He has answered the question.

Basir shoots Al-Ghazi a unequivocal SHUT THE FUCK UP hard
eye. Then back on Haytham.

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
We found six more uniforms than you
were assigned in your possession --
that is a crime: especially when
you consider the Attackers wore our
Uniform...

Another nod, another crack from the riding crop. Al-Ghazi flinching, becomes more alert.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
Uniforms?

General Basir in Haytham's face:

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
Truth!

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
I sweat. I'll say it again because
it is true. I need more uniforms
because I must change during
shifts...look at my shirts.

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
I am not interested in your sweat.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
-then look at my jackets. Please.
Permanent stains...no matter how
many times they're cleaned...

Captain Al-Ghazi grimacing now, leaves the room.

33 INT. DAMMAM MABAHITH PRISON - NEXT MOMENT 33

We follow. Al-Ghazi hustling into an evidence storage room. Searching. Finds a Locker labelled 'Haytham.' Opens it. Pulls out several shirts still in the plastic dry-cleaning sheaths: yellowed, permanent stains on the armpits of each.

34 INT. DAMMAM MABAHITH PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM 34

Al-Ghazi walks back into the room with the shirts, lays them down on the table in front of the General -- all business.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
He's telling the truth.

The only sound for a long, unsettled moment: Sergeant Haytham's labored breathing. Basir looks at the shirts, then Al-Ghazi, hesitates, steps away.

GENERAL ADBUL-BASIR
You were injured when you used your
vehicle to protect your Kingdom. Do
you understand?

Al-Ghazi moves in, begins untying Haytham's bloody-raw wrists, motions for Riding Crop to do the same for his bloody-raw ankles.

35 EXT. DAMMAM MABAHITH PRISON - LATER

35

Al-Ghazi and Haytham sit alone. Al-Ghazi smokes. Haytham looks down at his feet.

CAPTIAN AL-GHAZI
Look at me, Haytham.

Haytham slowly looks up at Al-Ghazi.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
You saved lives today. I believe that. You served your country. I believe that.

HAYTHAM
I love my country.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
I believe that. Tell me, Haytham...
am I a fool?

Haytham Holds Al-Ghazi's eyes a good long beat...

HAYTHAM
I love my country.

Al-Ghazi slow nods.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(beat, breaks eye-contact)
You will have your revenge for what
needed to be done to assure them
you weren't involved.

Haytham never blinks. Eyes hard. Stoic. Clear.

36 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREETS - NOON

36

Legend: James Grace, Director, FBI

GRACE looks like a barrel-chested lineman. A four-man security detail behind. He and Ronald Fleury walk side-by-side. Janet Mayes just behind them.

DIRECTOR GRACE

Everyone's terrified, so nothing moves. Paralysis. You and your team aren't going anywhere.

(beat)

And this meeting is just a circle-jerk, Ronnie: Young's going to go through the motions because protocol says we get an appeal. We'll be on record, but expect nothing more.

Nothing from Fleury.

DIRECTOR GRACE (CONT'D)

Can you handle this? Keep your mouth shut when people way above you say things you'll hate?

RONALD FLEURY

(beat)

Yeah, sure. No problem.

DIRECTOR GRACE

(re: Janet)

What about her?

RONALD FLEURY

Ask her.

DIRECTOR GRACE

(to Janet)

What about you?

JANET MAYES

I'll be fine.

37

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL GIDEON YOUNG'S OFFICE - NOON

37

Fleury, Grace and Mayes enter. Handsomely decorated, expansive: a lifetime of notable handshakes framed in black and white. The biggest is a picture of Young and Billy Graham that could be titled, 'lucky for you, we have all the answers.'

Legend: Gideon Young, U.S. Attorney General

Gideon Young sits behind his Federalist-era oak desk: a marathoner's build, a smile too bright-perfect for his age.

Two others in-attendance. A pear-shaped 54 year-old man with a Midwest-honest, ruddy-oval face.

Legend: Ellis Leach, Assistant Secretary, Bureau of Near Eastern Affairs, Department of State

And a 51 year-old Hispanic woman in conservative Chanel: enough femininity without diminishing toughness.

Legend: Maricella Canavesio, Deputy National Security Advisor, White House

DIRECTOR GRACE
I apologize if we're late-

GIDEON YOUNG
They were early.

DIRECTOR GRACE
You know Special Agent Fleury?

GIDEON YOUNG
I do.

DIRECTOR GRACE
This is agent Janet Mayes, she's
one of our Arabic experts.

Janet stares at Young, looking mildly in over her head.

GIDEON YOUNG
OK. The latest.

Grace sits, nods to Fleury: you're up...

RONALD FLEURY
Yes. Two suicide bombers. Rumors
they were dressed as Saudi Mabahith-

GIDEON YOUNG
-Ma-who?

RONALD FLEURY
Saudi State Police, Sir. Mabahith.

Young just stares at Fleury kind of odd like a kid staring at a mushroom flavored Popsicle.

GIDEON YOUNG
Go on.

Fleury continues:

RONALD FLEURY
A Shooter crew served as
distraction.
(MORE)

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

After the initial attack there was a lull to allow Saudi Emergency Teams...and our own attaches...to collect. Then a secondary blast was triggered, aimed at those first responders. So they targeted families and rescuers with one attack. I think that's a clear signal that their definition of 'Enemy' is expanding.

MARICELLA CANAVESIO

My God.

GIDEON YOUNG

Let us never forget how cheap life is over there. Now...I have seven minutes before my next meeting, so who's talking first?

(to Fleury and Grace, slow
like a Kindergarten
teacher:)

You two digested the memo?

Stoic nods from each. Ellis Leach raises his hand, a tone that's worlds away from Young's.

ELLIS LEACH

I'll go first if that's okay
Maricella?

(off her 'yeah, sure' nod)

First, I'm sorry about Fran Manner.

Gideon Young remembers, nods along solemnly.

DIRECTOR GRACE

As we are about Rex Burr.

ELLIS LEACH

I met with Abas Abd Al-Haqg at the Saudi embassy fifteen minutes after I heard this morning's news. After speaking with Abas, I advised we withhold additional US personnel because a big part of the religious justification for these bombs is the presence of current US personnel. More boots on Saudi soil make an already combustible situation more so. I know that's not the answer you want, but...

Motions to Maricella: the floor is yours.

MARICELLA CANAVESIO

My two cents: The Saudis haven't asked for FBI help. Sounds like they've done just the opposite. If we force the issue, that could further anger an utterly important ally that shares a 1000-mile long border with Iraq.

GIDEON YOUNG

(to Grace and Fleury)
It's all rock-solid logic.

DIRECTOR GRACE

(beat)
We understand. We would just like to be on record as saying we think we should go ASAP-

Grace stands, nods to Fleury: *we're done.* Fleury's look: *that's it?* Young's already collecting his briefcase, jacket-

GIDEON YOUNG

(mock sincerity to the room:)
-so as we present this to the public, let's - as best we can - try to view this through an FBI Agent's eyes.
(beat...To Grace:)
And please let me know if there's anything else we can do for you.

Meeting seems over. Not quite. Grace can't keep his mouth shut.

DIRECTOR GRACE

Sir, how would you imagine it looks viewed through an FBI agents eyes?

GIDEON YOUNG

Pardon me?

RONALD FLEURY

I'm interested in how you think this situation is viewed through our eyes.

Young, eyes on a Republican-gold Rolex, instantly perturbed the meeting isn't ending.

GIDEON YOUNG

It's some variation on vengeance...
When one of your own is killed,
Agents lose their analytical powers
- kind of a greatest strength,
greatest weakness thing...

Grace turns to Young: fire in Grace's eyes. A long moment.
Then Grace slowly sits back down. Fleury following, sits back
down too. Quiet words more commanding than any shout:

DIRECTOR GRACE

If I wanted vengeance, I'd have
whispered 'Rex Burr' into Ellis's
ear right when we walked in.
(beat)
The most accurate answer to that
question can come from one of the 2
agents in the room.

Eyes migrate to Fleury -- clears his throat...

RONALD FLEURY

This isn't Terrorism, ma'am. It's
just Serial Murder.

*

An uncomfortable break...umm, we we're hoping for a bit more.
Fleury off-balance, eyeing Young, waiting for a pounce.

MARICELLA CANAVESIO

What's the distinction?

Fleury looks to Mayes. She clears her throat. Delivers the
following with utter precision.

JANET MAYES

(beat, fuck it: Go)
To call this massacre an act of
terrorism... that implies a
specific political agenda. To me,
these killings are so futile and
unbalanced that they feel utterly
sociopathic- more like Charles
Manson than Osama Bin Laden.

*
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*

Fleury studies Janet with solid respect.

*

JANET MAYES (CONT'D)

Al Qaeda lost the first phase of
this war, so a new, zero-sum phase
has begun: if you won't join us,
we'll let loose the truly talented
Murderers.

*
*
*

(MORE)

JANET MAYES (CONT'D)

They'll kill so many of you that the resulting humiliation of the Saudi Royal Family will cause an exodus, a rebellion, both. Because the Royal Family simply cannot protect you or yours any longer.

*

(beat)

When I say talented, I'm not talking about the walking-bombs who can sneak past any and all security, nor the hi-jackers tough enough to take an airliner. I'm talking about the Men who teach them how. The operational commanders who organize, train, plan, encourage. They are the ones we're fighting.

*

*

*

(beat)

If we don't get inside Saudi Arabia within 36 hours, there is no chance we catch the Master responsible for Al-Hernif. None.

*

Room digests one of the smarter dissections of the problem, save Gideon Young.

GIDEON YOUNG

What faith you have in our Saudi counterparts.

ELLIS LEACH

Okay. I believe it all. So doesn't your team in that country represent the kind of target one of these 'Masters' would die for? Trade ten of their own for one of you?

RONALD FLEURY

To not engage these criminals out of fear for our personal safety is just another way of saying 'uncle.'

Fleury takes another deep breath.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

I'll say it again. Evidence goes cold after twenty four hours. If we can't get in now, we will not find the man or men responsible for this crime. We couldn't do it at Khobar; we couldn't do it in Yemen; we have barely scratched the surface in Iraq. And we are on verge of not doing it here.

*

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*

*

(MORE)

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
 They are getting stronger, we are
 getting weaker. We are losing the
 War on Terror. I just lost a very
 good friend and I would very much
 like to go and do my job.

Beat.

*

GIDEON YOUNG
 (chuckle)
 That was spirited... let's all
 thank God Special Agent Fleury
 doesn't make policy decisions. He'd
 turn the FBI into Patton's Third
 Army.

Young stands. Fleury contemplates career-ending violence.

38

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

38

Walking the rows of seven-foot bronze soldiers. Street-cart
 hotdogs from foil wrappers. Security detail trying to blend.

RONALD FLEURY
 Like swallowin' thumb-tacks.

DIRECTOR GRACE
 Hotdogs aren't that bad.

RONALD FLEURY
 The Attorney General.
 (beat)
 How do I go about quietly sitting
 this one out, Sir?

DIRECTOR GRACE
 You don't have a choice.

RONALD FLEURY
 (long beat)
 That's not totally true.

DIRECTOR GRACE
 (beat)
 How's that?

RONALD FLEURY
 You know what I bet tomorrow's
 Post and Times headlines are?

DIRECTOR GRACE
 What?

RONALD FLEURY

Something just like: 'Saudi Royal Family losing control.' That sells more papers than the stale, played-out: '100 dead in terror attack.'

DIRECTOR GRACE

How do you know?

RONALD FLEURY

Reporter ex-wife and eighteen years on the job.

DIRECTOR GRACE

Okay...

(AG Young's point:)

So?

RONALD FLEURY

The Saudis covet good PR as much as their Oil: because 15 Saudis out of 19 9-11 terrorists means most Americans will never stop asking if that Saudi Oil is worth it. Let me smash 'em with the press.

*
*

DIRECTOR GRACE

Old school. That's J. Edgar shit. Dirty. I like that.

39 INT. LOCAL COFFEE JOINT - 5:30 PM, EST

39 *

Legend: Elaine Flowers, Senior Correspondent, Washington Post

Flowers: Coffee amp'd, deep black raccoon eyes - heavy wrinkled khakis. Fleury sits across from her. We've entered mid-scene:

*
*

RONALD FLEURY

What's your take?

ELAINE FLOWERS

Looks like every overthrow in history: once the guys with the guns are no longer trustworthy, the government's days are numbered.

RONALD FLEURY

White House call you with a spin?

ELAINE FLOWERS

You kidding? We don't talk since I
broke the Vice President's guy
cooking dirty intel on Iran. They
hate me. What's up, Fleury?

*
*
*
*

RONALD FLEURY

Are you going after the Saudi Royal
Family in your column tomorrow?

*
*

ELAINE FLOWERS

The bombings...

*

RONALD FLEURY

Yeah, the bombings. Or other
things...

*
*
*

ELAINE FLOWERS

What's "other" than the bombings?

*
*

RONALD FLEURY

I know you're tracking our Saudi
charity investigations.

*
*
*

ELAINE FLOWERS

Is that what you want to talk
about? Royal Family making
donations that end up... What?
Blowing up trains in Paris? Buses
in London?

*
*
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*

RONALD FLEURY

Sometimes. Seems that just might
happen. We got some other stuff:
Missing girls out of a Houston Four
Seasons Hotel that was heavily
populated by some Saudi Royals.
Little things...

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*

Flowers eyes go WIDE. Smiling...

*

ELAINE FLOWERS

Murder...Hookers...Houston? Can I
take some notes?

*
*
*

RONALD FLEURY

I'm not saying that.

*
*

ELAINE FLOWERS

Are you saying anything?

*
*

RONALD FLEURY

I need a favor.

*
*

ELAINE FLOWERS
I don't do favors, Ronnie.

RONALD FLEURY
When it's real and it will be
real... I'll come to you with what
we have first. It's yours.
Exclusive.

ELAINE FLOWERS
OK.

RONALD FLEURY
You call Ambassador Abas Abd Al-
Haqq at the Embassy. Tell him that
the FBI is getting real close to
laying out some major Saudi VIP
indictments relating to newly
uncovered charity financing...
freezing a lot of Saudi cash and
rolling out some major
embarrassment.

ELAINE FLOWERS
Can I mention Houston?

RONALD FLEURY
It's a free world, baby. Ask him to
comment.

ELAINE FLOWERS
He won't.

RONALD FLEURY
Probably not. But you will get his
attention. Tell him the FBI is
about to war-up on the Saudis, and
the CIA and the White house are in
agreement.

ELAINE FLOWERS
OK.

RONALD FLEURY
Tell him that I'm running the
investigation.

ELAINE FLOWERS
OK.

RONALD FLEURY
Tell him that I'm not the nicest
kid on the block.

ELAINE FLOWERS
That would be accurate.

RONALD FLEURY
Tell him I want fifteen minutes
with him tonight.

ELAINE FLOWERS
Wow. OK. And I get what?

RONALD FLEURY
You get me fifteen minutes and you
get anything you want, Elaine. I
come to you first.

ELAINE FLOWERS
What's really going on here,
Ronnie? You going strong over Fran
Manner?

Fleury just stares at her.

RONALD FLEURY
I'm just trying to do my job,
Elaine. That's it. Call Abas. Get
me my fifteen minutes and I'm your
boy.

ELAINE FLOWERS
I'll see what I can do.

RONALD FLEURY
I might even get you a new suit.
Something that doesn't wrinkle.
Valentino. Armani.

40 EXT. RITZ CARLTON - WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

40

Frenetic Doorman-Valet ballet. 2 black Suburbans with red-blue diplomatic plates swing onto the round-about. A bald, waif-like 38 year-old Saudi MAN gets out of the lead vehicle.

Legend: Abas Abd Al-Haqg, Foreign Policy Advisor to the Saudi Crown Prince, Saudi Ambassador

Fleury waiting outside, eyes on his watch, just like we left him at the restaurant. To Abas:

RONALD FLEURY
Get back in.

41 INT. DIPLOMATIC SUBURBAN - MOMENTS LATER

41

A big bodyguard sits up front. Fleury sits in back, aims the AC vents his way. Abas rides next to him. Bright lights from the trailing suburban illuminate the interior.

Abas looks more than a bit baffled.

RONALD FLEURY

Too many people we both know were at the bar. I wanted to convey my sorrow. Baffling how 100 souls can be overshadowed by the aftermath.

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ

112 is the last number I heard.

(moving on)

I had an interesting conversation with a reporter from the Post.

*
*
*

RONALD FLEURY

She can be a bit of an exaggerator, Abas. I'm sure things were somewhat over-stated. I see myself as friend of Saudi Arabia. I just need a little cooperation, that's all.

*
*
*
*
*

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ

What kind of cooperation??

*
*

RONALD FLEURY

My Team cleared to land at Prince Sultan Air Base. Tomorrow. Full cooperation. We want to help in a very muscular way, quickly.

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ

Next month would be as soon as...

*

Fleury takes a beat.

*

RONALD FLEURY

Abas, this goes one of two ways. First: The FBI with the White House go on the kind of aggressive PR "Saudi Royal Family Decaying Monarchy" bender that just can't help but hurt. Really hurt. And I don't care how many Chinese are lined up to buy the oil. You know it's gonna hurt.

*
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*

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
My family is not decaying-

RONALD FLEURY
And then we bring the hammer down
hard as hell: Bust this "charity"
we got with direct links from
Riyadh - two wives donating ten
million to three Arab-American
cultural centers in Boston. Then
what gets kind of not-funny is how
some of that cash found its way to
Jakarta and some Mosques that have
these training camps built right
next to them.

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
You have no proof of this.

RONALD FLEURY
We're getting there, Sir. And I
haven't even brought up the two
girls still missing out of Houston.
This is big. It is real. And I know
you only care so much about public
American opinion, Sir. But the
story will be covered... Big.

(beat)

This isn't the Metro section. It's
above the fold, just below the
date. And words like these get
syndicated to papers like the
Cleveland Plain-Dealer, the Omaha
World-Herald -- You been to Omaha?

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
No.

RONALD FLEURY
They don't like you: \$3.25 for a
gallon a' gas, churches without
crosses on top, 15 of 19 on 9-11.
They think your nation should be in
a coffin next to the Taliban and
Baathist Iraq. My question to you:
How many more nails can that coffin
take before you have to bury it?
Because tomorrow - I either pull
one out or pound another one in.

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
Mr. Fleury, I don't care about
Omaha. I care about Wall Street.

Fleury looks back at Abas.

RONALD FLEURY
Wall Street ain't gonna like this
so much, either. I'm going to need
an answer soon.

*
*

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
How soon?

RONALD FLEURY
Right now soon.

Fleury looks back at the Ambassador. A stare down.

*

FLEURY
If your phone doesn't work
international, you can borrow mine.

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
(to driver)
Pull over.

The Suburban comes to a stop. Abas slowly reaching for his
phone. Fleury opens his door.

FLEURY
I'll just be right out here.

42 EXT. DIPLOMATIC SUBURBAN - MOMENTS LATER

42

Fleury waiting. Intense.

The window rolls down, Abas looking up at Fleury.

The following is fast, tight negotiating:

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
(trying to maintain cool)
We cannot allow 100 agents-

RONALD FLEURY
-4. With a 25-man security detail-

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
-even 25 more armed Americans could
spark rebellion-

RONALD FLEURY
That's too bad.

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
Saudi Security. That's non
negotiable. You cannot bring guns
into the Kingdom.

RONALD FLEURY
Men in Saudi Police uniforms are
why we're talking now.

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
They would be hand picked.

RONALD FLEURY
Whose hands?

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
Mine.

Fleury blinks.

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ (CONT'D)
Trust me...that's the only hope of
this happening.

FLEURY
If anything happens to me or my
team... It's on you. Understood?

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
Cool it with the John Wayne, Mr.
Fleury.

Fleury just stares.

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ (CONT'D)
You can have a week-

RONALD FLEURY
-seven-day or work-week?

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ
Work week. Five days. No guns.

Hands shake.

RONALD FLEURY
(beat)
Hope my words help tomorrow.

A big, deep sigh from Abas.

ABAS ABD AL-HAQQ (O.S.)
So do I.

43

INT. ONE ROOM APARTMENT - NIGHT, SAUDI TIME

43

A tiny framed Saudi National flag in the middle of a wall: green with a white sword underlining script that reads: *There is no God but Allah.*

No other decoration. The none-too-muffled sounds of traffic: a lone window overlooking a four-lane boulevard. Then the Azan (call to prayer) for the *Isha* (last of the five daily prayers) trumps the traffic noise.

Sergeant Haytham enters, bandaged, blank, then a small smile crosses his face. An old man's weathered voice, in Arabic:

OLD VOICE (O.C.)

Just in time.

Haytham's P.O.V.: His Father, glass-frail, lying in a bed, a small TV nearby, on but soundless. Haytham goes into a routine: rolls out two prayer mats, steps to his Father, reaches down to pick him up. His Father readies himself -- stops everything when he sees the bandages up close, the black bruises with outer rings of purple covering 1/2 of his Son's cheek. Looks into his boy's eyes.

HAYTHAM'S FATHER

What happened?

Haytham not returning the gaze, hoists his Father into his arms -- pain shoots up his arms from his damaged wrists.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM

You haven't heard about the attack?

HAYTHAM'S FATHER

I choose not to listen anymore.
What happened to your face?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM

(beat)
An attack today.

HAYTHAM'S FATHER

Look at me.

Haytham looks into his father's eyes now. No words. Haytham's eyes well with tears. After a long silence:

HAYTHAM'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Is this how they now treat the men
who protect them?

44 INT. AL-GHAZI'S HOUSE - SAME 44

INTERCUT WITH THE HAYTHAM SCENE:

Al-Ghazi sits on pillows on the living room with his WIFE and three DAUGHTERS. A television is on, playing "MAN SAYARBAH AL MILIOUN" the Arabic Jeopardy. Al-Ghazi's children are playing a game with peas, trying to guess which one of his hands Al-Ghazi is hiding the pea. When a girl guesses correctly, he eats a pea. *

From outside, we hear the call to prayer. Al-Ghazi and his family all move to prayer mats in his living room.

45 INT. ONE ROOM APARTMENT - SAME 45

Haytham continues carrying his Father to the prayer mats. Gently sets him down, Kneels down himself, carefully rolls his Dad to his stomach. Then stands to help tuck his Father -- in obvious, great arthritic pain -- into a kneeling prayer position.

Kisses his father on the top of his head. And both pray.

46 INT. AL-GHAZI'S HOUSE - SAME 46

Al-Ghazi praying with his family.

47 EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - MIDNIGHT 47

A Load-Master buckling down two paletts of shrink-wrapped gear in the belly of a C-130. Sykes and Leavitt sit on a stack of FBI paletts, their feet gently tapping on battered forensic cases. Mayes approaches from the parking area. *

ADAM LEAVITT

(beat, re: Janet)

What was Fran Manner to her?

GRANT SYKES

He taught her how to shoot, she taught him most everything else. Rumor they were more than friends. Graduated Quantico 1 and 2.

(beat)

(MORE)

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)
Celebrated at the IHOP in-town
until some Townie called Janet
something...Something not very
nice. Townie didn't see Fran coming
outta the Head. But he definitely
felt Fran's uppercut shatter his
jaw.

ADAM LEAVITT
Fran didn't get bounced for that?

Points to Fleury's dirty Jeep arriving. A Lincoln Town Car
pulling up right behind: Grace gets out. *

GRANT SYKES
SAC Fleury took care of him.

ADAM LEAVITT
How?

GRANT SYKES
If I knew how I'd be SAC Sykes. I
do know the post in Riyadh was part
of the deal Fleury cut to save
Fran's career.

Leavitt looks up at Mayes as she gets within ear-shot, plops
down next to them. *

ADAM LEAVITT
(beat)
What did SAC Fleury whisper in your
ear this morning?

JANET MAYES
(smart-ass smile)
'Grant's age is a liability.'

48 EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - PARKING LOT

48

Grace and Fleury walk toward the C-130 behind the rest of the
team. Fleury loaded with packs/duffel bags. *

GRACE
Never seen something get done this
quick in this town. And the reward
for your talent: five days in 125
degree heat, with no beer,
surrounded by fellas who might take
pot-shots when you turn your back.

RONALD FLEURY
Impressive isn't it?

GRACE
Absolutely.

RONALD FLEURY
You gonna be good?

GRACE
You mean Young?

RONALD FLEURY
Imagine he'll want to talk when he
hears what happened.

GRACE
Imagine I'll be happy to oblige.

Get to the rest of the crew: everyone standing now, a bit
nervous at the approach of the Director.

GRACE (CONT'D)
It's not just a job, it's an
adventure.

Smiles, nerves evaporate.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I don't know how much four people
can get done in five days, but I
also know lightning can strike.
(beat)
Just live through it. Bust your
ass, keep your head on a swivel,
and get home.

49 INT. C-130, AIRBORNE - LATER

49 *

Sykes sitting with Janet and Leavitt. Fleury sleeps in the
front of the plane. Silent. Just the lull of jet engines. The
big, long boring just beginning.

ADAM LEAVITT
Y'know, I can't say it any better
than Director Grace: what can four
people do in five days? Really?

GRANT SYKES
Aren't you the one who demanded to
go this morning?

*
*

ADAM LEAVITT
Not for a vacation.

*

GRANT SYKES

This is a homicide investigation.
Plain and simple: find evidence
that finds Killers. We've done it
before.

ADAM LEAVITT

In five days?

GRANT SYKES

There's always a first time. And
why don't you go wake-up Fleury and
share your concerns?

ADAM LEAVITT

(little smile)
I'll let him sleep a bit longer.

GRANT SYKES

God damn right you will.
(beat, to Janet)
You nervous at all?

JANET MAYES

Nervous?

GRANT SYKES

You've been there before.

JANET MAYES

I'll be looked at with what I can
only describe as disdain, pretty
much the entire time we're on the
ground. Kind of like South
Virginia.

GRANT SYKES

Go easy on my kin.

ADAM LEAVITT

What's it like? On the ground?

GRANT SYKES

Mars.

JANET MAYES

It's a very confused culture.
Extremely religious. Had nothing;
wanted nothing. Sixty years ago,
they hit oil. Simple religious men
become trillionaires.

GRANT SYKES

A schizophrenic nation is born. The royal family, who we back, and everyone else.

JANET MAYES

True. It really all comes down to money. Trying to win an oil war.

50 EXT. MUD HUT - SEARING SUN

50

No "adobe" charm. Corrugated tin. A faded blue plywood door. No one in sight due to a bleaching sun. Heat shimmers blur the horizon. Then the door opens: a Bedouin in traditional dress, ratchet set in-hand. Follow him to the side of the house: a battered satellite dish.

GRANT SYKES

-all the bullets won't win the War on Terror, Adam...or whatever we're calling it this month. They'll only stalemate it, at best. Winning the Kids on the fence, the 20 year-old on the street who's got the Michael Jordan jersey on under his thobe...getting to his Soul before the enemy: that's the weapon that will win this War. And right now we're losing faster than anyone back in DC will ever cop to.

*

FLASH TO:

51 OMITTED

51

*

52 EXT. RIYADH STREETS - EVENING

52

Haytham in the middle of the street outside his apartment.

Trying to cross. Eyeballing drivers that don't slow for his unbuttoned uniform. Heading to a strip mall across the way: some dinner. A pedestrian oasis divides the strip mall in two: palms, benches, a rusted-dry fountain.

53 EXT. STRIP MALL SQUARE - LATER

53

Haytham exits a restaurant with a bowl of food, sits at a table outdoors.

Nods out of professional courtesy to two MUTAWWAIN (religious *
 police) wearing distinctive blue Ghutras (headdresses) and
 long black beards. Their job: punish depravity. Thus they
bird-dog several late-teen Saudi boys on an opposite bench:
 western clothes, laughter, unemployment.

Filipino laborers exit a store. One of the women, as young as
 the boys and beautiful, takes her time pulling a scarf over
 her head. One of the Saudi boys makes a mistake. In Arabic:

SAUDI BOY #1
 Please, take your time.

The Mutawwain spring. Haytham startles. Filipinos hustle to
 the parking lot. The boys' looks turn petrified. Haytham, for
 some reason, steps in front of their only route of escape
 before he realizes what he's doing. The Mutawwain bring 3-
 foot brass-tipped wooden canes to bear. To the boy who spoke:

MUTAWWAIN #1
 Encouraging the illegal behavior of
 women, abandoning the dress of your-

Another Saudi boy makes a mistake:

SAUDI BOY #2
 -our clothes are not illeg-

-Mutawwain #2 whips the boy in his neck. Instant six-inch
 blood-blister. Boy #1 assumes the position the next second:
 face down on the ground, arms extended out, hoping to spare
 his friends anymore lashes.

SAUDI BOY #1
 I AM THE ONE WHO SPOKE.

Mutawwain #2 eyes the others while Mutawwain #1 begins
 administering a sentence. Vicious cracks to the boy's back.
 Changing position to make sure the surface area is covered.
 10. 11. 12. Haytham stares, glazes over. The cracks reminding
 him of his own treatment. 13. 14. 15.

Haytham steps closer to Mutawwain #2. Plead their mercy?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
 (blank)
 I'll watch the rest so you can hand
 out their sentences in-turn.

Mutawwain #2 incredulous. One boy tears-up, two hold hands,
 all wish their mothers were near-by.

Mutawwain #1 stops the beating for a moment to take in
 Haytham.

Boy on the ground muffling his pain, face in the dirt.
Mutawwain #2 turns to #1 who just shrugs his shoulders: *do it*. Mutawwain #2 points to the boy he hit in the neck:

MUTAWWAIN #2
Down. I'll begin at 2.

The first boy on the ground stares at Haytham. Haytham holds it. However, nothing in his eyes resembles certainly.

54 EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT, SAUDI TIME 54

Three-Suburban convoy turns up a driveway, waved past a guard post bristling with automatic weapons and into the circular drive of a massive, walled palace. Impersonal wealth. Two dozen SANG troops on security detail. Two Humvees equipped with anti-aircraft missiles parked 100 yards apart.

Captain Al-Ghazi out of the middle Suburban. Frisked by SANG, rough: no love lost.

55 INT. IMPERSONAL PALACE - SAME MOMENT 55

Al-Ghazi passed to a silent, boundless staff holding serving platters jammed with cups of mint tea. A mammoth foyer.

Legend: Prince Abdul Rahman, Saudi Interior Ministry

RAHMAN steps out from a 20-foot high doorway: nebbish, thin, bloodshot eyes magnified by thick glasses. His hand over his stomach: Napoleon's ulcers. A quick wave to Al-Ghazi.

56 INT. PRINCE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NEXT MOMENT 56

10' X 20' gold/glass desk over a 50' X 50' rug in a 100' X 100' marble room. Al-Ghazi greets the Prince formally: kiss the right shoulder near the clavicle. The Prince's tongue chalk-white for some reason. In Arabic:

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN
*Four FBI Agents will be allowed to
land at Prince Sultan Air Base.*

Al-Ghazi: more than mild shock.

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN (CONT'D)
*General Abdul-Basir, Chief of
Investigative Services for the
National Guard has been put in-
charge of solving this crime.*

Clearly not sitting well with Al-Ghazi.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
*I know the General. I attended his
 interrogation of one of my men.
 (beat, putting it kindly:)
 The General does not have
 investigative experience.*

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN
*Attackers wore YOUR uniform.
 Mabahith Uniforms. Some of your men
 may have been involved with this
 Cell, may still be involved. You're
 lucky to have a role at all.*

Al-Ghazi silent. The Prince pulls an anti-acid tablet, puts
 it in his mouth: that's why his tongue is chalk-white.

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN (CONT'D)
*And your role will be critically
 important: make sure the Americans
 leave our country as alive as when
 they arrive. Five days they will be
 our guests. Understood?*

57 INT. C-130 - NIGHT

57 *

Final descent. More stars above than lights below. Landing in
 the middle of nowhere. Fleury wakes-up. Groggy. Sykes sitting
 nearby, getting his game-face on.

GRANT SYKES
 Perfect timing.

RONALD FLEURY
 (getting his bearings)
 The joys of ativan.

GRANT SYKES
 You deserved a hard eight after all
 your work.

RONALD FLEURY
 (beat)
 I just had a dream where my plans
 got found out, we weren't able to
 get in the air...

GRANT SYKES
 Did you feel pissed in your dream?

RONALD FLEURY
I felt relief...

GRANT SYKES
(small smile)
I'll keep that to myself.

RONALD FLEURY
We here?

GRANT SYKES
Hope so: we're landing.

58 EXT. MASSIVE, CLOSED DOWN MILITARY COMPLEX - NIGHT 58

Words form on the bottom left of the frame:

PRINCE SULTAN AIR BASE, SAUDI ARABIA

Our C-130 touches down smooth on Saudi soil. *

59 INT. C-130 CARGO HOLD - NIGHT, SAUDI TIME 59 *

Engines winding down to nothing. The team standing, slinging bags over their shoulders. Groggy but pumped. Fleury looks at his team, last bit of advice before game-time.

RONALD FLEURY
Heads on a swivel.

60 INT. C-130 CARGO HOLD - NIGHT 60 *

The cargo door locks into place on Saudi tarmac. Look-up: light washing over a small, formal Saudi military rifle team, two caskets draped in American flags, a small convoy of bullet-proof black Suburbans. 90 degrees even this late. Janet and Leavitt will never forget this first glimpse of Saudi Arabia: surreal.

Captain Al-Ghazi steps in front of the Rifle Team, offers his hand to Fleury. Fleury and the Team outside the plane now, bags dropped at their feet. Tears in Janet's eyes. Fleury and Al-Ghazi shake:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(perfect English)
Captain Al-Ghazi of the Mabahith.

RONALD FLEURY
Special Agent Ronald Fleury.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(beat: the rifle team)
Your two fallen comrades, Mr.
Manner and Mr. Burr deserve
salutes. I wish it could be larger.

RONALD FLEURY
(beat, unexpected)
It's very much appreciated.

Al-Ghazi nods: the first salvo of a 21-gun salute startles,
impresses everyone. Fleury stares at Al-Ghazi: eyes closed in
prayer. Three volleys total. The guns stop. Three of the
Riflemen multi-task: hand their guns off, hustle to
forklifts, start them up. Into the cargo hold, pulling out
paletts. Things moving orderly-fast now. The Americans just
kind of step back, dazed. *

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Passports and credentials. Please.

Sergeant Haytham, driving one of the suburbans, steps
forward, passes out kevlar vests to our crew.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
Thank you to keep those on at all
times.

JANET MAYES
(almost to herself)
That's going to be warm.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(beat)
Blood from a wound is warmer.

With that the crew straps on the vests. Another OFFICER
checks each team member's FBI badge and passport. Stops at
Leavitt's: an Israeli stamp on his passport. In arabic to Al-
Ghazi, loud, alarming, pointing

PASSPORT OFFICER
That one has been to Israel.

Al-Ghazi hesitates, looks at Leavitt. Leavitt's quick:

ADAM LEAVITT
The Israeli stamp in my passport?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(in Arabic to the Officer)
That's not our concern.

Al-Ghazi takes the passports and badges, hands them back.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
I'm also to collect your sidearms.

This is like handing over your first-born. Fleury goes first.
Haytham puts each weapon in an expensive, padded case.

GRANT SYKES
And I usually just toss it on the
kitchen table...

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(small smile)
If each of you would please get
into the middle vehicle.

61 INT. MIDDLE SUBURBAN, RIYADH SUBURBS - NIGHT

61

The speedometer at 110 m.p.h. Haytham navigates with his left hand, his right rubbing prayer beads down to nubs. Al-Ghazi in the passenger seat. The team in the back rows: all staring at the prayer beads.

JANET MAYES
(whispering)
Wouldn't need the power a' prayer
if he put both hands on the wheel.

GRANT SYKES
If somebody was tailing us it'd be
obvious. This is just standard
operating speed.

Al-Ghazi on the edge of his seat, no belt, scanning for threats: sidewalks, traffic, rooftops. His hand pre-wrapped around the stock of an Mp-5 machine gun. Fleury takes in a deep breath, wide-awake now: let's see who this guy is.

RONALD FLEURY
Captain, you attend school in the
West? Your English is better than
ours.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(school pride)
Duke. Class of 1986. You accuse
Muslims of zealotry: you should see
a basketball game at Cameron.

Small laughs. Sykes the Bad Cop -- gladly.

GRANT SYKES
You have portable lights on-scene?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(loses his smile)
Yes. But your team cannot work
nights.

A round of 'what did he say' looks bounce among the Team.

GRANT SYKES
We only have *seven* days: we work
around the clock.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Five. And you're not safe at night.

GRANT SYKES
We're safe during the day?

Fleury is about to step in when-

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(in Arabic, shocking)
WATCH IT-SLOW!

A truck 200 yards ahead in the middle of an abrupt U-turn.
Over the median. Dust cloud. Heading back our way. Something
big in the truck's bed. Our vehicle shimmies as Haytham
flinches, drops his prayer beads. Mp-5 up to the Captain's
sight-line, muzzle tracking the truck. Leavitt leans away
from his window as the vehicles pass: streetlights show two
farmers, a camel sitting in the bed. Missed their left turn.

A long, nearly comical moment. Sykes cycling through
different angles. Continues:

GRANT SYKES
Any word on what that third big
blast was?

Al-Ghazi getting tired of the questions: exhausted himself.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Not yet.

GRANT SYKES
You haven't interviewed witnesses?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(short-fuse burning)
We're trying.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

No one who was close enough to see
the things we would like to know,
lived.

GRANT SYKES

Were any of the uniformed bombers
brother-officers?

No answer.

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)

Do you know yet?

No answer. Team feeling the tension. Sykes pressing like he's
cross-examining a hostile witness. Fleury lets him go...

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)

You don't know the source of the
blast that killed the most people,
don't know if your own Officers
were involved, but you won't let us
work nights?

Al-Ghazi stanches an explosion. Haytham looks over at his
Captain: rarely ever seen him like this. Looks in the rear-
view mirror to see Sykes, this big Infidel giving the Captain
fits. Sykes catches him looking back, gives him a quick wink,
through the mirror. Tight on Haytham's face: the guilty
little smile you get when someone takes your boss to task.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

47 of my 'brother-officers' were
blown into hundreds of pieces that
will take months to collect. 80,000
Officers total, across the country,
at four uniforms apiece. Thousands
of people who can sew forgeries.
Apologies I don't have definitive
answers.

(beat)

You're still not working nights.

Sykes sits back. Gives a quick look to Fleury. Fleury gives a
little nod: he won round one.

Fleury stays quiet, even as Janet and Leavitt shoot their own
glances his way: you're going to let this happen? Fleury
thinking, watching the back of Al-Ghazi's head. His thought:
we got a Handler I might not be able to handle in-turn.

62 INT. STATE DEPARTMENT HALLWAY - WASHINGTON

62

Gideon Young enraged. Barrelling down a hallway, Washington Post clutched in his right hand. Two ASSISTANTS tracking him as he hauls around a corner, red faced into his office.

Passing a SECRETARY.

GIDEON YOUNG
Is he here?

SECRETARY
Yes Sir.

63 INT. GIDEON YOUNG'S OFFICE - EVENING RUSH HOUR, EST

63

Director Grace already sits in front of Young's desk.

DIRECTOR GRACE
Good afternoon, Sir.

Young says nothing, just pulls a memo from his bag, clears his throat -- still no eye-contact -- reads aloud like a poor man's Orson Welles:

GIDEON YOUNG
'Sunlight is indeed the most powerful disinfectant. In that spirit I come before this Judiciary Committee with a painful admission.
(beat)
Simply: I've lost all confidence in the FBI, especially it's uppermost echelon. Entrenched and outmoded, the Leadership has shown itself fearful of the pioneering thought this Committee and I have tried to imbue. It is thus an Agency at contretemps, hindering our every effort.' And by 'Committee' I mean the fucking SENATE SELECT COMMITTEE ON TERROR...

*

Young finally makes eye contact: expecting something like fear, remorse, back-peddalling...

DIRECTOR GRACE
Senators? Then I'd change
'outmoded' to 'outdated,'
'echelons' to 'ranks' and what in
God's name is 'contretemps?' These
guys aren't the best and brightest-

Young's face flashes red, seething:

GIDEON YOUNG
-never use the Lord's name in vain
in this office-

DIRECTOR GRACE
-but you can say 'Fucking?'

Young apoplectic now: ready to end the Director right there,
when Grace leans in, lets the vague threat of physical
contact manifest.

DIRECTOR GRACE (CONT'D)
You're going to the Senate Select
Committee, but not to the President
who appointed you. Why's that?
(beat)
I bet the President wasn't the
audience you thought he'd be: I'll
bet he realized you can't have
Voters asking why the second-
longest serving FBI Director gets
fired for doing his job, for
sending Agents into Saudi Arabia,
seven months from mid-term
elections-

GIDEON YOUNG
-you really want to bet?

Grace snaps his ID badge off his lapel, puts it on the table.

DIRECTOR GRACE
I do.

Young's pallor tells us his bluff has been called. Goes
silent. Grace smells it, finishes him now:

DIRECTOR GRACE (CONT'D)
Westmoreland made all us Officers
write our own obituaries during
Tet, when it looked like the Cong
were going to end it all right
there.

(MORE)

DIRECTOR GRACE (CONT'D)

Once we clued-in that life was finite, the loss of it no longer scared us: the end comes no matter what, it's just a question of how you want to go out: on your feet or on your knees. After that, we went out and pulled triggers until barrels melted. And Vietnam lasted another seven years.

(beat)

The lesson extends to this career: I ACT, knowing the end of this job will come, no matter what. You should do the same.

Grace waits: nothing else from Young. Stands, snaps his ID badge back on his lapel, walks out.

DIRECTOR GRACE (CONT'D)

I'll forward Fleury's reports.

64 EXT. OUTSIDE AL-HERNIF HOUSING COMPLEX - 1 AM 64

The convoy brakes impossibly close to a checkpoint. Waved through perimeters staffed by SANG and Mabahith. Fatigues, automatic rifles, peering at the tinted windows.

65 INT. MIDDLE SUBURBAN - NEXT MOMENT 65

Crew arrives at a crime-scene that spans the immediate horizon. White tents with SANG sitting under each. Industrial lights outline shattered buildings, idle heavy equipment, bombed-out automobiles. TIGHT ON MAYES looking out.

JANET MAYES

That's one of the great horrors of television: Crime scene manipulation. They say a TV camera adds pounds to actresses. Isn't that what they say?

ADAM LEAVITT

Who's they?

JANET MAYES

That is what they say. Doesn't add to crime scenes. Television cameras shrink them. Misrepresent. No smells. Poor sound. Limited view. TV always makes them look smaller. You can't feel the hatred on television.

66 EXT. AL-HERNIF COMMUNITY CENTER - NEXT MOMENT

66

Two more security perimeters of SANG surround the Community Center: blinding portable lights, heavy machine guns mounted in the backs of Humvees track the convoy as it comes to a stop: every troop on-guard. The Team tentatively exits: 100 pairs of glares from heavily-armed SANG.

Soldiers descend on the Teams' bags, paletts of equipment. Long leers at Janet: not so much 'sexual' as 'wary.' Janet goes for her own bag. Haytham goes for it at the same time. Their hands accidentally touch. Haytham pulls back fast, embarrassed.

*

JANET MAYES

EASY.

Haytham stares at the ground. Janet notices him carry her bag with his left arm. The right hangs Bob Dole-awkward, bandaged like his ear.

67 INT. AL-HERNIF COMMUNITY CENTER - NEXT MOMENT

67

Florescent lights make it ugly. Haytham dumps duffel-bags by their bunks, SANG stack steel travel-boxes from the paletts inside. Portable AC units cranked to 'coldest' fill every window, sealing off the Americans in the name of comfort.

*

Janet's area made obvious with a floral partition. She immediately folds it, puts it into a corner. Haytham watches her undo his work.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

The bathrooms are through that door. I will be here tomorrow morning so we can begin.

FLEURY

What time tomorrow morning?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

Sunrise.

RONALD FLEURY

What time is sunrise?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

(beat)

When I knock.

Al-Ghazi and Haytham leave. The doors close behind them, then the sound of a key turning in a lock. The Americans look on, half-disbelief, half-comedy: locking us in.

GRANT SYKES

That's against fire code.

JANET MAYES

They don't have fire codes. They don't have codes other than codes of war, Moron. They'll lock us in and dial up some kind of earth movers if they want to. You know that, Sykes. Dig a big hole and push us in. Fill it up and no one comes calling. You're in the jungle now, baby.

Silence as the crew digests this odd little verbal outage.

ADAM LEAVITT

You alright, woman?

JANET MAYES

Watch it.

ADAM LEAVITT

Just asking.

JANET MAYES

Watch it. Unpack.

Everyone hits their own bags first. Fleury pulls his Son's picture: at an Orioles game.

68 EXT. AL-HERNIF COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

68 *

Al-Ghazi unlocks the door: the team dressed, waiting. CLOSE-UP: Fleury sets the timer on his watch, running up from 00:00:00. The Team steps out: massive, organized security. 100 soldiers facing Mecca bow for the *Fajr* (first daily prayer). The Azan fills the air. Another 100 remain vigilant: Snipers on roof-tops, machine-gun nests, forklifts rumble-hiss, placing Jersey barriers around the community center.

Eight black suburbans parked on the side street: waiting. The doors of the first four open in-unison. 20 Arab suited SECURITY GUARDS exit.

From one of the vehicles exits a middle aged AMERICAN - sweating a bit, hanging back, watching.

This is US Deputy Chief of Mission, the Embassy's second-in-command: DAMON SCHMIDT.

Schmidt approaches Fleury.

SCHMIDT
(big smile)
You are in so much trouble.

FLEURY
Is that right?

SCHMIDT
For sure. If you live through this,
which I put at about fifty percent.
If you do, your balls are gonna get
stretched and beaten on. Dig that?

Fleury stares at this pasty freak show. Schmidt sticks out a paw.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Damon Schmidt. State Department.
I'm in charge of getting you out of
here.

From the fifth vehicle: Prince Abdul-Rahman and his inner-circle. All in traditional dress. The Prince locks eyes with Fleury, approaches.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Don't let go of his hand first.

One of the inner-circle, without a word, puts a jacket on a short-sleeved Janet. Careful not to touch skin. Then takes off the FBI-emblazoned windbreaker worn by Leavitt. Only then does Prince Rahman approach. A lone PHOTOGRAPHER follows: snapping pictures. Different definitions of personal space: four inches separation as Rahman greets each Team member in accented English. Janet last: the pictures suddenly stop. The Prince gives a little curtsy, no words, steps back to Fleury: the pictures re-start. Rahman holds Fleury's hand sixth-grade boyfriend-style. In Arabic:

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN
*This is our level of commitment to
bringing Terrorists to justice:*

Motions to the Americans. No more unflattering a portrait: pre-coffee, post-twelve hour flight, six hours unpacking...

As the cameras start flashing. Angle on Al-Ghazi and Haytham: Forced to stand next to the Americans. Haytham clearly not comfortable with this kind of attention.

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN (CONT'D)

We've invited American legal officials into our Kingdom despite current difficulties between the US and Islam. They will observe our advanced investigative techniques, offering helpful hints.

(to Fleury in English)

You are guests of honor at Majlis this evening.

(beat, a stunted nod)

Yes.

The Prince bolts back to the convoy. Entire entourage follows. One of the Security Contractors tosses Leavitt his jacket, catches the jacket Janet hurls back at him. Convoy gone. The team turns, prayers done: 100 glares again. Fleury blinks out the camera flashes, takes in all the eyeballs.

Fleury looks up at a retreating Damon Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

Nice pictures. You guys ready to go home now?

Dead eyes from Fleury.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

OK. If you change your minds, I got a plane fueled up and ready to go - got your name all over it. Anytime. People.

He points a finger gun at Fleury.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Keep that kevlar on tight, people.

SCHMIDT takes off. Sykes by Fleury.

GRANT SYKES

It's going to be like when you go deep sea fishing in Florida and you pay seven hundred bucks for the boat and you sit in the ocean for hours and the crew jumps around and screams and points and you think your constantly about to bag a Marlin but you never do and they keep pointing and jumping and-

FLEURY

Enough.

Haytham walks off by himself, shaking off the shady Royal photo vibe. Looking back at the Americans. From behind him.

SANG OFFICER
You're willing to die to protect
your enemy?

Haytham turns. An older SANG OFFICER stands with a GROUP twenty feet behind him.

Back to Fleury: he looks to Al-Ghazi.

RONALD FLEURY
What did the Prince say?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(beat)
That there are more rules than just
not working at night.

Fleury remains cool, silent: appraising. His attitude takes Al-Ghazi by surprise after the sparring last night.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
I need to make sure the sites are
secure. Then we can begin.

Sykes looks around at the Security as Al-Ghazi hustles off:

ADAM LEAVITT
(to Fleury)
How could they get more secure?

The Team slowly realizes they're not going anywhere yet, dump their bags in a pile, already disgusted.

In the distance, the group of SANG stare back at our team.

OUTSIDE CALL TO PRAYER.

All the officers - both Sang and Mabahith are on their knees praying. Angles on both Haytham and Al-Ghazi as they pray.

69 INT. AL-HERNIF COMMUNITY CENTER HOOPS COURT - MID-MORNING 69

Janet's got a legitimately beautiful jumper: ball released at the apex, right shoulder pointed at the basket, wrist bent on follow-through. Before she lands, cocky and smooth:

JANET MAYES
Good.

Then the metallic swish of the all-weather net. Leavitt boxing out air for the non-existent rebound, grabs the ball, chest-passes it Great Santini-hard back to Janet who softly sucks in the pass. Playing in their cargo pants and hiking boots.

LEAVITT

Don't do that.

Janet gently bounce-passes it back:

JANET MAYES

Check.

LEAVITT

Don't say 'good' again.

Janet takes the check from Leavitt: before he can react, she drains a 30-footer. Same cockiness, different word:

JANET

Bueno.

Fleury with Sykes still standing in almost the same spot, looking at his watch timer: 02:12:42...43...44. Looks up, Al-Ghazi coming into the frame. Fleury ready to vent until something surprises him: Al-Ghazi has broken a wide-sweat hustling back to the Americans. Breathless. Fleury's face relaxes. He pulls a bottle of water out of a cooler, hands it to Al-Ghazi.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

I am sorry for the time.

(beat)

You won't need you gear.

Pause. Scoffs from the Team, led by Sykes. Until Fleury drops his bag without protest. Team uncertain: we missing something? They slowly follow his lead.

70

EXT. AL-HERNIF - MOMENTS LATER

70

Hands in pockets. Soak in the aftermath: shallow but wide crater, shredded backstop, nearby buildings torn, blood baked into dirt. Fifteen cars. Damage from 'barely' to 'grievous.'

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.)

The remaining rules: you cannot touch evidence, question anyone without me present, touch Muslim dead, or leave my sight at anytime: your safety is my primary concern.

Fleury just listens, watches, constantly appraising, holding his tongue. So Sykes decides to speak:

GRANT SYKES

I would have thought your primary concern was investigating a crime.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

And you would be mistaken.

Al-Ghazi motions to 50 men in uniforms different than his: SANG troops digging, bagging evidence, marking the scene with red-flags.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

The National Guard's Military Police Brigade is conducting the investigation. My orders begin and end with your health.

The Team: so we're on Tour. Fleury still silent.

ADAM LEAVITT

I thought the SANG were Soldiers-

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

-but the bombers didn't wear Soldier's uniforms. They wore mine.

Fleury finally speaks, asking the most important question:

RONALD FLEURY

Who is in charge of the investigation then?

Al-Ghazi points to a Man we've seen before, General Abdul-Basir. Haytham's Interrogator. He pours over a table 20 feet away: maps, blueprints, utility schematics spread before him.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

General Abdul-Basir. He's given us permission to walk through each crime-scene.

RONALD FLEURY

To walk through? Are you kidding me?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

I am not.

Starting to get heated.

RONALD FLEURY

Get him over here now and let's clarify this situation.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

There is no lack of clarification.

RONALD FLEURY

There sure as hell is! I don't know what kind of game you're playing but you got the wrong guy, Captain Al-Ghazi! That was not the deal-

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

(getting hot)

This is not a game show, Mr. Fleury! There are no deals made here. There is me telling you what you may or may not do and there is you doing it.

Beat. As Al-Ghazi stabilizes...

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

You will be permitted to walk through the crime scenes. When we have determined that it is safe.

A stand off. Fleury eyes Al-Ghazi. Trying to figure this guy out.

Sees something that looks like a flash of embarrassment in Al-Ghazi's eyes: unable to perform his profession, relegated to Tour Guide. Leavitt begins taking notes. Haytham sees his notebook, snaps his fingers at Al-Ghazi who looks, nods: let him.

RONALD FLEURY

OK.

Grant and Leavitt's look: do you mind? Fleury's gone Bitch.

Fleury tight grins. Looks off at one of the apartments. Sees a person looking down at them from behind a curtain.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

OK. How about I interview the witnesses you can't? The Americans.

Al-Ghazi looks unsure. He was not expecting this question.

71 EXT. RIPON FAMILY HOME 71

Fleury and Al-Ghazi walk up the front walk. Fleury noticing kids bikes, hockey gear, a comfortable easy chair outside on the front porch, toy guns.

72 INT. RIPON FAMILY HOME - MOMENTS LATER 72

Fleury sits with the RIPONS: EARL (40s) JANINE, his wife (30s), JACK, their son (13), and MADDY, Earl's mother (late 60s). Earl sits on an ugly couch, the plywood sheet right above their heads. Everyone uneasy save Jack, glued to a Playstation. Fleury waves off a bottle of water from Janine. Al-Ghazi hovers awkwardly by the front door.

AWKWARD INTERVIEW:

EARL

There's still a couple of hundred
of us living on the compound.

RONALD FLEURY

Why Saudi Arabia?

A moment as Earl and Janine get a bit defensive:

EARL

Neither of us did anymore schooling
than Electra High, Electra Texas.

RONALD FLEURY

OK.

Al-Ghazi sees Janine smile, squeeze Earl's hand tighter.

EARL

And the jobs here pay twice what
you'd make in Midland or the Gulf
a' Mexico. Plus the house is free.

Earls mother Maddy looks at Fleury.

MADDY

I call it combat pay. This place
has gone Guns - Guns - Guns.

RONALD FLEURY

So has Everyone else now.

(chuckles)

Two nights back.

(MORE)

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
Can you start one second before you
knew anything was wrong?

JANINE
We didn't really see anything. Just
hit the ground. Closed our eyes and
prayed. It was so fast. So loud.

RONALD FLEURY
So you really didn't see anything.

MADDY
I hit the deck. Horrible.

JANINE
Not 'til after. Just the screams.
The Jackson kids.

EARL
They were screaming. That got me
out of the house. Those kids.

FLEURY
Which kids were those?

JANINE
(tears)
Tracy Jackson next door was
murdered looking out her
window...front of her children...
(right at Al-Ghazi)
Not even the Men that did this
should die in front a' their
babies.

Fleury lets moments pass as Janine sobs. Jack rubs his Mom's
leg, trying to comfort her. Al-Ghazi hides emotion.

RONALD FLEURY
She live with her husband?

EARL
Aaron.

RONALD FLEURY
(beat)
If I'm facing your house, is the
Jackson home to the right or left?

JACK
(tiny voice)
Left.

Fleury looks out the window towards the Jackson house.

73

EXT. JACKSON HOME - SAME MOMENT

73

Next door to the Ripon's. Fleury knocks. Door opens: a sad man with black bags under dying eyes. Disgusted-resigned breaths through a half-open mouth. A silver watch and Polo insignia denote higher economic status than the Ripons. Sees Al-Ghazi, eyes come alive, teeth grit. *

RONALD FLEURY
Mr. Aaron Jackson?

AARON JACKSON
Get him away from me-

RONALD FLEURY
-easy, Sir. He's a friend to us-

AARON JACKSON
-I don't know either one a' you.

RONALD FLEURY
I'm Special Agent Ronald Fleury of the FBI. This is Captain Al-Ghazi with the Saudi State Police-

AARON JACKSON
-the Mabahith: they attacked.

Al-Ghazi quietly backs away, walks away. Fleury looks after him, turns back to Mr. Jackson who stares after Al-Ghazi: hate. Fleury unsure what to do next.

AARON JACKSON (CONT'D)
I just put my boys down for the first time in two days. I can't wake 'em and sure as hell can't be gone if they stir on their own.

RONALD FLEURY
Can I come back?

AARON JACKSON
(too loud)
WHY?

RONALD FLEURY
Your boys...

Jackson remembers the warning he just spoke...

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
To ask about two nights ago.

*

Fresh tears re-animate his face:

AARON JACKSON

When my wife's jaw was shot off in
front of our sons? My sons who sat
with her while she bled to death?
Couldn't speak because she didn't
have the bottom of her face and I
wasn't home and my baby boys are
destroyed for life and my five year-
old had a box of band-aids in his
hand when I finally got home?

Silence outside of Mr. Jackson's sobbing. Fleury sick to his
stomach. Desperate to let this man alone. No eye contact.

RONALD FLEURY

...I won't pretend to know...

Aaron Jackson settles, wipes away tears, appreciates the
honesty. Then bites back into his rage:

AARON JACKSON

Kill everyone that had something to
do with this. Everyone related to
them. Everyone who knew them.
(beat)
And all you'd be doing is their
recruiting for them...

AARON JACKSON (CONT'D)

It's an entire generation: not
small and isolated like they say.
But a generation that thinks what
they did to my wife, to my
children, is a calling...

*

RONALD FLEURY

Up the street, there was a wreck,
did you see any-

AARON JACKSON

-notice how it wouldn't take a lot
to disguise your friend as a
Mexican? Think he couldn't handle
crossing our deserts? Look around!

RONALD FLEURY

Aaron-

AARON JACKSON

(explodes)
-LET ME FINISH GOD DAMN YOU-

A child's scream from inside. Piercing. Scary. Jackson goes red, clenched fists, steps to Fleury who takes an instinctive step backward, guard-up. Jackson stops, spins back inside. A door slam that rattles the plywood sheet covering the shattered window. The screams become night terror shrieks.

74 EXT. JACKSON HOME

74

Fleury and Al-Ghazi stand alone in front of the Jackson house.

RONALD FLEURY
(to Al-Ghazi)
Let's have a look at the site. Can
we please do that?

Slow nod from Al-Ghazi.

75 EXT. BOMB SITE - LATER

75

The team tours the site.

As they fan out. They walk casually, but focused through the first bomb site. An inquisitive Mayes, already peering into a mostly in-tact car, halfway out of its parking spot. Al-Ghazi and Haytham watch the Americans like mother-hens.

JANET MAYES
He or she almost made it.

Fleury steps, looks inside: blood and safety glass coat the seat. Janet points to keys in the ignition: still at the 'on' position. Then the stick-shift, pulled to the back right: reverse. The shift-knob bloody...

JANET MAYES (CONT'D)
(beat, quieter)
Makes me think of the Trade Centers
-- the people on the floors above
the impacts -- no matter how fast
or strong or smart you are, if
you're in the wrong spot, 'it' will
not let you get away.

FLEURY
That's what makes this a War.

A SUDDEN GUST kicks from nowhere: everyone pulls down hat bills, shields eyes. Fleury does the same. Looking down as sand and dust slam into the front of the car: small metallic sounds of debris hitting the aluminum grill. Gust dies down.

But Fleury doesn't stop staring at the grill, a piece of paper stuck to it, corners playing in the breeze still holding it flush against the car. Three more seconds. Then the light-bulb goes off: takes out a pad, jots down the color, make, and license plate of the car.

FLEURY (CONT'D)

Real quiet: look inside the cars
still in-tact, see if any others
had their ignitions on...

76

EXT. BLAST SITE - MOMENTS LATER

76

Two-story wedges slashed out of nearby buildings, facades in piles. Structures 100 feet away look like they've been hit with a God-sized sawed-off. The crater: 25-feet wide, 7-feet deep. Blackened frames and bits of vehicles circle the crater. The bottom of the crater filled with water. A syphon-pump works overtime. Again, no Investigators. *

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.) *

About one hour into the rescue. *

ADAM LEAVITT

Hit a water main?

HAYTHAM

No -- from the tanks of this fire
engine: that's the water that
didn't evaporate in the blast.

Al-Ghazi points to a mass of black metal: looks like a fire truck the way a Jackson Pollock looks like the Mona Lisa. Leavitt and Grant stand back. Quiet:

GRANT SYKES

(eyes on Fleury)

Hole is the case. See, there's
"evidence" down it that hole. You
understand evidence? Little things
that are "clues." Clues can be very
helpful to a fella when he's trying
to solve a crime.

HAYTHAM

I understand that.

GRANT SYKES

Glad to hear it. So can we get in
there?

HAYTHAM

No.

Sykes holds Haytham's gaze. Smiles.

GRANT SYKES

OK.

Fleury is taking in the entire crime scene. He notices a four story building half a mile off the perimeter.

He watches Al-Ghazi rip at a chunk of floorboard wedged into the mud, bag it himself, search for someone to give it too. Nobody. Sets it down. Stands, wipes his hands hard on his pants. Fleury could swear the dirt stains are intentional: trying to feel like he's doing something.

77

EXT. DESERTED STREET, AL-HERNIF - MOMENTS LATER

77

The Land Cruiser Haytham rammed, The driver's side crushed, bullet holes, out-of-control skid-marks, asphalt scars from the snapped drive shaft.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

This vehicle was stolen. Two drivers murdered. A team outside the blast-radius...shooting at anything. Everyone.

(beat)

Sergeant Haytham ended this part.

ADAM LEAVITT

(to Al-Ghazi)

Are the Shooters in-custody-

SERGEANT HAYTHAM

-dead.

So Sergeant Haytham speaks English...

FLEURY

The two police that were in the car?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM

Yes, again, those men are dead.

FLEURY

I understand that. Those men. They were your men.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM

They were. They were Mabahith.

FLEURY

I'm sorry.

Al-Ghazi offers the slightest of nods to Fleury.

GRANT SYKES

That how you hurt your hand,
Cowboy?

Haytham rolls his sleeve back down over the wrist. Grant and Leavitt look up at his eyes: nothing. Al-Ghazi re-focuses:

FLEURY

Have any of these men been
identified?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

Not yet, but we will check certain
Mosques. It is likely that the four
men belonged to the same Mosque.

JANET MAYES

The same Mosque enough to link them
to a certain Cell?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

If the Mosque is in Suweidi.

ADAM LEAVITT

What's Suweidi?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

(beat)

A suburb where Al-Qaeda could
recruit from storefronts.

Fleury looks back at the homes, then up and around: Fleury spots several distant apartments providing a view of the crime scene.

FLEURY

Can we go to check out some of
these surrounding buildings?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

Why?

FLEURY

Seems reasonable that whoever
planned this had to observe. In
order to observe, you have to see.

Fleury points to one particular building.

FLEURY
That building sees all three crime
scenes.

Al-Ghazi looks up to the building. Back to Fleury.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(beat)
It's outside the walls-

ADAM LEAVITT
-c'mon now. This is damn insane: we
got enough security to invade this
Suweidi place, let alone that
building-

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
-no you don't.

FLEURY
(to Al-Ghazi, respectful)
Could you ask? We're already seeing
the crime-scenes individually --
why not all at once?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Any answer will take-

FLEURY
-time. I understand.

Fleury speaks slowly and clearly now: like he's cementing his
words in his own head as he speaks them.

FLEURY (CONT'D)
You have to ask the General, then
the General would ask the Prince.
Does it go higher or is that... the
Prince the end of the chain?

Al-Ghazi hesitates at the strange half-question, nods 'yes.'

FLEURY (CONT'D)
We'll be at the Community Center.
(beat)
Janet, wanna play hoops?

We're in the big gym as our team sits and waits...

Janet shoots free throws by herself.

JANET MAYES

This is the kind of radical circumstance that could have seriously upped Shaq's free throw percentages. Take a man. Ship him off to Riyadh. No phones, constant threat of death, no girls, no hip hop. Nothing... just free throws. Shaq, he'd be shooting at least seventy percent. Lakers would still be together. Kobe and Shaq lovers forever.

Fleury ignores Janet.. Waiting...

79 EXT. RIYADH SUBURB NEAR COMPOUND - AFTERNOON 79

Five car convoy moving quickly through the city.

80 EXT. SPOTTER APARTMENT- LATER 80

Our convoy pulls up in front of the apartment. They exit the vehicles

Fleury's watch-timer: 07:37:08...09...10. Our team surrounded by a 50-man security detail, rifle-stocks to shoulders. Everyone double-times it: outside the walls now, hostile territory. Two-man sniper teams out front. Al-Ghazi ten steps ahead.

This approaching Mob doesn't please the SANG Special Forces guarding the apartment: massive men recruited on size, top-line AK-74SU machine-guns, wild-ass black and white circular camouflage that calls attention to the wearer.

81 EXT. SPOTTER APARTMENT - NEXT MOMENT 81

The SANG Officer in-charge steps to Al-Ghazi. In Arabic:

SPECIAL FORCES OFFICER

Back down.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

It's cleared with General Abdul-Basir. We have five minutes here.

SPECIAL FORCES OFFICER

We were told they must remain in the vehicles...

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
That is not true...

SPECIAL FORCES OFFICER
They must stay in the Toyotas-

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
*-report me then when you get in-
touch with the General-*

-Officer reaches down from nowhere and hammers Al-Ghazi open-handed as Al-Ghazi tries to step past. Collective shock.

In that breath, Haytham punishes the Officer with a left-cross: knees buckle before he comprehends what hit him. Haytham's kick catches the Officer in the sternum as he hits ground. Al-Ghazi shakes it out, trades blows with the SANG second in-command. Leavitt moves, a rifle butt to the shoulder after two steps. Fleury, aiming for a chin, drills the Soldier that butted Leavitt: instant night-night. All the above happens in four seconds.

A 'knock-it-off' gunshot aimed at the sky pops one-foot from Janet's head. We hear what she hears: one half-second of the shot, then the big ring. On her knees immediately, hand over her ear. In response: heavy-caliber gunfire flies: group flinch-n-crouch. The warning shots from a .50-caliber mounted on a Humvee racing this way from Al-Hernif: dust plumes from the speed. Members of the security detail and the Special Forces go Mexican stand-off.

JANET MAYES
Tell me it didn't burst-tell me it
didn't burst-

Al-Ghazi the first to her, touching her hand to pull it away from the ear. A SANG nearby sees this: spits two inches from Al-Ghazi. Al-Ghazi leans to Janet's non-ringing side:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
No blood.

The Humvee now slides to stop ten feet from the fracas. General Abdul-Basir out of the passenger seat, in Arabic:

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
WHO FIRED?

That Soldier's hand goes up sheepish. Two men out of the Humvee's backseat break him down, face first in the dirt: cuff him, lock him in the vehicle.

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR (CONT'D)
AND WHY?

SPECIAL FORCES OFFICER
(standing, doubled over)
A disagreement.

The General grabs the Officer by the back of his head: an abusive Dad. Walks him to the side.

GENERAL ABDUL-BASIR
(back to Al-Ghazi)
FIVE MINUTES.

Al-Ghazi looks back down at Janet, at Leavitt's bruise, at the man Fleury knocked out. Angry. Impressed: fought alongside him. Haytham hasn't moved an inch, not even when the General came, chin raised to an entire platoon: say when.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(to Fleury)
Five minutes.

The SANG move back. The team staggered, slowly remembering why they're here in the first place, finally make their way to the Roof Top.

82 EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

82

Fleury finds a table with a view. Tabletop: holes and finger-paint stains. Al-Ghazi three feet away. Both look in the same direction: two Tigers being held back.

Fleury takes a long moment...telling a Rival a secret:

RONALD FLEURY
This was the act of a Family Man.

Another long moment. Al-Ghazi looks at the table, discarded trash: the Capri Sun containers, the candy wrappers.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
Formed the plan up here: saw everything he could hit.
(beat)
Way too pretty a' plan to have been fully hatched on just one visit. He came here a couple times.

Al-Ghazi quiet for a long while. Then he reciprocates:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
This man was a Saudi.

Fleury waiting for an explanation. After another hesitation, Al-Ghazi points to the far right.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.) (CONT'D)
That was the first assault: three
Officers on patrol shot in their
heads. I think those shots provided
an excuse for the first bomber to
step to the middle of the field:
maximize his casualties.
(beat)
The rest of the attacks happened
from right to left.

Our P.O.V. moves right to left: 1) the ball field, 2) the parking lot 3) to the death squad scene, and 4) left again to the final blast. Fleury not seeing the link.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
We read from right to left, we
write from right to left...this is
the way we scan a book-
(a sweeping motion
covering all the scenes)
-or a horizon.

FLEURY
So do Iranians or anyone who reads
Hebrew. Doesn't mean he's Saudi.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
This place does. This
neighborhood... It's too local. If
foreigners were up here, someone
would say something.

Fleury looks over to the two dozen LOCALS peering out with suspicion at them on the rooftop.

FLEURY
I see.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Nobody's talking. Saudis did this.
No doubt.

Fleury smiles small at whatever just passed between them. Al-Ghazi stays stoic, then looks straight at Fleury:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
A man who thinks of something like
this ...while maybe his family
played around him... scares me more
than I have words to express.
Iblis...

Fleury and Al-Ghazi stare down at the softball field: the
shredded skeleton of the bleachers.

RONALD FLEURY
(refocusing)
Two big answers in two small
minutes. Imagine if we had a couple
days together. I might even have
time to show you what I found in
the parking lot.

Al-Ghazi hesitates, turns, duty-bound.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
Use this kind of information to get
yourself unshackled.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(beat)
Then you guess I unshackle you?

RONALD FLEURY
Not guessing: praying. But no
matter what I do or don't do, you
still need free reign or this has
no hope of getting solved. I'm sure
the General is good guy...and I'm
just as sure he's no Investigator.

Al-Ghazi stands still, silent for 10 seconds:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
What's in the parking lot?

Fleury puts his hands together: praying. Al-Ghazi just nods:
should have known better.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
We break now: too hot to work
outdoors. Then we will leave for
the Palace.

RONALD FLEURY
And I imagine that will run until
sundown?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

(beat)

I had televisions delivered to your
quarters to pass the downtime.

Fleury just nods back.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

Miss Mayes will not attend this
evening. Men only.

Fleury looks over to Janet. Hurt, yet extremely defiant, she
looks ready to attack anything that comes near her. A Saudi
SANG checks out her ear.

FLEURY

You want to tell her that?

83 EXT. CHEVY SUBURBAN, RIYADH SUBURBS - NOON

83

Cobra gunships covering the convoy as it blurs past police
checkpoint after police checkpoint. Intersections shut down.
Bracketed front and back by Saudi Humvees.

84 INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN, RIYADH SUBURBS - NEXT MOMENT

84

Fleury's watch timer: 10:17:12 and counting. Al-Ghazi in the
passenger seat, hand on the stock of his Mp-5: again
searching for threats. Our team in back, freshly scrubbed,
collared-Polos as formal as anyone thought to pack. Team
frustration has evolved into angry acceptance.

The convoy zipping alongside a wall now: desert-orange in
color, twelve-feet high, blue ottoman tiles running the
length of the wall's horizontal center-line.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

We're here.

The helicopters peel off at steep angles, the sound of the
rotors reverberating in your chest. Leavitt watching them go:

ADAM LEAVITT

Big wall.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

It's a big palace.

ADAM LEAVITT

How many Princes are there?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Over 5000.

RONALD FLEURY
They all get palaces this big?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Some get bigger.

ADAM LEAVITT
Who pays for all this?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
General Motors, Ford, Chevrolet...

ADAM LEAVITT
Hey, man - I drive a Hybrid.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(a beat...)
The Prince will ask you about your flight, the accommodations...light subjects. If he offers you the chance to hold his Raptors, don't flinch: it's a compliment.

ADAM LEAVITT
(to Grant: genuine worry)
What's a Raptor?

85 INT. PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN'S PALACE - DAY

85

Majlis - a Saudi political ceremony in which Saudi citizens and local politicians are permitted a brief audience with the Prince. A bizarre receiving line of sorts.

Damon Schmidt stands with Fleury and Sykes.

The Prince sits on a sea of pillows. There are several small flat screens playing business reports, CNN and Al-Jazeera.

Seen from behind the Prince: everyone but Leavitt sitting on either side of a long table next to faces we've never seen. The table holds six gold serving platters. Enough food to kill a famine, tended by a frenzy of servants.

Leavitt stands to the Prince's left, thick leather glove on his hand, a falcon perched on it. Leavitt holds it away from the rest of his body like he's already made peace with losing the arm. Servants hold three others close-by.

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN
His talons slice bone.

ADAM LEAVITT
Super.

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN
That's my most prolific Hunter. I'm
trying to teach his friends there
by example, but I fear it's
something you're born with or not.
Do you agree, Mr. Ronald? Innate or
not at all?

RONALD FLEURY
I do.

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN
(nodding: I could tell)
What have you seen so far of our
Kingdom -- and know I can arrange
tours anywhere within our borders.

When I bull-rush our hosts you'll know it. In his quiet, calm-
amidst-the-bullets tone:

RONALD FLEURY
I've seen that the man who planned
the worst crime in your Kingdom's
history is without a doubt Saudi...

Pin-drop silence in response to Fleury murdering the Prince's
"light subjects," his attempt to extend the gilded circle-
jerk by offering tours. Rahman's face sinks to gray again
after the excited pink of talking about his Falcons. His hand
slowly moves back over his stomach: Napoleon's ulcers. As
Fleury speaks, people unconsciously push their plates away,
look up at him with wide-eyes.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
That if you pull the air filters
out of a red Toyota and a blue Ford
at the parking lot, you'll find
bits of the cloth the Bomber wore.
From that fabric you can determine
if the uniforms were at least real.

Fleury puts a hand over his cup to stop his tea re-fill.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
I've seen that the people in this
room born with it are there...
(MORE)

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

(points at a gawking Al-Ghazi)

...and there.

(then at Haytham)

Everything I just said came from Captain Al-Ghazi: his observations of the scene while he and Sergeant Haytham were protecting us. And I think you're absolutely right Sir: that kind of instinct can't be taught: not to Falcons. Not to SANG Generals. Innate or not at all.

(beat)

You want the murder to stop as much as I do. Let us help.

The Prince stares at Fleury, cataloguing everything Fleury just said. Stands. In Arabic:

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN

Captain Al-Ghazi, a word.

As the Prince walks out with Al-Ghazi, he signals another corps of servants to serve another round of cups: coffee. Dinner over. A servant takes the Falcon from Leavitt just as he was starting to smile at it.

Fleury sips his coffee.

GRANT SYKES

That was impressive.

RONALD FLEURY

Think it will work?

GRANT SYKES

Yeah. Maybe. I mean, you can only play the "I'm going to the press card" like three more times. So, maybe.

RONALD FLEURY

What the hell is this guy so scared of? You know? Who's he protecting?

GRANT SYKES

(serious, quiet)

They're not protecting anyone. There's no conspiracy. They're just terrified. Finally. The Saudis have finally seen the Monsters they helped create, because those Monsters have come home.

(MORE)

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)
And if Saudis don't catch Saudi
Monsters, that's the end.
(right through Fleury's
attempt to speak)
And that end could come double-
quick if they let the Great Satan
catch those Monsters for them.
(Fleury silent, gets it)
Because that's what the Saudi on
the street already believes: the
only thing keeping the Royal Family
upright is America.

Damon Schmidt approaches. He's been listening.

DAMON SCHMIDT
That's dead on accurate. Very
impressive.
(beat)
That's why they're making it hard
on you, and that's why I want to
help 'em turn the screws.

RONALD FLEURY
They can have every shred of credit-

DAMON SCHMIDT
-you see the slums on the way in?

RONALD FLEURY
Yeah.

DAMON SCHMIDT
See that even though their homes
are falling down, they had
satellite dishes bolted on?

RONALD FLEURY
Yeah-

DAMON SCHMIDT
-everyone already knows you're
here. Credit? If the Saudis cracked
this Cell while these servants were
pouring coffee, Al-Jazeera still
leads the story with your Team.

RONALD FLEURY
Have you been to the crime-scene?

DAMON SCHMIDT
No-

RONALD FLEURY

-if you had, you'd see the evil
work of real Talent. The kind that
doesn't stop until it's forced.

DAMON SCHMIDT

And the path to Hell is paved with
good intentions.

RONALD FLEURY

You having fun?

DAMON SCHMIDT

(genuine smile)
Beats hell outta visa-stamping.
(smile vanishing)
You're on an island. I hope you
know how to get off.

RONALD FLEURY

By catching the Planner.

Raising his coffee, toasting Fleury's cup:

DAMON SCHMIDT

Then here's to you. Let's bet: when
this Captain Al-Ghazi comes out,
you know: the one you just buried
your nose into the ass of -- he's
in-charge of the investigation -if
so, you set me up on a date with
Janet Mayes.

86

INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN, RIYADH SUBURBS - NIGHT

86

100 m.p.h. Semi-grins from the Team: how the fuck did he do
that? Al-Ghazi on a cell, rattling orders in excited Arabic:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

*... every investigator on-scene by
midnight, 50 more portable lights,
three more pumps-*

RONALD FLEURY

(to Leavitt)
-you got to do me a favor and tell
Janet that she and Damon Schmidt
got a date when he gets back to the
States.

ADAM LEAVITT
Yeah, OK, sure. That duck's gonna
fly. Yup.

Laughter. Al-Ghazi turns back to Fleury:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(pointing at the night)
The rules still stand.
(beat)
But tomorrow will be a new day.

87 INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - SAME MOMENT

87

The old man sitting with HALF A DOZEN MEN, talking. The old man is being videotaped: Foretelling of new threats. His men listen to him.

SUBTLE SHOTS of pieces of plastic explosives. PUSH IN ON: blasting caps, detonating wire.

On a table: Surveillance photos of the American Agents in the Compound. Pictures of Fleury, Janet, Al-Ghazi, Leavitt, Sykes.

As the old man quietly talks. MORE IMAGES:

Buzz-saw blades, nails, wing nuts, bolts, jacks, marbles, etc.

TIGHT ON the old man, his face obscured by his head wrap.

88 EXT. AL-HERNIF COMMUNITY CENTER - MORNING, SECOND DAY

88

Half-assed gardening party. Al-Ghazi worked through the night, hasn't slept since we last saw him. Looks like it.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Any evidence you find you hand
over.

RONALD FLEURY
Everything else is the same?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(a 'yes' nod)
How did you know we would find
fibers in the air filters?

RONALD FLEURY

I didn't. But here we are talking
about what to do with evidence.

Al-Ghazi smiles. His tired, bloodshot eyes impress the
Americans.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

I'm all ears, Special Agent Fleury.

RONALD FLEURY

We should start with the dead
shooters.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

They had no identification on them.
Fingerprints and dental have come
up empty.

RONALD FLEURY

Can we photograph all three of
them? Couple hundred copies each...

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

No problem.

RONALD FLEURY

Good. If it's OK with you, I'd like
to suggest we split up as
follows...

Sykes and Leavitt can't help small smiles. Finally getting to
work.

89

EXT. BLAST SITE - MORNING

89

Grant at the Crater. Three brand-new industrial-sized pumps
draining it. 30 Mabath Investigators. Watching Sykes.

GRANT SYKES

(to the Saudis)

Got to get a little dirty, people.
Crawl up in it. Make deep contact.
You get that?

Dead, confused stares from the Saudis. Sykes climbs down into
the mud hole, happy as a pig in shit.

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)

Get nasty, dirty, filthy.

He smiles, watches another Officer write Saudi translations on the stainless-steel paint cans into which you load evidence: shrapnel, soil, DNA, shells, etc.

90 EXT. DEATH SQUAD SCENE, AL-HERNIF - SAME MOMENT 90

A JUNIOR OFFICER double-times it to Al-Ghazi with a stack of photos: Rough head-shots of the three dead SHOOTERS. Fleury takes some, hands the rest back to Al-Ghazi.

RONALD FLEURY

Have him pass these out to the compound security. See if anybody knows them.

Fleury, Leavitt, and Al-Ghazi walk past the Land Cruiser Haytham took out. 15 Mabahith INVESTIGATORS on-scene: Leavitt stops, drops his bag. Al-Ghazi introduces him to the Officer in-charge.

Leavitt opens his evidence kit. A couple of MABAHITH can't help but sneak a peek, checking out what the American's got inside.

91 INT. RIPON HOME - LATER 91

Fleury with Al-Ghazi back in the Ripon home.

Fleury stands, rubs Jack's shaved-head like he rubbed his own son's head.

RONALD FLEURY

Would you mind doing one more thing for me?

EARL

No, Sir.

Fleury pulls out the photographs.

RONALD FLEURY

Could you tell me if you recognize any of these men?

Fleury puts the three photographs down on the dining room table. Jack tries to get a look. Fleury gently holds him back: Not pretty pictures.

Earl and Janine study the photos.

JANINE
...Horrible.

A few moments, then:

EARL
I don't.

Fleury thinks a minute. Looks outside.

FLEURY
I'm just wondering. That chair outside. Looks like it gets a lot of wear. Looks comfortable.

EARL
That my mom's chair.

FLEURY
See, that's exactly what I was thinking. I'm guessing she spends a lot of time sitting outside?

EARL
All day.

FLEURY
She must pretty much see it all. Right?

EARL
She does.

FLEURY
Where is she?

EARL
She's sleeping.

Pause: Fleury slow nods, then...

FLEURY
Let's wake her up.

TIME CUT:

Maddy up at the dinning room table, looking down at the photos.

MADDY
I've seen him.

RONALD FLEURY

Where?

Maddy thinking...

MADDY

Like, a week ago. Twice I've seen him. Watering...With the garden crews. I remember he was wearing a Liza Minnelli T-shirt. I thought that was funny.

RONALD FLEURY

What about the others?

MADDY

(closer examination)

No. Just him. I remember the T-shirt. I remember thinking it was odd?

RONALD FLEURY

What, the Liza Minelli shirt?

MADDY

No. I do think Liza Minelli's gone odd, but that wasn't it.

RONALD FLEURY

What was odd?

MADDY

He was a Saudi. The gardener.

RONALD FLEURY

Yeah.

MADDY

Saudis, like Americans, don't do manual labor. Blowing leaves is beneath them.

RONALD FLEURY

Thank you.

Fleury and Al-Ghazi start to leave.

EARL

Who is he?

Fleury looks back to Earl.

RONALD FLEURY
That's one of the many things we're
trying to find out.

92 EXT. RIPON FAMILY HOME - NEXT MOMENT 92

Al-Ghazi gives the photo of the IDENTIFIED SHOOTER to an AIDE waiting outside.

AL-GHAZI
Find out if he worked with the
gardeners.

The aide takes the photo, starts walking away.

AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
RUN!

Freaked, the aide about jumps out of his skin...starts running.

93 EXT. MOBILE FIELD MORGUE - SAME MOMENT 93

Janet and Haytham approach a 2000 square-foot M.A.S.H. Tent attached to refrigeration units.

FROM VARIOUS ANGLES:

SANG OFFICERS look down at the Americans, dead eyed, watching them work.

94 INT. MOBILE FIELD MORGUE - NEXT MOMENT 94

The Muslim dead wrapped in white linen according to the *Sunna*. Western bodies lie clearly separated from Arabs. A Saudi technician blankly hands Janet and Haytham lab coats to cut the cold. Three MABAHITH OFFICERS in the tent with them: Watching Janet.

Haytham is looking uncomfortable as if he is embarrassed to be seen with the American woman.

95 EXT. JACKSON HOME - LATER 95

Fleury knocks at Aaron Jackson's door. A pause, the peep hole darkens. A longer pause, then the door opens. Aaron Jackson doesn't look any better. Same shirt.

Packed boxes. Suit cases. Jackson is clearly getting out of Dodge.

RONALD FLEURY

(beat)

How are your Sons?

Jackson's eyes shrink-wrapped in tears. After a long silence with no answer, Fleury hands him a sheet of paper:

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

That's the name of a clinical psychologist. Works with Embassy kids...apparently very good at explaining violence-

AARON JACKSON

-what do you know about what my kids need? What they saw? What the rest of their lives might be like?

RONALD FLEURY

(beat)

I thought maybe your Boys...without their Mom anymore...might ask you why sometime...

Aaron Jackson begins shaking his head yes. Tears flow free: sorrow and gratitude. He hangs on to Fleury's hand for a very long time. Silent apologies.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

I will find the Cell responsible for the death of your wife. We're close.

AARON JACKSON

(beat)

Tomorrow it'll be another Cell, somebody else's wife.

Fleury quiet.

RONALD FLEURY

Then tomorrow I'll come back.

Fleury turns his head: Al-Ghazi approaches on the next lawn down with three JUNIOR OFFICERS. Fleury nods goodbye to Jackson.

Fleury approaches Al-Ghazi, holds up the Shooter's photo.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

Mrs. Ripon was correct. We know who he is. He's on several watch lists.

Fleury - a slight nod of satisfaction.

RONALD FLEURY

We know where he lives?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

We will very soon.

RONALD FLEURY

You don't seem very excited.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

These are always the easy ones to catch. Rarely does it lead to the planners.

(beat)

I want to take you somewhere.

RONALD FLEURY

Where?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

To someone who may be able to help us catch a planner.

96

EXT. BLAST SITE - DAY

96

Ten Mabathith Investigators in the crater with Grant. Outside the crater: pieces of vehicles laid out outside: 1/2 of a door, 1/4 of a front axle, bits of engine. Five feet away from that: stacks of bagged evidence, two dozen evidence containers.

Sykes clambers out of the hole, streaks of re-animated mud where sweat streams out of his hairline, mad-dashing for his chin. A chunk of metal in one hand, something small in the other: a marble. He drops it in the appropriate cannister then steps to a chunk of metal: one half of an alternator.

Sykes stares down at the pieces of completely mangled metal. He studies a piece of twisted, half-melted iron. Thinking...

He walks over to a second larger piece of twisted metal. Starts trying to fit the two pieces...like a puzzle.

97 INT. MOBILE FIELD MORGUE, PRESENT DAY - NOON

97

The dead, oblong faces of the dog-walkers. Janet uses forceps to pull a wing-nut from one of the dog-walkers. Places it on a sanitary table littered with shrapnel: tiny bits of colored glass, ball-bearings, parts of razor blades, spent slugs, and scraps of unidentified metal.

A glazed Haytham works with a Pathologist on the Muslim bodies. Their own collection of foreign objects. Janet pulls free 1/2 of a marble from a burrowed hole: explains the shards of colored glass. Cleans it in saline, holds it up to the light. We stare at it with her.

98 EXT. BLAST SITE - CRATER

98

Sykes still works the two large pieces of trashed iron. Until something clicks. The fit. Sykes looks down at the connected metal.

SYKES

It's a gurney.

Sykes looks down at the mud colored Mabahith DIGGERS.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Who's missing an ambulance?

Just stares from the Saudis.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Could somebody please go get
Sergeant Haytham?

Confused stares from the Saudis.

SYKES (CONT'D)

(loud)

Sergeant Haytham!

Inside the crater: water-level down to the ankles. Three Saudis dig around what looks to be one of the dualie-style back tires. Re-positioning to get a better grip, Sykes notices the top of what looks to be a sizeable, ragged hole, still mostly submerged. Pointing:

GRANT SYKES

Here.

Sykes slogs over. He drops to his knees, reaches his hand in, all the way to his shoulder, the side of his face to the water: void. Out of the crater, Sykes points to a Bobcat earth-mover, in Arabic:

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)
Who has the keys?

99 INT. / EXT. MOBILE FIELD MORGUE - SAME

99

Janet moves to the pile of shrapnel Haytham and the Pathologist are collecting. Before she can get close, one of the GUARDS unloads in her direction - a full guttural Arabic assault. No idea what he's saying, but it's obvious he's furious. Haytham starts firing back.

This is an un-translated argument. We sense that the guard is doing more than expressing his displeasure regarding Janet. This seems to be personal. He's attacking Haytham

Janet's getting very nervous. A frightening display. Haytham turns:

HAYTHAM
You cannot touch any Muslims.

Janet takes a breath as the Mabahith hard-eye her.

JANET
No problem.

We track with Haytham out of the morgue. Outside, he tries to compose himself. Breathing hard, obviously upset, Haytham looking out past the compound towards the growing Riyadh skyline.

MABAHITH OFFICER
(In Arabic)
The American wants you.

100 INT./ EXT. SUBURBAN - DOWNTOWN RIYADH

100

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A two car convoy drives deep into the city.

The Convoy is forced to stop across the street from a gas station as a construction crane backs into a drive way. Al-Ghazi and Fleury stare across the street as a large gas truck fills up the heavy tanks of a Saudi gas station.

FLEURY

What's gas running a gallon out here, Al-Ghazi? Penny gallon?

Al-Ghazi smiles.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

It was an American. An engineer named Karl Twitchell. Hired by Saudi Arabia to find water. He didn't find so much as a dried oasis, but he found this. Enough oil to turn the earth.

Fleury stares out as the oil spills out overflowing from the station tank.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

They say my country sits on over 1 trillion more barrels of recoverable oil.

RONALD FLEURY

A trillion reasons for our Leaders to hold hands another one hundred years.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

A trillion reasons to keep fighting. For both sides of this War.

(beat)

I think our oil has begun destroying more than it creates.

RONALD FLEURY

Agreed.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

I'm 46 years-old.

(beat, tired)

I have three daughters. And I find myself in a place where I no longer care about 'why' we are attacked. I only care that 100 people woke up a few mornings ago had no idea it was their last. When we catch the Man who murdered these people, I don't care to ask even one question...I just want to kill him...stop him.

(beat, a bit embarrassed)

Do you understand?

RONALD FLEURY

Yes, I do.

A long moment. Just road noise. We see two men, as different from each other as they could be, yet made from the same things.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

Is your first name 'Captain?'

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

(a small smile)

Rafiq.

101 EXT. DEATH SQUAD SCENE - DAY 101

Mabahith Investigators eat lunch under a tent 50 yards away. Not Leavitt: taking digital snaps of the shattered Land Cruiser. Through the viewfinder: the caved-in door. Two snaps. Then a red laser-sight moves across the door toward him: a third shocked snap. Pulls the camera from his eye. Three members of his Mabahith security-detail: smirking pretending to fidget with an AR-15's aperture.

Leavitt stares. Subtle defiance. Nobody blinks. Silent moments pass. The smallest of the detail reaches over, pulls the cocking device of the rifle: round in the chamber, so stop looking at us

Leavitt turns his back on the soldiers. Goes back to work.

102 INT. BOMB SITE - CRATER 102

Sykes, covered in mud, digging, searching for any signs of identification amongst the charred, mangled metal.

103 EXT. INTERNET CAFE - LATER 103

The small convoy pulls up next to a run down, late seventies chunk of architecture which looks like a combination bombed dentist office/ accounting firm. Weird. Two TEENAGERS in Tupac T-shirts smoke in front.

Fleury, Al-Ghazi and a couple of Mabahith head for the blacked out front door.

104 INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

104

Moving up two flights of stairs. Dark, rundown shredded carpet. Old hip hop - cheap bass, thin speakers. Smoke. Everything grows in intensity as they move up the stairs. Two more TEENAGERS skulk past.

FLEURY
(half joking to Al-Ghazi)
Feel like I'm back home in Detroit.

Al-Ghazi keeps moving up and into what is definitely on Fleury's top ten list of the most bizarre places he's ever been.

FLEURY'S POV:

Two rooms: First is some kind of snack/smoke/TV lounge. Packs of young Saudi MEN drinking cokes, smoking. Odd Saudi talk shows mixing with hip hop.

Behind, another room: bigger, overflowing with stacks of mismatched computers. Dozens of them. Dozens of Saudi TEENAGERS plugged in. Head-phoned and mic'd. All chain smoking, all fully plugged in to CALL OF DUTY (an American war game) on line. These kids play with rabid intensity, smoking and screaming and killing.

Al-Ghazi moves through the crowd. A small middle aged SAUDI spots Al-Ghazi. They exchange words. Al-Ghazi waves Fleury to follow.

Fleury does and follows Al-Ghazi through the computer room, into a back office.

105 INT. INTERNET CAFE - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

105

A middle aged Saudi: IZZ AL DIN. He sits behind a cluttered desk. Art books and computers everywhere. Din gets up and embraces Al-Ghazi.

Al-Ghazi then turns to face Fleury.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Izz al Din. At one time, Arafat's senior bomb-maker and planner in the occupied territories. He joined Bin-Laden when Al Qaeda brought the fight to the Royal Family.

RONALD FLEURY

(beat)

OK. Shouldn't we arrest him or
shoot him or something?

Small smile from Al-Ghazi.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

He turned himself in last year
during an amnesty. He's now part of
a new government effort to balance
the experience of Saudi Youth.

RONALD FLEURY

This place is community service?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

If America figures out a way of
keeping their kids off the
computers please let us know.

RONALD FLEURY

Why did he turn himself in?

Before Al-Ghazi can answer, alDin begins talking to him in
Arabic. Al-Ghazi translates:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

'You only come after I see there
were bombs. Did you know Bin Laden
put 5 million-dollars on my head?
Why shouldn't it be 10?'

Subdued laughter. Then Izz al Din becomes quiet, grave. Al-
Ghazi continues the translation:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

The Man who made War on Al-Hernif
is someone my age -- this kind of
skill is learned over decades.

Izz al Din looks at Fleury now, speaking directly to him
through Al-Ghazi:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.)

A Man who can plan the mass-murder
of women and children, then go home
at night to his own, sleep soundly.
That kind of Man is supremely
difficult to catch.

RONALD FLEURY
(through Al-Ghazi)
How does he know he slept soundly?

Captain Al-Ghazi hesitates, then relays Fleury's question.
Izz al Din stares: eyes touched by war-blood-atrocities
committed. Someone who believes he's going to Hell.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.)
(translating)
Because he hasn't stopped. You stop
when their faces don't let you
close your eyes...

RONALD FLEURY
(through Al-Ghazi)
Is that why you quit?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.)
(translating)
17 days without sleep will make you
quit anything.

*

Two TEENAGERS stick their heads into the office. They're mad
about the sharing of a computer. Izz al Din puts a fast stop
to it. It's obvious he's good with these young boys. Izz al
Di smiles as he speaks to Al-Ghazi.

Al-Ghazi translates to Fleury.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
He says he makes my job easier.
Here, at least they only fight and
kill on computers.

*

*

RONALD FLEURY
(through Al-Ghazi)
How do we find him?

Izz al Din thinks for a moment, then speaks. His men chuckle
as Al-Ghazi continues translating:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Prayer. Luck. Handshakes.

Fleury looks at Al-Ghazi, doesn't quite get it...

RONALD FLEURY
(to Al-Ghazi)
Well, I think I get the 'prayer'
and 'luck' parts...

Izz al Din slowly stands, Al-Ghazi helping him up, moves to Fleury. Reaches his hand out to him, quietly:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.)
(translating)
His hands will feel like this.

Fleury shakes Izz al Din's hand, turns it over: index finger gone. Fleury looks back into al Din's eyes.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(translating)
Every *Amir* at some point gets
bitten by his work.

*

106 EXT. BLAST SITE - DAY

106

The Bobcat digs into the crater, over the unknown hole. Already a large pile of dirt. Another sizeable scoop down about two feet: nothing. Haytham now stands over the crater watching Sykes.

GRANT SYKES
Whatever this is, it blasted-off
like NASA.

The Officer yells to the Machine Operator in Arabic:

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
Driven in at an angle, deeper...

Another gouge of earth: 4 feet. Nothing. Grant sits back

GRANT SYKES
'High-order explosion' doesn't do
it justice: what's left a' this
looks like it was put through a
wood-chipper.

Sykes rubs his eyes. Adrenaline long gone. Looks at his watch: time passing fast. He drops to his stomach, reaches in with the trenching tool to see how much farther the hole goes: a metallic 'clink.

An oxygen tank. The kind used in ambulances. Nozzle assembly gone, burst in the explosion with a force that drove it several feet into solid ground. Haytham takes a razor blade, scratches off samples of the soil and carbon for explosive residue into a fresh cannister. Then takes a wet rag, begins cleaning the tank. Toward the middle: Arabic script...
Hospital Identification. Ambulance identification.

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)
Do you know this hospital?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
Yes.

GRANT SYKES
Call it in.

107 INT. AL-HERNIF COMMUNITY CENTER

107

Now a mini command post. Al-Ghazi works phones with Fleury by his side. Sykes and Leavitt muddy, sitting on their cots. Leavitt tags evidence from the shootout.

Al-Ghazi hangs up, looks to Fleury.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
The ambulance was reported stolen from King Fahd Hospital last Wednesday, three days before the bombing.

RONALD FLEURY
OK.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
There's more: I told you it wouldn't be hard to find the soldiers.

RONALD FLEURY
(focused; to Al-Ghazi)
What do you got?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
The stolen ambulance had a twenty man crew that rotated shifts on it. We checked all twenty men. One of them, Jabal al Bari is now of interest to us.

RONALD FLEURY
Why?

Al-Ghazi reaches for the photo of the dead shooter/attacker.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Because this gentleman is Fahti al Bari, Jabal's brother.

RONALD FLEURY
Where's Jabal?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
I'm going to show you.

108 EXT. SUBURBAN RIYADH STREET - AFTERNOON

108

A five block radius has been sealed off by Mabath Vehicles. Fleury and his team are at the outer perimeter, crouched behind barricades at the entrance of a cul-de-sac. They're not allowed *anywhere near* the line of fire.

They sport bullet-proof vests and helmets: look like reporters in a war-zone. Police turn away cars, neighbors. Snipers stand posted on near-by rooftops. Helicopters audible overhead. Street deserted.

GRANT SYKES
We never get to do anything fun.

JANET MAYES
Sykes, I'm guessing you don't even remember how to load your gun.

GRANT SYKES
That's not funny.

JANET MAYES
I'm not trying to be funny.

GRANT SYKES
I'm a very good shot.

JANET MAYES
I'm sure.

Haytham hands Al-Ghazi a walkie-talkie, in Arabic:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Neighbors clear?

VOICE (O.S.)
Yes.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Activity or communication?

VOICE (O.S.)
Snipers have seen nothing. No telephone line into the house.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

(beat)

Allahuakbar. Go.

Two black Suburbans roll around the corner: out-fitted with running boards and hand rails upon which a 12-man SWAT team rides: 3 on each rail, 2 vehicles. SWAT team: military fatigues, black hoods, Mp-5 close-quarter sub-machine guns. Flying down the cul-de-sac: Half-way down the street, one of the Snipers open fire: BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. That moment an RPG fires wide of the lead Suburban. Over Al-Ghazi's walkie-talkie, in Arabic:

VOICE (O.S.)

ONE DOWN! RPG!

The two SWAT-Teamers at the front of the running boards open up with their MP-5s one-handed: the front of the house puffs, bursts, disintegrates. Suburbans rip to a stop. SWAT off, move fast. Three toss flash grenades into and around the house. Massive flash-bangs. Six through the front door. Six sprinting around back. Loud AK-47 bursts from inside now...screams. Then an RPG fired inside: the rushing sound and yellow-white flash past two windows. A section of the far left wall of the house detonates from the inside out.

More mechanical, silenced thwacks from the SWAT Mp-5s. Silence. Then voices from Al-Ghazi's walkie-talkie. Ambulances round the corner, fly toward the house:

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

CLEAR.

109 INT. TARGETED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

109

The team enters, wide-eyed. Four men in civilian garb, all dead: multiple bullet wounds. An Officer with four 8 X 10 mug-shots, matching them to the dead faces, dropping mug-shots on respective chests. Once he's finished, a police photographer takes new pictures of each. At the far side of the House: engineers use 2x4s to support the wall hit with the RPG. All of it has the feel of standard Saudi operation procedure.

Al-Ghazi appears from the back of the house. Bends over each of the four dead men: lifting each of their hands, examining the backs of the hands quickly.

GRANT SYKES

Prints are on the other side...

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
I'm not looking for prints. I'm
looking for fingers.

Stands after the last: a look of controlled frustration that
Fleury files. Then Al-Ghazi motions to Sykes and Fleury.

110 INT. REAR OF THE HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

110

Back to the rear of the house: stacks of plastic explosives,
buckets of shrapnel, two Paramedics working feverishly to put
a bite plate into the mouth of a convulsing SWAT Officer, hit
multiple times. Al-Ghazi goes about his business like a man
isn't dying six feet away.

RONALD FLEURY
JANET...

Janet makes her way back. Immediately moves to the wounded
SWAT Officer:

JANET MAYES
He's gone-

RONALD FLEURY
-he's not why I called you. This
shrapnel look like the stuff you
pulled at the morgue?

Janet looking at the Saudi EMTs still working: *let him go...*

GRANT SYKES
JANET-

JANET MAYES
-YEAH -- pulled so much it's hard
to remember it all.

RONALD FLEURY
Bolts?

JANET MAYES
Yes.

RONALD FLEURY
Wing nuts?

JANET MAYES
Yeah.

RONALD FLEURY
Razor blades?

JANET MAYES

Sure.

Janet can't help it, kneels in to help the Saudi Paramedics. Al-Ghazi begins tossing the room, motions to Fleury and Grant: help. Janet helps load the stretcher, follows it out. Sykes a kid in a candy store: rummaging through explosives, blasting caps, shrapnel.

RONALD FLEURY

(calling back)

ADAM.

GRANT SYKES

C-4...

Al-Ghazi dumps desk drawers: pictures of government-looking buildings, walled-compounds. Lays them out in rows, studying each. Leavitt appears, focuses on the C-4 immediately.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.)

-the front gates of every other western housing compound in Riyadh.

Everybody looks at the Captain, pointing at the pictures:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

And Embassies: Italy, Japan, Korea, Norway, England...

ADAM LEAVITT

(beat)

The Coalition...

Leavitt steps, scans the pictures, picks up two in particular: buildings with scaffolding and heavy equipment.

ADAM LEAVITT (CONT'D)

These are all countries with Troops in Iraq -- Japanese and Italian embassies are under construction?

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

The entire Diplomatic Quarter is being retro-fitted to sustain bigger bomb blasts.

Janet pops her head in:

JANET MAYES

-the Prince's Convoy just showed.

Al-Ghazi's face: fear.

RONALD FLEURY
This is bullshit. You know it.
Meaningless. There's no leader
here. These are kids. That's it.

*

Al-Ghazi says nothing.

JANET MAYES
We're out of here.

RONALD FLEURY
Yes, that's it. Smile for the
cameras, body-bag some children.
Wrap it up, but us -- out. I get
it.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
I'm sorry.

111 EXT. FRONT OF TARGETED HOME - MOMENTS LATER

111

Prince Abdul-Rahman touring the scene: reporters,
photographers, his personal top-line security detail: the
business suits and boots, the special ops M-4s. All on edge
to be in a Saudi neighborhood. Rahman, looking like he needs
sleep and vitamins. Lecturing in Arabic:

PRINCE ABDUL RAHMAN
*Only in death will our enemies
realize Allah never permits
defiance of his almighty will.*

Damon Schmidt trailing behind the Prince's detail. The Prince
locks Al-Ghazi with a mad-dog stare in-between lesson points.
One of the Prince's inner-circle heads straight for Al-Ghazi,
in Arabic:

INNER-CIRCLE
*Take the Americans inside now and
keep them out of sight. You will be
spoken to about their presence.*

112 INT. TARGETED HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

112

The Team sitting on the floor, below the window sills, away
from the holes and doors. Al-Ghazi standing, looking out the
window at the spectacle. Damon Schmidt steps in: sees dead
bodies and goes ghost, almost collapses. Leavitt pops up,
help him sit.

RONALD FLEURY
You need water?

A quick 'no' nod: like the second before you lose lunch.

JANET MAYES
You really ought not look at this.

DAMON SCHMIDT
(pointing at the dead)
That fella got shot right through
his God damn nipple...

JANET MAYES
Don't stare too long. It'll start
living in your dreams.

Janet's voice causes Schmidt to immediately force composure.

DAMON SCHMIDT
No -- I know.

RONALD FLEURY
You do?
(beat)
How did you know we were here?

DAMON SCHMIDT
The Prince has Men at Al-Hernif.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
What Men?

DAMON SCHMIDT
Ask him.
(beat)
3 vehicles will stay behind when
the Prince and Press leave. You'll
convoy straight to BA flights into
Dulles -- last minute fares come
out of your budget, by-the-by.
Tried to swing upgrades, but check
at the counter.

*
*
*
*
*

Pissed, reproachful head-shakes.

*

RONALD FLEURY
Who has the sat-phone...?

Leavitt raises it up.

DAMON SCHMIDT

(beat; color returning)

Turn those frowns upside down,
people. This will be pitched as a
stunning Saudi-only counter-punch
that killed those responsible for
Al-Hernif. Al-Jazeera will play up
an FBI presence, we'll play up
their ties to Terror as checkmate.
And everyone that was so
righteously pissed back home is
gonna eat crow. Already a rumor
that the guy who wrote our State
Department memo-

RONALD FLEURY

-Ellis Leach?

DAMON SCHMIDT

You know him? He's gonna be put out
to pasture: made an example of by
the President to ensure all levels
of government get tough on Terror.

(right at Fleury)

You won the hand on the River card.

RONALD FLEURY

We didn't win shit, Schmidt. These
are children. Children with
pictures someone far senior has
provided them.

DAMON SCHMIDT

-kidding me? You mean those are
Terrorist targets? Holy Wow.
Momma, don't let your children grow
up to be cowboys.

(beat)

Just get ready to go home and revel
in the fact that for the next few
weeks your shit won't stink.

The phone rings that instant. Leavitt hands it up to Fleury.
Schmidt holds his hand up to Janet: high-five -- she gives it
up slowly, warily, semi-charmed:

DAMON SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

(to Janet)

Double or nothing that's a
congratulatory call.

*

RONALD FLEURY

Hello?

(beat)

Yes, Sir. We're all here and healthy. I'm sitting next to their corpses but this may not be over. These don't feel like anything resembling senior leadership-

(beat)

-thank you Sir. I do. Please do me one favor before we board: warn every 'Coalition-of-the-Willing' or whatever the hell we're calling our Iraq allies now, that pictures of their Riyadh embassies were found in this Cell's safe-house.

113 INT. TARGETED HOUSE - KITCHEN

113

Al-Ghazi and Fleury stand alone in the kitchen.

RONALD FLEURY

What do you think?

Al-Ghazi looks up at Fleury, slowly shakes his head.

AL-GHAZI

Just kids. It's a small win.

RONALD FLEURY

Yeah.

A beat.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

I'm thinking about New York - February 26, 1993. The first time they tried to hit the Trade Towers.

AL-GHAZI

Car bomb.

RONALD FLEURY

Remember how we caught the cell?

AL-GHAZI

Yes. He went back to pick up his deposit on the rental car.

RONALD FLEURY

Four hundred dollars. For four hundred dollars, he was caught.

(MORE)

*

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
Stupidity. Catching the cell was
easy. Just like this. The cell came
back.

Fleury looks at Al-Ghazi. He knows the win is small. Also
knows that's all she wrote, for now.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
I'll be back.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
Yes, you will.

114 OMITTED 114

115 OMITTED 115

116 INT. SUBURBAN - LATE AFTERNOON 116

Flying down a highway. Haytham driving. Al-Ghazi up front per
usual. Whole team crammed in back: Fleury behind Al-Ghazi;
Grant behind the Driver; Mayes and Leavitt on the back bench.
Everyone spent. Grant stares up at a distant jet climbing-
out. The police radio belching calm codes and calls every few
seconds.

*
*

GRANT SYKES
I'm going straight to Dan's, gonna
order six PBRs-

JANET MAYES
-Pabst?

GRANT SYKES
Keep it real. You ever drink PBR at
Duke, Captain?

AL-GHAZI
No.

GRANT SYKES
Any beer?

AL-GHAZI
No.

GRANT SYKES

Now...that's just unreasonable.
Good Police work and problem
drinking are like a chicken and egg
thing: which enables the other?

Al-Ghazi can't help a small smile. Fleury's not into it.
All business, pissed, clearly does not want to leave.

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)

Serious. Beer will open up your
subconscious. Canned beer
especially. Give you instincts they
can't teach-

-police-band suddenly squelches loud with excited Arabic.
Everyone perks, leans up to listen to the urgency.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.)

(the radio chatter)
Religious demonstration in
progress. Back near the City
Center.

A small collective smirk, sigh of relief. Fleury turns in his
seat. Notices the Suburban bringing up the rear has dropped
back. *

RONALD FLEURY

Is that last Suburban responding to
the call? Dropped back...

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (O.C.)

(turning)
What?

Al-Ghazi and Fleury both looking back to the following
Suburban now. Dropped back, sunglasses and blank faces
staring back at them. Al-Ghazi gets on the CB radio, in
Arabic:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

Tighten up-

-the trailing Suburban doesn't 'tighten up.' It brakes fish-
tail hard: blue smoke pours off wheels. Fleury instinctively
turns, wide-eyed -- out the window behind Sykes's head: a
small brown truck swerves out of the opposing lanes. Flying
across the desert median, aimed at the Convoy. Without
hesitation Fleury reaches over Haytham, rips the steering-
wheel right, nosing away from the approach... *

117 EXT. SAUDI HIGHWAY - SAME MOMENT 117

Our Suburban on two wheels: The lead Suburban turns the same direction a twitch too late. The small brown truck detonates. The lead Suburban takes a massive fraction of the explosion broadside, essentially shielding our vehicle. Flame spits through the lead vehicle as it spins, flips onto its roof.

118 INT. OUR SUBURBAN - NEXT MOMENT 118

Off-road now, violent impacts on bare rims shedding rubber.

119 EXT. HIGHWAY ATTACK AFTERMATH - NEXT MOMENT 119

The lead Suburban: tortoise on its back, engulfed, still sliding. Fleury's Suburban fish-tailing.

The Lead Suburban blows in-half now as the gas tank ruptures. A football-sized shard of metal explodes through our windshield-

120 INT. OUR SUBURBAN - SAME MOMENT 120

- and smashes straight out the back, taking the rear cargo door with it. *

The shock of it causes Haytham to lose control in earnest now. The Suburban flips, barrel rolls. Violent pounding inside the vehicle. Motion stops: upside down, just the roar of the big Detroit V-8 red-lining, wheels spinning in air. Everyone dazed, border-line unconscious. Fleury's bell rung the worst, trying to function, get his bearings -- running footfalls approach, quick yell-yips in Arabic: commands... *

The Driver and three other Mabahith Officers from the trailing Suburban. Smoke filling the interior now: thank God these Mabahith Officers have ripped open a door: saviors.

Fleury touches Leavitt's face, can barely see through the gathering smoke that smells like oil.

RONALD FLEURY

You whole?

ADAM LEAVITT

Think so-

Uniformed arms reach in, unbuckle Leavitt's seatbelt before he's ready: smashes head first into the ceiling.

The same hands rip Leavitt out now by his hair because it's the only thing they can grab -- this does not feel like a rescue.

*

121 EXT. HIGHWAY ATTACK AFTERMATH - NEXT MOMENT

121

Fleury trying to claw towards Leavitt. Throwing upside down punches at the air. Unbuckles himself now.

RONALD FLEURY

BACK OFF-

JANET MAYES

(panicked)

WHAT -- WHAT ARE THEY DOING-

Everyone else does the same, alarm rising: unbuckles, smashes into the ceiling as horizons go flip-flop confusion. Leavitt throwing punches as he's dragged with velocity to the trail Suburban, idling. Pistol-whipped viciously, repeatedly until they're able to kick him inside. Another Officer from the trailing vehicle steps up with an AK-47, pulls back the cocking mechanism, ready to spray the dazed occupants of our Suburban-

JANET MAYES (CONT'D)

-ADAM!

-the Officer's ankles and shins detonate. POP-POP-POP-POP from the driver's seat: Haytham. Screams from the would-be shooter at double volume. Haytham keeps firing as the Officer, hit multiple times, falls hard.

The trailing Suburban hesitates, slams into our Suburban just as Fleury is getting out of the wreckage. Everybody else still inside, knocked silly. The trailing Suburban backs up quick. Fleury instinctive goes for his holster: empty for days now.

RONALD FLEURY

GUN!

Trailing Suburban accelerates away now, as Janet and Haytham struggle out : Haytham's 9 MM in-hand racked open: empty. Fleury steps away from the now black smoke pouring from the vehicle -- in the passenger seat of the trail Suburban: the Officer that checked passports at Prince Sultan Air Base.

GRANT SYKES

-DOOR HELP-

Fleury rips Grant's door open. Trapped smoke billows, clears: Grant's foot dangles at an unnatural angle, his arm closest to the outside of the vehicle shredded.

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)
Can't release-

-Fleury looks in the direction of the fleeing Suburban: the rooster-tail it leaves getting smaller. Desperate. Haytham's pulling shotguns, handguns, ammo from the flipped vehicle. Haytham pointing ahead, to the fading rooster-tail. In Arabic:

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
They're going to disappear in
Suweidi.

Al-Ghazi nods, swings his head to the highway: traffic snarled/wrecked. People hesitantly stepping toward uniforms they trust on instinct. Fleury sawing Grant's seatbelt with a jagged piece of metal.

RONALD FLEURY
Hands up -- you're gonna fall-

Sykes still does, ugly. Fleury and Janet rip him free of the Suburban. Haytham dumps the pile of weapons at their feet, re-loads his 9MM. Janet ties a half-assed tourniquet around Sykes' reminder of an arm.

Al-Ghazi steps toward the approaching crowd: they see his state, his gun, and turn back panicked -- it starts to infect the larger mass, then the topper-

-AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE from somewhere. Glass-dirt-metal bursts around us: this attack is still going.

Fleury looks up: just the roof of another SUV on the median, dirt kicked up behind them, running behind lines of stopped-wrecked traffic now. The barrel of a rifle held high out the window like a taunt. Accelerating for another opening to finish the job.

Scared motorists devolve into terrified motorists. Many have abandoned their vehicles to sprint into the desert, the rest go smash-'em-up derby-folly: 50 panicked drivers aiming for the same spots. Fleury snatches an M4A1 from the stack dropped by Haytham, up to his shoulder, hustling toward the next break in traffic. The SUV is approaching at 80 MPH.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
(back to his crew)
GET DOWN!

Al-Ghazi starts screaming in Arabic, motioning frantically to the CITIZENS who have turned back, running toward them, in Arabic:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

DOWN!

Fleury's view blocked by fleeing Saudis: just intermittent flashes of the SUV braking hard, massive dust cloud behind them, sliding toward the opening Fleury pre-sighted. Intermittent wild shots fired from the SUV, vaguely in our direction.

Fleury flips a switch on the left side of the rifle, just forward of the handle: full-auto. Takes a deep, measured Sniper's breath, eases the stock snug, M-68 aimpoint up to his right eye, and without hesitation lets loose the entire clip one heartbeat before the SUV hits the gap.

Leads it perfectly: the right side of the SUV shreds just as it appears. Fleury's clip gone in a flash, yet more rounds still hit the SUV: Al-Ghazi four feet away, firing his own salvo from a knee. Something bright red pops against the windshield now, the SUV waddles, almost flips, rip-slides to a stop. Commotion inside. Wild, half-aimed shots back at us.

Then starts up again. Al-Ghazi bolts toward the line of stopped traffic. Searching for something big, empty, still running. Fleury right on his heels.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

WE MOVE NOW OR WE LOSE HIM.

*

Early 90's Land Rover. Desert tough. Driver long-gone, exhaust plumes pumping out. Al-Ghazi in the Driver's seat, Fleury shotgun. Guns it to the rest of the Survivors, an eye on the rooster-tail of the SUV he and Fleury just shredded, heading the same direction as Leavitt's kidnappers.

Al-Ghazi jumps out, ushers Haytham into the Driver's seat. In Arabic.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

You know Suweidi -- you know how to go fast.

*

Fleury and Janet lift Sykes into the rear. Jump in.

The Land Rover spits it's own tell-tale plume as it sprints away down the median, dodging traffic, in desperate pursuit.

Startling silence comes sudden now as the fight moves elsewhere. Receding engines. Petering screams/shouts.

Hold on the flipped, still burning/still smoking suburbans.
Surreal in the sun/smoke/haze.

*

122 INT. TRAIL SUBURBAN - SAME MOMENT 122

Driving as fast-hard as possible. No regard for anyone/thing. The Passport Officer up front pulls a cell-phone. A THIRD AND FOURTH in the back still beating/zip-cuffing Leavitt. The Passport Officer yelling frantic into a cell phone now, in Arabic:

PASSPORT OFFICER
BE READY.

123 INT. LAND ROVER - NEXT MOMENT 123

Janet sitting with Sykes in the rear, trying to stem his bleeding. Sykes could care less. He's much more interested in the twin Berettas he's double-fisting. Looking forward to a fight.

SYKES
Nobody's gonna hurt Leavitt but me.

JANET MAYES
Hold still.

SYKES
Nobody's gonna hurt-

JANET MAYES
HOLD STILL!

Driver's Seat P.O.V.: on the median, 95 MPH, dodging abandoned and escaping cars. Lights on-off-on-off, constant horn, steam pouring from under the hood. Still gaining on the rooster-tail ahead of them.

124 INT. TRAIL SUBURBAN - SAME MOMENT 124

Powering deep into the Suweidi neighborhood. Skid-stopping in front of a series of broken down three story buildings.

125 INT. LAND ROVER - SAME MOMENT 125

Haytham scanning as he drives: straining to see the plume from the second attacking vehicle way ahead, blending with other fleeing, scared motorists. We watch as the distant plume cuts hard left, high rate of speed, then the plume dies-

126 INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - SAME MOMENT

126

Quiet. A 26 year-old man speed-unpacking an ancient VHS camera a tri-pod folded next to him. Another man dressed in paramilitary black, face wrapped in his ghutra, so only the eyes are visible, standing in front of a sheet hung from the ceiling, quietly practicing/reading a speech for an imaginary audience. Lots of gesticulating and head movement.

The handle of large knife sticks from his waste band.

Door BURSTS open, bottom hinge rips from the jamb. Leavitt is slammed to the ground. One of the Officers shoves the practicing Speaker out of the way-

*

OFFICER
NO TIME FOR STATEMENTS-

Turns to the wide-eyed 26 year-old.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
-HURRY.

Leavitt's face already swollen-black-bleeding. Scanning the room terrified, tears-fury in his eyes, then he sees the handle of the knife sticking from the Speaker's waistband. His tears leak all at once.

The Officer takes the knife from the Speaker, turns to Leavitt: dirty 11-inch blade...

127 INT. LAND ROVER - NEXT MOMENT

127

Haytham searching for the turn-off: where the rooster-tail they were following cut left, died. Tire marks. Last minute. Headed down an embankment into a decrepit, mud hut/decaying apartment block neighborhood. He cuts hard, fish-tails, Janet's head smashes the rear-side window, starring it.

They're being lead into Riyadh's most hostile neighborhood.

Everybody scanning for the trail Suburban, the second attacking SUV...can't help but notice the neighborhood. Halfway past an intersection Fleury yells:

RONALD FLEURY
BRAKES-REVERSE-TO THE RIGHT...

Haytham brakes, reverses: the second attack SUV literally smashed into the back of the trail Suburban -- panic affects both sides in a fight.

Both empty, doors still wide-open, an old Adidas shoe sitting next to one of the open rear doors: ran right out of their shoes.

What follows is fast, chaotic, eyes-closed combat:

128

INT. SUBURBAN / EXT. SUWEIDI - NEXT MOMENT

128

Without hesitation Haytham pulls right in to the cramped street, staying in the middle of the road, surrounded by the same decaying buildings. Ahead: civilians huddled behind cars, poking heads out from behind mudhuts.

A second passes: these people know where the attackers went. Al-Ghazi locks eyes with a little boy...who quickly-quietly just shakes his head no. In the back, Sykes laying on his back, looking up through the window: sees a shape jet past on the top of the closest building -- three stories up: little boy was nodding a warning-

GRANT SYKES

-GET OUT OF-

-big BOOM of close-in shells. As Haytham throws it in reverse, punches. Front of the Rover shreds. The sunroof bursts. Engine pops loud, dies: tachometer and speedometer needles bottom out instantly. Haytham and Al-Ghazi tuck into the dash. Fleury tries to get as close to the backseat floor panels as possible. Janet covers Sykes. A grenade thrown with too much arm by the guy Sykes spotted bounces off the hood, into the street.

The blast spits shrapnel into the left side of the body, rocking the big vehicle, starring windows: creak of shocks and struts. Janet lifts up now, grabs her shotgun, remembering her training: returns fire indiscriminately through the windows at any and all surrounding rooftops. That reminds everyone in the car they're armed. Fleury next with the M-4: firing as he exits the back door, his own covering fire. Civilians who were ready to see a massacre, scurry now that it's a fight.

129

EXT. ROOF TOP - NEXT MOMENT

129

A SHOOTER: black-hood, black T-shirt, old-school red-white-black Air Jordans, a snub-stock AK, an open, filthy North Face backpack at his feet holding spare clips, God knows what else.

Shots from below keep him two feet away from the ledge, firing down in random sweeps, head turned like he's lighting a fire-cracker.

We see things from above, three stories down, a sweep of blindly-fired shells pop the asphalt inches from Fleury's head, soiling his face in black-top debris. But Fleury never stops firing back, his own head slightly turned, flinching on reflex. Black-Hood grabs another grenade, then Black-Hood disintegrates: Janet three-feet away with the riot gun. Another rack and blast to make sure Black-Hood stays down for eternity. Then a crouch-hustle to the backpack.

130 EXT. LAND ROVER - NEXT MOMENT

130

Al-Ghazi crouching in front of the vehicle. Rocks thrown now from somewhere: kids peeking behind mudhuts Palestinian-style. Al-Ghazi pelted in the side of the head.

From the rooftop, Janet yells down to the men on the ground.

JANET MAYES (O.C.)
I CAN SEE BLOOD-TRAILS FROM HERE:
RIGHT FROM THE TRUCK WE CHASED, UP
TO AN APARTMENT IN THE NEXT
BUILDING-

131 EXT. ROOF TOP - SAME MOMENT

131

Janet's P.O.V.: an Apartment complex that looks like a roadside motel: exposed stairwells, walkways, entrances. A puddle in front of one of the front doors on the third floor. Then we look right, one street over: civilian figures in traditional dress, starting to mass.

JANET MAYES
MOB FORMING NEXT BLOCK!

She drops the riot gun, picks up the AK from the man she just killed, pops a new clip from the backpack, slings the backpack over her shoulders. Starts to hustle down.

132 INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - SAME MOMENT

132

Gunshots reverberating from outside. Echoes. The 26 year-old, hands shaking with nerves, screwing the camera into the tripod: set-up almost complete. The Passport Officer is posted at the door: head poking out, weapon up and ready. We can hear Arabic yells down what sounds like a hallway. Passport Officer barks something back.

The Driver of the Trail Suburban squats, pinning Leavitt's head down with his knee, knife near a long, white expanse of neck.

The guy in paramilitary black sits on Leavitt's stomach, keeping him in place. Leavitt trying to gasp for breath: eyes-wide panic.

DRIVER/OFFICER

READY?

Just as the 26 year-old nods yes, Leavitt explodes with his last bit of effort: just enough to nudge the Camera, trying to knock it over. The 26 year-old gets his hands on it as it falls, almost catches it, slips out, smacks the ground, battery pops off. The Driver and Paramilitary both begin hammering Adam.

PASSPORT OFFICER (O.C.)

(in Arabic)

GOD DAMN HIM!

26 year-old picks the camera up again, trying to re-attach the battery as Adam fights for his life. Spit and claws and snot and blood rage.

133 EXT. CINDER-BLOCK APARTMENTS - NEXT MOMENT

133

Running down side stairs, Janet spots a grenade launcher poking from a door, next-door to the apartment with blood-poll in front.

JANET MAYES

RPG!

Empties her clip into that vicinity: windows shatter, wood splinters. The grenade launcher recedes. Fleury and Al-Ghazi start to run. The launcher fires from it's new position...The trail suburban DETONATES. Al-Ghazi and Fleury knocked flat on his asses for second and third times: dazed.

Janet searching: I know that Fuck with the RPG is reloading, how do I kill him. Drops the bag off her shoulders, pulls a grenade out, fires it as hard as she can: 40 yards on the fly. Bounces just on the third floor landing-

134 INT. ENEMY APARTMENT - SAME MOMENT

134

-RPG Soldier just locking the new rocket tube in, brings the reticle up to his eye. Grenade blast splits through what's left of the front window. Big flinch-tense on his part: rocket fires inside, roars down the hall, hits two feet in-front of the door Passport Officer has been peaking out of.

Massive, contained detonation. Passport Officer vanishes. The 26 year-old and his camera are blown through the Driver waiting to saw Leavitt's neck. Because Leavitt was held so tight to the floor, he escapes the worst of the blast. Still fucked up.

Leavitt's P.O.V.: ears roar with the ring, no sounds. 26 year-old and Driver dead. Paramilitary on his back, trying to get up. Leavitt breathes, rolls to the Driver and the boy: grabs driver's blade. Hand to hand war as Leavitt gets his payback. He does not stop.

135 EXT. CINDER-BLOCK APARTMENTS - SAME MOMENT 135

Sykes is holding down the fort. Two LITTLE KIDS slowly approach carrying water, obviously terrified at the sight of the wounded American.

Sirens and helicopters in the distance.

136 EXT./INT. CINDER-BLOCK APARTMENTS - NEXT MOMENT. 136

Base of the stairs: Deaf Fleury, dazed Al-Ghazi, Haytham, and a wide-eyed Mayes moving up into the building, following the blood-trail from the SUV to the Apartment. Three levels. Our crew moves up the stairs. People step out their doors. Al-Ghazi aiming at them:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(in Arabic)
INSIDE!

137 EXT. APARTMENT 303 - NEXT MOMENT 137

The puddle of blood, trail leading under the door. The front wall/window/entrance of the next apartment down still smoldering from Janet's grenade. No sounds, words. Our team: fingers on triggers, weapons to shoulders, sights-aligned. Ten feet back. Shoulders already flexed with tension, expecting a suicidal blast at any moment. Janet grabs another grenade, ready throw it through the window-

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
-no. A tunnel networks through all these places...use attached civilian Apartments, innocent families.

JANET MAYES
Cowards.

The unspoken: we go through the door.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
We go in. Haytham - you and Janet
follow. Watch the side doors. Watch
your backs.

Silent nods. Bracing for war...

RONALD FLEURY
(beat, teeth chatter like
he's freezing)
Which side of that door is Allah
on?

AL-GHAZI
(beat)
God turned his back to this long
ago.

Fleury moves forward: I'm primary through the door. Janet and Al-Ghazi post on either side of the jamb. Fleury gets three-point-stance low, hits the door like Jim Brown. Room still trying to regain it's bearings after the RPG blast. Several guys still down: blind, deaf, burnt from the RPG mis-fire. Scattered gunfire. Our team opens up in response.

138 INT. APARTMENT 303 - SAME MOMENT

138

-Fleury never stops forward motion. Stumbling headlong into a kitchenette, hard into a refrigerator and cabinets firing the whole time. Al-Ghazi not arresting anyone: blasting anything that looks like a body. Straight mop-up operation.

Mayes steps down a charred hallway: doors blown off hinges.

JANET MAYES
ADAM!

Out of one the doors near-by: a bloody knife thrown by an unseen hand into the hallway. Janet - wide-eyed horror - swings around the corner-

139 INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

139

-Leavitt fucked up, but sitting. The only man alive in that room.

JANET MAYES
Sykes wants to talk to you.

As Janet moves to turn him out of the room, her eyes catch on something: the sheet/half-assed backdrop hung from the ceiling has been nearly pulled down exposing a crude square cut out of the wall -- path into another room of another Apartment. A seven-year old GIRL staring back at Janet, shaking, tears in her eyes. A blood trail going through her room, out her door, deeper into another apartment. Sirens just outside now. Janet tries her best Motherly smile.

JANET MAYES (CONT'D)

It's okay Little One.

The little girl backs away. Janet steers Leavitt outside. Sits him down. Hands him a Glock. Fleury and Al-Ghazi step back to them. Fleury sees Leavitt, leans down, puts his hand on his head, tears in his eyes. Leavitt somewhere else, just taking deep measured breaths.

RONALD FLEURY

Thank God.

Janet points to the hole in the wall: this isn't over.

Janet, Fleury, Al-Ghazi step through the hole. Little girl long gone. Into the main part of the Apartment. Arabic screams, then the metal-crashing sound of automatic gunfire.

140

INT. ATTACHED APARTMENT - NEXT MOMENT

140

Hustle cautious into the apartment. Haytham in the room already: the muzzle of his AK still smoking, held on a man down. The other occupants of the room: a cowering family. LITTLE KIDS and a couple of real OLD FOLKS. All terrified. A little boy cries by himself, huddled in a corner. The collateral damage of random violence. Janet quick scans the room. LOCKS EYES again on the traumatized little boy. Innocence draining as she watches. Can't take her eyes away.

TIGHT ON HAYTHAM:

Taking this all in: The violence. The terror of this family, the defiance on the faces of these young souls.

Al-Ghazi, post-game shakes, tears running down his cheeks, spattered in blood, stares at the Fleury. The man Haytham shot is not dead: ragged gasps. Fleury and Al-Ghazi lock eyes, then take in the tragedy of the room -- Kids Kevin's age, never to be the same. Al-Ghazi to the room, In arabic:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI

Is everyone alright?

Silent stares from the Saudis. The little girl Janet saw earlier, eyes still on Janet, huddles into her brother who holds her tight, his eyes down. Her arm bleeds. Janet kneels, heart-breaking, holds her hand out: I can help you little one.

She holds her arm out to Janet, tears in her eyes: okay. Janet slowly crouches over to her, the older women's eyes on her, piercing. The little girl is making a fist.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(to the little girl in
Arabic)
It's okay.

Little One trembles. One of the women in the corner calls to her in Arabic. Sharp. Janet just strokes the back of her little bloody fist. Her little hand opens, shaking: this is a gift for you.

Janet's face ghost white face: A MARBLE in the girl's hand.

Al-Ghazi and Fleury both see it, processes things. Al-Ghazi Immediately looks over at the huddled mass: THE GRANDFATHER staring right back at him. We now clearly recognize the old man. Al-Ghazi slowly steps to him, hands out...

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI
(in Arabic)
Let me help you up, Old Man...

The old man nods a 'no.'

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
(in Arabic)
GIVE ME YOUR HANDS!

*

Room startles, except for the Old Man. Al-Ghazi rips Grandfather up now. Al-Ghazi pulls the old man's hands from under his *thobe*: missing fingers. Bends at the knees to look the Old Man right in his eyes, lifts his chin with his hand, in Arabic:

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
You're a murderer.

*

Rapid succession closer looks: the man Haytham shot is the 35 year-old Son. The little brother who was holding the little girl: the finger-painting 8 year-old Grandson.

Slowly pull back behind the scene: the blood trail they forgot to follow. Disappears around a corner.

Al-Ghazi's right shoulder explodes before we hear the booms. Everybody down, Janet covering the little girl. The 15 year-old Grandson behind them all, bleeding from gunshot wounds, the source of the blood trail. Screaming at Al-Ghazi. Firing a cheap, nickel-plated 9MM. Al-Ghazi falls back into the front of the apartment, pulling Grandfather with him. Fleury standing stock still: out-of-body now. He can only see a teenager built like a river-reed, like his own Son...not a Murderer who just shot his friend. Quiet-sick:

RONALD FLEURY

...Don't...

The 15 year-old steps to the doorway, pulls the trigger again-

Haytham - frozen, watching this horror. Begging the young boy to drop his gun.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

...drop it, Son...please...

-the boy wiping his tears: so he can see clear enough to clear his jammed weapon. Half boy, half malignant: expert movements from his hands, racking back the slide, thumbing the still smoking shell from the ejector, letting the slide go, racking another round into the chamber-

-Fleury pulls his trigger then: his shot destroys the Child. And in that moment we watch Fleury become something different, darker. Haytham stares at the dead 15 year-old.

Fleury and Mayes move in on the young boy, immediately trying to stop his bleeding. Desperate to stabilize him.

The 8 year-old Grandson runs, grabs his fallen Grandfather. Trying to pry Al-Ghazi's hands off. Al-Ghazi - hurt, but alive - lets the little boy into the arms of his grandfather. Eyes wide, gasping, the Grandfather holds Al-Ghazi's eyes. In Arabic, quiet:

GRANDFATHER

What will you tell God?

(beat)

How will you explain hosting his enemies in his Kingdom? For what? For what is it that you would kill and die and watch as your country falls? For what, you coward. For What? You are lost and a traitor to God. Shame on you. Shame.

Al-Ghazi silent. Haytham - still frozen, mesmerized by this old man. As Fleury and Janet work on the shot teenager.

The Grandfather whispers something into his crying/prying Grandson's ear. Whatever it is, it settles him.

A platoon of SAUDI POLICE enter the room.

Fleury on his knees, gun laid on the ground. Janet holds the little girl daughter-close. Haytham has taken his eyes from Old Man. He watches as the young boy fights for his life...

141 EXT. CINDER BLOCK APARTMENTS - LATER 141

WIDE ON THE CRIME SCENE.

From the air as choppers hover and SOLDIERS swarm.

SMASH TO:

142 INT. CONVOY - SAUDI ARABIA 142

One last convoy heading out of town. Fleury and Al-Ghazi side by side. Leavitt, Sykes, Janet: battered war scars, million mile stares.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (V.O.)
The Old Bomber's name was Sabri Abu-Ghaith, the Senior Leader of Al Qaeda on the Arabian peninsula.

In another vehicle driving himself, Haytham.

CAPTAIN AL-GHAZI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A master at recruitment - building armies out of teenagers. A collector of the vulnerable souls in our country. A very substantial arrest. One of what I hope will be many. We will eventually win this war. One day.

*

143 INT. PRINCE SULTAN AIR BASE, RIYADH - SAME MOMENT 143

Our crew watch from a deserted terminal as a C-130 touches down.

*

Fleury's bag begins ringing. Opens it, answers it as Lieutenant Haytham enters with a small security-escort: came to say good-bye. The team's first smiles -- collective. Fleury stares at Haytham...thinks about what he's seen the past few days...how he has come to admire this Kid.

RONALD FLEURY
Director?

INTERCUT: Director Grace and his Assistants in his office.

DIRECTOR GRACE
How are you, Kid?

RONALD FLEURY
Ready for home.

DIRECTOR GRACE (O.S.)
Sleep on the plane. You'll need it.
(beat)
Spend a day with your Boy. Then
we'll do a full de-brief and to-do
list after that, huh? Many people
want to talk -- some friendly and
admiring, others much less so.

Haytham smiling, bandaged himself. Haltingly and awkward he shakes Janet hand, gives her a copy of the flag he had framed on his wall: "*There is no God but Allah*" in Arabic.

Fleury stands with the phone to his ear, next in-line as Sykes just leans and hugs Haytham now, startling Haytham. Our crew laughs now. Something like glimpses of their old, motivated selves. Sykes throws his bandaged arm around Haytham, patting his back...

Hollow sounds.

What wood might sound like. The full dress uniform to hide the bulk. Sykes freezes. Haytham just closes his eyes. Looks like a surrender.

GRANT SYKES
(like he's really pissed
at a Son)
NO!

Bear-hugging Haytham now, Sykes bull-rushes him backward three steps, slings him down hard to the ground. The Mabahith security detail steps forward, dumbfounded, thinking it's a fight. Fleury drops the phone, grabs Mayes and Leavitt. Pulls them to the ground, behind a row of seats...

144 INT. HOOVER BUILDING, CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME MOMENT 144

Wide-eyed stares at the speaker phone: Abstract, haunting pieces of dialogue, chaotic sounds of adrenaline-fed physical struggle pipe out... then a massive sound the instant before the line goes dead. Reminds us of recorded black-box madness seconds before a plane hammers into the earth. Grace and his Assistants don't blink, breath, or stop staring at the machine in the center of the circular table for another ten seconds...

FADE TO BLACK.

145 INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - UNKNOWN TIME 145

Sunlight. TIGHT ON Fleury's face: eyes closed, stitches the length of his cheek, a hearing aide in his left ear. Pull out: hospital room. Lyla sitting next to his bed. Kevin curled into his father. Ronald just slowly rubbing his head.

146 INT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY 146

Leavitt and Janet sitting around Janet's cube. Bandages, awkward silences, and 1000-yard stares. Subpoenas stacked on the corner of Janet's desk. Leavitt quiet, obviously fucked up.

ADAM LEAVITT

I testify next Tuesday. Since I'm first, I thought we should talk, get things straight. I don't give a shit if it's illegal...

(beat)

Janet...my dreams are...

(beat, intent)

What did SAC Fleury whisper to you in the briefing to get you stop crying about Fran...before any a' this...before we even got Airborne?

Janet looks up at Leavitt: anxious, waiting...

FLASH TO:

147 EXT. SUWEIDI GRAVEYARD - DAY 147

The eight year-old Grandson. Tears in his eyes, standing in front of five fresh graves.

We see the last names of each of headstone translated beneath: Abu-Ghaith, Abu-Ghaith, Abu-Ghaith, Abu-Ghaith, Abu-Ghaith. His Aunt stands next to him, kneels down, tears flowing, in Arabic:

AUNT

*Will you tell me what Grandfather
whispered to you before they took
him?*

He turns to his Aunt...

BACK TO:

148 INT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE CUBICLE - SAME MOMENT 148

Leavitt still waiting:

ADAM LEAVITT

Do you remember?

Janet just answers.

JANET MAYES

Don't worry: we'll kill them all.

FLASH TO:

149 EXT. SUWEIDI GRAVEYARD - SAME MOMENT 149

The boy quietly answers, in Arabic:

GRANDSON

Don't worry: we'll kill them all.

And in his saucer-wide brown eyes, shrink-wrapped in angry tears, we see the parts of the future that will burn.

150 INT. GEORGE WASHINGTON HOSPITAL - SAME MOMENT 150

Ronald's eyes open. Kevin notices, smiles: finally he's back.

KEVIN FLEURY

You stop the people that hurt big
Fran?

Lyla smiling, also waiting for the answer, to hear the story.

TIGHT ON FLEURY: He just closes his eyes again.

BLACK.