

Rendi ti on

By

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Revised
WGA-W reg.

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO - DUSK

From the Sea. Calm, quiet.

TITLE CARD: "RIO DE JANEIRO"

A breathtaking view of the city tucked between rain forest clad cliffs, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches and the statue, CHRIST THE REDEEMER on Corcovado mountain.

CLOSER

Scattered beach loungers take in the last moments of sun.

CLOSER STILL

The heart of the Rua Dos Oitais, bars, shops and restaurants.

INT. BACKSEAT, TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Rush hour. ANWAR EL-IBRAHIM, Egyptian, 35, sits anxiously. He checks his watch, wipes sweat from his forehead. The heat's intolerable. He loosens his tie and rolls down the window.

The driver switches on the radio, SALSA MUSIC.

ANWAR

Is there a faster way? My flight's in an hour-twenty.

DRI VER

(broken English)

What can I do? Traffic is traffic. Once we get past the light it should be okay.

Not the answer he wanted. Anwar leans back, rests his arm on his GREEN AND WHITE SUITCASE laying next to him.

EXT. RIO AIRPORT, INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Anwar's taxi pulls up. Anwar grabs his suitcase, bag, pays the driver then rushes into the terminal.

EXT. TORONTO, CANADA - DAY

Upper middle class suburb.

TITLE CARD: "TORONTO, CANADA"

ANGLE DOWN to

ANWAR AND ISABELLA'S FRONT LAWN

JEREMY EL-IBRAHIM, 7, kicks a soccer ball around the yard.

ISABELLA FIELDS EL-IBRAHIM, 30, watches adoringly from the front steps with her mother-in-law, NURU EL-IBRAHIM, 65.

Isabella's American, pretty, SEVEN MONTHS PREGNANT wearing a loose jogging suit. Nuru's Egyptian, dressed in a black Burka and Shari.

THE PHONE RINGS FROM INSIDE

Nuru stands. Isabella stands, moves toward the door.

ISABELLA
I got it.

INT. KITCHEN, ANWAR AND ISABELLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Upscale. Isabella enters and answers the phone.

ISABELLA
Hello?

INT. RIO AIRPORT, INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT

Anwar rushes to his gate. He's on his cell.

ANWAR
It's me, I only have a minute.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ISABELLA AND ANWAR IN BRAZIL.

Isabella smiles, leans against the refrigerator.

ISABELLA
You didn't call yesterday.

ANWAR
Honey, I had meetings all day.

There are photos and postcards on the fridge door. One stands out: A vacation Polaroid of ISABELLA AND ANWAR on a beach.

ISABELLA
You were at the beach falling in love with a topless Brazilian, while I'm here with your mother.

Anwar arrives at the gate. He hands his ticket to the TICKETING AGENT and continues on to the plane.

ANWAR
What? I can barely hear you.

I SABELLA
Nothing. Come home.

ANWAR
How are you feeling? The baby?

I SABELLA
Good, everything's good.

Anwar enters the plane.

ANWAR
The monkey and Mom?

I SABELLA
She's blown the speakers on her TV
cause she always has the volume so
loud. He starts soccer tomorrow,
he's grown out of his shoes.
The painters finished the baby's
room, the crib arrived...

Anwar finds his first-class seat.

ANWAR
Honey, I'm on the plane. I gotta
go. Tell my mother we'll get her a
new TV. I'll take Jeremy for new
boots when I get home. Give them
both a kiss.

I SABELLA
What about me?

Anwar shoves his overnight in the overhead compartment.

ANWAR
You get the biggest one. I'll call
you from New York. I love you.

I SABELLA
I love you too.

DISTANT ECHO OF THE ISLAMIC CALL TO PRAYER.

EXT. CAIRO, EGYPT - DAWN

The CALL TO PRAYER continues.

Hundreds of Mosques and modern buildings pierce the morning
haze hanging over the city.

TITLE CARD: "CAIRO, EGYPT"

EXT. SECLUDED GATED COMMUNITY, CAIRO - DAWN

A huge metal gate. Two guards are posted. A group of kids walk by on their way to school in identical uniforms. They are closely followed by elderly women in burkas.

Beyond the gates

a row of white stucco houses.

INT. BEDROOM, DOUGLAS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DOUGLAS FREEMAN, 30s, lies in bed sound asleep.

A glint of direct sunlight creeps up Douglas' face to his eyes. Douglas stirs, wakes. He sits up, rubs his face, head, fantasizes about two more hours of sleep.

He checks the clock on the nightstand, "6:27 AM." Next to the clock: A half empty bottle of bourbon and two glasses.

SOUND OF THE SHOWER from the adjoining bathroom.

He looks over to

the other side of the bed, empty. He looks to the bathroom door, blurry-eyed. He gets out of bed and moves to the bathroom. He reaches for the door knob, stops.

The FAINT SOUND OF A VOICE under the running water.

Douglas holds very still, listening.

A BARELY AUDIBLE VOICE, IN ARABIC.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(Subtitled)
...nothing... ..no. ...today... I'm running
late. ...to you tomorrow. I gotta go.

The shower is shut off. Douglas moves back to the bed and climbs under the covers. Still.

SAFIYA emerges from the bathroom in a towel. She's 30, Egyptian, pretty. Douglas stirs, stretches.

DOUGLAS
What time is it?

SAFIYA
(surprised he's awake)
6:30.
(a little dig)
It's not like I can sleep in.

She sits on the bed, leans in for a kiss. He turns away.

DOUGLAS
I have to brush my teeth.

She curls up next to him. Holds him.

SAFI YA
When's he picking you up?

DOUGLAS
7:15.

SAFI YA
(kisses his neck)
Is he picking you up every morning?

DOUGLAS
No. We have a breakfast meeting with Abasi.

SAFI YA
Where are you meeting?

DOUGLAS
Who were you talking to on the phone?

Douglas can't see the expression on her face. She's thinking.

SAFI YA
When?

DOUGLAS
Just now, in the bathroom?

SAFI YA
My mother. Why? Is that okay?

DOUGLAS
At 6 in the morning?

SAFI YA
She wakes up early. What?

DOUGLAS
Nothing, I'm just asking.

A bit annoyed, Safiya gets out of bed and starts to dress.

SAFI YA
She's alone now. My brother's in London. I'm all she has.

Safiya slips on her top, the back is unbuttoned.

SAFI YA

Help me.

Douglas gets out of bed and buttons it up. Safiya checks her reflection in the mirror. He kisses her neck, it makes her smile.

DOUGLAS

Where did you park?

SAFI YA

Where I always park. You're not the only one taking a chance here.

DOUGLAS

He can't see you here, Safi.
There's no way of explaining it.

SAFI YA

(turns to him, smirking)
Sure there is. I came by late last night to bring you some documents to sign. I tripped and fell into your bed.

Douglas smiles. She gives him a quick kiss on the cheek.

SAFI YA

I'll see you at the office.

INT. BEDROOM, ABASI AND SEMIA'S HOME, CAIRO - MORNING

An old fan turns slowly against a ceiling.

Lying in bed, watching it, lost in thought is ABASI ZAWAHIRI, 50. He's heavysset, seems troubled.

ANNA, 9, bursts into the bedroom door and leaps on the bed.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

ANNA

Daddy, did I wake you?

ABASI

No, sweetheart.

Abasi manages a smile, tickles her. She laughs with delight. He stops, lays back in bed. Anna moves up next to him.

ANNA

Daddy, do you dream about me when you're sleeping?

Abasi collects his thoughts. He slides his arm around her.

ABASI
I dream about you and your sister.

ANNA
Fatima said you stop dreaming when you get married.

ABASI
You dream all your life. It's one of Allah's gifts.

ANNA
Do you dream when you die, daddy?

ABASI
I don't know.

ANNA
I'm gonna dream about you when I die.

Abasi watches her for a BEAT. He kisses her. She beams.

INT. ABASI'S KITCHEN - DAY

SEMI A, Egyptian, 45, prepares breakfast. Anna's at the table. Abasi enters and sits. He wears a well-tailored suit and tie. Semi a ignores him. Anna sits quietly reflecting the tense mood of her mother.

ANNA
When is Fatima coming home?

ABASI
Eat your food.

Awkward silence. Semi a brings Anna a glass of juice.

SEMI A
There is one girl sitting here, Aba. There should be two. We aren't a family unless we are all here.

Abasi SLAMS his hand on the table. Anna wants to cry.

ABASI
I didn't tell her to leave.

SEMI A
You did, by not listening. Call her, Aba. She doesn't want to marry.

ABASI
It's not her choice to make. There are rules!

SEMI A
It's not the same as when we were young. She has to be part of this decision.

Silence. Semi a rests her hand on Abasi's shoulder.

SEMI A (CONT'D)
Call her, Aba. For me.

ABASI
I have called! I call her everyday!

SEMI A
Tell her you made a mistake.
Please, Aba.

Abasi doesn't respond. Semi a's hand slides off his shoulder. She exits.

EXT. LAYLA'S APARTMENT, CAIRO - DAY (DESATURATED)

Upscale and expensive.

INT. LAYLA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (DESATURATED)

Imported furniture, wide screen TV, top of the line stereo. The living room leads to an expansive balcony with amazing views of the city.

OPEN PLAN KITCHEN

LAYLA, Egyptian, 35, tailored business suit, spoons homemade preserves onto a biscuit and eats it. She's in a hurry.

FATIMA ZAWAHIRI, Egyptian, 20, wearing a bathrobe, enters. She's naturally pretty sans any make-up. She sits at the table. She looks exhausted. Layla watches her, concerned. She tries to lighten the mood with a smile.

LAYLA
Try this. I think I added too much sugar.

Layla brings a spoonful to Fatima's mouth.

FATIMA
It tastes fine to me.

LAYLA
Sweet girl, and a terrible liar.
Have you called your father?

Fatima reaches for the toast, knocks over the milk. She stands, bumps the table hard, covers her mouth.

FATIMA
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Layla calmly rights the milk container, wipes up the table.

LAYLA
It's nothing. Sit down.

Fatima sits, calms.

LAYLA
It's going to be okay, sweetie.

Layla puts her hand on Fatima's, reassuringly.

LAYLA
I'm proud of you for holding your ground.

Fatima looks up to her aunt. They share a moment.

INTERCOM BUZZER

LAYLA
That's my taxi.

Layla stands, puts on her coat. Gathers a large briefcase.

LAYLA
I'll be gone for three days. I want you in this apartment by eight. Do you understand me?

FATIMA
Yes.

LAYLA
I mean it.
(gathers her purse)
If your parents knew I was leaving you here alone, they'd kill me.
Don't make a fool of me. And don't be late for school.

Layla kisses Fatima on the cheek and exits.

HOLD on Fatima.

EXT. LAYLA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY (DESATURATED)

Fatima rolls her bike out onto the street. She rides away.

EXT. CAIRO STREET - CONTINUOUS (DESATURATED)

Fatima turns down a street, a tougher part of the city: slum housing, abandoned cars, bicycle shells chained to posts.

She approaches an intersection. Her spirit lifts upon seeing

a YOUNG MAN on his bike waiting at the corner. He turns to Fatima and flashes a smile. This is KHALID EL-EMIN, 20, Egyptian, handsome, almost pretty.

KHALID
You're always late.

FATIMA
(smiles)
But you always wait.

KHALID
Give me a kiss, right now.

FATIMA
(blushes)
Are you crazy?

KHALID
(makes a goofy face)
Yes, a madman.

FATIMA
Did you bring my CD?

Khalid makes a face suggesting he forgot.

FATIMA
Khalid?

Khalid pulls the CD and smiles. He hands it to her.

FATIMA
Did you listen to it?

KHALID
It's okay.

Khalid starts on his bike. Fatima rides after him.

FATIMA
You have the worst taste in music.

EXT. CAIRO STREET - DAY

A BLACK SUV cruises down the street.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Douglas sits next to WILLIAM DIXON, 50, American, seasoned. Up front, a DRIVER and GUARD #1. Douglas reads off his notes.

DOUGLAS
You have meetings with Zaher El Saka, Interior, and Abdel El Aziz, head of Defense on Friday. I tried to set them up earlier, but...

DIXON
Have you met this Abasi, Zawa...

DOUGLAS
...Zawahiri. Yes, I have.

DIXON
What's he like?

DOUGLAS
Tough, persistent...

Guard #1 lights up a cigarette.

DIXON
No smoking. Okay?
(to Douglas)
Tell him no smoking.

Dixon winds down his window. The guard looks to Douglas as if he doesn't understand.

DOUGLAS
(in ARABIC)
He doesn't want to smell your smoke. Put it out.

The guard puts it out. Chagrined.

EXT. SADAT PLAZA, CAIRO - DAY (DESATURATED)

A bustling, congested four-lane TURNABOUT circling a statue dedicated to former PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT.

Khalid and Fatima approach the turnabout. Fatima stops.

FATIMA
We can't go that way.

KHALID
It's the shortest.

FATIMA
My father has coffee there every morning. What if he sees us?

KHALID
What if he sees us? I want to meet him.

FATIMA
You know that's not possible.

Fatima rides off onto

A DIFFERENT STREET

Khalid follows. Calls out as he catches up:

KHALID
Has he called you?

FATIMA
Only to yell at me. I'm not going to marry someone I don't know.
(more desperate)
We should run away. Just go.

KHALID
Where? How would we live? You have to be realistic, Fatima.

Fatima knows he's right. She nods. Khalid leans over, kisses her cheek. She smiles. They continue on.

EXT. SADAT PLAZA, CAIRO - DAY

A cacophony of high-end shops, teahouses, fabric stores. Arab music mixes with horns and the clattering of voices.

A BLACK MERCEDES pulls up in front of

A TEA HOUSE

VAHE, 50, in a tailored suit and ROMO, 30, a thug, exit the car and survey the area:

A broken down-looking POLICE SEDAN with two police officers inside sipping coffee.

A CARPET VENDOR beats a Persian rug.

A BUSINESSMAN in a suit cuts through traffic on an old Vespa.

Satisfied, Vahe opens the rear door. Abasi exits and moves to the teahouse. He is warmly greeted by the ELDERLY TEA HOUSE OWNER. They share a laugh.

Douglas' BLACK SUV enters the plaza. Traffic is heavy.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The driver points, then in Arabic:

DRI VER
It's just on the other side.

DI XON
What did he say?

DOUGLAS
The teahouse is across the plaza.

DI XON
How long have you...

SUDDENLY, A GUNSHOT!

THE DRIVER BRAKES HARD. Dixon and Douglas are thrown forward.

ANOTHER GUNSHOT!

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -

TWO GUNMEN SHOOT across the plaza from a parked vehicle.

Douglas and Dixon pull their weapons.

DOUGLAS
GET US OUT OF HERE!

EXT. SADAT PLAZA TEAHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bullets ricochet around Abasi. Vahe and Romo grab him and rush him head first into the car. Pedestrians run in all directions. TOTAL CHAOS.

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The driver lurches forward, smashes the car in front. Backs up, hard, boxed in. Dixon and Douglas are tossed around.

THROUGH THE OPEN SIDE WINDOW -

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION AND FIREBALL ENGULF THE ENTIRE TURNABOUT.

Douglas' BLACK SUV is rocked.

SADAT PLAZA

CARS ARE THROWN INTO THE AIR. STORE WINDOWS ARE BLOWN OUT.
PEDESTRIANS INSTANTLY INCINERATED.

BLACK SUV

Dixon slumps into Douglas' lap bleeding from the head.

DOUGLAS
Jesus. Go! Drive!

EXT. CORRIE AND LARS' HOME, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

A gorgeous five-bedroom colonial in a nice neighborhood.

TITLE CARD: "GEORGETOWN, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA"

INT. CORRIE AND LARS WHITMAN'S BEDROOM, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

An immaculate bedroom tastefully decorated.

CORRIE, 50, and LARS, 45, sleep.

The PHONE pierces the silence.

Corrie wakes with a start. She clears her throat and answers the phone as if she's been awake for hours.

CORRIE
Hello?

Corrie sits up and puts on her reading glasses.

CORRIE
What's his condition?
(pause)
Any claim of responsibility?

Lars sits up, groggy.

LARS
What is it?

Corrie gestures for him to be quiet. She listens as she writes on a note pad.

CORRIE
Alright. I'm coming in.

Corrie hangs up and climbs out of bed.

LARS
What happened?

CORRI NE
A sui ci de bombi ng i n Cai ro.

LARS
Where are you goi ng? It' s two-AM.

CORRI NE
Go back to sleep.

Corrine enters the bathroom and shuts the door. Lars rolls over and goes back to sleep.

EXT. CORRI NE HOUSE - NIGHT

Corrine exits the house. She' s on her cell .

CORRI NE
So, he' s Egypti an wi th Canadi an
ci ti zenshi p? What' s hi s name?

She enters a wai ti ng black sedan. It speeds away.

INT. CORRI NE' S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Corrine on her cell .

CORRI NE
When does it arrive?
(pause)
Do it. I' ll fax you the
authori zation when I get to the
office. Use Lee Mayer at CIA.

INT. HALLWAY, CAIRO HOSPITAL - DAY

A modern facility. Doctors and nurses move about their business. Douglas speaks to an elderly Egyptian doctor. Douglas has blood all over his shirt.

A CELLPHONE RINGS. Douglas pulls his cell and moves to a quiet corner.

LEE MAYER (V. O.)
Dougl as, Lee Mayer. How' s Di xon?

EXT. CIA, LANGLEY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING.

TITLE CARD: "CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA"

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
He didn't make it.

INT. LEE MAYER'S OFFICE, LANGLEY - NIGHT

LEE MAYER, 50, paces in front of his desk, agitated.

LEE MAYER
Fuck. Where are you?

INTERCUT BETWEEN DOUGLAS AND LEE MAYER

DOUGLAS
At the hospital.

LEE MAYER
Are you hurt?

DOUGLAS
No.

LEE MAYER
Listen, you're gonna have to step
up for a while, fill in for Dixon.
You'll report directly to me. Is
that understood?

DOUGLAS
Yes.

LEE MAYER
Stay safe. I'll get back to you.

Douglas closes his phone and turns.

The corridor is now choked with horribly INJURED VICTIMS of
the bombing, scurrying NURSES and DOCTORS. It takes his
breath away.

FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)
"Welcome to New York's JFK Airport.
Please follow the signs to US
customs. Have your passports and
declaration forms ready..."

INT. GATE 47, JFK INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY

Passengers disembark the arriving flight and follow the
"WELCOME TO NYC, U.S. IMMIGRATION" signs.

Anwar follows a PASSENGERS IN TRANSIT SIGN.

A FEMALE SECURITY GUARD cuts him off.

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD
Mr. Anwar El-Ibrahim?

ANWAR
(puzzled)
Yes.

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD
Sir, we've received an emergency
message for you. Could you please
follow me.

Anwar, suddenly alarmed, follows the guard to a secure door
off the corridor.

ANWAR
What happened? Is it my wife?

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD
I apologize, sir, they didn't tell
me any details. I was just told to
bring you to security.

The guard opens the door with a security card and gestures
for Anwar to enter. He does and faces...

...three MASKED MEN. The security guard quickly shuts the door
and walks off. There are HEAVY THUMPS against the door.

INT. SECURE HALLWAY, JFK AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The MASKED AGENTS hustle a hooded Anwar down the hall.

INT. BAGGAGE LOADING AREA, JFK AIRPORT - DAY

A steady stream of bags move down a CONVEYER BELT.

A MAN IN A BLACK SUIT approaches accompanied by two AIRPORT
BAGGAGE HANDLERS.

Anwar's GREEN AND WHITE SUITCASE moves down the belt. The man
grabs the bag, checks the name tag and exits.

EXT. HELI PORT, JFK AIRPORT - DAY

A large military helicopter sits on the pad ready for take-
off. The terminal door opens. The agents move Anwar into the
helicopter. The helicopter takes off.

EXT. ARRIVALS, TORONTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Establishing.

INT. TORONTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Isabella and Jeremy stand at the arrivals gate. The last few passengers trickle out.

JEREMY
Where's daddy?

ISABELLA
I don't know, honey.

Isabella pulls out her phone and dials.

EXT. MAXIMUM SECURITY FACILITY IN VIRGINIA - DAY

The helicopter drops from the sky over the facility.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY FACILITY, VIRGINIA - CONTINUOUS

A narrow hallway with metal doors on either side. Still hooded and cuffed, Anwar is moved down the hall.

ANWAR
Please! What is going on? I want to
speak to a lawyer. This isn't
right!

A guard opens one of the interrogation room doors. Anwar is escorted inside.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Lee Mayers sits at a table looking over his notes. The guard cuffs Anwar in the chair across from Lee and pulls his hood off. Anwar adjusts to the light.

LEE
Rashid Silimi.

ANWAR
What is going on? My name is Anwar
El-Ibrahim.

LEE
Rashid is an Egyptian responsible
for a terror attack in Cairo today.

ANWAR
I don't know anything about that.

Lee pushes the phone records toward Anwar. Anwar squints to make them out.

LEE
Rashid placed several calls to you as recently as four days ago.

ANWAR
I've never talked to anybody named Rashid. I'd like to speak with a lawyer.

LEE
What were you doing in Rio?

ANWAR
Am I under arrest?

Lee waits. Anwar relents.

ANWAR
A Bi oengi neeri ng conference.

LEE
Who di d you meet wi th?

Anwar's about to answer. Lee slides a pen and a pad of paper toward Anwar.

LEE
Li st them.

Lee waits. After a beat, Anwar starts to write.

ANWAR
All well regarded professionals in my industry.

LEE
Are you fami liar wi th bomb making techni ques?

ANWAR
Thi s i s ri di cul ous.

LEE
You've never constructed a bomb?

The repeated question gives Anwar pause. He thinks.

ANWAR
I worked on a project commi ssi oned by the ATF.

(MORE)

ANWAR (cont'd)
A bomb detection study, my company was asked to construct several devices. Six years ago.

LEE
So you have experience constructing explosive devices?

ANWAR
There were twenty of us on that team. Have you arrested them too?

Lee holds his look.

ANWAR
I don't know any Rashid. I have relatives in Egypt. I get calls from time to time asking for this or that. Most of them I've never met. Friends of friends, friends of relatives, cousins.
(emphatic)
No one has ever asked me to do anything illegal. If they did, I'd report them.

Lee holds on Anwar for a beat. He closes his notebook.

LEE
NYU.

ANWAR
'92.

LEE
'93.

A subtle connection.

ANWAR
Did you do graduate there too?

LEE
Columbia Law.

ANWAR
Michigan State.
(Teans in to Lee)
I don't know what's going on, but I can assure you this is a mistake. I've done nothing wrong.

LEE
Willing to take a polygraph test?

ANWAR
The sooner the better.

EXT. MUKHABARAT SECRET POLICE COMPLEX, CAIRO - DAY

A monolithic maze of buildings protected by roadblocks and armored vehicles.

TITLE CARD: "MUKHABARAT SECRET POLICE, CAIRO"

INT. ABASI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An elegant room of wood and antique furniture. Abasi, Vahe and Romo enter. Abasi seems visibly shaken.

IN ARABIC WITH SUBTITLES

VAHE
...a piece of shrapnel the size of my
thumbnail into the head.

Abasi hangs his coat up. He moves to a cabinet and pulls down a bottle of Bourbon. He pours himself a short glass.

A young FEMALE ASSISTANT enters and hands Vahe some documents. She exits.

VAHE
(off the documents)
36 dead, 69 injured.

Vahe hands one of the documents to Abasi.

VAHE
Rashid and the El-Hazim Brigade
have claimed responsibility on
their web-site.

Abasi reads. Vahe reads off the other document.

VAHE
You have calls from Corrine
Whitman, NSA, Lee Mayers, CIA, and
Davis from the State Department.

ABASI
(making a point)
One dead American.
(throws back the bourbon)
Surveillance tapes?

Romo shakes his head, "no."

ABASI
There are two cameras running on
the square at all times.

ROMO

Both down.

ABASI

Tourist video, ATMs, retail shop surveillance. Find something.

Abasi waves them out. Vahe and Romo exit.

EXT. UNITED STATES EMBASSY, CAIRO - DAY

A sprawling multi-building complex surrounded by ten foot walls and barbed wire. The front entrance is blocked by police vehicles and armored personnel carriers. Dozens of police stand guard at the gate.

TITLE CARD: "UNITED STATES EMBASSY, CAIRO"

INT. CIA OFFICES INSIDE THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, CAIRO - DAY

BASEMENT. A high-tech intelligence center. 15 American and Egyptian employees, including Safiya, huddle around a flat screen playing CNN's report of the SADAT PLAZA BOMBING.

ON TV - Aftermath of the explosion: smoldering cars, victims being helped into ambulances, blown out shops.

CNN TALKING HEAD

"The attack, the second in as many weeks, once again raised the specter of one of the United States' closest allies in the Arab world facing a homegrown terrorist threat trying to destabilize the government.

Safiya watches, distressed.

CNN "WITNESS"

"Bodies were everywhere. Pieces of flesh, it was disgusting."

Douglas arrives with blood still on his shirt.

Safiya turns to him. She lifts her hands to her mouth.

SAFIYA

Douglas.

They all turn. ANITA GREEN, 45, black, his secretary, moves up to him.

ANITA
My God, Douglas? Are you okay? You need a doctor?

DOUGLAS
I've been asked to fill in for Dixon until a replacement can be sent. I'm gonna need everything we have on the El-Hazim Brigade, asap.

INT. DOUGLAS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A simple office with a minor view. Two computer monitors on his desk, three wall mounted flat screens, stacks of magazines, newspapers neatly arranged.

Douglas enters and moves to the closet. He sees himself in the mirror for the first time.

Stunned disbelief.

He starts to undress.

Safiya enters quietly.

SAFIYA
Are you okay?

Douglas struggles to get the words out.

DOUGLAS
It happened so...

The door swings open, Anita and a MALE EMPLOYEE enter with paperwork.

ANITA
This is the most recent report on El Hazim. I have Kenny on the phone to Jordan and Syria for background.

Douglas takes the report.

SAFIYA
We should have something by the end of the day.

Safiya gives him a look, backs out of the room.

INT. ANWAR AND ISABELLA'S HOME, FRONT DOOR - DAWN

Isabella slips into her coat and picks up her purse. Jeremy stands on the staircase holding his school work.

JEREMY
Mommy, where are you going?

ISABELLA
Why are you up so early? Go back to bed.

JEREMY
You're supposed to take me to school.

ISABELLA
Grandma'll take you. I'll pick you up.
(kneels)
Monkey kiss. Please.

Jeremy stands defiantly. Isabella waits. Jeremy moves up to his mother and gives her a hug and a kiss.

EXT. UNITED STATES CONSULATE, TORONTO - DAY

A six-story building in the middle of downtown Toronto. The building is ringed by security personnel and harden barriers.

TITLE CARD: "UNITED STATES CONSULATE, TORONTO"

INT. STEVE CONNER'S DESK, CONSULATE - CONTINUOUS

Isabella sits anxiously across from STEVE CONNER, 40.

ISABELLA
I've called the FBI, INS, New York City police, Port Authority. No one can tell me anything. He checked out of his hotel. His company doesn't know where he is. He's not answering his cell.

Steve holds up his hand effectively cutting her off. He turns to his computer, types.

STEVE
I'm not sure I can shed any light on this, Mrs. El...

ISABELLA
El-Ibrahim. E-L, dash, I-B-R-A-H-I-M? His name is Anwar.

STEVE
According to immigration, Mrs. Ibrahim, there's no record your husband landed in New York.

I SABELLA
That's not possible.

STEVE
Maybe he missed his flight.

I SABELLA
He called me from the gate. If he had missed his flight he would have called me again.

STEVE
What did the airline say?

Isabella senses this is leading nowhere. Her frustration and helplessness build.

I SABELLA
(wipes her eyes)
Can you check again please.

Reluctant, Steve types into his terminal.

STEVE
Your husband's Egyptian?

She looks at him as if it were an accusation.

I SABELLA
He was born in Egypt. He's a Canadian citizen.

STEVE
Does he have family, friends in Egypt?

I SABELLA
Yes, extended family, some friends, I guess.

STEVE
Have you spoken to them?

I SABELLA
My husband didn't go to Egypt. He hasn't been there in eight, nine years. His mother lives with us.

STEVE
I know how difficult this must be for you. But I don't know how the US government can help. There's no record of him at immigration, he wasn't arrested, turned away.

(MORE)

STEVE (cont'd)
The airline says he wasn't on the flight. This seems like a Brazilian police issue.

Isabella stares at him.

EXT. KHALID'S HOME - DAY (DESATURATED)

A tough neighborhood. Khalid and Fatima ride up to a decrepit house sitting atop an open garage. Fatima is hesitant.

ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

KHALID
It's okay.

FATIMA
Just to do homework, Khalid.

They park and lock their bikes. They move up the stairs. Khalid pulls a set of keys from a flower pot near the door.

INT. KHALID'S HOME - CONTINUOUS (DESATURATED)

Khalid leads Fatima inside through a small kitchen and to HIS BEDROOM

He enters. She stops at the doorway, nervous.

FATIMA
What if your grandmother comes back early?

Khalid moves to her and takes her hand.

KHALID
She won't, she's all the way in Aswan. To visit her sister.

Fatima gives him a look. Khalid kisses her cheek.

KHALID
Relax, it's just us.

He leads her to the bed, draws her down. Smells her hair.

KHALID
It smells like cinnamon.

She looks at him and smiles shyly. They kiss. It becomes heated. Suddenly, Fatima pulls away, stands. This is going too fast.

KHALID
What's wrong?

FATIMA
Nothing.

She looks around the room: Neat, organized. Sports posters, a cluster of soccer trophies, family photos pinned to the wall.

Fatima looks at the photos.

PHOTO of Khalid and FADIL EL-EMIN, his older brother, both with beards, standing beside HABI BAH, their grandmother.

PHOTO of a MIDDLE AGED MAN in a European city.

Fatima leans in for a closer look.

FATIMA
This your family?

KHALID
That's my brother with my grandmother. And that's my father. He's in Germany.

FATIMA
Do you ever see him?

KHALID
He calls once in a while, sends money for school.

Fatima points to an old photo of a WOMAN, 25.

FATIMA
Is that your mother?

Khalid nods.

FATIMA
She was beautiful.

She continues to look over the pictures.

FATIMA
You and your brother have the same eyes. Does he still have the beard?

Khalid stands, moves toward the door.

KHALID
Are you hungry? We should eat.

FATIMA
Where is he?

KHALID
Jordan.

FATIMA
Does he ever come to visit?

KHALID
No, not any more.

INT. HOME OFFICE, ANWAR AND ISABELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Isabella types on the computer. Intent. Her wallet is open, her credit cards sitting out. Jeremy walks in wearing his pajamas, half asleep.

ISABELLA
What are you doing up?

JEREMY
There's something under my bed.

ISABELLA
(zero patience)
Honey, there is nothing under your bed. Go to your room and go to sleep.

JEREMY
Mommy...

ISABELLA
(softens)
I'm sorry, baby, go sleep in my bed. I'll be done in a bit.

A beat. Jeremy turns and exits.

Isabella returns to the computer. The printer CLICKS, starts to print.

EXT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY, WASHINGTON - DAY

Establishing of this three building complex.

TITLE CARD: "NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY, WASHINGTON DC"

INT. CORRINE'S OFFICE, NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - DAY

Lee Mayers sits across from Corrine and her assistant, TODD SCOTT, 35. They're going over documents.

LEE
It was an attempt on Abasi
Zawahiri. Dixon was in the wrong
place at the wrong time.

CORRI NE
Who gives a shit. They got one of
us. It's a victory for them.

TODD
The El-Hazim Brigade. A Hezbollah
splinter cell.

Corrine picks up a picture of Rashid.

ON PHOTO - He's about 40, bearded.

LEE
Rashid Silimi.

TODD
A lawyer, went underground after
six years in a Jordanian prison.

CORRI NE
The Jordanians should've executed
the son-of-a-bitch when they had
the chance.

An awkward silence. Corrine's oblivious, reads her notes.

CORRI NE
Without Dixon, who do we have?

Todd hands Corrine Douglas' file.

LEE
Douglas Freeman.

She looks it over.

TODD
Military family. School ed in Saudi
Arabia. Degree in Business
Administration, Princeton. Junior
exec in the oil business before
9/11. Then he joined us. Speaks
Arabic, Farsi. Five years as an
analyst in Middle-east affairs.
Bahrain, Syria, Cairo for the last
two years.

CORRI NE
Can he do this?

LEE
He'll do what we tell him to do.

Corrine nods, not convinced.

CORRINE
The Egyptian?

TODD
Detainee 7786.

LEE
I polygraphed him. He's clean.

CORRINE
A polygraph is worthless.

LEE
(smiles)
We always say that when they pass.

CORRINE
You find something funny? We lost someone today.

LEE
I ran him by Interpol, Mosad, the Egyptians, nobody's interested.

CORRINE
I'm interested. Put him on a plane.

INT. ISABELLA AND ANWAR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Isabella packs her suitcase. It's green and white, a smaller version of Anwar's suitcase. Jeremy wears a Brazil soccer shirt and plays with his toy cars on the floor.

JEREMY
Why can't I come with you?

Jeremy stands and runs around the room pretending his toy car is now an airplane. He moves next to the desk, disturbing a pile of papers, faxes and police reports.

ISABELLA
Jeremy, stay away from the desk.
You can play over here.

Isabella watches him, for the moment pulled from her melancholy.

JEREMY
Are you gonna see daddy?

ISABELLA
Yes, sweetie.

Nuru stands at the door.

NURU
Jeremy, your food is on the table.

JEREMY
I want to wait for mommy.

Nuru gives him a look. Jeremy moves toward the door.

ISABELLA
I'll be right down.

Jeremy exits the room. Isabella sits, holds her stomach. Nuru picks Jeremy's toys off the floor.

NURU
You shouldn't lie to the boy. The world has enough lies.

ISABELLA
He's seven years old, Nuru, what am I supposed to say?

Their relationship is a testy one.

NURU
You tell him the truth.

Isabella stands and resumes packing.

NURU
You shouldn't be traveling in your condition.

ISABELLA
I know someone in Washington. An old friend. I don't know if he can help, but I have to try.

NURU
You don't have to worry. Allah will protect him.

ISABELLA
I know he will, Nuru, but I still need to go.

INT. SEDAN, CAIRO - DAY

In traffic. Douglas' driver pulls a pack of cigarettes and offers one to Douglas. He takes it and lights up.

EXT. NEW CENTURY COFFEESHOP, CAIRO - CONTINUOUS

Douglas' car pulls up to the curb. Douglas exits.

INT. NEW CENTURY COFFEESHOP, CAIRO - CONTINUOUS

Crowded and smoke filled.

Douglas enters and crosses the room to a back room.

INT. BACK ROOM - COFFEESHOP - CONTINUOUS

FAYET NUBAREK, 50, neat, sits in a corner booth sipping tea.

Douglas approaches and takes a seat. He's still on edge.

FAYET
I'm sorry about Dixon. Did you see anything?

Douglas shakes his head as he pours himself a cup of tea.

DOUGLAS
Do you guys have anything yet?

FAYET
No, it's too soon.

DOUGLAS
Could I get your most recent work-up on the El-Hazim?

FAYET
Sure.

DOUGLAS
And I need a call log on this cell.

Douglas hands Fayet a small piece of paper.

FAYET
Your people can't check this?

DOUGLAS
It is one of our people.

FAYET
(hesitates)
Is this business or personal?

Douglas shifts awkwardly, remains silent. Fayet slips the number into his pocket.

FAYET
You have a new detainee on the way.
A Canadian chemical engineer.

DOUGLAS
I haven't read his file.

FAYET
Who's observing?

DOUGLAS
I am.

FAYET
You're an analyst, Douglas.

Douglas downs the tea, wipes his mouth.

DOUGLAS
Call me when you have something.

Douglas stands and exits.

EXT. CAIRO UNIVERSITY - DAY (DESATURATED)

Establishing.

TITLE CARD: "CAIRO UNIVERSITY."

INT. CAIRO UNIVERSITY BUILDING - DAY (DESATURATED)

Fatima walks down a corridor lined with POSTERS OF SHEIK ALBAINI, 60, with a long white beard. The caption, "ALBAINI, WITH WESTERN AGGRESSION, THERE CAN BE NO PEACE."

She peeks into several doors, stands on her toes, peeks through windows. At one door -

HER POV- Khalid, OMAR, 20, and a few BEARDED STUDENTS are arguing around a conference table. Khalid is the only one without a beard.

Fatima tries the door, it's locked. Khalid and others see her face at the window.

IN THE HALLWAY

Khalid opens the door, steps out.

KHALID
What are you doing here?

FATIMA
We were meeting for lunch.

KHALID
How did you know I was here?

FATIMA
You're not difficult to find.

KHALID
(half joking)
You have spies.

FATIMA
What were you arguing about?

KHALID
Nothing.

Khalid walks off. Fatima follows.

FATIMA
It didn't look like, "nothing."

KHALID
(turns to her)
They want me to grow my beard back,
be like them. But I'm not like that
anymore. I want to be with you.
Does that answer your question?

FATIMA
(smiles)
Okay.

Fatima takes his hand.

FATIMA.
Come on. We're gonna be late for
class.

Khalid slides his hand free.

KHALID
I have something to do.

EXT. CAIRO UNIVERSITY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS (DESATURATED)

Khalid approaches the bike racks. Fatima follows.

FATIMA
What's the big secret? You can't
keep missing class, Khalid. We have
exams coming up.

Khalid unlocks his bike.

KHALID
You take great notes.

FATIMA
That's not funny. Where are you going?

KHALID
(terse)
Meet me at the Quad at 7.

Khalid gets on his bike

FATIMA
Khalid?

and rides away.

EXT. THE CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Establishing.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE, SENATOR HAWKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The receptionist, SAMANTHA, 45, sits at her desk.

ALAN SMITH, 35, and his assistant, RANDY GREEN, 30, enter.

RANDY
...he's saying the bill's gonna stall
in committee if we don't go public.

ALAN
(to Samantha)
Morning.

Samantha gestures to the reception seating. Alan turns. Isabella stands, smiles.

ALAN
Oh my God, Izzi e, you're here?

They move towards one another and hug warmly.

ISABELLA
Thank you for seeing me.

ALAN
Look at you. You didn't tell me you were pregnant.

ISABELLA
Seven and a half months.

ALAN
That's incredible. Everyone,
Isabella Fields, an old college
friend.

Isabella shakes Randy's hand, nods to Samantha.

ALAN
Come on, get off your feet. You
look like you're about to pop.

Alan leads Isabella into his office.

ALAN
(to Samantha)
Hold my calls.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Isabella and Alan sit across from one another.

ALAN
So, you married Anwar. What did
your father say to that?

ISABELLA
You can imagine. He passed away a
few years ago.

ALAN
I'm sorry.

ISABELLA
Did you have a chance to...

ALAN
...I did. My guy at INS got back to
me and assures me that your husband
hasn't entered the United States.

Alan takes a piece of paper off his desk.

ISABELLA
I know he landed at JFK, Alan.

ALAN
Izzie, they're very strict at the
border. Everyone that comes in has
to go through immigration. And if
there's no record of him...

Samantha knocks on the door and enters.

SAMANTHA
 Sorry, but I've got Congressman
 Lewis, line 2, says it's urgent.

ALAN
 (checks his watch)
 Tell him to hold.

Samantha exits.

ALAN
 We have an important piece of
 legislation coming up for a vote. A
 Medicaid bill the senator and I
 have been working on for a while.

Isabella nods and smiles. She couldn't be less interested.

ALAN
 Izzie, I'm not sure what else I can
 do. As far as they're concerned, he
 didn't land here. They don't see it
 as an American problem. Have you
 talked to the Brazilian
 authorities?

Isabella places a credit card statement on Alan's desk and
 slides it towards him.

ISABELLA
 I got this off the internet. His
 credit card statement. He spent 258
 dollars on Sky Mall during his
 flight to New York. He was on the
 plane, Alan.

SOUND OF JET ENGINES AS WE CUT TO

EXT. RUNWAY, MILITARY AIRPORT, CAIRO - DAY

A private jet lands.

An Egyptian police sedan waits on the runway. The car doors
 open, Vahe and Romo exit as the plane taxis to a stop twenty
 yards in front of them.

The plane door swings open, stairs descend.

Vahe and Romo approach the plane as

TWO AMERICAN AGENTS escort a cuffed and HOODED ANWAR down the
 stairs. They guide him to Vahe and Romo who place their hands
 on him and lead him to their car.

CLOSE ON ANWAR.

ANWAR
(muffled)
Where are you taking me?

VAHE
(in Arabic)
Do not speak.

They push Anwar into their car and slam the door.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens. Samantha steps in.

SAMANTHA
I've got Jim Alderman on the line.

Alan picks up the phone. Isabella watches, nervously.

ALAN
Jim, funny thing happened today. I
found out you haven't been
completely honest with me.

INT. JIM ALDERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

ALDERMAN, 50, sits at his desk in an INS OFFICE.

ALDERMAN
What are you talking about? Of
course I have.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ALAN AND JIM ALDERMAN.

ALAN
I'm sitting on convincing evidence
that Mr. Anwar El-Ibrahim landed in
New York on the seventh.

ALDERMAN
Alan, I am looking at the database.
There is no Anwar El-Ibrahim. If he
got off that plane, he either
avoided immigration or someone else
got to him.

ALAN
Like who for instance?

ALDERMAN
Use your imagination. Gotta run.

Alan hangs up.

I SABELLA
What did he say?

ALAN
Anwar got to JFK but didn't go
through immigration.

I SABELLA
How is that possible?

ALAN
(on the intercom)
Samantha, see if I can get a minute
with Marsha Adams.

EXT. DETENTION CENTER, CELL, CAIRO - DAY

The hood is yanked off Anwar's head. He squints into focus.

THE BLURRED IMAGE OF ROMO backing out of the 7X7 foot cell
and shutting the door.

Anwar is naked, alone. The grey stone room is windowless but
for a small opening near the ceiling. There is no furniture,
sink or toilet. Just a small hole in one corner and a Koran
and praying mat in the other. A claustrophobic nightmare.

Anwar hyperventilates.

EXT. CAIRO MARKET - DAY (DESATURATED)

A narrow alley lined with colorful kiosks and tea houses.
Khalid rides through on his bike. He makes a turn.

Bounces down A STAIRWAY

INTO ANOTHER ALLEY

...even narrower. Squalid. Khalid tosses his bike down beside a
row of other bikes and descends a long flight of stairs that
lead to a doorway.

He knocks. The door cracks open. A YOUNG MAN with a rifle
slung over his shoulder steps aside. Khalid slips inside.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE SPEAKER'S OFFICE, CAPITAL - DAY

Aides move in and out of the office. The door is marked
"SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE"

INT. RECEPTION, SPEAKER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Isabella waits.

INT. MARSHA ADAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Simple and professional, with a view. MARSHA sits at her desk. She's 50, assertive, right where she wants to be.

Alan sits across from her.

MARSHA
Seems like a law enforcement issue.
Have you talked to the FBI?

ALAN
They haven't heard of him. CIA?

MARSHA
As we both know they aren't allowed
to operate within our borders.

ALAN
What a wonderful rule.

MARSHA
I'm sorry I can't be of more help.

ALAN
If an agency were charged with
securing someone without leaving
any traces, who would you put your
money on.

MARSHA
I wouldn't want to speculate.

ALAN
Between us.

MARSHA
(hesitates)
Corrine Whitman, NSA.

INT. EXTREMIST SAFE HOUSE - DAY (DESATURATED)

A one-room flat. There are twenty people, all men, seated. The room is strangely quiet. Two Gunmen cradling AK-47s stand aside an empty armchair at the top of the room.

Khalid is seated next to Omar.

KHALID
(whispers)
Is he really going to come?

OMAR
Yes.

INT. ABASI'S OFFICE - DAY

Abasi is at his desk with a glass of bourbon. Douglas sits across from him.

ABASI
I'm very sorry about Dixon. They
were after me.

Abasi sips his drink.

Douglas pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and places it on the desk.

DOUGLAS
Our list of questions.

Douglas slides it toward Abasi.

ABASI
(slight sarcasm)
Of course.

Romo rushes in and turns on the TV.

ROMO
(in Arabic)
Al Jazeera is running footage of
the attack.

ON TV: A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN GIRL, 19, stands smiling in FRAME. She says something, inaudible. The SADAT STATUE is behind her.

GUNSHOT!

The girl reacts, looks over her shoulder. The camera shakes.

ANOTHER GUNSHOT!

Pandemonium. Shaky camera. Flickering images of the plaza. Screams, horns, more GUNSHOTS.

AN EXPLOSION.

AL JAZI ERA SPOKESPERSON
 "Egyptian authorities have
 confirmed thirty-six casualties.
 Most of the victims...

ABASI
 (in Arabic)
 Why the fuck didn't we get that.
 Get Ahmed on the phone. Tell him I
 want a copy of the entire tape
 immediately.

Romo exits.

DOUGLAS
 I'd like a copy as well.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

ABASI
 (surprised)
 You're fluent?

DOUGLAS
 Yes.

ABASI
 Are you staying to observe?

DOUGLAS
 Absolutely.

ABASI
 You are not to speak, no questions,
 no suggestions, no interference. Is
 that understood?

Abasi moves toward the door. Douglas follows.

DOUGLAS
 Hopefully we can get some answers
 out of this guy.

ABASI
 I'm sure of it.

INT. CORRI NE WHITMAN'S NSA OFFICE - DAY

A PHONE RINGS.

Todd, her assistant, answers.

TODD
 Corrine Whi tman's offi ce.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Alan and Isabella sit at his desk.

ALAN
It's Alan Smith from Senator
Hawkins' office. I need to speak to
her urgently.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ALAN AND TODD.

TODD
I'm Todd Hamilton, Mrs. Whitman's
executive assistant. Can I ask what
this is in regards to?

ALAN
Anwar El-Ibrahim.

TODD
Please hold.

Alan puts the phone on speaker. MUZAK. They wait.

ALAN
It's called, "Extraordinary
Rendition." It began under the
Clinton Administration and took on
a whole new life under Bush after
9/11. The US government has
authorized the seizure and transfer
of foreign terrorism suspects to
their countries of origin.

ISABELLA
Where they're tortured?

ALAN
Detained and interrogated more
freely, often without legal
protections.

ISABELLA
(abrupt)
Tortured, Alan. Don't sugar coat it
for me. Do I need a lawyer?

ALAN
Did Anwar ever apply for American
citizenship?

Isabella shakes her head "no".

ISABELLA
Is that important?

ALAN
If we go public. The president and his people are going to come out swinging. Is there anything you want to tell me?

I SABELLA
Like what?

ALAN
Like anything. The FBI checks him out, promise me they're not going to find something.

I SABELLA
No, Alan.

TODD
(speaker phone)
Mrs. Whitman is unavailable. Please submit your inquiry in writing. Thank you.

Todd hangs up. Alan is silent.

I SABELLA
What does that mean?

ALAN
I think they have him.

INT. EXTREMIST SAFE HOUSE - DAY (DESATURATED)

SHEIK ALBAINI, 60, is helped into his chair by HAMADI, 40, bearded. Albaini looks like his posters we've seen before. He straightens his glasses and turns to his notes.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

SHEIK ALBAINI
For jihadists, the war against the Zionists and its western whores is fundamentally religious. The war against the West represents the decisive battle between faith and infidelity, good and evil.

Khalid and Omar listen attentively.

SHEIK ALBAINI
The killing of infidels is a religious duty required by Allah. If you meet those who reject, then strike the necks.

INT. HALLWAY, MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Romo and another GUARD approach and pause at a cell door. The guard opens the cell. Anwar sits in the corner, terrified.

Romo throws clothes at Anwar.

SHEIK ALBAINI (V.O., SUBTITLED)
 This divine demand will not change with the passage of time or with the change of policies or administrations in the Western world. The purpose of jihad in Islam is to secure complete freedom for every man throughout the world, so that he may serve Allah and enjoy the justice of Islam. Western values are the lure of the Devil.

Anwar is moved down the hallway cuffed and shackled. They descend a flight of metal stairs. They pass a SECURITY OFFICE. Two GUARDS are watching TV.

SHEIK ALBAINI (V.O., SUBTITLED)
 True freedom for us is the absolute submission to Allah's law. Whatever delays the imposition of sharia exacerbates human suffering, and thus is evil.

A wide hallway. Sterile grey walls, florescent lights. Guards at a door. Anwar, Romo and the guard round the corner. Anwar pauses. Romo and the guard pull him towards the guarded door.

SHEIK ALBAINI (V.O., SUBTITLED)
 This is why we have no option but to wrest authority from all wicked governments.

They reach the door. Anwar is in tears bordering on panic.

INT. EXTREMIST SAFE HOUSE - DAY (DESATURATED)

Khalid's concentration is hypnotically focused on the Sheik.

SHEIK ALBAINI (V.O., SUBTITLED)
 There can be no compromise with the forces of Satan. The mixing and coexistence of the truth and falsehood is impossible.

Omar watches Khalid appreciatively.

Hamadi watches them both.

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM 17 - DAY

Abasi and Douglas approach the guarded door.

SOUND OF THE SOFT THUD OF SOMEONE BEING BEATEN INSIDE.

Douglas shifts, uneasy. Abasi gestures to the guard. He opens the door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 17 - CONTINUOUS

The room is Spartan, a table, two chairs, and a sink. Abasi and Douglas enter. Vahe steps away from Anwar. He puts his coat on, straightens his shirt and tie.

Anwar is cuffed and shackled to the chair. Anwar's face is now bruised and bloodied from a fresh beating. He's weeping.

Douglas approaches Anwar. Abasi takes Douglas' arm and guides him towards the corner. Abasi sits across Anwar and sets his papers down. He looks at Anwar, astonished.

ABASI

My God, what has happened to you?

ANWAR

I have been beaten and kicked for no reason.

Abasi turns to Vahe.

ABASI

(in ARABIC)

Who's responsible for this?

Vahe's silent. Abasi pulls a handkerchief and gently wipes Anwar's face.

ABASI

I apologize. I will find out who is responsible and they will be punished.

Douglas drops back into a dark corner.

ANWAR

Where am I? I want to see a representative of the Canadian government.

ABASI

Actually, the Canadians turned you over to us.

ANWAR
That's not possible.

ABASI
(almost amused)
Oh yes. I have a few questions. If you answer honestly, we can get this cleared quickly.

ANWAR
(to Douglas)
Are you American?

Douglas remains in the shadows.

ANWAR
I'm a Canadian citizen.

Abasi snaps his fingers in Anwar's face. Anwar turns back.

ABASI
You're Egyptian. Subject to our laws.

ANWAR
I was born in Egypt. I left when I was 18.

ABASI
Your English is beautiful. What language do you speak with Rashid?

Anwar doesn't respond.

ABASI
It doesn't matter.
(in Arabic)
I think you know who I'm talking about. Shall we stop the games?

ANWAR
(sincere)
No, I don't.

Abasi smiles.

ABASI
You're employed by the...

ANWAR
...Organni Corporation.

ABASI
What do you do for them?

ANWAR
I'm an engineer.

ABASI
What kind of engineer?

ANWAR
Chemical.

ABASI
You're a chemist?

ANWAR
A chemical engineer.

ABASI
Is that why Rashid came to you? For your explosives expertise.

ANWAR
I do not know Rashid.

Abasi pulls out a picture and slides it to Anwar.

ON PHOTO - A twelve-year-old wedding photo of Anwar and Isabella standing next to four Egyptian men.

Abasi points to one of the young men.

ABASI
Rashid.

ANWAR
No, that's my cousin, Uway.

ABASI
Uway? Well that makes all the difference in the world. You didn't realize you were aiding a terrorist.

ANWAR
What?

ABASI
Tell me about the information you passed to Uway.

ANWAR
I haven't talked to him in years.

Abasi loses all expression in his face. He slides the NSA cell phone intercept towards Anwar.

ABASI
How do you explain the recent calls
Rashid, Uway, made to you?

ANWAR
I don't know what you're talking
about. I haven't talked to or seen
Uway since my wedding.

ABASI
So these intercepts are lies?

ANWAR
Yes, I mean, I don't know. I get
calls from relatives all the time
asking for things. Wait, um...

Anwar tries to read the date of the calls.

ANWAR
My cousin, Hadi El-Mirbi, he called
inquiring about his grandson
attending New York University.

Abasi writes the name down.

ANWAR
He's sixty-five years old.

ABASI
The criminal, Rashid, has been on a
bombing campaign for two years. His
explosives suddenly more powerful,
more deadly. You have access to the
materials, the know-how. This
terrorist has made many calls to
you recently. What are we to think?

Anwar is silent.

ABASI
What if I were to tell you that we
have a signed confession from one
of Rashid's lieutenants that you
have been aiding them?

ANWAR
Then I'd say you were lying.

In a blur, Abasi hits Anwar so hard that his chair tips over.
Vahe and Romo descend on Anwar like wolves. They kick and
beat him mercilessly.

Douglas' horrified expression reflects the brutality of
Anwar's beating.

THE UGLY SOUND OF A BONE BREAKING. ANWAR WAILS FOR MERCY.
Douglas drops back further into shadow.

INT. TOILET, DETENTION CENTER - LATER

Douglas enters and moves up to the sink, throws up. Anwar's cries echoing in his head. He throws cold water on his face.

Abasi steps in, moves up to an adjacent sink. He washes blood from his hands. Blood swirls in the sink and drains.

Douglas straightens, regains his composure.

ABASI
Not exactly Kansas, hum?

DOUGLAS
(restrained)
Beating a man half to death is no way to gain his cooperation.

ABASI
I don't want his cooperation, I want answers, to your questions.

DOUGLAS
What answers do you get from a dead man?

Abasi dries his hands, annoyed.

ABASI
Why are you here? You know what we have to do, yet you flinch.
(beat, heads for the door)
Come with me.

INT. HALLWAY, MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Abasi strides down a narrow passageway between cells. Dozens of them. Dank and dark. Douglas follows, reluctantly.

INSIDE A CELL

BLACK

A door opens. Abasi and Douglas stand in the doorway.

REVERSE

Abasi flips a light switch.

SUDDEN BRIGHT LIGHT illuminates

A DETAINEE, 30, naked, bleeding and horribly bruised, laying in the fetal position in a corner. He flinches at the light.

Douglas covers his nose, the smell is disgusting.

ABASI

72 hours ago this man swore on the life of his children that he knew nothing about the El Gouna resort attack last month. Yesterday, he gave up the ringleaders.

Abasi gestures to the guard. He closes the cell door.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abasi and Douglas enter. Dozens of weapons, IEDs, grenades, and suicide vests are carefully laid out.

ABASI

(picks up a vest)

They were caught constructing these suicide vests.

The TRIGGER dangles from the vest. Abasi holds it.

ABASI

They close the fool's hand around this pressure release trigger. They let go, it detonates. They change their minds? They get shot, detonation. No way out.

Abasi picks up a paper bag and empties some of its contents on the table: nails, glass, ball bearings, pieces of metal.

ABASI

For maximum carnage.

(holds a piece of metal)

This is what killed Dixon. And 36 other innocent people.

Abasi inches closer to Douglas, dripping with contempt.

ABASI

You think you can get your answers with small talk and niceties? Then take him. Right now. I'll have him released into your custody.

Douglas is silent. At that moment, Abasi understands Douglas' confliction completely, and resents him for it.

ABASI
I'll take that as a, "no."

Abasi walks off. Douglas stands alone.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Alan and Isabella enter.

ALAN
It would be nice to know what their reasons were. They didn't just pick him up cause he was Egyptian. Maybe a friend or associate that has some contact with an extremist group? The Mosque he attends?

Alan looks to Isabella for an answer. He gets none.

ALAN
I'm going to a pharmaceutical fundraiser tonight. There's a good chance Corrine Whitman will be there.
(turns to Isabella)
Izzy, I'm gonna do everything I can to help you. Do you hear me?

She seems in some discomfort.

ALAN
What is it?

ISABELLA
The baby's kicking me pretty good. Let me sit down for a second.

Alan helps her to a sofa.

She takes a few deep breaths, calms.

ALAN
Can I feel it?

ISABELLA
Sure.

Alan sits next to Isabella and gently puts his hand on her stomach. He feels the movement.

ALAN
That's amazing.

They exchange a smile.

I SABELLA
I should've stayed in touch.

ALAN
Yeah, maybe.

I SABELLA
Whatever happened to Elizabeth?

ALAN
You remember her?

I SABELLA
She was cute, nice smile.

ALAN
I haven't thought about her in years. She moved to San Francisco, lost contact.

I SABELLA
You never got married.

ALAN
Only to the job.

Isabella watches Alan. He feels a tinge of discomfort under her gaze. He glances at his watch.

ALAN
I should get going. You want me to help you up to your room.

I SABELLA
No, I'm fine. I'm just going to sit here for a few minutes.

Alan leans over and kisses her on the cheek.

ALAN
Get some rest.

I SABELLA
Call me if you find out anything?

ALAN
Of course.

INT. ABASI AND SEMIA'S HOME, CAIRO - NIGHT

Abasi enters, hesitates. A moment. He slowly takes off his coat.

SEMIA (O.S.)
Abasi.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Semia sits with Layla. She's been crying. They stand as Abasi enters. He lights up upon seeing Layla.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

ABASI
Is Fatima here?

LAYLA
No.

Abasi tries to conceal his disappointment.

SEMI A
There's a problem, Aba.

LAYLA
I don't know where Fatima is.

ABASI
She was staying with you.

LAYLA
I went away for a few days. She's gone. I've looked everywhere.

ABASI
You left her alone?

LAYLA
She's 20. She gave me her word she'd be home by eight.

ABASI
When was the last time you saw her?

LAYLA
Three days ago.

Abasi pulls out his cell and starts a call.

LAYLA
She's been seeing a boy. She said he was a school friend. Just a friend.

ABASI
What's his name?

LAYLA
I don't know if she's with him.

ABASI
What's his name?

LAYLA
Khalid, I think. I don't know his
family name.

Abasi writes the name down.

LAYLA
Abasi, I'm sorry.

INT. DOUGLAS' HOUSE, CAIRO - NIGHT

The house is dark. Douglas arrives. He turns on a light.

There's a woman's COAT on the floor. Douglas picks it up and
smells it. He looks toward the stairs.

STAIRCASE

Douglas approaches. There's a SKIRT laying on the stairs.

INT. DOUGLAS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Douglas moves to the door and pushes it open.

Safiya lies in bed in a sheer negligé. She sees Douglas. She
gets out of bed, walks up to him and embraces him warmly.

DOUGLAS
What? What is it?

Safiya kisses his neck, cheek, lips. They move slowly towards
the bed. With each step he loses a jacket, shirt, pants.

They fall into bed, full of passion. Douglas lays on top of
her, kissing her, grinding his body into her. She wraps her
arms and legs around him.

He fumbles with his shorts, gets them down, and tries to
insert himself. He buries his face into the nape of her neck,
grunting.

He fails, lays motionless.

The passion has evaporated. Safiya gently pushes him off her.
He stares up at the ceiling, somber.

SAFIYA
I shouldn't have come?

He takes her hand and brings it to his lips.

SAFI YA
Are you okay?

Douglas doesn't respond.

SAFI YA
Tell me?

DOUGLAS
It's a nightmare.

SAFI YA
What are you talking about?

DOUGLAS
The Canadian detainee...

SAFI YA
The one connected to Rashid Silimi?

DOUGLAS
How do you know that?

Safiya doesn't answer.

DOUGLAS
How did you know that?

Safiya looks at him sternly.

SAFI YA
It's a poorly kept secret, Douglas.
Everyone in the office knows you
have someone with ties to Rashid.

Silence.

DOUGLAS
There's no way he's going to
survive this.

SAFI YA
Has he told you anything?

DOUGLAS
I don't know if he knows anything.

SAFI YA
What's his name?

DOUGLAS
Doesn't matter.

Safiya sits up.

SAFI YA
You don't trust me.

DOUGLAS
Is there a reason I shouldn't?

They stare at each other for a tense moment. Safi ya gets out of bed and starts to dress.

DOUGLAS
Where are you going?

SAFI YA
I'm going home.

DOUGLAS
Come on, Safi ya. Don't go.

Douglas gets out of bed.

SAFI YA
This was a bad idea.

Safi ya gathers her coat and purse. He moves towards her.

DOUGLAS
You know that information is classified. Come here.

He moves towards her to kiss her. She hesitates, still hurt. Safi ya softens.

They kiss.

EXT. KHALID'S HOME - NIGHT (DESATURATED)

Fatima waits on Khalid's stairs.

Khalid rides up on his bike. He locks it up in the garage and moves toward the stairs.

KHALID
(startled)
What are you doing here?

FATIMA
Where were you? You were supposed to meet me hours ago.

KHALID
I had something I had to do.

FATIMA
Why didn't you answer your cell phone?

KHALID
I was busy.

FATIMA
Seeing another girl?

KHALID
No, don't be stupid.

Fatima doesn't believe him. She pushes by him to leave. He grabs her arm.

FATIMA
Then where were you?

KHALID
I was with Omar.

FATIMA
Where?

KHALID
The Old City.

FATIMA
I don't believe you.

Fatima moves to leave. Khalid doesn't let her go.

FATIMA
Let go of me.

KHALID
We went to hear Sheikh Al Bai ni .

FATIMA
Why, Khalid? You said you were done with that.

KHALID
I am. I just wanted to hear him speak, that's all.

FATIMA
Why didn't you tell me?

KHALID
I didn't want to make you angry.

Fatima softens.

FATIMA
I don't like it when you hold things from me.

KHALID
I'm sorry.

He kisses her forehead.

FATIMA
I should go.

KHALID
Stay here.

FATIMA
No Khalid.

KHALID
In separate bedrooms. It's too late
for you to ride home.

He takes her hand and leads her inside. The door closes.
Darkness.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Black. Flickers of light. Blurry. Wavy.

CLOSE ON ANWAR'S FACE - he opens his eyes. He's underwater.
Bubbles fall out of his mouth, his eyes become frantic.

He's pulled out of the water by Vahe. Abasi and Romo stand
next to them. Anwar's unshaven, bruised and bloody. His hands
are tied tight behind his back. He gasps for air before being
shoved back into the water.

Douglas watches, stoic.

ABASI
(casually, to Douglas)
It takes a while to drown a man.

Abasi checks his watch, nods to Vahe.

Vahe brings Anwar up and sits him in the chair. Anwar coughs
water/blood and cries.

ANWAR
Please, please, no more.

ABASI
You think I like doing this? I'd
much rather be at home with my
children. You force me. Your cousin
killed dozens of innocent people in
an attempt on my life. I have to
protect myself and my people.

ANWAR
I want to see my baby. Please, I don't know anything.

Abasi leans into him, teeth clenched.

ABASI
He calls you as recently as a week ago and you insult my intelligence by saying you know nothing?

VAHE
A name, any associate of Rashid's.

ABASI
Technical expertise you passed on to him?

ROMO
(in Arabic)
Answer him Anwar, please.

Abasi shoots Romo a look. Romo steps back, tentative.

ABASI
(back to Anwar)
Stop the charade, we all know you are not innocent.

Anwar looks up to Douglas dripping water and blood.

ANWAR
And you are?

That hit home, you can see it on Douglas' face.

Vahe hits Anwar then shoves him back into the water.

DOUGLAS
I want to talk to him.

Abasi looks at Douglas, amused by the request. Douglas is dead serious.

DOUGLAS
Alone.

Abasi and Vahe exchange a look. Abasi gestures with a tip of his head. Vahe brings Anwar out of the water and practically throws him into a chair. Anwar gasps for air. Vahe handcuffs him...

DOUGLAS
No, leave him.

Vahe looks to Abasi for guidance. Abasi gives the okay. Abasi, Romo, and Vahe exit.

Anwar looks around confused. He turns to Douglas.

ANWAR

Please, you have to help me.
They're going to kill me. My wife's
American. She's 7 months pregnant.

DOUGLAS

I want to see you get home to your
wife. Whatever information you have
on Rashid and his organization,
give it up. If you cooperate, I can
get you out of here.

ANWAR

(breaking down)

Does my family know I'm here? Can
you call my wife, tell her I'm
alive...

DOUGLAS

Explain the phone calls to your
cell and I'll call her right away.

ANWAR

I lived in New York City for six
years. Did you know that? That's
where I met my wife. Are you
married? Children?

Douglas nods, "no."

ANWAR

I have a 7 year old son. He loves
me to read to him before he goes to
sleep. After five minutes, he dozes
off. That's the most important five
minutes of my day.

DOUGLAS

Terrorists love their children,
too.

ANWAR

(terse)

I'm not a terrorist! You think I
would put my family in jeopardy for
anything or anyone?

DOUGLAS

I'm trying to help you, Anwar.

ANWAR
 (Louder)
 I have something. Something of
 value. What do you have? Huh? What
 do you have?

Douglas is silent.

ANWAR
 Nothing! You have nothing!
 You are nothing! But a torturer! A
 torturer!

INT. HALLWAY, DENTENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS
 Douglas backs out of the interrogation room.

ANWAR (O.S.)
 Torturer!

Romo shuts the door.

Abasi stands with a knowing look.

Douglas walks away.

EXT. MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Douglas' car and driver are waiting.

Douglas exits the building. He moves toward the car, pauses.
 He looks around as if to re-orient himself to his
 surroundings. He continues to his car and gets in.

INT. SEDAN, CAIRO STREET - DAY

Douglas and his driver. They're caught in traffic. The driver
 offers him a cigarette. Douglas takes one.

A KNOCKING ON DOUGLAS' SIDE WINDOW.

Douglas jumps, fearful.

It's just a KID looking to sell fruit. Douglas waves him off.

Douglas' cellphone RINGS. He answers.

DOUGLAS
 Douglas Freeman.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DOUGLAS AND CORRI NE WHITMAN.

Corrine is dressing for a formal affair in her bedroom.

CORRI NE
Corrine Whitman. Lee Mayer speaks
very highly of you.

DOUGLAS
Thank you.

CORRI NE
How are things progressi ng wi th
7786?

DOUGLAS
He's not cooperati ng.

CORRI NE
That's why he's there.

DOUGLAS
I don't think he has any relevant
information.
(pause)
But we could still use him. He's
perfectly positioned to slip into
Rashi d's inner circle. He's a
relative, weapons expertise, a
young family we could play off.

CORRI NE
We need information now, Mr.
Freeman, not in two years.

DOUGLAS
I understand that. But if we
continue on our present course,
we'll get nothing.

CORRI NE
Is thi s opini on shared by the
Egypti ans?

Dougl as doesn' t answer ri ght away.

DOUGLAS
No.

CORRI NE
How many interrogati ons have you
observed over your career.

DOUGLAS
Thi s i s my fi rst torture.

CORRI NE
I beg your pardon?

DOUGLAS
 He's being abused, ma'am, and the
 only thing we're gonna end up with
 is a dead body...

CLICK, DIAL TONE

Douglas looks at his phone. Shuts it. That was a fuck up.

INT. MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER, CAIRO - NIGHT

Anwar squats in the corner. He looks toward the KORAN sitting atop the praying mat.

The slit in the door squeaks open. A pita bread drops in. Anwar looks at it for what seems like a long time. He crawls to the door, picks it up and devours it.

Eyes appear in the slot. Anwar stumbles back and cowers in the corner. The door opens. Romo steps in.

ROMO
 (in broken English)
 I'm not going to hurt you. I just
 want to talk.

Anwar looks at Romo warily as he continues eating.

ROMO
 I'm sorry for the things I do to
 you. I have no choice, it's my job.

ANWAR
 That supposed to make me feel
 better?

Romo kneels down, tries to smile.

ROMO
 I've been to America. Florida,
 Tampa, my aunt lives there.

ANWAR
 Good for you.

ROMO
 I believe you. I believe you're
 telling the truth. But there is
 nothing I can do. They think you
 are lying.

ANWAR
 You can contact my wife. She lives
 in Toronto, Canada. I'll give you
 the number and you'll call her.

A noise in the hallway freezes them both. It reminds Romo of his perilous situation. He stands.

ROMO

There is nothing your wife can do. You belong to Abasi now. There are men in these cells that have been here for five, six years.

ANWAR

You've got to help me. Please, I will pay you.

ROMO

With what? You have nothing.

Anwar stands.

ANWAR

I have money. Lots of money. Please, don't go.

Anwar grabs Romo's sleeve.

Romo looks down at Anwar's hand.

Anwar lets him go. Romo exits.

EXT. INTERSECTION, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

A black SUV pulls up to the red light.

INT. SENATOR HAWKIN'S BLACK SUV, WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT

Senator Hawkins and Alan are dressed in evening suits and ties. Alan reads from his notes.

ALAN

They created a CIA front based in Richmond. The company has leased two jets from the Emiant company for the last eighteen months. I haven't been able to get the flight logs of the jets but I will.

HAWKINS

Have you checked him out?

ALAN

A preliminary check shows no criminal record, FBI, Interpol cleared him.

(MORE)

ALAN (cont'd)
 He was cleared the last twelve
 times he entered the states.
 Randy's doing a more extensive
 search.

HAWKINS
 Could he be dirty?

ALAN
 Does it make a difference? They
 just threw him on a plane and flew
 him out of the country. No legal
 process, outside review or family
 notification.

(Leans into the Senator)
 When this breaks public, you want
 to be on the right side of it.

EXT. SENATOR CUMMINGS HOME, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

The house takes up a good portion of the block. Hawkins' SUV
 pulls into the driveway.

INT. SENATOR CUMMINGS HOME - CONTINUOUS

A money and influence power-party in full swing.

Hawkins and Alan move through the crowd. Several guests
 approach and greet the senator.

ALAN
 (whispers to Hawkins)
 Derek Hansen, Exxon Lobbyist.

Hawkins nods to Mr. Hansen. A WOMAN in her 40s approaches.

ALAN
 Sharon Lopez, Senior advisor for
 Hispanic Business Owners
 Association.

HAWKINS
 (to Sharon)
 Mrs. Lopez, nice to see you.

SHARON
 Senator. When are we gonna have our
 sit down? I've left messages.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

Senator Hawkins and Alan listen to two military contractors
 debating their world views. Both men are in their forties.

CONTRACTOR #1
What's a few F-16s. The technology
is two decades old.

CONTRACTOR #2
That's not the point. They financed
the Taliban, shielded Al-Qaeda and
are known proliferators of WMDs.

CONTRACTOR #1
What does that have to do with the
price of tea in China, Harry.
Speaking of China, didn't you just
sign a deal to provide software to
Chinese aerospace.

HAWKINS
Would you excuse me.

The senator walks off. Alan turns to the contractors, smiles.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Alan listens to an eager first term
congressman.

CONGRESSMAN
Other than the "nuke 'em all"
letters I receive, I get some
heartfelt notes from mothers and
grandmothers asking me a very
simple question, "why are our boys
still over there." I tell you, I am
hard pressed for an answer.

Corrine and Lars enter and are greeted by the host, an
ELDERLY COUPLE dressed to the nines. Alan watches them.

ALAN
Excuse me congressman, I just saw
someone I need to speak to.

Corrine and Lars greet the other guests as they move towards
the bar. Alan cuts her off and holds out his hand.

ALAN
Corrine Whitman, hi, Alan Smith,
Senator Hawkins' s office.

They shake.

CORRI NE
Mr. Smith, My husband, Lars.

Alan and Lars shake hands.

CORRI NE
How's the senator?

ALAN
Flush, twenty-five points up and
not a contender in sight.

CORRI NE
Must be a nice view.

ALAN
I was wondering if I might have a
word with you?

INT. CORNER OF THE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Corrine turns to Alan with a smile.

ALAN
I'm inquiring about a constituent's
missing husband. Anwar El-Ibrahim.
Does that name sound familiar?

CORRI NE
No, I'm afraid it doesn't.

ALAN
That's really odd because everyone
keeps telling me that you have him.
Or at least you had him before you
rendered him to Egypt.

Corrine smiles like a cat with feathers on her whiskers.

CORRI NE
Perhaps you should speak to the
Egyptians.

ALAN
Do you really want to see this on
the evening news. Dedicated family
man, pregnant wife, NYU graduate,
detained, rendered, no charges, no
lawyer, squirreled away to God-
knows-where. Gestapo tactics.
Americans tend not to like that.

CORRI NE
Have you heard of Rashid Silimi?
The man responsible for the bombing
in Cairo last week. Killing an
embassy diplomat...

ALAN
...a veteran CIA agent.

CORRI NE

(shoot back)

An American. We've established firm ties between Rashid and your constituent's husband. You and the senator wanna stretch your necks for a terrorist?

ALAN

No, but we would for the constitution, for due process.

Corrine sips her wine.

CORRI NE

Say we did inconvenience a few people. Is that worth a few thousand American lives? Ten thousand?

ALAN

Terror against terror.

CORRI NE

What are you taking issue with? A particular man's disappearance or a national security policy?

ALAN

I'll have a copy of the Constitution sent over to your office, Mrs. Whitman. Mr. Ibrahim should be brought back here. If he's guilty, try him. If not, return him to his family.

CORRI NE

Imagine, you and the senator all over the evening news defending a terror suspect. It could put all kinds of things that seemed safe and sure, suddenly in jeopardy.

ALAN

Is that a threat?

CORRI NE

You think I'm gonna stand by and let you throw up gorilla dust, confusing the American people? Rendition is a valuable weapon against terror. One the president supports vigorously. Do yourself a favor, stay the fuck out of my way. I have work to do protecting this country.

Corrine walks off and joins the party.

INT. ABASI'S OFFICE - DAY

COMPUTER SCREEN:

Grainy tourist video footage of SADAT PLAZA, pre-bombing.

A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN GIRL, 19, stands smiling in FRAME. She says something, inaudible. The SADAT STATUE is behind her.

GUNSHOT ON TAPE!

The girl reacts, looks over her shoulder. The camera shakes.

ANOTHER GUNSHOT!

Pandemonium. Shaky camera. Flickering images of the plaza. Screams, horns, more GUNSHOTS.

AN EXPLOSION. SILENCE. Video hits the ground, continues filming on its side.

Vahe taps the computer. Abasi sits next to him.

The video IMAGES rewind.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

VAHE
Australian tourists. They didn't survive.

ABASI
(off the monitor)
Stop, right there. Play it. Slowly.

COMPUTER SCREEN - the rewind stops on the smiling Australian girl. It plays slow motion.

Abasi points to the fuzzy image of a man entering the center plaza behind the girl.

ABASI
That's him, heading right for me.

COMPUTER SCREEN - The man stops near the statue.

VAHE
He stopped.

COMPUTER SCREEN - the girl moves to her left, taking the MAN out of frame.

ABASI

Damn.

COMPUTER SCREEN - the girl moves, the MAN is back in frame, still near the statue.

SOUND FROM THE FOOTAGE - HORNS, A GUNSHOT.

Abasi and Vahe watch the footage intently. Abasi points.

ABASI

There.

COMPUTER SCREEN - PANDEMONIUM, shaking camera, the image freezes on the MAN. He's on his knees being held by someone.

Abasi and Vahe exchange a look.

VAHE

An accomplice?

EXT. COURTYARD, EGYPTIAN MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - DAY

Fifty people, diplomats, foreign guests, drenched in flowers.

Two musicians play a soft piece on violins.

Douglas enters, disheveled. He scans the courtyard.

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

Fayet listens to a discussion between senior diplomats from France and Mexico.

FRANCOIS

We've been ordered to increase our security by thirty percent.

ALEJANDRO

What does a thirty percent increase in French security mean anyway?

They both smile.

ALEJANDRO

You're just making yourself more of a target. Security is an illusion, like power.

FAYET

There are tangible rewards to that illusion. It's not about invading countries, Alejandro, it's the sense of security in knowing that you can.

Douglas interrupts awkwardly. Fayet is surprised.

DOUGLAS
(to Fayet)
Can I have a word with you?

FAYET
Excuse me, Gentlemen.

Douglas and Fayet stroll off.

FAYET
What are you doing here?

DOUGLAS
I need everything you have on Anwar
El-Ibrahim.

They enter bay doors leading to

FAYET'S OFFICE.

FAYET
We have what you have.

DOUGLAS
It's nothing.

FAYET
Is that what you came here to talk
about?

DOUGLAS
You requested his rendition.

FAYET
You asked us to request his
rendition. We're reliable partners
in your war on terror. You want
someone questioned, we do it.

DOUGLAS
Rein in Abasi until I can get more...

FAYET
...how am I supposed to do that?

DOUGLAS
They're beating him to death.

FAYET
You're just the observer.

DOUGLAS
That's a coward's line and you know
it.

FAYET
Douglas, this is your chance.
People are watching you. Keep your
mouth shut and do your job.

DOUGLAS
It's not right, Fayet. I feel it,
in my gut.

FAYET
The guy's being questioned, it's
tough, but that's how things are
done.

DOUGLAS
He doesn't fit the profile. No
history of extremist participation
or radicalization. No unusual
travel, emails, money transfers.
He's clean but for a few calls.

FAYET
Maybe that's all he needed.

Fayet pulls an envelope out and hands it to Douglas.

FAYET
Safiya's phone logs. Calls to an
unlisted satellite phone. It
smells. We're checking on it.

Fayet moves toward the garden.

FAYET
Come, join the party.

Douglas has been hit with a bag of bricks. He just stands
there, silent.

EXT. COURTYARD, MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS

Douglas exits and moves toward his car.

FRAN CRUSHNER (O.S.)
Mr. Freeman. Mr. Freeman.

Douglas turns to

FRAN CRUSHNER, 60, approaching with her hand held out.

FRAN CRUSHNER
Fran Crushner, Washington Post.

They shake hands.

FRAN
You're stationed at the American
embassy, right?

DOUGLAS
Have we met before?

FRAN
I'm working on a story and I'm
hoping you might be able to help
me. My sources are telling me you
guys are flying Guantanamo
prisoners here for interrogation.

Douglas continues toward his car. His driver starts it up.

FRAN
Pakistan? Afghanistan? Jordan?
Leased charter jets, picking up
suspects, flying them in for
interrogation?

Douglas gets in. They drive off.

INT. STUDENT MEETING HALL - DAY (DESATURATED)

The room is crammed with over a hundred students,
male/female, preparing for a protest. There's music, food and
an upbeat mood.

Fatima is helping a group of girls make signs, effigies, and
banners reading, "KAFAYA." SUBTITLED: "Enough."

Khalid is crafting an effigy of UNCLE SAM. They look over at
each other, smile.

Omar is taking pictures with his CAMERA PHONE.

FATIMA
Khalid?

OMAR
(smiling)
Fatima. Come, get in the picture.

Fatima stands next to Khalid.

OMAR
Smile.

Both do. Omar snaps a picture.

The hall bursts into a spontaneous chant, "KAFAYA!" The room
is becoming more boisterous. Khalid becomes concerned.

There is a commotion outside.

Everyone moves to the windows.

THEIR POV - the police are entering the campus in masse.

STUDENT #1
Shut the door!

TWO ACTIVISTS quickly shut and lock the doors. There is a THUNDEROUS BANGING on the door. The students scramble.

FATIMA
Khalid?

Khalid takes her hand and pulls her toward the back. The doorway is packed with fleeing students. Khalid and Fatima squeeze through the doorway.

A long hallway leads to a back door. Khalid, Fatima and several students make a run for the door. It bursts open, more police in riot gear.

Khalid, Fatima and Omar are pushed towards the police by the stream of students behind them. Khalid is hit first. He tries to defend himself, it's no use. Two, then three officers descend upon him with their batons.

Omar throws himself at the officers. The crush of students protect him from their attack. It's an all out fight.

Fatima crouches next to Khalid. He's bleeding and in agony. She opens the door next to them and pulls Khalid through it. Omar slips through the door and shuts it.

EXT. STREET, UNIVERSITY BUILDING - DAY (DESATURATED)

A quiet street outside the campus grounds. A side door opens. Omar, Fatima and Khalid exit.

Fatima and Omar help Khalid down the street. They disappear around the corner.

INT. ABASI'S OFFICE - DAY

Romo drops a file on Abasi's desk.

ROMO
The kid's name is Khalid El-Emi n.

Abasi and Vahe sit, wait.

ROMO

Mostly minor arrests a few years ago, school protests. His father's in Germany. Mother's dead. His brother, Fadil, multiple arrests. We had him for a while. Current whereabouts unknown. The kid lives with his grandmother. They recently moved. We're trying to find their new address.

ABASI

Have you issued an arrest warrant?

ROMO

No, I wanted you to..

ABASI

(raised voice)

...what are you waiting for, idiot.
Find him! Pick him up!

Romo tenses. He hates to be spoken to like this. He turns sharply and exits.

EXT. HAMADI'S HOUSE, CAIRO - DAY (DESATURATED)

A row house on a narrow cobblestone street. Omar leads Khalid and Fatima up to the front door. Khalid is barely conscious. Omar tries the door, it's locked. He knocks.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

HAMADI (O.S.)

Who is it?

OMAR

It's me, Omar.

The door opens, Hamadi, Omar's uncle from the SHEIK ALBAINI'S SPEECH, stares at them harshly.

INT. HAMADI'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DESATURATED)

Omar, Fatima help Khalid inside.

OMAR

The police stormed the student center.

Two armed men step out of the back room. Fatima becomes alarmed. Hamadi points to the door. The men move quickly to the door and window. All is secure.

HAMADI
You should have gone home.

OMAR
It's Khalid.

HAMADI
(stern)
I know who he is. Lay him down.
(re: to the sofa)
Over there.

Hamadi exits the bathroom.

Omar and Fatima help Khalid to a sofa. KHALID MOANS.

Hamadi enters with a towel and bandages. He examines Khalid.

HAMADI
You're lucky it's not broken.
(to Fatima)
Go in the kitchen and make us some
tea.

Fatima stands and exits to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Fatima finds the tea in the cabinet. She searches for the kettle.

She moves to the door. Stops as she overhears this whispered conversation:

HAMADI
...how could you bring her here?

Khalid's about to respond when he sees

Fatima at the door.

Hamadi and Omar turn to her.

FATIMA
(awkward)
I need something to boil water.

HAMADI
Under the sink.

Fatima hesitates then turns back to the kitchen.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - MORNING

Sunrise. Establishing.

EXT. ALAN SMITH'S HOME - MORNING

Alan rolls his bike out and locks the door.

A black SUV is parked directly in front of his house.

The rear window rolls down, it's Senator Hawkins. Alan isn't surprised. He moves toward the car.

ALAN
Senator.

HAWKINS
Jump in, I'll give you a ride to work.

INT. HAWKIN'S SUV, STREET - MORNING

Alan and Hawkins sit in the back.

ALAN
I had a conversation with Corrine Whiteman.

HAWKINS
What did she say?

ALAN
She had the guy shipped off to Egypt and for me to fuck off.

HAWKINS
What's your next step?

ALAN
I don't know.

HAWKINS
I need to be proactive.

ALAN
What do you mean?

HAWKINS
I know you have a personal stake in this, Alan. But there are moments when you've gotta make the hard choice. You're a young man. Do you really wanna start making lifelong enemies in this town?

ALAN
I know, but...

HAWKINS

Politics is about trade-offs. I don't need to tell you what my bill will mean to 30 million seniors around the country. Something we've both been working on for three years. We don't need any gorilla dust jeopardizing its chances.

Alan recognizes the "gorilla dust" phrase. He wilts, subtly.

ALAN

Something's gotten back to you?

HAWKINS

If we're gonna get into a fight, let's make it the right fight, at the right time. A water tight case.

ALAN

I think this is water tight. I knew Anwar. He was a solid guy. A good student...

HAWKINS

I'm sure they said that about Mohammed Atta in Hamburg.

Alan sits quietly, numb.

HAWKINS

Alan, you push this any harder, they're gonna scream "national security" at the top of their lungs. And we're gonna look like Bin-Laden-lovers.

Alan stares out of the window.

HAWKINS

You can't be sure the guy's not guilty. You need to back off.

INT. ALAN' OFFICE, THE CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Alan, sweating, enters his office and moves to his refrigerator. He takes out a bottle of water.

Randy follows him reading from a BLUE FILE.

RANDY

...he was cleared by customs and the FBI to buy and sell hazardous chemicals for Organni. CIA talked to him two years ago.

(MORE)

RANDY (cont'd)
 He was given a pass. Some phone logs came up a few months ago. CIA looked into it, didn't find anything. Apparently Rashid routinely gives out dozens of cell phones and continuously rotates them to extended family members in order to insulate himself from detection.

ALAN
 So they got nothing.

RANDY
 Almost nothing. Just those phone calls. This could go either way.

INT. KITCHEN, DOUGLAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Douglas sits. On the table, a half empty bottle of bourbon and a glass. He's in a sour mood.

FOOTSTEPS

Safiya enters, cheerful.

SAFIYA
 Sorry I'm late.

She sees the bottle.

SAFIYA
 You okay?

She smiles, moves toward him. Douglas holds the phone logs he got from Fayette. He's slightly drunk.

SAFIYA
 What's wrong?

Douglas holds up the phone log.

DOUGLAS
 You told me you were talking to your mother. That wasn't true.

He points to the phone log.

DOUGLAS
 It's an unregistered satellite phone.

Safiya steps close and looks at the phone log.

SAFIYA
 You got a record of my calls?

DOUGLAS
I need you to explain this, Safiya.

SAFIYA
You're an asshole.

Douglas stands, intense.

DOUGLAS
Who did you call?

Safiya turns to leave. He grabs her.

SAFIYA
Let go of me!

DOUGLAS
I trusted you. And you lied to me.

She shakes free from his hold.

SAFIYA
That's my mother's phone number!
She lives in a small village. No
phone service but for one satellite
phone. They all share it. I don't
know who it's registered to.

DOUGLAS
Bullshit.

Safiya holds out her phone.

SAFIYA
(terse)
Call.

She stares at him. She hits dial on the phone.

SOUND OF RINGING. A MAN ANSWERS.

MALE VOICE
Hello?

Douglas is unsure.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

SAFIYA
Hello, who is this?

BESHIR
Beshir. Who are you calling for?

SAFI YA
This is Safi ya Mussan. Is my mother
there?

BESHIR
No. Was she expecting your call?

SAFI YA
It's okay. I'll call back at my
usual time. Thank you.

Safi ya closes the phone. THEY CONTINUE IN ENGLISH.

SAFI YA
What did you think? I was an
informant? A spy?

DOUGLAS
(back pedaling)
I'm sorry. I didn't...

Safi ya walks out.

DOUGLAS
Safi ya?

She's already gone.

INT. ANWAR'S CELL - NIGHT

BLACK

The SOUND of Anwar whimpering.

The light in his cell flickers on. Anwar is kneeling against
the wall naked. The Koran sits untouched in the corner.

The door creaks open. Romo enters and holds a finger to his
lips. He tosses Anwar pants and a shirt similar to that of
the guard's uniform.

ROMO
Put them on, quickly.

Anwar does as instructed.

ROMO
If we are caught, we will be shot.
Do you understand?

Anwar nods his head as he buttons up the shirt.

ANWAR
Just get me to the Canadian
embassy.

Romo peeks out of the door. He motions for Anwar to follow him. They exit the cell.

INT. RECEPTION, ALAN'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON - DAY

Samantha sits at her desk.

Isabella enters.

SAMANTHA
Good morning.

Samantha goes on the intercom.

SAMANTHA
Alan, Isabella's here to see you.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alan is at his desk. Isabella enters as Randy exits. They nod to each other. Alan smiles and points to a seat. ANWAR'S BLUE FILE is on his desk between them.

She sits, anxious.

ISABELLA
How did it go? Was she there? Did you talk to her?

ALAN
Yes, I did.

ISABELLA
What did she say?

ALAN
I'm sorry, Izzi e. They claim to have documentation showing contact between Anwar and a terrorist group in Cairo.

ISABELLA
What? And you believe them?

ALAN
That's not the point. I'm not the right person to be looking into this for you.

ISABELLA
(starting to cry)
Alan, I swear to you, Anwar is not a terrorist. Aren't people innocent until proven guilty anymore?
(MORE)

ISABELLA (cont'd)
 What if you passing through Moscow
 got picked up by the KGB and sent
 off to Iran for trial. What would
 you say then?

ALAN
 Izzie, I think you should go home
 and take care of your baby.
 (writes on a pad)
 Here... Here are the names of two
 great attorneys that really know
 their way around Washington.

Isabella goes numb, total disillusionment.

ISABELLA
 "I'm gonna do everything I can to
 help you." That's what you said,
 Alan.

Alan can't look her in the eyes. He holds out the list.

ALAN
 I'm sorry, Isabella.

Isabella stares at Alan for a moment, TOO HURT TO SPEAK.

She stands and exits without taking the names. Alan leans
 back in his chair, exhausted, ashamed.

INT. HALLWAY, MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER, CAIRO - NIGHT
 Romo and Anwar exit the cell and move quickly down the hall.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Romo and Anwar stop halfway down the staircase.

SOUND of approaching footsteps descending.

Romo pushes Anwar into a dark recessed doorway.

Two soldiers coming up the stairs, walk by talking.

Romo leans back pushing Anwar against the door. It closes,
 makes a loud CLICKING SOUND.

Romo turns sharply to Anwar.

The soldiers stop on hearing the CLICKING SOUND.

Romo steps out of the recessed doorway.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

SOLDIER #1
Was that you?

SOLDIER #2
What are you doing here? I thought
you were off tonight?

ROMO
Forgot my cellphone in the change
room. Now it's gone.

SOLDIER #1
You can't leave anything in here.
Whatever it is, it'll sprout legs
and walk away.

They share a laugh. The soldiers turn and continue upstairs.

INT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Romo grabs Anwar and pulls him down the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A huge unkept room filled with washing machines, rusting
equipment and furniture.

Romo and Anwar enter.

ROMO
They've seen me. They'll know I got
you out.

ANWAR
It's okay. Just get me to the
Canadian embassy. I'll take care of
you.

ROMO
You think I'll be safe at the
Canadian embassy? Every Egyptian
guard there works for Abasi.

Romo paces back and forth. He stops, a decision made.

ROMO
I've got to put you back. Sorry.

ANWAR
No, you can't do that.

ROMO
I can do what I want. You have no
way to protect me.

ANWAR
Listen to me. We'll get out of the country.

ROMO
How?

ANWAR
I don't know, there must be a way.

Romo grabs Anwar and moves him toward the door.

ANWAR
No, please.

ROMO
How are you going to protect me.
How will you get money? Do you have anyone that can help us?

ANWAR
Wait, let me think.

ROMO
We need someone to get us out of the country. Who do you know?
Who do you know! Tell me!

Anwar breaks down, drops to his knees crying.

ANWAR
I can't think. My cousins live in Giza, I'm not sure. I haven't seen them in years. But we can go there.

ROMO
Where in Giza?

ANWAR
I don't know. Please, I've never been there. Please, just let me out of here.

Romo's demeanor hardens. He pulls a concealed weapon and presses the barrel to Anwar's forehead. He cocks the hammer.

ROMO
Where in Giza?!

Anwar sobs. He closes his eyes in expectation of the bullet.

ANWAR
I really don't know.

Romo hits ANWAR HARD IN THE FACE with the pistol.

Abasi, Vahe and several guards step out of the dark corners.

Anwar looks at them, then back up to Romo. The whole thing was a con.

He lunges at Romo. Romo pivots and knocks Anwar to the floor unconscious.

EXT. FBI BUILDING, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

A taxi pulls up. Isabella exits and moves to the entrance.

TITLE CARD: "FBI BUILDING, WASHINGTON DC"

INT. RECEPTION, FBI - CONTINUOUS

Isabella walks up to the receptionist.

ISABELLA
I'd like to speak with Director Thomas.

RECEPTIONIST
Do you have an appointment?

Isabella shakes her head, "no."

RECEPTIONIST
Can I ask what this is...

ISABELLA
A kidnapping.

The receptionist studies her for a moment then picks up the telephone.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Isabella sits across two FBI agents.

ISABELLA
My husband has been kidnapped by the US government and taken to Egypt. This is my passport. His name is Anwar El-Ibrahim.

The agents check the passport and exchange a look.

EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Isabella enters the building.

TITLE CARD: "U. S. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON DC"

INT. OFFICE, THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Isabella sits across a Justice Department ADMINISTRATOR.

ISABELLA

The Egyptian authorities are neither confirming nor denying they have him. That's an admission that he was extradited without a hearing or counsel.

ADMINISTRATOR

We can't confirm that.

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY

TITLE CARD: U. S. STATE DEPARTMENT"

Isabella sits in front of another anonymous bureaucrat. She pushes a statute book towards the official.

ISABELLA

The War Crimes Act of 1996, 18 USC section 2340 prohibits the government from extraditing a suspect to a country where there is a strong belief the suspect will be tortured.

(beat)

He's being tortured. You're breaking the law.

OFFICIAL

You don't know where he is, how do you know he's being tortured?

EXT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Isabella exits, stressed. Suddenly, she stops, holds her stomach, a bad cramp. She slouches in pain.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Isabella is moved down the hallway on a gurney. The OVERHEAD LIGHTS reflect in her eyes.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Isabella lays in bed. A young DOCTOR looks over her chart.

DOCTOR
How are you feeling?

ISABELLA
Better. I think I was just tired.

DOCTOR
You need to take things easy. Too much exertion and you risk a premature delivery.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Anwar is strapped to the wall. Wires are taped to his body. They lead to a small metal box attached to a car battery.

Romo flips a switch. ANWAR JERKS VIOLENTLY. His screams are muffled by a gag. Romo flips the switch back. Anwar relaxes, pleads through the gag.

Douglas watches. He looks terrible: bags under his eyes, unwashed and stressed.

Abasi checks his watch. He nods to Romo.

He flips the switch again. Anwar's body seizes.

Douglas looks away.

Romo switches the power off. Abasi gestures to Anwar. Romo steps up and removes the gag. Blood everywhere.

ANWAR
No more! Please!

ABASI
You're doing this to yourself,
Anwar. We're trying to save lives.
Lives that you would help destroy.

ANWAR
(whimpering)
Please. I'm begging you.

ABASI
If you died here, today, right now,
who would miss you? Your wife would
eventually remarry. Your son would
learn to call another man,
"father."

ANWAR
Please.

Abasi, annoyed, nods to Romo.

Romo steps up, switches on the power.

ANWAR JERKS VIOLENTLY.

SCREAMS

Douglas flinches.

DOUGLAS
 Alright, enough.

Abasi shoots Douglas a look.

ABASI
 This is my interrogation. You
 observe. Nothing more.
 (to Romo)
 Put the gag on.

Romo moves toward Anwar with the gag.

ANWAR
 No, please wait! He contacted me a
 year ago.

Silence.

Douglas is stunned.

Abasi smiles, finally. He snaps his fingers.

Romo lets Anwar down. They sit him in a chair.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

ABASI
 How did Rashid Silimi contact you?

ANWAR
 He called me, on my cell.

Abasi looks at Douglas, smug.

ABASI
 Why?

ANWAR
 Information.

ABASI
 What information?

ANWAR
 Chemical composition to increase
 explosive power. Detonation
 devices. Raw materials.

ABASI
Did you give him that information?

ANWAR
(pauses)
Yes.

ABASI
Did you ever speak with any of his
aides?

Anwar doesn't answer. Abasi leans across the table and hits Anwar hard in the face.

DOUGLAS
Give him a chance to answer!

Abasi slides a note pad towards Anwar.

ABASI
Names!

Anwar starts to write.

Douglas studies him, deep in thought.

DOUGLAS
Did he pay you?

Anwar pauses, looks up to Douglas.

ANWAR
Yes.

DOUGLAS
How much?

ANWAR
(hesitates)
Fifty thousand.

DOUGLAS
Where's the money?

ANWAR
We hadn't figured out how to do the
transfer without my being detected.

DOUGLAS
You trusted him to owe you the
money?

ANWAR
He's my cousin.

INT. HALLWAY, MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Douglas, Abasi and Romo enter from the interrogation room. Douglas seems dejected.

Abasi's looking over the list of names.

ROMO
(to Douglas)
You look surprised.

ABASI
You shouldn't be. These pigs lie.
That's what they do.

Abasi slips the list into his pocket.

DOUGLAS
Can I get a copy of that?

Abasi hands the list to Romo.

ABASI
Make a copy.

Romo exits.

Vahe approaches holding a cellphone and carrying a small backpack.

VAHE
Boss, I have something for you to see.

They turn away from Douglas. Vahe shows Abasi something on the cellphone. Abasi tenses.

ABASI
Where is he?

VAHE
19.

Abasi and Vahe walk off. Douglas watches them.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 19 - DAY

An intense Abasi enters carrying the backpack.

A young man sits cuffed and shackled in the room.

It's Omar. He's been beaten severely.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

ABASI
Omar Ismi ri ?

OMAR
Yes.

ABASI
Any relation to Hamadi Ismi ri ?

OMAR
My uncl e.

ABASI
You know who I am?

Omar nods, "yes."

Abasi sets the backpack on the table.

ABASI
Thi s your backpack?

Omar tries to focus on the bag. He nods, "yes."

ABASI
And your phone?

Omar nods through tears. Abasi shoves the camera phone at Omar.

ABASI
Who is thi s girl ?

On the screen of the phone is a digital photograph of Fatima and Khalid taken by Omar on the night of the student protest.

OMAR
Fatima.

ABASI
And you know her from...

OMAR
School .

ABASI
And the boy wi th her?

OMAR
Khal id El -Emi n.

ABASI
When was the last time you saw her?

OMAR
A few days ago.

ABASI
Who was she with?

OMAR
Khalid.

ABASI
Where?

OMAR
She was helping make signs for the student protest.

ABASI
Good. Where are they now?

OMAR
I don't know.

ABASI
I am going to ask you one more time.

OMAR
(crying)
He lives with his grandmother on Albuti, number thirty-six or seven.

Abasi stares at Omar. Determines he's telling the truth.

ABASI
Have you seen your uncle, Hamadi, recently?

Omar nods, "yes."

ABASI
Very good. You'll be kind enough to give me his address.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Abasi and Vahe move down the hall. Abasi hands him a note.

ABASI
I want you on his uncle, Hamadi.

Vahe nods and quickly walks off.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alan at his desk, aggravated and absorbed in his thoughts.

He reaches for his briefcase, opens it. He pulls Anwar's BLUE FILE. He turns on the shredder and shreds all the documents.

INT. DOUGLAS' HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Douglas works on his computer. He types a name off Anwar's confession list. He hits the ENTER button:

ON SCREEN: NSA DATABASE. "NO INFORMATION" bold.

Douglas types in another name.

ON SCREEN: "NO INFORMATION"

Douglas leans back in his chair. Thinks.

EXT. KHALID'S HOME - NIGHT

Abasi parks an unmarked van a short distance from the house. Romo sits in the passenger seat.

Khalid's house is dark. They check their watches.

EXT. CAIRO STREET - NIGHT (DESATURATED)

A poorly lit corner. A bus pulls up.

Fatima and Khalid exit. He takes Fatima's hand and leads her through a vacant lot.

SOUND OF A DISTANT BARKING DOG.

INT. SECURITY VAN - NIGHT

Abasi sits looking out of the tinted window.

EXT. KHALID'S BACKYARD - NIGHT (DESATURATED)

Khalid and Fatima enter the backyard through a rear gate.

They take a staircase up to the second floor. They enter.

INT. SECURITY VAN - NIGHT

Abasi sits back with his arms folded. He turns toward the monitor. He straightens, looks out of the window.

ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

ABASI
You sleep, I'll watch first.

Romo leans back in his seat.

INT. KHALID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DESATURATED)

Khalid and Fatima enter quietly. He shuts the door without making a sound.

Khalid turns to Fatima. The combination of street and moonlight casts eerie shadows on his face.

Fatima reaches for a light.

KHALID
Don't.

She pulls away. Khalid takes her hand and leads her to the bed. He sits, she sits next to him. They lay down together in an embrace.

Fatima lays her head on his chest.

FATIMA
(whispers)
I love you.

Khalid stares at the ceiling. He's lost, even afraid.

INT. ANWAR'S CELL - NIGHT

Anwar sits in the corner meticulously fashioning a noose out of his torn prison clothes.

INT. FATIMA'S BEDROOM, ABASI AND SEMIA'S HOME - NIGHT

The door opens. Semia enters, turns on a small light. Pop posters, pictures, stuffed animals, colorful wallpaper and bedding. Everywhere, Fatima's personal things, beloved objects from more innocent times.

Semia sits on the bed and clutches a pillow.

INT. KHALID' S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DESATURATED)

Dimly lit. Fatima and Khalid sleep fully clothed.

INT. DOUGLAS' HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Douglas sleeps in front of his computer.

He wakes, suddenly. He stretches, groggy, stands, moves toward the door.

He pauses, turns, sits at his desk. He types.

ON SCREEN: GOOGLE SEARCH ENGINE: "Hosny Abd Rabboh."

Douglas types the rest of their names. Hits ENTER.

Douglas stares at the screen, astounded.

EXT. CAIRO, EGYPT - DAWN

Sunrise.

INT. FAYET' S HOME - MORNING

Elegant and tasteful.

Fayet sleeps next to his WIFE, 45.

THE DOOR BELL RINGS

AND AGAIN.

His wife wakes.

 WIFE
Fayet, the door.

 FAYET
 (wakes)
What?

Fayet checks the nightstand clock: "5:18 AM."

EXT. FAYET' S HOME, HALL - CONTINUOUS

The doorbell rings again.

Fayet peeks through the shades.

Douglas stands on the porch. Fayet opens the door.

FAYET
Douglas, it's 5 in the morning.

Douglas enters without a word.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Douglas places a printed page on the kitchen table:

A PHOTO of an Egyptian soccer team in 70's kit.

DOUGLAS
The 1977 Egyptian soccer team.

Fayet looks at the photo.

FAYET
Okay...

DOUGLAS
These are the men Anwar confessed
were members of the El-Hazim
Brigade.

FAYET
This is why you've gotten me out of
bed? To show me he's a liar?

DOUGLAS
He said he was paid 50 thousand
dollars.

FAYET
That's a big incentive.

DOUGLAS
He makes 225 thousand a year. You
think he's gonna risk his family,
his life for 50 thousand?

Fayet has no answer.

DOUGLAS
He knows nothing. He's innocent.

FAYET
How do I know that? Lying doesn't
make him innocent! It makes him a
liar.

DOUGLAS
He has a wife, a child, a mother, a
father, relatives, friends.

(MORE)

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
 For every one we torture, we create
 ten, a hundred, a thousand new
 enemies of the west. It's like a
 fucking virus, spreading. Where
 does it stop?

Silence for a beat. Then Fayet speaks very calmly.

FAYET
 My friend, if you don't have the
 stomach for this, then you should
 ask to be reassigned. I can't help
 you.

Douglas pulls out a set of official looking documents and
 sets them on the table.

FAYET
 What is that?

Douglas takes out a pen and holds it out to Fayet.

DOUGLAS
 His release forms. I need you to
 sign them.

FAYET
 Have you lost your mind? I'm not
 going to sign that.

DOUGLAS
 Yes you are. We brought him to you.
 He's my responsibility. I'm
 instructing you to sign this
 release.
 (pause)
 Please.

Fayet holds Douglas' look.

FAYET
 You know what this will mean? For
 you?

DOUGLAS
 I do.

A final beat. Then Fayet signs the papers.

DOUGLAS
 Thank you.

Douglas slips the document into his jacket pocket.

FAYET
 Good-bye Douglas.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, CAIRO - DAY

Douglas enters his car.

INSIDE CAR

His driver moves into traffic. He pulls his cell and dials.

DOUGLAS
(on his cell)
Fran Crushner, Washington Post?

FRAN (O.S.)
Yes, who is this?

DOUGLAS
Douglas Freeman. You have a pencil
and paper.

FRAN (O.S.)
Go.

DOUGLAS
Anwar El-Ibrahim. Egyptian, lives
in Toronto, works for Organni,
disappeared from JFK.

FRAN (O.S.)
I don't understand?

DOUGLAS
He's in Egypt.

Douglas hangs up.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SENATOR HAWKINS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Alan approaches.

"SENATOR CRAIG HAWKINS" labeled on the door.

He opens the office door.

There is a celebration in progress: about 20 people,
Lobbyists, staffers, congressmen, and Senator Hawkins,
seated, smiling.

Alan stands at the door, watching. A somber mood.

A staffer approaches with a fresh glass of champagne.

STAFFER
 Congratulations, Alan.
 (offers the glass)
 You really pulled this one off.

Other staffers approach and pat him on the back. A smile slides on Alan's face. He takes the glass

ALAN
 Thank you. Thank you very much.
 and joins the party.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Isabella folds clothes into her suitcase.

She sits on the bed. It's all too much. She breaks down, begins to sob.

Her cellphone rings. She wipes her eyes, reaches for the phone.

ISABELLA
 Hello?

FRAN
 Isabella El-Ibrahim?

ISABELLA
 Yes.

FRAN
 Fran Crushner, Washington Post. I think we need to talk.

EXT. KHALID'S STREET - DAY

Abasi's van still parked near Khalid's house.

IN THE VAN

Abasi's asleep. Romo watches the house.

INT. KHALID'S BEDROOM - DAY (DESATURATED)

Fatima wakes with a start. THE ROOM IS SUN DRENCHED. Khalid is gone. She gets out of bed fully dressed. She moves to the door and cracks it open.

FATIMA
 Khalid. Khalid.

INT. KHALID'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (DESATURATED)

Fatima enters and looks around the apartment. It's empty.

EXT. MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Douglas' car pulls up. Douglas gets out and enters.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Two guards step up to Anwar's cell and open the door. Anwar lays on the floor holding an open Koran.

Anwar stirs, cowers in the corner clutching the Holy book. Douglas steps in carrying street clothes. He's showered, perfect suit and tie and clean shaven.

DOUGLAS
Hurry up, put these on.

INT. KHALID'S BEDROOM - DAY (DESATURATED)

Fatima notices Khalid's wallet on the nightstand. She picks it up, sits and opens it. Nothing interesting. She sets it down.

She opens the nightstand drawer, goes through it.

She pulls out A JOURNAL. She opens it.

ON JOURNAL:

Personal thoughts intermixed with drawings and glued in photographs.

A PHOTO - Khalid, 7, his brother, 12, their mother and father. All smiling.

A PHOTO - A FEW YEARS LATER, the father and the two boys, the smiles have faded.

A PHOTO - Khalid and his brother, older, bearded, serious.

A PHOTO - Khalid, shaved, with his grandmother, morose.

An INVITATION to the memorial service for FADIL EL-EMIN, Khalid's brother. There's a picture of Fadil.

Fatima quickly closes the book. She looks into the drawer, pulls out an envelope. She opens it:

A torn section of a tourist map. SADAT PLAZA circled in a RED PEN, "8:30," marked in the corner.

A GROUP OF PHOTOS: A distant surveillance shot of ABASI at the teahouse at SADAT PLAZA.

Fatima squints to make out his face.

A CLOSER IMAGE of Abasi laughing with the owner of the teahouse.

Fatima lets out a GASP.

More photos. All are of Abasi at the teahouse on different days. She drops the pictures, takes out her cell and flips it open.

KHALID'S VOICEMAIL
"This is Khalid, leave a message
and I will call you back. Allah is
great. (BEEP)"

VEHICLE SOUNDS FROM THE STREET.

Fatima rushes to the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW -

HABIBAH, 70, Khalid's grandmother, is getting out of a TAXI with her suitcase. She starts toward the house.

Fatima hurries from the room.

INT. SECURITY VAN ACROSS THE STREET FROM KHALID'S HOME - DAY

Abasi and Romo watch the house.

THEIR POV -

Habibah, lays her BICYCLE against the fence and locks it. She's carrying two bags of groceries. She moves up the stairs.

ABASI
Give her a minute.

They check their weapons.

EXT. REAR OF KHALID'S HOME - DAY (DESATURATED)

Fatima exits the back door, runs down the stairs and disappears through the alley.

EXT. CAIRO STREET - DAY (DESATURATED)

Fatima exits the alley and flags down a taxi. She enters, they drive off.

INT. ANWAR'S CELL - DAY

Anwar buttons his shirt, almost dressed. Douglas and the guard stand on either side of him.

ANWAR
Why are you doing this?

DOUGLAS
You're a bad liar, Anwar. Let's go.

The door swings open, a UNIFORMED GUARD enters.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

GUARD #1
What's going on?

Anwar stumbles back, terrified.

DOUGLAS
(firmly)
This man is being released into my custody, immediately.

Douglas hands the guard the release papers.

GUARD #1
Abasi hasn't signed this.

DOUGLAS
(points to the release papers)
You see that signature? That's your Deputy Interior Minister. You have a problem?
(pulls his cell)
Let's call him, right now.

Guard #1 stares at Douglas. Beat. He turns to leave.

DOUGLAS
Hey.

Douglas gestures to the release papers. Guard #1 hands them back and exits.

DOUGLAS
(to Anwar)
Quickly.

INT. HOTEL, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Isabella stands in line to check out.

She holds her stomach.

A WOMAN in line behind her steps up.

WOMAN
Ma'am, are you alright?

EXT. MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Two Egyptian police guards approach Douglas' car and lean down to the driver.

The driver holds up his security pass.

POLICEMAN
(in Arabic)
You can't wait here. Move on.

The driver moves the car.

EXT. SADAT PLAZA, CAIRO - DAY (DESATURATED)

Fatima's taxi pulls up to the intersection.

The plaza is jammed with early morning traffic. The statue of PRESIDENT SADAT gleams proudly in the morning sun.

There's no evidence of a recent bombing. All seems normal.

Fatima gets out of the cab and steps up to the corner.

FATIMA'S POV -

The TEAHOUSE. No Abasi.

Nearby, A RUNDOWN POLICE SEDAN. TWO POLICE OFFICERS SIT INSIDE SIPPING COFFEE.

She looks to her left:

A CARPET VENDOR beats a Persian rug.

Fatima turns just in time to see..

Khalid in the backseat of a passing car. She waves.

FATIMA

Khalid!

Too late, he's already gone.

The car enters the turnabout and parks on the far side of the plaza.

Fatima moves to cross the street towards him, when she sees -
Her father's black Mercedes pulling up at the teahouse.

Vahe and Romo get out. They open the back door. Abasi gets out and crosses to the teahouse.

The ELDERLY OWNER greets him warmly.

Fatima takes a step back behind a telephone pole blocking Abasi's potential view of her.

She turns back to Khalid.

An approaching armored BLACK SUV, the type typically used by foreign diplomats. The SUV enters the plaza slowly, stuck in the heavy traffic. ITS SIDE WINDOW IS OPEN.

A BUSINESSMAN on an old Vespa cuts through traffic.

A short distance ahead of the SUV - Khalid is getting out of the car and trying to cross traffic towards Abasi.

Fatima is confused.

KHALID IS WEARING A LARGE BLUE JACKET THAT'S AT LEAST TWO SIZES TOO BIG FOR HIM.

The realization crosses Fatima's face like death in slow motion.

FATIMA

(under her breath)

No.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Isabella is rushed in. She's prepped for delivery.

INT. DETAINEE AREA, MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Douglas and Anwar walk down a flight of stairs and through -

A HALLWAY past several suspicious guards. They approach the heavily guarded exit.

It seems a mile away.

Anwar slows, fearful. Douglas takes his arm and moves him along.

DOUGLAS

Come on.

Douglas shows the release papers to the GUARDS AT THE EXIT. They scrutinize the papers closely. Anwar looks down, terrified.

INT. ABASI'S OFFICE, MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Guard #1 approaches Abasi's FEMALE ASSISTANT.

GUARD #1

Was there a scheduled prisoner release today?

ABASI ASSISTANT

No.

EXT. KHALID AND HABIBAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Abasi and Romo run through the driveway and up the stairs. They pound on the front door.

ABASI

Open up, police!

Romo kicks the door in.

INT. KHALID AND HABIBAH'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Habibah presides over a MEMORIAL OF WILTING FLOWERS in the center of the living room. She turns to Abasi calmly, unafraid.

Abasi stares at the memorial. His face loses all expression.

EXT. SADAT PLAZA, CAIRO - DAY (DESATURATED)

Fatima crosses the street towards Khalid.

HORNS BLARE! DRIVERS SCREAM obscenities.

Dixon and Douglas' BLACK SUV inches forward.

Fatima navigates the heavy traffic as she crosses.

IN ARABIC WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

FATIMA
Khalid! No! He's my father!

The symphony of horns is deafening. Fatima waves her arms. Khalid has reached the center statue. He sees her. He's stunned. He waves her away.

FATIMA
He's my father!

Khalid can't hear what she is saying. He's conflicted, overwhelmed. Khalid STOPS, takes off his jacket to reveal a massive bomb vest. He tries to take it off.

ON CAR PARKED ON THE FAR END OF THE TURNABOUT. The back window lowers. Hamadi, Omar's cousin, levels an AK-47 at KHALID.

HAMADI FIRES!

Khalid turns to Hamadi, confused.

HAMADI FIRES AGAIN.

Khalid is hit in the neck. He drops to his knees. Dazed, dying.

Pandemonium. Pedestrians scramble in every direction. The two police officers in the patrol car exit with their weapons drawn.

A GUNFIGHT

Abasi's security men rush Abasi into his car.

DIXON AND DOUGLAS' SUV frantically tries to get out of the packed plaza. They hit the car in front of them.

Fatima runs up to Khalid and takes him into her arms. He's bleeding profusely from the neck.

FATIMA
(hysterical)
Khalid! Khalid!

Khalid looks up at her, blood pouring out of his mouth.

THE TRIGGER TO THE EXPLOSIVES IS IN HIS CLENCHED HAND.

Fatima cries uncontrollably.

Khalid dies. His hand relaxes. There's a CLICK. Khalid explodes into a MASSIVE FIRE BALL.

WHITE

QUIET

SOUND OF A WOMAN SCREAMING

FADE UP

to Isabella's face. She's giving birth.

EXT. MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Douglas and Anwar exit the building. His car is gone.

DOUGLAS

Fuck.

Douglas barely controls his panic. He takes Anwar by the arm and leads him down the sidewalk.

EXT. HAMADI, OMAR'S UNCLE'S ROW HOUSE - DAY

(THE HOUSE OMAR TOOK KHALID TO FOR MEDICAL HELP AFTER THE STUDENT PROTEST.)

Vahe and members of the security police exchange fire with the occupants inside. A fierce firefight.

INT. DETAINEE AREA, MUKHABARAT - DAY

Guard #1 runs up to the guards near Anwar's open cell.

GUARD #1

Where are they?!

GUARD #2

They're gone.

EXT. MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER, CAIRO - DAY

Douglas waves down a taxi. They get in.

EXT. MUKHABARAT DETENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Several SECURITY MEN scramble out of the building.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Douglas and Anwar sit in the back.

The taxi enters traffic. They drive away from the Mukhabarat.

INT. KHALID AND HABI BAH' S HOME - DAY

Abasi moves by Habibah and up to the memorial. There is a picture of KHALID in the center of the wilting flower arrangement.

ABASI
When did he die?

HABI BAH
Allah is great.

Abasi turns to her sharply, about to strike.

ABASI
When, old woman!?

HABI BAH
A week ago.

EXT. KHALID AND HABI BAH' S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Abasi and Romo exit the house. Abasi's consumed with grief.

ABASI
I want the dental records of all
the unidentified female victims of
the Sadat bombing.

He wipes his eyes. He knows what the answer is.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Douglas and Anwar sit in the back.

TAXI
Alexandria is 3 hours. You want to
go that far, you pre-pay. Three
hundred dollars.

Douglas hands him a wad of bills and leans back in his seat.

ANWAR
Where are we going?

DOUGLAS
I'm putting you on a ship.

INT. HAMADI, OMAR'S UNCLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Vahe and Abasi's security men storm the house with their weapons drawn. Three bodies lay dead at the door. Vahe continues into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

More dead suspects lay on the floor. Vahe checks them.

He rolls a body over. It's Hamadi, OMAR'S UNCLE, dead, multiple bullet wounds.

INT. ABASI AND SEMIA'S HOME - NIGHT

Abasi arrives home.

Semia moves up to the kitchen door. Abasi drops his head. In a moment, Semia understands the meaning of his silence.

SEMIA
No! No! No!

She charges Abasi and pounds on his chest with her fist. She falls into his arms. They weep uncontrollably.

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

Douglas' taxi speeds along the highway.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA SEAPORT - CONTINUOUS

A busy international port. Cruise ships, tankers, military vessels, cargo ships, all things that float.

Douglas' taxi pulls up to a mid-sized Greek cargo ship.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Douglas hands Anwar an American passport, tickets and cash.

DOUGLAS
Your name is Ayman El-Tabei.

ON PASSPORT: There's a photo of Anwar.

DOUGLAS

The captain's name is Wolin. He'll get you to Bari. There, you'll take a train to Milan, where you'll board a plane to Toronto. Don't talk to anyone, don't call anyone, don't do anything until you get back home.

ANWAR

(wipes his eyes)
Thank you.

DOUGLAS

There's a medic on board. He'll treat your wounds. Go on.

Anwar gets out of the car and moves toward the ship.

INT. CORRINE'S OFFICE, NSA, WASHINGTON - DAY

Corrine reads the morning Washington Post paper.

A front page story details America's policy of "Extraordinary Rendition." There's a small photo of Anwar in the article.

Her intercom buzzes. Corrine doesn't respond. It BUZZES again. She ignores it.

INT. DOUGLAS' TAXI - NIGHT

Douglas rides in the passenger seat. They're on the highway heading back to Cairo.

Douglas has the window down, the wind blowing in his face.

He loosens his tie. He's calm, reflective.

His driver offers him a cigarette, declined.

Douglas' PHONE RINGS. He answers

DOUGLAS

Douglas Freeman.

LEE MAYER

What the fuck are you doing? I just got a call from the Minister of the Interior. Do you have the Canadian?

DOUGLAS

I'm done.

LEE MAYER
What?! What the fuck are you
talking about?

DOUGLAS
Lee...

LEE MAYER
...Listen to me, Douglas. You're
making a mistake. Whatever you
think you're doing...

DOUGLAS
Lee?

LEE MAYER
What?

DOUGLAS
I'm done.

Silence. Douglas hits "END CALL." He turns back to the
desert, thinking.

EXT. EGYPTIAN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Douglas' car speeds down the highway.

INT. BEDROOM, DOUGLAS' HOUSE - DAY

Douglas packs his suitcase.

He hears A RING at the door.

Stops packing. Unsure of who it could be.

INT. HALLWAY, DOUGLAS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Douglas approaches his door.

Checks through the peephole. Steps back. Hesitates.

Then opens the door.

Safiya stands on the threshold.

For a moment neither speaks. Then:

SAFIYA
What did you do, Douglas?

DOUGLAS
I told them I was done.

Silence for a moment.

Safiya glances around, shifts awkwardly.

SAFIYA
Can I come in?

He hesitates.

DOUGLAS
Where'd you park?

SAFIYA
Does it matter?

He smiles briefly.

She smiles softly.

He steps aside to allow her to enter.

After a beat, she goes in.

Douglas swings the door closed on us.

EXT. ANWAR AND ISABELLA'S HOUSE, TORONTO - DAY

A quiet afternoon. A few kids playing. A guy washing his car.

CNN TALKING HEAD (V.O.)
"The Egyptian authorities have now concluded that the Cairo bombing was in fact a suicide bombing. The man has been identified as Khalid El-Emine, a radical member of the El-Hazim Brigade."

INT. KITCHEN, ANWAR AND ISABELLA'S HOUSE, TORONTO - DAY

The morning sun shines in. CNN plays on the TV.

CNN TALKING HEAD (V.O.)
"Egyptian officials say several people have been arrested following the deadly explosion. Terrorism experts have predicted there will be more attacks in the region. The death toll has been revised up from 36 to 38. One American."

(MORE)

CNN TALKING HEAD (V.O.) (cont'd)
An Interior Ministry official said
authorities believe those arrested
may have information regarding the
blast but are not directly linked."

Classical music mixes with the faint SOUND of a BABY CRYING
in the other room.

THE PHONE RINGS

Jeremy runs in and answers it.

JEREMY

Hello.

(pause)

Daddy?

(to the other room)

Mommy, daddy's on the phone!

THE END