

LAWRENCE WRIGHT

Lawrence Wright was born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in 1947, and spent most of his childhood in Dallas, Texas. He is a graduate of Tulane University, in New Orleans, Louisiana, and the American University in Cairo, where he taught English and received an M.A. in Applied Linguistics in 1969. Upon his return to the U.S. in 1971, Wright began his writing career at the *Race Relations Reporter* in Nashville, Tennessee. Two years later, he went to work for *Southern Voices*, a publication of the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta, Georgia, and began to freelance for various national magazines. In 1980, Wright returned to Texas to work for *Texas Monthly*. He also became a contributing editor to *Rolling Stone*. In December, 1992, he became a staff writer for *The New Yorker*. That same year he received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Wright has published six books. *City Children, Country Summer*, (Scribner's, 1979) is about the Fresh Air Fund, a charity in New York City that sends ghetto children to live with farm families during the summer. *In the New World: Growing Up with America, 1960 - 1984* (Knopf, 1988) is a memoir that looks back at Dallas during the Kennedy assassination and America during the Vietnam war. *Saints & Sinners* (Knopf, 1993) is a collection of profiles of six religious leaders: Walker Railey, Jimmy Swaggart, Madalyn Murray O'Hair, Anton LaVey, Will Campbell, and Matthew Fox. *Remembering Satan* (Knopf, 1994) examines a mysterious case in Olympia, Washington, of a man who remembered committing crimes that didn't actually occur. It addresses the controversy of "recovered memories." Most of that book appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1993, and won the National Magazine Award for Reporting as well as the John Bartlow Martin Award for Public Interest Magazine Journalism. *Twins: Genes, Environment, and the Mystery of Identity*, was published by Weidenfeld & Nicholson in London in November 1997 and by Wiley & Sons in New York in January 1998. His first novel, *God's Favorite*, was published by Simon & Schuster in March 2000.

He is currently writing a definitive account of the September 11th attacks for Knopf.

Wright has written movie scripts for Sydney Pollack, Jane Fonda, and Oliver Stone. He is the co-writer (with Ed Zwick and Menno Meyjes) of "The Siege," starring Denzel Washington, Bruce Willis, and Annette Benning, which appeared in November 1998. He also wrote the script of the Showtime movie, "Noriega: God's Favorite," directed by Roger Spottiswoode and starring Bob Hoskins, which aired in April 2000. Currently he is working on a script for director David Fincher about the friendship of Martin Scorsese and Robbie Robertson. He is also writing a script for MGM on the life of John O'Neill, the former head of counterterrorism for the FBI, whom Wright profiled for the *New Yorker* in January 2002.

Wright lives in Austin with his wife, Roberta. They have two children. Wright is active in civic affairs, having founded Texas Writers Month, as well as Capital Area Statues, Inc. (CAST), which in 1995 erected Philosopher's Rock, the statue of J. Frank Dobie, Roy Bedichek, and Walter Prescott Webb at Austin's famed Barton Springs. He is also the keyboard player in a blues band, Who Do.

THE SIEGE

by

Lawrence Wright

and

Menno Meyjes & Edward Zwick

**Final shooting script
January 14, 1998**

FADE IN:

1 EXT. TYRE, LEBANON - DAY 1

A coast road. Date palms. Burnt-out hulks that once were Russian T-54 TANKS have long ago been left to rust in the sun. A 4-door MERCEDES hurtles down the ancient road.

COMMAND VOICE (V.O.)

We're online for exactly two minutes.

2 A SATELLITE VIEW 2

Of the same scene. A grainy IMAGE of the car, and some distance away, a moving cluster of animals. They are:

3 A HERD OF SHEEP 3

As seen at ground level. Two SHEPHERDS goad them forward. In the distance, the MERCEDES approaches.

4 FLASH CUT -- NEWS FOOTAGE (STOCK) 4

U.S. Army medics and rescue workers frantically sift through the rubble of a collapsed barracks.

CNN REPORTS (V.O.)

"...the single worst casualty in the history of American military---"

5 BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD 5

The Mercedes barrels down the road, doing at least 80 mph.

6 THE SATELLITE VIEW 6

Shows that the car is fast approaching the point where the herd of sheep are about to cross the road.

7 FLASH CUT -- NEWS FOOTAGE (STOCK) 7

Amidst the rubble, the dead are zipped into body bags.

CNN REPORTS (V.O.)

"--the truck, carrying high explosives is believed to have hit the barracks--"

8 BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD 8

The driver of the Mercedes hits his horn but doesn't slow down. In addition to the driver and a bodyguard, an OLD MAN WITH A HENNAED BEARD, a turban, and sunglasses sits in back.

9 THE SATELLITE VIEW 9

As the Mercedes closes with the sheep:

COMMAND VOICE (V.O.)
Slow down.

10 BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD 10

As if on command, the Mercedes finally slows as the sheep move lazily across the road.

11 FLASH CUT -- NEWS FOOTAGE (STOCK) 11

President Clinton addresses reporters in the White House.

PRESIDENT CLINTON
"To any lengths, anywhere in the world,
to bring these people to justice."

12 BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD 12

Inside the Mercedes, they watch as the Shepherd urinates and the sheep mill about in the middle of the road. The driver rolls down his window to scream in Arabic at:

THE POOR SHEPHERD

Who hurries to button his fly. It is only as we look closer that we see the silenced muzzle of:

A COLT COMMANDO RIFLE

Protruding from the sleeve of his jhallabah. And then:

13 THE HERD OF SHEEP 13

Fill the frame, blocking our view of the Mercedes, and for a moment, all we can HEAR is their gentle bleating. But as they clear frame, we can see that:

THE MERCEDES

Has been turned into an abattoir, its windshield shattered and bloody. The driver slumps over the steering wheel, the bodyguard is half out of the window. And in the distance:

WITH A MAGICIAN'S ALACRITY

One Shepherd pulls a BLACK HOOD over the Sheik's head while the other injects him with a HYPODERMIC. The first Shepherd activates a SATCHEL CHARGE and swings it into the Mercedes while the second straps the Sheik into a HARNESS... A BALLOON self-inflates and hurtles aloft, pulling a cable attached to the Sheik's harness.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

AN MC - 130 COMBAT TALON AIRCRAFT

Its "Whiskers" in the nose of the aircraft snag the cable without slowing and roars off, the Sheik dangling unconscious beneath -- just as the satchel charges EXPLODE the Mercedes.

14 THE SATELLITE VIEW

14

Records impassively for a moment, then breaks up into static.

COMMAND VOICE

Gotcha.

15 IN A SAFE HOUSE -- SOMETIME LATER

15

A pale, diminished Sheik sits at a steelcase table. A STEEL COT and a STEEL TOILET. Closed-circuit cameras in the corner.

Opposite him: the man, whose voice we have only heard: GENERAL WILLIAM DEVEREAUX -- and though he wears a civilian suit, his bearing betrays his pedigree. His considerable charm and habitual skepticism are as much a product of self-discipline as his close-order drill.

DEVEREAUX

Nobody knows you're here. Not your people. Not even my President. You'll die here alone and be buried unknown -- barring some miracle.

The SHEIK speaks a few words in Arabic.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

--God? GOD?

(looks at him)

What you eat. Whether you eat. Sleep. Pain. Absence of pain. I decide. I make the day and the night. Even the way you got here -- a hand that reached down from the sky?

(looks at him)

God? I am your new God.

16 INT. MOSQUE - DAWN

DISSOLVE TO:

16

A MUEZZIN climbs a spiral staircase, enters a turret-like room, CLICKS ON a microphone and CHANTS the call to prayer.

MUEZZIN

Allahuh Akbar...

HUNDREDS OF BELIEVERS prostrate themselves on prayer rugs. At the door, hundreds of SHOES are lined up, work boots, expensive loafers, a range of social classes represented.

*
*
*

17 ON THE STREET 17 *

Shopkeepers pause to kneel and pray. In Arab homes, parents and children do the same. And as we PULL BACK from:

18 THE MINARET 18

Of the Mosque, we DISCOVER not an Arab city, but instead the unmistakable skyline of:

19 DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN 19

The World Trade Ctr, Wall Street, The Federal building. *

20 IN THE FBI SITUATION ROOM 20

Two AGENTS hurry through the bullpen. TINA OSU, 32, sharp, and FRANK HADDAD, Lebanese with an insouciant grin. *

TINA

Brooklyn South issued a code blue less than two minutes ago. They think hostages are involved. *

FRANK

Black-and-whites on the scene? *

TINA

Setting up a perimeter now. *

FRANK

Residence or business? *

TINA

A bus. *

20A OMITTED 20A

21 THE 99 BUS -- SEEN FROM ABOVE 21 *

Surrounded by a phalanx of Black-and-Whites.

22 BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM 22

They have been joined by Anthony Hubbard, the ASAC. *

HUB

SWAT?

FRANK

On the way.

HUB

Negotiator?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

TINA

Rolling.

HUB

Bomb squad?

23 THE 99 BUS

23

The BOMB SQUAD approaches. We SEE terrified PASSENGERS inside.

24 BACK TO -- HUB AND FRANK, EXITING THE FEDERAL BUILDING

24

HUB

How soon can we get there--?

FRANK

In this traffic, maybe tomorrow.

25 BACK TO -- THE 99 BUS

25

As a police TECHIE inserts a dentist's mirror through a drilled hole in the bus's door, the L.E.D. begins to BLINK and the passengers SCREAM and dive for cover. An EXPLOSION.

*

26 BACK TO -- HUB AND FRANK, IN THE CAR

26

Frank is listening to a cell phone.

FRANK

Oh, fuck. It just blew.

27 BACK TO -- THE 99 BUS

27

The doors hang off their hinges. As the PASSENGERS tumble off, we SEE they are covered in BLUE PAINT.

28 BACK TO -- HUB AND FRANK, IN THE CAR

28

HUB

--What?!

FRANK

--That's what they're telling me.

HUB

--And nobody's hurt?

Frank nods. Hubs closes his eyes in gratitude.

HUB (CONT'D)

Thank God.

CUT TO:

29 THE JOINT FBI/NYPD TERRORISM TASK FORCE - FEDERAL BLDG. 29

They're listening to a tape-recording, altered by a VO-CORDER:

TAPED VOICE

--our first and last warning.

As the MESSAGE continues, we PAN the faces: MIKE JOHANNSON,
squad supervisor, and DANNY SUSSMAN, representing NYPD.

*
*

TAPED VOICE (CONT'D)

We expect our demand to be met. There
will be no negotiation. That is all.

TINA

Demand for what? You hear any demand?

MIKE

You sure this is all they got?

SUSSMAN

That's it.

FRANK

Maybe it's performance art.

Sussman shoots him a look. Clearly Haddad enjoys pushing
his buttons. Finally, Hub stands up.

HUB

--Okay. Blue paint. Voice-altering
technology--

FRANK

--available from The Sharper Image
catalogue.

SUSSMAN

Last I looked they weren't offering
exploding paint bombs.

HUB

Still, the rhetoric sounds political.
Militia?

TINA

Not their style.

HUB

Frank--?

FRANK

Jihad isn't known for their sense of
humor, and Hamas is raising so much
money here, why queer their deal?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

TINA

Anyway, isn't Green the color of Islam,
not blue?

FRANK

--And, excuse me, but why do we
immediately assume they're Arabs?

HUB

I want a composite of the suspects in
circulation by the end of business
today. Tina, you cross-check it
against the mainframe. Mike, have you
got the lab analysis on the paint?

MIKE

Not yet...

HUB

--See if any was sold in quantity the
last month. Danny--

Tina's phone buzzes. She picks it up as Hub keeps going:

HUB (CONT'D)

--find out what stop these guys got
on the bus, maybe there's a witness.

FRANK

Hub... I think we're all eager to
give up our weekends on this. It
just occurs to me, has anybody even
committed a crime here? I mean,
assault with a deadly color?

Hub deals with Haddad's irreverence by ignoring it.

HUB

Here's what I don't like. They know
explosives. They know our response
time. They put in a call and walk.

A young agent, FRED DARIUS, hands Hub a piece of paper:

FRED

Excuse me, sir. I think you should
see this. Came in on the Fax.

Only two words are written: "RELEASE HIM."

HUB

Release him? Him who? Who are we
holding?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

TINA
Marv Albert?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

SUSSMAN

McVeigh? Sheik what's-his-name from
the Trade Center.

FRANK

--Omar Abdel Rahman... asshole.

FRED

The Hamas guy got released in April.

FRANK

Under protest.

HUB

(looks at the fax)
Why be coy about it?

SUSSMAN

You think it's phony?

TINA

(covering the phone)
Hub, somebody's flashing a government
badge over at the warehouse where
they're working on the bus. Our tech
guys want to know if we're cooperating
with any other agencies on this thing.

Off Hub's look, we:

CUT TO:

30 AN OLD WAREHOUSE IN BROOKLYN - DUSK

30

Hub and Haddad join AGENT FLOYD ROSE, a tall Black man.

AGENT ROSE

--She's looking for wiring signatures
on the device and asking for copies
of any latent prints we've managed to
lift.

HUB

--Agency?

AGENT ROSE

Smells like it. Turns out she's also
been talking to some of the passengers.

31 THEY OPEN THE DOOR

31

In the klieg lights -- THE BUS. Men in white coats dust every
inch and generally behave as if investigating a crashed UFO.
In their midst, a young WOMAN, midwestern pretty in a serious
suit. She looks up as Hub enters.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

HUB

Hi.

*
*

WOMAN

Hi, there.

*

HUB

Special Agent Anthony Hubbard. FBI.

*

WOMAN

Oh, shit, I've been trying to liaise
with you all day. My name is Elise
Kraft, National Security Council.

*

She offers her hand. Hub doesn't take it yet.

HUB

--And you've been trying to "liaise"
with me all day? Did you think of
trying the phone book, Elise? We
have fourteen lines, that's not
counting the unlisted ones.

ELISE

(still holds out hand)

Hi, I'm Elise Kraft, National Security
Council.

Finally, he takes her hand. And doesn't let go.

HUB

And I'm Colin Powell. What exactly do
you people want with my bus.

*

She tries to take her hand away, but he tightens his grip.

ELISE

We're all on the same team here, Agent
Hubbard.

HUB

Who exactly is "we" on this particular
team, Elise?

ELISE

It's never the question that's
indiscreet, only the answer.

He smiles. She smiles back. Convinced she's charmed him.

HUB

Tell you what, you send me an official
inter-agency request for cooperation
on this and I'll give you copies of
everything we come up with.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

HUB (CONT'D)

Otherwise, get your ass on out of
here before you contaminate my crime
scene any more than you already have.

ELISE

There's no reason to be nasty.

HUB

You think this is nasty?
(smiles)

In case you haven't heard. The CIA
has no charter to operate domestically.
Which puts you in violation of federal
law.

ELISE

Not according to the Cooperation
Agreement, Special Order 12333 -- I
suggest you reread the paragraph on
sharing information. I happen to be
well within my authority.

HUB

Special Order 12333 refers to domestic
terrorism. You got something you want
to "share" with me?

(he waits...but no

answer is forthcoming)

Us being teammates and all?

ELISE

(holds up a clipboard)

Unfortunately, not yet. But as soon
as I do, I'll--

HUB

--get back to me, yeah, I know.

(takes the clipboard

from her hands)

Here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna
have a couple my "teammates" here
escort you back to wherever you came
from. And then I'm gonna go back to
the office and wait for that official
cooperation request. Okay by you?

ELISE

Swell.

HUB

Nice meeting you, Elise. Is that
Elise with an "E" or an "A"?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

ELISE

Nice meeting you, too, Special Agent
Hubbard.

*
*

32 OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

32

Hub watches as Elise is led away by two AGENTS. Agent Rose
stands nearby.

*
*

HUB

Tail her.

33 A NICE LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

33

In Frank Haddad's home. The Haddad's are celebrating the day
FRANK JR. has finished reading the Holy Koran.

FRANK JR (O.S.)

(in Arabic)

"In the Name of Allah, the beneficent,
the merciful. Say: I seek refuge in
the Lord of Men, the King of Men."

Frank's TEACHER offers the final benediction. Those who are
Muslim cover their face with their palms.

TEACHER

(in Arabic)

"Make me know that which I have become
ignorant of; and make me recite it in
the hours of the night and the day;
and make it an argument for me O Thou
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Sustainer of all the worlds!" Ameen!

ALL
Ameen.

34 LATER --

34

The guests mingle, eat pastries and drink sweet tea.

TINA
.....Nice, wasn't it?

HUB
Very.

TINA
(after a moment)
You ever gonna stop by, pick up your
things?

Nearby, Mike and Danny observe them.

DANNY
--He doing her?

MIKE
Some detective you are. They stopped.

FRED
Really? I wonder if she likes white
guys.

DANNY
I wonder if she likes bald guys.

Hub, meanwhile, congratulates Frank's wife, NAJIBA.

HUB
You must be so proud...

NAJIBA
Small children, small worries. Big
children--

FRANK
--big orthodontia bills. Someday,
yqu'll understand.

And then Frank notices Hub's DRIVER standing in the doorway.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Where we going?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

HUB

You're staying with your family. I'm
back in the morning.

CUT TO:

35 OMITTED

35 *

36 OMITTED

36 *

37 OMITTED (ALREADY SHOT) 37 *

37A INT. HUB'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING 37A*

Hub is looking at surveillance photos of Elise. Frank enters. *

FRANK *

You sleep here? *

(Hub smiles, but doesn't *

look up) *

Immigration called. *

38 A SMALL GREEN ROOM -- AS SEEN THROUGH A TWO-WAY MIRROR 38

Hub and Frank watch a dark-skinned MAN being questioned by a uniformed OFFICIAL. An INS Supervisor shows them a false-bottomed suitcase stuffed with money.

INS OFFICIAL

--all in small bills. So we figure, smurf, right? Then I think, considering the gentleman's nationality, plus where he's been recently, we better call Frank.

FRANK

--who's trying to score points with his boss, bigtime.

HUB

Has he broken any laws?

INS OFFICIAL

No, sir. He's twenty bucks under the \$10,000 limit.

FRANK

(pulls out a \$20 bill)

Not anymore.

39 IN THE ROOM 39

The official hopes volume breaks the language barrier.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

UNIFORMED OFFICIAL
...so, Kahlil, you're saying this is
an INHERITANCE? Somebody DIED and
you're bringing them the MONEY?

The dark-skinned man is trying to keep up:

KAHLIL
No, no... dhourri.

40 BEHIND THE MIRROR

40

FRANK
....He means, "dowry."

HUB
Check out his neck.

Small puckered SCARS. The INS guy looks confused.

FRANK
The tabac.
(mimics putting out a
cigarette on his arm)
Sssssss... The territories.

HUB
(thinks a moment)
Put him in play.

41 THE VAN WYCK EXPRESSWAY

CUT TO:

41

Hub and Frank in a rental CONTOUR, tail Khalil, in a cab:

HUB
(on the phone)
--on the Van Wyck...No, not yet.
(to Frank)
--What are we in?

FRANK
A '97 Contour. On my Visa.
(watches Khalil)
Back home, the security services'd be
up this guy's ass with a poker, but
what do we do, we let him go.

HUB
(still on the phone)
...Six teams on the ground, at
least...well, pull 'em off the UN...
(to Haddad)
Stay back...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

FRANK

Not my first date, Hub.
(the TAXI changes lanes)
He's taking the BQE. Looks like it's
Brooklyn.

HUB

(still on the phone)
I want husbands and wives, I want
baby carriages, and no Brooks Brothers.

FRANK

You're micro-managing.

HUB

(still on the phone)
--And find me a judge I can work with.
We want sound on this guy..... damn'...
I'm losing you...
(raises his voice)
And bring us a radio.

FRANK

I get reimbursed for this, right?

CUT TO:

42 ATLANTIC AVENUE - BROOKLYN

42

The Third World. Teeming, roiling, Kinshasha meets Beirut
meets Tel Aviv meets Moscow. Hand-written shop signs in
Arabic and Hebrew, boom boxes throbbing out "Oum Khatoum,"
the latest neo-Palestinian techno-rock.

KHALIL pays the taxi driver and starts off on foot. Hub's
CONTOUR pulls over a safe distance behind and waits. An
AGENT passes by and slips a WALKIE-TALKIE through the open
window. *

A MAN CARRYING GROCERIES

Falls in behind Khalil, who ducks into a storefront, where
WE CAN SEE him buying a Coca Cola and a Baby Ruth bar.

IN THE CONTOUR

FRANK

(notes the purchase)
Twelve bucks in Gaza.

HUB

America's the place to be if you're a
terrorist.
(on the walkie-talkie)
Fred's hovering. Patsy, take over...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

A WOMAN WITH A STROLLER replaces the man carrying groceries.

HUB (CONT'D)
...Tell her to watch out for
reflections.

FRANK
(hands him the phone)
I got the Judge.

HUB
(on the phone)
....Good morning, Sir. How're things
in the Second Circuit this morning..?
....I hear you... Listen, Judge, we're
in a kind of situation here...

KHALIL is on the move again.

HUB (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Hold on, will ya, Judge?
(into walkie-talkie)
Is he talking to somebody, who's he
talking to? Are we getting film?

FROM A GREAT DISTANCE

An AGENT with a TELEPHOTO snaps a picture of Khalil, who has
paused to chat with a PALESTINIAN of patrician good-looks.

HUB (CONT'D)
(covering the phone)
---Frank?

FRANK
Don't know him. If we were allowed to
get sound on them, we'd know him.

The walkie-talkie CRACKLES TO LIFE, confirming the photos.

HUB
(covering the radio)
...What's that? No, Judge, not yet
we're not... but we have reason to
believe he may be involved with--
(covers the phone again;
keys the radio)
Damn it Tommy!
(to Frank)
He's overacting! Tell him--
(back to the phone)
Sorry, Judge... No... I just--

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

He's making him. Shit. Fuck. He's--

Khalil has a sixth sense from a lifetime on the West Bank. All of a sudden, he BREAKS INTO A RUN.

HUB

(keys radio)

Go, go, go!!! All units--

He slams the car into gear and PEELS OUT into traffic.

SIX SURVEILLANCE TEAMS

In various guises, break cover and SPRINT after Khalil, who shifts into overdrive. Cars SCREECH to avoid flattening him.

Hub's CONTOUR pulls into traffic and finds his way blocked by a narrow passage between double-parked cars. He goes for it, SCRAPING his way between them.

FRANK

Christ!

HUB

(on the phone)

Judge, I'm gonna have to call you back...

KHALIL SPRINTS

Into an open-air MARKET, KNOCKING DOWN veiled WOMEN with bags of fruit and vegetables. He VAULTS over stalls.

The CONTOUR scrapes PARKED CARS as it swerves into an alley, desperately trying to cut off Khalil's escape route.

FRANK

Shit--! I didn't take the insurance.

*

A SOCCER BALL bounces into Hub's peripheral vision, followed by TWO BOYS.

HUB SLAMS THE CONTOUR INTO THE WALL

To avoid killing the two boys. Hub gets out of the car and continues the pursuit on foot. He's gaining on Khalil, when:

A VAN

Bears down on Khalil, its doors sliding open as TWO PAIRS OF HANDS reach out and ANOTHER MAN appears out of nowhere and BODYCHECKS Khalil into the van and jumps in after him.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

HUB

What the--?

The van BURNS RUBBER and DISAPPEARS into traffic.

43 MINUTES LATER --

43

An impromptu huddle in the alley. AGENTS gather in a circle as RADIOS SQUELCH and HELICOPTERS circle above.

FRED

They just found the van. Doesn't look like they're gonna find any prints.

The Agent who took the pictures pulls a color xerox-type PHOTO from a digital printer in his car. Hub looks at the picture of Khalil and the good-looking Palestinian.

HUB

Run him down, bring him in.

Fred hands a cell phone to Hub.

FRED

Floyd Rose.

HUB

Go, Floyd.

As he listens, the first trace of a smile graces Hub's face.

44 AN ORDINARY HOUSE

CUT TO:

44

In an ordinary neighborhood. Hub sits in an UNMARKED CAR. Agent Rose climbs into the front seat.

AGENT ROSE

I've got two in the Plymouth, at least three inside, and see that guy walking his dog...? He did his business about an hour ago and they're still walking.

IN ANOTHER CAR --

DANNY

I had a dog like that once.

FRANK

It's not his dog, numbnuts. They're spies.

DANNY

The dog works for the CIA?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Their radio CRACKLES to life. It's Hub.

HUB (V.O.)
(over the radio)
All units report in turn.

We HEAR "Unit 1 is good to go," "Unit 2, we're ready to rock."

HUB (CONT'D)
Let's roll.

THE MAN WALKING THE DOG

Is suddenly double-teamed by TWO AGENTS.

AGENT - MIKE
Federal Agents. Hands behind your
back--

A third AGENT throws his jacket over the dog.

TWO UNMARKED CARS

Fishtail across the quiet street, boxing in the Plymouth as an AGENT from the sidewalk thrusts a 12-gauge Remington Pump in through the driver's window.

AGENT - FRED
--Keep 'em where we can see 'em, thank
you very much.

45 THE DOOR TO THE HOUSE

45

Is BLOWN-IN by a specially-designed SHOTGUN. Two MEN, eating take-out are surprised by Frank and Tina, their guns drawn.

FRANK
Hi, guys, I expect you know the drill.

Hub continues warily from one empty room to the next. A stairway leads downstairs. As Hub starts cautiously down, muted VOICES can be heard. Reaching the bottom, he sees:

46 KHALIL

46

Sitting in a chair. Behind him stands one of FREELANCERS from the warehouse. And opposite him, in a barca-lounger:

ELISE KRAFT -- Somehow amidst the normalcy of the furnished basement is a palpable feeling of menace.

As Hub shows himself, one of the Freelancers points a Glock .9 at his head. Hub just stares him down.

*
*

46 CONTINUED:

46

ELISE

*

Ralph, spare us.

The freelancer lowers the gun. Hub looks at Khalil, whose face is badly bruised.

ELISE (CONT'D)

I never touched him.

HUB

Really? I'm taking him into custody just the same.

ELISE

What are you going to charge him with? Jaywalking?

(Hub stares at her)

I don't suppose we could just have a little chat with him here first?

HUB

Not in this lifetime.

ELISE

You know, Hub...may I call you Hub? If you guys hadn't blown the surveillance, we'd have been able to follow the money. What do you think, Khalil, you would have led us right to your friends, wouldn't you?

Khalil averts his eyes from any contact with her.

HUB

What friends--? What have you got for me, Elise?.... Enlighten me.
(she stonewalls)

*

Tell me now or tell me downtown.

Still nothing. Hub calls out to his agents.

HUB (CONT'D)

Get this guy out of here and book him.

*

As the other agents approach Khalil:

ELISE

One phone call and he's mine again. You know the number. I have--

*

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

HUB

You have "the right to remain silent,"
you have "the right to an attorney."
Anything you say can and will be held
against you in a court of law--"

*
*
*

ELISE

(overlapping him)

Oh, come on.... Do you have any idea
what you're starting here, the kind
of shitstorm you're about to--

*
*
*

HUB

(overriding her)

--Kidnapping. Obstruction of Justice.
Assault.

*
*
*
*

As he heads out of the room, he says to a waiting Agent.

HUB (CONT'D)

Cuff her.

47 HUB'S UNMARKED CAR

CUT TO:

47

Elise sits, handcuffed, alone in the back seat. Up front,
Frank is driving with Hub beside him.

FRANK

So, Elise... You okay back there, you
don't get carsick or anything? Those
handcuffs too tight--?

ELISE

Shouf mountains, right? Shiite or
Sunni?

FRANK

Wow. You're really good.
(to Hub)
She's really good.

HUB

You ready to tell us what's going on
here, Elise--? Was the paintbomb a
warning?

ELISE

(to Haddad)

American University of Beirut? I was
there from '79 to 82.

FRANK

(a look to Hub)
No shit?

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

ELISE

My father taught Economics. Henry Kraft?

HUB

Is there a terrorist cell operating in this city that we are unaware of?

ELISE

(ignoring him; to Haddad)
Such a tragedy. Growing up in that city was...paradise. Like an exotic Paris, wasn't it, Frank--?

*

HUB

You ever been in Rikers, Elise? You know what happens in there?

Elise looks at him, utterly unfazed by the threat.

ELISE

...Yum.

Frank's BEEPER goes off. As they look at one another, we:

CUT TO:

48 ABOUT A MILLION COP CARS

48

Red lights flashing, have sealed off a Brooklyn Street. On the rooftops SWAT teams are already deploying.

SHARPSHOOTERS politely insinuate themselves into the surrounding family APARTMENTS and take up firing POSITIONS.

THE 87 BUS

Stands alone in the middle of the street. Through a Marksman's SCOPE we SEE the terrified passengers forced to stand, catch glimpses of the TERRORISTS, obscured by the hostages.

Hub confers with the NYPD officer-in-charge.

NYPD OFFICER

--definitely Arab-types, only this time they're still in there...

HUB

Any communication at all?

NYPD OFFICER

Nope. It's weird they're just in there.

HUB

Get the frequency of the driver's radio and patch it through to this

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

HUB (CONT'D)
number. We need two lines. Frank,
get a negotiator out here.

*

NYPD OFFICER #2
Sir, they've got kids in there. We
count six.

This rocks Hub for a moment but he covers it well.

HUB
That gives us something to work with.

BACK AT THE CAR

Elise leans forward as Hub opens the driver's door.

ELISE
What's happening out there...

Hub takes off his jacket, folds it carefully on the seat.

ELISE (CONT'D)
They've taken another bus, haven't
they? Talk to me..

HUB
Oh, now you want to talk. You want to
be my friend, is that it?

ELISE
Listen, these guys are the real deal.

HUB
How do you know?

She just looks at him.

HUB (CONT'D)
Is there a terrorist cell operating
in Brooklyn?

ELISE
(a long moment)
Yes.

HUB
Was the blue paint a warning?

ELISE
Yes. And I'm afraid this time they'll
blow the bus.

HUB
If they wanted to blow the bus then
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (2)

48

HUB (CONT'D)
why haven't they blown the bus--?

ELISE
I.....don't know.

He starts away.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Agent Hubbard. Please. Maybe I can
help.

A COMMAND POST

Has been hastily improvised behind a SWAT van.

FRANK
The driver's name is Larry Kaiser.
He says they've got explosives strapped
to their chests, they got automatic
weapons, and they're speaking Arabic.

HUB
Where the hell's the negotiator?

FRANK
Tunnel's got twenty minute delays and
they're working on both bridges.

HUB
(to the cop)
What else did he say about the device?
Did he describe it at all? Anything
about a button, or a cord, or...

THE FIRST ENG TRUCK

Pulls up and raises its satellite dish.

ELISE
(almost involuntary)
Oh, God.

Frank turns to look at her. She is suddenly pale.

ELISE (CONT'D)
(as it dawns on her)
....They're not here to negotiate.

FRANK
Meaning?

ELISE
They were waiting for the cameras..

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

Hub is deep in conversation with the cops. Frank interrupts.

FRANK

--Hub...

Hub looks up. Frank nods for Elise to repeat what she said.

ELISE

They're want the newsies here. They
want everybody watching.

Hub and Frank look at each other. Can this be true?

ELISE (CONT'D)

You've got the shooters in place?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4) 48

FRANK

--So?

ELISE

Use 'em.

HUB

What?

ELISE

Kill 'em now.

They just look at her.

ELISE (CONT'D)

It's lose-lose any way you play it...
Do you want to lose little or lose
big?

The NYPD officer has been listening:

NYPD OFFICER

I got the marksmen on the com-- They're
looking for a clean shot.

As the Policeman waits for a response on his radio, two more
NEWS VANS pull up. The MEDIA CIRCUS has come to town:
reporters breathlessly offer their live, on-the-scene reports.
Hub and Elise stare at one another.

NYPD OFFICER (CONT'D)

Shooter says they've got the passengers
all standing in the aisles. He says,
no go.

Hub can see the dread in Elise's eyes. As the seconds tick
away, TWO NEWS HELICOPTER jockey for position above.

HUB

(to the cops)

We have rules of engagement we're
gonna follow here, folks, so put the
safeties back on your weapons.

(looks at Elise)

Nobody's killing anybody until we see
what's what.

He grabs the phone.

HUB (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Larry, this is Agent Hubbard of the
FBI, I'll be negotiating our way out
of this. Let me talk to one of
them.....I know....I know. You

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (5)

48

HUB (CONT'D)
just hang in there, Larry.....No,
don't worry, I've got somebody here
who can translate.

He looks over at Frank, who's listening on another cell.

HUB (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Sir, --My name is Anthony Hubbard. I
don't have any authority to make deals,
or respond to demands. I just want to
find out if you need anything in there?
If any of the passengers are in need
of medical attention?

*
*
*
*
*

He waits as Frank translates. Hub covers the mouthpiece.

HUB (CONT'D)
--Frank?

FRANK
I don't know if they understand.

HUB
(on the phone)
Sir, is there anything you want to
say to me? That I can tell my people
here?

*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (6)

48

FRANK

The guy's just breathing into the phone, maybe they're not even Arabs.

HUB

(on the phone)

I get the feeling you don't want to talk, but will you listen--?
...Whatever grievance you have,
whatever quarrel-- surely it doesn't
involve these children--

Still no response.

HUB (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

So I'm gonna ask you to...please
...let...the...children go.

NO RESPONSE -- THEN SUDDENLY, THE BUS DOORS HISS OPEN

And six bewildered, ashen-faced CHILDREN step out before the doors HISS closed behind them. As Hub and a couple of the cops hurry out from behind the barricades to help the children cross the NO-MAN'S LAND to safety, a smattering of APPLAUSE breaks out among the cops. Elise tries to hold back tears.

FRANK

Okay, here we go...

HUB

(on the phone)

Thank you, sir. I appreciate that gesture, I really do. The best way to get what you want in these situations is to show yourself to be reasonable. As you've just done.

(Haddad translates)

Now we've got some more to talk about...

Elise watches as the news cameras zoom in.

HUB (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

I am unarmed, as you can see. So I propose... You let the rest of the passengers go, and I take their place....That way, there's no pizza deliveries or bathroom breaks to worry about-- and all these--

(indicates SWAT teams)

--people... will disappear.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (7)

48

Frank shakes his head, don't do this. Hub's look says
translate it. Frank does it. They all wait.

HUB (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
I'm gonna take your silence to mean
you're considering my offer--

Elise looks at Frank, she can't help but admire his bravery.

HUB (CONT'D)
How about we just start with a few of
the elderly people you got on there.
It's got to be hard for the older
folks to be standing all this time.

Hub looks back at Frank. Still no response.

AND THEN THE BUS DOORS HISS OPEN AGAIN. A few elderly
PASSENGERS start down the steps.

HUB (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Thank you, sir. Now let's just let
these--

THE EXPLOSION OF THE BUS

Hurls Hub backwards as:

ALL SOUND FADES OUT

To be replaced by a high-end, almost electronic WHITE NOISE.

SHRAPNEL

Imbeds itself into car doors, bus benches, doorways as every
WINDOW in a three-block radius is SHATTERED...

RED BLOOD

Replaces blue paint in a horrific shower.

HUB

Fights for consciousness.

AGENTS

Rush to his side to see if he is alright -- but WE CANNOT
HEAR them. Though their mouths move it is only the WHITE
NOISE that overwhelms us -- as we realize that Hub has been
momentarily DEAFENED by the blast.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (8)

48

When at last Hub manages to speak, his words are MUFFLED and
INDISTINCT -- as if the playback heads of a tape recorder
needed to be cleaned.

*
*
*

HUB (CONT'D)
I'm...alright. I'm--

*
*

Frank Haddad bends down close and we can lip-read him saying,
"Just hang in there, buddy..."

*
*

HUB (CONT'D)
--okay... Just let me--

*
*

And then he leans over to VOMIT in the street.

*

THE SOUND OF SIRENS

*

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (9)

48

Slowly bleeds in through the white noise -- mercifully for us, and for Hub, who wipes his mouth and looks up, realizing that his HEARING is coming back. He reaches for Frank's outstretched hand and stands, albeit woozily.

HUB (CONT'D)

Is anybody--

But the look in Frank's eyes says it all.

THE DEVASTATION

Is numbing. IMAGES we associate with other countries. And then he sees Elise. Her face is cut and bleeding, but as their eyes meet, her look is one of absolute compassion.

HARD CUT TO:

49

MORE THAN A HUNDRED AGENTS

49

Crowded into the now-overflowing BULLPEN. In absolute denial of his physical condition, Hub paces like a caged animal.

HUB

--every trap, every hole. I want to rumble every mosque, every community center, every student organization that's ever said an unkind word. I want the heat turned up under all our assets, all our informers, every snitch gets twisted inside out. And put some money out on the street -- Arab community hates these people as much as we do. They'll help.

(turns to Mike)

Have you got positive ID on--

MIKE

Hub, we don't have positive ID on anybody.

HUB

We need more hands. Fred--

FRED

I'm on it.

He picks up a phone and begins requesting Agent transfers.

HUB

I want to talk to Khalil.

TINA

He's down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Now she picks up a phone and adds to the cacophony.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

HUB

--Conferences with DC at 9:00, 12:00, 4:00 and 9:00. Call your families, find a sleeping bag, nobody leaves this office until we have a strand to pull. Oklahoma City, people. The first twenty-four hours are the only twenty-four hours... And I don't want to see anybody walking.

*

*

50 TEN MINUTES LATER - OUTSIDE A HOLDING CELL

50

Hub and Frank watch Khalil through a VIDEO MONITOR. The bruises on Khalil's face have deepened.

HUB

Doctor seen him?

TINA

He's on his way up.

HUB

Got a cigarette--?

TINA

You don't smoke.

Hub pockets the pack of cigarettes and walks into:

51 THE CELL

51

Frank hangs back in the doorway. Hub pulls up a chair, turns it backwards, and sits down very close to Khalil.

HUB

Ten thousand dollars.

Frank translates. Khalil pretends not to understand.

HUB (CONT'D)

Khalil. I want to talk about the money.

*

Again Frank translates. And again, Khalil looks blank.

*

HUB (CONT'D)

Okay...

Hub reaches into his pocket and casually takes out the pack of cigarettes. Khalil's eyes widen. Hub smiles at him. At the SOUND of the match lighting, SWEAT begins to bead on Khalil's forehead. Hub takes his time LIGHTING the cigarette -- drawing deep so the tip turns bright red. Khalil unconsciously RECOILS in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

HUB (CONT'D)
(to Frank, re: Khalil)
Doesn't like second hand smoke.

Hub turns back to Khalil, casually gesturing with his cigarette. Khalil almost jumps out of his skin.

HUB (CONT'D)
You ready to talk about money?

Frank hasn't even begun to translate before Khalil begins SPEED-RAPPING in Arabic.

FRANK
(translating)
...He says he loves America and only
wanted to get away from the security
services at home.

Tears stream down Khalil's face. He kneels at Hub's feet.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(still translating)
...He says he's sorry but he didn't
know he was doing something bad. His
cousin introduced him to a man who
promised him two hundred dollars for
his dowry if he'd bring the suitcase
to an address in Brooklyn.
(to Hub)
He's a cut-out.

52 OUTSIDE THE ROOM -- LATER

52

Hub hands Tina back the pack of cigarettes.

HUB
Nasty habit.
(to Danny)
3830 Flatbush Avenue.

53 FLASH CUT -- A SWAT TEAM

53

Bursts into an empty apartment. On the floor, a fax machine continuously sending the message: "RELEASE HIM."

54 BACK TO -- HUB

54

HUB
We want every rental agreement from
every landlord in Brooklyn. Hotels,
motels, flophouses...
(to the other agents)
It's cash, guys. They're the only
ones in America using cash.

55 TWO HOURS LATER --

55

The room is dark. A TECHNICIAN operates an overhead PROJECTOR.

TECHNICIAN

This is a spectograph of the semtex
used in the bomb. Look at the benzene
spike. This is the genuine article.

(another slide)

Now... this one's from the barracks
in Dhahran. As you can see, the
signature is identical.

56 TWO HOURS LATER --

56

A COMPUTER TECHIE (WHITNEY) is cross-referencing data.
DIGITAL PICTURES of suspected terrorists scroll past. A
surveillance PHOTO of Ahmed bin Talal. The ruined army
barracks.

*

HUB

--ask it if they've ever hit buses?

The techie types in a few commands: IMAGES of destroyed BUSES
file past. Tel Aviv. Jerusalem. Beirut. None a match.

WHITNEY

--not according to the mainframe.

*

57 TWO HOURS LATER --

57

The BOMB SCENE now resembles an archeological dig.
Floodlights on stanchions. Forensic EXPERTS, on their hands
and knees, use BLACK LIGHT and brushes to search for latent
prints. Different color STRING divides the site into a grid.

HUB

--with a Q-tip. Bone shards, hair,
fingernails--

Nearby, Danny and Mike observe Hub's intensity.

DANNY

--He's way over his head.

FRANK

Shut the fuck up and go give somebody
a parking ticket.

58 TWO HOURS LATER --

58

In THE LAB. A FINGERPRINT EXPERT sifts through a plastic
bag of fingertips and teeth. Scans each into a computer.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

FINGERPRINT EXPERT

Not yet.

59 OMITTED

59

60 TWO HOURS LATER --

60

Hub is STARING AT THE TV SETS which are all REPLAYING the terrible incident, over and over again.

TV SOUND BITE

--Today; Tel Aviv has come to
Brooklyn. The question...is why."

Finally, he turns away so no one will see. His eyes are hot with the emotion.

WHITNEY

You okay?

*
*

The Fingerprint techie races in, sparing Hub a response.

FINGERPRINT EXPERT

Got one!

61 TWO HOURS LATER --

61

Hub and Tina address twenty agents.

HUB

Ladies and Gentlemen, meet the late
Ali Waziri.

He projects a PHOTO of the dead Terrorist onto the wall.

HUB (CONT'D)

Tina talked to the Israelis and traced
this sucker to a group operating out
of Ramallah. That's the West Bank,
not the West Side for those of you
just joining us from Nebraska.

*
*
*
*
*
*

A few appreciative CHUCKLES. They're all exhausted. This is the first good news in a bitch of a day.

TINA

Okay, we've pulled his landing card
and his I-94. So now we know he came
in three days ago, out of Frankfurt--

She points to where: A TIME-LINE has been created out of colored strips beneath a bank of silent TV monitors.

TINA (CONT'D)

What we need now is to fill in the
time between his arrival and the
incident. All known associations, and
most of all, we need an address.

The TIME-LINE is progressing. PHONE TECHNICIANS add tie-lines, dedicated fax lines, wats lines and scrambled lines. Cable everywhere. Danny and Frank pore over Ali Waziri's I-94.

FRANK
IAP66. What's IAP66?

DANNY
Hold on, hold on, I'm looking it up--

FRANK
--Today, Danny...

DANNY
Wait, wait-- Here we go. Student Visa,
J-1.

Hub has been pacing, nearby.

HUB
Where's the original--?

DANNY
In his passport.

FRANK
Which is...vaporized.

HUB
Where's the copy?

FRANK
At the point of issuance. Could be
the American Consulate in Tel Aviv.
The American Consulate in Amman, Cairo,
Alexandria, Riyadh -- all an easy
drive from the West Bank--

Hub suddenly had to fight off a wave of nausea and dizziness.

HUB
What time is it--?

DANNY
Three-fifteen. P.M.
(off Hub's blank look)
When's the last time you ate?

*
*
*

Fred Darius, the young agent, appears.

FRED
Sir. They want you in the lab.

63 THROUGH A POWERFUL ELECTRON MICROSCOPE

63

Hub peers through the eyepiece at a MAGNIFIED STRAND of fiber.

FIBER EXPERT (V.O.)
Pure, unadulterated, Egyptian cotton.

FRED
You're saying they're Egyptian?

FIBER EXPERT
No. NO... I'm just saying-- See...

HUB
--It's what they use for funerals.
The guy was wearing a shroud.

He looks at Frank. It's just as Elise said. The real deal.

HUB (CONT'D)
Let's see if she's ready to talk.

64 A HOLDING CELL

64

Elise sits quietly with the stillness of those who have been there before. Hub enters.

HUB
I thought one phone call and you were out of here.

ELISE
I didn't make the call.

HUB
Why not?

She just looks at him, entirely neutral.

ELISE
Are you alright--?

HUB
Just some tinnitis in my left ear--

They look across the professional chasm that divides them.

HUB (CONT'D)
I need to know what I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

ELISE

Life's too short.

But there's a hint of some thawing in her tone.

HUB

You hungry?

ELISE

We ordering in--?

CUT TO:

65

65 OMITTED

66 *

66 IN A DOWNTOWN DELI

Hub and Elise sit, eating corned beef sandwiches.

*

ELISE

--The funeral shroud is the final
step in the ritual of self-
purification. First a fast, then--

HUB

--the washing of the body, then the
shroud. I saw it on Sixty Minutes.
Tell me something I don't know.

She pauses, always gauging how much to reveal. And when.

ELISE

...Last March in Iraq, we identified
the man we believe responsible for
bombing the army barracks last year.
In August, he went to Lebanon. Where
he was...extracted.

HUB

Extracted? Extracted by whom?
(she just looks at him)
I see.

ELISE

His name is Sheik Ahmed bin Talal.
He's Iraqi. And something of a
religious leader.

HUB

With something of a devoted following?
(she nods)
...Okay, I can understand why we might
not want to publicize the fact that
our government's in the kidnapping
business, but why not tell us?

*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

ELISE
He's still being...debriefed. They're
not ready to go public with charges.

(CONTINUED)

HUB

What else you got on his followers.

ELISE

Clearly, they're committed.

HUB

Meaning?

ELISE

In this game, the most committed wins.

HUB

So they'll just keep coming until we release him.

ELISE

Unless we match their commitment with our own.

HUB

What about talking to this sheik?

ELISE

You don't think they've got guys talking to the sheik? Except

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3)

66

ELISE (CONT'D)
the sheik isn't talking.

*

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED: (4)

HUB

So who's giving the orders? How do
they coordinate, pick their targets?

ELISE

Believe me, we've put every resource
we've got onto that very question.

(puts down her fork)

Otherwise... we wait.

HUB

We wait.

She looks at him. For one brief moment the mask drops away.

ELISE

If there's anybody on earth who knows
how you feel, it's me. But you've got
to let it go. Those people were dead
the minute they got on the bus.

Frank Haddad appears, making his way toward their table.

FRANK

Sorry, boss. Hello, Elise. Mmmm, is
that pastrami?

(tastes it; then with
his mouth full)

Oh, yeah, we made the guy in the
picture.

67 OMITTED

67

CUT TO:

68 A CAFE

68

Where Students sit inside and SMOKE, then SMOKE some more.

FRANK (V.O.)

My people. The last of the
unambivalent smokers.

(shakes his head)

Monsters. The toughest motherfucker
in Bed-Stuy is a muffin compared to
some of these guys.

(CONTINUED)

They watch as SAMIR gets his bill from the waiter.

FRANK (CONT'D)

His name's Samir Nazhde. Teaches
Arab Studies at Brooklyn College. He
sponsored Ail Waziri's student visa.
And dig this-- his brother blew up a
movie theatre in Tel Aviv.

ELISE

You might consider leaving him alone.

HUB

Why would I consider doing that--?

In the cafe, Samir counts cash to leave on the table.

ELISE

Play him like a cop and haul him in
now and get your arrest, or tag him
and let him lead you to the really
big fish.

FRANK

(an arabic curse)
You're fishing and he's getting visas
for bombers.

ELISE

You ever heard of catch and release?

FRANK

Yes, and he's on the next plane for
Tunis.

Hub looks at Elise. Samir is leaving -- it's now or never.

HUB

Take him down.

FRANK

(keys his radio)
Go.

THREE AGENTS brace Samir politely but firmly, and lead him
to their car. Samir slides into the back seat next to Elise.
In the REARVIEW MIRROR, Hub watches as a look seems to pass
between them. Then again, it may not have happened.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Samir Nazhde, my name is Frank Haddad,
I'm a Federal Agent. We have reason
to believe you are an accessory to
the bombing of Bus 87.

(CONTINUED)

SAMIR

Are you crazy--?

FRANK

You are an associate of Ali Waziri.

SAMIR

Who? I know no one by that name.

Elise is looking out the window, seemingly oblivious.

FRANK

You got him a student visa.

SAMIR

I sign these applications as a matter of course, hundreds of them. Everyone wants to come to the land of opportunity and Baywatch.

Elise tries to keep a smile off her face. Hub clocks this.

FRANK

You spent two years in Israeli jails during the Intifada.

SAMIR

The only ones who didn't were women like you.

Frank BACKHANDS him across the mouth. Samir says something in Arabic to Frank, who responds in kind.

HUB

Frank--

FRANK

Sorry. Family matter.

(to Samir)

You're going downtown, my friend.

SAMIR

You cannot hold me. I know my rights. I watch American television.

FRANK

Defrauding the INS is a Federal Offense.

(hands Samir to waiting agents)

Reservation for one, please.

CUT TO:

69

CTF HEADQUARTERS - LATER

69

They enter the BULLPEN. It's well past midnight. People are sacked-out in sleeping bags while others continue working.

ELISE

Club Fed.

Frank leans over Danny Sussman, who has fallen asleep, face down on his desk, and sings in a lovely brogue:

FRANK

(singing)

"Oh, Danny-boy, the perps, the perps,
are call-ing...

(as he awakens)

We need a search warrant on Samir...

HUB

Frank, c'mere a sec. I want to show
you something.

He leads Frank into another CUBICLE. Perched on nearby desk, Elise is dialing a phone, she stops to watch them:

HUB (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Frank, you ever hit a prisoner again
I'll have your badge.

*

*

FRANK

--Someday I will tell you what those
people did to my village in '71.

Hub waits for him to calm down.

*

HUB

(touches his arm)

Okay. But right now, act as if I'm
capable of saying something
funny.....Now, let's go see about
that warrant.

*

*

*

*

*

As they walk back, Hub says to Danny:

HUB (CONT'D)

Find me a Judge who'll play ball this
time. And set up a polygraph for Samir.

ELISE

I still don't understand why we're
tipping our hand with him--

FRANK

What's there to tip?

*

*

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

HUB

You're just trying to protect your asset.

(to Elise, pointedly:)

Aren't you, Elise--? He's your Joe, your asset. He's working for you, you're his case officer -- right?

How should she respond? How thin should she slice it?

ELISE

...Sometimes...in addition to being a nationality, being a Palestinian is also a...profession. A lucrative one.

HUB

Meaning, he's your Joe.

ELISE

Mine. Yours. The Israelis. The Saudis. At one time or another, everybody in the Middle East has slept with everybody else.

FRANK

So you're saying...you sleep around?

ELISE

Only professionally.

HUB

So we share him.

ELISE

No.

HUB

(to Frank)

-- Call INS, find out his status and start deportation proceedings.

ELISE

I can't let you do that.

HUB

Oh, you can't let me do that. What precisely is your involvement with these people.

ELISE

(sighs, then:)

Samir's been a very important...project of mine for some time... I'm the only one he'll deal with. He's very well-connected --and extremely high-strung.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

HUB
.....Call the judge.

ELISE
(looks at Frank)
How easy is it to get inside, Frank?
How good are your sources in the
mosques? How many people you got in
Hamas--?

*
*

Franks shakes his head, ruefully. She's right.

ELISE (CONT'D)
No surveillance. I've seen your deft
touch.

HUB
Daily reports. We tap his phone.

ELISE
And I get to see the transcripts.

HUB
Fair enough.

ELISE
And I run him.

HUB
We share him.

ELISE
He can't know we're talking.

*
*

HUB
Then don't tell him.

*
*

ELISE
Done.

HUB
(to Frank)
Let him fly.
(back to her)
But we better start seeing product.

She nods. A deal. For now.

HUB (CONT'D)
Any more surprises for me?

ELISE
Not tonight.

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED: (3)

69

HUB

Then I'm going home to get some things.

FRANK

I'll have somebody drive you.

HUB

I'll grab a cab.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (4)

69

And he's gone. Frank turns to Elise:

FRANK

Elise. I'm really high strung, too.

She just smiles and walks away.

70 OUTSIDE THE FEDERAL BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

70

Not many people around. Hub stands on the corner. A TAXI cruises up. On duty. Available. He slows long enough to see that Hub is black and passes right by.

71 AT A RED LIGHT

71

The taxi driver stops just long enough for Hub to slam his SHIELD on the windshield.

72 IN THE TAXI

72

Hub sits in back, hurtling into the night. The driver's ID identifies him as ABDUL HASSAM. Hub shakes his head.

73 IN THE SHOWER

73

As the hot SPRAY hits him, he runs his hands through his hair and feels the BITS OF SHATTERED GLASS. Dried blood runs off in rivulets from his hands. Not his own. He leans against the shower wall, closes his eyes.

74 ELISE -- BRUTALLY SLAPPED ACROSS THE FACE

CUT TO:

74

We are in her apartment. Samir looms over her.

SAMIR

You let him HIT ME--!! You cannot care about me and let such things happen!

ELISE

Next time don't be such a smart ass---

SAMIR

Sometimes I hate you just because you are so American. It makes me want to hurt you. I think about fucking you and hurting you.

Elise can taste the blood in her mouth -- but it's the price she's come to accept. In a heartbeat, it's all business.

ELISE

--You want to fuck me? Then work with me.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

SAMIR

Don't tell me what I have to do.

*

ELISE

No? Do we really want to have this conversation again? Do we--?

*

Something quietly ominous in her tone. He lowers his eyes. And like a sailboat, Elise changes tack. Strokes his arm.

ELISE (CONT'D)

I need you to help me. I need you to be strong. As you have always been strong. For both of us. --Samir? Look at me...

75 BACK TO HUB -- WHO AWAKENS IN THE DARKNESS

75

He's fallen asleep in a chair. In his lap is a pile of visa applications. His BEEPER goes off. He rouses himself.

76 BACK TO ELISE -- ROUGHLY TURNED OVER IN BED BY SAMIR

76

Sex without any shred of tenderness. As Samir kisses the back of her neck, we SEE in her eyes the thousand-yard stare.

77 BACK TO HUB -- ON THE STREET

77

In the doorway of an apartment building, Frank hands Hub a styrofoam cup of coffee. It's a ritual between them.

78 BACK TO ELISE -- LYING IN BED AS SAMIR SMOKES

78

SAMIR

--Some people just cannot live in the camps. For my brother, it was already like dying. The only thing he lives for is movies.

He sits up in bed, reaching for another cigarette.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

--And then some sheik tells him that, to die for Allah is beautiful. If he does this thing, our parents will be taken care of, and he will live on in Paradise with seventy virgins. Seventy.

(sighs)

And my brother, he needs to believe it very much, so he straps ten sticks of dynamite to his chest and goes to the movies...

(a rueful laugh)

And I become a VIP. It is very confusing.

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

ELISE

--So who are you afraid of betraying?
You know these people. They bcmb,
they maim. Do they represent the
Palestine you want to build?
(looks at him)
They're using you.

SAMIR

You are using me, too! Everybody
uses the Palestinians! We are the
whores of the Middle East!
(looks at her)
You make reports about our little
talks--? What about fucking me?

ELISE

I had to get special permission for
that.

As he stands up, naked, and goes to the window, we SEE:

79

THE SAME IMAGE

79

Seen again, FROM MUCH FARTHER AWAY by Hub who stands on a
ROOFTOP across the way, watching through 10 X 50 BINOCULARS.
Frank stands beside him.

FRANK

Beats cable.

79A OMITTED
THRU
79D

79A*
THRU
79D

79E OMITTED
THRU
79G

79E*
THRU
79G

80 OMITTED

80 *

81 OMITTED - SEE SCENE 128A

81 *

82 OMITTED

82

82A THE FEDERAL BUILDING -- NEXT MORNING

82A

Hub heads for his office, his SECRETARY nods inside. Someone is waiting. It's Devereaux, in a civilian suit.

DEVEREAUX

Hi. I understand they call you Hub.

HUB

I know who you are, General.

DEVEREAUX

(offering his hand)

Bill Devereaux.

HUB

I served in the--

DEVEREAUX

82nd Airborne, I know. Same time I was running the --

*

HUB

--173rd. Put me through school.

*

DEVEREAUX

God. Duty. Honor. Country. Where on Capitol Hill, Wall Street, or Hollywood would you find one man who's even paused over one of those words in the last ten years?

Hub is unsure why he's audience to such a command performance.

HUB

What, uh, brings you here, General?
.....Can I get you some coffee?

DEVEREAUX

You want me to get to the point. The President's concerned. He's worried that-- have you met him by any chance?

HUB

No, sir, I haven't. I know-- reading the papers -- terrorism's a real concern for him. And your job is to--

DEVEREAUX

--With all the affection for the man I can tell you he doesn't know fuck-all about terrorism, or the Mideast, that I don't put on his cue cards.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED:

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

What he's expert in is his own survival. You get my meaning?

HUB

I didn't guess you came all this way for a cup of coffee.

DEVEREAUX

Agent Hubbard-- you look like you think I'm here to take your baby away!

HUB

With all respect for your expertise, sir. We're on track here. *

DEVEREAUX

Which is what I said to the President -- the Army is not some big green police department. Stick with the man on the ground.

HUB

I appreciate your support.

DEVEREAUX

You're sure you're not chasing your own tail, though?

Hub considers for a moment, then:

HUB

What do you know about Sheik Ahmed Bin Talal?

DEVEREAUX

Old news.

HUB

Maybe not. We've received two communications--from the bombers to "Release Him." *

DEVEREAUX

We can't release him.

HUB

I know our stated policy is not to negotiate with terrorists, but--

DEVEREAUX

Hub, we can't release him because we don't have him. We never had him. And besides that, he's dead.

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED: (2)

82A

HUB

The CIA says--

DEVEREAUX

The CIA? The CIA couldn't predict
the fall of the Berlin Wall until
bricks were hitting them in the head.
(resuming)

The Libyans snatched the Sheik --
some sectarian Muslim thing -- I'll
explain it next time you have a free
week. They killed him. Qaddafi put
out disinformation that it was us.
.....Who was your source on this?

HUB

Elise Kraft.

DEVEREAUX

...A woman will never know the Middle
East. You're talking about a culture
that keeps its women slipcovered.
Elise Kraft can't tell a Sheik from
the prophylactic of the same name.

HUB

I appreciate the heads up.

Devereaux rises, offers his hand. As they shake, Elise sticks
her head in the door without knocking.

ELISE

Hub, we've got Judge Frankel in--
(as Devereaux turns
around)
Oh. Hello, General.

DEVEREAUX

Please, don't let me --

ELISE

(to Hub)

Sorry. That tip on the landlord looks
solid. The judge will see us right
away.

DEVEREAUX

Sounds like I should get out of your
way. We're there if you need us.
(at the door; to Elise)
Your father well, Elise?

ELISE

As can be expected. How's Maggie?

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED: (3)

82A

DEVEREAUX

Top of her game.

(heads out)

Well, go get 'em.

And he's gone. Elise turns to Hub.

ELISE

Making new friends.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED: (4)

82A

HUB
How's your lip--?

*

She looks at Hub -- and now she knows that he knows. She
brazens it out:

ELISE
So..... you like to watch--?

HUB
No. Just learning about commitment.

ELISE
It's a full contact sport.

CUT TO:

82B JUDGE'S CHAMBERS -- DOWNTOWN

82B

Judge Frankel, 60, puts down his sandwich and wipes his hands.

JUDGE FRANKEL
--You're telling me that just because
some Brooklyn landlord tips you off
that he's been paid in cash, you have
the right to call in the cavalry--!
Hub, as far as I know, paying cash is
not yet a crime in this country.

HUB
You're not hearing me. This Khalil
was carrying cash for--

JUDGE FRANKEL
--You've observed him giving cash to-

HUB
...No, but--

JUDGE FRANKEL
--But you have hard evidence linking
this apartment to the people that
blew up bus 87--?

Elise sits quietly beside Frank, observing Hub's trials.

HUB
I know we'll turn up trace elements
of semtex, chemicals....something.

JUDGE FRANKEL
And when you do, you'll get your
warrant.

(CONTINUED)

82B CONTINUED:

82B

HUB

What about as a feasibility study?

JUDGE FRANKEL

Meaning?

HUB

We enter first, take a look, then
fill out the warrant.

JUDGE FRANKEL

Tell me the difference between that
and breaking-and-entering?

HUB

We're the good guys.

JUDGE FRANKEL

Not good enough.

HUB

What is good enough, Judge? Another
bus? A school, maybe. These things
come in waves.

JUDGE FRANKEL

Waves mean nothing to me; there's
been a wave of violent crime committed
by black people in this city for the
past twenty years, but if you came to
me with a plan to put all black people
behind bars as a preventative measure
I'd send you packing. There's a price
to be paid for living in a free society--

*
*
*

HUB

--and not in cash I guarantee it.

Hub catches Elise's eye -- "we're out of here."

83 THE STAIRCASE OF A TENEMENT

83

Elise and Hub climb seemingly endless FLIGHTS OF STAIRS.

ELISE

--Not two Judges from now, not two
HOURS from now, not two MINUTES from
now. These guys could split any SECOND
and you've lost your best shot at--

HUB

Frank's working another warrant--

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

ELISE

You don't understand, they're pros!
From the age of twelve they've been
dodging people like you, people better
than you.

HUB

You mean people like you?

ELISE

--no matter how sparkling your record
is, no matter how terrified you are
to fail--

Finally he stops, turns on her:

HUB

It's...against...the...law.

ELISE

--Just because you went to night
school, or filled out the back of a
matchbook or whatever you did to get
a law degree doesn't make you Sir
Thomas More.

HUB

Just because you talk the talk doesn't
make you an expert. And just because
you read my file doesn't make you an
expert on me.

ELISE

You're gonna lose them and they're
gonna do another horrible--

HUB

--You think I want to lose them. Where
do you get off talking that shit.

(controls himself...)

If I don't take 'em down properly
they'll be on the street two hours
from now. I could find dynamite,
semtex, plutonium and a book of matches
in there and unless I've got the right
warrant it's all inadmissable

ELISE

They've also got a warrant. A warrant
from God. They're ready to die! And
your quaint laws don't mean shit to
these people.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

HUB

My quaint laws? Last I checked you were an American citizen. And these happen to be the only laws we got.

(turns on her)

Look, I'm just a cop, okay, and I'm real sorry the cold war's over, and you Masters of the Universe got nothing going on over there in Afghanistan or Iraq or wherever-- but you're just not in the Middle East anymore...

*

ELISE

Oh, really...?

They reach the top of the stairs where Frank is waiting. He dangles a piece of paper -- the warrant -- and grins.

84 IN THE SAME SQUALID APARTMENT BUILDING -- LATER

84

Hub looks through the surveillance equipment focused on an apartment across the street -- paper shades drawn. Wearing a set of HEADPHONES, Elise listens intently to the Arabic conversation.

ELISE

They're discussing how hard it is to find a decent cup of coffee over here.

(hands headset to Frank)

I make out three voices. What do you have on the infrared?

FRANK

Three sounds right. If we had microwave we'd know for sure. The CIA's got microwave, how come we don't have microwave.

Hub, meanwhile is question a Syrian Landlord.

LANDLORD

--three of them. All day long they watch tv. And eat pizza. Nothing but pizza, pizza, pizza...

Hub looks over at Frank. They've got a way in.

CUT TO:

85 OMITTED

85

86 OMITTED

86

87 OMITTED
88 OMITTED
89 OMITTED
90 OMITTED
91 OMITTED

87 *
88 *
89 *
90 *
91 *

92 A DARK HALLWAY -- DAY 92 *

Mike Johansson, carrying two PIZZAS, knocks on a door. *

IN THE SHADOWS BELOW *

Hub, Frank, and a small army of AGENTS lock and load. *

A YOUNG ARAB

Opens the door to the length of a chain and hands Mike a twenty-dollar bill. *

MIKE *

You want change, right--? *

YOUNG ARAB

No.

MIKE *

You gonna open the door, or what--? *

The Arab motions, leave them on the ground.

MIKE (CONT'D) *

Jesus, didn't ya hear crime's down
seven-percent... *

Muttering, he sets the pizza down and heads downstairs.
After a moment we HEAR the chain pulled and the door open.

93 IN THE APARTMENT 93 *

The Young Arab sets the pizza on an orange crate. Two other
YOUNG ARABS in the next room barely take their eyes off the
rerun of "Hunter." But as the young Arab opens the box:

A STUN GRENADE

Hidden within, EXPLODES with a blinding FLASH, knocking him
to the ground.

THE APARTMENT DOOR

Is blown in as armed AGENTS rush in, Hub leading the way.

(CONTINUED)

FBI AGENTS
(English and Arabic)
FBI--! Lie down on the floor with
your hands behind your back--!

THE TWO OTHER YOUNG ARABS, HOWEVER --

Have not been affected. Not only were they in the next room,
but also their eyes were averted from the FLASH.

THEY COME UP FIRING

But only get off half a clip each before they are CUT DOWN .
by a fusillade of FBI return-fire.

ON THE GROUND

The Young Arab, momentarily disoriented, stumbles to his
feet, only to be confronted by six armed agents -- all aiming
at his chest.

FRANK
Drop your weapon!

The terrorist puts his gun to his mouth and PULLS THE TRIGGER.

A STILLNESS

As the CORDITE drifts lazily toward the ceiling, Hub calls
out from behind the table:

HUB
What about the others? See if we can
get a pulse--

Other Agents scurry in to hover over the inert BODIES.

FRED
Terminal.

MIKE
Same here.

ELISE
(softly)
Gone.

Hub picks himself up in time to see Elise, kneeling beside
the body of the Young Arab, her hand on his boyish chest.

MIKE
We got semtex, we got detcord, same
stuff as the bus, the whole
enchilada...

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED: (2)

93

A few WHOOPS and high-fives as the adrenaline rush of the firefight abates. Frank opens the remaining box.

FRANK

Anybody like anchovies--?

Then from across the room, Hub kneels beside an ominous-looking DEVICE. A claymore mine.

HUB

Goddamn it. GODDAMN IT.

FRANK

What--?

HUB

It didn't fire. They had it rigged to the door and it didn't fire.

*
*
*

Frank stares at the lethal booby-trap. Hub shakes his head.

HUB (CONT'D)

We're too old to be lucky, Frank.

CUT TO:

94

A DOWNTOWN BAR -- LATER THAT NIGHT

94

Where Mike and Tina are dancing their asses off. Around them, other AGENTS from the takedown laugh and drink.

AT A NEARBY TABLE

Hub and Elise sit, watch them cut loose.

ELISE

(sips her drink)

My first boyfriend was Palestinian.
My father liked to say, they seduce
you with their suffering.

*
*
*
*
*

A WAITRESS brings her another drink.

ELISE (CONT'D)

You ever been over there--?

(he shakes his head, no)

...The courtesy with which they welcome
you into their homes. And the people,
these incredibly...warm people in
this... austere land.

*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

HUB

But you work against them.

ELISE

Only the crazies. I tend to be
suspicious of all true believers.

(looks at him)

Present company included.

HUB

So I'm a fanatic.

ELISE

Let's just say you don't seem the
ambivalent type.

HUB

Is that right?

ELISE

So why're are you a fed?

HUB

That's what my nephew keeps asking
me. "Why you with The Man, Unc?"

ELISE

.....Well? What'd you tell him?

HUB

You read my file. You tell me.

ELISE

Let's see.... Catholic school. Captain
of this, president of that. Hard work,
fair play, make a difference, change
the system from within. Rah.Rah.Rah.

HUB

That was in my file?

ELISE

....Tell me I'm wrong.

He studies her for a moment.

ELISE (CONT'D)

.....What--?

HUB

You believe in anything, Elise--?

(CONTINUED)

ELISE

Like what, for instance?

HUB

How about right and wrong?

ELISE

It's easy to choose between right and wrong. What's hard is choosing the wrong that's more right. I just want to make it all...a little...better.

(finishes her drink)

Ignore me. I'm shitfaced.

Frank appears to lean over their table.

FRANK

So am I--! Hey, Elise...tell us about being a spook? Ever meet Aldrich Ames? Weren't you at the Bay of Pigs?

ELISE

You were in charge of Waco, right--?
Or was that Ruby Ridge?

FRANK

The Shah of Iran, Noriega, I love the way you guys predicted the collapse of the Soviet Union.

ELISE

Yeah, yeah, yeah... And J.Edgar Hoover wore a dress.

She laughs and stands up to dance:

ELISE (CONT'D)

What do you say, Hub...? Peace?

But as he grudgingly stands up, a BALLAD comes on. They stand there awkwardly. Finally, he takes her into his arms.

ELISE (CONT'D)

This feels like high school.

HUB

--only my prom date wasn't packing a gun.

*

*

ELISE

Mine's a 9 mm. How big is yours?

HUB

Two inches. From the ground.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (3)

HUB (CONT'D)
(laughing, they dance
closer)
So what's the latest from Samir. I
want a list of every visa he sponsored.

ELISE
Not sure he'll do it.

HUB
I once knew this undercover guy,
started to care so much about his
source--

ELISE
--Samir's a source. Period.

HUB
Have you considered that he might
also be in bed with the other side?

ELISE
Samir in bed with them? That would
too much to wish for.

HUB
You're so confident.

ELISE
Only in bed.

*

Tina watches them. She rolls her eyes at Frank. And then:

THE GROUND SHAKES

A low RUMBLE as the light FLICKERS and the chandelier sways.

FRANK
Whoa... What do they put in these
drinks--?

TINA
They got earthquakes in Manhattan?

But Elise is not too drunk to make her way to the door. Hub
joins her. Already, in the distance, the WAILING OF SIRENS.

95 IN THE TOWN CAR -- SPEEDING UPTOWN ON MADISON AVE. 95
Blue light FLASHING. Hub, Elise and Frank sit grimly silent.

96 TRAFFIC 96

Is snarled and gridlocked at 40th. Finally, they can take
it no longer and step out into a chorus of HONKING HORNS.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

THEY BEGIN TO RUN

Past the frustrated drivers. Turning the corner at 41st where:

97 SMOKE BILLOWS

97

From the New Victory Theatre -- where a gala benefit is taking place. *

A GIRL IN A PRADA GOWN

Walks toward CAMERA. She's stunning. From the jeweled clutch-bag to the tasteful necklace, everything is perfect, except:

HER RIGHT ARM IS MISSING

And now we SEE:

THE BLACK-AND-WHITES

Haphazardly pulled-up over the steps and the FIRETRUCKS already unspooling their hoses. Cops, Firemen, EMT's. Everybody's SCREAMING. Hub and Elise race past.

A MAN IN BLACK TIE

Sits, weeping quietly beneath the once proud stone lions.

THE FEW SURVIVORS

Their faces cut and bleeding, stumble around, disoriented. As Hub and Elise continue toward a SOUND we have never heard before in this country. A kind of keening.

A NYPD SERGEANT is the senior OFFICER on the scene. Hub shows his shield to the man who appears a bit shell-shocked.

NYPD SERGEANT

--fucking bastards waited 'til
intermission. Everybody standing
around... Oh, Jesus...

GLASS crunching underfoot, they can only watch as horribly disfigured BODIES are carried out. A NEWS REPORTER shoves a microphone in Hub's face.

NEWS REPORTER

Is it true the governor was attending
tonight's benefit--?

HUB

I don't know.

NEWS REPORTER

Who it is I'm speaking to--?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

Hub ignores the reporter. He sees that Elise is already tearing off part of her skirt to bandage a SOCIETY MATRON. He takes off his coat and goes to work beside her.

CUT TO:

98 A DARKENED AIRPLANE

98

Hub sits alone.

PILOT (O.S.)

Folks, as you can probably tell, we have begun our descent into Washington's National airport.

THE HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLING SOUND IS HEARD AGAIN

Hub reaches up to his DAMAGED EARS. As anyone who's ever flown with a sinus problem knows, the pain is excruciating.

STEWARDESS

--You alright?

But we can only LIP-READ her question. He's sweating now. Over this, we HEAR:

ARMY GENERAL (V.O.)

Either we answer this threat quickly and convincingly or next week there'll be a hundred more all over the world.

99 OMITTED

99

100 ON CAPITOL HILL -- LATER THAT DAY

100 *

As Hub climbs the steps toward the gleaming dome, the debate continues within:

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL (V.O.)

Sounds great, General, except why can't we find out who's behind it--?

101 IN THE ROTUNDA LIBRARY

101 *

A strategy session chaired by General Devereaux. Sleeves rolled up, silver coffee service. Staff members abound.

FBI DIRECTOR

These sects are organized so you need a kill to your credit to get inside. It makes undercover operations impossible. What that leaves us is.... we're working on it.

SENATOR WRIGHT

How about who's behind who's behind
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

SENATOR WRIGHT (CONT'D)

this?

CIA DIRECTOR

Libya. Iraq. Iran. Possibly Syria.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Ask a question. Get an atlas.

SENATOR WRIGHT

All I know is that we must respond.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Respond, sure. But how?

SENATOR WRIGHT

Find out who it is and bomb the shit
out of them.

CHIEF OF STAFF

And if we can't find out--?

The question hangs in the air.

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL

Look it keeps escalating. First a
bus, then the theatre. What's next?

SENATOR WRIGHT

Anything but leadership.

DEVEREAUX

With all respect, Senator, why don't
we just stipulate that the President
is a dumb son of a bitch so we can
all get down to business.

An icebreaker. Everyone laughs.

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL (V.O.)

What about sending in the Guard?

ATTORNEY GENERAL (V.O.)

The National Guard are trained for
riot control not counter-terrorism.

SENATOR WRIGHT

The Army then. I've seen the
contingency plans.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

It's settled legal doctrine, posse
comitatus, that the Army not be turned
against our own people.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

SENATOR WRIGHT

Even if that's what our own people
are asking for, three to one?

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

If the President is willing to declare
a State of Emergency--

SENATOR WRIGHT

President Lincoln declared martial
law in 1862. He suspended--

ATTORNEY GENERAL

--which the Supreme Court later found
un-constitutional. Ex parte Milligan.

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL

And I've got an election in November.
Ex-United States Congressman.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Guys, guys, the President lost a lot
of friends last night--

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL

Not to mention six points in the polls.

*

CHIEF OF STAFF

--And his plane lands in two hours.
We owe it to him to have a consensus.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

You don't fight a junkyard dog with
ASPCA rules. What you do is take the
leash off your own, bigger, meaner
dog.

CHIEF OF STAFF

.....General?

DEVEREAUX

The Army is a broadsword not a scalpel.
You do not want us in an American
city.

CHIEF OF STAFF

But hypothetically...how long would
it take you to--

DEVEREAUX

We only go if the President invokes
the War Powers Act.

CHIEF OF STAFF

I understand that, General. Let us
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

101

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)
imagine, though, for a moment, that
the order has been given.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (4) 101

CLOSE on Devereaux. As he weighs his remarks, we FLASHCUT, almost imperceptibly to:

102 AN ANONYMOUS ROOM 102

As WATER is poured over anonymous hands in a ritualized manner. O.S. we HEAR the SOUND of chanting.

103 BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM -- SAME TIME 103

DEVEREAUX

...Twelve hours after the President gives the word we can be on the ground. *
One light infantry division of ten
thousand seven hundred men. Elements
of the Rapid Deployment Force combined
with Special Forces -- Delta. APC's,
tanks, helicopters. And of course,
the ubiquitous M-16A1 assault rifle,
a humble weapon until you see a man
carrying one outside your local bowling
alley or Seven-Eleven. It will be
noisy, it will be scary and it will
not be mistaken for a VFW parade.

104 BACK TO -- THE ANONYMOUS ROOM 104

Where the same anonymous hands lift a cotton shroud. We watch in SLOW-MOTION as it drifts down a shoulder.

105 BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM 105 *

DEVEREAUX *

That means civilian casualties. At a *

minimum it's a drunk private joyriding *

in a Hummer who runs down an old lady *

in Greenpoint. At a maximum... *

(sighs) *

Make no mistake. We will hunt the *

enemy. We will find the enemy. And we *

will kill the enemy. *

106 BACK TO -- THE ANONYMOUS HANDS 106 *

Turning the key in an ignition. An engine rumbles to life. *

107 BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM 107 *

DEVEREAUX *

(looks at them)

And no card-carrying member of the
ACLU is more deadset against it...than
I am. Which is why I urge you...no, I
implore you not to consider this
option.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

A long beat. The Chief of Staff sighs.

CHIEF OF STAFF

I know what the President will say.

DEVEREAUX

What's that?

CHIEF OF STAFF

That's exactly why you're the only man for the job.

108 BACK TO -- A VAN

108

Emerges from a dark garage like a beast from a cave.

109 BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM

109

The Army General speaks up.

ARMY GENERAL

I remind you General Devereaux does not speak for official Army policy. A police function has become accepted as our role in Haiti, in Somalia--

HUB

--Could I interrupt?

Everyone looks over at Hub. Devereaux smiles.

DEVEREAUX

That's Anthony Hubbard, FBI. He's the ASAC on the ground up there. They took out the first cell less than 36 hours after bus 87. I suggest we hear what he has to say--

He nods to Hub, who acknowledges the vote of confidence.

HUB

There is something you probably haven't thought about doing?

*
*

CHIEF OF STAFF

And that is--?

*
*

HUB

Nothing. Don't over-react.

(off their incredulity)

With all respect, gentlemen, I'm just a cop. To you these people may be martyrs, but to me they're criminals. And a criminal is no more than somebody who thinks he's better than everyone

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*
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*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

HUB (CONT'D)

else. And he's not better. He only
has to be wrong once. And that's
where we come in. We run down a tip
from a landlord, or we pick up a latent
print from a bus. Our phones are
ringing off the hook with people from
the Arab community wanting to help.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

He measures his words carefully. Unaccustomed to these kind
of august circumstances.

*

HUB (CONT'D)

They love this country and they hate
that these criminals are giving them
a bad name. With their help and some
old-fashioned shoe leather, we'll
nail these guys.

*
*
*
*
*
*

DEVEREAUX

--Amen to that.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Thank you, Agent Hubbard. I, too,
think we should proceed cautiously.
(looks around)

Now we've got an Agency briefing
prepared... Some of you may not know
Sharon Bridger. Sharon was posted in
Iraq as part of our covert operations
during the Gulf War. ----Sharon...

CLOSE ON -- HUB as, from behind him, comes a familiar VOICE:

ELISE/SHARON

We all know the traditional model of
a terrorist network. One cell
controlling all others. Cut off the
head and the body will wither.

Hub looks to the back of the room at Elise, who's no longer
Elise. She looks blithely at Hub as if nothing is amiss.

ELISE/SHARON (CONT'D)

Unfortunately the old wisdom no longer
applies. The new paradigm is like the
myth of the Hydra. Each cell exists
independent of the other. Cut off one
head and another rises up in its place.

110 ANOTHER FLASH CUT -- THE VAN 110
Crossing the Brooklyn Bridge, keeping well below the speed limit. In the distance, the glass towers of Manhattan.

111 BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM 111
ELISE/SHARON
Bus 87 was the work of Cell #1. Its elimination only activated the work of Cell #2 -- the theatre gala. *

112 FLASH CUT -- THE VAN 112
Turns up Wall Street. Frank Haddad and Danny exit THE FEDERAL BUILDING. They pass Mike and Fred, heading back in. Something about the van causes Frank to take notice.

113 BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM 113
CHIEF OF STAFF
And Cell #3? How do we find Cell #3? *
Everyone looks to Sharon/Elise. Hub looks at her, too.
CLOSE ON -- SHARON/ELISE
The question hangs in the air. She's thinking about something. What?

114 ANOTHER FLASH CUT -- THE VAN 114
JUMPS THE CURB and heads across the plaza on A COLLISION COURSE with the glass lobby of the FEDERAL BUILDING. Frank and Danny are rooted to the ground.

115 BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM 115
Close on Sharon/Elise. As time elongates. She knows.
ELISE/SHARON
We don't know.

116 OMITTED 116
117 OMITTED 117
DISSOLVE TO:

118 A WHITE SCREEN (ALL SOUND OUT) 118
Puffy clouds in a blue sky. As we TILT DOWN into:
THE GUTTED RUIN

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

Of what was once the Federal Building. RESCUE WORKERS hunt for SURVIVORS as others carry BODY BAGS toward waiting AMBULANCES. Hub stands sentinel to the grisly process as indeed he has stood there all night. Frank is beside him.

HUB

--Are they confirmed?

FRANK

Fred, Whitney, we're waiting on who else...

*

A JEEP pulls up and Elise/Sharon gets out.

HUB

Sharon.

Their silence speaks volumes. With Sharon is an OFFICER.

ELISE/SHARON

This is Colonel Hardwick. Army Intelligence.

HUB

(shaking hands)

Anthony Hubbard. Average intelligence.

*

(clocking him)

But 'til I hear otherwise this is still my show.

COL. HARDWICK

I'm here as an advisor only. I intend to keep a low profile.

HUB

I appreciate that, Colonel.

COL. HARDWICK

I don't mean to be insensitive, but what, exactly, are your capabilities at this point? Your...infrastructure--

HUB

You're standing on our infrastructure. Excuse me.

Hub walks back toward the rubble. Sharon watches him go.

CUT TO:

119 HUB'S APARTMENT -- THAT NIGHT

119

Sofas have been pushed against the wall. Hub's apartment now serves as a temporary command post. Agents huddle together -- poring over the charred or soggy remnants of files.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

FLOYD

--They managed to get a partial VIN#
off the van. DMV says it was reported
stolen the day before in--

HUB

--Brooklyn.

DANNY

Fiber thinks they've come up with a
piece of the shroud. Egyptian cotton.

*
*
*

Frank joins them.

FRANK

(grim)

We just got a confirmation on Mike.
He was with Fred in the lobby.

HUB

How many does that make it--?

A KNOCK on the door. They look at one another. One of the
agents answers it. Elise/Sharon. She walks over to them.

ELISE/SHARON

I'm...very sorry...about your friends.

HUB

(giving her nothing)

Frank. This is Sharon.

(to her)

--I didn't catch the last name.

SHARON

....Bridger. How ya doin' Frank?

FRANK

Been better.

She nods. Takes from her purse a folder, labeled in Hebrew.

SHARON

The agency has come up with another
list of probables.

She takes out photos. Neither Hub nor Frank react. She
puts them on the coffee table. No one reaches for them.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I think we should circulate them.

(they stonewall her:)

Hey, this stuff may be good.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

HUB

Why was there no warning from Samir?

SHARON

Because he didn't know anything.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK

Says Samir.

SHARON

Says me.

HUB

Maybe I'll ask him.

SHARON

Over my dead body.

HUB

Over six hundred dead bodies.

They stare at one another. Both are tired and raw.

SHARON

Look, he's one of the good guys. Okay?

HUB

How the fuck can you be so sure?

SHARON

Because he helped me recruit the
network in Iraq. OKAY?

He just stares at her.

SHARON (CONT'D)

We were part of the operation to
destabilize Saddam Hussein. Printing
up fake dinars, arming the Kurds--

HUB

--and financing the Sheik.

SHARON

He's Iraqi. He was going to be our
Ayatollah Khomeini--

HUB

--And help bring down Saddam.

SHARON

I ran the network. Samir was the go-
between. He risked his life for us
over there.

HUB

So who are they? Give me names, Give
me pictures. Not some history lesson.

SHARON

I can't give you pictures because I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (4)

119

SHARON (CONT'D)

don't know what they look like. We
did everything at arm's length.

HUB

So you got nothing.

SHARON

I've got Samir.

HUB

Has he had any contact with them?

SHARON

Minimal.

HUB

How does he do it?

SHARON

He can't. They initiate.

HUB

And otherwise...

SHARON

He's waiting.

HUB

He's waiting? What's he waiting for?
More bodies? We got lots more
buildings in midtown, maybe he's
waiting to see how many they can blow
up.

SHARON

Look, I know how you must feel--

HUB

YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT HOW I FEEL--MY
FRIENDS ARE DEAD. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE
ARE DEAD.

SHARON

They'll make contact soon.

HUB

How?Why soon?

She looks at him, refusing to divulge anything more. Suddenly,
Hub grabs her arm and roughly shoves her into:

119A THE BATHROOM

119A

HUB

(viciously)

What's the tradecraft, Sharon?
Ironsites, visuals? I love all that
spy shit.

(still, she says nothing)

I'm gonna haul your boy downtown,
strap his ass to a polygraph and ask
him all about you. Then I'm gonna
send the transcripts to a friend of
mine at the Times who just loves to
write about the latest CIA link to
some political horror show.

SHARON

You burn him, you lose any chance you
ever had.

HUB

It's lose-lose from here on in, who
said that?

SHARON

I'm not fucking with you.

HUB

How can you possibly remember who
you're fucking?

She slaps him, hard. Without hesitation he slaps her back.
She claws at his face, but he grabs her wrist and bends her
arm behind her back. *

SHARON

I need....more time. Please. You're
hurting me. Please...

Something in the violence of the moment is more than a little
charged. *

CUT TO:

120 VARIOUS SHOTS -- THE SURVEILLANCE OF SHARON AND SAMIR. 120 *

A dead drop by a hot dog stand. Out for her morning jog. A *

series of FREEZE FRAMES as the motordrive CLICKS AND WHIRS. *

 FRANK (V.O.) *

 That's good sound. *

 HUB (V.O.) *

 Except they're not saying anything *

 worth listening to. *

121 OMITTED 121 *

122 OMITTED 122 *

AND AND

123 123

124 IN A HAMMAM (BATH-HOUSE) 124 *

Samir chats with a couple of older men in the steaming waters. *

MORE FREEZE FRAMES: *

 FRANK (V.O.) *

 One's his uncle, he owns the place. *

 The other's a doctor. They check out *

 clean. *

 HUB (V.O.) *

 He go there every day? *

 FRANK (V.O.) *

 A clean body and a pure heart. *

125 OMITTED - SEE SCENE 79F 125

126 OMITTED - SEE SCENE 79G 126

127 A TV LOGO: "FOX NEWS SPECIAL REPORT: NEW YORK UNDER SIEGE" 127

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
"Tonight we take a close look at the
tragic sight of a city under siege."

127A HUB'S APARTMENT 127A*

Hub sits on his sofa, watching the special report. Spread out before him, the surveillance PHOTOS of Sharon and Samir. *

128 VIDEO CLIPS: 128 *

A deserted Times Square. Police checking packages of shoppers in front of a department store. Long lines of security at bus stops.

128A EXT. DOWNTOWN - NEXT MORNING 128A

Hub and Frank are walking downtown. At a stoplight, A BUS idles beside them, a POLICEMAN onboard.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
--claiming responsibility for the
bombing. In other news, a cab driver
was beaten and his cab set on fire.
The driver, Rashid Abu--

Another car. Talk Radio:

TALK RADIO (O.S.)
--the Jews, man. When they say, jump,
we say, how high. I say we--

FRANK
--If you're on the State Department
Terrorist Watch list you cannot get
into this country. But Ali Waziri
was on the watch list, and he got in. *

HUB
Did you call the State Department?

FRANK
They told me to call INS.

HUB
--And?

FRANK
They told me to call State.

HUB
Don't you just love government?

(CONTINUED)

128A CONTINUED:

128A

THE EXPLOSION

Is only the BUS backfiring. PEDESTRIANS who have thrown themselves to the ground, screaming, now pick themselves up, Laughing. Only Hub and Frank are not laughing.

129 NEWS ANCHOR DESK

129

NEWSCASTER

"As many fled, there were others who stayed behind to pay the price..."

*

130 VIDEO CLIPS:

Jammed freeways; A LOOTED corner deli, its Arab owners,
bloodied: POLICE checking backpacks at an elementary school.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Today, as hundreds of law enforcement
officials gathered in a Broadway
theatre, outside people wanted answers.

130A VIDEO CLIPS:

Angry people, scared people. Hub, being interviewed about
the coordinated efforts of law enforcement.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Already there is talk of a protest
march by a coalition of--

131 INSIDE THE THEATRE (A VIDEO CLIP TURNS BACK TO FILM)

Hub and a few others sit on the stage. Two hundred law
enforcement officials fill the orchestra seats.

MAYORAL AA (V.O.)

THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY HAVE A RIGHT-

DANNY (V.O.)

--THE PURPOSE OF THIS MEETING--!

MAYORAL AA

--IS TO MAKE THIS CITY SAFE...! And
your department--

DANNY

My department WHAT, ASSHOLE..?

Sharon stands at the back, meets Hub's eye, and waves.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Guys..... GUYS...

EVERYBODY'S talking at once. In frustration, Hub covers a
microphone with his hand. The FEEDBACK silences the room.

HUB

Sorry. From now on, we will raise our
hands and wait to be called on--

An appreciative chuckle. Hub points to A MAN IN A SUIT.

INS OFFICIAL

Howard Kaplan. INS. So we've pulled
every ethnic visa in the city and
traced them to source. Who wants em?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

HUB

Danny---?

DANNY

We bring 'me in, have a talk.

UNIFORM COP (V.O.)

What about translators--?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (V.O.)

How many people we talking about here?

INS OFFICIAL

Sixteen hundred, maybe more.

DANNY

Where the hell we gonna put sixteen hundred people?

Everyone again begins speaking at once. Hub takes control.

MAN IN SUIT

What about a military presence at JFK and LaGuardia--?

HUB

I don't think we're there yet. It's also not going to stop these people.

MAYORAL AA

What about protecting the Arab population? There's a lot of anger--

ARAB SPOKESMAN (V.O.)

I represent the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. Whatever injustices my people may be suffering at this difficult moment, we will continue to show our patriotism and our commitment to this country.

HUB

Thank you, sir. And to everyone else for their patience today. These are extremely difficult times-- London, Paris, we're not the first city to have to deal with this.

He pauses a moment, searching for the words.

HUB (CONT'D)

In Tel Aviv, the day after they blew up the market, the market was full.

(looks out at them)

This is New York. We can take it.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

And then two hundred BEEPERS all go off at once. Everyone
looks at one another. Dear God, what now...

*
*

132 A GRAINY BLACK & WHITE VIDEO IMAGE

132

Kids, huddled in a corner, crying. A dead mom. The legs of
what we imagine is the terrorist. We are in:

AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- AN UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Hub huddles with other agents behind a makeshift blast-
barricade of desks and tables. Sharon kneels beside them.

DANNY

--one of the moms was carrying a piece,
wounds the guy as he's planting the
device. He kills her and locks them
all in.

(points at video)

Up there in the corner...by the clock.

The probe is a hot-head, "arthroscopic" video camera.

DANNY (CONT'D)

--It's got a timer on it only we don't
know how much time is left.

As Hub stares at the horrifying image, the WHITE-NOISE returns
and begins to GROW in his head.

HUB

Closer on the timer.

TECHNICIAN

I'm trying but the angle's wrong...

The NOISE in Hub's head continues to grow. And then suddenly
it is compounded by the SOUND of an APPROACHING CHOPPER --
as an NYPD SWAT HELICOPTER lowers itself into view.

FRANK

What the fuck is the NYPD doing here?!

DANNY

I don't know. Somebody must have--

*

FRANK

*

--WE'VE RUN DRILLS ON THIS JURISDICTION
BULLSHIT SINCE--

DANNY

*

I KNOW--! YOU THINK I--

*

HUB

*

QUIT BICKERING AND FIX IT!

*

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

In the HELICOPTER -- a Marksman raises a sniper's rifle.

THE WHITE NOISE

Is screaming now in Hub's head. Unimaginable. Unbearable.

DANNY

(on his radio)

NYPD SWAT, this is the FBI. Get that
bird the fuck out of there!

The SOUND of the CHOPPER and the WHITE NOISE drown him out.

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR

Children are SCREAMING without sound. Even the chopper is
drowned out by the WHITE NOISE.

IN THE CHOPPER

The MARKSMAN takes careful aim--

IN THE CLASSROOM

The TERRORIST grabs a child as a human shield. Hub closes
his eyes to the imminent nightmare, and then:

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING--

He takes off, barreling down the hall, toward the locked
door of the classroom.

THE DOOR SPLINTERS

He flies through it, firing, hitting the TERRORIST twice.

AN EXPLOSION

Much like the first one on Bus 99. Hub throws himself over
several SCREAMING CHILDREN. And for a moment we don't know
if they'll live or die, until:

BLUE PAINT covers them all. Agents pour in, followed by
Sharon. There, on the floor, holding as many weeping children
as he can:

HUB

Who, unable to keep up the facade for a single second more,
is also weeping now. Weeping for the victims of the bombings,
weeping for the children who've survived, weeping for himself.

And for a moment, everyone just....stands there, vaguely
embarrassed, and more than a little moved.

133 INT. HUB'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

133

Hub sits in his boxers, toweling blue paint from his hair, listening to the CNN report of the school attack. A KNOCK at the door. He pulls on his pants. It's Sharon.

SHARON

This just came in.

She hands Hub another fax: "Last Warning. Release Him." He looks at it and hands it back to her without a word.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You alright?

HUB

My neck's a little stiff, that's all.

SHARON

(a long look)

That's not what I meant.

HUB

I know.

They stand awkwardly in the doorway for a moment.

HUB (CONT'D)

You want a drink?

SHARON

Sure.

He walks over and opens a bottle of scotch.

SHARON (CONT'D)

That was a pretty crazy thing you did today.

He doesn't respond. Hands her the drink.

HUB

Better days.

She takes a drink. Then another.

SHARON

I wanted to-- I... just didn't feel like... being alone...tonight.

HUB

Where's Samir?

SHARON

I could call him. Maybe he'd join us.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

HUB
You'd like that.

SHARON
I might. Or I could call Tina.

HUB
555-6354.

They stare at each other.

SHARON
Look, I thought Samir'd be an easy
recruit. He wasn't. It was crazy but
I did what I had to do.
(looks at him)
You know as well as I do, running an
agent can be very...complicated.

HUB
How about running an FBI agent?

SHARON
You think I'm trying to run you?

HUB
(looks at her)
...Why else are you here?

SHARON
(staring right back)
...You know why I'm here.

It's a charged moment. They're two sad and lonely people.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Tell me to leave.

HUB
Leave.

SHARON
No.

When they embrace, their ferocity and desperation is something
more than comfort and less than love.

134 OMITTED

134

CUT TO:

134A THE CHIEF OF STAFF'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

134A

The Chief of Staff is working late in a cardigan sweater. Devereaux, in his impeccable suit, stands opposite him. Even at ease he is smartly erect.

CHIEF OF STAFF

The FBI received another fax.

DEVEREAUX

Ahmed Bin Talal. They're still under the impression that we have him.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Do we? Have him?

DEVEREAUX

To refresh your memory, as I told you last time, it was the Libyans who--

CHIEF OF STAFF

I remember perfectly well what you said last time.

(looks at him)

Do we?

Devereaux frosts him with a look.

DEVEREAUX

Let me give you some free advice, son. Don't get between me and the President. You might break a nail.

CHIEF OF STAFF

I am speaking for the President.

He and Devereaux look at each other. It is the moment of plausible deniability.

DEVEREAUX

As far as the President is concerned...
No, we do not.

The Chief of Staff accepts the answer because it serves him, for now. And because he has a more pressing agenda.

CHIEF OF STAFF

General, do you know that after yesterday's attack, half the parents in this country kept their children
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

134A CONTINUED:

134A

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)
out of school--?
(Devereaux nods)
...They're attacking our way of life.
It's got to stop. And the President
cannot afford to be weak.

*
*
*

DEVEREAUX
(reading the subtext)
Are you saying the President is
prepared to take the necessary
steps...?

CHIEF OF STAFF
I'm saying, the President is prepared
to be...Presidential.

CUT TO:

134B HUB'S APARTMENT - DAWN

134B

A ringing phone. Hub wakes up in a tangle of sheets. He looks
around and realizes he is alone. Did last night even happen?

HUB
(on the phone)
Hubbard..... What--?Slow down,
slow down--

He reaches for the remote control, turns on the TV.

CUT TO:

135 A GRINDING OF TREADS ON ASPHALT -- DAWN

135

as THE FIRST APC enters Brooklyn. Followed by another. And
another. And in a sound bite: General Devereaux, IN FATIGUES
FOR THE FIRST TIME, and looking like grim death.

DEVEREAUX
Today, with the invocation of the War
Powers Act by the President, I am
declaring a state of martial law in
this city.

136 THE BATTLE OF BROOKLYN HAS BEGUN.

136

Road blocks set up at select intersections. Random stop-and-
frisk. Patrols of young soldiers in the streets. GANG KIDS,
same age, same color, eye them warily.

DEVEREAUX
To the best of our knowledge, we are
opposed by no more than twenty of the
enemy. He is hiding among a population
of roughly two million.

137 THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

137

Is closed. SOLDIERS in full battle-dress stop cars, check trunks, handbags, briefcases, and id's. THE LINE OF HONKING, ANGRY MOTORISTS stretches as far as the eye can see.

DEVEREAUX

Intelligence tells us he is most likely Arab-speaking, between the age of fourteen and thirty. Narrowing the target to fifteen thousand suspects.

A SWARTHY TEENAGER is pulled from A CAR by a SERGEANT and led away to a CAMOUFLAGED TENT set up on the bridge.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

We can further reduce that number down to those who have been in this country less than six months. Now you have twenty hiding among two thousand.

A CAR TRUNK is inspected. Two women waved through.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

If you are one of these twenty young men, you can hide among a population of similar ethnic background. Unfortunately for you, you can only hide there. And that population, in the classic immigration pattern, is concentrated. Right here in Brooklyn.

Hub and Sharon stare at the Orwellian tableau.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

We intend to seal off this borough. And then we intend to squeeze it. This is the land of opportunity, gentlemen. The opportunity to turn yourselves in. After sundown tonight any young man fitting the profile I described who has not cooperated will be arrested and detained.

*

Hub and Sharon show their ID's to an MP.

MP

Would you follow me, please. The General is expecting you.

He leads him to A CAMOUFLAGED TENT on the service roadway.

DEVEREAUX

There is historically nothing more corrosive to the morale of an army
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
than policing its own citizens.

138 IN THE TENT

138

The swarthy teenager is being interrogated by COL. HARDWICK.

DEVEREAUX
But the enemy would be sadly mistaken
if they were to doubt our resolve.
They are now face to face with the
most fearsome killing machine in the
history of man. And I intend to use
it. And be back on base in time for
the play-offs. ...That is all.

Devereaux sees Hub and strides over to him:

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
Hub. Good to see you again.

HUB
I can't say the same, sir. Not in
that uniform. I thought you were
against this.

DEVEREAUX
I am against it. It wasn't my call.

HUB
"I'm only following orders" didn't
work at Nuremberg. It may not be your
policy but they're your tactics.

DEVEREAUX
Your operation had its chance, Hub,
and you couldn't get it done. You're
down three touchdowns. Time to bring
in the first string.

HUB
Against our own team?

Devereaux suddenly goes ice cold.

DEVEREAUX
Are you questioning my patriotism?

HUB
I'm questioning your judgement, yes,
sir.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

DEVEREAUX

Hub, I want you to take a moment and reflect on my life as a soldier. I have a dozen tropical diseases I'll never entirely get rid of. I set off metal detectors with the shrapnel in my ass. I have watched men die and I have killed. Now I am serving my President and quite possibly not the best interests of my country, but my profession doesn't afford me the luxury of that distinction. I won't question your patriotism but don't you ever again question my command.

HUB

I'm not under your command, General.

*

DEVEREAUX

Take a good look around, my friend, and tell me that's still true.

*

*

*

(softening his tone)

*

But we're not shutting you out. In fact, I can't do it without you, Hub. I need men like you. Men willing to put it on the line like you did in that schoolroom.

*

*

(gestures to his uniform)

These stars mean I have been putting it on the line for thirty years...and never made a mistake worth remembering. Don't tell me I made a mistake about you.

139 ON THE BRIDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

139

Hub and Sharon exit the command tent.

HUB

(ironic)

They're not shutting us out. They need men like me.

SHARON

He'll fuck it up, the arrogant prick. You ever met anybody so in love with the sound of his own voice?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

HUB

We're putting Samir in play.

SHARON

Now? With all this going on? He's freaked.

HUB

Oh, right, he's high-strung. Only you can manage him. You and the CIA and the DIA and God-knows-who-else you're really working for--!

(seething)

Get back in there, Sharon, Elise, whatever the fuck your name is-- They'll probably make you a Colonel...if you're not one already.

*
*

She gestures at the military leviathan.

SHARON

All this...is no more in our interest than it is in yours, Hub.

HUB

What, exactly, are your interests, Sharon? You protect Samir, you protect the agency. You're interested in protecting everything but your country.

SHARON

You have no idea what I do for my country.

HUB

No, and I don't want to know. With you or without you we're putting Samir in play. Now.

*
*
*

She looks at him for a long moment. Considering:

SHARON

One more lamb to the slaughter.

CUT TO:

140 A HALF-OPENED DOOR OF AN APARTMENT

140

Samir looks and sees Hub, standing beside Sharon.

SAMIR

Oh, my God. Oh, my God...

He tries to SLAM the door, but they force it open. He grabs

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

A FAT JOINT from an ashtray and hurries into the bathroom.

HUB

(to Sharon)

Does he understand the difference
between the FBI and the DEA?

SHARON

Samir...It's fine, he's cool.

OUTSIDE, the sound of gunfire. Samir reappears, wild-eyed.

SAMIR

Listen to that--! Are you listening?
They're killing Arabs out there!

HUB

You can stop it all right now.

SAMIR

What are you talking about--? The
army is here. They're setting up
interrogation centers right now.
They're torturing people in cellars.

HUB

Let's just calm down for a second...

SAMIR

--I've got to get out of here. You
have to help me--

He goes over and peers out the drawn curtains.

HUB

(gentling a horse)

We'll take care of you...don't worry.
You just have to calm down--

SAMIR

Money... I must have more money...

HUB

--You got a student visa for Ali
Waziri. Because... somebody asked
you to-- Didn't they--?

SAMIR

I... got it myself.

Sharon CRACKS him across the face.

SHARON

Liar--!

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

140

Now it's Samir's turn to taste the blood in his mouth. *

SHARON (CONT'D)

You...tell him....what he wants to know.

HUB

(to Sharon)

Hey, that's enough.

SHARON

He knows. He fucking knows.

SAMIR

She's crazy. They're ghosts. Jinn. They'd never trust someone like me.

SHARON

Stop simpering.

SAMIR

Please...

SHARON

I've got a picture of the two of us, do you remember that picture, Samir? (the mask coming off:)

I'm going to post that picture in every mosque in Brooklyn. And then I'm gonna send copies to some friends of mine on the West Bank. You've got family there, don't you--? *

Hub jumps up, takes Sharon by the arm.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Let go of me--

He gives her the BUM'S RUSH out of the apartment, shuts the door, then turns back to Samir, who sits, ashen-faced.

HUB

Now.... Nobody's going to burn you, nobody's going to call anybody- (sits beside him)

--Who asked you to get that visa?

Samir is trembling. Tears roll down his cheeks.

HUB (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid. I can protect you. There's nothing to be afraid of.

SAMIR

I'm afraid of going to hell.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (3)

140

Hub just sits there. He knows he's got him. Finally:

SAMIR (CONT'D)
His name is Tariq Hussein. He runs
an auto shop.
(Hub waits for more--)
...on Commerce Street in Red Hook.

HUB
(hands him a card)
My beeper number. Anybody messes
with you, I'm there in twenty minutes.

*
*

He gets up and walks into:

141 THE HALLWAY

141

Where Sharon waits. As they head for the stairs we HEAR:

SHARON (V.O.)
You're good.

HUB (V.O.)
You're not so bad yourself.

But we are HEARING IT along with:

142 COL. HARDWICK

142

In a nearby SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE--where, through the newest
microwave technology (the kind the FBI don't yet have), he
has OVERHEARD the entire conversation.

ON A NOTEPAD

In his lap, the name, "Tariq Hussein."

CUT TO:

143 OUTSIDE SAMIR'S APARTMENT

143 *

They are in a housing project. Hub dials his cell phone.

*

SHARON
You calling Devereaux.

HUB
Didn't get his number. Darn.
(on the phone)
Floyd, Hub. We need to put something
together in a big-ass hurry....Where's
Frank--?Give him a 911.

A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS pulls up beside them and armed soldiers
hop out. Sharon watches them as Hub continues:

*
*

(CONTINUED)

HUB (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

--and find some kind of beat-up car...Well, beat it up yourself if you have to... 896 Commerce St...it's a garage in Red Hook... but remember--
(looks at her)
--they're pros.

A PSY-OPS VAN passes by, broadcasting through a P.A.

VAN LOUDSPEAKER

-- all persons without proper authorization must be off the street until seven a.m. Failure to comply will result in immediate arrest.

The announcement is then repeated in Arabic.

ROUNDING A CORNER

They come upon several more YELLOW SCHOOL BUSES. From within the various apartments the SHRILL PROTESTS of mothers and sisters as YOUNG MEN fitting the "terrorist profile" are hustled into the BUSES.

HUB

Jesus...

SHARON

Tariq will go to ground.

HUB

We can hit him in less than an hour.

SHARON

(turns to leave)

Hit him hard.

HUB

Where are you going?

SHARON

I've got to stash Samir someplace safe.

(as she goes)

Go with God.

Hub hurries on toward his car, passing TEENAGE GIRLS, defiantly wearing Keffiyahs, who mill about, taunting soldiers with obscenities in English and Arabic.

AN APC drives past, further inflaming their passions.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2)

143

Suddenly, A volley ROCKS AND BOTTLES come hurtling out of nowhere, smashing harmlessly against the armor. The teenagers laugh.

And then, the sudden CONCUSSION of a small BLAST from UP THE STREET. The teenagers SREAM and scatter. Hub SPRINTS toward A SMOKING CAR, pulling his weapon from his hip.

A SOLDIER IS ROLLING ON THE GROUND, SCREAMING beside a PARKED CAR. His leg is shredded. ARMORED JEEPS come squealing around a corner. M-16's are locked, loaded and leveled at Hub.

HUB

FBI--! FBI--!

For a moment, it's touch-and-go as the the terrified RECRUITS, just weeks out of basic training, decide whether to SHOOT. On the ground, the injured soldier keeps SCREAMING.

HUB (CONT'D)

Now...I'm gonna...reach...into my jacket...and show you...my shield.

YOUNG SOLDIER

Drop your weapon--!

Hub drops the gun and shows his credentials. The young soldier approaches warily as MEDICS attend to the wounded man.

YOUNG SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Sorry, Sir. Somebody's booby-trapping cars... We're all a little spooked.

The RATTLE of small-arms fire is HEARD from up the street. In the distance, a running FIGURE is chased by three SOLDIERS.

The transformation is complete: Brooklyn as Gaza.

REACHING HIS CAR

Hub climbs in. On a nearby pock-marked wall, a single word, "Intifada."

CUT TO:

143A EXT. AN OLD WAREHOUSE -- LATER

143A*

Hub, who sits in a beat-up old car, a baseball cap worn backwards on his head. He keys his radio.

HUB

All Units, report in turn. If talking will reveal your position, just key your walkie...

*
*
*
*
*

144 AN OLD WAREHOUSE -- RED HOOK

144

Inside, an AUTO GARAGE. Hoists, compression cylinders, arch-welders. Outside, two WINOS share a bottle by the curb. A

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

BEAT-UP DODGE drives up. In it, two scruffy-looking Black MEN. Upon close inspection we realize that one is Hub. The other is Floyd.

*
*
*
*

HUB
(to a mechanic)
Yo...

The mechanic looks out from under a car. He's Hispanic.

MECHANIC
Que Pasa?

HUB
Tariq around?

The mechanic gestures to a partitioned-office in the back. As Hub heads toward it, he checks out the other workers: a teenager doing a compression check, another fixes a tire.

145 IN THE OFFICE

145

Tariq is on the phone talking in Arabic as Hub enters.

HUB
Tariq?

Tariq holds up a finger, hold on. Hub sits opposite him.

TARIQ
How can I help you.

HUB
You're Tariq Husseinini?

TARIQ
He's out.

HUB
Damn. Do you think you could give him a message?

TARIQ
Of course.

HUB
Tell him the FBI is after him.

TARIQ
You're joking.

*
*
*
*

HUB
Very...slowly... put your hands on top of the table.

(CONTINUED)

Tariq notices that Hub's hands are out of sight beneath the table. Hub draws back the slide of his the weapon with an audible CLICK. Tariq mutters a CURSE in Arabic.

HUB (CONT'D)

That wouldn't be a racist epithet,
now would it? Stand up.

As Tariq stands, Hub crosses behind him, kicks out his legs, pats him down, and cuffs him.

146 MEANWHILE -- IN THE WAREHOUSE

146

The two winos have revealed themselves as shotgun-wielding FBI agents and are now ROUSTING the garage workers.

HUB

Where are the others?

TARIQ

What others?

But before Hub can answer, an AMPLIFIED VOICE is heard.

PSY-OPS (V.O.)

Tariq Hussein, this is the United
States Army. You are surrounded.

Hub is as surprised as Tariq.

PSY-OPS (CONT'D)

You have thirty seconds to throw out
any weapons and exit the premises
with your hands on top of your head.

One of the agents with the shotgun calls out.

SHOTGUN AGENT

--Sir?

HUB

Do as he says.

As Hub hustles Tariq to his feet, the other agents start to hustle the workers out of door, when:

THE YOUNG MECHANIC

Reaches into his overalls.

SHOTGUN AGENT

FREEZE--!

But when the Mechanic pulls his hand out from his overalls, all he is holding is the pin to a GRENADE.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

THE EXPLOSION

Kills both the FBI agents and their prisoners. Hub throws Tariq to the ground.

147 FROM AN UPPER WINDOW 147

An AUTOMATIC WEAPON opens fire on the Army presence.

148 HIGH ABOVE -- IN A CHOPPER 148

Devereaux responds with a dispassionate intensity.

DEVEREAUX

Code blue.

His order unleashes an overwhelming display of FIREPOWER.

149 INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE 149

Hub and Tariq crawl for cover as windows EXPLODE, walls are SHREDDED, and incendiary TRACER rounds mix with solvents and gasoline to start a conflagration. With the vaguely hallucinatory quality of the S.L.A. shootout, WHITE NOISE bleeds in and ALL SOUND FADES OUT: *

150 AN M-60 TANK (SILENT) 150

Races in from around the corner, only to be hit by A ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADE fired through the second floor window.

151 INT. CHOPPER 151

DEVEREAUX

Code Red.

152 TWO APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTERS (SILENT) 152

Appear from their hiding place behind a nearby building. As they dive into their attack trajectory--

153 HUB (SILENT) 153

Crawls, dragging Tariq toward the doors as:

154 THE CHAIN GUN (SILENT) 154

Of the Attack helicopter fires 2,000 rounds a minute -- virtually UNZIPPING the warehouse -- softening it for THE TWO HYDRA ROCKETS that reduce it instantly to a huge FIREBALL.

155 IN THE CHOPPER -- DEVEREAUX 155

Watches the awesome display of firepower with calm detachment.

156 INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE -- TWO SHADOWY FIGURES 156

Stagger, blinded, out of the inferno. Hub drags a half-conscious Tariq, where they are pounced on by commandos.

DISSOLVE TO:

157 THE STADIUM -- NIGHT 157 *

Pac's and Tanks ring the stadium. An anti-terrorist perimeter has been established -- concrete obstacles, sandbags and razor-wire. Musco-lights cast their pitiless glow.

OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER

A mob of frightened parents, girlfriends, and furious fathers. A LAWYER for the ACLU confronts a young Lieutenant.

ACLU LAWYER

--just want to know if my client's name is on the list.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

Sir, the list will be updated every twelve hours and posted in the--

A gaggle of JOURNALISTS try to force their way in...

JOURNALISTS

--This pass GUARANTEES....You CAN'T--
...the first FUCKING AMENDMENT!

LIEUTENANT #2

There will be a pool briefing for all accredited journalists at 0700 hours.

Hub shows his ID. Is allowed to enter into:

158 THE DARK STADIUM TUNNEL 158

A MUFFLED CRY that might or might not have come from someone in pain. His footsteps ECHO as he walks out to where:

159 2,000 DETAINEES 159

All young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty are milling about. Squatting, smoking, pacing, some laughing, most looking terrified. All spread across:

THE HALOGEN-LIT FOOTBALL FIELD

Armed GUARDS backlit in the upper tiers. Enlisted men passing out blankets and soup. Nearby, Hub sees Tina, standing quite still-- Finally, she is able to speak.

*

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

TINA

1942, my father was put into the camps
at Manzanar. Until the end of the
war. Two years. Now he roots for the
Dodgers and swears it could never
happen again.

*

159A MOMENTS LATER -- ON THE FIELD

159A

Hub asks for Devereaux, is directed across the field, through
an aisle in the wire cages. FRANK HADDAD looms out of the
shadows. He looks terrible, drawn. Furious.

FRANK

They got Frankie. My kid's here
someplace--

HUB

Frank, slow down--

FRANK

(fighting back tears
of rage)

He's only thirteen, for Chrissake--

Nearby, the "Allahuh Akbar," call, to evening PRAYER.

HUB

I'll get him out.

FRANK

They came into my house. My wife
told them who I was--

(swallows hard)

How many times did I put it on the
line, Hub--? How many times--

HUB

Frank--

FRANK

We're American citizens, twenty years.
Ten years in the bureau-- They knocked
her down... and took him. Out of my
own house.

HUB

It's wrong, Frank. What can I say to
you, but it's.... all.... terribly...
horribly...wrong.

(takes his arm)

Now, come with me.

(CONTINUED)

159A CONTINUED:

159

FRANK

NO! I've got to find him. Besides,
this is where I belong.

(takes out his wallet,
hands over his badge)

Here. I'm not their sand nigger
anymore.

Hub watches as he he walks away. A MUEZZIN chants the call
to evening prayer. Frank drops to his knees and joins the
rest of the prisoners.

160 THE LOCKER ROOM

160

Has been transformed in a COMMAND POST.

DEVEREAUX

--And his name is Haddad?

HUB

Frank... Haddad. Junior.

COL. HARDWICK

His father's a Shiite. We're checking him out.

HUB

Check this out, pal. His father's a federal agent for ten years.

COL. HARDWICK

Don't get in my face, Hubbard. I might decide you're an Ethiopian.

HUB

And you're just stupid enough to think that's an insult. *

DEVEREAUX

If a mistake's been made we'll fix it. *

HUB

There is no "if". I'm vouching for this kid. I want him out.

DEVEREAUX

And I said we will look into it.

HUB

You mean, like you're looking into me? Surveilling me? Breaking up my operations? If I'd known I was going to have to do your job for you I would never have left the army. *

DEVEREAUX

There's an FBI office in Anchorage, Agent Hubbard. Fuck with me and you'll be learning a hundred and fifty new words for snow. *

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

The two men stare at each other.

HUB

Tariq Hussein is my prisoner. I want
to see him.

*

DEVEREAUX

The prisoner is being interrogated.

HUB

I want to see him.

Devereaux just looks at him as we CUT TO:

161 THE TILED SHOWER ROOM

161

Tariq is strapped, NAKED, into a folding metal chair. His
head lolls on his chest, his eyes are dulled. On a nearby
table, an empty syringe. Two MP'S stand guard.

Sharon is speaking softly to him in Arabic. Suddenly, Tarak
SPITS in her face. She wipes it off as if it is nothing.

DEVEREAUX

How long have you been at it?

SHARON

Not long enough, apparently.

DEVEREAUX

How much longer, do you think, before
he gives up the other cells--

HUB

He can't give up the other cells if
he doesn't know about them.

DEVEREAUX

He knows.

HUB

(gestures to Sharon)

What about her briefing? The strategy
session--she said the cells don't
know about each other, that they--

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

Devereaux ignores him. Turns to Sharon.

DEVEREAUX

How long before he breaks?

SHARON

At this rate. Too long. The theatre
was hit nine hours after we took down
the first cell.

*

DEVEREAUX

So--- what other models do we have--?

No one wants to be the first to step into uncharted terrain.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Shaking.

Nobody answers.

*

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

What about it, Sharon?

*

*

SHARON

--Won't work.

*

*

DEVEREAUX

Works for the Israelis.

SHARON

Only in conjunction with sleep
deprivation. Needs at least thirty-
six hours.

Hub stares at Sharon -- as the dark side of her professional
life is revealed.

DEVEREAUX

We don't have thirty-six hours.

Another silence. They're teetering on the edge of the abyss.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Electric shock?

SHARON

The neurotransmitters just shut down.

*

DEVEREAUX

Water?

COL. HARDWICK

Palestinian authority is producing
good intel using water.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2)

161

Hub finally can't take another second. Even in theory.

HUB

Are you people insane--?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (3)

161

DEVEREAUX

The time has come for one man to suffer
in order to save the lives of hundreds.

HUB

How about two men? How about three?
How about public executions, that
might work.

DEVEREAUX

You're welcome to wait outside.

HUB

General... you've lost men, I've lost
men.... but what you're doing... It
doesn't work in Belfast. It doesn't
work in Gaza. And it won't work here.
(it comes slowly at

first, then in a rush:)

--What if....they don't want their
leader back at all? You said yourself,
we don't even have him. Maybe what
they really want-- is that we herd
our children into stadiums. Put
soldiers into our streets. Radicalize
people who want to think of themselves
as Americans. Bend the law, shred
the constitution.

(searches for the kind
of words that come so
hard to him:)

Because if we torture him--and let's
call it what it is... You...and
I..... then the country men like us
have sworn to defend. And bled to
defend. And died to defend....is gone.
(a deep breath)

And they've won.

Gen. Devereaux stares hard at Hub. And then:

DEVEREAUX

(to Col. Hardwick)

I think we have to soundproof the
room before we begin.

Hub looks at Sharon, who looks away.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Escort him out.

The two MPs lead Hub out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (4)

161

DEVERAUX

Let's get this over with.

*
*

162 OMITTED

162

TIME CUT TO:

162A OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM -- HOURS LATER

162A*

Sharon emerges from the shower room. She is shattered. The blood drained from her face. As if carrying with her all the sin that was committed in the next room.

163 FROM INSIDE THE SHOWER ROOM

163

The sound of a GUNSHOT. The door opens and Devereaux emerges, in the torment of a man of honor who is living a lie.

SHARON

He knew nothing.

Devereaux turns and walks off down the corridor.

164 OMITTED

164

CUT TO:

165 THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

165

Glorious, alabaster stone -- floodlit at night. A symbol of all that is good and free and just. Hub drives a rental car, staring out at the monuments.

166 IN GEORGETOWN

166

Hub pulls up to a lovely TOWNHOUSE. Parked on the street, an UNMARKED CAR from the Secret Service.

THE CHIEF OF STAFF

Opens the door, wearing a Dartmouth lacrosse team t-shirt.

CHIEF OF STAFF

C'mon in, we're still trying to get the last one down.

In the background, we HEAR a three-year-old crying.

167 IN THE LIVING ROOM - LATER

167

Tasteful antiques, rag rugs and kids' toys.

CHIEF OF STAFF

...The President wants this shit over with. There's only one way to do that.
(looks at Hub)
Let the Sheik go.

HUB

So we do have the Sheik?

CHIEF OF STAFF

You think our government operates as a single coherent entity? Devereaux just... pushed the agenda.
(carefully)
Of course the President was completely unaware of it.

HUB

(return of serve)
Of course.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Now we can't just let him go. America has to stand tall in the world yadda yadda yadda. So what we do is...
(the punch line)
We let the American justice system do its work.

His wife appears, holding a squalling baby, looking defeated.

WIFE

--Honey...?

CHIEF OF STAFF

I'll be right up, darling.

She grits her teeth and goes upstairs.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

You have kids? They're great. Sometimes you just want to...drug them.

HUB

What do you mean, let the justice system do its work.

CHIEF OF STAFF

We don't release him. A judge releases him. You're an FBI man. That's what judges are good at, right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

(off Hub's look)

It's not like we've gone after him in proper prosecutorial fashion. Kidnaping him. Holding him in isolation. "Fruit of the poisoned tree"--remember that one from law school? Oh, we'll have a big trial. Everybody'll get their rocks off... But the fact is--

(the punch line:)

--the sheik will walk.

He looks at Hub, shakes his head.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

....And this whole episode becomes nothing more than the news cycle before the next news cycle.

He hands Hub an ACCORDION FILE.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

Documentary evidence of Devereaux's whole operation.

HUB

Why me?

CHIEF OF STAFF

Because you'll know what to do with it.

*
*

Hub looks at the file in his hands. Considering.

HUB

And what about her?

CHIEF OF STAFF

Who?

HUB

You know who. How much is she complicit in all this?

CHIEF OF STAFF

Ask her.

Hub looks up. Sharon emerges from the hallway.

168 OMITTED

168

169 ON THE STREETS OF GEORGETOWN -- LATER THAT NIGHT

169

Hub and Sharon sit in silence in Hub's rental car:

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

SHARON

I ran an Iraqi network for two years.
Samir recruited them from among the
Sheik's followers. I trained them in
the North. Then we played them back
into Baghdad, two, three at a time,
hiding them in the mosques...

Her voice softens just a bit as memory takes over.

SHARON (CONT'D)

It was gonna be beautiful.

(looks away)

--And then there was a policy shift--

She thought telling the story would be easy, but there's an
enormous well of untapped feeling. She fights it back:

SHARON (CONT'D)

--The new doctrine was: Iran will be

(CONTINUED)

169

CONTINUED: (2)

169

SHARON (CONT'D)

too powerful if Iraq falls apart.

(her voice trembles)

And it's not like...we sold them out.
Exactly. We just...stopped...helping
them. And I wasn't allowed to tell
them what was coming down. I was
ordered not to tell them.

(fighting back tears)

--And they got slaughtered.

She turns away.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You've got to understand-- these
people...believe. Paradise. Bliss.
To us they're just words. But to
them... It's very beautiful, actually.
And when you look at their lives, the
heartbreak... And what do we do? We
think, aha, we can take advantage of
that.

(losing it)

So I quit. I came home. I just
can't.....do it.....anymore.

She doesn't want to reveal herself this way. Doesn't want
to be vulnerable. Doesn't want to cling to him. For a moment
He puts his arms around her, but it's like holding a
beautiful, dangerous predator.

HUB

--But first, you helped them.

She senses the hardness in his tone. Looks up at him, and
through tears, puts her game face back on.

SHARON

What do you mean--?

HUB

They were being slaughtered. They
needed to get out. But they were on
the watch list. So you got them visas.
You and Samir.

SHARON

I promised we would take care of
them. They were working...for us.

HUB

Doing what, exactly?

SHARON

I don't know what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (3)

169

HUB

You said you trained them. Tradecraft.
Subversion. That's what you said,
right?

(she nods)

Only you left something out, didn't
you..... Didn't you, Sharon?

(she can't bring herself
to look at him)

You taught them how to make bombs.

The tears are streaming down her face now. Finally, she nods.

HUB (CONT'D)

--And now they're here, doing what
you taught 'em.

The streetlight catches Sharon's face. Her eyes are haunted.

SHARON

And I'm going to have to live with

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (4)

169

SHARON (CONT'D)
the hell of that for the rest of my
life.

CUT TO:

170 THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- (TO ESTABLISH) -- NEXT MORNING

170

TALK RADIO (V.O.)
--the people of Brooklyn will not be
held hostage! This afternoon, join
community and religious leaders in a
march to protest the mass arrests--

*

171 OMITTED

171 *

171 CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

172 OMITTED

173 BOROUGH HALL PARK -- LATER THAT DAY

MARCH ORGANIZER
(handing out leaflets)
March on city hall. Today. No fear.

Hub and Frank are standing outside Hub's car, each on opposite sides, blocking any opportunity to surveil what is happening within.

Sharon sits inside with Samir. She uses a SCALPEL to make the slightest INCISION under Samir's arm. The RADIO plays.

SAMIR
Ahhhhhh....

SHARON
In case you decide to go on walkabout.
Into the incision she inserts a tiny plastic TRANSMITTER.

SHARON (CONT'D)
How did you make contact?

SAMIR
He is Afghani. Ahhhh. He got word to my uncle at the bath-house. You never met him.

SHARON
But you're sure he'll show up.

SAMIR
(trembling)
Sharon, they are all dead but the last cell and they are crazy with fear. Just tell me the message and I will pass it on.

SHARON
I need to deliver it in person. Believe me, they'll want to hear what I have to say.

She turns off the radio.

174 OUTSIDE THE CAR

Hub and Frank glance inconspicuously around.

HUB
You watch the game?

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

On a piece of paper he has scribbled, "Hit Hardwick. Safe House. 11:00."

FRANK

(nods yes, then:)

Kannell was really on.

Hub then writes. "Bath-house. 12:00."

FRANK (CONT'D)

(nods again)

Think they'll make the play-offs?

Hub looks at him. There's been little time for sentiment.

HUB

How's your boy?

FRANK

He's alright. Thanks for getting him out.

Sharon steps out of the car. In her hands is a device resembling a PORTABLE OSCILLOSCOPE. A green dot appears.

174

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (2)

174

SHARON

That's Samir.

HUB

(looks in at Samir)
Green is about right.

He slips Sharon the scribbled notes. As she looks at them:

*

SHARON

He's terrified. Then again, so am I.

HUB

You sure he'll go through with it?

SHARON

If he doesn't, he knows I'll give him
to Devereaux.

(She mouths, "They out
there?" Hub nods)

How's it feel to be on the other end
of it?

HUB

I like watching better.

SHARON

This is the endgame, you understand
that? If this goes wrong-

HUB

Nothing's going wrong.

SHARON

We're the CIA, something always goes
wrong.

The car door opens and Samir steps out, buttoning his shirt.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I don't suppose there's any way you
would trust me to do this on my own?

(off his look)

I thought not. Well, in case it gets
hairly, remember...the most committed
wins.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (4)

Hub watches as she and Samir walk away.

FRANK

I trust her about as far as I can
throw her.

HUB

That far?

175

175 SHARON AND SAMIR -- CONTINUOUS

They hurry through the park. Samir is extremely agitated,
eyes constantly darting from right to left.

SAMIR

This is not the way to the bath-house.
You said to get a key from my uncle
so that we--

*
*

SHARON

Shhhhhh..... If you'd stop whining
you'd feel the surveillance.

176

176 IN THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

Colonel Hardwick, earphones on, overhearing them:

SHARON (V.O.)

Wait for the light to turn yellow and
then cross against the traffic.

On Col. Hardwick's computer, a GRID MAP of Brooklyn.

COL. HARDWICK

--North on Ditmas Avenue.

176 CONTINUED:

176

CORPORAL
Sound garden's ready.

*

177 A TRIANGULATED FIELD OF MICROPHONES

177

On a nearby rooftop, an Army spotter uses a parabolic with a gunsight. Another mic is in a woman's shopping bag; another is in a twenty year-old's boom box.

*

SAMIR (V.O.)

*

(trembling)

*

Sharon, please, I beg you. Do not
make me do this. If they even dream
we are being followed they will kill
us.

*

*

*

*

*

The light turns RED, they race across a crowded street.

*

178 THROUGH AN ARAB NEIGHBORHOOD

178 *

Where women in chadors carry mesh bags with tonight's meal.

*

179 INTO A "CLEAN" APARTMENT

179 *

Nothing but a single bed with a dirty white sheet. Sharon
enters and turns on the TV....loud.

*

*

SHARON

*

Sit.

*

(takes out a pocket-
knife)

*

*

Raise your arm.

*

SAMIR

*

What are you doing?

*

She cuts the stitches under his armpit and begins to dig out
the transponder.

*

*

SHARON

*

They cannot even dream we are being
followed, isn't that what you said?

*

*

*

Sharon very deliberately wipes her BLOODY HANDS on the WHITE
SHEETS.

*

On TV, we SEE the MARCHERS in front of Brooklyn Borough hall.

*

SPEAKER

--that we will not be made afraid to
walk free in this great city. I say,
march across the bridge and into the
stadium. Demand the release of--

Samir is staring at the TV.

*

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

SAMIR
It is all so...tragic.

SHARON
(with rising dread)
...They're going to hit the march.

SAMIR
Arab and Jew, side by side. Black and
White, Christian and Muslim--

180 IN THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

180

They appear as SPECTRAL images on Hardwick's microwave screen.

SAMIR (V.O.)
--so American. Can you imagine a better
target?

COL. HARDWICK
(into his handset)
Get me Devereaux.

CUT TO:

181 BOROUGH HALL

181

THE CROWD is getting fired up as the SPEAKER exhorts them.
SOLDIERS watch uneasily, not certain how to respond as the
crowd begins to CHANT, "No Fear! No fear!"

182 OMITTED

182

183 THE APARTMENT

183

Sharon goes to a closet and takes out some old clothes. She
TURNS OFF THE TV. Then:

SHARON
Here. Put this on. We don't want our
friends sweating too much while they
wait.

*
*
*

184 IN THE VAN 184 *

Hardwick speaks into a handset.

COL. HARDWICK
They're getting ready to move. Units
1 and 2, on my signal--

185 SUDDENLY -- THREE UNMARKED FBI CARS 185

Seem to materialize out of nowhere -- boxing them in.

186 IN THE VAN 186

COL. HARDWICK
What the--

187 ON THE STREET 187

Undercover FEDERAL AGENTS roust Army CID agents. An FBI agent
with a deep drawl, spread-eagles one against a building:

SOUTHERN FBI AGENT
Hi, there, I'm new in town. Can you
direct me to Carnegie Hall, or should
I just go fuck myself--

The NYPD under the command of Danny Sussman -- roll up the
rest of the sound garden -- examine the parabolic microphones.

188 AGENTS WIELDING SHOTGUNS 188

Blow off the rear door of the surveillance van. Frank enters
and looks around at all the high-tech, microwave technology.

FRANK
Ah, microwave. *

189 TWO WOMEN 189 *

In chadors, faces VEILED, descend a back staircase. Only as
their faces emerge from the shadows and are caught by a dim
bulb do we recognize Sharon and Samir. *

Sharon unlocks a metal door to reveal THE HIDDEN COURTYARD
of a neighboring building. She and Samir hurry through a
back alley and out into an adjacent street. *

189A BOROUGH HALL (WAS SHOT AS 194) 189A*

Where several APC's suddenly roar up and BLOCK off the square.
Devereaux stands nearby, watching as: *

(CONTINUED)

189A

189A CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT #2
 (though a bullhorn)
 This is an unlawful gathering. You
 must disperse. I repeat--

Soldiers in full RIOT GEAR emerge to form a battle line:
 images of Selma, 1963; Chicago, 1968; Los Angeles, 1993.

PROTEST SPEAKER
 Join together! Join hands!

THE MARCHERS LINK ARMS

Arab clerics and Hassidic rabbis, Black civic leaders and
 Hispanic gang members -- all continue to CHANT, "No fear!"

THE YOUNG SOLDIERS

Nervously look at one another as the marchers begin to move.

LIEUTENANT #2
 (through a bullhorn)
 These soldiers carry live ammunition.
 This is your final warning.

"No Fear....No Fear..." Devereaux watches in dread as the
 marchers close the gap on the battle-line of anxious soldiers --
 is this why he became a soldier?

A YOUNG GIRL unselfconsciously approaches a young soldier.
 Looks into his eyes. Smiles. And walks past. Another
 marcher walks right past a soldier, who does nothing to stop
 her. Soon, they are all surging past the riot-line.

DEVEREAUX watches, as something is revealed to him, something
 about America that, until this moment, he had forgotten.

189B IN THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

Frank is fiddling with the new technology like a kid at
 Christmas. But something is wrong. Where once there were
 TWO GHOSTLY IMAGES of Samir and Sharon in the apartment --
 now there is NOTHING.

189B

190 ON HUB'S OSCILLOSCOPE 190

The RADIO-SIGNAL of Samir's transmitter still registers as an unmoving, steadily blinking light. Hub is watching the building. Frank steps out the van, his face pale.

FRANK

We've got a problem.

191 HUB AND FRANK 191

Pound up the stairs of the building.

192 THE DOOR TO THE "CLEAN" APARTMENT 192

Bursts open. Hub comes in low and fast. Frank comes in hard on his heels.

In the center of the otherwise empty room, the white sheet, SMEARED IN BLOOD, is draped over a chair.

FRANK

What the--

Hub stares in dread fascination.

HUB

It's a shroud.

And he's out the door in a heartbeat. *

193 OMIT 193 *

193A BACK IN THE SURVEILLANCE VAN 193A*

Frank and Hub listen to a playback of Sharon's conversation with Samir on the digital recorders. *

SHARON

"....sweating too much while they wait." *

Frank looks up at Hub. *

HUB

First she turns off the tv, then she says it. *

FRANK

She knew we were listening. *

It hits them both at the same time. *

HUB

The hammam. *

194	OMIT	194
194A	OMIT	194A
194B	EXT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN	194B
	Hub and Frank hit the street at a dead run.	
195	BENEATH THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE	195
	Samir opens a padlocked door with a key. He and Sharon disappear within.	
196	A HAMMAM	196
	An Arab bath-house. Rays of sunlight play off the steaming waters. Their footsteps ECHO off the tiled mosaic walls.	* *
197	OMITTED	197 *

198 IN THE BATHHOUSE

198 *

Samir kneels to touch the steaming water.

*

SHARON

How soon are they coming?

SAMIR

They'll be here.

He starts taking off his clothes.

SHARON

What are you doing--?

He finishes disrobing.

NAKED

^^

He steps into the bath. With a sponge he washes his body.

SAMIR

What message do you have for them,
Sharon?

SHARON

I'll tell them when they're here.

The DISTANT SOUND of the approaching MARCH echoes off the tiled walls as Samir steps out of the purifying waters and takes a towel from a hamper.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Nobody else is coming, is there?

SAMIR

That's right.

From the hamper he takes a Sig-Sauer .9 automatic.

SHARON

You're the last cell.

SAMIR

There will never be a last cell.

(racks the slide of
the .9)

You should listen to the young men in
that stadium. It is just beginning.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

198

Sharon watches, in dread fascination, as he takes a white
egyptian-cotton FUNERAL SHROUD and drops it over his head.

199 THE MARCHERS

199 *

Are streaming down the street.

*

Hub and Frank desperately fight their way through a wild,
almost "carnival" feel.

*

200 BACK TO -- THE BATHS

200 *

Reflected in the purifying waters, Samir is putting civilian
clothes on over the shroud -- still holding the .9 on Sharon.

SHARON

How could I have missed the play--

SAMIR

(a forgiving gesture)

It was the money. You believe money
is power. Belief is power.

SHARON

--Just tell me we didn't finance your
operation...

SAMIR

(a sad smile)

The world is a wheel. So.....what
message do you have for me, Sharon?

SHARON

They're going to release him.

SAMIR

Praise God. When will he be free--?

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

A few months at most. First, they
have to bring him to trial, but-----

He turns away from her, opening the hamper.

SAMIR

(not looking at her)

--No.

SHARON

--But....that's what you want, isn't
it? Why you've done all this--

A BELT OF SEMTEX EXPLOSIVES

Comes next. Velcro straps fasten the belt around his chest.

SAMIR

No. It's not.

He comes to stand beside her.

SAMIR (CONT'D)

I want you to bleed...as we have bled.

SHARON

Samir, the Koran preaches--

SAMIR

Do not speak to me of the Koran, woman.
(fighting his emotion)
You take our leader. A holy man. You
put him in prison for preaching the
word of God. You must learn the
consequences of trying to tell the
world how to live.

SHARON

(with rising terror)

But it's over, your point's been made,
why spill any more blood? Those poor
people out there in the street, they're
fucking marching for your cause...

SAMIR

Yes.

(fastens the last strap
on his semtex harness)

And they, too, will become its martyrs.

A VOICE from the top of the stairs:

HUB (V.O.)

Let her go and you'll live.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED: (2)

200

Samir looks up, sees Hub aiming his .45. But Sharon is between them, blocking his shot.

From outside, we HEAR the sound of the marchers' CHANTING, "No Fear...! No Fear...!" Samir HEARS it, too.

SAMIR

Move away from the door.

SHARON

NO--!!!

HUB

Let her go and you'll live--

SHARON

DON'T--!!!!

SAMIR

(screaming, panicked)

GET AWAY FROM THE DOOR--!!!

HUB

SAMIR---!

SAMIR

YOU WANT TO DIE---!!

They're all SCREAMING at once. Still Samir keeps inching toward the stairs. Hub blocks the way.

HUB

No way you're going out there.

Samir jams the gun into Sharon's ribs.

SAMIR

MOVE AWAY--!

Sharon's eyes meet Hubs'.

SHARON

Shoot.

HUB

Shut up.

SHARON

Shoot.

HUB

SHUT UP...

Samir is edging ever closer. Starting up the stairs. Sharon's eyes plead with Hub, begging for a kind of unholy redemption.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON
SHOOT ME--!!!

HUB
I...CAN'T--!

SHARON
YOU HAVE TO.
(weeping now)
You...promised.....

Hub's finger tightens on the trigger. But then slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, he lowers his gun.

SHARON (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
No---!!!

SAMIR
It is God's will.

His left hand moves imperceptibly toward the RIPCORDER of the explosive device.

HUB
If there is a God, he weeps at the crimes we commit in his name.

HIS FIRST SHOT

Rips through Sharon into Samir, blowing them both backwards.

HIS SECOND SHOT

Is to Samir's hand as it reaches for the ripcorder.

THE THIRD SHOT

Is a killing headshot. Rolling him into the baths.

A CLOUD OF BLOOD

Blooms in the cleansing water. The funeral shroud billows.

THE ECHO OF THE SHOTS

Still rings in the tiled room as Hub kneels beside Sharon.

HUB (CONT'D)
(on radio)
Officer down. OFFICER DOWN--!

SHARON
Is.....he.....dead?

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED: (4)

200

HUB
.....Shhhhhhh.....
SHARON
(whispers)
.....no.....regrets...

Hub cradles her head.

HUB
You.....knew.
SHARON
(the saddest smile)
I.....wondered.

FRANK HADDAD

Appears at the top of the steps. Behind him, two PARAMEDICS race down to kneel beside Sharon. Hub is pushed aside as they begin triage -- but it doesn't look good as suddenly, she begins to convulse.

HUB
Sharon.... SHARON--
SHARON
....Emma....My name...is Emma.

And then she begins to mumble, at first incoherently, and then more clearly. We realize she's speaking Arabic.

HUB
----what are you? I don't.....

And then Frank is standing above them. Tears in his eyes.

FRANK
(translating)
"I.....seek refuge..... king of
kings..."

And Hub suddenly understands: she is preparing for her own death. He holds her as she continues to pray in and out of her two native tongues. Until, at last:

SHARON/EMMA
(whispers)
Allah Ahkbar. God is great--

FRANK
Allah Ahkbar--

HUB
Amen.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED: (5) 200

And she's gone.

201 OUTSIDE IN THE STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER 201

A block away, we can see the Marchers pass by. The chant of "No Fear..." fades into the distance. But Hub has already turned his back and is hurrying away.

CUT TO: *

201A EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE -- MOMENTS LATER 201A*

Hub hurries toward the Courthouse. *

201B MOMENTS LATER - IN THE COURTHOUSE 201B*

JUDGE FRANKEL opens the door. He is taken aback by the blood on Hub's clothes. *

HUB *

I want to talk about a free society. *

BACK TO: *

202 THE STADIUM COMMAND POST 202

Where Devereaux is watching coverage of the march.

TV SOUND BITE (V.O.)

--"a very moving moment in which the people of a city step forward to declare their courage and solidarity-

He looks up to see Hub. He's carrying the ACCORDION FILE that the Chief of Staff gave him.

DEVEREAUX

Agent Hubbard, do you want to tell me exactly what you mean detaining Colonel Hardwick and six of my CID staff. Because that strikes me as a very peculiar idea of interagency liason.

HUB

The last cell has been taken down. It was Samir. I took him out.

DEVEREAUX

What makes you so sure he was the last cell?

HUB

Sharon.

DEVEREAUX

Sharon is not trustworthy.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

HUB

Sharon is dead. She gave her life.

(takes a piece of paper
from his pocket)

This is a writ from the US District
Court releasing all those being held
here without habeus corpus.

DEVEREAUX

My authority supercedes the civilian
judiciary under the decree of martial
law.

(a rueful smile)

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (2)

202

HUB

Your authority ends now. It's all over.

DEVEREAUX

What's over.

HUB

(looks at him.)

They're going to release him.

DEVEREAUX

Release him?

HUB

The Sheik.

(holds up the Chief of
Staff's' file)

Clear violation of international law, Congressional oversight statutes, a couple of treaties, the Federal perjury statute, and my favorite, the Logan Act, for conducting your own personal foreign policy.

(simply)

I know the whole story, General.

DEVEREAUX

You don't know shit. Poor suffering Sharon and her poor suffering people. It's called "going native"--the most elementary error of an intelligence operative and she made it. She had all of you working for her and she was working for them without even knowing it. And now they're getting exactly what they want, which is the Sheik will be back in the mix. But ten times as strong, because now he's the big man who stood up to the Americans.

(looks at Hub)

I did what was necessary. I make no apologies. If you think you're going to be able to use that file against me, you know even less about politics than I imagined.

HUB

General. I'm not in politics. You can have this back. I won't use it.

Hub hands him the file. Devereaux takes it.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (3)

202

DEVEREAUX

Because you don't have the balls.

(off Hub's look)

Did you expect me to get all weepy
with gratitude? You serve your country.

(dismissively)

Is there anything else?

Hub would love to just...clock him. Instead:

HUB

I said I wasn't in politics. I'm not.
I'm in law enforcement.

He takes his gun from its shoulder holster.

HUB (CONT'D)

William Devereaux, you are under arrest
for the torture and murder of Tariq
Husseini under color of authority,
United States Code Title 42, Chapter
21, Subchapter 1, Sections 1983.

(takes out his gun)

Surrender your weapon.

Behind them, a COMMOTION as Frank and several agents force
their way into the room, followed by REPORTERS, who shout
questions as STROBES and VIDEOTAPE record the arrest.

203 OUTSIDE THE STADIUM

203 *

An NYPD car -- Devereaux within, pulls away, lights flashing.

HUNDREDS OF YOUNG ARAB BOYS

Emerge from tunnel and into the waiting arms of their mothers,
the tearful smiles of their wives and children. Hub and
Frank stand there, watching the reunions.

FRANK

(after a moment)

Did we win or did we lose--?

Hub has no answer. No one has the answer.

FADE OUT:

THE END