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RED ZONE

“Pilot”

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1 EXT. ESTABLISHING - FINNLEY, VIRGINIA - NIGHT 1

Camera sweeps through the small bucolic community as we glimpse all the trappings of suburbia -- minivans, parks, cookie cutter houses in brand new developments when we HEAR:

GAME ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
It's a beautiful fall night over
here at Finnley High as the entire
community has stepped out for the
opening game of the season.

And we finally land on the BRIGHT LIGHTS of --

2 EXT. FINNLEY HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT 2

We PUSH in on the stadium. Fucking Pandemonium. High school football at its most competitive. Jam packed stands. Local press crowd the sidelines. Cheerleaders toss each other ridiculous heights in the air. Players CHARGED on the field as we PUSH IN on one kid -- JAKE JORDAN, 16. White bread QB of the Warriors. All fucking nerves. Eyes ping pong from the clock to the scoreboard: 3:02 left in the 4th. STALLIONS 21 WARRIORS 7.

GAME ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Warriors are down 14 in the 4th,
but sophomore Jake Jordan is really
showing his chops out there
tonight. Hard to believe this is
the same kid who replaced Troy
Harmon in the playoffs last season
after Harmon tore his ACL. But
Jordan really is another player
under the inspired leadership of
Coach Holden Weller.

COACH HOLDEN WELLER steps over to Jake. Mid 40s. Full beard. Dark eyes that betray nothing.

JAKE
(not so inspired)
I don't feel so good.

Holden steps closer, locking eyes with Jake.

HOLDEN
Jake, listen to me. You're gonna be
fine, son.

But Jake's far from fucking fine. Holden needs to bring him back and fast. And there's only one thing to do.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
(gesturing to the stands)
Jake, you see the crowd?
(off Jake's nod)
They all came here to see you play.
Not Troy, you.

Jake eyes the crowd -- so many of them. Fuck. He's going to disappoint them. As the pressure mounts --

GAME ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ball's on the Stallions' 40 yard
line. Warriors don't score here and
this game is over.

ON Jake, as the color completely drains from his face...
Suddenly, Jake rips off his helmet and HURLS. Holden had already stepped out of the way as if he knew it was coming...

GAME ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And there it is, folks. Jake
Jordan's signature play.

Because he did. Players around Jake barely react. Clearly this has happened before. Holden steps around the vomit. Pulls an uncertain Jake into him.

HOLDEN
You better now?

Jake nods, embarrassed, but noticeably calmer.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Gun Right, 21 Special. They won't
see it coming.
(leans in)
You're 20 yards from the red zone,
Jake. Only place you belong. And
you got us here. Now take it home.

Jake nods, jogs into the HUDDLE. Eyeing one dude in particular, DELAUNTE WILSON, black, all world ball player. Million dollar smile.

JAKE
(off Delaunte's look)
Don't worry. I'm fine.

DELAUNTE
I ain't worried. Your puke is like
a damn rabbit's foot.

JAKE
(smiles, leans into
huddle)
Gun Right, 21 Special. On 3.

All hands in. The players BREAK. Jake in shotgun as the offensive line pans out.

JAKE (CONT'D)
34 -- 32 -- Hut. Hike.

Jake takes the snap. Pitches it to runningback JOHN BROPHY.

GAME ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Jordan gives to Brophy...

Brophy retreats -- tossing the ball back to Jake.

GAME ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Oh wait, it's a trick play! Flea
flicker back to Jordan! Jordan in
the pocket, looking for an opening-

Jake steps back. Spots Delaunte running for the endzone. And throws the ball with everything he's got. As the ball spirals into Delaunte's beautifully chiseled arms --

GAME ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
TOUCHDOWN! Jordan has done it!
Taking back this game...

The crowd ERUPTS, exploding from their seats, as we CUT TO:

3 EXT. FINNLEY HIGH - BENEATH THE BLEACHERS - NIGHT 3

TWO TEENAGE KIDS suck face like their lives depend on it. A small shaft of light illuminates the young GIRL's face as she turns to the applause. But the BOY pulls her back in as he rounds second base, slowly moving to third when:

VOICE
Hey you two! You can't be under
there.

The couple whips around to see a CAMPUS SECURITY GUARD standing in the distance. Startled, they make a run for it. Moving towards the parking lot. The Campus Guard gives chase, but he's too slow. By the time he reaches the lot, all he sees is a BLACK BMW with DIPLOMATIC PLATES peel out.

GAME ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Extra point is good! Warriors down
by only seven. Stallions set to
receive the kickoff.

As we HOLD on the Campus Guard panting, we realize we never did get a good look at the boy. Meanwhile --

4 EXT. FINNLEY HIGH FOOTBALL STADIUM - HOME STANDS 4

We FIND a 15-year-old LANEY WELLER making her way down the steps with TWO FOUNTAIN SODAS in her hands. Laney's the Coach's daughter. Cute, but awkward. Fucked by being 15. Beside her is SILAS GREEN (16). Androgynous, wise beyond his years, so yeah, he's not that popular.

SILAS
(eyeing the players
tackling each other)
And people think I'm gay?

Laney smiles as they approach HELEN WELLER, early 40s, the Coach's wife. Helen is MENSA smart, plainly beautiful. Laney hands her a soda--

HELEN
Thanks. You see the touchdown?

Laney lowers her voice to answer her mother --

LANEY
Yeah. Heard Jake almost blew chunks all over Dad again.

-- because beside Helen are Jake's parents, OLIVIA and PAUL JORDAN. Paul Jordan nervously chews his fingers while his trophy wife, Olivia, a perfect combination of Botox and prescription drugs, holds court to a GROUP OF MOTHERS.

LANEY (CONT'D)
Mr. Jordan doesn't look so good himself.

But Olivia barely notices her husband's panicked state. Too consumed with her own story.

OLIVIA
John Kerry was there of course. And Leon Panetta. But there's just nothing that can prepare you for when the President is eating his creme brulee two tables away...

ANGLE ON SILAS, HELEN AND LANEY

SILAS
(not low enough)
Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Jordan. You dropped something. Another name.

Helen and Laney smile, turning for a moment to GROUP OF ROWDY KIDS behind them. Amongst them is REZA MOUSSAF, 18.

Sex on a stick. A European James Dean. As he shifts his eyes from his phone to the field, we HEAR A DING. The text reads: *My mom won't be home until midnight. Wanna come over?*

Reza's eyes lift to head cheerleader CAROLINE ROGERS, who is waving to him seductively from the field. Caroline's the kind of girl everyone wants a piece of. Pretty. Popular. Flexible in both gymnastics and her morals. Every man's wet dream. And Reza's no exception. Reza types back: *U EVEN HAVE TO ASK?* when Helen and Laney suddenly dart up in their seats.

HELEN

Fumble.

5 ANGLE ON FIELD

5

Where Holden is rallying his offensive line. Shifts his eyes to the clock: 17 seconds left in the game.

HOLDEN

This is it, guys. The moment we've been waiting for. Gun Left, X 20 Cadillac.

Delaunte and Jake lock eyes. Let's do this. The players run out. Jake in shotgun. Offensive line fanning out.

JAKE

Down set! Black 78, black 78! Go.

The center snaps the ball. And immediately the D-line is all over him. Jake scrambles, looking for an opening, but no chance presents itself. He decides to run for it. With speed he didn't know he had, he weaves up the field.

6 ANGLE ON HOLDEN watching. The kid might actually make it. 6

7 ANGLE ON THE STANDS. On Laney and Helen. Paul and Olivia. On Reza, a smile on his face. He's going all the way.

8 ANGLE ON THE FIELD

8

Jake closes in on the red zone. But the Lyons' safety is sprinting for Jake. Jake's ten yards shy. Then five... when the safety finally catches him and just clotheslines him. Two yards short of victory. The Stallions' erupt with cheers as Jake just lies there on the field for a beat. Slowly climbs to his feet. Walks over to Holden, head down -- like a son who's disappointed his father. Holden pulls Jake into him, letting him know that it's OK.

9 EXT. FINNLEY, VIRGINIA NEIGHBORHOOD - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

Middle class homes line the tree-lined street as we PUSH IN
on one house in particular--

LANEY (V.O.)
Pop. You're not listening to me.

10 INT. WELLER HOME - MORNING

10

Laney and Holden argue at the breakfast table in their modest home. Newspapers are littered everywhere. The New York Times. Washington Post. Wall Street Journal. IPADs, IPHONES plugged into every socket in the house. Helen leans on the island watching AL JAZEERA news coverage on her IPAD.

LANEY
There is no negotiating with Iran.

Holden and Helen exchange looks. Here we go again.

HOLDEN
If we can implement some kind of system of checks and balances now, it will make it more difficult for them to deviate from it later.

LANEY
All based on the assumption that Zarif plans to play fair.
(off his look)
What? You don't agree with me?

Holden smiles, amused by his daughter. Loves the hell out of her. As we wonder why this family is so passionate about the Middle East, Helen looks at the clock on her IPAD. 8:15.

HELEN
Shoot, we're gonna be late again.

As they all reach for their iPhones, iPads, bags --

HELEN (CONT'D)
Can Silas give you a ride home from school? Dad's got practice and I've got teacher meetings.

As we realize -- this whole family is a part of the school.

LANEY
Prally. He's got that field trip to the Smithsonian today.

SILAS (PRELAP)
History blows.

11 EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

11

Establishing. The Mall. Tons of traffic enters and exits.

12 INT. SMITHSONIAN - ANCIENT EGYPT EXHIBIT - DAY 12

Silas stands amongst a GROUP OF STUDENTS, taking in a sculpture of a Sphinx. Unimpressed. Behind him is AMIR FASSAD (30s), tenth grade history teacher.

AMIR FASSAD

Silas, please. Do us all a favor
and keep the commentary to
yourself.

Silas rolls his eyes as Amir considers his students, Jake and Caroline amongst them. All with cell phones out. Texting. Facebooking. Tweeting pictures of them next to ancient Pharaohs. Amir shakes his head. Fuck. It's no use.

AMIR FASSAD (CONT'D)

Lunch in ten minutes people.

Say no more. The kids are already moving for the door.

13 EXT. SMITHSONIAN - DAY 13

Amir corrals the students to a spot on the steps. All of them with lunch bags in hand. Jake and Caroline sit with the cooler kids. Silas sits by himself, digging into his sushi.

ON CAROLINE as she receives a text from REZA. *Where are you? Still at museum?* She types back: *Unfortunately. Eating lunch outside.* Caroline lifts her iPhone camera -- points it at herself and smiles. Click.

Amir takes a silent head count of his students when SUDDENLY... The museum EXPLODES. Large whirls of fire and debris coming at us -- eating away at the frame as we SMASH TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK -- the eerie sounds of chaos. Screams. Desperate cries. Then nothing as we FADE INTO:

14 INT. FINNLEY HIGH - HELEN'S CLASSROOM - DAY 14

Helen stands in front of a GROUP of UNINTERESTED STUDENTS, Reza amongst them.

HELEN

What was Pavlov trying to
accomplish with the bell? Marcy?

MARCY, 15, doodles in a notebook. Barely looking up --

MARCY

Um.....um....

Helen shakes her head. One of those days.

HELEN

I think we may need to incorporate
more words into your vocabulary,
dear. Reza?

Helen's phone BUZZES on the desk. She ignores it.

REZA

Classical conditioning. He rings
the bell, the dog associates eating
with the bell.

The phone BUZZES again ominously, momentarily stealing her attention. Then, everyone's phones begin buzzing. Like something out of the twilight zone. As Marcy looks down at her phone, genuine panic fills her normally vacant eyes.

MARCY

Oh my god --

Now, everyone's got their phones out. iPads. As Helen grabs her iPad, A REPORTER fills us in-

REPORTER (ON SCREEN)

For those of you just joining us,
at approximately 1:15 p.m., the
Northeast side of the Smithsonian
Museum exploded, showering debris
on the National Mall... *

ON another IPAD, we HEAR:

REPORTER (V.O.)

Initial sources are confirming a
large number injured, no telling
yet how many casualties -

Every student is watching the coverage. Rapt. Never seen anything like this. Reza steps up to Helen, horror in his eyes. Looking for answers. But Helen can't find the words in the moment. As Reza and Helen look back down the screen, drawn to the coverage like a magnet, we MATCH CUT TO:

15

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - MONTAGE - DAY

15

Sounds of terror and panic as we FADE IN and OUT of --

-Amir, bloodied but alive, directing students away from the wreckage.

-The scream of a FIRE TRUCK roaring down Constitution Avenue as it joins other AMBULANCES, PARAMEDICS, and POLICE.

-Silas, leans up against a car, in shock --

-A disoriented Jake helps Caroline to her feet. He notices a cut on her forehead and ushers her to a PARAMEDIC --

-Back with Amir, alone in the rubble, clocking the destruction when he notices a YOUNG GIRL trapped underneath a block of concrete. Before he can even get over to her --

AMIR
(panicked)
I need some help over here!

Off this, we CUT BACK TO:

16 --OMIT-- 16

17 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 17

Helen running down the hall... past the teachers who have begun to spill out into the hallway.

18 EXT. FINNLEY HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY 18

As we TRACK with a BLACK ESCALADE as it flies into the parking lot. Before it even comes to a halt, TWO AGENTS exit the vehicle. Moving towards the school.

19 INT. FINNLEY HIGH - HOLDEN'S OFFICE - DAY 19

Holden watches the news on his IPAD when Helen enters. Clocking his screen. Frozen. Terrified. Holden turns to her, locking eyes -- an unspoken secret between them. Moments later, Agents enter the office, one stepping forward -

AGENT
Mr. Weller, we need you to come
with us.

Holden nods, resignation in his eyes. Dread fills Helen's face. As Holden is escorted out, we wonder who the hell he is and what he has to do with any of this as we SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

20 INT. GOVERNMENT VEHICLE - DAY

20

Holden rides in the back of the escalade. Flanked by two agents. As an NPR-like program downloads us in the b.g.--

NPR COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
... Four people confirmed dead,
more than one hundred others
injured. Though authorities are
confirming they do believe this to
be an attack of some sort, the fact
that no terrorist group has assumed
accountability leaves us to wonder
who is truly responsible...

ON HOLDEN, registering the commentator's last words--

BANKS (PRELAP)
It's the Mahmoods.

21 INT. CIA COUNTERTERRORISM BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

21

A group of CIA MANDARINS sit around a large conference table. A lone 73" monitor behind them. Flashing images of various terrorist organizations on the screen -- Al-Qaeda, Mahmoods, Hezbollah, etc. JERRY BANKS, head of counterterrorism, late 40s, addresses National Security Advisor DAVID KESTER.

BANKS
No question about it.

Banks is an ends-justify-the-means kind of guy. Next to him is VERA WAGNER (30s). Whip smart. Passionate. No censor.

BANKS (CONT'D)
American forces killed Ibrahim
Mahmood's son, Aarif, 18 years ago.
Today's the anniversary of his
death.

Banks points to a PHOTO of an Iranian kid, 18. Under it, the name: AARIF MAHMOOD.

KESTER
Then why haven't they accepted
responsibility?

Vera jumps in, impatient. They don't have time for this.

VERA
Because the Mahmoods never claim
responsibility.
(MORE)

VERA (CONT'D)
And Al Qaeda, ISIS, Hezbollah -
they would have been all over
this...

KESTER
So let me get this straight. You
want me to go back to the President
and tell him who's responsible
based on something that they didn't
do?

Vera jumps up in her seat.

VERA
Not to mention all the SIGINT,
HUMINT we have collected over the
past decade suggested the Mahmoods
were planning an attack. We just
didn't know it would be here.

BANKS

Look. You need confirmation that it's the Mahmonds? Then we bring in the guy who knows them better than they know themselves.

22 INT. GOVERNMENT VEHICLE - DAY

22

ON Holden as he clocks a SIGN that reads: GEORGE BUSH CENTER FOR INTELLIGENCE CIA FHWA NEXT EXIT --

BANKS (V.O.)

Holden Weller.

23 INT. CIA COUNTERTERRORISM BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

23

Banks taps a monitor behind him. ON SCREEN is Holden's e-file. VARIOUS PHOTOS, BACKGROUND, etc. Kester and the mandarins follow along with the paper file.

BANKS

Our primary field operative in Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan from '02 to '08. Guy spent more time in the Red Zone than Osama bin Laden.

KESTER

(perusing the file)

And now he's an athletic director at a high school? What the hell kind of a detour is that?

Banks isn't exactly putting Kester at ease.

VERA

Sir, Holden Weller was responsible for collecting more actionable intelligence on Ibrahim Mahmood than any agent that had come before him.

(stop fucking around)
Or after.

BANKS

David, I came through the ranks with this guy. He's the best targeter I've ever seen. He can identify an asset's weakness before they even know they've got one.

KESTER

He's been out of the I.C. for five
years. All of his assets are likely
MIA or DOA.

BANKS

Doesn't matter. If Mahmood's operating on US soil, then he's already moved on to a fresh batch of recruits.

KESTER

I'm missing how Weller helps us in this situation.

VERA

(enough bullshit)

Because if you've got a hard core jihadist who preys on his disciples' weaknesses in order to further his agenda, you want to bring in the guy whose specialty is finding that weakness.

BANKS

The only true way to stop a terrorist is to find them before they're made. Not after.

As Kester considers this --

24

INT. CIA - HALLWAY - DAY

24

Holden is led into the hall by two agents where Vera greets him. She extends her hand --

VERA

Holden, I'm Vera Wagner.

Holden shakes her hand, acknowledging her as they walk towards a door at the end of the hall ---

VERA (CONT'D)

It's nice to finally meet you. I was the C.O. in Kandahar after you left in '09 -

As Vera talks, Holden eyes the hallway, so much of it haunting and familiar. Suddenly, his steps become slower. More measured.

VERA (CONT'D)

(noticing)

Been working the Mahmonds ever since --

Vera finally pauses when Holden stops altogether. Clearly somewhere else. OFF this, we FLASHBACK to --

HOLDEN (PRELAP)
I'm out, Jerry.

25 INT. CIA HALLWAY - FLASHBACK - DAY 25

A younger Holden walks down the same hallway. Intention behind every step as he approaches a younger Banks.

HOLDEN
I'm done.

BANKS
Done? With what?

HOLDEN
With this. All of it.

Banks shakes his head; knows Holden's not fucking around.

BANKS

You're doing this because you lost
your family.

HOLDEN

I'm doing this because I'm gonna
get them back.

Holden turns from Banks, walking away.

VERA (V.O.)

Holden, are you OK?

26 INT. CIA HALLWAY - DAY

26

Holden is snapped out of his reverie as Vera holds the door open for him. He perfunctorily follows her into:

27 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - DAY

27

Holden and Vera enter. There are monitors everywhere. One end is dedicated to the bombing as TECHS review surveillance feeds and projections on the origin of the blast. On the other is a LINK ANALYSIS PHOTO of Mahmood's network: key officers, operating cities, twitter feeds, etc. One thing is very clear: Mahmood's network is incredibly impressive and we should be very afraid of it.

ON KESTER AND BANKS

As Vera crosses to them. Holden hangs behind, momentarily throws a look at Banks. One thing is clear: there's history behind it. But then shifts his attention to the monitors all over. Eyes shifting from screen to screen. Like something out of *A Beautiful Mind*.

KESTER

(to Banks)

If the President needs to consider some type of military action, I'll need to go back with a helluva lot more than just a "revenge" theory.

Kester turns to see Holden just standing there. Banks tries to bridge the gap between them.

BANKS

Holden, this is David Kester.
National Security advisor.

Holden turns, barely acknowledging Kester but then turns back to the monitors -- studying various images of the blast and the blueprint of the Smithsonian. As he looks closer, Kester and Banks watch him with intrigue. What the fuck is he doing?

HOLDEN
(stepping over to a TECH)
Can you punch that up?
(pointing to another
image)
And move that around?

As the tech does, the blueprint of the museum pops up onto the screen. As Holden's eyes scan the image, something immediately catches his attention -- the REMEMBRANCE OF PEARL HARBOR EXHIBIT.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Where did the bomb go off? By the Pearl Harbor exhibit?

Kester looks at Banks -- where is he going with this? Vera steps forward --

VERA
Yes. Over here on the Northeast side.

*

Holden's face falls. He turns to them ominously.

HOLDEN
In '99, I interrogated one of Mahmood's couriers. He spoke in great detail about Ibrahim's fascination with Pearl Harbor and how he said it was the perfect prelude to a war.
(off their horror)
This attack is just a warning shot.

The room becomes incredibly silent as they consider the implication-- Holden doesn't acknowledge the silence or impact of that statement. He's locked into his own analysis at this point. Just running through it. Just wanting to get the fuck out of there...

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
And the bomb. Bomb had to be big enough to blow out the Northeast side, but small enough to get inside unnoticed.

*

VERA
Not to mention whoever was carrying it had to pass through two different metal detectors.

HOLDEN

In 96' when Mahmood blew up the U.S. Consulate in Basrah, he used a urea-nitrate component that would escape detection.

VERA

Also used it in 2011 in a series of car bombings in Syria.

Vera pulls a printout from beside one of the monitors and hands it to Kester.

VERA (CONT'D)

And again today. Early indicators of the blast analysis found large amounts of urea nitrate amongst the debris.

This confirms it for Kester.

HOLDEN

(driving it home)

There's an old expression from Baluchistan that's said to be a favorite of Ibrahim Mahmood's. "If it takes me ten centuries to kill my enemy, I will wait a thousand years for revenge." The only game the Mahmoods play is the long one.

*
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KESTER

So, how do we stay in front of
this?

Holden gestures to Mahmood's social media screens --

HOLDEN

Start with their twitter feed.

KESTER

I thought you said that they don't
claim their attacks.

HOLDEN

(stepping in for Vera)

They don't. But as long as Twitter
has been around, the Mahmoods won't
tweet the day before an attack.

KESTER

Because they are planning?

HOLDEN

No. Because they are praying.

As Kester takes this in -- fuck --

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
But if you follow the feed and they
stop tweeting, then you might be
able to anticipate when the next
attack is coming.

KESTER
(impressed)
Banks, I need to steal your boy to
brief the Chief of Staff.

HOLDEN
All due respect, I don't work for
the CIA anymore.

Holden turns and exits. Kester looks to Banks with a piercing
glare: get him back. Banks exits.

28 INT. CIA HALLWAY - DAY

28

Holden walks briskly down the hall -- can't get out of there
fast enough. Too tempting to get sucked back in, but -

BANKS (O.S.)
Holden, stop!
(as Holden turns back)
You can't walk away from this. Not
now that you know it's them.

HOLDEN
I can't go back, Jerry. I just
can't. Find someone else.

BANKS
Someone else won't be as good.
(beat)
Come on, Holden, you really think
it was a coincidence that students
from Finnley High were at that
museum?

Holden stops dead in his tracks. Knows exactly what Jerry is
talking about, even if we don't. What is Banks inferring?

BANKS (CONT'D)
You can't just walk away.
Think about your family, man.

HOLDEN
I am.

And then he turns for the door, never looking back. OFF this-

PRINCIPAL HUDGINS (PRELAP)
If you'll all please calm down --

29 INT. FINNLEY HIGH - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

29

Total chaos as WORRIED PARENTS huddle around PRINCIPAL HUDGINS, 40s, kind eyes, who is trying to maintain some sense of order. Laney and Helen stand together in the crowd.

PRINCIPAL HUDGINS

All students had to be questioned by various law enforcement agencies, but I can assure you that they will be returning shortly. Let's all just thank god that *all* of our students will make it home safe tonight.

(beat)

Now if I could just have a quick word with all the teachers...

The Principal backs away as TEACHERS surround her, getting their marching orders. But Helen's reluctant to leave Laney.

LANEY

Go ahead, mom. I'll be fine.

Helen nods as Laney moves to the bleachers. Reza is sitting only a few seats away from her. Laney pulls out her phone, sends a text to a Mark. *Where are you? Now, I'm getting worried.* We see that this is the sixth text she's sent today.

REZA

Your mom teaches psych, right?
(as Laney looks up)
I have her for 5th period.

LANEY

(joking)
I'm sorry.

REZA

Don't be. She's tough but I like it.

He's being cute. Laney smiles.

LANEY

You're new here, right? I'm Lelaina, but everyone calls me Laney.

REZA

Reza. Yeah, I just transferred from
St. Albans. To play baseball.

LANEY

But you didn't grow up around here.

REZA

Algeria.

LANEY

Where in Algeria? Algiers?

REZA

(you know Algeria?)

No. Amenas.

LANEY

Where all the gas fields are. Bet
you're glad you weren't there for
the hostage crisis.

(off his perplexed look)

What?

REZA

I've just never met an American
girl who knew about her own
country, let alone mine.

Laney smiles - completely disarmed by Reza.

REZA (CONT'D)

It's kind of ironic that my mother
moved us here to get away from
danger. I never thought anything
like this was possible here.

LANEY

Me, neither.

It's an incredibly raw moment between them... until Reza's attention suddenly shifts across the room. He stands up. Laney follows his gaze to... Caroline, standing with a group of students from the field trip (Jake amongst them). She's a dirtied mess, bandage on her forehead and still looks nothing shy of spectacular.

Reza beelines for Caroline and they embrace. Lost in each other. Laney watches, a jealousy betraying her. Next to Reza and Caroline, Jake reunites with his parents, Paul and Olivia, who are hugging him with everything they've got. As Helen crosses through, tight smile to Paul and Olivia-

HELEN

Hey Jake, how are you holding up?

JAKE

I'm OK. Where's Coach?

The moment Jake asks this, Paul Jordan flinches. Clearly jealous of Holden's relationship with his son. Helen's about to answer, but then notices Amir standing alone at the entrance. Fucking overwhelmed. As Amir turns around and exits, Helen follows him out, leaving the Jordans behind.

30 EXT. FINNLEY HIGH - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 30

As Helen exits. Looking for Amir. Spots the burning ash of a cigarette behind a stairwell. As she approaches --

HELEN

Amir?

(no answer)

You okay?

AMIR

(finally looks over)

I'm fine.

But he's nowhere in the fucking hemisphere of fine. His hands are shaking something fierce as he smokes.

HELEN

You should come inside. Everyone's really worried about you.

AMIR

I can't answer any more questions, Helen. Not today.

Helen nods, understanding. Amir offers her the cigarette. She takes a long drag. As she hands it back, she notices a LARGE BLOOD STAIN on his cuff and forearm--

HELEN

Oh my god. Amir, what happened? We need to get you to a doctor.

Amir doesn't move, simply says:

AMIR

It's not my blood.

Amir finishes the cigarette, puts his hand on Helen's, and then walks away as the gravity of the situation lands on her.

31 INT. REZA MOUSSAF'S HOUSE - NIGHT 31

Reza and Caroline step into the imposing foyer, immediately met by FRIDA MOUSSAF, Reza's mother. Early 40s, incredibly petite and beautiful. Very hip. She takes Reza in her arms. Relieved. Tears filling her eyes.

REZA
(pulling away)
Mom.

FRIDA
Don't mom me. Thank God you weren't
on that field trip.

REZA
Caroline was.

FRIDA
(shifting her attention)
Oh my god. Are you alright? I can't
imagine how terrifying that must
have been.

CAROLINE
It was so crazy. People were
screaming and everyone was looking
for someone they couldn't find. If
we hadn't gone outside to eat lunch
when we did...

She doesn't finish the sentence. Doesn't have to.

FRIDA
Your mother must be worried sick.

CAROLINE
Yeah, she's been calling me every
five seconds.

And yet where is she? Frida senses not to press.

REZA
Can Caroline stay for dinner?

FRIDA
Of course.

As Frida and Reza move to the kitchen, Frida can't help but kiss him again. This time, Reza lets her. HOLD ON Caroline watching them. Taken by it. Wanting what they've got.

32 INT. WELLER HOUSE - NIGHT

32

Helen and Laney enter to find Holden waiting for them. Drinking a beer. He immediately stands, crossing to Laney.

HOLDEN
Hey. You OK?

Laney nods as Holden embraces her for a beat too long. Doesn't want to let her go. They stand there in silence, none of them willing to confront the elephant in the room.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
What's going on at the school?

HELEN
Everything you'd imagine. Parents are terrified, kids in shock. And Principal Hudgins thinks we should resume class tomorrow to restore a sense of normalcy, but I don't know... Jake asked about you -- he looked pretty shaken, Holden.

Off this, Laney senses her parents need to talk --

LANEY
I'm exhausted. I'm going to bed.

The moment she's gone, Holden takes Helen in his arms.

HELEN
Oh my god, Holden. What if she was on that field trip?

HOLDEN
(can't even consider it)
She wasn't.

Helen stares into his eyes for a beat too long, then:

HELEN
They want you back, don't they?

HOLDEN
I'm not going back. I told Jerry.

Helen nods, sympathetic.

HELEN
That couldn't have been easy.

HOLDEN
(it wasn't)
I'm still not going back.

Helen leans into Holden, forcing a smile as he wraps his arms around her.

33

INT. LANEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

33

Not your typical teenager's bedroom. Stacks of TIME magazine, the Economist, Atlantic Monthly with post-it notes all over them. Laney watches the news on her IPAD when her iPhone starts buzzing. It's a FACETIME call from Mark (the boy she texted earlier). As she answers, we PUSH IN on the SCREEN to reveal MARK, 18, cute but not hot. He smiles as he sees Laney-

LANEY

Where have you been? I've been trying to reach you all day.

MARK (ON SCREEN)

It's been insane. There was a lockdown on campus and I left my phone in the car.

LANEY

I was so worried. I miss you.

MARK (ON SCREEN)

Me, too.

LANEY

And I've decided something. I'm going to tell my parents about us. Life's too short, right?

MARK (ON SCREEN)

Right. When?

Laney hears her parent's footsteps coming down the hall.

LANEY

Dunno yet. But soon. Night, Mark.

Laney quickly hangs up as Holden and Helen approach her door-

HOLDEN

You still up?

Laney nods as her parents take turns giving her a kiss. Then-

LANEY

They think it's the Mahmonds, don't they?

Holden doesn't know how to answer.

HELEN

Why would you even say that?

LANEY

Because if it was Al Qaeda, they would have gone to someone else.

Laney's right. And they both know it. Holden locks eyes with Helen, wishing they could protect Laney from their past.

34 INT. WELLER HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING 34

Holden lies awake, Helen sleeping beside him. The weight of the world on his shoulders when the phone rings. Holden jolts up in bed, answers it. Before Holden can even say anything--

JERRY BANKS (V.O.)

Holden, we identified the source of the blast to a bathroom on the Northeast side of the museum.

*

Security cameras tracked only three people near that bathroom in the past 24 hours. We cleared the first two, but the last one is definitely a person of interest. And Holden, we've got him.

Holden turns his back from Helen as she begins to stir.

HOLDEN

Who is it?

On Holden, listening as Jerry fills him in, we CUT TO:

35 INT. CIA HALLWAY - MORNING 35

Holden walks solemnly down the hallway, flanked by Banks and Vera, as they approach an interrogation room at the end of the hall. Holden pauses a beat as we FLASHBACK to:

36 INT. ND LOCATION - DAY 36

FLASHES of A MAN being tortured in a dark, concrete room. Being beaten. Being broken. No mercy from his interrogator. Finally, the interrogator steps into the light. It's Holden. As we realize the extent of Holden's past, we CUT BACK TO:

37 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 37

Banks opens the door for Holden. We STAY TIGHT on Holden as he enters. Disappointment immediately betrays him as he faces off with the suspect (whom we still do not see). Because as the CAMERA widens, we reveal the suspect. And it's not a Middle Eastern terrorist; it's his quarterback - Jake Jordan. Holden shuts the door as we SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

38 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

38

Direct pick up. Holden stands opposite Jake, who has one arm handcuffed to the table. Jake's a mess. Not exactly your run of the mill terrorist.

JAKE

Coach Weller... What the? What are you doing here? Is my dad here?

HOLDEN

No, Jake. Just me. They asked me to talk to you.

JAKE

(can't believe it)

They think I had something to do with that explosion. They think I hurt all those people.

Holden studies Jake, not sure what to do. Not exactly his run of the mill interrogation. He crosses the room. Puts his arm around Jake, momentarily glancing at the two-way mirror. Feeling Banks' eyes on him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

How could they think I had something to do with this?

Holden eyes Jake's every move, every gesture.

HOLDEN

Because the security cameras at the museum caught you on tape going into the very bathroom where the bomb later went off.

JAKE

So? I had to go the bathroom. Since when did that become a crime?

Holden sits down at the table. Pulls out a SMITHSONIAN BROCHURE from his back pocket. Opens it to a MAP.

HOLDEN

(pointing to the map)

This is where they're saying the bomb went off.

(MORE)

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
(then to the other side)
And this is where you were, at the
ancient Egypt exhibit.... Way the
hell over here.

Jake swallows. Hard. Knows what Holden's getting at.

JAKE
I had to go to the bathroom. Like
go go to the bathroom. I wanted
privacy. I don't know why I went so
far away.

Holden eyes Jake's hands, resting calmly on the table.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(uneasy)
You believe me, right?

HOLDEN
Of course I do. But I'm in the
minority. Problem is there are
(pointing to the map)
One. Two. Three. Four bathrooms
between that exhibit and the one
you used. It doesn't look good.

Holden studies Jake, as his eyes begin to well up. Knows he's
as fucked as fucked can be.

JAKE
I had to go to the bathroom. I just
wanted privacy. That's it. I don't
know why I went so far away. I just
kept walking...

Holden doesn't say anything, just lets the kid spin out. The
more Jake talks, the more his body language begins to change.

JAKE (CONT'D)
This can't be happening... Really,
Coach Weller, I just had to go to
the bathroom. I just wanted
privacy.

Holden pretends not to notice, but --

VERA (PRELAP)
He's lying.

Vera and Banks stiffen. Attention locked on Jake.

BANKS
(in agreement)
He's rehearsed the words but not
the gestures.

40 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

40

Holden just stares at Jake as he tries to explain himself.
His hands shaking as he does.

JAKE
Please help me, Coach. I didn't do
this. You believe me, right?

Holden has to make a decision in that moment. Expose Jake's lies or expose himself. Can he really go after a kid he might have to face at practice the next day?

HOLDEN
Yeah, I believe you, Jake.

Holden puts his hand on Jake's. OFF this:

BANKS (V.O.)
So the kid is lying.

41 INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

41

Banks and Vera exchange glances as Holden enters.

HOLDEN
Still doesn't make him capable of
blowing up a building.

BANKS
Maybe you just don't want to
believe it. Maybe that's why you
went soft on him in there.

HOLDEN
You're right, Jerry. I don't want
to believe it. Kid can barely take
the pressure at a damn football
game. No way he could handle
something like this.

BANKS
Far lesser men have done far
greater things for Ibrahim Mahmood.
You know he preys on the innocent.
And if he somehow got to Jake
Jordan, we need to know it. Now.

HOLDEN
What do you want me to do, Jerry?
Waterboard him in the cafeteria?...
I can't do it.

But as Holden exits, we see genuine conflict in his eyes.

42 INT. FINNLEY HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY 42

Between classes as a SEA of STUDENTS make their way down the hall. We FIND Caroline at her locker holding court to few popular kids, Reza and Marcy amongst them. A few lockers down, Laney and Silas watch the show.

CAROLINE
(dramatic)
I was just sitting there about to text Reza my selfies when-all-of-a-sudden... the building explodes.
Knocking me-right-off-my feet.

The group shakes their heads at Caroline's story. Like oh-my-fucking-god you are so brave.

SILAS
And the Oscar goes to...

Laney smiles, but her attention is locked on Reza. He looks over to her and waves. Laney waves back when the bell rings. She shuts her locker. As Laney and Silas turn down the hall -

SILAS (CONT'D)
So what's with sexual milk chocolate eyebanging you across the hall?

LANEY
Shut up. You're crazy.

As Laney and Silas walk away, we see Reza watching Laney go. And Caroline watching him. OFF this:

TEACHER #1 (V.O.)
We need to talk to Principal Hudgins about organizing a response about Jake Jordan.

43 INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE - DAY 43

Helen sits amongst a SMALL GROUP OF TEACHERS, Amir amongst them when Holden enters (back from the CIA). Holden averts Helen's gaze, knowing that she's looking for answers.

HOLDEN

What about Jake Jordan?

TEACHER #2

Rumor is he was taken into custody late last night. Olivia and Paul barely knew what happened before their son was gone.

Amir stiffens in his chair, suddenly on edge --

AMIR

What do they think he's done?

TEACHER #1

I don't know. But kids are asking questions. And we need to give them answers.

HOLDEN

Jake's a good kid. If they're questioning him about anything, it's what he saw. Not what he did.

The teachers take this in -- Holden's probably right. But not Amir. Something is completely off about him --

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

(trying to gauge his reaction)

Amir, you didn't see anything unusual yesterday, right?

Amir shakes his head no, but it's clear he's bothered by something as he gets up and exits the lounge. OFF this, Helen crosses to Holden. Out of earshot from the others.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

What's up with Amir?

HELEN

Holden, he walked out of a building less than three minutes before it exploded. If he's not suffering from PTSD, he's not human.

Holden shakes his head, still dubious. Helen leans into him.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Did you know they had Jake in custody?

(off his look)

Do they really think he's involved?

It breaks Holden's heart to keep anything from her.

HOLDEN
They don't know.

HELEN
(not aggressive)
They don't know or you can't tell
me?
(off his silence)
This is like being in Afghanistan
all over again.

HOLDEN
Look, all I did was answer a bunch
of questions and point them in the
right direction. They didn't leave
me much of a choice.

HELEN
You always have a choice, Holden.

HOLDEN
I know that, and I made it five
years ago when I walked away.

Helen nods, acknowledging this. But as Holden puts his arms
around her, we HOLD on Helen, wishing she believed him.

44 INT. FINNLEY HIGH - BOYS LOCKER ROOM - TIMECUT - DAY 44

Holden walks through the eerily quiet locker room. Stops when
he sees all of his players just standing there. Half-dressed.

HOLDEN
What's going on, guys? Why aren't
you on the field?

DELAUNTE
Come on, Coach. We really supposed
to go out there after everything
that's happened?

Holden knows they're all looking for answers. Same as him.

HOLDEN
Everyone fold in. Take a knee.

The players do. Holden paces in front of them, then:

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Whoever exacted this attack wants
us to be afraid. They want us to
stop our routines.
(MORE)

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

They want us to cower in fear. They want to tear us apart... So the only real question here is: do we give them what they want? Are we going to let them win?

DELAUNTE

Hell no.

HOLDEN

Because the last time I checked... the only people that should be cowering from fear in this house is the enemy.

The players grab their gear. Inspired by Holden's words.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Now get out there.

As his players file out, Holden begins to follow. But then stops at one of the lockers. A faded piece of athletic tape reading JORDAN tells us it's Jake's. He runs his fingers over the faded tape, feeling Jake's absence.

45

EXT. FINNLEY FOOTBALL FIELD - TIMECUT - DAY

45

Holden stands on a sled as his players do blocking drills. A row of players hit the pads when Holden notices Vera Wagner walking toward him. The CIA is coming to his school now? Holden blows his whistle. Then to his ASSISTANT COACH--

HOLDEN

Take 'em on the game field, eight in the box. Work on our pass protection.

As the players jog off --

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

(to Vera)

You shouldn't be here.

VERA

I know, but I need to talk to you.

HOLDEN

Unless it's about how to throw a perfect spiral into the endzone, we got nothing to talk about.

Holden starts to walk away from her.

VERA

If I throw a perfect spiral into
the endzone, then will you talk to
me?

OFF Holden, considering, we CUT TO:

46 EXT. FINNLEY HIGH - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

46

As Vera throws a flawless pass to Holden. Holden nods, impressed. Vera smiles. She's in.

VERA (V.O.)
We found the trigger to that bomb.

47 EXT. FINNLEY HIGH - BLEACHERS - DAY

47

Vera sits opposite Holden, downloading him.

VERA
It was a burner phone. Just like Mahmood used in '04 in Uzbekistan.

HOLDEN
So, there's no way to determine who the caller was that detonated that bomb.

VERA
We think this girl -- Zoe Lautner was carrying it.

As Vera hands Holden Zoe's photo, we immediately recognize her. She was the girl making out under the bleachers!

HOLDEN
Another student?

VERA
She goes to McKinley, but ditched school yesterday to go to that museum. No one knows why.

HOLDEN
You didn't ask her why she ditched?

VERA
We couldn't. She's dead, Holden.

This drops like a brick on Holden.

HOLDEN
(holy shit)
What are the odds that an American teenage girl is suicide bomber?

VERA
Not very good... Which means someone had to give her the trigger. The question is who?

HOLDEN

Any connection between Jake Jordan
and Zoe Lautner?

VERA

He said he doesn't know her. And I
don't think he was lying. Nothing
else to connect them either. No
shared interests. No crossover of
friends.

HOLDEN

Poor girl probably didn't even know
she was carrying it.

(then)

You remember the Embassy bombing in
Islamabad in '98?

VERA

Sure. They determined an American,
Evan Warner, was responsible for
it. Op reports said he had been
radicalized.

HOLDEN

What they didn't say is that Evan
had developed a friendship with a
local man in Islamabad. They spent
every Sunday together, having
coffee, talking about books and
music... for two years.

(beat)

The man was Saabiq Mahmood.

As Vera takes this in --

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Whomever gave Zoe that phone was
probably someone she knows. Check
with Zoe's parents. See if she had
developed any new friendships or
received any gifts.

(off her nod)

Then, crosscheck everything on Jake
and Zoe. Social media, Facebook,
Instagram, all of it. Mahmood had
to communicate with them somehow.
And cast the net wide -- don't just
limit the search to jihadist
propaganda. Mahmood's smarter than
to expose his own weaknesses --
he'd have preyed on theirs.

Holden stands up. As they walk from the bleachers -

VERA

You know I studied your file a lot when I was coming up the ranks. And the biggest advances in your career were not a result of the detainee program, but the intel you procured in the field.

HOLDEN

What's your point? You agree with my decision not to torture my quarterback?

VERA

I don't believe in enhanced interrogation.

HOLDEN

You on the civil rights side of things? We abused the rights of terrorists everywhere?

VERA

No. I'm on the "why the hell waste our time?" side. They're willing to die for a cause. How do you get results from someone who's willing to do that?

HOLDEN

I've got about 95 detainees you should talk to. Usually the ones who wax poetic about being martyrs are the first ones to break. Trust me, I know.

VERA

Jake Jordan's not a detainee. He's a 16-year-old kid.

HOLDEN

That's not why I didn't go after him.

VERA

Then why didn't you?... If you really believed in enhanced interrogation so much, then how come you left the detainee program before it was eradicated?

HOLDEN
(considers, then)
I didn't leave because of what it
did to them. I left because of what
it did to me.

Holden turns. He's done sharing. But then he turns back-

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Can I ask you a question? Where'd
you learn to throw like that?

VERA
Four brothers. Two of 'em were
drafted.

Vera smiles and turns away. OFF Holden, intrigued by her --

48 INT. CAROLINE'S BEAT-UP CAR - DAY

48

Caroline and Reza drive through the streets of McLean.

CAROLINE
So, how do you know Laney Weller?

REZA
I don't.

CAROLINE
You normally wave to people you
don't know?

REZA
(busted)
I don't know her. Not really. I
just met her while I was waiting
for you the other night.
(then noticing something)
What the hell?

49 EXT. MOUSSAF / JORDAN HOUSES - DAY

49

As Caroline pulls into Reza's driveway, she turns to see TWO AGENTS file out of the Jordan house (next door). Laptops, hard drives under their arms. Olivia Jordan chasing them out. Completely undone. No makeup. Bathrobe. Paul's on her heels.

OLIVIA
(blocking their path)
Please tell me where my son is.

But the Agents push past her. Reza and Caroline exchange looks as they get out of the car to meet Frida, who is also watching this from across the lawn. As the agents pull away, Olivia just fucking breaks.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You need to find out where he is--

PAUL

Come on, Olivia. You don't think I've tried everyone I know?

OLIVIA

You're an analyst. Your job is to find information. So find me some damn information on my son--

Olivia storms past Paul and into the house. We HOLD ON Reza and Caroline. Trading looks. Like Holy fuck. But Frida's attention is still locked on Paul Jordan.

50 INT./EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

50

Frida knocks on the door. Tupperware container in hand. As Paul Jordan opens it --

FRIDA

I thought you both might be hungry.

Paul forces a smile, inviting her in --

51 INT. JORDAN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

51

Frida scoops some lasagna into a bowl at their dining table. Olivia just stares blankly. Then, as Paul begins eating--

OLIVIA

I'm sorry, Frida. I just can't do this.

Olivia stands up from the table.

PAUL

Do what?

OLIVIA

Eat, Paul. Our son could be in some third world jail. Forgive me if I lost my appetite.

Paul feels the judgment and just quietly glares at her. Finally, Olivia walks away from the table, but warmly squeezes Frida's hand as she goes.

Once she's gone, Paul launches out of his chair, embracing Frida.

PAUL
I'm scared.

FRIDA
I know.

Frida pulls back ever so slightly, still completely aware that Olivia is just upstairs.

PAUL
I've got to find him.

FRIDA
You will.

As we realize Paul and Frida are much more than friends.

52 INT. CAROLINE ROGERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 52

Caroline enters to find her mother, STELLA, sleeping on the couch. Housewives of Orange County on the TV. Empty bottle of scotch on the table. As Caroline regards her mother, a sadness betrays her. She covers her mother with a blanket.

53 INT. MOUSSAF HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 53

Frida, dressed in her nightgown, turns down the lights in the kitchen, moving to the basement door.

FRIDA

Reza, you still down there?

Frida steps downstairs -- a faint light coming from the darkness below. As she gets closer, we reveal Reza laboriously typing into a laptop like his life depends on it.

REZA

Yeah, Mom. Just finishing up my homework.

But as Frida turns the corner, we realize the light isn't coming from one computer screen. It's coming from numerous screens! One has security footage of the blast. Another is of a town square in Afghanistan. Others show various Facebook, twitter feeds. Frida steps closer to Reza, glancing at his computer. It's an email to a generic address. But the body reads: Ibrahim, The weather is beautiful. Wish you were here.

FRIDA

Be sure to encrypt the email.

REZA

Already did.

Reza hits send. Frida kisses her son on the forehead. Proud. As we wonder what the hell is going on, one thing is very clear: Reza and Frida Moussaf are not who they say they are.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

54 EXT. WELLER HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - EARLY MORNING 54

Dawn breaks over the horizon. Typical fall morning. What's not typical is Paul Jordan on their front lawn - lost in a trance as the sprinklers soak his pants and shoes. OFF this --

HELEN (V.O.)
Holden! You need to come here.

55 INT. WELLER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EARLY MORNING 55

Helen eyes Paul in the front yard as Holden approaches. They exchanged concerned looks. Holden grabs his coat and exits.

56 EXT. WELLER HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 56

Holden steps outside, immediately reaching behind the front hedges. Turns the sprinklers off.

HOLDEN
Paul, you alright?

But Holden can see that he's not. He puts his arm on Paul's shoulder. Paul finally looks up. Holden gestures for him to come inside as we PRE-LAP:

PAUL (V.O.)
I have the second highest clearance
in the NSA but they won't tell me
anything...

57 INT. WELLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 57

Helen pours Paul a cup of coffee. Holden stands across from them at the island.

PAUL
(can't believe the words)
Until they can clear me of any
association with my son. I didn't
know who else to come to.

HOLDEN
I wish I could tell you something.
But I haven't been on the inside of
this for a long time.

Holden can feel Helen's eyes on him as he says this -- because she knows he's lying. To his good friend.

HELEN
How's Olivia holding up?

PAUL

She's not. She's a wreck and what's worse, I can't tell her anything resembling the truth. Because you and I both know that they couldn't hold Jake this long if they didn't have something solid on him.

(silence, then spinning out)

I keep going over every moment of his life in my head. Did I play with him enough? Monitor his internet the way I should?

(beginning to break)

Did I tell him I love him enough?

HOLDEN

Paul, you can't do this to yourself.

PAUL

But what if it's true? I want to believe this isn't possible. But I don't know, I'm gone at work a lot and... the truth is you probably know my kid better than I do.

Holden and Helen are crushed by Paul's confession. As they trade looks, Holden steps closer to Paul.

HOLDEN

Jake's a good kid, Paul. He cannot be capable of something like this.

Paul nods, locking eyes with Holden, both them wanting like hell to believe it. OFF this, we PRELAP:

FRIDA (V.O.)

It will take them time to realize that Jake doesn't know anything.

Reza paces in the kitchen. Slightly unglued though Frida tries to reassure him.

REZA

He was supposed to be out by now, Mom. Saabiq said we can't move forward with the next step until Paul Jordan's clearance is restored.

FRIDA
(eerily confident)
Paul will find a way to get Jake out.

REZA
What makes you so sure?

FRIDA
Because I know him, Reza. And he told me.

Frida exits, leaving Reza conflicted.

59 INT. FINNLEY HIGH - HOLDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

59

Holden is working at his desk when Delaunte enters (after practice).

DELAUNTE
Hey Coach.
(as Holden looks up)
I just wanted you to know that I heard what you said... about hitting the books...

HOLDEN
You need to take it seriously.

DELAUNTE
I am.

Delaunte reaches into his bag and pulls out his math test. Sets it in front of Holden. As Holden eyes the grade, he smiles, proud. But the moment's interrupted by Laney, who enters the office. Delaunte and Laney acknowledge each other.

LANEY
Hey Pop.

DELAUNTE
Well, thanks again, Coach.

HOLDEN
See you at practice tomorrow.

Holden nods as Delaunte exits.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
(to Laney)
How's it going?

LANEY

Good. Just wanted to make sure you
were coming to the vigil tonight?

HOLDEN

Yeah, I'm gonna meet you and mom
there after practice.

Holden's phone starts ringing. He pulls it out - checks the
caller ID: JERRY BANKS.

LANEY

You need to take that?

HOLDEN

(yes)

No.

Holden doesn't want to let his daughter see that he's getting
pulled back in. But she's smarter than that.

LANEY

You're lying. And you don't have
to...

(beat)

At least not to me.

Holden forces a smile, pulls Laney into him. But like any
teenager, she pulls away first.

LANEY (CONT'D)
See you later, Dad.

HOLD ON Holden as he watches his daughter exit his office.
Once she's gone, he picks up his ringing phone.

HOLDEN
What is it, Jerry?

BANKS (V.O.)
Holden, they are targeting kids at
your school. And we've got proof.
Nottoway Park. 15 minutes.

Holden's already moving for the door...

60 EXT. NOTTOWAY PARK - DAY

60

Vera waits on a bench as we FIND Holden crossing through the
playground. Kids play on jungle gyms. Mothers watch nearby,
gossiping with other moms. As Holden approaches-

HOLDEN
Where's Banks?

VERA
He's meeting us.

Holden sits down.

VERA (CONT'D)
We found a connection between Jake
Jordan and Zoe Lautner. Numerous
emails to both of them originating
from a encrypted address. High
levels of security. Last group of
emails were sent two days before
the bombing.

(off Holden's look)
But that's not even the interesting
part.

HOLDEN
(knowing where he's going)
How long ago did they begin?

VERA
Over four years ago. And you were
right. Nothing in there about a
jihadist agenda.

HOLDEN
What were the emails about?

VERA

Jake's were about breaking through
to the final level of World of
Warcraft; Zoe's were of a romantic
nature. Asking her out.

HOLDEN

So, we're looking for a kid?

VERA

(yes)

I spoke to Zoe's parents. Her mother thinks Zoe was seeing someone new, but she didn't know who. But she did say that the night before the bombing, she noticed a new cell phone in Zoe's room. She meant to ask her daughter about it, but never got a chance to.

HOLDEN

So that's how she got the trigger.

VERA

It gets better. I also spoke to Frank Parnell.

HOLDEN

The security guard at Finnley High?

VERA

(yes)

Parnell says he saw Zoe making out with some kid the night of your opening game. He recognized her from her photo.

HOLDEN

Was he able to ID the kid she was with?

VERA

He didn't get a good look. It was dark. Only thing he did see is that the two of them sped off in a BLACK BMW with diplomatic plates. We're running through all the security footage to see if we can get an ID on the boy or a plate on the vehicle.

As Holden takes this in, Vera leans forward. Serious.

VERA (CONT'D)

Holden, there's something else you need to know. We traced the emails back to a server in Northwest DC.

HOLDEN

The server was traceable?

(doesn't make sense)

(MORE)

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Mahmood's network is incredibly sophisticated. There's no way he'd ever leave footprints behind.

VERA

Unless he wanted to. We looked into the location. It was an apartment. No one living there of course. Rent paid in cash. Landlord never saw anyone entering or exiting...

HOLDEN

Was the apartment registered to someone?

VERA

Yes. Holden, it was registered to you.

Holden's jaw is on the fucking floor. ON Holden, gut-punched him and on Vera, wondering what the story is.

61 EXT. THE MALL - DC - NIGHT

61

A crowded candlelight vigil. Thousands of people standing there solemnly, each with a candle in hand. The National Monument hovers in the b.g. We PUSH through the crowd, landing on Helen, Laney and Silas. Helen looks at her watch, surreptitiously checking her phone. No calls. Where is Holden? But Laney doesn't notice this as her attention is locked on... Mark, who is moving through the crowd towards them. He pushes past Reza and Caroline, who are also there. As Mark's eyes find Laney, a huge smile nervously breaks across her face, though she tries to hide it from her mother. But Helen's looking at her watch again, still wondering where Holden is.

62 EXT. NOTTOWAY PARK - NIGHT

62

Holden sits on the bench, undeniably rocked.

VERA

Why the hell would Ibrahim Mahmood use your name?

A long beat. As Holden reels--

HOLDEN

I have no idea.

But Vera can sense he's lying. But why? Before she can ask, Holden sees a car pulling up in the parking lot. ON THE CAR - Banks is driving, but there's someone in the back seat.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Who's with Banks?

Holden walks towards the car. Pauses for a beat when he sees who's in the back seat: it's Amir Fassad. Banks nods for Holden to get in. Holden does, eyes locked on Amir. In the b.g., we see Vera leaving.

63 INT. BANKS' CAR - NIGHT

63

Holden sits down next to Amir. Amir is clearly uncomfortable. Banks sits in the front seat, eyes forward as Holden and Amir.

AMIR

I didn't know you were with the CIA.

HOLDEN

I'm not.

Amir nods, understanding what Holden is saying.

BANKS

Why don't you tell him why we're here, Amir?

Amir steadies his hands. Takes in measured breaths. Then --

AMIR

About a month ago, Hinda and I were at our mosque.

(beat, letting it land)

We saw Jake Jordan there.

This drops like a brick on Holden. Not what he was expecting.

HOLDEN

Doing what?

AMIR

Praying.

Holy fucking shit.

HOLDEN

Did he see you?

AMIR

Yes. I approached him. He said he was there with a friend but it was very clear to me he was alone. And it was also very clear that he was startled to see me.

HOLDEN

He ever come back after that?

AMIR

No. Just the one time. Honestly, I had forgotten about it... until now.

Amir shakes his head. Guilt and worry in his eyes.

AMIR (CONT'D)

I feel like I've betrayed him.

HOLDEN

Who? Jake? Amir, you had to come forward with this.

AMIR

I don't know. What if he's innocent?

(beat)

Every time I get on a plane or take a trip with my family, I'm profiled. Because I wear a beard. Because of the color of my skin. Because I'm from Tehran. Extra security. Searches. Harassment.

(beat)

I've just done the same thing to Jake Jordan.

HOLDEN

(a beat)

Unless he's a terrorist.

HOLD on Amir, considering this as Banks locks eyes with Holden in the rearview mirror--

64

EXT. THE MALL - NIGHT

64

The vigil is winding down. Helen looks at her watch again, and then turns to Laney. But Laney's talking to a boy (Mark) when she notices Helen. Grabs Mark's hand and walks over.

LANEY

Mom, this is Mark.

Mark extends his hand. Very polite. It's clear he's nervous to meet Helen. Helen shakes it, smiles.

MARK

Nice to meet you, ma'am.

HELEN

Ma'am? That's refreshing. How is it that we've never met? Do you go to McKinley?

Laney and Mark exchange nervous looks as they all start walking together towards Constitution Avenue. But fuck it --

LANEY

Mark goes to Georgetown.

MARK

I'm a freshman there.

HELEN

(oh now I know why I
haven't met you)

Georgetown, huh? Impressive.
And how did you two meet?

LANEY

The Public library in Finnley.
Mark's parents live there, too.

MARK

Speaking of my folks, I need to get
back to them. It was nice meeting
you, Ms. Weller.

HELEN

Likewise.

Mark turns towards his car. Waves. Gets in. Pulls away. As we notice what Helen and Laney don't -- his car is a Black BMW with diplomatic plates. Mark is the same kid that was making out with Zoe Lautner under the bleachers... and the kid who likely armed her with the trigger to that bomb.

HELEN (CONT'D)

So, Georgetown, huh?

LANEY

I've been trying to tell you for
weeks.

HELEN

I'm not the one you should be
worried about...

LANEY

I know.

(beat, then)

Mom - Dad's gonna go back to work.

HELEN

We don't know that.

LANEY
Yes we do. Because we both know he
has to.

Helen shakes her head as she considers this -- because deep down, she knows her daughter is right.

65 INT. CIA VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 65

Holden eyes Jake as Banks and Vera enter the room. Clocking the determined look in Holden's eyes. Vera hands Holden an envelope --

HOLDEN
Jerry, take his cuffs off.

Banks nods to a GUARD, who enters the room.

VERA
You don't have to do it this way.

But Holden's undeterred by her warning. The moment the Guard returns, Holden moves for the door. Game the fuck on.

66 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 66

Holden explodes into the room. Scaring the shit out of Jake. Jake backs up from his chair, tripping onto the floor.

JAKE
Coach Weller, what the--

Holden charges at Jake, pinning him up against the wall.

HOLDEN
You lied to me, Jake.

JAKE
(fear of god in his eyes)
No. I didn't. I wouldn't.

HOLDEN
When did the Mahmonds first reach out to you? Was it through World of Warcraft?

JAKE
What are you talking about? They didn't.

HOLDEN
Or was it through the mosque?

JAKE
Mosque? I've never been to a mosque
in my life. I'm Catholic.

Jake's response is so convincing that we're not sure who's really lying here -- Jake or Amir.

HOLDEN
Jake, there were a series of robberies last year at the mosque you went to. They had security cameras installed. They caught you on tape.

Jake's face falls. If he wasn't terrified before, he is now.

67 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

67

As Vera and Banks watch. NOTE: we will periodically cut away to Vera and Banks' reaction shots.

VERA
Security cameras?
(beat)
God - he's a good liar.

BANKS
You have no idea.

68 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

68

Jake slides down the wall onto the floor. Crying. Shaken. Holden grabs the envelope that Vera handed to him. Pulls out an 8X10 PHOTO - shoves it in Jake's face. It's a WIDE SHOT of the wreckage. Casualties trapped beneath the debris.

HOLDEN
(pointing to the photo)
That one right there. Was only six years old.

JAKE
(turning away)
Stop. Please stop.

HOLDEN
I'll stop when you start telling me the truth.

JAKE
I am telling the truth.

Holden shoves the photo in Jake's face.

HOLDEN

Look at him, Jake. His name was
Joey Mendoza. Come on, you gotta at
least take a look at your
handiwork.

JAKE

Why are you doing this to me?
You're not supposed to act this
way! You're my Coach.

But Holden's undeterred by this.

HOLDEN

Joey played football, too, Jake.
Pop Warner. His first game was this
weekend. You can't really tell from
the picture because his legs are
buried under the wreckage you
caused, but he's small.

JAKE

(through tears)
Why are you doing this?

HOLDEN

(ignoring the question)
His coach said his size didn't
matter because Joey had more heart
than anyone on that team. Sound
familiar, Jake?

Holden pulls out another photo from the envelope. Slams it
down in front of Jake.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

(off Jake's horror)
But Joey's not gonna make it to his
next game... because his head was
split open by a piece of concrete.

This one is a C.U. of the dead little boy. Blood everywhere.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Because of you.

The color drains from Jake's face. He can't take it and he
just HURLS. Completely undone. Holden keeps on pressing--

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Why'd you go to the mosque, Jake?
(not fucking around)
Was it to meet someone? Was it to
pick up the bomb?

JAKE

I told you. I didn't have anything
to do with that bombing.

HOLDEN

Then why did you go there? Who were
you meeting? What were you looking
for?

A beat, then Jake slowly looks up to Holden.

JAKE

Faith.

HOLDEN

(caught off guard)

Faith? Faith in what?

JAKE

In something. In anything. My life
sucks, okay? I don't belong to
anything. Or anyone.

The kid is breaking -- and everything about it is genuine.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I look at Mr. Fassad up in his
class and the way he talks about
Allah and I don't know, I just
wanted to believe in something that
much... I thought if I had faith...

HOLDEN

How about the bombing? Were you
showing your faith then?

JAKE

No. I had nothing to do with that.
You should know better than anyone
that I couldn't do that...

HOLDEN

I never thought a Catholic kid
would be going to a mosque either.

JAKE

I'm sorry I lied about the mosque.
I just knew what they would think.
That I was some crazy extremist but
the only reason I went there was to
pray, so that my life would change.

HOLDEN

And did it?

JAKE

No. I still lost the game.

Jake begins to sob. Holden slides down the wall beside him,
takes Jake in his arms -- as lost as the kid beside him.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

69 INT. BANKS' OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

69

Vera enters to find Holden sitting opposite Banks at his desk. Holden has his head in his hands.

BANKS

Kester's already had you reinstated. Top Secret clearance. All the trimmings.

Holden looks up as Vera sets down a GUN, an ID BADGE, and a SECURE BLACKBERRY on the desk. Holden stares at them like a ghost from the past. His emotional state of mind is not lost on Vera.

BANKS (CONT'D)

You'll resume your job at the high school, operating under deep cover, reporting either directly to me or to Vera... all the while conducting your life like everything is the same.

Holden nods, but knows that everything's already changed.

VERA

I'll be the POC for FBI coordination and will loop you in on any ops cables coming in from the field. If any sleeper cells become operational, we'll be the first to know.

HOLDEN

We're going to need a full surveillance package on Jake Jordan.

BANKS

One step ahead of you.

A long beat.

HOLDEN

You know Mahmood would never have set this plan into motion unless he'd *already* targeted hundreds of potential disciples.

BANKS

Exactly. Each of them a terrorist.
And you're gonna bring them down
one by one.

HOLDEN

(fuck me)

Am I.

It's not a question.

BANKS

If Mahmood's gonna turn these kids
into assets without them knowing
it, then you're gonna have to do
the same thing.

Holden nods, attention locked on the items on the desk. Like he still can't bring himself to pick them up. Banks and Vera exchange concerned looks--

BANKS (CONT'D)

(to Vera)

Give us a minute, will you?

Vera nods and exits. Once she's gone, Holden looks up to Banks.

HOLDEN

I don't know how I'm going to sell
this to Helen without telling her
the truth about the Mahmoods.

BANKS

If we could tell our spouses
everything, they wouldn't call it
clandestine service.

HOLDEN

This is different and you know it.

Banks nods, knowing Holden's right. Holden picks up the staples of his past (gun, cell, ID), finally accepting his fate. As he turns to leave --

BANKS

Holden... that son-of-a-bitch
picked the wrong mark this time.

Holden nods, needing to believe that Banks is right. Then, he walks out.

70

INT. WELLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

70

Holden enters, reticent. Quiet. But before he can even close the door, he HEARS:

HELEN (O.S.)

Just say it.

Holden turns to see Helen waiting at the kitchen table. She clearly hasn't slept. Lukewarm coffee in front of her.

HOLDEN

I'm going back.

Tears fall from Helen's eyes. As much as she knew this might happen, she's unprepared. Holden kneels down to her.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
I don't have a choice. Because the
Mahmoods are coming after us.

Helen stands up. She shakes her head. Doesn't believe him.

HELEN
(you are crazy)
Why Holden? Why would they be
coming after us?

HOLDEN
I targeted his family. He's
targeting mine.

HELEN
Do you know how ridiculous that
sounds?

Holden shakes his head -- he's weighing something and it's important. But Helen can't take being left in the dark --

HELEN (CONT'D)
This stupid code of silence makes
me want to kill you.

HOLDEN
The day of the bombing was the 18
year anniversary of Aarif Mahmood's
death.

HELEN
So? That only explains why they'd
be targeting America, not why
they'd be targeting you.

HOLDEN
(erupting)
I was the one that killed him. It
was an accident. I pushed him too
hard too fast in the middle of an
interrogation.

This drops like a bomb on Helen.

HELEN
(realizing the
implications)
No. No. American forces killed
Aarif.

HOLDEN
I killed him, Helen, and the CIA
covered it up. Banks thinks Ibrahim
found out somehow.
(beat)
Just because I walk away doesn't
mean that he will.

Helen is incredulous -- can't comprehend this on any level. A long beat hangs between them. Then--

HELEN
I'm afraid we won't survive this.
(beat)
The lies alone could kill us.

HOLDEN
I'm not gonna let that happen.

HELEN

Why should I believe you?

HOLDEN

Because you believe in the man I am, not the man I was.

HELEN

(you don't get it)

If you're really going to catch Ibrahim Mahmood, I've got to believe in both.

Helen walks out of the room, leaving Holden alone. OFF Holden, gut-punched, we PRELAP:

BANKS (V.O.)

Fellow citizens, less than a week ago, our freedom was threatened by a deadly and cowardly terrorist attack.

71 INT. CIA PRESS ROOM - DAY

71

Banks stands in front of a room filled with JOURNALISTS as he reads from a statement. As the flashbulbs go off --

BANKS

Make no mistake about it, this attack was meant to frighten us and strike at the heart of what defines this great nation: our families.

72 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

72

Holden, back at work, running drills with his players.

BANKS (V.O.)
But we will not retreat in the face
of this evil. We will fight.

As the players hit each other with a savage ferocity, Holden
examines each of them with different eyes -- wondering who
could be Mahmood's next mark.

73 INT. CIA COMMAND POST - NIGHT

73

Vera sits with a TECH in front of monitor. ON THE SCREEN is
security footage of Finnley's parking lot. Cars entering and
exiting. As the tech fast forwards, Vera notices something:

VERA
Wait. Back that up.

As the tech rewinds and pauses, revealing the black BMW.

VERA (CONT'D)
Can you enhance that?

As the Tech ZEROES IN on the license plate, part of it is
obscured. But part of it isn't. OFF Vera, galvanized by their
first lead --

BANKS (V.O.)
We will hunt them down and seek
justice against those who have
trespassed against us.

74 INT. WELLER HOUSE - NIGHT

74

Laney, Holden and Helen eat together, laughing...

BANKS (V.O.)
We are stronger than they think.

75 INT. JORDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

75

Jake eats dinner with Paul and Olivia. Though Olivia is put
back together: designer duds, botox and all, there's a
humility to her -- the kind that comes to you when something
you love has been taken away from you. Olivia kisses Jake on
the forehead. Forces a smile at Paul.

BANKS (V.O.)
Capable of far more than they could
ever imagine.

A KNOCK at the door. All of them startled by it, though doing
their damndest to pretend everything's normal. Paul gets up
from the table.

76

EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

76

Paul opens the door to see Holden standing there.

PAUL
Holden.

HOLDEN
Jake make it home safe and sound?
(off his smile)
Can I talk to him?

Paul nods, disappears inside. A moment later, Jake appears. Surprised to see Holden there. He shuts the door behind him.

JAKE
Coach Weller.

HOLDEN
Came to check on you.

JAKE
I'm better. Happy to be home.

Silence hangs between them, then:

HOLDEN
You didn't tell your dad about our talk.

JAKE
You didn't tell him about the mosque.

Both of them changed, but united by their secrets.

HOLDEN
I've been thinking a lot about what you said. About not enough people believing in something. I wanted you to know I believe in you. So do the guys on the team.

JAKE
Thanks.

HOLDEN
Faith is a powerful thing, Jake, but there's nothing more dangerous than when it's misguided. Next time you go looking for it, if you're searching past yourself, you're looking in the wrong place.

Jake nods, Holden's words clearly landing on him as we pick back up on Banks' speech:

BANKS (V.O.)
As the words of Psalm 23 command
and strengthen us:

77 INT. JORDAN HOUSE - JAKE'S BEDROOM - TIMECUT - NIGHT 77

Jake lays on his bed. Staring at the football under his arm. Contemplative. He runs his fingers over the stitching of the ball. As if he's weighing something. Then, he reaches into his bedside table and pulls out a pocket knife. Slowly slices open the stitching. Shame fills Jake's eyes as he reaches in and pulls out a cell phone. Holy shit.

BANKS (V.O.)
Even though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death...

Jake stares at the phone, tears building in his eyes as he sends a text: *Just got out.*

BANKS (V.O.)
... I fear no evil, for You are
with me.

And then Jake types: *What do you want me to do next?*

BANKS (V.O.)
Because this is just the beginning.

As we PUSH IN on Jake, still looking for faith... then SMASH TO BLACK.