

# HOMELAND SECURITY

Pilot Episode

by Christopher Crowe

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Revised Network Draft  
December 3, 2002

12/03/02

PLEASE NOTE: This story occurs in many settings over a period of nearly two years. Where appropriate, the settings, times and dates will be Chyroned over Establishing Shots to keep our audience oriented as to time and place.

A single military snare-drum rolls and trills, growing slowly, progressively, steadily louder. Somehow the sound is eerie. Ominous.

FADE IN:

BLOOD RED

-- the red subtly moving and undulating...and it seems to have a texture to it. Over it, a crawl and voice-over begins:

In September of 1999 -- two years prior to the tragedies of "9/11" -- the U.S. Commission on National Security reported to President Clinton that direct and catastrophic terrorist attacks would be launched *against Americans on American soil* in the near future.

THE CAMERA has been pulling out from the red. We begin to see white stripes, then a square field of dark blue with white stars. An American flag, blowing in a stiff breeze.

The bipartisan commission later recommended the creation of a new, fully independent "Homeland Security Agency" -- to coordinate the efforts of all existing U.S. Defense and Intelligence agencies to protect the American homeland.

The Commission's recommendations were *never acted upon...*

The flag, now full in frame, ripples and snaps in the strong wind. The military snare-drum finishes its solo with a single, stark, resounding drum-strike that sounds like a gunshot.

BLACK SCREEN: Hold a beat. Then flash on, large, bold white words that fully fill the entire screen ---

"HOMELAND SECURITY"

EXT. THOMPSON-DAVIS SCHOOL OF AVIATION - DAY: OCTOBER, 1999

An odd, DARK-COMPLEXIONED MAN with a thick accent -- happy and polite -- finishes the pre-flight inspection of a tiny Piper Arrow with Flight Instructor DENNIS DAVIS. We're in Prescott, Arizona.

CLOSER: As the men now settle into the aircraft's cockpit.

DAVIS

So. Ready to learn to fly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

DARK YOUNG MAN  
Ready as the moon -- !

Davis suppresses a smile, prepares to fire the aircraft's engine.

DARK YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)  
No learn for take offs or landing. Just steering of airplane. You know ---  
(points heavenward)  
-- in sky.

DAVIS  
(does a slight take)  
Okay, we'll just take it slow. Clear ---

He engages the engine's starter. The prop spins.

INT. THE PIPER ARROW - IN THE AIR - DAY

The DARK YOUNG MAN now at the little plane's controls. He angles the plane right, left -- flying a couple thousand feet over the Arizona desert.

DAVIS  
You're gettin' the hang of it. Good.

DARK YOUNG MAN  
(nods, enthused)  
I can point down a little bit?

Davis nods. The dark young man scans the desert floor, finally sees a tiny disused barn standing alone in the not-too-far distance.

He then pushes the yoke forward, begins descending fast. He concentrates hard, tongue between his lips as he makes tiny flight-control adjustments to keep the plane on a perfect downward path toward the old building.

DAVIS  
Whoa, whoa, whoa -- too fast, too low.

Davis grabs the controls to arrest the plane's rapid descent. The young man yields the controls quickly, folding his arms in front of him -- happy, satisfied-looking.

DARK YOUNG MAN  
Is good. We can go back to airport now?

Davis only half-nods. Something strange about this young flight student. Something very strange indeed...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FLIGHT LINE AGAIN - LATER: Davis, puts chocks under the aircraft's wheels, then notices that the dark young man is already heading toward his car, a happy bounce in his step.

DAVIS

(friendly)

Sorry -- I didn't get your last name ---

DARK YOUNG MAN

Bob -- from Nepal ---

Before Davis can react to the non-sequitur answer, "Bob" is already in his car, starting the engine and backing out.

ON DAVIS: Watching -- but then he pulls out a pencil and paper and quickly writes down "Bob's" license-plate number.

PHOENIX FBI OFFICE - DAY

Agent FRANKLIN SMYTHE sits with a phone to his ear at his paper-strewn desk, other agents visible in other cubicles beyond him.

AGENT SMYTHE

To be truthful, Mr. Davis, I'm still not sure exactly what you're trying to report.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - THOMPSON-DAVIS SCHOOL OF AVIATION - DAY

Davis on a phone, other student fliers and instructors visible in the school's small reception area.

DAVIS

Well, I'm not exactly sure either. It was just weird. It wasn't so much like he wanted to learn to fly. It was more like he was trying to learn...well, how to aim an airplane ---

AGENT SMYTHE

You got his name -- a description?

DAVIS

Little guy, dark-complected -- mid-twenties...

(checks enrollment card)

Babir...Alkazar. A-L-K-A-Z-A-R.

AGENT SMYTHE

Hm. Arabic-sounding. Only I don't think many Arabs come from Nepal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4.

DAVIS

I don't either.

AGENT SMYTHE

You gonna be there for a while, Mr.  
Davis? Maybe we'll take a drive out.

EXT. HAMBURG, GERMANY - NIGHT: Bright, neon-lit, a bustling street filled with tourists and students moving from bar to bar.

INT. A LOUD HAMBURG BAR - NIGHT: AUGUST, 2001

SUM 41 on the box as we move through the place, finally coming to rest on CIA field operative BRADLEY BRAND, wearing old jeans and thread-bare (and very cool) European motorcycle "racing leathers" (jacket only) at the bar.

Brand is a handsome man, in his late twenties, presently talking animatedly with a beautiful young Fraulein next to him. By their body language we know there's a strong mutual attraction between the two. After a long, shared laugh:

ELSE

I'm still at University. I study Art.

Brand nods, clinks beer-mugs with her -- a toast.

ELSE (CONT'D)

(considers him)

You're an artist too, yes?

Brand nods, is about to say more, but then his eyes catch sight of:

THE SMALL, BEARDED ARABIC MAN, now appearing outside the bar's open door, back toward us, standing near the street, waiting.

BRAND looks back to Else, but now, unfortunately, duty calls: He's got to go.

BRAND

Mortician, by trade. Body prep, that kind of thing? Make up -- sculpt-out the cheeks -- little cotton up in there. You catch it just right, they almost come back to life.

ELSE

(about to vomit)

-- yes. I can imagine this ---

(sees imaginary friends)

Well, nice meeting you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She rises and is gone. Brand is already moving toward the door. To himself:

BRAND

Never fails... Damnit.

ON SMALL ACHMED - OUTSIDE THE BAR as Brand appears. Eye contact, then both men move into a nearby alley. Achmed is thirty, Middle-Eastern looking -- nervous tonight. When they reach the shadows:

ACHMED

Tonight, real fast hello-good-bye type deal, Dog. The Base killed two guys last night. Both had kids in my Madrassa.

BRAND

-- what was that about -- ?

ACHMED

Osama-paranoia. All brothers crazy right now. Plan biggest Operation ever.

BRAND

What kind of operation?

Achmed glances to the newspaper under Brand's arm. Brand gives it to him.

ACHMED

Same-time targets like Tanzania, Sudan. Only this time, in big America-cities.

BRAND

Where and when? Do you know?

ACHMED

I find out more. But then Hamburg no good for me. I need Green Card, Brand.

Achmed is very paranoid, his eyes keep scanning everywhere.

BRAND

Achmed, you just got a very thick envelope ---

ACHMED

-- One month. Here. Same time, same channel. I give you places, dates -- maybe even names, brothers already in US.

Brand sighs, looks off -- disappointed...noncommittal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

6.

ACHMED (CONT'D)

You don't be here -- I go back Tunis.  
Forget Haj to land of Kentucky-Fried,  
forever. And you, Brand -- maybe you  
never sleep again good, ever. 'Cause  
this time, your country bleeds.

Achmed begins to leave -- momentarily turning back to Brand:

ACHMED (CONT'D)

Achmed never bullshit you, Dog ---

He disappears into the night.

INT. A SMALL OFFICE - NIGHT

Bradley Brand sits at the keyboard of a computer. The e-mail program up is an unusual looking one -- for transferrance of encrypted CIA data. We see what Brand is typing:

" -- simultaneous targets in large US cities. Need immediate, repeat IMMEDIATE, Green Card approval for HUMINT source previously regarded as EXTREMELY RELIABLE by Berlin Station Chief."

He finishes typing, punches: "Send." Brand just sits there for a moment, considering...

EXT. THE KREMLIN - LATE, LATE NIGHT - SEPTEMBER 3RD, 2001

We pull back, see that our view is from a large floor-to-ceiling window in an office in a once-impressive, now dilapidated, old Russian building.

U.S. State Department functionary DALE RUTHERFORD drinks vodka with his Russian counterpart, LEONEV VORCHOV.

The Russian (after massive amounts of vodka) rambles on, sitting slouched at his desk, pouring more vodka into two glasses from a half-gallon container.

VORCHOV

American buddy. American buddy! I tell you this much: I will not return to New York this month -- as planned. I will say Katrina is sick. She is sick -- in head.

(shrugs)

Eh. I tell them she has cancer or something...

RUTHERFORD

(not quite as drunk)

I thought you liked New York, Leonev.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

7.

VORCHOV

A Big Terrorist attack is planned for City. Al Qaeda horses-asses.

RUTHERFORD

Where'd you hear that?

VORCHOV

(indicates Kremlin)

My good SVR buddies gave me big 'Heads-Up'.

RUTHERFORD

What kind of attack are you talking about?

VORCHOV

I'm the one to know? I know nothing.

He rises, weaving -- offering Rutherford his drink.

VORCHOV (CONT'D)

No. One thing I know: Our nuclear arsenal runs like urine in the gutter! Every lunatic with a buck has Soviet weapons...

RUTHERFORD

Are you telling me Al Qaeda would try setting off a nuke in New York City?

VORCHOV

Massachusetts too. Logan, Massachusetts.

(looks over)

Beautiful place or something, this 'Logan'?

Rutherford begins examining an old, cracked marble sculpture in a corner of the room.

RUTHERFORD

Never heard of it. Frankly, Leonev, I think your SVR buddies are pulling your leg...

The American diplomat looks to Vorchov, sees that he's now comatose at his desk.

The American puts down his drink, moves to the Russian, tries to drag him to his couch, but Vorchov is waaay too heavy -- and soon both men fall heavily to the floor.

Rutherford rises, winded, puts on his coat, leaving Vorchov face-down where he lies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

8.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
'Night, Leonev ---

He shuts off the office light as he exits.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - RUTHERFORD'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Rutherford, still in his overcoat, on the secure phone in his quiet, late-night office. He rubs at aching temples, says:

RUTHERFORD  
-- of course it's bullshit! The man was  
in near dementia with drink. I mean you  
ever hear of a place called 'Logan,  
Massachusetts'?

Listening, Rutherford realizes he's hurting terribly, reaches into his desk, gets out a bottle of aspirin, takes several.

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)  
Look. I'm not a spook, I'm a diplomat.  
Now, it's late here -- I'm goin' home. I  
just wanted it off my desk. Goodbye.

Click. He hangs up, rises and heads for the door.

INT. PHOENIX FBI - A LARGER OFFICE - DAY: FBI Field Agent Frank Smythe stands with his partner in front of their Supervisor's desk. The older man doesn't look enthused.

SMYTHE  
He doesn't work, he doesn't go to school,  
he doesn't have visitors. He has no  
visible means of support. He plays with  
Flight Simulator all day long...

SUPERVISOR  
I thought you were here to get a warrant.

SMYTHE  
Okay -- we've watched him a little bit.  
We've also talked to a phone-guy who  
installed a DSL-line in his apartment. No  
TV, no stereo, no furniture -- just  
professional flight-charts, Arabic  
Newspapers...and a computer with a joy-  
stick.

Smythe, passionate, leans down over his Supervisor's desk.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)  
I wanna see what's on the guy's hard-drive,  
Oscar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPERVISOR  
 -- because of a goof-ball flight lesson  
 and computer-games?

Smythe sighs; it is hard to explain.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)  
 Not due-cause, Gentlemen. I won't  
 embarrass myself in front of a Federal  
 Judge Now, both of you: Go do other  
 things.

INT. AN FBI CORRIDOR - DAY: A simmering Smythe and his  
 partner walking quickly down it.

SMYTHE  
 I'm e-mailing Headquarters in D.C., Hank.

PARTNER  
 You're kidding me ---

SMYTHE  
 Screw the consequences! I got a bad vibe  
 on this thing -- I really do.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - A LARGE OFFICE BUILDING (NSA) - DAY

INT. GLASS-OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - SEPTEMBER 4th, 2001

High-level NSA cryptographer SOL BINDER presides over a staff  
 meeting in a large conference room. He listens with others  
 to telephonic "chatter" recordings -- voices talking in  
 quick, excited Farsi, Arabic or Kurd. After an exchange,  
 someone translates.

NSA TRANSLATOR  
 Farsi. 'Praise the brave young brothers  
 and may God put courage in their hearts  
 the day of their longest journey.'

SECOND TRANSLATOR  
 The speed, the inflections, the slang --  
 they've really got their adrenaline going  
 over something.

THIRD TRANSLATOR  
 But what? It's all so a-specific. Shards  
 of scripture, old poetry, parabolic  
 gibberish.

The new young translator rises.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON

Maybe not. Our group thinks we're seeing a theme. Numbers being repeated. Nines and elevens.

Binder indicates for someone to kill the ongoing "chatter."

HARRISON (CONT'D)

The quotes from the Qu'ran? -- always from Sura Nine. If not from Nine, they're from Eleven. Sometimes it's even more out in the open: Everybody's got eleven girlfriends -- nine siblings. Or nine cars -- eleven goats ---

BINDER

Okay, people. Nines and elevens. So what's it mean? A code-book correlative? A time? A date? September the 11th?

He looks at people. No one really knows. To the most senior member of the one group:

BINDER (CONT'D)

Pete? Memo both CIA and the FBI. Hell, send it to the whole alphabet-soup. 'Cause if it's a date, we're just about on top of it.

He looks to a calendar across the room: The date is September 3rd. The meeting begins to break up.

BINDER (CONT'D)

Harrison?  
(Harrison stops)  
Good job. Keep workin' it ---

The kid nods a humble thanks.

A STOREFRONT HAMBURG MOSQUE - NIGHT: SEPTEMBER 5TH, 2001

A nervous Achmed, seen earlier, exits and moves toward his old Skoda car, putting on his jacket on this cold, foggy night.

INSIDE ANOTHER CAR parked down the street. In it three Middle Eastern-looking men, all watching Achmed. One of them, a deeply-scarred, one-eyed miscreant named "Omar," chambers a round into a shortened Kalishnikov assault rifle.

ACHMED AT HIS SKODA: Just as he's about to get inside, when the other car drives by -- a huge eruption of gunfire. Achmed is hit with many rounds. He's dead before he hits the ground.

EXT. ANOTHER AREA OF HAMBURG - THE ALLEYWAY SEEN EARLIER

Bradley Brand standing in the misty cold; hugging himself and bouncing from leg to leg to stay warm. He looks to the Green Card in his hand...then to his watch. He's been waiting here a long time. In actuality, he is waiting for Godot. He finally kicks at a fence in his frustration. From this dark and foggy Hamburg night ---

THE HOT ORANGE MIDDLE-EASTERN SUN - DAY

THE SMALL VILLAGE OF KWAJA BAHAUDDIN, AFGHANISTAN - SEPTEMBER 7th. An Al Jazeera news team climbs steep, sandy steps to a small slum dwelling on a crowded hillside -- protected by several well-armed, very suspicious-looking Afghani guards.

LATER: INSIDE THE DISHEVELED DWELLING, THE NEWS-TEAM setting up primitive lighting equipment, putting their video camera onto a tripod, preparing to tape an interview. In Arabic:

GUNMAN

He has arrived ---

GUNMAN TWO'S POINT OF VIEW: AHMED SHAH MASSOUD, a tall, handsome man of proud carriage, gets out of a battered car, accompanied by several body guards.

THE ROOM: The guards now indicate for those not absolutely needed to leave the room. This includes crew-members SA-IF KHAN, MOHAMMED HASSAN and JOHN JAMAITJA -- people we will later meet. As they exit, Khan whispers quiet words in the ear of the man who will conduct the interview -- hugs him warmly, then exits.

THE MASSOUD INTERVIEW IN PROGRESS:

MASSOUD

-- Osama bin Laden and his Taliban slaves have duped Afghanistan. This arrogant Saudi 'chevalier' uses our country like paper in his toilet.

OUTSIDE: The extraneous members of the news-crew are quietly and quickly drifting away from the interview building, trying not to attract the attention of guards posted outside.

INSIDE THE INTERVIEW-DWELLING:

INTERVIEWER

-- and if bin Laden were to die tomorrow, as leader of the so-called 'Northern Alliance' would it be you who leads a 'new' Afghanistan, Emir Massoud?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

12.

**MASSOUD**

Such a decision could come only from the Afghani people. King Shah Zahir is still widely respected. As is the Pushtin Hamid Karzai, from the south ---

**INTERVIEWER**

Only bin Laden will never die. Allah akbar!

And on this signal, before anyone can react -- the cameraman punches a button on the side of his camera, and:

**BAWAAAM:** THE SCREEN IS OBLITERATED BY A HUGE EXPLOSION, and:

**OUTSIDE:** THE NEWS-TEAM MEMBERS spin to see the dwelling blowing into a thousand fiery pieces. They now take off in a flat-out run.

**GUARDS AND VILLAGERS** near the explosion. Everyone stunned, bleeding -- dead or dying.

**THE INTERVIEW ROOM FROM ABOVE:** All dead. Only Massoud is breathing his last breaths -- his glassy eyes staring into the sky above; the roof has been completely blown off the building.

**EXT. SEATTLE, WASHINGTON - DAY - SEPTEMBER 8TH, 2001**

Mount Rainier in the distance -- beautiful, snow-capped, majestic. Camera sinks to find a dingy Seattle industrial area, then looks into the open third floor window of a large empty warehouse building.

Here we find FBI Counter-terrorism Agents **FRANK HEINHOFF** and "**JUNGLE JANE**" **FULBAR** (under head-phones, binoculars to her eyes), both watching a particular "subject" warehouse down the street.

Both agents are in their early thirties, Fulbar probably quite pretty (although you can't really tell it, given the short, give-a-shit haircut, lack of make-up, style-less plaid shirt and ratty jeans). Heinhoff is quieter in his look, just no-statement casual clothes -- a regular guy. He rises, stretches, paces a little bit in his boredom.

**HEINHOFF**

So it's about fifty-fifty. Rudy, Jack, Drew bet you are. Frank, Billy Noble and Wally bet you aren't.

**FULBAR**

(lifts a head-phone)  
How much are people betting?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEINHOFF  
Twenty apiece.

FULBAR  
So where'd you put your money?

HEINHOFF  
Me? Didn't bet. You know: 'Don't ask,  
Don't tell' -- I play it strictly by the  
book ---

FULBAR  
You're not being recorded. You can tell  
me -- I'm just curious.

HEINHOFF  
(shrugs)  
I bet you were a dyke.

She doesn't react, just has another look through her  
binoculars. After a beat:

FULBAR  
So how'd you arrive at this massively  
important conclusion?  
(looks over)  
'Cause I've never tried jumping your  
bones?

HEINHOFF  
(a beat; shrugs)  
-- maybe ---

He begins replacing the cassette in the surveillance camera  
aimed at the subject building.

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)  
-- I mean, we could probably surveil your  
ass -- find out for sure, so some money  
could change hands...

FULBAR  
-- not without a DoJ bust for violating  
my Civil Rights, you couldn't ---  
(she turns)  
Hell, do it! Then I'll sue the Bureau  
for about ten million bucks... settle for  
five, and retire rich...

HEINHOFF  
Hey? How 'bout I set it up -- I make it  
happen; then you and I split the take ---

(CONTINUED)

FULBAR

-- shuddup ---

HEINHOFF

-- why not? I mean it's really a very cool idea ---

FULBAR

Shut the hell up -- !

She's pressing her head-set hard to her ears, listening to something, intently.

FULBAR (CONT'D)

He's on his way.

HEINHOFF

(uses the binocs)

Negative. He's there ---

DOWN THE STREET: A small van pulling up to one of the warehouses. A young Middle-Eastern man gets out of the vehicle, enters the warehouse building.

BOTH AGENTS quickly grab their gear, race for the stairs.

AN OLD TAURUS SEDAN - DAY: It's parked across from the "subject" warehouse. Fulbar pretends to be reading a newspaper inside the vehicle, listening intently to what's coming through the miniature speaker in her ear. She speaks into her small, cordless lavalier mic:

FULBAR

Okay, they're comin' out. I'll take the first leg, you stay on the parallels.

AROUND THE CORNER: ANOTHER CAR: A hot-looking, lowered, Rice-rocketed (doubtlessly confiscated) Honda Civic. Heinhoff at the wheel.

HEINHOFF

Affirmative.

He fires the Rice-Rocket's engine.

AT THE SUBJECT WAREHOUSE: The young Middle Eastern kid walks out of the place carrying a large box. He's followed by a severe, heavily eye-lidded Slavic fat-fuck named Vlenko Brushenko, carrying another box. When both boxes are loaded into the back of the small van:

BRUSHENKO

Yeah, yeah -- peace, my brother.



CONTINUED: (3)

He gives a Geraldo-style peace-sign as the younger man gets into the van, prepares to begin backing out. Then suddenly:

AN ATF SWAT TEAM explodes from the wood-work from all directions. Guns, shields, helmets -- all shouting, as ---

THE MIDDLE EASTERN KID immediately bolts from the van, pulling a small hand-gun as he runs, and ---

FULBAR IN HER CAR pounding hard on the steering wheel.

FULBAR

Damnit! What the hell-- ?

BRUSHENKO, quickly throwing his thick hands into the air as several ATF Agents surround him, guns leveled.

BEHIND THE WAREHOUSE: THE MIDDLE EASTERN KID shooting behind his back as he rounds the corner, and ---

HEINHOFF'S RICE-ROCKET peeling front-wheel rubber as he races toward the "subject" warehouse -- shouting frantically into his own radio mic ---

HEINHOFF

Fulbar -- you okay?

She's now running toward the warehouse on foot.

FULBAR

-- peachy -- ATF just screwed us.

Then, more gunshots ring out, this time a real fusillade.

THE YOUNG MIDDLE EASTERN KID falls from an iron ladder leading to a warehouse rooftop -- dead. The ATF robots begin walking toward the unmoving body, guns still trained.

THE FRONT OF THE "SUBJECT" WAREHOUSE: BRUSHENKO now handcuffed and surrounded by other ATF guys as Fulbar (displaying her FBI I.D.) arrives on foot and Heinhoff's rice-rocket bounces into the drive in a smoking, all-wheels-locked stop. He leaps from the car, nervous ATF guns all swinging quickly toward him:

HEINHOFF

FBI -- !

FULBAR

He's with me! Anti-Terrorism Division.  
Who's in charge here?

One ATF man raises the shield on his helmet.

(CONTINUED)

FULBAR (CONT'D)

You know how long we've been waiting to track the guy you just shot -- ? You idiots ever hear of a phone!?

WITH HEINHOFF BEHIND THE BUILDING: Now looking at the bloody mess on the pavement that used to be the Middle Eastern kid.

ATF GUY (AMAZED)

Wow! I'm hit!

Heinhoff doesn't care. The others do -- they gather around their comrade, begin examining his wounded arm.

WITH FULBAR AND THE ATF BOSS AT THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING. They now stand over the handcuffed Brushenko, arguing over who gets custody.

FULBAR

Sorry, pal -- he's ours. The dead guy may have been Al Qaeda -- ever hear of 'em?

ATF

I don't care if he was Al Falfa! There's C-4 in the truck, illegal weapons in that building, which means this guy's comin' with us.

THEN SHOUTING FROM OFF: AS THE OTHER ATF GUYS round the warehouse corner with their wounded team-member, people yelling to their boss: "Messina got hit."

THE ATF BOSS breaks it off and moves to his men, momentarily leaving Fulbar alone to cover the handcuffed Brushenko.

ATF BOSS

How bad you hurt, Messina?

MESSINA

I'm good ---

He faints, caught by the others as he falls.

ATF ROBOT

He's okay, boss -- it just went in his bicep, came back out again ---

THE ATF BOSS nods, looks to where Brushenko was just a moment ago. He's no longer there. Only Heinhoff is.

ATF BOSS

Where's our prisoner?!

CONTINUED: (5)

Then, from off, the screech of burning tires, and ---

FULBAR AT THE WHEEL OF HEINHOFF'S RICE-ROCKET: Squealing away, whipping her middle finger at the ATF boss and the rest of his assembled assholes as she speeds away, apparently alone in the car.

ATF BOSS (CONT'D)

Did she take him?!

HEINHOFF

Agent Fulbar? She'd wouldn't do a thing like that! In fact, I'm a little concerned ---

HEINHOFF BEGINS LOOKING FOR BRUSHENKO, as do the ATF Robots.

ON THE OUTRAGED ATF BOSS grabs his radio and begins calling for back-up. As he does, HEINHOFF slips silently away...

INT. SEATTLE FEDERAL BUILDING - UNDERGROUND GARAGE AREA - DAY

Fulbar unlocks the Rice Rocket trunk, looks down on:

VLENKO BRUSHENKO -- folded about six ways from Sunday into this very tiny space, his face blue from not being able to breathe, he's folded-in so tight.

Fulbar grabs Brushenko by the shirt-collar and roughly begins jerking him out of the tiny space as other Agents join her, but the unfolding job isn't an easy one.

BRUSHENKO

This bust all illegal. Trunk not proper cartage ---

Fulbar bitch-slaps him across the face.

NEW AGENT

Hey, don't -- there are cameras down here ---

Fulbar slaps Brushenko again -- harder this time.

FULBAR

Well, it's just that time of the month.

EXT. LANGLEY, VA - CIA HEADQUARTERS - SEPTEMBER 10th

INSIDE A CLASSROOM: JOE JOHNSON, a robust 50-year-old veteran of CIA clandestine operations the world over, stands at the head of a class of young operatives, analysts and researchers.

(CONTINUED)

On Johnson's left is a cork-board filled with surreptitiously -taken photos of Osama bin Laden. On his right, a large projection TV. On it, we see the aftermath of the 1993 WTC bombing: Black smoke, people choking and bleeding people being helped to ambulances by firemen and co-workers...

JOHNSON

'93: Gets a bomb into the basement of the World Trade Center. Six people killed, several hundred hurt -- but it's still basically a botch-job. He wanted to bring down the whole building.

Johnson clicks to: More news footage: The aftermath-horrors of the Riyadh, Dhahran -- the Embassies in Kenya, Tanzania.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

'95-97: Truck bombs at US bases in Riyadh and Dhahran. 1998: Vintage Al Qaeda year! Two perfectly-timed, simultaneous explosions at our Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. 258 killed, over 5,000 injured. '99 -- the near-sinking of the U.S.S. Cole. He's getting good.

He turns off the DVD and the lights in the room come up.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

So what created the monster? We know he's cranky. Bad back -- uses a staff to walk. Bad kidneys -- he's on dialysis.

Johnson is writing on the blackboard: "In Physical Pain."

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

What else? The psychological aspect...

A young analyst raises his hand. Johnson points to him.

ANALYST

His mom was one of twenty wives. His dad stayed with all the others -- also had more than one kid by them. But Osama's mom -- he left her right after their first-born. Never looked back.

JOHNSON

So in a culture where parentage means everything, Osama is almost an orphan: He's got 'Daddy Issues'...

Johnson writes: "Spurned by Father." A pretty, young CIA analyst raises her hand -- Johnson nods her way.

CONTINUED: (7)

## FEMALE ANALYST

-- I think a lot stems from that. Raised almost secular, he embraces radical fundamentalism as a teenager. Rebellion against a father who's Westernized -- really just a filthy-rich playboy.

## JOHNSON

Love it. So why's he hate us so much?

Johnson is writing: "Embraces Radical Islam -- Personal Rebellion."

## THIRD ANALYST

Judeo-Christian. He feels we're corrupt, amoral -- materialistic. Also imperialistic.

## YOUNG RESEARCHER

We desecrate the Islamic Holy Land by building bases near Mecca and Medina. We've got female troops walking around with uncovered hair ---

## JOHNSON

Kinda like bringing a stripper to church ---

People laugh. Johnson writes: "America Spiritually Corrupt," "Insults Islam." And then Johnson catches sight of the time.

## JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Okay, that's about it. So, as this old man retires, this is the world I leave you with: Nice guys like this. Other asymmetric threats -- not to mention bio, chemical and nuclear weapons in all the wrong hands... Makes the Cold War almost seem a little quaint...

Johnson notices MARGARET ROBBINS, late-thirties, still terrifically beautiful, arriving in the doorway. He nods at her, finishes with the "kids":

## JOHNSON (CONT'D)

So good luck with your careers and watch your asses. Don't become a Gold Star in the lobby down there...

ONE OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE stands, begins to clap. Others quickly join in. "Have a good retirement!" "Catch some trout for me!"

As the younger people begin filing out of this classroom-like setting, Johnson drifts to Margaret. She's smiling warmly.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

So how's it feel to be a retiree?

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

It feels...fantastic. Wanna get a drink?

MARGARET

I'd like that very much ---

Obviously, there's something very special between these two. Something that's been there for a very long time.

INT. A CROWDED GEORGETOWN BAR - EARLY EVENING

Margaret Robbins and Joe Johnson clink glasses.

MARGARET

To a long and wonderful service ---

JOHNSON

God. Everybody makes it sound like it's a funeral! There are some upsides to this, you know ---

MARGARET

Yeah -- you won't have to get up at six-thirty every morning.

JOHNSON

No! We're not co-workers anymore ---

She looks at him; a little of the coquette now showing.

MARGARET

Oh? And this means -- ?

JOHNSON

(suddenly boyish)

Well -- I guess that's kinda up to you ---

A thick moment...and then Johnson's very-impolite cell-phone begins to ring. He sighs, retrieves it -- his voice quickly becoming a recording:

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You have reached the voice-mailbox of Joe Johnson. In that Mr. Johnson no longer works for his former employer, your message will not be recorded at any goddamn beeps ---

He's about to shut the phone again. Before he can:

INTERCUT: BRADLEY BRAND on a busy Hamburg street. Smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAND

Some spook -- I can hear the bar-room in the background.

JOHNSON

Are you on a secure cell?

BRAND

Just like you taught me. Happy retirement, 'teach.'

JOHNSON

(softens; he means it)

Well, thanks. So how you doin' over there?

Johnson lips to Margaret: "Bradley Brand." She nods, lips back, "Tell him hi," sips her drink.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Margaret says hello.

BRAND

Ditto! So, now you're retired, you're in a bar with Margaret, and I'd bet my last buck what you have in mind right now ---

Johnson stirs, clears his throat, quickly moves on to other things:

JOHNSON

So, you still in Hamburg?

BRAND

Not for long. Flying to Al Qaeda-land tomorrow. First Uzbek, then over into Afghan ---

JOHNSON

-- the Massoud thing?

Brand is toying with an old passport-type photo of Sa-if Khan, one of the bogus Al Jazeera news-team members who ran from the sight of the Massoud suicide-bombing, earlier.

BRAND

Yeah. Apparently, some of the bad-guys got away. Two are full-fledged American citizens.

JOHNSON

Interesting. So how you gonna get into Afghanistan, white boy?

(CONTINUED)

BRAND

Dunno. I'm guessin' it'll be kind of a drag ---

A NEW DAY: CLOSE ON BRADLEY BRAND'S FACE behind blue netting.

A WIDER SHOT: He's dressed in full Burka drag, standing with a gaggle of other Burka-clad women on the sidewalk in front of:

THE KABUL INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- International only in that it's a World-Class shit-hole.

BRAND moves his hands up beneath his Burka to aim a small digital camera through his head-cover's viewing-net toward:

SA-IF KHAN, MOHAMMED HASSAN AND JOHN JAMAITJA: Khan and JAMAITJA holding airplane tickets, about to move into the Terminal building. They both hug Hassan, exchange double cheek-kisses -- and then the two leave...

BRAND, clicking away, but now the other Burka-clad women have moved on their way, and Brand, preoccupied, hasn't noticed it. Someone else has:

A TALIBAN COP sees this "woman" alone. This is a big no-no in Taliban-run Afghan-land. He runs toward "her," shouting in vicious Arabic:

COP

Why are you alone?! You are a whore?  
You have no respect for the law -- ?

BRAND quickly secrets the camera inside his blue clothing and tries speaking to the cop -- but only a feminine rasp comes out of his throat -- he's pretending he (she!) has damaged vocal chords and is basically a mute.

Whap, the cop wallops this Insolent with a long, thin stick.

Brand quickly kneels into a position of total compliance -- but the cop just keeps flailing away. Brand yelps and squeals until another policeman intervenes...dragging his over-zealous comrade away.

BRAND uses the moment to rise and quickly waddle into a new group of Burka-clad women -- all of them moving from the area of the crazed, stick-wielding policemen.

BRAND'S FACE - TIGHT: Speaking only to himself:

BRAND

Oh, the glamour of it all...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - UZBEKISTAN - NIGHT: Brand, dressed normally again, sits at a computer in a small, darkened office, blowing-up and enhancing the photos taken in Afghanistan. We see:

SA-IF KAHN, JAMAITJA AND HASSAN: Brand plays a little bit, blows up and enhances various faces, repeatedly pushes "print." And then he dials into a very tiny piece of a frame:

THE PLANE TICKETS in Sa-if's hand. The writing is in Arabic. Brand blows it way up, enhances it several times.

Finally, he sees two words on the ticket, barely legible, in English: "Seattle, USA"

BRAND: Fixates on the screen. And absently reaches for a phone.

EXT. COLONIAL HOME - RIDGEWOOD, N.J. - DAWN - SEPTEMBER 11TH

RETIRED ADMIRAL FREDERICK MCKEE, his wife Alise, and their pretty, college-age daughter, MELISSA, load a Lexus SUV with suitcases in the driveway.

Melissa is moving frantically, jabbering for all to hurry -- they'll be late, she'll miss her flight.

Finally everyone is in the car. It begins backing out of the drive, then suddenly stops again. Melissa bolts back into the house -- she's forgotten something.

INSIDE THE CAR: Alise shaking her head in total awe as she watches her excited, slightly manic daughter. She's half-woman, half little girl.

ALISE  
Wasn't I walking her to Kindergarten,  
yesterday?

MCKEE  
(smiles ruefully)  
Sure seems that way, doesn't it...

ALISE  
A college Sophomore -- my God ---

A beat later, Melissa returns to the car -- a Golden Retriever bounding happily at her side. Both jump into the car's back seat.

MCKEE  
Can't take King with you, Melissa. He's  
so spoiled you'd have to buy him a First-  
Class seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

24.

MELISSA

He can at least ride to the airport with us. I'm gonna miss him!

She snuggles and coos to the dog, warmly.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Indy 500-it, dad -- we're really late.

Fred McKee, serene-looking, just slowly backs the car out of the drive...

THE CAR - AS IT ANGLES OFF A TOLLWAY and moves into the long, arced drive at Newark International Airport. The last-minute details are quickly being covered:

ALISE

-- I've got the dorm address, but not the phone number, so you call us when you get there -- okay?

MELISSA

Yes, Ma'am ---  
(a beat)

You know, I was thinking about the dorm. We could probably save a ton of money if I got an apartment ---

MCKEE

-- an apartment in our price-range would put you in an Oakland slum, Mel.

MELISSA

(lurid:)

-- yeah, probably a Communist Oakland slum, right dad? Nothing like Fascist Annapolis. Are you really gonna take that job?

MCKEE

I honestly don't know, honey -- I really don't.

MELISSA

Gawd. They'd toss me out of Berkeley on General Principles...

MCKEE

(soft chuckle)

They might ---

## EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - THE CURB OUTSIDE THE TERMINAL BUILDING

Melissa's bags being tagged "SFO" by a curb-side bag-checker, the family's last-minute scrambling continuing:

MELISSA

Dope drivin', Dad -- time to spare.

MCKEE

Lemme park the car -- we'll walk you to the gate.

MELISSA

You don't have to do that! King'd be all alone! I'll be okay. I'm a grown-up now -- remember? Love you ---

She begins quick, good-bye hugs.

## THE AMERICAN AIRLINES VIP LOUNGE - THE BAR - DAY

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I'd like a cocktail, please...

The bartender just looks at her.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

A Long Island ice-tea. No, make it a Margarita.

BARTENDER

Do you have an I.D., Miss?

She looks at him -- almost imperiously: Me? An I.D.? But the Bartender's face stays like stone.

THE AIRPORT TERMINAL CORRIDOR: Melissa, sighing -- busted -- sees a gift-store across the way. She makes her way through the human traffic toward the place, passing:

"BOB FROM NEPAL," the flight student seen earlier. He's now accompanied by three other Middle Eastern men -- big, grim-faced, strong-looking guys. All are looking to:

THE UNITED AIRLINES FLIGHT-SCHEDULE VIDEO SCREEN: "UA Flight 93: Newark - San Francisco. Gate 26B. Departure 7:30 AM. ON TIME."

THE THREE MEN begin moving -- one of them nodding at the sign indicating the direction to Gate 26B...

WITH MELISSA MCKEE, in the gift shop, lost in a book, then finally putting it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

26.

She then looks at some tourist-gifts on a nearby shelf: Postcards. No. Small New Jersey license plates -- one emblazoned, "Joseph." She considers it, again decides no -- again moves on. Then, on another shelf she sees a clear glass ball, a miniature of New York City inside. She moves to it, picks it up, shakes it ---

THE GLASS BALL: Snow flakes fly inside the glass sphere -- great swirling masses of white snow moving around and between the City sky-line. Pretty! Melissa decides to buy it, moves to the line of other customers at the check-out counter.

TIME CUT TO: MELISSA still in line, she's closer to the front, but time has passed. Camera racks focus to: A WALL-CLOCK beyond her. The time is now reading 7:21. Melissa sees it.

MELISSA

Oh, man ---

She gets out of line, hurriedly puts the glass ball back on the shelf and quickly exits the gift-shop -- she's running late.

EXTREMELY TIGHT ON THE GLASS BALL: Snow swirling wildly around the Manhattan sky-line, then camera pushes slowly closer, to isolate the twin World Trade Tower buildings. But now the snow appears subtly darker in color -- it's almost grayish in tone...like swirling smoke. Or is it just our imagination? From the clamor of the airport gift-shop:

SUDDEN SILENCE: AS AN OLDER MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN IN WHITE PAJAMAS and white *lefe* (prayer-cap) kneels on a small Persian rug softly murmuring his morning Islamic prayers. The man then rears back, staying on his knees, eyes closed, silent, then folds down again, continues to pray.

Finished, DR. FAZUL ADEL rises to roll up his prayer rug, camera moving with him to see:

HIS WOODY, BOOK-LINED HOME OFFICE - THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE in the window beyond. We're not in the Middle East. We're in a nicely-decorated home in San Francisco, California.

WITH JOSEF ADEL in his room. He's maybe nineteen; a totally assimilated Arabic-American kid -- clean-shaven, short hair -- listening to the soft hip-hop rhythms of Linkin Park as he dresses and looks at a picture of himself and a smiling Melissa McKee on a nearby shelf. His father appears in the doorway.

DR. ADEL

Have you said your morning prayers, Josef?

JOSEF

Ah, dad -- I don't even know the direction of Mecca from this house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dr. Adel sighs, shakes his head, moves on. There's something resigned about this older man -- something world-weary, almost sad.

JOSEF ADEL'S HEAD pops out of his doorway behind him:

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Sorry, dad. Damn Beamer's just overheating and I've gotta pick up Melissa at the airport today ---

DR. ADEL

Prayer is good, Josef. Perhaps sometimes even for overheating 'Beamers' ---

The kid smiles at his father. The older man shuffles on.

INT. THE ADEL KITCHEN - EARLY DAY: Dr. Catherine Adel hurriedly prepares a light breakfast -- the "Today Show" playing in silence on a tiny TV on a counter-top.

Catherine is an intelligent-looking woman in her late thirties -- a polished, well-bred looking woman, her lineage a mixture of Palestinian and high-Egyptian -- but raised and educated in Paris -- an accent she still slightly retains.

Her husband enters, kisses her...and right away she knows it:

CATHERINE

Uh-oh. That black dog visiting again?

He sighs, shrugs -- finally nods...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You've only got one class today. Why don't you drop by Dr. Goldman's? He'll probably adjust your medication, Fazul.

DR. ADEL

Pharmacology and the brain. An infant science, I'm afraid. The depression will lift, Catherine. It always does.

Young Josef bounds into the room, kisses his mother warmly, then sees something behind her.

JOSEPH

Holy ---

THE SMALL TV: Under the heading "Breaking News," we get just a glimpse of the first aircraft heading fast toward the North World Trade Center tower, but just before it hits ---

(CONTINUED)

A COFFEE CUP shattering on the kitchen floor with a LOUD CRASH.

ON CATHERINE: She doesn't even glance to the cup she's dropped, she just moves to turn up the television's volume. We see no more of the telecast, just study the faces of those who do watch as they hear:

KATIE COURIC'S VOICE

-- as yet we have no real news other than that the aircraft -- apparently in distress -- hit the World Trade Center's North Tower at approximately 8:47, Eastern Standard Time...

Catherine's hand covers her mouth in disbelief. Young Josef just stares in jaw-dropped awe.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN: Now just a disturbed-looking Katie Couric and Matt Lauer at the news-desk.

MATT LAUER'S VOICE

It's a clear day here in New York -- It's almost hard to conceive how... My God, what a tragic accident ---

ON DR. FAZUL EL ADEL: Also stunned.

DR. ADEL

-- if it ~~was~~ an accident.

The others hadn't even thought of the possibility. As their expressions change to a new kind of concern:

EXT. IDYLIC RURAL VIRGINIA - A SMALL HOUSE in the rolling rural countryside: Misty this morning -- pretty.

INTERIOR - THE BEDROOM. Joe Johnson with beautiful co-worker Margaret Robbins. She stirs when he rises from the bed, looks at him -- a warm, sleepy smile. Johnson looks back, assessing her.

JOHNSON

I think that look is a good look.

(then:)

No regrets?

MARGARET

Only that you didn't retire a little sooner, maybe...

Margaret then catches sight of the time, begins moving. Late!

As she does, Johnson uses the channel changer to flick on the TV. We see Katie Couric and Matt Lauer, even more stunned-looking than before.

**MATT LAUER'S VOICE**

Now it is confirmed: A second airliner has hit the World Trade Center's South Tower. The following footage, just in.

**WE SEE ONLY A SNIPPET:** The North Tower smoking, the second plane streaking into the South Tower:

JOHNSON wincing on the impact.

**JOHNSON**

-- ah, Jesus ---

Without another word, both now begin racing to get dressed. Then Margaret stops, looks at Johnson:

**MARGARET**

You're coming back in?

**JOHNSON**

We're at war, Maggie ---

A beat...and then their quick dressing continues.

**KATIE COURIC'S VOICE**

-- the FAA has just ordered US airspace cleared. All air traffic has been directed to land at the nearest possible airport ---

**INT. FAA NATIONAL COMMAND CENTER - DAY - 9:21 AM**

Bothered, concentrating men and women at radar screens and all saying the same kind of thing:

**AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER**

Delta Flight 186, turn heading 240, cleared for emergency descent to five thousand -- contact Atlanta ATC at 136-zero-niner for immediate landing instructions.

People's voices are controlled, but their body-postures are up-tight -- in fact, almost desperate-looking.

**THE FAA MASTER SCREEN:** An illuminated radar map of the entire Continental US, showing all flights presently in the air. There are about 4,500 of them. The country looks like a bee-hive swarming in small, illuminated green bees.

CONTINUED:

30.

SEVERAL FAA OFFICIALS stand nervously beneath the large master screen.

FAA CONTROLLER

We've still got eleven flights not responding. What the hell's the matter with them?

SECOND CONTROLLER

We're gonna find out ---

EXT. LANGLEY AFB - DAY - 9:35 AM:

Fighter crews scrambling. Pilots jumping into F-16 cockpits. Red canvas ribbons being pulled from tips of missiles mounted under wings. Airplanes begin to taxi. F-16s take off in wing abreast formation, afterburners lighting, thundering as the aircraft lift from the runways into vertical climbs...

A NEW MASTER-SCREEN - NORAD: The United States is still swarming with the little green "bees," only now perhaps only a third of the number seen before -- and those now mostly clustered around the major airports. We're in:

INT. NORAD COMMAND CENTER - COLORADO SPRINGS - 9:37 AM

Huge activity here. AIR FORCE GENERAL ANTHONY EATON moves quickly to a group of other senior officers.

GENERAL EATON

The Pentagon's been hit too ---

Men react in total disbelief.

COLONEL

FAA's still got seven aircraft still not responding. Three are off-course from filed flight plans ---

AIRMAN

(handing him a phone)  
General ---

He takes it, listens for only a beat.

GENERAL EATON

Roger.

(hands phone back)

The President has ordered the fighters to arm their missiles at this time. Any aircraft not responding to visual command... is to be shot down ---

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

New RED CHEVRONS begin appearing on the Big Screen --  
fighters from the Langley and Dover Air Force bases.

**COLONEL**  
My God. Combat Air Patrols over the  
United States? It's not happening ---

**ANOTHER COLONEL** looks to a radar screen.

**SECOND COLONEL**  
We've got a 7-4 in Ohio, descending fast,  
transponder not squawking. He's way off  
course, air ---

**GENERAL EATON (LOOKS)**  
Chase it down.

People begin quickly getting on radios.

**A COMMERCIAL AIRLINER FLIGHT-DECK:** The Crew isn't listening  
to their COM radios, they're dialed into the breaking news on  
WLS, AM radio, Chicago ---

**WLS ANNOUNCER**  
-- confirming that the South World Trade  
Center Tower has collapsed. This just  
in; We're receiving unconfirmed reports  
that both the White House and Capitol  
buildings are now being evacuated ---

**FIRST OFFICER**  
-- sweet Jesus -- what is going on?

**CAPTAIN**  
(noticing COM radio)  
Oh, no ---

He spins the dial to the right channel, hears:

**ATC VOICE**  
-- repeat, Transatlantic 182 Heavy, do  
you read?

The First Officer gets his head-phones quickly in place ---

**CAPTAIN**  
Chicago Center, this is 182 Heavy. Sorry,  
uh, we had a little technical glitch ---

Just then a tremendous roar, and:

(CONTINUED)

IN THE WINDOWS OUTSIDE THE FLIGHT-DECK: An F-16 flies by, close and supersonic, a horrendous sonic-boom, the big 747 bucking harshly in the smaller aircraft's wake.

FIRST OFFICER  
Jesus H. Christ -- !

THE CREW reacts, wide-eyed, faces going pale, and ---

THE INSIDE OF A SECOND F-16, flying behind the Jumbo, the thumb of the Young Pilot's hand moving to uncover the missile-launch button on his stick. He looks up again. Gets a radar-lock buzzing tone and sees the airliner in the moving sight of his heads-up display. He's about to shoot the airliner down.

YOUNG FIGHTER JOCK  
Oh, man ---  
(then, into radio:)  
I got a missile-lock -- do I shoot?

A NEW ANGLE - THE AIR: Another F-16 flying parallel to the huge 747 -- its pilot waving his wings and gesturing to the flight crew, frantically.

INSIDE THE AIRLINER AGAIN

CAPTAIN  
Christ!

He moves the yoke right and left, waving the Jumbo's wings, responding to the fighter's signal. The First Officer is talking frantically to Chicago ATC.

ATC VOICE  
-- descend immediately, heading 2-3-0,  
for direct approach, O'Hare -- Runway 1-2-  
Niner ---

The Captain begins doing as he's told.

THE F-16 behind them, the young fighter pilot, using a gloved hand to wipe the sweat from his eyes -- the thumb of his other hand tightening on the launch-button on his control stick.

YOUNG FIGHTER JOCK  
I need orders here -- do I launch on this  
aircraft or don't I?

RADIO VOICE  
That's a negative -- repeat NEGATIVE on  
missile launch, Showtime 1-3. Cover your  
goddamn go-button so we don't have an  
accident here, Duke. He's responding.

CONTINUED:

The Young Fighter Jock, closes his eyes for a moment and:

HIS FINGER flicks the trigger-guard back over the missile-launch button. He sighs deeply, again wipes at the heavy sweat in his eyes.

THE AIR: THE HUGE JUMBO ANGLING DOWN: The F-16s escorting it.

EXT. MCKEE COLONIAL HOME - RIDGEWOOD, N.J.: Admiral and Mrs. McKee sitting in front of their television.

NEWSMAN'S VOICE

-- United Airlines Flight 93, from Newark, New Jersey bound for San Francisco now also confirmed as having crashed in an open field near Shanksville, Pennsylvania. Early reports indicate there were no survivors -- but speculation as to whether this tragic event has any connection to ---

ALISE

-- did he say United 93? He didn't, did he, Fred?! Tell me he didn't! Oh, my baby. Our little girl --!

Alise McKee screams, "no, no, no," again and again. Admiral McKee can hardly hold his wife as she folds up in her misery.

INT. THE CORRIDORS OF CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

The place in uproar, people moving quickly through halls, papers in hands, entering offices, some in a flat-out run.

A LARGE MEETING ROOM - DAY: We're behind the silhouetted head of CIA Director GEORGE TENENT as he sits at the head of a large table, his trade-mark unlit cigar in his mouth.

Lots of people here -- both men and women -- various groups ready to present their combined Situation Report. Margaret Robbins is among them.

MARGARET

NSA, the NSC, ourselves...it's pretty much one voice, sir: Al Qaeda.

CIA ANALYST

That would also be supported by the Massoud assassination the other day ---

MARGARET

They didn't want a strong Anti-Taliban leader just waiting to aid us if we go in.

(CONTINUED)

TENENT'S VOICE

Oh, we'll go in, alright...

Tenent rises (still in silhouette), slowly moves to the large, double-pane, one-way windows. He looks out toward:

DISTANT WASHINGTON: A thick column of smoke can be seen rising from the Pentagon, eight miles away.

TENENT'S VOICE (CONT'D)

That City hasn't been touched by another nation since the War of 1812.

(beat)

This operation took planning, preparation -- funding. We didn't see it coming, people. Why?

He turns toward the group, his face still in shadow. No one has any quick answers.

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Sol Binder in his office, simultaneously watching three television sets: CNN, THE FOX NEWS NETWORK, MSNBC. The hellish news just keeps pouring in.

HARRISON, The Young Translator met earlier, knocks on the door, then enters with a thick sheaf of paper in his hands.

HARRISON

Latest chatter intercepts. They're celebrating like it's New Year's Eve.

BINDER

We knew about the possibility of hijackings. But using Commercial airliners as missiles? No.

He rises, sighs, moves. After a beat:

BINDER (CONT'D)

Notice the date?

HARRISON

Yes, sir. I did...

BINDER

(throws something)

Ah, Goddamnit ---

A CHALK-WHITE MELISSA MCKEE disembarking from the plane with other fear-filled passengers.

ED:

Melissa looks at the pale-looking pilots seen a moment ago, just before stepping onto the jet-way leading into the terminal.

MELISSA

Those fighter-planes --- Did they almost shoot us -- ?

The crew doesn't answer her. They can't even talk. Finally, Melissa continues on her way, joining the other disembarking passengers.

INT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

Melissa McKee at a pay-phone. Shocked, stranded passengers from many flights milling in confusion around her.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Lucky I'm a screw-up, Dad. I missed my plane and took the next one.

INTERCUT: THE MCKEE HOUSEHOLD: Admiral Fred McKee on the phone, his wife, her face still red, her cheeks still tear-stained, listening with him in shock and disbelief.

MCKEE

Where are you now, Melissa?

MELISSA

Chicago -- O'Hare. Who's doing this to us?

MCKEE

I'm not sure yet, honey ---

Alise McKee now grabs the phone.

ALISE

Melissa, dear -- ?

MELISSA

Hi, mom -- I'm okay ---

ALISE

Oh -- the sound of your voice.

And now both women lose it, tears beginning to flow.

THE BUSY FEDERAL BUILDING, PHOENIX:

FBI AGENT FRANK SMYTHE watches MSNBC in this busy office area: New York Mayor Rudolph Guiliani has just ordered all New York tunnels and bridges closed, the National Guard being activated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

36.

Agent Smythe is joined by his Supervisor, seen earlier. "Oscar" is looking at Smythe, but Smythe refuses to acknowledge him.

A beat, then Smythe just silently walks away.

A US AIR BASE IN GERMANY:

Bradley Brand watches the news in a large hangar with other American fighting men, all seeing re-runs of the hell that's been visited on their Homeland. The news speaks of Navy missile destroyers being deployed to guard the ports of New York, Boston and Bethesda. Brand looks different than before. His eyes look cold. Murderous.

A LARGE APARTMENT IN MOSCOW, RUSSIA: American diplomat Dale Rutherford watches American network news in his bedroom. His wife, eyes red and puffy stands next to him as the bad news continues:

CNN ANNOUNCER

-- both New York flights having embarked from Logan International Airport in Boston.

RUTHERFORD

(softly)

"Logan, Massachusetts"...

MRS. RUTHERFORD

What, Dale -- ?

RUTHERFORD

We may have had it all, Luce. We just didn't connect the dots.

INT. SEATTLE FEDERAL BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Vlenko Brushenko sits, arms shackled behind him at a table. "Jungle" Jane Fulbar paces near him -- hovering like a shark.

Agent Frank Heinhoff sits across the table, putting photographs on its surface in front of Brushenko. Most are surreptitiously taken shots of Arabic-looking men.

HEINHOFF

Which ones are friends of yours, Vlenko?

He looks down at the photos, momentarily focuses on the image of Sa-if Khan (the photo taken by Bradley Brand in Afghanistan), then he looks up again.

BRUSHENKO

You're being attacked. Bad for you. Good for me. I got lots to say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

37.

BRUSHENKO (CONT'D)  
But not until I get immunity. Full,  
American-brand ---

He looks Fulbar up and down.

BRUSHENKO (CONT'D)  
Big Time G-Men.  
(a loud bark:)  
I get written guarantee!

Hold on him a long beat. Smug, omnipotent, pissed-off looking.

INT. SEATTLE FEDERAL BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

Heinhoff and Fulbar walking quickly. Everyone here is walking quickly. Heinhoff holds up the photo of Sa-if Khan.

FULBAR  
That sonovabitch!

HEINHOFF  
This one. He recognized him.

Fulbar looks at the photo of Sa-if Khan. She nods.

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)  
He's got dual citizenship -- Syria and here. Right here -- Seattle. And guess what else?

He waves a fax.

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)  
-- he just got back from Afghanistan. CIA believes he was involved in a political assassination over there. He's Al Qaeda.

FULBAR  
Can we get a warrant?

HEINHOFF  
Today, I think we could get a warrant on Nancy Reagan.

JOSEF ADEL IN HIS BMW: parked in the lot at San Francisco International Airport, his face down on his car's steering wheel. The bad news on the radio just continuing...his cell phone ringing, but he doesn't answer.

At last, Josef looks up -- his face pale, his cheeks tear-stained -- he looks totally lost. He finally answers the phone, his voice only a breaking whisper.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEF

What ---

MELISSA'S VOICE

Josef -- it's me -- I've been calling and calling! Why weren't you answering?

He can't believe his ears.

JOSEF

God, oh, God -- Melissa!? I thought you were gone from me. Where are you? Where!?

A QUIET, TRACT-HOME LINED STREET - SEATTLE - NIGHT: Then suddenly, squad cars, unmarked police cars, black GMC Suburban Federal vehicles -- all screaming up to a single house. They bound over curbs, slide to angled-stops in the street, the driveway, the lawn. Armed men charge from the vehicles, surround the house to cover every window and door.

LATER: Now even more law-enforcement cars parked here, lights ablaze -- they're everywhere. Then:

A CALM, BEATIFIC-LOOKING SA-IF KHAN appears from the house's doorway, hands shackled behind him as he's led by about five FBI-jacketed men toward the black GMC Suburban parked in the drive. Khan is put inside the vehicle. It immediately pulls away.

INSIDE THE SMALL HOME: The place being turned upside down by half the Seattle FBI office.

ON FULBAR AND HEINHOFF, both wearing surgical gloves, going through Khan's collected reading material. Islamic hate literature, books, magazines -- newspapers from the Middle Eastern "street" with covers showing glory shots of Osama bin Laden or the week's latest, deified Palestinian suicide-bomber.

FULBAR

Look here ---

She's unfolding a map of U.S. cities -- some areas circled with a red marker.

HEINHOFF

Nuke plants?

Fulbar sighs, nods, then shows him what else she's found: Pamphlets on Anthrax, bio-warfare, poison gas...crop-dusting aircraft. It's all bad.



HEINHOFF shakes his head, picks up a hardcover book, entitled, "American Foreign Policy in the Middle East."

Curious, he cracks it open, sees that many paragraphs have been highlighted in fluorescent yellow-green ink. He reads.

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)  
' -- brutal U.S. Foreign Policy in the Middle East...being primarily dictated by the powerful "Jewish Block Vote" in American Domestic politics --- '

FULBAR  
Who's the author -- Joseph Goebbels?

Heinhoff looks at the fly-leaf: We see a photograph of a younger Dr. Fazul Adel.

HEINHOFF  
No -- some Poly-Sci prof down in Berkeley. Adel. Dr. Fazooool Adel ---

Fulbar reacts -- she's just seen that name somewhere else.

FULBAR  
Wait a sec ---

She quickly goes through the pile of notebooks on the table-top in front of her.

She then finds and opens one of Khan's hand-written notebooks. The writing is indecipherable Arabic, except for one word, in English, appearing several times on the page: "Adel." She shows it to Heinhoff.

HEINHOFF  
Let's get a translation ---

She nods. Both continue going through Khan's "literary" collection.

THE AFGHANI MOUNTAINS - DAY: Bradley Brand, dressed semi-indigenously (Arabic "Kafia" head-gear, long kaftan over faded jeans) sits cross-legged on the ground before several tribes of primitive-looking Pushtin-Afghani men who have gathered in this small, ancient, bombed-out village.

Each has its own war-lord, sitting at the head. Beside Brand is a bespectacled, intellectual-looking Afghani teenager -- Brand's interpreter, Azul.

BRAND

-- but now you must put aside these petty differences to fight as One. Because if you don't, the Taliban will never be defeated. and we all might just as well go home, right now.

Young Azul translates this to the assembled mass. When he's finished, one of the war-lords rockets to his feet. He speaks in fast, guttural-sounding Arabic -- the road-show version of Benito Mussolini at the height of his roll...

AZUL

He says, he does not care about American thunder from the skies. He will not join this fight because of Hezmir ---

(indicates)

-- that guy over there -- who he says he hates more than the Taliban, which he hates mightily.

Brand growls -- tired-looking...this has been going on for some time. He rises and moves toward "Mussolini", young Azul following him.

BRAND

(quietly)

Ask him if three ounces of pure gold would soften his position on Hezmir.

It's translated. "Mussolini" ponders it. He looks here, there, strokes his beard...finally launches into a long impassioned litany. He goes on for awhile before he finally seems satisfied that he's made his point. Azul turns to Brand.

AZUL

He says, 'fine.'

ON HEZMIR: Suddenly rocketing to his feet to deliver his own impassioned pronunciamento in harsh, quickly-spoken Arabic.

AZUL (CONT'D)

(quietly to Brand)

Hezmir says, this is 'bullshit' and that he knows you have bought his enemy with dinars, which offends him, greatly. He will now never fight beside you...because you think he is stupid and probably think that he too can be bought.

Brand sighs and moves toward Hezmir. Quietly to Azul:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRAND

Tell him I know he is the greatest leader in the entire region. Tell him that the American President knows this too -- and that he has personally instructed me to give him four ounces of gold -- purely as a gesture of his friendship and respect. And keep your goddamn voice down, this time.

Azul walks to Hezmir, begins quietly delivering the news.

"MUSSOLINI" AGAIN: Watching, intuiting what's happening and suddenly again going absolutely berserk. He shouts across at Hezmir -- Hezmir shouting back, both tribes now joining the fray.

THE TRIBES then suddenly bolt to their feet, someone's said something over-the-top, and people are now getting ready to fight. The situation is deteriorating rapidly....

BRAND watches for a moment, then simply throws up his arms and walks away.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Forget it! This is not gonna happen -- !

Then, from off: The honking of car horns. Brand looks to:

THE LONG CONVOY OF BATTERED AND DUSTY CARS AND TRUCKS. The convoy stops. Joe Johnson gets out of one of the cars, sees what's going on, smiles at Brand as he approaches him.

JOHNSON

Bad diplomatic hair-day?

BRAND

What are you doing here? I thought you were off grazing in a pasture somewhere ---

JOHNSON shakes his head, looks to:

THE TRIBES: Fist-throwing is now beginning -- it's a mess.

BRAND (CONT'D)

They're like a buncha raggedy-ass gang-bangers! There'll never be an alliance between these people -- !

Johnson only has an amused look on his face. He indicates:

HAMID KARZAI: A tall, mysterious, almost mystical looking figure alighting from one of the battered vehicles. He's well-dressed in a flowing desert robe, his face serene and wise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ON THE TRIBES: Karzai's name ripples through the mayhem and the shouting and fighting quickly stops. All look silently toward:

KARZAI as he positions himself atop a low rock wall to deliver a short and quiet speech to the assembled mass.

He then steps down and all groups cheer, clap and shout -- chanting Karzai's name as he moves:

THE TRIBES

Karzai -- ! Karzai -- ! Karzai -- !

BRAND AND JOHNSON, Brand very confused-looking:

BRAND

What the hell did he say to them?

JOHNSON

(looks over)

Inspirational words ---

KARZAI mounts the spirited horse that has been unloaded from the back of one of the trucks for him.

ON BRAND, totally confused, watching as Karzai's stallion rears high in the air, the Pushtin leader shouting:

KARZAI

Tarin Kawt --- !

Everyone quickly moves toward their own transportation-forms -- horses, battered trucks, ancient Soviet battle vehicles -- there's even one sagging T-35 tank.

KARZAI rides off -- the entire mass quickly assembling to follow him.

BRAND moves to Johnson, who is now hefting high-tech GPS and communication gear onto the horse that's been provided him by one of Karzai's men. He mounts up, looks down at Brand.

JOHNSON

You do know how to ride, don't you?

Brand sees that a horse is being provided for him as well.

BRAND

Uh, wouldn't a truck be better?

JOHNSON

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Johnson spurs the animal -- launching himself forward.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Come on, son! Ass-kicking to be done ---

BRAND WATCHES as the small army moves away in a large cloud of dust. It's like something from a different century...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AMTRAK TERMINAL - NIGHT

Melissa McKee and Josef Adel have moved her bags to his BMW. They kiss. They hug and kiss and they keep kissing...an embrace that seems as if it will never end. At last:

MELISSA

Can we get an apartment together? I want to hold you forever ---

Josef nods and they continue clinging, the lights of the city dancing beyond them...

THE MCKEE HOME - RIDGEWOOD, N.J. - NIGHT - SEPTEMBER 20TH

Retired Admiral Fred McKee and wife Alise watch Governor Tom Ridge being sworn in as "Director of Homeland Security," on television -- the newsmen telling us of the President's creation of this new, temporary position. Then the phone rings. McKee answers it.

MCKEE

Hello.

We only hear a distinctive male voice.

MALE VOICE

Is this Retired Admiral Frederick McKee?

MCKEE

Yes ---

MALE VOICE

Annapolis has been informed you'll not be taking the position as Academic Dean, sir.

MCKEE

What?

MALE VOICE

We're sorry for the impropriety of not letting you notify them personally, sir. But these are...extraordinary times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCKEE

What? Who is this?

MALE VOICE

Please, sir. Be standing by for your  
Commander-in-Chief.

Click. The phone goes dead. McKee just stands there for a moment, dumfounded.

ALISE

Fred? What was that about?

MCKEE

I honestly don't know. But something  
tells me I'm gonna find out...

INT. A NEW FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY: Heinhoff and Fulbar sit at a table with Vlenko Brushenko.

BRUSHENKO

Now your Stinger missiles sting only you.  
Same missiles aimed at me -- Soviet campaign  
Afghanistan. Americans so stupid ---

HEINHOFF

Your Immunity agreement says you have to  
tell us everything you know, Vlenko.

Fulbar holds up the legal papers.

FULBAR

If you get caught in a lie -- even an  
*itsy-bitsy* little one -- this means  
nothing. Do you understand that?

Brushenko grunts.

HEINHOFF

Were the men you were dealing with  
members of Al Qaeda, Vlenko?

BRUSHENKO

Some American gang-kids. Some Al Qaedas.  
But this, I only think. They not wear  
badges on forehead.

FULBAR

Aside from the C-4. We also have tapes  
of someone trying to buy Uranium from  
you. You said you could provide it for  
them. Did such a transaction ever take  
place?

(CONTINUED)

BRUSHENKO  
(shakes his head)  
All was bullshit. I don't got access,  
Uranium. Eh -- so maybe I fake -- make  
some bucks -- who knows? ---

HEINHOFF  
Were the people who wanted the Uranium,  
Al Qaeda?

BRUSHENKO  
(shrugs, reiterates:)  
They not wear badges on forehead...

Heinhoff pulls out the photo of Sa-if Kahn. Displays it.

HEINHOFF  
Recognize him?

BRUSHENKO  
Khan -- like Genghis. Nice guy for  
Moslem.

HEINHOFF  
Was he the man who tried to buy the  
Uranium from you?  
(Brushenko nods)  
What did they want it for -- to try  
building a nuclear weapon?

BRUSHENKO  
They not that dumb. They make just dirty  
bomb. C-4, hospital waste -- stuff like  
that.

Heinhoff again displays Khan's picture.

HEINHOFF  
You'll testify in a court of law that Khan  
tried to buy Uranium from you?

BRUSHENKO  
(indicates Fulbar)  
-- only if she don't do more beat-ups.  
She act like man.

Hold a beat as Heinhoff and Fulbar look at each other,  
Heinhoff finally turning away, suppressing a smile.

WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY - SEPTEMBER 22nd: INSIDE A SMALL  
JUDGE'S CHAMBERS, an informal swearing-in ceremony.

Fred McKee, right hand on a Bible, takes an oath from an aged Judge. His wife Alise is behind him, along with a handsome young man in a Brooks Brothers suit we haven't met before.

JUSTICE

-- and swear to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America?

MCKEE

I do.

JUSTICE

That's about it. I'm due back in court. Feel free to use the chambers, if you have the need ---

He exits. McKee still looks a little confused. He turns to the young man in the quiet, well-cut suit:

MCKEE

Look, I don't even know what the Office of Homeland Security is tasked with, so you're going to have to fill me in a little bit. Okay?

No answer.

A DARK HALLWAY: The three on the move in a dimly lit basement corridor of the Executive Office Building. We now recognize the younger man's distinctive voice as the one heard on the mysterious phone-call to the McKee residence, earlier.

YOUNG MAN

We took the liberty of hiring you a secretary -- she's been at the White House for maybe a thousand years, so she knows her way around town, pretty well.

MCKEE

Governor Ridge said I should also hire a staff of some kind. Only he didn't mention a budget. Do we have one?

YOUNG MAN

I don't work for the Governor, sir -- I don't know.

MCKEE

Who the hell do you work for, son?

YOUNG MAN

I work in the basement, sir.



CONTINUED: (4)

MCKEE

-- the basement...

YOUNG MAN

At the White House.

MCKEE

NSC?

YOUNG MAN

No, sir ---

And with that, he's finished. McKee and Alise look at one another -- it's all so spooky.

INT. A LARGE, EMPTY FEDERAL OFFICE AREA - DAY: Fred McKee shaking hands with a stern-looking older woman, wearing Fifties-vintage pixie eye glasses in this huge, dusty, paint-peeled area containing several glassed-in offices and a large open, dusty work-bay.

LORRAINE

They didn't even give us desks. I called the General Accounting Office and petted some fur backwards pretty hard. If they don't have desks and computers here in about ---

Just as she's looking at her watch, a huge group of moving men appear at the entrance to the room, dollies and roller-pallets filled with literally a ton of office equipment.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Alright, move it all in.

The moving-men begin rolling the tonnage into the place.

Alise and Frederick McKee look at one another as the moving-men file between them. It's all just so bizarre.

MCKEE

In World War II...they called this kind of thing, 'War-Born.' It'll come together. I guess...

LORRAINE

Your staff, sir. Is there anyone you'd like me to call?

She indicates a solitary phone, sitting on the empty floor.

(CONTINUED)

MCKEE  
(overwhelmed)  
Uh. God...

ALISE  
-- He's probably a little busy right now,  
Fred. How about Sol Binder? He knows  
his way around the Beltway...

McKee looks at his wife, nods -- then turns toward Lorraine.

MCKEE  
Sol's over at NSA, Lorraine ---

SAN FRANCISCO: INSIDE A SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT. A small,  
lightly furnished place -- hastily set-up. Camera finds  
Melissa McKee and Josef Adel sleeping in bed, naked beneath  
the sheets.

JOSEF stirs, awakens, flicks on the television to see the  
latest news: It tells of the tremendous air-assault on  
Afghanistan, U.S. War-planes knocking out communications and  
radar installations in night-time Kabul.

MELISSA stirs, awakens. Josef sees it, embraces her, warmly:

JOSEF  
How are you?

MELISSA  
(snuggles him)  
Happy to be here alone with you--

And then her serenity is invaded by intrusive words coming  
from the TV: Tom Daschle speaks of his receiving Anthrax  
letters, then the closing down of the Congressional Office  
Building. Melissa just covers her ears.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
Oh, turn it off! Turn all of it off!  
There is no outside world tonight.

He shuts off the television, gently envelopes her...

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT. Fred McKee and Sol Binder  
walk along the sidewalk in front of the closed-down Capitol  
Building.

MCKEE  
-- I know, plus the porous borders, a  
free and open society, privacy laws  
guaranteed under the Constitution...

CONTINUED: (6)

BINDER

-- it's more than that. A lot of it's structural. Take the FBI. Great investigators -- probably the best in the world. But they don't just bash in doors and shoot people -- they build legal cases against them. CIA, DIA -- they may be a little more 'go-get-'em'-type outfits -- but they're not really supposed to operate on these shores. We don't want a national Gestapo ---

McKee sighs...vexed-looking.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY: Binder and McKee sitting on the marble steps in front of the huge statue.

BINDER (CONT'D)

'Stove-piping.' Know what it is?

(McKee doesn't)

Every Agency channels its own 'smoke' up and out its own chimney.

MCKEE

Why?

BINDER

To keep it from wafting into the other guy's office. The Agencies are in competition. Funding. Internal promotions. You name it...

MCKEE

It's the same with the Army and Navy...

BINDER

Not like this. This is a political town. Say we've stumbled onto something...we're pulling on a little investigative thread. We share it with another Agency down the block -- maybe they've got something that can help us. Know what's happened more than once?

MCKEE

No ---

BINDER

We read about it in the next day's Washington Post. The other guy's running a leaky ship.

McKee looks at him. He can't believe it.

(CONTINUED)

BINDER (CONT'D)

Or, it goes the other way. The other operation is as tight as a drum. Only they don't help us -- they just follow it up on their own. Maybe they make an arrest, grab some credit...but sometimes all they've really done is caught some little fish...while we were after the whole school. Bureaucracies in action.

McKee sighs, looks up at the strong and gentle face of Abraham Lincoln. Binder sees where McKee is looking...rises.

BINDER (CONT'D)

Yup, I know...

THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL and reflecting pool. The two are across the street, stopped at the corner, waiting for the lights to change. They do, and the two begin walking.

MCKEE

Just how crazy are you, Binder?

BINDER

Not very, I don't think ---

MCKEE

Here's why I ask: I don't know how long Homeland will last. It's not official yet.

Binder is looking over at him -- skeptical.

MCKEE (CONT'D)

But Sol, what if it were? What if it gave us the chance to build a Bridge that would link all the Agencies together in some coherent way?

(looks at him)

Would you come help us build it?

BINDER

What you are asking...is a lot, my friend. If I bolt the fold...I may be committing career-suicide.

MCKEE

I'm a little desperate, Sol, or I wouldn't ask.

(then:)

I think the country's a little desperate too.

BINDER  
(small smile)  
Guilt-tripping me, huh?

Then a long, intense look between the two men. Binder sighs, looks off, looks back again.

BINDER (CONT'D)  
Lemme talk to Sarah... My God...

MCKEE  
Talk with Sarah.

INT. DR. CATHERINE ADEL'S BERKELEY CLASSROOM - DAY

She stands at the front, lecturing in Islamic theology.

CATHERINE  
The Fifth pillar of Islam? Zakat: Giving of charity. Originally this was free-will donation -- but now it's largely compulsory. Two and a half percent of every Moslem's income goes to the needy.

The doors to the classroom burst open, young males shouting and haranguing, passing out anti-Islamic hate-leaflets.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Excuse me -- this class is in session.

JOCK  
What class? Moslem propaganda class?

CATHERINE  
This course is in World Religion. You have no right to burst in here ---

JOCK  
-- I have no right? You should be back in Iraq or wherever you're from.  
(to the class)  
What are you doing in here, people? Don't you know we're at war? You're listening to enemy propaganda!

Some shouting breaking out -- the whole class on its feet. Some confront the invaders, others are just scared to death.

CATHERINE  
All of you, please! Leave now -- or I'll call security ---

CONTINUED:

52.

JOCK

Don't think so, Ma'am -- they're too busy helping the Feds arrest your husband ---

CATHERINE

What -- ?!

He doesn't answer her, he just continues handing out his leaflets. Catherine, shocked, quickly begins gathering her things:

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Class is dismissed. Everyone -- we'll reconvene next Friday ---

She quickly exits from the confusion to see:

JOSEF AND MELISSA approaching quickly in the busy hallway. When they converge:

JOSEF

They just took Dad away in hand-cuffs!

CATHERINE

Who took him away?

MELISSA

They wouldn't say! They just put him in a car and left. They wouldn't tell us anything ---

All three just look at one another. After a stunned beat, Catherine begins leading them away.

TARIN KOT, AFGHANISTAN IN THE DISTANCE - DAY: It's a low, mud-hut, medieval-looking city, rising out of rough, gray desert sands. Camera pulls back to include a now-larger army of Alliance freedom-fighters behind some rugged desert hills, perhaps a quarter mile from the ancient city. Incoming shells are occasionally being lobbed at the gathered Alliance tribes.

BRAND AND JOHNSON on the ground behind a berm near their horses, Brand rubbing at his sore backside, Johnson punching numbers into a dusty lap-top, lying in dirt in front of him. A horse almost steps on the computer as the animal spooks at an incoming shell blast. Johnson shoves the animal away.

BRAND

Azul? Get these things outa here, will ya? They stink ---

Azul begins moving the horses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNSON

Do please note the inherent advantage of our four-legged friends...

Johnson indicates and Brand looks down on:

ON A LONG CARAVAN OF TRUCKS AND CARS in a canyon below them. All are stopped behind a single truck that's stuck in the mud of this narrow mountain pass. Men are trying to move it -- shoving it and cursing at it in Arabic -- all to no avail.

A SMALL GROUP OF DELTA OPERATORS pass through Brand's point of view. They're dressed in bits and pieces of American uniforms mixed with Afghani indigenous wear -- and carrying some very cool, shortened, lightweight assault rifles.

BRAND

Yo, hey -- Americans?

One of them, wearing outrageous-looking Elvis sunglasses, turns to Brand.

ELVIS

(pure Elvis)

Tango 12 is in the building...

The Operators have a large group of rather sharp-looking Afghani irregulars in tow.

JOHNSON

Delta. They've been in-country since September 13th, training the indigenous.

Bawaaam! A shell lands near them, everyone ducking, diving and hitting the ground. Only the "King" doesn't flinch -- he just continues ambling on his way, singing:

ELVIS

Uh-huh-huh-huh -- Uh-huh-huh -- I'm all Shook Up ---

They disappear over a hillock, their Afghani Posse in tow.

JOHNSON

Ahh -- here we go ---

Brand looks to:

THE IMAGE FLICKERING INTO VIEW on the computer-screen in front of him. It's a moving image, an air-to-ground view of themselves and the Afghani fighters around them as:

(CONTINUED)

A SLEEK, WHITE GLOBAL HAWK unmanned aerial vehicle whistles past, low over-head, camera lens staring straight down at them.

BRAND

So here I am. I'm being shelled. I have blisters on my ass, I'm sitting in mud and looking down on myself from an unmanned aerial vehicle that's bouncing a video signal off a satellite down into a lap-top lying in horse-shit and Elvis just walked by. Is this a dream?

JOHNSON

(studying the screen)

You haven't seen the best part, yet...

THE LAP-TOP SCREEN - THE GLOBAL HAWK'S VIEW of the city Tarin Kot from above.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Meet your enemy ---

We see the Taliban gun-emplacements and troops, some of them taking impotent small-arms pot-shots at the Global Hawk as it arcs in lazy circles above them.

Then we see Taliban artilleryists pulling the lanyards on three ancient Soviet cannons aimed at the Alliance position. Three big muzzle flashes, three big, jumping, dusty re-coils, and ---

BRAND AND JOHNSON as -- Baam, baaam, baaaam! -- three big shell hits -- closer than before. When the dirt stops falling:

BRAND

Well, it looks like they're finally dialing in the range. Why aren't we calling in something of our own?

Johnson indicates:

HAMID KARZAI standing tall in the dusty terrain, talking calmly in Arabic on his cell-phone.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Talking to the Missus?

JOHNSON

Trying to talk the Taliban Provincial boss into surrendering without spilling Afghani blood.



CONTINUED: (4)

KARZAI, CLOSE: He finishes talking, closes his cell. He looks to Johnson and shakes his head: It's not going to happen. He sighs, turns to Brand:

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Well, call it in. Keep it outside of the city walls. Just show 'em what we got.

Brand uses his laser range-finder, aims it at an area outside the city walls. He checks the GPS coordinates...and grabs his digital radio.

BRAND

Delroy 8-7 -- this is Delroy 8-2, over.

A RADIOMAN ON THE GLEAMING BRIDGE OF THE USS CARL VINSON gliding through the calm blue waters of the sunlit Arabian Sea.

RADIOMAN

-- roger, Delroy 8-2, this is Delroy 8-7, over ---

We begin INTERCUTTING: The sparkling clean bridge of the big nuclear carrier with the miserable gray mud of Afghanistan:

BRAND

8-7, request JDAM strike, coordinates ---  
(checks his gear)  
-- 3-2 decimal 6-3, One minute North by 6-  
5 decimal ---

CUT TO: A WING OF HEAVILY-LADEN F-18 HORNET FIGHTERS flying in sunlight above clouds, breaking off and heading downward into the fluffy white cotton.

THE CITY OF TARIN KOT as suddenly the Hornets break out of the overcast to swoop over the city, and just a moment after their low pass:

THE ENTIRE COUNTRYSIDE outside the city walls turns orange with a huge series of explosions, sending a tremendous shock-wave hard toward ---

JOHNSON AND BRAND AND THEIR ALLIANCE BRETHERN as the wave of compressed-atmosphere blasts over them, everyone looking at the massive size and power of the fiery explosions before them.

AZUL

Sub-Hannallah!!!!!!!!!!

(CONTINUED)

None can believe the incredible might of a single American air-strike.

ON ELVIS watching it all, the King quietly again singing:

ELVIS

-- uh-huh-huh -- uh-huh-huh -- oooh,  
yeah, they're all Shook Up ---

ON HAMID KARZAI as his cell-phone suddenly begins to ring. He answers it. He listens, then looks over at Johnson -- smiles softly, gently nods his head. He's got a deal.

JOHNSON

(rising)  
They quit. Town's ours. Let's go ---

THE STREETS OF TARIN KOT - DAY

The Alliance moving in, caravans of cars, trucks, the old battered Soviet tracked-vehicles. The city's people are cheering them -- especially Hamid Karzai who rides in one of the open vehicles, waving.

TALIBAN POLICEMEN are getting rid of their uniforms -- burning them.

A GROUP OF WOMEN, joyously pulling off their thick blue Burka headdresses -- replacing the hot, heavy blue wool with simple head-scarves in respect to Islamic tradition. One of them stomps her burka-top in the muddy street.

ON BRAND watching.

BRAND

You go, girl! I can relate ---

Then suddenly, heavy small-arms fire from somewhere near. People hear it, but it hardly disrupts the celebratory mood. Brand moves quickly around the corner to see ---

THE SMALL FIRE-FIGHT, just ending. Several local men lie dead in the windows and doorways of a particular structure.

AZUL stands watching as the Alliance killers begin checking the bodies for life.

AZUL

Al Qaeda.  
(spits)  
Losers.

BRAND

(perturbed)

Azul -- my job is to down-load these people! Next time, would you ask your friends to at least take some of them alive? I'll give 'em back when I'm done ---

He turns to leave, sees Johnson jogging fast toward him, talking quickly into his field radio. He finishes, speaks to Brand:

JOHNSON

-- big column moving this way -- fast.  
Trucks, heavy-armor, tanks -- hard-core  
Al Qaeda at the helm ---

Johnson is already moving toward the Delta unit, who are now helping the Alliance fighters check the dead.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Yo, Tango 12 -- trouble comin' up the road ---

"Elvis" drops a dead body, begins walking toward Johnson and Brand, looking enthused.

ELVIS

Yeah -- ?

THE OUTSKIRTS OF TARIN KOT - NIGHT: An extreme fire-fight. Taliban and Al Qaeda troops and tanks moving behind berms, fighting their way toward Alliance positions just outside the city. The tracers fly in both directions -- the fighting is very close and incredibly heavy.

JOHNSON AND BRAND'S BUNKER POSITION, Johnson on the radio. Azul on a cell-phone, Brand having him translate:

BRAND

Tell them to swing south -- we got a great big hole opening up, just over that berm ---

AZUL begins shouting into the cell-phone in rapid Arabic. Johnson uses night-vision goggles to look at the area he's concerned with.

BRAND (CONT'D)

No! No, Azul! They're going the wrong way!

(points)

That south -- not that one ---

Azul begins correcting things in frantic Arabic as Johnson barks into his military radio:

JOHNSON

They just broke through our right flank.  
Christ! No! We can't even communicate  
with our friendlies! All they've got are  
a few goddamn call-phones -- !

ON A TALIBAN TANK appearing over a berm, not far away,  
bucking as its muzzle flashes, and ---

NEAR JOHNSON AND BRAND: BAWAAAM the tank-shells hit, tossing  
both men several yards from where they were just a moment  
before.

BRAND

You okay -- ?

JOHNSON is hit in the arm. He slams open a field medical-  
kit, grabs compresses, tossing the radio to Brand.

JOHNSON

I'll take care of this, get some Air in  
here to get rid of that goddamn tank ---

Brand scuttles to the radio, feels something soft beneath  
him. In the light of tank-shell blast, he sees:

AZUL'S BODY BENEATH HIM: The young man's eyes are open, the  
cell phone next to him still screaming in Arabic.

BRAND gets off the body, shuts the Afghani's eyes and grabs  
his laser range-finder. He flashes it toward the place where  
the tank was a moment ago -- but it's no longer there.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Christ -- they're right on top of us ---  
Over there ---

THE TANK has advanced a hundred yards and is firing again,  
taking out a line of suddenly exposed Alliance troops.

BRAND gets a laser reading on the tank, checks the tank's GPS  
coordinates and tries to get them into his radio:

BRAND

3-2 decimal 6-3, Six minutes -- ah, Christ ---

The tank is moving again. This isn't working. Johnson sees  
what's going on as he finishes bandaging himself.

CONTINUED: (8)

JOHNSON

We're being overrun.

BRAND

The '52's are still loitering ---

They look at one another. This is not a small decision.

HAMID KARZAI moving up, still shouting battle commands into his cell-phone, but also seeing the total desperation of the situation. He looks at both Americans. Johnson looks to Brand...then, at last, nods. Brand grabs his radio mic:

BRAND (CONT'D)

Our position is being overrun. Request  
JDAM strike right down on top of us --  
GPS coordinates 3-2 decimal 6-3 ---

KARZAI knows what's going on, begins talking in fast Arabic on his cell-phone.

ELVIS somewhere across the battlefield, hearing Brand's request, and not even he likes this one. He shouts to those around him:

ELVIS

Everybody dig in -- BUFF-strike incoming.

Tango 12's SAW machine-gun stops firing and everyone curls as deeply into the dirt as they can.

FROM AFAR: THE BATTLEFIELD OUTSIDE TARIN KOT tracers still streaking across the battle-lines. But really, there are no battle lines -- the fighting has become hand-to-hand. Then, the distant sound of jets high overhead, and ---

VARIOUS SHOTS: As hell visits earth, the heavy air-strike impacting the entire area. The carnage to both sides is incredible...

CUT TO:

DAWN: The fighting over now. Just a body-strewn battlefield. Alliance troops are tending to their wounded as best they can -- which is basically just saying a prayer or holding a screaming man's hand.

WITH BRAND AND JOHNSON: Exhausted-looking, dirty, battle-spattered. Near them is Hamid Karzai, many aides around him, tending to a shrapnel wound to his face.

(CONTINUED)

BRAND

This is not exactly the James Bond life-style I signed-on for ---

Johnson nods at the gallows humor. The fight was an expensive one.

Some of the Alliance fighters begin shooting wounded enemy. Brand sees it, bolts from his small trench to stop it.

BRAND (CONT'D)

No! I need to interrogate 'em. We're here to find bin Laden ---

ON JOHNSON as Hamid Karzai approaches him, his face now heavily bandaged. He offers his hand. He speaks English for the first time. Perfect English.

KARZAI

The air-strike was a courageous decision. I am proud to fight beside you.

He offers his hand. Johnson shakes it.

ON THEIR HANDS: Dirty, bloody -- the handshake very firm.

NEW HANDS: FINGERPRINTS being rolled onto a FBI record sheet.

We open to show the hands belong to one very confused Professor Fazul Adel -- a primitive-looking jailer doing the print-taking in the admittance area of this ancient, disused Juvenile Detention Facility. When they're finished:

DR. ADEL

May I have a towel or something to clean my hands?

Another Jailer calls out from across the room where he's processing other Middle Eastern male detainees.

JAILER

Why don't you use that towel on your head, Sheik?

But Adel wears nothing on his head. His dignity totally stripped from him, he's again hand-cuffed and led away by yet another Guard.

INT. A FACILITY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

-- lined with cells crowded with men -- most of them young, many well-dressed, all of them of Middle-Eastern extract.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

We're in an American-Islamic hall. Dr. Adel moves down the long corridor, trying to reason with the Guard who leads him.

DR. ADEL

What am I charged with? May I speak to a lawyer?

Other men in other cells chuckle at this, call out, "Yeah, you got rights. Sure, Old Man," etc. It's obvious there's no due-process -- not here.

The Guard shoves Adel into his small, empty cell, shuts the door behind him and begins walking away.

DR. ADEL (CONT'D)

This is a horrible mistake!

IN A NEARBY CELL: Two young men inside, both well-dressed, well-groomed, middle-class-looking.

RAMZEY

I couldn't believe it either. I was just sitting home watching TV.

CELL-MATE

(heavy accent)

You got a Green Card?

RAMZEY

I'm a Citizen! I work for Xerox, over in Marin.

INT. A SEATTLE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT: Heinhoff and Fulbar sit across a table from Sa-if Khan -- shackled, dressed in an orange jump-suit, a lufe on his head. Fulbar holds a photo of Fazul Adel in front of him,

Khan looks straight through it, a tiny beatific-looking smile on his face.

FULBAR

Dr. Fazul Adel. What's your relationship with him, Sa-if?

Khan doesn't react.

HEINHOFF

We know you know him. You have notebooks filled with his name.

No response.

FULBAR

You've got some other names in your notebooks, too. They all Al Qaeda, Sa-if?

(CONTINUED)

Khan just looks straight ahead, a million miles away.

FULBAR

Which training camp did you attend?

Nothing.

HEINHOFF

Rish Khor? Maybe out in the hills,  
somewhere. Tora-Bora -- Hindu-Kush?

FULBAR (CONT'D)

(puts down his passport)

Or were you maybe just buying rugs over  
there...

Still nothing. Heinhoff and Fulbar look at one another.  
This isn't going to work: Sa-if Khan is a hard-core case.

INT. A NICE FEDERALIST HOME - NIGHT: A polite party in  
progress; well-dressed people holding drinks, accepting  
delicacies from the trays of formally-attired waiters.

ADMIRAL MCKEE: People surrounding him, stating opinions,  
wanting opinions. McKee would rather be in hell.

SENATOR

-- I almost lost my seat over NAFTA! If  
I get behind a new, non-union Agency,  
that'd be the last straw, believe me ---

CONGRESSMAN

We're at war, Henry! 'Well, sir, I just  
think I'll consult my Union Rep before I  
charge that hill!' I mean, gimme a break!

JOURNALIST

Admiral, the FBI is a Civil Service  
operation. Are you saying their  
performance suffers because of it?

MCKEE

I think the only reason the President and  
Governor Ridge want to keep us outside  
the Civil Service system is to get us up  
fast, then keep us adaptable -- fluid ---

JOURNALIST

CIA isn't 'fluid' enough for you?

MCKEE

(strained)

I didn't say that -- you did.



JOURNALIST

We could be creating a domestic para-military operation, here. That may comfort some people now, but I'm sure even you know the dangers of the precedent it sets ---

McKee is about to lose his temper.

MCKEE

-- Even me -- really -- ?

ALISE MCKEE

(cheery)

-- hello, Gentlemen ---

She's arrived just in the nick of time.

MCKEE

My wife, Alise ---

ALISE

(about to shake hands)

Ohh -- Ouch!

She fakes a sudden, severe high-heel tilt -- her ankle apparently badly twisted. She grabs McKee's shoulder, he steadies her.

MCKEE

Honey -- are you okay -- ?

ALISE

I think so. These darn shoes! If I can just sit down for a minute ---

Everyone offers help, condolences, doctors, ambulances. But the McKees just hobble away, Alise telling everyone she just needs to sit for a moment.

A PATIO - NIGHT: And immediately, of course, Alise is fine.

MCKEE

Lone Ranger to the rescue. I was just about to hang myself in there ---

ALISE

I'm sure you were doing fine.

CYNIC

Admiral McKee, right?

The McKees look to a small, balding, paunchy, middle-aged man as he moves closer, obviously a bit drunk.

CYNIC (CONT'D)

Well, well, well... So how's it feel to be a cardboard target?

MCKEE

What?

CYNIC

The Administration -- the Bureau, the Agency -- all those wonderful 'elected officials' in there. They know suicide attacks can't be stopped. Could anybody stop the Kamikazes in World War II?

As he puts on his overcoat, preparing to leave:

CYNIC (CONT'D)

But somebody's gotta to take the fall. Grab a couple outa-townners, that's it! (begins exiting:)

You and Ridge are the biggest patsies since Lee Harvey Oswald...

He's gone. McKee, furious, starts after him, Alise stops him gently, moves him to the balcony. They stand there a moment, just looking out over the lights of the Nation's Capitol.

ALISE

They're all just scared, McKee. I am -- you are -- everyone is...

McKee puts an arm around his wife. We hold a beat as they stand there.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FBI OFFICE - DAY: Catherine Adel, Josef and Melissa McKee stand waiting for a Civil Service Clerk behind the counter -- no one here moving at any great speed. Finally, a hefty lady waddles toward them -- her attitude pure Post Office.

CLERK

Nope. We ain't got him listed. You try the SFPD?

Catherine's fear has now turned to anger.

CONTINUED: (14)

CATHERINE

We have been to the Police, the INS, the District Attorney, the US Attorney -- we've been everywhere. This is outrageous -- !

Other people are beginning to look, including some honest-to-God FBI agents. Josef sees it, tries to calm his mother.

JOSEF

Mom -- come on -- he's not here ---

He begins leading her away. Lost, she simply explodes:

CATHERINE

OUTRAGEOUS!

The whole room stops. Josef quietly gets her out the door, Melissa following, deep in thought...

EXT. THE SAN FRANCISCO FEDERAL BUILDING: The Adels and Melissa moving toward Catherine's SUV in the parking lot.

JOSEF

Mom, you gotta understand. The country's been attacked. Mistakes are gonna happen. It'll be straightened out ---

Catherine stops at the car, tears now welling in her eyes.

CATHERINE

He doesn't even have his medication...

She sags. Josef goes to her and gently takes the car keys.

JOSEF

Let me drive, mom. Tomorrow I'll talk to a lawyer.

Josef begins leading his crying mother toward the passenger side of the car as Melissa watches it all. It's pathetic...

EXT. DISUSED SAN JOSE YOUTH-DETENTION FACILITY - NIGHT  
Overgrown with weeds, paint peeling. Heinhoff and Fulbar arrive in a rental car, enter the facility.

INT. DETENTION FACILITY INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The two sit with Dr. Fazul Adel. Fulbar reads from a folder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

66.

FULBAR

' -- when an American suburbanite stands at a service pump filling his car, he is not pumping gasoline. He is pumping Islamic blood.'

Adel looks haggard. He speaks softly, his voice thin. He is not in good psychological shape...

DR. ADEL

Yes, I wrote that too. In 1972. I was a young Academic -- trying to draw attention to myself. It was a phase -- a very stupid, irresponsible phase ---

Heinhoff is putting photographs of individual Middle-Eastern men in front of Adel.

HEINHOFF

-- do you recognize any of these men, Dr. Adel?

He looks, shakes his head. Then Heinhoff holds up the photo of Sa-if Khan.

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)

Not him? You sure?

Adel again shakes his head.

FULBAR

-- are you a contributor to an organization named the 'Palestinian Children's Relief Fund'?

DR. ADEL

No! The PCRF is a front for Islamic Jihad. I don't believe in their actions or their politics...

Then Heinhoff puts a new photograph on the table-top in front of Adel. The professor looks closely at this one.

THE PHOTOGRAPH: It's a surreptitiously-taken shot of Adel talking with several men in front of a large, very up-scale, big city Mosque.

DR. ADEL (CONT'D)

Yes. The Islamic Center in Washington, D.C. I spoke there, last June.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Now Heinhoff points out Sa-if Khan in the photograph -- talking to Adel. Then he shows other photos, taken the same evening -- Adel and Khan speaking animatedly, and alone.

FULBAR

He's Al Qaeda, Dr. Adel. Both of you in the same cell?

DR. ADEL

(rattled now)

Cell? A terrorist cell? Listen to me! I lecture in many places. Afterwards, I converse with many people. I don't know who all of them are. I don't know this man!

FULBAR tosses a credit card monthly statement down in front of Adel. A long list of expenditures -- one of them underlined.

FULBAR

This is a copy of your credit card statement -- December of last year. It shows a donation of a hundred and fifty dollars to the Palestinian Children's Relief Fund.

DR. ADEL

I don't understand! I've never made a donation to this organization -- !

He's quaking slightly now.

HEINHOFF

Doctor. We want names, meeting places... information on planned, future terrorist attacks ---

DR. ADEL

This is all a fabrication! It's insane!

FULBAR shrugs, ready to wait all day for answers.

DR. ADEL (CONT'D)

Am I formally charged with a crime -- ?

They just look at him.

INT. THE OFFICE OF HOMELAND SECURITY - DAY: Livelier than before. There are actually some people at desks. Not a lot of people -- but those here are working hard. Amidst them, we see Harrison, the young NSA analyst seen with Binder, earlier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

68.

INT. MCKEE'S OFFICE - DAY. He's on the phone in his not-yet-fully-furnished office, a television playing somewhere near.

ON BINDER: Excitedly rolling a big chalk-board into McKee's office door. McKee finishes a phone conversation, looks to Binder, bemused.

MCKEE

What'cha got there, Sol?

Binder shows the retired Admiral his quickly-drawn diagram: On the chalk-board there are small boxes -- each containing a name of one of the existing Intelligence or Defense Agencies.

He begins drawing lines from each of these boxes to a central box, not yet labeled.

BINDER

-- we have a magic wand. We wave it over all the Intelligence Agencies. We mesmerize them -- put them under our hypnotic spell. Then we induce them to send us their data -- so we can get it into one central computer. Our computer. Right here -- the Office of Homeland Security ---

He labels the central box, in chalk: OHS. McKee watches, amused with Binder's enthusiasm.

BINDER (CONT'D)

Then I design a program -- a specialized search-engine kind of thing. We feed in a name, a time, a place, a date...a street -- anything. Then you just push 'enter.' Dwalla! Everything known about what you've just entered comes up -- bang: One neat, complete, organized, all-inclusive package... All the dots, Fred. Just waiting to be connected.

McKee considers it. A long beat. Binder gets nervous.

BINDER (CONT'D)

Well? So -- ?

MCKEE

I'm trying to find something wrong with it.

(finally shrugs)

I can't. Hell. It's safe -- it's compartmentalized. Computers don't call the Post ---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BINDER  
(ecstatic)

-- we could keep the loop practically down to you and me! If there's a leak -- they can just come down and shoot us!

McKee laughs. Binder gets serious again.

BINDER (CONT'D)  
Fred, the only trouble is gonna be getting the other agencies to comply. That's going to take a severe hammering from the top. The real top. They've got to send us everything they have -- or this won't work.

MCKEE  
Sol. Those 'stove-pipes' you were talking about? I think they went in the junk-heap, September 12th.

Hold a beat.

ON THE TELEVISION that's been playing in the corner of the room: The news of the POW uprising at the Konduz prison complex near Mazur-e-Sharif...the rumors of the first American casualty in Afghanistan.

INSIDE OF A SMALL, STONE ROOM - KONDUZ PRISON COMPLEX - DAY:

An Al Qaeda leader sits handcuffed in a chair. Standing at the wall, watching, is one of his hand-cuffed brothers -- the Delta Operator known as "Elvis" guarding him. Johnson interrogates the prisoner in the chair.

JOHNSON  
We know you're Al Qaeda, Damhir. The equivalent of a Major, I'm told. That about right?

An Alliance Afghani translates it. The man in the chair says nothing. He's a hard case.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Know where Osama is?

Damhir spits. He is a very hard case.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
How 'bout Atef?

Damhir says nothing. It's painfully obvious he won't say anything.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Ah, take him outside ---

Elvis grabs him, moves him out the door at gunpoint. Johnson indicates for the armed Afghani interpreter to get the other man into the chair. He does so -- roughly.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Benai. Benny. You're like a Colonel, right?

The Afghani interpreter translates.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You know where Osama is, Benny?

OUTSIDE THE STONE SHACK. Elvis shoots one round into the air, simultaneously kicking the handcuffed Damhir, hard. Damhir yelps and Elvis then quickly covers his mouth so he can't yell again. The sonic effect is that he's been shot.

INSIDE THE SHACK: "Benny" quakes -- knowing that his friend is dead. He begins frantically talking in rapid-fire Arabic. He's clearly giving up everything he knows...

MINUTES LATER: JOHNSON exiting the small structure, Elvis is waiting for him outside the door.

ELVIS

It work?

JOHNSON

You think you can sing? That guy sounded like a bird ---

This time Elvis is truly enthused.

ELVIS

Hell, let's try it on 'em all -- !

(sings it:)

'Everybody in the whole cell-block --  
singin' to the jail-house rock --- '

Johnson smiles, looks out over:

THE ENTIRE KONDUZ PRISON COMPLEX SURROUNDING THEM. It's an old, sand-blasted stone fortress, now a holding-compound for captured Taliban/Al Qaeda troops. The place is a mess. Much fighting has gone on here, the dead and dying are everywhere. Then, the chopping sound of helicopter blades, and ---

A MARINE HELICOPTER setting down, Bradley Brand jumping out of it and moving toward Johnson.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

71.

Brand takes in the carnage around him as he moves -- he's surprised by it. When he reaches Johnson:

BRAND

What the hell happened? They surrendered before I left ---

JOHNSON

Some of the Alliance boys got out of hand, started shooting prisoners. Only some of them were still armed and started shooting back. Alliance commanders finally got tired of it...and opened up with those ---

He indicates several T-55 tanks. As they begin ambling along a line of wounded enemy prisoners, lying on the ground:

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Learn anything over in Taloqan?

BRAND

Yeah. Osama's in Tora Bora -- his Number Two, Mohammed Atef ---

JOHNSON

-- is over in Kabul, I know. You get Osama's exact whereabouts?

BRAND

No.

JOHNSON

Hill 8823. I had a little Thermobaric present delivered up that way...

BRAND

Well, you didn't get these ---

He displays a bunch of audio cassette-tapes.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Terror-strikes planned for back home. They've got a whole calendar filled -- one wave after another ---

Brand catches sight of something off:

BRAND (CONT'D)

Whoa ---

He begins running. Johnson follows him.

A BADLY WOUNDED MOHAMMED HASSAN -- one of the men Brand took pictures of at the Kandahar Airport, earlier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Hassan is soot-blackened, unconscious -- bloody...lying in a long line of other wounded men. Brand looks up to the Afghani guarding the group.

BRAND (CONT'D)

This man -- how bad is he -- ?

ALLIANCE GUARD

(flat)

Dying.

Brand shakes Hassan -- he moans, still moves -- but barely. Johnson arrives.

JOHNSON

Who is he?

BRAND

Member of an AQ cell that just surfaced back in Seattle. FBI thinks they're working on a dirty-bomb. He needs to be med-evaced outa here, Joe -- now ---

Johnson immediately gets out his radio. Brand begins propping Hassan's head, gently.

JOHNSON

(into radio)

Bee-hive 1-9, this is Delroy 8-2, over ---  
We need med-evac at the Konduz prison complex. We've got a VIP over here ---

(listens)

Roger.

Johnson nods to Brand -- who rises and begins miming for the Afghanis to load Hassan onto a stretcher. As he does, Johnson is looking across to:

ONE OF THE AMERICAN HELICOPTERS across the complex, a line of US Marines standing, saluting, as a single body-bag is loaded into the aircraft. It prepares to take off -- leaving many other stacked, dead Afghani bodies behind. Brand moves up.

BRAND

What's that all about?

JOHNSON

First American casualty. Got caught in the middle of this mess ---

The helicopter begins taking off.

(CONTINUED)

BRAND  
(quietly)  
Delta?

JOHNSON  
No. Agency. One of our own.

Brand sighs, just sadly continues taking it in, as:

AN INCOMING MED-EVAC HELICOPTER slowing to a hover above them.

Johnson pulls the pin on a smoke-grenade -- indicating where they should land. As the chopper begins setting down, Johnson indicates for the Afghani stretcher-bearers to take Hassan to the settling craft.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Go with him and down-load him yourself.

BRAND  
I'm okay here ---

JOHNSON  
A dirty bomb? Go interrogate him. You.  
Follow him all the way to Guantanamo if  
you have to ---

Brand realizes the seriousness of it, shakes Johnson's hand and begins moving toward the helicopter Hassan is being loaded onto.

ON JOHNSON: Watching as the craft takes off, Brand saluting him from the open door. Johnson salutes back. Brothers in arms.

CUT TO: VLENKO BRUSHENKO: Standing in a mirror, adjusting his cheap tie, at the collar of his cheap shirt beneath the jacket of his cheap suit.

FULBAR  
You look stunning, Vlenko. Right out of  
GQ ---

WE'RE IN A CHEAP-LOOKING, VERY LIVED-IN HOTEL ROOM, several Federal Agents here, heavily armed, all waiting to transport Brushenko to a court-room. Heinhoff comes up, carrying a bullet-proof vest and a mug-shot of Dr. Fazul Adel. Heinhoff shows Brushenko the photograph.

HEINHOFF  
You know this guy, Vlenko?

BRUSHENKO

(looks)

No. Guys I meet, all young doodes.  
Who's this guy --?

HEINHOFF

Doesn't matter ---

(tosses him vest)

Sorry to be a fashion-smasher. Put it  
on...under the jacket.

Brushenko, cursing in Russian, begins taking off his jacket.

BRUSHENKO

Makes look fat.

FULBAR

Vlenko? You are fat ---

BRUSHENKO

At least I am man. Real man.

EXT. SEATTLE COURTHOUSE - DAY

A huge number of the American Islamic community demonstrating; carrying flags, placards and signs, protesting the detention of Islamics being held with or without charges against them.

INT. A SEATTLE COURTROOM - DAY - ON SA-IF KHAN: shackled and dressed in jailhouse orange, sitting near his long, pony-tail-haired ACLU attorney. Other cases are on-going -- many Middle Eastern men being arraigned, most being released.

ATTORNEY

Look, I'll do by best. But if they have a witness who even mentions your name and the word 'Uranium' in the same sentence --  
we're screwed.

Khan nods -- serenely. His fate is in the hands of Allah.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FLEA-BAG HOTEL - A REAR ALLEYWAY ENTRANCE

Several cars pull to the slum-building's rear doorway, including an armored black Chevy suburban SUV. They stop.

ON BRUSHENKO exiting the back doorway into the trash-strewn alleyway, Federal Agents escorting him toward the vehicles that have come for them.

A ROOF-TOP POINT OF VIEW: But not a regular point of view: We're seeing the heavily guarded Brushenko exiting the hotel through cross-hairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

75.

The sight is aimed at the center of Brushenko's chest. But then a piece of the Russian's Kevlar vest shows, under his jacket. The cross-hairs adjust, moving up onto the center of Brushenko's face.

WITH THE ENTOURAGE now reaching the open doors of the waiting Black Suburban. Suddenly then, a shot rings out -- a mist of blood from Brushenko's head and he falls to the ground. All of the Agents immediately duck, pulling their side-arms and MAC-10's, looking everywhere for the assailant.

ON HEINHOFF AND FULBAR: Scanning rooftops, eyes wide.

HEINHOFF

You see him?

FULBAR

No -- !

AN OPEN SHOT: The Federal Agents moving everywhere, looking up at roof-tops, Brushenko lying face-down on the ground in a pool of blood.

ON HEINHOFF: On his radio, calling for an SPD Helicopter overflight.

FULBAR: Reaching Brushenko's body, takes a quick look. He's dead. She sighs, heavily.

INT. SEATTLE COURTROOM - DAY - LATER: The courtroom is empty of Middle Eastern men --Sa-if Khan is the only one left.

ACLU ATTORNEY

-- my client is being held on outstanding parking warrants on a million dollar bail, Your Honor! He is the victim of ethnic profiling and nothing more.

The Judge holds up a hand, stopping the ACLU assault. He turns to the District Attorney -- whose Assistant is signaling his boss frantically.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

One moment, your Honor -- please.

The D.A. moves to his assistant who has just received news by telephone. He whispers it into his boss's ear -- the Prosecutor, just heavily sighs, turns back toward the bench.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

The People have no witness, your Honor.  
It's seems he's met with...an untimely end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE PROSECUTOR GLARES AT SA-IF KHAN: Knowing he's a free man, Khan finally even smiles a tiny bit. From off:

JUDGE

Mr. Khan, I suggest you pay those parking tickets, right away ---

Bang. A gavel falls. The Judge begins reading his legal-finding that frees Khan.

FULBAR AND HEINHOFF have just entered the back of the courtroom -- sagging, grim-faced, demoralized. Another of the Agents seen guarding Brushenko earlier arrives, displays a baggie in his hand.

AGENT

Assailant evaporated. Found this on a roof-top, two blocks away.

He's holding up a single brass shell-casing. Fulbar is watching:

KHAN as he rises, a bailiff beginning to undo his cuffs and leading him to a place where he can get his street clothes.

FULBAR

That guy...is working on a dirty bomb.  
It's not a high-school science-project,  
goddamnit -- !

Fulbar kicks the courtroom door, exiting.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT, THEN:

INT. THE ADEL FAMILY HOME. Catherine pacing, on the phone, angry, receiving terrible news:

CATHERINE

-- suspended from his teaching duties?  
For what?

(listens)

He's been teaching at that institution  
for Seventeen years!

(a beat)

And I'll tell you what I'm going to do!  
I'm going to resign my own position  
in protest -- and then I'm going to the  
media. Do you hear me?

Click. She slams down the phone. Josef enters the room.  
Catherine looks at him. Melissa sheepishly enters the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

77.

MELISSA

Is there anything I can do, Mrs. Adel?

CATHERINE

(short)

No! No.

She stands, paces like a caged animal. She's nearing her wits' end.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Both of you -- please. I'm just not fit for human contact right now.

And then she again breaks down, sinking to the couch, her head going into her hands. Josef moves to his mother.

JOSEF

Melissa -- please -- go back to the apartment. I'll see you there later ---

As Josef begins trying to comfort his mother:

MELISSA suddenly feeling very intrusive...quietly leaves the room...

THE OFFICE OF HOMELAND SECURITY - NIGHT

The place busier than before, big Cray computers being hooked-up, Binder supervising it. And then:

MCKEE IN HIS OFFICE. He's on the phone, concerned-looking.

MCKEE

When did all this happen?

We INTERCUT: JOSEF AND MELISSA'S APARTMENT: Melissa on the other end of the line.

MELISSA

I mean this isn't the America you helped defend, Dad. This isn't that country at all. Dr. Adel is a good American Citizen. He's proud of it ---

MCKEE

Mel, it doesn't sound right. I'll get into it and see what's going on. How's Josef's father's spell his first name? F-A-Z --

MELISSA

U-L. Fazul. Dad, you gotta do something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCKEE

I'll make some calls, honey.

(then)

Melissa? Are you okay?

MELISSA

Yeah, no! Is anybody okay right now -- ?

Hold a beat. McKee doesn't have an immediate answer for this one.

EXT. THE STREETS OF SEATTLE - NIGHT

Jungle Jane Fulbar, alone in her car, looks up the block toward:

SA-IF KHAN standing in the large window of an upscale Middle Eastern eatery, speaking on his cell-phone. He's dressed normally again -- free as a bird. He snaps shuts his cell-phone, moves out of the restaurant and to his car, at the curb.

FULBAR starts her own car's engine, about to follow him.

OUTSIDE as, ghost-like, two other (unmarked) cars move around Fulbar's -- blocking its ability to move.

FULBAR checks her weapon -- it's eerie, she's a little scared.

BAM-BAM-BAAAM! Fulbar jumps -- head flicking toward the man knocking on the passenger side window. Then she sees:

SEVERAL OTHER MEN surrounding her car. They look FBI. They are. She rolls down her window.

SPECIAL AGENT

Agent Jane Fulbar -- ?

She nods.

SPECIAL AGENT (CONT'D)

Special Agent Roland, Office of Professional Responsibility. What you're doing is illegal.

FULBAR

That guy -- is gonna ---

SPECIAL AGENT

-- you're in violation of the law. You're probably gonna be suspended -- maybe more. We're going to the Federal Building -- now.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

79.

FULBAR

Do you know what that guy's gonna do?!

FEDERAL AGENT

Do you wanna follow us? Or you wanna  
come in one of our cars -- in bracelets?

Fulbar exhales heavily, puts her head down on the steering wheel.

ON SA-IF KHAN: He's been watching the preceding -- now grinning eerily. He then gets into his car and drives away.

EXT. GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA - CAMP X-RAY - DAY

A not yet finished outdoor prison-like compound -- lots of cyclone-fencing topped with concertina, razor wire surrounding a few newly-built, bare plywood buildings.

Armed Marine guards watch newly-arrived Taliban and Al Qaeda detainees, presently praying in the Caribbean sun on GI provided prayer rugs. Get rid of the razor-wire, you'd have a beach resort.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL TENT - DAY: MOHAMMED HASSAN in a nice clean hospital area, Bradley Brand and a couple of young Marine guards gathered around him -- one with a note-pad in his hands, the other looking as if he'd like to kill the prisoner. As Hassan writhes in great pain:

BRAND

For a non-drinking, respectful Islamic man like yourself, that Morphine must've felt like, well, twenty-seven virgins, huh, Hassan?

Hassan just writhes. Brand looks to the I-V bottle above him, the injection-valves that feed into his arms. He has a syringe in his hand.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Now, I'm not a doctor -- but I know this, Hassan: That morphine has worn off. You are a man in great pain.

He displays the syringe.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Now this...this is 'non-pain.' This is a double-dose. This is fifty-four virgins.

HASSAN

Pleeeese ---

(CONTINUED)

BRAND

Mohammed, we know about your 'dirty bomb.' Only, with your Russian friend no longer with us...you'll probably be forced to go with your hospital waste, as originally planned. Where you guys storing that waste, Hassan?

HASSAN (CONT'D)

-- Jamaitja -- Jamaitja has it -- in Vancouver.

BRAND

Jamaitja has it? Your buddy, here? He's in Vancouver now?

Brand shows him a picture of John Jamaitja, taken at the Kandahar Airport, earlier. Hassan nods, then looks to the morphine, eyes pleading, body writhing. The second Marine still wants to kill him.

BRAND (CONT'D)

(taking it slow)

What's your target -- when and where?

Brand sticks the needle into the membrane in the valve that will allow the morphine to flow into Hassan's bloodstream. All Brand has to do now is push down the plunger. Hassan's eyes follow his every move. Brand moves very slowly.

BRAND (CONT'D)

When and where, Mohammed?

HASSAN

LAX! Sunday of Super Bowl!

Brand's thumb still hesitates over the syringe plunger -- he's closer to shooting it, but still taking his sweet time.

BRAND (CONT'D)

Where's your cell meet in Seattle?

HASSAN

Seattle? Oakland!

BRAND

Oakland. Okay. Where in Oakland?

HASSAN

Change places! I've been in Afghanistan six months! -- I don't know ---

BRAND

One more question, Hassan, then I plunge.  
Did you witness Sa-if Khan trying to buy  
Uranium from Brushenko, the Russian?

HASSAN

Yes! We were together -- all three!

Brand turns to the Marine taking the notes.

BRAND

You got that? Did you witness him freely  
say what he just said?

NOTE-TAKER

Very freely, sir ---

Brand prepares to plunge the morphine.

HASSAN

Yeeees -- ! Pleaseeeeee ---

Brand, disgusted, plunges the morphine and walks away. But  
before the morphine can hit Hassan's bloodstream, the bigger  
of the two Marines has begun pounding Hassan's face hard --  
again and again.

BRAND

Hey, cut it out ---

MARINE GUARD

(heavy New York accent)

Sorry, sir. He had a fly on his face,  
sir. Trying to get rid of said fly for  
prisoner's comfort, sir ---

BRAND

We're supposed to appear to make-good on our  
deals, around here, Lance Corporal. Let him  
be.

MARINE GUARD

Flies have flown, sir. Prisoner's  
resting comfortably now.

Hassan does look comfortable. He's unconscious. Brand  
nearly smiles, then just turns and moves on his way...

INT. OFFICE OF HOMELAND SECURITY - DAY

We follow Binder as he moves, behind him, a very large number of young computer programmers feeding data into the big Cray computers in a glass-enclosed room. The place is busier than we've ever seen it. Binder looks happy as he reaches:

MCKEE, going over papers with a Young Analyst at a desk.

BINDER

They're all coming through. If it relates to homeland security -- we've got it. All of it. There's never been a data-base like this before, not ever.

MCKEE

(looks at the computers)  
The new weapon of war. Not a ship, not an airplane. A computer. Information.

BINDER

It's a new world, Fred. A new kind of war ---

ON BRADLEY BRAND IN THE DOORWAY, still a little tattered-looking, he's been on the move a long time. He enters the place accompanied by a Uniformed Marine guard, his CIA credential hanging from his neck.

MARINE GUARD

Admiral?

Brand steps forward.

BRAND

Bradley Brand, Admiral -- I'm Agency.  
(they shake)

I just got back from Guantanamo. I hear this place is our new 'information clearing house' for homeland threats ---

MCKEE

-- we're getting there. What can we do for you, Bradley?

Brand begins getting out documents, photos, an entire file.

BRAND

Are you guys aware of an Al Qaeda cell operating out of Oakland, California? They're playing with a dirty bomb -- LAX is the intended target.

(CONTINUED)

BINDER

We knew they were sniffing around radiologic material -- but we didn't know about LAX. It makes sense. They tried it once before ---

BRAND

-- December, '99 -- Ahmed Ressam and company.

BINDER

(nods, impressed)

That's right. You want a job?

Brand smiles as Binder begins moving him toward the computer room.

BRAND

I've got some data on where their dirty materials may be coming from. Not quite enough for an interdiction -- but I thought maybe you could fill in some of the blanks ---

BINDER

Let's feed it in -- see what it spits back.

MOMENTS LATER: MCKEE IN HIS OFFICE on the telephone.

MCKEE

Yeah, honey -- I just got the call a couple minutes ago.

INTERCUT MELISSA MCKEE alone in her and Josef's apartment:

MELISSA

Where was he -- ?!

MCKEE

Some unused Juvenile facility near San Jose. He'd kind of got lost in the system. People are tired, honey -- they're overwhelmed.

MELISSA

Is he being released?

MCKEE

There are some things he may have to explain, later. But there's nothing to really hold him on. They're releasing him, now.

MELISSA

Oh, Dad -- thank you!

MCKEE

Mel -- I had some trouble getting this number. Someone at the dorm said you'd ---

MELISSA

-- Dad, I gotta call the Adels -- they've been through hell. I'll call you back, okay -- ? I love you so much, daddy ---

She hangs up the phone, begins dialing a new number.

WITH MCKEE: Sighing, looking at his phone -- a father vexed.

THE HOMELAND COMPUTER AREA: YOUNG HARRISON is looking at a photo with another Young Analyst. The photo is of "Omar" from Hamburg -- the scar-faced, one-eyed assassin who killed "Achmed" near the beginning of our story.

YOUNG ANALYST

-- Al Qaeda cell-boss from Hamburg. According to Langley, he's carrying new marching-orders to his brothers in Pakistan ---

HARRISON

Boy, I'd sure like to know what route he's taking ---

YOUNG ANALYST

Yeah. Langley too. I think they'd like to drop him a nice card or note or something...

Harrison looks at him...then both begin moving toward the huge Homeland computers.

EXT. AN OLD SEATTLE HOUSE - THE PORCH- DAY: Heinhoff, standing with a bouquet of flowers, punches the door buzzer again and again. Fulbar finally appears at the door -- dressed in her depressed best -- and looking it. She sees Heinhoff -- then the flowers in his hand.

FULBAR

What the hell are those for?

HEINHOFF

(shrugs)

Sorry about your suspension. I ---

FULBAR

Come on in ---

She opens the door.

IN FULBAR'S LIVING ROOM: Not exactly doily-filled...but feminine. Incongruously, a picture of J. Edgar Hoover on one of the walls. The two agents sit across from one another.

FULBAR (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's bad. Khan got another lawyer. He's raising holy-hell. It's not my first offense. I'm in trouble, Frank. I think they're gonna fire me...

Heinhoff doesn't know quite what to say.

FULBAR (CONT'D)

I loved this job. I always tried to do it so well ---

Fulbar begins to cry. Heinhoff doesn't know what to do. Fulbar? Crying? It's heartbreaking...

INT. SAN JOSE JUVENILE DETENTION FACILITY - DAY: The guard seen earlier, accompanied by another, reach the cell of Dr. Fazul Adel. They open the door to release him.

ON ADEL: He's already released. He's hanging by a tightly-twisted sheet around his neck -- eyes open, fixed.

GUARD

Oh, man ---

They quickly begin opening the cell. But they know it's too late.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT: MELISSA, CATHERINE AND JOSEF ADEL waiting on a bench in a large corridor. Catherine looks at her wrist-watch.

CATHERINE

I don't understand. Where were they keeping him, Antarctica?

MELISSA

My dad said he was somewhere near San Jose. It is a long drive...

From down the corridor, a man's voice.

FEDERAL OFFICER  
Anyone from the family of...  
(from clip-board)  
Adel -- Dr. Fazul Adel?

Catherine reacts -- immediately nervous. The three begin drifting toward the man who's just spoken.

FEDERAL OFFICER (CONT'D)  
You're related to Fazul Adel?

CATHERINE  
I'm his wife. This is his step-son.  
(re: Melissa)  
This is ---

She stops as the Officer sighs. It's clear that what he's got to tell them is not going to be easy for him.

FEDERAL OFFICER  
I'm afraid I have some bad news for you.

Faces drop. All look at this man, horrified. Before he can go on:

NIGHT: FRANK HEINHOFF IN HIS CAR, reflective, sad-looking as he drives. On the radio there is news: Kabul has fallen to Alliance troops, Osama bin Laden's second-in-command Mohammed Atef's body found in the rubble there. Heinhoff, not in the mood, turns the radio off. A beat and then his cell-phone rings.

HEINHOFF  
Heinhoff ---  
(listens)  
Khan is fair-game again? Well, isn't that just suprema. Only he's probably in frickin' Bahrain, by now -- !

He listens, grabs a pen, begins writing into a notebook as he drives.

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)  
Oakland? 1893 Lake Merritt Boulevard.  
Yeah, I got it... I'll catch the next flight ---

Heinhoff begins turning his car around to head quickly for the airport.



INT. MELISSA AND JOSEF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Melissa on the phone, eyes red, make-up streaked down her cheeks.

MELISSA

This is insane! Dr. Adel didn't do anything! Nothing! He was just a frail old man! He might've been my father-in-law, someday ---

INTERCUT: Tight on Alise McKee's pained face.

ALISE MCKEE'S VOICE

Melissa, honey -- please ---

MELISSA

I don't know how dad expects any of these people to help him. They're all gonna wanna blow this country up! Do you blame them -- ?!

We now see a wider shot of Alise in THE MCKEE'S GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE -- a very concerned Admiral Fred McKee pacing behind his wife. He's been listening to one end of the conversation. He now indicates to Alise to let him have the phone.

ALISE

Melissa? Will you talk to your father? He's as upset as you are, honey ---

MELISSA

-- oh, is he? Is he upset?! Things didn't go the Admiral's way? Fine! Let me just say 'hi' ---

Alise gives the phone to McKee, a look of foreboding on her face. McKee takes it.

MCKEE

Melissa ---

MELISSA

You're a part of all this, Dad. I used to be proud to be a McKee. I'm not anymore ---

Click. The phone-line goes dead. McKee sags, looks to his wife.

MCKEE

Oh, God. Maybe I should go out there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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ALISE

No. It's better if I go, Fred. At least until she comes down a little bit ---

The phone rings again. McKee quickly picks it up.

MCKEE

Melissa ---

We now INTERCUT: Sol Binder on the other end of the line. He's in the very busy OHS offices.

BINDER

No, Fred -- it's Sol. Just need a question answered.

MCKEE

(sighs, then:)

Sol, hi ---

BINDER

You okay?

MCKEE

Yeah. Not really. Sol, there are some other areas we've got get into...

EXT. THE STREET SIGN: LAKE MERRITT AVENUE - OAKLAND - NIGHT

We open to show a quiet, oldish, Islamic neighborhood. We see a small Mosque -- and Islamic writing on a corner store. Things look very normal here.

ON A CAB: Pulling to a stop near the corner store. Bradley Brand gets out, pays the driver, and quietly scans the street. He's sees:

A GRAY, WINDOWLESS VAN sitting silent at a curb. A LARGE ROTO-ROOTER TRUCK, around the corner, also quiet. A PARTICULAR WINDOW in the second floor of an apartment building. Vaguely, Brand sees men in shadow up there... begins walking that way. A Federal stake-out is in progress.

INT. THE SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A dark and empty apartment, but for: Frank Heinhoff and several other Federal Agents, sitting on crates or old chairs, eating pizza, mostly just quietly sitting around, waiting. But both sonic and visual surveillance devices are being monitored.

A knock on the door. Heinhoff looks to another of the Federal Agents: Weird. They aren't expecting visitors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Heinhoff walks to the door, lifting his jacket so his sidearm is reachable. He looks out the peep-hole, sees Brand holding his CIA I.D. in front of him.

HEINHOFF

Yeah...

BRAND'S VOICE

(quietly)

Good guy. Don't shoot.

Hand on his gun, Heinhoff carefully cracks opens the door. He looks at Brand -- who shrugs: What else do you want? Heinhoff lets him inside.

BRAND

Bradley Brand ---

Heinhoff shakes with him.

HEINHOFF

Frank Heinhoff, Seattle Office.

BRAND

Been any activity over there?

HEINHOFF

Not yet. Place has been empty for two days.

BUREAU AGENT

Whoa -- until now ---

The Agent is looking through a night-scope viewing device. Then, from another Agent, under head-phones:

SECOND BUREAU AGENT

They're speaking Arabic.

BRAND in the shadows near the window, looking down to:

AN APARTMENT ACROSS THE WAY: Two Dark ComPLETED Men entering the place.

SECOND BUREAU AGENT (CONT'D)

Yup. Yup. They're meeting -- waiting for three more. They're getting pissed because the others are late.

HEINHOFF

Christ! Maybe we can grab their whole damn cell...

(to Brand)

You guys have something to do with finding this place?

(CONTINUED)

BRAND

This new outfit, 'Homeland,' did most of it. I had some intel, they cross-referenced it with a bunch of other stuff they had and boom, this address came up.

HEINHOFF

I thought that had all gone away --  
Congress had pissed on it or something ---

BRAND

They're doing just fine...

He sees: Three more men moving into the building. The Federal guys are beginning to use their radios, alerting one another. A trap is about to spring shut.

HEINHOFF

Oh, yeah, here we go...

BRAND

I don't see Khan ---

HEINHOFF

(looks over)

You're looking for that little prick,  
too?

EXT. TWO BLOCKS AWAY: SA-IF KHAN in his car, approaching the intersection where the stake-out is taking place. He slows, his sharp eyes seeing:

THE ROTO-ROOTER TRUCK AND WINDOWLESS VAN, just sitting there, quietly.

IN THE CAR: KHAN doesn't like the vibe...he turns, heading down another street. This is a meeting he'll avoid...he does, however, take out his cell-phone.

THE STAKE-OUT APARTMENT: The man under the headphones listening, delivering:

SECOND BUREAU AGENT

Shit! They're getting a cell-call.  
Christ -- the jig is up. They know we're  
here ---

Everyone begins to move.

EXT. THE STREET: THE FIVE MIDDLE-EASTERN MEN bolting out of the building, and ---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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THE ROTO-ROOTER TRUCK DOORS FLY OPEN, AN FBI SWAT TEAM descending on three of the men, and ---

THE VAN doors also fly open, more agents here, quickly heading-off two of the men who have tried bolting from the back of the apartment. Both throw their hands into the air -- giving up with very little fan-fare.

THE APARTMENT: Brand moving to one of the Feds at the listening equipment.

BRAND

You get a point of origination on the incoming signal?

THIRD BUREAU AGENT

(turns from his gear)

It came from two blocks away...

NEAR THE INTERSECTION where Sa-if Khan took out his cell-phone. Brand and Heinhoff stand over:

SA-IF'S CELL PHONE: Lying in the gutter.

HEINHOFF

How much you wanna bet Khan's prints are all over this thing...

Brand wouldn't bet against it. One of the other Feds prepares to pick up and bag the device with surgical-gloved hands. Heinhoff kicks at grass, looks into the sky.

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)

Goddamnit -- !

EXT. THE BRITISH COLUMBIA-WASHINGTON STATE BORDER CROSSING - DAY: Cars traveling both north and south, being only randomly searched. And then:

THE CAR OF JOHN JAMAITJA pulls to the Customs Gate, heading South, into Washington State.

CUSTOMS LADY

Nothing to declare? Just need your driver's license for a sec ---

Jamaitja leans out, calmly hands the Customs Lady his driver's license.

THE CUSTOMS LADY looks at the license, then to the photograph of Jamaitja taped with others to the desk-top inside her booth. All are labeled with names, and stamped, "Office of Homeland Security."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ON THE CUSTOMS LADY'S HAND as it slowly moves to a red button under the desk-top as she simultaneously smiles and hands Jamaitja's license back to him.

CUSTOMS LADY (CONT'D)

Have a nice stay in America, Sir ---

JAMAITJA puts his car into gear. He then looks out his windshield: About ten National Guardsmen are standing there, M-16's leveled at his face. Jamaitja innocently raises his arms.

JAMAITJA'S CAR TRUNK - It opens. National Guardsmen in bio-suits use a Geiger counter to check heavy wooden boxes in the trunk. The Counter goes wild. The Guardsmen look at one another: Just as advertised...

EXT. THE WORLD-CLASS SHIT-HOLE CALLED KANDAHAR INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY: The American flag being formally raised by U.S. Marines. The ceremony ends and huge cheering begins.

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS OF TORA-BORA - HILL 8823 - DAY: Now crawling with troops from the 10th Mountain Division.

A GLORY-POSTER OF OSAMA BIN LADEN ON A WOODEN BOARD: A K-bar knife flies straight into the center of bin Laden's face, quivers there. Softly, from the Elvis song:

ELVIS' VOICE

'Hide in the kitchen, hide in the hall,  
ain't gonna do ya no good at all --- '

We open to show:

WE'RE IN THE TORA BORA CAVE COMPLEX: An elaborate place -- hastily vacated by retreating Taliban and Al Qaeda troops. "Elvis" has thrown the knife...and now he continues looking through debris left behind by the fleeing Al Qaeda fighters.

OTHER 10th MOUNTAIN DIVISION troops are also scouring the place -- looking at Al Qaeda training manuals, weaponry, dirty, marked-up battle maps. Johnson enters the area.

JOHNSON

You guys finding anything?

YOUNG 10TH MOUNTAIN OFFICER

Yeah. Blank American passports -- they're perfect-looking. Also travel brochures: Chicago, Las Vegas, L.A. -- they've even got Disneyland here the fuckers -- !

(CONTINUED)

He displays them all -- a little freaked.

JOHNSON now entering a dark, cavern-like room, followed by a young 10th Mountain Division trooper. Johnson uses his flashlight to see that the room is filled with many dead; but the bodies are essentially meat -- just arms and legs and torsos. And then his flashlight illuminates:

THE DIALYSIS MACHINE in a corner of the room. It's blood-spattered, but otherwise clean and gleaming -- new. Johnson moves toward it, examines it.

JOHNSON

Tell the mortuary boys to do a good job in here. I want matched body-parts in every bag.

YOUNG TROOPER

Hope the arms 'n legs got serial numbers on 'em. They musta dropped a Thermobaric up here ---

Johnson shrugs -- feigns total innocence -- then notices:

A BLOOD TRAIL in his flashlight's beam. It heads out of the room. Johnson follows it:

DOWN A TUNNEL HALLWAY: The blood-trail continues, the beam of Johnson's flashlight following it. Then the beam stops on:

A LONG, STAFF-LIKE WALKING CANE, lying on the dirt floor, along the bloody trail. JOHNSON moves to it, carefully looks at it...then looks back to the blood-trail again. It goes on...perhaps leading out of this deep tunnel hiding place. Osama bin Laden may have been in this place of death...and still gotten away.

JOHNSON

Sonovabitch...

SAN FRANCISCO - DAY: INSIDE MELISSA AND JOSEF'S SMALL APARTMENT as a knock comes on the door. A puffy-eyed Melissa McKee moves to it, hopeful-looking, opens it to see:

ALISE MCKEE standing there.

ALISE

Darling ---

MELISSA

Don't come in, Mom.

CONTINUED: (6)

Alise hesitates. Melissa moves to a nearby desk-top, grabs a note, moves back to the door, hands the note to her mother and shuts the door again.

THE HALLWAY: Alise looks at the note, quietly reads:

ALISE

-- as you can see, my things are gone.

Alise' lips go silent as she continues to read, camera scanning tightly over the neat, handwritten words as the note continues: "Please don't attend my father's funeral as it would only cause more confusion in this already very confusing time -- Josef."

ALISE sighs, again begins knocking on the apartment door.

ALISE (CONT'D)

Melissa -- darling?

INSIDE: Melissa stands staring out a window, as if in a trance. She doesn't move. The knocking continues. Melissa still doesn't move. She isn't going to.

EXT. THREE DUSTY SUVs IN RURAL PAKISTAN - DAY: Cutting across the desert sand on an unpaved road in the middle of nowhere.

INSIDE THE MIDDLE VEHICLE: Laughing, jovial Arabic men, among them, the deeply-scarred, one-eyed OMAR SOLEIMON -- the Hamburg Al Qaeda cell-boss and assassin. In Arabic, subtitled:

OMAR

America hits back once -- twice, then they scream and run away ---

GOLD TOOTH

Like a woman -- !

Huge laughter. This is one jolly-assed group of terrorists.

ON A PREDATOR DRONE flying high in blue Pakistani sky. Camera pushes closer toward it, finds the single hellfire missile nestled beneath the UAV's right wing.

THE MISSILE: Quickly done chalk writing on it: "FDNY" And now the Hellfire missile engine lights and it rockets away from under the drone's wing. The Predator now banks and heads away...its mission complete.

THE HELLFIRE MISSILE: Slicing downward toward the Pakistani desert.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (7)

THE MISSILE'S TV POINT OF VIEW: Omar and company's three-vehicle caravan bouncing over the desert road below, the middle vehicle directly in the missile's cross-hairs. The missile is gathering speed quickly, closing on the convoy.

INSIDE OMAR'S VEHICLE: Even more laughter now. Subtitled, Arabic:

GOLD TOOTH  
Vietnam! Lebanon! Somalia!

The laughter is getting crazy. Arabic, subtitled:

GOLD TOOTH  
(fingers scampering)  
Do-do-do-do -- like little kitties!

ON OMAR. Suddenly, his laughter stops. He's looking up toward:

A TINY DOT IN THE BLUE PAKISTANI SKY. But that dot is growing bigger...and fire is trailing from it. It's coming straight toward his truck.

ON THE SMALL AL QAEDA CONVOY IN THE PAKISTANI DESERT as the Hellfire slams directly into the middle vehicle. The explosion is incredible.

When the smoke clears, there's only some small pieces of smoldering debris, and a burn-mark on the desert floor where the vehicles used to be. The convoy was nearly vaporized.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICES - (NEW) DAY: The place is now an absolute *bee-hive* of activity: A thousand dots being connected, analysts and computer people interfacing with FBI, CIA, DIA, INS, ATF, NSC, U.S. Coast Guard and the Border Patrol -- they're interfacing with the *world*.

ON BINDER, enthused, moving into McKEE'S OFFICE.

BINDER  
Fred, it's really clicking. It's working better than I ever dreamed...

He stops when he sees McKee, sitting quietly at his desk -- bothered looking. Binder is confused. McKee looks at him.

MCKEE  
Sol, there are people being held just because they have dark skin and the wrong accent... Some aren't guilty of anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

BINDER

I know. It'll clean itself up. It's just gonna take a little time.

MCKEE

Not good enough ---

Binder looks at him. McKee sighs.

MCKEE (CONT'D)

Can we get your system to help speed the processing of these people? Separate the good apples from the bad...

Binder's face has changed. He sits, looking off, thinking...

MCKEE (CONT'D)

Damnit, Sol -- if people in this country are losing their civil rights, it means the bad guy has already won ---

BINDER

No -- no... You're preaching to the choir.

(he looks up)

I was just thinking...about my grandparents.

McKee looks at him.

BINDER (CONT'D)

They died in a concentration camp. My dad almost did, too. Only then Ike's Army rolled in... He was just a little kid...

Binder rises.

BINDER (CONT'D)

Remember when I said we didn't want a National Gestapo?

(McKee nods)

I meant it, Fred -- I am on this thing.

Binder exits -- a new kind of energy in his step. McKee, still one very worried father, speaks mostly to himself:

MCKEE

Thanks, Sol...

A FEDERAL BUILDING COURTYARD - DAY: A prison bus pulls up, its doors open. Detainees begin getting out, all Middle Eastern-looking -- most of them young.

(CONTINUED)

Among them, is young Ramzey and his cell-mate, seen at the Juvenile Detention facility with Dr. Adel, earlier. As they walk across the courtyard to the building entrance:

CELL-MATE

I'm gonna sue these people! I'm gonna sue 'em blind!

RAMZEY

Who you gonna sue -- al Qaeda?

His cell-mate does a double-take: What?

RAMSEY

-- they're the freaks who did this! I'm gonna join the CIA -- maybe the FBI. I could work as an interpreter, at least.

CELL-MATE

-- are you out of your mind? They jailed us for nothin' ---

RAMZEY

This country was attacked! You're Egyptian, right ---

(his cell mate nods)

You wanna go back to Cairo and deal with the 'mistakes' the cops make back there?

The cell-mate can't quite answer this one.

ON A TELEVISION: The President giving the State of the Union:

PRESIDENT BUSH

In four short months, our nation has comforted the victims, begun to rebuild New York and the Pentagon, rallied a great coalition, captured, arrested, and rid the world of thousands of terrorists, destroyed Afghanistan's terrorist training camps, saved a people from starvation, and freed a country from brutal oppression. The American flag flies again over our embassy in Kabul. Terrorists who once occupied Afghanistan now occupy cells at Guantanamo Bay.

WE'RE IN: JOE JOHNSON'S RURAL VIRGINIA HOME. Johnson and the lovely Margaret Robbins watch the speech, cuddling on the living room couch. As new applause continues:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

MARGARET

I'm happy you're back. I don't know if I'm happy that we're co-workers again...

JOHNSON

Hey, we're spies. We can get away with anything...

A NEW TV SCREEN, the President continuing:

PRESIDENT BUSH

-- and terrorist leaders who urged followers to sacrifice their lives are running for their own. America and Afghanistan are now allies against terror. We'll be partners in rebuilding that country. And this evening we welcome the distinguished interim leader of a liberated Afghanistan: Chairman Hamid Karzai.

Karzai rises, bows to the speech attendees, saying, "Thank you, thank you," again and again. We find we're in:

A SAN FRANCISCO SPORTS BAR: Bradley Brand, dressed much the way he was in Hamburg on the night we met him. He sips a beer and watches the President's speech. Then a beautiful young woman moves up to the bar next to him. Brand notices. She catches his stare...and their eyes lock. Finally:

BRAND

Guess what? I'm not a Mortician.

She's stupefied. Then grabs her beer to move quickly away.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

The President's speaking, asshole.

Brand shrugs, ironically, then looks back to the TV as the applause dies and the President prepares to continue:

PRESIDENT BUSH

-- We will improve intelligence collection and sharing, expand patrols at our borders, strengthen the security of air travel, and use technology to track the arrivals and departures of visitors to the United States. Homeland Security will make America not only stronger, but, in many ways, better.

As the applause comes we find we're in:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

THE OFFICE OF HOMELAND SECURITY: Sol Binder, young Harrison, the rest of the current Homeland Security crew, all joining in the applause.

A NEW TV SCREEN: As new applause for the President continues. We're in the Georgetown apartment of a subdued, preoccupied Admiral and Mrs. Mckee.

MCKEE

She won't even return my calls...

ALISE

Time, honey. We just have to give her some time.

He sighs, and both look to the television as the President continues:

PRESIDENT BUSH

For too long our culture has said, 'If it feels good, do it.' Now America is embracing a new ethic and a new creed: 'Let's roll.'

YET ANOTHER TV SCREEN: We're in the small home of Jane Fulbar, Frank Heinhoff beside her, both eating pizza and dressed exactly as they were when we first met them in the Seattle warehouse at the very beginning.

PRESIDENT BUSH (CONT'D)

-- steadfast in our purpose, we now press on. We have known freedom's price. We have shown freedom's power. And in this great conflict, my fellow Americans, we will see freedom's victory. Thank you all. May God bless.

The applause for the President is tremendous as the speech ends.

FULBAR

I guess I'll never be a part of this fight again, will I?

HEINHOFF

No one can predict the future ---

He looks at her. Gets her eyes. A long beat...and then he leans forward to kiss her. For a moment, she's going to allow it -- then she catches herself, stiff-arming Heinhoff like an adrenalized linebacker.

(CONTINUED)

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)

What?

FULBAR

This is about that bet! You didn't bet the way you said you did! You're just trying to collect the money -- !

Heinhoff rolls his eyes in total disbelief and frustration.

HEINHOFF

(simply)

I give up.

THE OFFICES OF HOMELAND SECURITY - DAY: Camera moves across the faces of the people gathered here: Heinhoff, Johnson, Brand -- others from various Defense and Intelligence Agencies. McKee speaks from the head of the room. Binder near him.

MCKEE

I know you're the best of the best. Which probably means you're also the people with the most to lose...

BRAND

How's that, sir?

MCKEE

Because if you jump your old ships and board this one -- which may or may not stay afloat -- you may not be welcome back to where you came from. And we really could sink: Congress hasn't even approved our existence, yet.

Joe Johnson raises his arm. McKee nods to him.

JOHNSON

If we sign on with Homeland, would we be restricted to only working domestically?

MCKEE

No. In that we've been given no official mandate, we've made-up our own: This has to be both a domestic and international effort. Those of you who've worked the foreign venues...you'd continue there. Those who've worked the domestic side -- you'd continue to apply your expertise here. But the overall mission is a singular one: The defense of the American homeland.

(CONTINUED)

McKee pauses, walks a few steps, stops again.

MCKEE (CONT'D)

That's about it. I won't blame any of you for turning us down. But please try to respond within twenty-four hours. We need to know, ASAP.

McKee is preparing to leave. Brand stands up.

BRAND

Hell. I'm in.

ANOTHER VOICE

I'm in too.

The entire room begins to rise. People saying they're in, signing on, damn the personal-costs. Only Johnson and Heinhoff remain seated.

BRAND looks at Johnson -- a funny scowl. Johnson sighs, rises to his feet.

JOHNSON

Okay. Old dog. New tricks.

McKee looks at the group, absolutely amazed.

MCKEE

Well...welcome aboard.

MCKEE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER, the crowd still breaking up outside. McKee and Binder enter.

MCKEE (CONT'D)

Are they all mentally-challenged? I mean I did tell them how 'tippy' this is, didn't I?

BINDER

(shrugs; equally amazed)

You told 'em ---

Someone knocks on McKee's door.

MCKEE

Enter.

Frank Heinhoff enters the room.

HEINHOFF

Talk to you alone a moment, sir?

CONTINUED: (14)

TIME CUT TO: MCKEE'S OFFICE - Heinhoff and McKee now alone.

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)

So, yeah, she's a little over-zealous at times, maybe even needs a little psychological...counseling, but...well, we're partners, sir. We come as a pair.

MCKEE

I understand her nickname is 'Jungle Jane' Fulbar. That right?

Heinhoff looks off, back again, shrugs, finally nods. After a beat:

HEINHOFF

We really are a good team, sir ---

Hold a moment.

EXT. FULBAR'S HOUSE - THE PORCH - (NEW) NIGHT:

Fulbar inside, Heinhoff outside. Fulbar looks out through a crack in the front door.

HEINHOFF

Bad news.

She looks at him.

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)

They aren't backing off. If you don't resign quietly, they'll Indict you on 'Abuse Under the Color of Authority' ---

FULBAR

Thanks. I kinda knew that.

HEINHOFF

There's nothing you can do about it. You start any Feminist 'I'm-just-a-woman, they-were-all-very-mean-to-me' crap, they'll make sure you end up in jail.

FULBAR

(looks at him)

Are you a sadist?

HEINHOFF

(shrugs)

I'm just the messenger.

(beat)

There's some other bad news...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She starts to shut the door in his face. Heinhoff stops it with a foot, produces a "Office of Homeland Security" I.D. card, Fulbar's picture and name emblazoned across it.

HEINHOFF (CONT'D)

We're still partners.

She looks at the card -- she's never seen one before. She tries not to show her emotion -- but it doesn't work. A small, perplexed-looking smile begins wrinkling her cute button-nose:

FULBAR

Really?

He nods. She opens the door. Heinhoff moves inside.

A HELICOPTER SHOT - NIGHT: We circle Stratosphere Tower, Las Vegas, Nevada. Beautiful at night, the view breathtaking.

ON THE MEZZANINE OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT: Windy up here, two men talking. It is a short, blond-haired, blue-eyed Sa-if Khan, dressed in hip, Euro clothes, an earring in one ear. He looks like a different man.

Camera reveals the man next to him: Josef Adel. Both men stand silent for a moment, looking out over Vegas. We notice Josef has the beginnings of a stubbly beard.

JOSEF

I used his credit card to make a donation to the PCRF. I assume they found it.

(shrugs)

I feel nothing. I didn't hate or love him. He was nothing like my real father...

KHAN

(almost hypnotically)

You did not know your real father.

JOSEF

I've read about him. I've spoken to my mother about him, many times.

KHAN

-- she never saw the glory that filled that man. His Jihad was of such a purity. His struggle within. His struggle without; against the Kafirs. He never lost God in either struggle. Never once.

JOSEF

I wish he were still here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Khan looks over, smiles gently.

KHAN

I quote the Qu'ran: 'The Hereafter is far better than this first.' He's in heaven, Josef.

JOSEF

I wish he could have seen me...

KHAN

-- with the rifle? The Russian? You were filled with your father that day. You would have made him so proud of heart.

(a smile; a beat)

Except for this ---

He playfully swipes at the beginnings of Josef's fledgling beard.

KHAN (CONT'D)

Your mission is to assimilate, Josef. What is this fuzz...?

Josef brushes Khan's hand away, looks out over Vegas.

JOSEF

Me not shaving. Nothing more.

The wind gusts heavily. Khan looks at his watch. Time to go.

KHAN

That relationship of yours. Renew it. Fan its flames. Do you have any idea how valuable it may be in the future?

JOSEF

It made me feel corrupt. Because I did have feelings for her.

KHAN

Then bear these feelings! Make this small load a part of your jihad! It will lead to a higher place in heaven ---

Khan claps Josef on the back, and leaves. Josef stays; leans against the Stratosphere's rail in the heavy wind, looking out over all the sparkling lights...

INT. JOSEF AND MELISSA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT: Melissa McKee slowly packs her belongings, preparing to move out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

105.

Then, she hears a key turning the lock on the door. She looks, sees Josef entering. He's clean-shaven again. With great, teary, passion:

JOSEF

I missed you so much ---

ON MELISSA: Hold a beat. And then she runs. She runs like a deer into Josef's open arms. He lifts her into the air. She just cries into his neck. He revolves slowly now, dance-like.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Melissa. Forgive me... I'll never leave you again, ever ---

But the look in his eyes doesn't match the sentiment of his words.

RED SCREEN: A single military snare-drum rolls and trills.

Camera again pulls slowly away from an American flag, rippling and snapping in a stiff breeze. A voice-over and crawl begins:

On November 20th, 2002, President George Bush thanked both Houses of Congress for having reached agreement on the creation of a new, fully independent Department of Homeland Security -- an organization dedicated solely to the defense of the American homeland. Structured to avoid agency overlap and bureaucratic constraints, the new department is designed to combat threats against our nation with unprecedented speed, knowledge and agility -- responding fully to the tragic lessons of 9/11...

The crawl and voice-over ends.

The snare-drum finishes its solo with a single, stark, resounding drum-strike. But this time sonic punctuation doesn't sound like a gunshot. It sounds more like a cannon...

FINAL FADE OUT

THE END