

"THE SIEGE"

Screenplay by

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Story by

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1998

SHOOTING DRAFT

FADE IN:

EXT. TYRE, LEBANON - DAY

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

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)

We're online for exactly two minutes.

A SATELLITE VIEW

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

HERD OF SHEEP

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

FLASH CUT -- NEWS FOOTAGE (STOCK)

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

CNN REPORTS (V.O.)

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

BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD

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

THE SATELLITE VIEW

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

FLASH CUT -- NEWS FOOTAGE (STOCK)

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

CNN REPORTS (V.O.)

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

BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD

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

THE SATELLITE VIEW

As the Mercedes closes with the sheep:

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)

Slow down.

BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD

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

FLASH CUT -- NEWS FOOTAGE (STOCK)

President Clinton addresses reporters in the White
House.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

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

BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD

urinates and
driver

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

THE POOR SHEPHERD

closer

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

COLT COMMANDO RIFLE

Protruding from the sleeve of his jhallabah. And then:

THE HERD OF SHEEP

for a
as

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

THE MERCEDES

shattered
the
distance:

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

WITH A MAGICIAN'S ALACRITY

while
Shepherd
Mercedes
BALLOON
attached to

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

AN MC-130 COMBAT TALON AIRCRAFT

cable
unconscious
Mercedes.

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

THE SATELLITE VIEW

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

DEVEREAUX

Gotcha.

IN A SAFE HOUSE -- SOMETIME LATER

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

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

DEVEREAUX

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

The SHEIK speaks a few words in Arabic.

DEVEREAUX

-- God? GOD?
(looks at him)
What you eat. Whether you eat. Sleep.
Pain. Absence of pain. I decide. I
make the day and the night. Even the
way you got here -- a hand that
reached down from the sky?
(looks at him)
God? I am your new God.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOSQUE - DAWN

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

MUEZZIN

Allahuh Akbar...

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

ON THE STREET

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

THE MINARET

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

DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN

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

IN THE FBI SITUATION ROOM

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

TINA

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

FRANK

Black-and-whites on the scene?

TINA

Setting up a perimeter now.

FRANK

Residence or business?

TINA

A bus.

Sequence omitted from original script.

THE 99 BUS -- SEEN FROM ABOVE

Surrounded by a phalanx of Black-and-Whites.

BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM

They have been joined by Anthony Hubbard, the ASAC.

HUB

SWAT?

FRANK

On the way.

HUB

Negotiator?

TINA

Rolling.

HUB

Bomb squad?

THE 99 BUS

The BOMB SQUAD approaches. We SEE terrified PASSENGERS
inside.

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

HUB

How soon can we get there --?

FRANK

In this traffic, maybe tomorrow.

BACK TO -- THE 99 BUS

As a police TECHIE inserts a dentist's mirror through a
drilled hole in the bus's door, the L.E.D. begins to

BLINK

and the passengers SCREAM and dive for cover. An

EXPLOSION.

BACK TO -- HUB AND FRANK, IN THE CAR

Frank is listening to a cell phone.

FRANK

Oh, fuck. It just blew.

BACK TO -- THE 99 BUS

tumble

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

BACK TO -- HUB AND FRANK, IN THE CAR

HUB

-- What?!

FRANK

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

HUB

-- And nobody's hurt?

Frank nods. Hubs closes his eyes in gratitude.

HUB

Thank God.

CUT TO:

THE JOINT FBI/NYPD TERRORISM TASK FORCE - FEDERAL BLDG

CORDER:

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

TAPED VOICE

-- our first and last warning.

JOHANNSON,

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

TAPED VOICE

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

TINA

Demand for what? You hear any demand?

MIKE

You sure this is all they got?

SUSSMAN

That's it.

FRANK

Maybe it's performance art.

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

HUB

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

FRANK

-- available from The Sharper Image catalogue.

SUSSMAN

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

HUB

Still, the rhetoric sounds political. Militia?

TINA

Not their style.

HUB

Frank --?

FRANK

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

TINA

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

FRANK

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

HUB

I want a composite of the suspects in circulation by the end of business today. Tina, you cross-check it

against the mainframe. Mike, have you got the lab analysis on the paint?

MIKE

Not yet...

HUB

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

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

HUB

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

FRANK

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

Hub deals with Haddad's irreverence by ignoring it.

HUB

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

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

FRED

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

Only two words are written: "RELEASE HIM."

HUB

Release him? Him who? Who are we holding?

TINA

Marv Albert?

SUSSMAN

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

FRANK

-- Omar Abdel Rahman... asshole.

FRED

The Hamas guy got released in April.

FRANK

Under protest.

HUB

(looks at the fax)

Why be coy about it?

SUSSMAN

You think it's phony?

TINA

(covering the phone)

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

Off Hub's look, we:

CUT TO:

AN OLD WAREHOUSE IN BROOKLYN - DUSK

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

AGENT ROSE

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

HUB

-- Agency?

AGENT ROSE

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

THEY OPEN THE DOOR

every
UFO.
In the klieg lights -- THE BUS. Men in white coats dust inch and generally behave as if investigating a crashed

serious

In their midst, a young WOMAN, midwestern pretty in a suit. She looks up as Hub enters.

HUB

Hi.

WOMAN

Hi, there.

HUB

Special Agent Anthony Hubbard. FBI.

WOMAN

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

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

HUB

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

ELISE

(still holds out hand)

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

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

HUB

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

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

ELISE

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

HUB

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

ELISE

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

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

HUB

Tell you what, you send me an official inter-agency request for cooperation on this and I'll give you copies of everything we come up with. Otherwise, get your ass on out of here before you contaminate my crime scene any more than you already have.

ELISE

There's no reason to be nasty.

HUB

You think this is nasty?

(smiles)

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

ELISE

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

HUB

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

(he waits... but no

answer is forthcoming)

Us being teammates and all?

ELISE

(holds up a clipboard)

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

HUB

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

(takes the clipboard

from her hands)

Here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna have a couple my "teammates" here escort you back to wherever you came from. And then I'm gonna go back to

the office and wait for that official cooperation request. Okay by you?

ELISE

Swell.

HUB

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

ELISE

Nice meeting you, too, Special Agent Hubbard.

OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

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

HUB

Tail her.

NICE LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

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

FRANK JR (O.S.)

(in Arabic)

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

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

TEACHER

(in Arabic)

"Make me know that which I have become ignorant of; and make me recite it in the hours of the night and the day; and make it an argument for me O Thou Sustainer of all the worlds!"
Ameen!

ALL

Ameen.

Later --

The guests mingle, eat pastries and drink sweet tea.

TINA

...Nice, wasn't it?

HUB

Very.

TINA

(after a moment)

You ever gonna stop by, pick up your things?

Nearby, Mike and Danny observe them.

DANNY

-- He doing her?

MIKE

Some detective you are. They stopped.

FRED

Really? I wonder if she likes white guys.

DANNY

I wonder if she likes bald guys.

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

HUB

You must be so proud...

NAJIBA

Small children, small worries. Big children --

FRANK

-- big orthodontia bills. Someday, you'll understand.

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

FRANK

Where we going?

HUB

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

CUT TO:

Sequence omitted from original script.

Sequence omitted from original script. (ALREADY SHOT)

INT. HUB'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

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

FRANK

You sleep here?
(Hub smiles, but
doesn't look up)
Immigration called.

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

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

INS OFFICIAL

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

FRANK

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

HUB

Has he broken any laws?

INS OFFICIAL

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

FRANK

(pulls out a \$20 bill)
Not anymore.

IN THE ROOM

The official hopes volume breaks the language barrier.

UNIFORMED OFFICIAL

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

The dark-skinned man is trying to keep up:

KAHLIL

No, no... dhourri.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

FRANK

...He means, "dowry."

HUB

Check out his neck.

Small puckered SCARS. The INS guy looks confused.

FRANK

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

HUB

(thinks a moment)
Put him in play.

CUT TO:

THE VAN WYCK EXPRESSWAY

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

HUB

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

FRANK

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

HUB

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

FRANK

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

HUB

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

FRANK

You're micro-managing.

HUB

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

FRANK

I get reimbursed for this, right?

CUT TO:

ATLANTIC AVENUE - BROOKLYN

Beirut
Arabic
latest

Hub's
AGENT
window.

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

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

MAN CARRYING GROCERIES

where

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

IN THE CONTOUR

FRANK

(notes the purchase)
Twelve bucks in Gaza.

HUB

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

A WOMAN WITH A STROLLER replaces the man carrying
groceries.

HUB

...Tell her to watch out for
reflections.

FRANK

(hands him the phone)
I got the Judge.

HUB

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

KHALIL is on the move again.

HUB

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

FROM A GREAT DISTANCE

who has
looks.

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

HUB

(covering the phone)
-- Frank?

FRANK

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

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

HUB

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

FRANK

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

Khalil has a sixth sense from a lifetime on the West
Bank.

All of a sudden, he BREAKS INTO A RUN.

HUB

(keys radio)
Go, go, go!!! All units --

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

SIX SURVEILLANCE TEAMS

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

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

FRANK

Christ!

HUB

(on the phone)

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

KHALIL SPRINTS

with
alley,
Into an open-air MARKET, KNOCKING DOWN veiled WOMEN
bags of fruit and vegetables. He VAULTS over stalls.
The CONTOUR scrapes PARKED CARS as it swerves into an
desperately trying to cut off Khalil's escape route.

FRANK

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

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

HUB SLAMS THE CONTOUR INTO THE WALL

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

A VAN

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

HUB

What the --?

The van BURNS RUBBER and DISAPPEARS into traffic.

MINUTES LATER --

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

FRED

They just found the van. Doesn't

look like they're gonna find any prints.

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

HUB

Run him down, bring him in.

Fred hands a cell phone to Hub.

FRED

Floyd Rose.

HUB

Go, Floyd.

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

CUT TO:

AN ORDINARY HOUSE

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

AGENT ROSE

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

IN ANOTHER CAR --

DANNY

I had a dog like that once.

FRANK

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

DANNY

The dog works for the CIA?

Their radio CRACKLES to life. It's Hub.

HUB (V.O.)

(over the radio)

All units report in turn.

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

HUB

Let's roll.

THE MAN WALKING THE DOG

Is suddenly double-teamed by TWO AGENTS.

AGENT - MIKE

Federal Agents. Hands behind your
back --

A third AGENT throws his jacket over the dog.

TWO UNMARKED CARS

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

AGENT - FRED

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

THE DOOR TO THE HOUSE

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

FRANK

Hi, guys, I expect you know the drill.

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

KHALIL

FREELANCERS
Sitting in a chair. Behind him stands one of
lounger:
from the warehouse. And opposite him, in a barca-
furnished
ELISE KRAFT -- Somehow amidst the normalcy of the
basement is a palpable feeling of menace.
Glock
As Hub shows himself, one of the Freelancers points a
.9 at his head. Hub just stares him down.

ELISE

Ralph, spare us.

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

ELISE

I never touched him.

HUB

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

ELISE

What are you going to charge him
with? Jaywalking?

(Hub stares at her)

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

HUB

Not in this lifetime.

ELISE

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

Khalil averts his eyes from any contact with her.

HUB

What friends --? What have you got
for me, Elise?... Enlighten me.

(she stonewalls)

Tell me now or tell me downtown.

Still nothing. Hub calls out to his agents.

HUB

Get this guy out of here and book him.

As the other agents approach Khalil:

ELISE

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

HUB

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

ELISE

(overlapping him)

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

HUB

(overriding her)

-- Kidnapping. Obstruction of Justice. Assault.

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

HUB

Cuff her.

CUT TO:

HUB'S UNMARKED CAR

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

FRANK

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

ELISE

Shouf mountains, right? Shiite or Sunni?

FRANK

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

HUB

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

ELISE

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

FRANK

(a look to Hub)
No shit?

ELISE

My father taught Economics. Henry Kraft?

HUB

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

ELISE

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

HUB

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

Elise looks at him, utterly unfazed by the threat.

ELISE

...Yum.

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

CUT TO:

ABOUT A MILLION COP CARS

On Red lights flashing, have sealed off a Brooklyn Street.
the rooftops SWAT teams are already deploying.
SHARPSHOOTERS politely insinuate themselves into the
surrounding family APARTMENTS and take up firing
POSITIONS.

THE 87 BUS

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

NYPD OFFICER

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

HUB

Any communication at all?

NYPD OFFICER

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

HUB

Get the frequency of the driver's
radio and patch it through to this
number. We need two lines. Frank,
get a negotiator out here.

NYPD OFFICER #2

Sir, they've got kids in there. We
count six.

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

HUB

That gives us something to work with.

BACK AT THE CAR

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

ELISE

What's happening out there...

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

ELISE

They've taken another bus, haven't they? Talk to me...

HUB

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

ELISE

Listen, these guys are the real deal.

HUB

How do you know?

She just looks at him.

HUB

Is there a terrorist cell operating in Brooklyn?

ELISE

(a long moment)

Yes.

HUB

Was the blue paint a warning?

ELISE

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

HUB

If they wanted to blow the bus then why haven't they blown the bus --?

ELISE

I... don't know.

He starts away.

ELISE

Agent Hubbard. Please. Maybe I can help.

A COMMAND POST

Has been hastily improvised behind a SWAT van.

FRANK

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

HUB

Where the hell's the negotiator?

FRANK

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

HUB

(to the cop)

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

THE FIRST ENG TRUCK

Pulls up and raises its satellite dish.

ELISE

(almost involuntary)

Oh, God.

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

ELISE

(as it dawns on her)

...They're not here to negotiate.

FRANK

Meaning?

ELISE

They were waiting for the cameras.

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

FRANK

-- Hub...

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

ELISE

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

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

ELISE

You've got the shooters in place?

FRANK

-- So?

ELISE

Use 'em.

HUB

What?

ELISE

Kill 'em now.

They just look at her.

ELISE

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

The NYPD officer has been listening:

NYPD OFFICER

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

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

Hub and Elise stare at one another.

NYPD OFFICER

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

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

HUB

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

(looks at Elise)
Nobody's killing anybody until we
see what's what.

He grabs the phone.

HUB

(on the phone)
Larry, this is Agent Hubbard of the
FBI, I'll be negotiating our way out
of this. Let me talk to one of them...
I know... I know. You just hang in
there, Larry... No, don't worry,
I've got somebody here who can
translate.

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

HUB

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

He waits as Frank translates. Hub covers the
mouthpiece.

HUB

-- Frank?

FRANK

I don't know if they understand.

HUB

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

FRANK

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

HUB

(on the phone)
I get the feeling you don't want to
talk, but will you listen --?
...Whatever grievance you have,

whatever quarrel -- surely it doesn't
involve these children --

Still no response.

HUB

(on the phone)

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

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

FRANK

Okay, here we go...

HUB

(on the phone)

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

(Haddad translates)

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

Elise watches as the news cameras zoom in.

HUB

(on the phone)

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

(indicates SWAT teams)

-- people... will disappear.

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

HUB

(on the phone)

I'm gonna take your silence to mean
you're considering my offer --

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

HUB

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

Hub looks back at Frank. Still no response.

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

HUB

(on the phone)

Thank you, sir. Now let's just let
these --

THE EXPLOSION OF THE BUS

Hurls Hub backwards as:

ALL SOUND FADES OUT

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

SHRAPNEL

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

RED BLOOD

Replaces blue paint in a horrific shower.

HUB

Fights for consciousness.

AGENTS

CANNOT
WHITE
been

Rush to his side to see if he is alright -- but WE
HEAR them. Though their mouths move it is only the
NOISE that overwhelms us -- as we realize that Hub has
momentarily DEAFENED by the blast.

MUFFLED and
recorder

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

HUB

I'm... alright. I'm --

saying,

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

HUB

-- okay... Just let me --

And then he leans over to VOMIT in the street.

THE SOUND OF SIRENS

for
realizing

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

HUB

Is anybody --

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

THE DEVASTATION

And
as
compassion.

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

HARD

CUT TO:

MORE THAN A HUNDRED AGENTS

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

HUB

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

(turns to Mike)

Have you got positive ID on --

MIKE

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

HUB

We need more hands. Fred --

FRED

I'm on it.

He picks up a phone and begins requesting Agent
transfers.

HUB

I want to talk to Khalil.

TINA

He's down the hall.

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

HUB

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

TEN MINUTES LATER - OUTSIDE A HOLDING CELL

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

HUB

Doctor seen him?

TINA

He's on his way up.

HUB

Got a cigarette --?

TINA

You don't smoke.

Hub pockets the pack of cigarettes and walks into:

THE CELL

turns

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

HUB

Ten thousand dollars.

Frank translates. Khalil pretends not to understand.

HUB

Khalil. I want to talk about the money.

Again Frank translates. And again, Khalil looks blank.

HUB

Okay...

pack

At

on

cigarette --

unconsciously

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

HUB

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

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

HUB

You ready to talk about money?

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

FRANK

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

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

FRANK

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

(to Hub)
He's a cut-out.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM -- LATER

Hub hands Tina back the pack of cigarettes.

HUB

Nasty habit.
(to Danny)
3830 Flatbush Avenue.

FLASH CUT -- A SWAT TEAM

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

BACK TO -- HUB

HUB

We want every rental agreement from

every landlord in Brooklyn. Hotels,
motels, flophouses...

(to the other agents)

It's cash, guys. They're the only
ones in America using cash.

TWO HOURS LATER --

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

TECHNICIAN

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

(another slide)

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

TWO HOURS LATER --

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

HUB

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

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

WHITNEY

-- not according to the mainframe.

TWO HOURS LATER --

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

HUB

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

Nearby, Danny and Mike observe Hub's intensity.

DANNY

-- He's way over his head.

FRANK

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

TWO HOURS LATER --

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

FINGERPRINT EXPERT

Not yet.

Sequence omitted from original script.

TWO HOURS LATER --

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

TV SOUND BITE

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

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

WHITNEY

You okay?

response.
The Fingerprint techie races in, sparing Hub a

FINGERPRINT EXPERT

Got one!

TWO HOURS LATER --

Hub and Tina address twenty agents.

HUB

Ladies and Gentlemen, meet the late
Ali Waziri.

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

HUB

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

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

TINA

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

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

TINA

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

TWO HOURS LATER --

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

FRANK

IAP66. What's IAP66?

DANNY

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

FRANK

-- Today, Danny...

DANNY

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

Hub has been pacing, nearby.

HUB

Where's the original --?

DANNY

In his passport.

FRANK

Which is... vaporized.

HUB

Where's the copy?

FRANK

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

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

HUB

What time is it --?

DANNY

Three-fifteen. P.M.

(off Hub's blank look)

When's the last time you ate?

Fred Darius, the young agent, appears.

FRED

Sir. They want you in the lab.

THROUGH A POWERFUL ELECTRON MICROSCOPE

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

FIBER EXPERT (V.O.)

Pure, unadulterated, Egyptian cotton.

FRED

You're saying they're Egyptian?

FIBER EXPERT

No. No... I'm just saying -- See...

HUB

-- It's what they use for funerals.

The guy was wearing a shroud.
He looks at Frank. It's just as Elise said. The real
deal.

HUB

Let's see if she's ready to talk.

A HOLDING CELL

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

HUB

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

ELISE

I didn't make the call.

HUB

Why not?

She just looks at him, entirely neutral.

ELISE

Are you alright --?

HUB

Just some tinnitus in my left ear --

They look across the professional chasm that divides
them.

HUB

I need to know what I don't know.

ELISE

Life's too short.

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

HUB

You hungry?

ELISE

We ordering in --?

CUT TO:

Sequence omitted from original script.

IN A DOWNTOWN DELI

Hub and Elise sit, eating corned beef sandwiches.

ELISE

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

HUB

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

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

ELISE

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

HUB

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

ELISE

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

HUB

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

ELISE

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

HUB

What else you got on his followers.

ELISE

Clearly, they're committed.

HUB

Meaning?

ELISE

In this game, the most committed wins.

HUB

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

ELISE

Unless we match their commitment with our own.

HUB

What about talking to this sheik?

ELISE

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

HUB

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

ELISE

Believe me, we've put every resource we've got onto that very question.
(puts down her fork)
Otherwise... we wait.

HUB

We wait.

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

ELISE

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

Frank Haddad appears, making his way toward their table.

FRANK

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

(tastes it; then with his mouth full)

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

Sequence omitted from original script.

CUT TO:

A CAFE

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

FRANK (V.O.)

My people. The last of the unambivalent smokers.

(shakes his head)

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

They watch as SAMIR gets his bill from the waiter.

FRANK

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

ELISE

You might consider leaving him alone.

HUB

Why would I consider doing that --?

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

ELISE

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

FRANK

(an arabic curse)

You're fishing and he's getting visas

for bombers.

ELISE

You ever heard of catch and release?

FRANK

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

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

HUB

Take him down.

FRANK

(keys his radio)

Go.

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

FRANK

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

SAMIR

Are you crazy --?

FRANK

You are an associate of Ali Waziri.

SAMIR

Who? I know no one by that name.

Elise is looking out the window, seemingly oblivious.

FRANK

You got him a student visa.

SAMIR

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

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

FRANK

You spent two years in Israeli jails during the Intifada.

SAMIR

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

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

HUB

Frank --

FRANK

Sorry. Family matter.
(to Samir)
You're going downtown, my friend.

SAMIR

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

FRANK

Defrauding the INS is a Federal Offense.
(hands Samir to waiting agents)
Reservation for one, please.

CUT TO:

CTF HEADQUARTERS - LATER

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

ELISE

Club Fed.

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

FRANK

(singing)

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

(as he awakens)

We need a search warrant on Samir...

HUB

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

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

HUB

(quietly)

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

FRANK

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

Hub waits for him to calm down.

HUB

(touches his arm)

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

As they walk back, Hub says to Danny:

HUB

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

ELISE

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

FRANK

What's there to tip?

HUB

You're just trying to protect your
asset.

(to Elise, pointedly:)

Aren't you, Elise --? He's your Joe,
your asset. He's working for you,

you're his case officer -- right?

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

ELISE

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

HUB

Meaning, he's your Joe.

ELISE

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

FRANK

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

ELISE

Only professionally.

HUB

So we share him.

ELISE

No.

HUB

(to Frank)

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

ELISE

I can't let you do that.

HUB

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

ELISE

(sighs, then:)

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

HUB

...Call the judge.

ELISE

(looks at Frank)

How easy is it to get inside, Frank?
How good are your sources in the
mosques? How many people you got in
Hammas --?

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

ELISE

No surveillance. I've seen your deft
touch.

HUB

Daily reports. We tap his phone.

ELISE

And I get to see the transcripts.

HUB

Fair enough.

ELISE

And I run him.

HUB

We share him.

ELISE

He can't know we're talking.

HUB

Then don't tell him.

ELISE

Done.

HUB

(to Frank)

Let him fly.

(back to her)

But we better start seeing product.

She nods. A deal. For now.

HUB

Any more surprises for me?

ELISE

Not tonight.

HUB

Then I'm going home to get some things.

FRANK

I'll have somebody drive you.

HUB

I'll grab a cab.

And he's gone. Frank turns to Elise:

FRANK

Elise. I'm really high strung, too.

She just smiles and walks away.

OUTSIDE THE FEDERAL BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

TAXI
see

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

AT A RED LIGHT

his

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

IN THE TAXI

ID

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

IN THE SHOWER

his
runs
against

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

CUT TO:

ELISE -- BRUTALLY SLAPPED ACROSS THE FACE

We are in her apartment. Samir looms over her.

SAMIR

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

ELISE

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

SAMIR

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

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

ELISE

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

SAMIR

Don't tell me what I have to do.

ELISE

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

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

ELISE

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

BACK TO HUB -- WHO AWAKENS IN THE DARKNESS

visa
applications. His BEEPER goes off. He rouses himself.

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

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

BACK TO HUB -- ON THE STREET

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

BACK TO ELISE -- LYING IN BED AS SAMIR SMOKES

SAMIR

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

He sits up in bed, reaching for another cigarette.

SAMIR

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

(sighs)

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

(a rueful laugh)

And I become a VIP. It is very
confusing.

ELISE

-- So who are you afraid of betraying?
You know these people. They bomb,
they maim. Do they represent the
Palestine you want to build?

(looks at him)

They're using you.

SAMIR

You are using me, too! Everybody
uses the Palestinians! We are the
whores of the Middle East!

(looks at her)

You make reports about our little

talks --? What about fucking me?

ELISE

I had to get special permission for that.

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

THE SAME IMAGE

a

BINOCULARS.

Seen again, FROM MUCH FARTHER AWAY by Hub who stands on ROOFTOP across the way, watching through 10x50 Frank stands beside him.

FRANK

Beats cable.

Sequence omitted from original script.

THE FEDERAL BUILDING -- NEXT MORNING

Someone

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

DEVEREAUX

Hi. I understand they call you Hub.

HUB

I know who you are, General.

DEVEREAUX

(offering his hand)
Bill Devereaux.

HUB

I served in the --

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

-- 173rd. Put me through school.

DEVEREAUX

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

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

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

-- With all the affection for the man I can tell you he doesn't know fuckall about terrorism, or the Mideast, that I don't put on his cue cards. What he's expert in is his own survival. You get my meaning?

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

I appreciate your support.

DEVEREAUX

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

Hub considers for a moment, then:

HUB

What do you know about Sheik Ahmed Bin Talal?

DEVEREAUX

Old news.

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

We can't release him.

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

The CIA says --

DEVEREAUX

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

(resuming)

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

HUB

Elise Kraft.

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

I appreciate the heads up.

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

ELISE

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

DEVEREAUX

Please, don't let me --

ELISE

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

DEVEREAUX

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

ELISE

As can be expected. How's Maggie?

DEVEREAUX

Top of her game.
(heads out)
Well, go get 'em.

And he's gone. Elise turns to Hub.

ELISE

Making new friends.

HUB

How's your lip --?

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

ELISE

So... you like to watch --?

HUB

No. Just learning about commitment.

ELISE

It's a full contact sport.

CUT TO:

JUDGE'S CHAMBERS -- DOWNTOWN

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

JUDGE FRANKEL

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

HUB

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

JUDGE FRANKEL

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

HUB

... No, but --

JUDGE FRANKEL

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

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

HUB

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

JUDGE FRANKEL

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

HUB

What about as a feasibility study?

JUDGE FRANKEL

Meaning?

HUB

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

JUDGE FRANKEL

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

HUB

We're the good guys.

JUDGE FRANKEL

Not good enough.

HUB

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

JUDGE FRANKEL

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

HUB

-- and not in cash I guarantee it.

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

THE STAIRCASE OF A TENEMENT

Elise and Hub climb seemingly endless FLIGHTS OF STAIRS.

ELISE

-- Not two Judges from now, not two

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

HUB

Frank's working another warrant --

ELISE

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

HUB

You mean people like you?

ELISE

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

Finally he stops, turns on her:

HUB

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

ELISE

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

HUB

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

ELISE

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

HUB

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

(controls himself...)

If I don't take 'em down properly they'll be on the street two hours from now. I could find dynamite, semtex, plutonium and a book of

matches in there and unless I've got
the right warrant it's all
inadmissible

ELISE

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

HUB

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

(turns on her)

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

ELISE

Oh, really...?

waiting. He

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

IN THE SAME SQUALID APARTMENT BUILDING -- LATER

an

Hub looks through the surveillance equipment focused on
apartment across the street -- paper shades drawn.

Wearing a

set of HEADPHONES, Elise listens intently to the Arabic
conversation.

ELISE

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

(hands headset to
Frank)

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

FRANK

Three sounds right. If we had
microwave we'd know for sure. The
CIA's got microwave, how come we

don't have microwave.

Hub, meanwhile is question a Syrian Landlord.

LANDLORD

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

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

CUT TO:

Sequence omitted from original script.

Sequence omitted from original script.

DARK HALLWAY -- DAY

Mike Johannson, carrying two PIZZAS, knocks on a door.

IN THE SHADOWS BELOW

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

A YOUNG ARAB

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

MIKE

You want change, right --?

YOUNG ARAB

No.

MIKE

You gonna open the door, or what --?

The Arab motions, leave them on the ground.

MIKE

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

Muttering, he sets the pizza down and heads downstairs.

After

a moment we HEAR the chain pulled and the door open.

IN THE APARTMENT

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

A STUN GRENADE

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

THE APARTMENT DOOR

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

FBI AGENTS

(English and Arabic)

FBI --! Lie down on the floor with
your hands behind your back --!

THE TWO OTHER YOUNG ARABS, HOWEVER --

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

THEY COME UP FIRING

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

ON THE GROUND

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

FRANK

Drop your weapon!

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

A STILLNESS

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

HUB

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

Other Agents scurry in to hover over the inert BODIES.

FRED

Terminal.

MIKE

Same here.

ELISE

(softly)

Gone.

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

MIKE

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

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

FRANK

Anybody like anchovies --?

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

HUB

Goddamn it. GODDAMN IT.

FRANK

What --?

HUB

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

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

HUB

We're too old to be lucky, Frank.

CUT TO:

A DOWNTOWN BAR -- LATER THAT NIGHT

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

AT A NEARBY TABLE

Hub and Elise sit, watch them cut loose.

ELISE

(sips her drink)

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

A WAITRESS brings her another drink.

ELISE

You ever been over there --?

(he shakes his head,

no)

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

HUB

But you work against them.

ELISE

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

(looks at him)

Present company included.

HUB

So I'm a fanatic.

ELISE

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

HUB

Is that right?

ELISE

So why're are you a fed?

HUB

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

ELISE

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

HUB

You read my file. You tell me.

ELISE

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

HUB

That was in my file?

ELISE

...Tell me I'm wrong.

He studies her for a moment.

ELISE

...What --?

HUB

You believe in anything, Elise --?

ELISE

Like what, for instance?

HUB

How about right and wrong?

ELISE

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

(finishes her drink)

Ignore me. I'm shitfaced.

Frank appears to lean over their table.

FRANK

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

ELISE

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

FRANK

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

ELISE

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

She laughs and stands up to dance:

ELISE

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

stand

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

ELISE

This feels like high school.

HUB

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

ELISE

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

HUB

Two inches. From the ground.

(laughing, they dance closer)

So what's the latest from Samir. I want a list of every visa he sponsored.

ELISE

Not sure he'll do it.

HUB

I once knew this undercover guy,

started to care so much about his
source --

ELISE

-- Samir's a source. Period.

HUB

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

ELISE

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

HUB

You're so confident.

ELISE

Only in bed.

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

THE GROUND SHAKES

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

FRANK

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

TINA

They got earthquakes in Manhattan?

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

IN THE TOWN CAR -- SPEEDING UPTOWN ON MADISON AVE

silent. Blue light FLASHING. Hub, Elise and Frank sit grimly

TRAFFIC

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

THEY BEGIN TO RUN

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

SMOKE BILLOWS

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

GIRL IN A PRADA GOWN

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

HER RIGHT ARM IS MISSING

And now we SEE:

THE BLACK-AND-WHITES

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

MAN IN BLACK TIE

lions. Sits, weeping quietly beneath the once proud stone

THE FEW SURVIVORS

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

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

NYPD SERGEANT

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

horribly GLASS crunching underfoot, they can only watch as

shoves a disfigured BODIES are carried out. A NEWS REPORTER microphone in Hub's face.

NEWS REPORTER

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

HUB

I don't know.

NEWS REPORTER

Who it is I'm speaking to --?

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

CUT TO:

A DARKENED AIRPLANE

Hub sits alone.

PILOT (O.S.)

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

THE HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLING SOUND IS HEARD AGAIN

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

STEWARDESS

-- You alright?

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

ARMY GENERAL (V.O.)

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

Sequence omitted from original script.

ON CAPITOL HILL -- LATER THAT DAY

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

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL (V.O.)

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

IN THE ROTUNDA LIBRARY

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

FBI DIRECTOR

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

SENATOR WRIGHT

How about who's behind who's behind
this?

CIA DIRECTOR

Libya. Iraq. Iran. Possibly Syria.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Ask a question. Get an atlas.

SENATOR WRIGHT

All I know is that we must respond.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Respond, sure. But how?

SENATOR WRIGHT

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

And if we can't find out --?

The question hangs in the air.

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL

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

SENATOR WRIGHT

Anything but leadership.

DEVEREAUX

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

An icebreaker. Everyone laughs.

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL (V.O.)

What about sending in the Guard?

ATTORNEY GENERAL (V.O.)

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

SENATOR WRIGHT

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

ATTORNEY GENERAL

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

SENATOR WRIGHT

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

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

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

SENATOR WRIGHT

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

ATTORNEY GENERAL

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

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

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

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL

Not to mention six points in the polls.

CHIEF OF STAFF

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

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

...General?

DEVEREAUX

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

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

DEVEREAUX

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

I understand that, General. Let us imagine, though, for a moment, that the order has been given.

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

AN ANONYMOUS ROOM

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

BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM -- SAME TIME

DEVEREAUX

...Twelve hours after the President gives the word we can be on the ground. One light infantry division of ten thousand seven hundred men.

Elements of the Rapid Deployment Force combined with Special Forces -- Delta. APC's, tanks, helicopters. And of course, the ubiquitous M-16A1 assault rifle, a humble weapon until you see a man carrying one outside your local bowling alley or Seven-Eleven. It will be noisy, it will be scary and it will not be mistaken for a VFW parade.

BACK TO -- THE ANONYMOUS ROOM

watch

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

BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM

DEVEREAUX

That means civilian casualties. At a minimum it's a drunk private joyriding in a Hummer who runs down an old lady in Greenpoint. At a maximum...
(sighs)

Make no mistake. We will hunt the enemy. We will find the enemy. And we will kill the enemy.

BACK TO -- THE ANONYMOUS HANDS

life.

Turning the key in an ignition. An engine rumbles to

BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM

DEVEREAUX

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

A long beat. The Chief of Staff sighs.

CHIEF OF STAFF

I know what the President will say.

DEVEREAUX

What's that?

CHIEF OF STAFF

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

BACK TO -- A VAN

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

BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM

The Army General speaks up.

ARMY GENERAL

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

HUB

-- Could I interrupt?

Everyone looks over at Hub. Devereaux smiles.

DEVEREAUX

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

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

HUB

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

And that is --?

HUB

Nothing. Don't over-react.

(off their incredulity)

With all respect, gentlemen, I'm just a cop. To you these people may be martyrs, but to me they're criminals. And a criminal is no more than somebody who thinks he's better than everyone else. And he's not better. He only has to be wrong once. And that's where we come in. We run down a tip from a landlord, or we

pick up a latent print from a bus.
Our phones are ringing off the hook
with people from the Arab community
wanting to help.

kind

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

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

-- Amen to that.

CHIEF OF STAFF

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

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

VOICE:

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

ELISE

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

longer
amiss.

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

ELISE

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

ANOTHER FLASH CUT -- THE VAN

speed
Crossing the Brooklyn Bridge, keeping well below the
limit. In the distance, the glass towers of Manhattan.

BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM

ELISE

Bus 87 was the work of Cell #1. Its
elimination only activated the work
of Cell #2 -- the theatre gala.

FLASH CUT -- THE VAN

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

BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM

CHIEF OF STAFF

And Cell #3? How do we find Cell #3?

Everyone looks to Sharon/Elise. Hub looks at her, too.

CLOSE ON -- SHARON/ELISE

something.
The question hangs in the air. She's thinking about
What?

ANOTHER FLASH CUT -- THE VAN

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

BACK TO -- THE SITUATION ROOM

Close on Sharon/Elise. As time elongates. She knows.

ELISE

We don't know.

Sequence omitted from original script.

DISSOLVE TO:

WHITE SCREEN (ALL SOUND OUT)

Puffy clouds in a blue sky. As we TILT DOWN into:

THE GUTTED RUIN

hunt

Of what was once the Federal Building. RESCUE WORKERS

as

for SURVIVORS as others carry BODY BAGS toward waiting
AMBULANCES. Hub stands sentinel to the grisly process

him.

indeed he has stood there all night. Frank is beside

HUB

-- Are they confirmed?

FRANK

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

A JEEP pulls up and Elise/Sharon gets out.

HUB

Sharon.

OFFICER.

Their silence speaks volumes. With Sharon is an

ELISE

This is Colonel Hardwick. Army
Intelligence.

HUB

(shaking hands)
Anthony Hubbard. Average intelligence.
(clocking him)
But 'til I hear otherwise this is
still my show.

COL. HARDWICK

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

HUB

I appreciate that, Colonel.

COL. HARDWICK

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

HUB

You're standing on our infrastructure.
Excuse me.

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

CUT TO:

HUB'S APARTMENT -- THAT NIGHT

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

FLOYD

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

HUB

-- Brooklyn.

DANNY

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

Frank joins them.

FRANK

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

HUB

How many does that make it --?

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

ELISE

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

HUB

(giving her nothing)

Frank. This is Sharon.
(to her)
-- I didn't catch the last name.

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

FRANK
Been better.

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

ELISE
The agency has come up with another
list of probables.

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

ELISE
I think we should circulate them.
(they stonewall her:)
Hey, this stuff may be good.

HUB
Why was there no warning from Samir?

ELISE
Because he didn't know anything.

FRANK
Says Samir.

ELISE
Says me.

HUB
Maybe I'll ask him.

ELISE
Over my dead body.

HUB
Over six hundred dead bodies.

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

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

HUB

How the fuck can you be so sure?

ELISE

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

He just stares at her.

ELISE

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

HUB

-- and financing the Sheik.

ELISE

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

HUB

-- And help bring down Saddam.

ELISE

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

HUB

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

ELISE

I can't give you pictures because I don't know what they look like. We did everything at arm's length.

HUB

So you got nothing.

ELISE

I've got Samir.

HUB

Has he had any contact with them?

ELISE

Minimal.

HUB

How does he do it?

ELISE

He can't. They initiate.

HUB

And otherwise...

ELISE

He's waiting.

HUB

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

ELISE

Look, I know how you must feel --

HUB

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

ELISE

They'll make contact soon.

HUB

How?... Why soon?

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

THE BATHROOM

HUB

(viciously)

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

(still, she says
nothing)

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

ELISE

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

HUB

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

ELISE

I'm not fucking with you.

HUB

How can you possibly remember who
you're fucking?

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

ELISE

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

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

CUT TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS -- THE SURVEILLANCE OF SHARON AND SAMIR

jog. A
WHIRS.
A dead drop by a hot dog stand. Out for her morning
series of FREEZE FRAMES as the motordrive CLICKS AND

FRANK (V.O.)

That's good sound.

HUB (V.O.)

Except they're not saying anything
worth listening to.

Sequence omitted from original script.

IN A HAMMAM (BATH-HOUSE)

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

MORE FREEZE FRAMES:

FRANK (V.O.)

One's his uncle, he owns the place.
The other's a doctor. They check out
clean.

HUB (V.O.)

He go there every day?

FRANK (V.O.)

A clean body and a pure heart.

Sequence omitted from original script.

Sequence omitted from original script.

A TV LOGO: FOX NEWS SPECIAL REPORT: NEW YORK UNDER

SIEGE

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

"Tonight we take a close look at the
tragic sight of a city under siege."

HUB'S APARTMENT

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

VIDEO CLIPS

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NEXT MORNING

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

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

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

ANOTHER CAR. TALK RADIO:

TALK RADIO (O.S.)

-- the Jews, man. When they say,
jump, we say, how high. I say we --

FRANK

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

HUB

Did you call the State Department?

FRANK

They told me to call INS.

HUB

-- And?

FRANK

They told me to call State.

HUB

Don't you just love government?

THE EXPLOSION

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

NEWS ANCHOR DESK

NEWSCASTER

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

VIDEO CLIPS

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

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

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

answers.

VIDEO CLIPS

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

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

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

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

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

MAYORAL AA (V.O.)

THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY HAVE A RIGHT --

DANNY (V.O.)

-- THE PURPOSE OF THIS MEETING --!

MAYORAL AA

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

DANNY

My department WHAT, ASSHOLE...?

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

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Guys... GUYS...

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

HUB

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

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

INS OFFICIAL

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

HUB

Danny --?

DANNY

We bring 'me in, have a talk.

UNIFORM COP (V.O.)

What about translators --?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (V.O.)

How many people we talking about here?

INS OFFICIAL

Sixteen hundred, maybe more.

DANNY

Where the hell we gonna put sixteen hundred people?

control. Everyone again begins speaking at once. Hub takes

MAN IN SUIT

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

HUB

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

MAYORAL AA

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

ARAB SPOKESMAN (V.O.)

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

HUB

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

He pauses a moment, searching for the words.

HUB

In Tel Aviv, the day after they blew
up the market, the market was full.
(looks out at them)
This is New York. We can take it.

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

A GRAINY BLACK & WHITE VIDEO IMAGE

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

AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- AN UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

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

DANNY

-- one of the moms was carrying a
piece, wounds the guy as he's planting
the device. He kills her and locks
them all in.
(points at video)
Up there in the corner... by the
clock.

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

DANNY

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

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

HUB

Closer on the timer.

TECHNICIAN

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

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

FRANK

What the fuck is the NYPD doing here?!

DANNY

I don't know. Somebody must have --

FRANK

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

DANNY

I KNOW --! YOU THINK I --

HUB

QUIT BICKERING AND FIX IT!

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

THE WHITE NOISE

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

DANNY

(on his radio)

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

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

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR

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

IN THE CHOPPER

The MARKSMAN takes careful aim --

IN THE CLASSROOM

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

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING --

He takes off, barreling down the hall, toward the
locked

door of the classroom.

THE DOOR SPLINTERS

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

AN EXPLOSION

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

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

HUB

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

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

INT. HUB'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

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

ELISE

This just came in.

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

ELISE

You alright?

HUB

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

ELISE

(a long look)
That's not what I meant.

HUB

I know.

They stand awkwardly in the doorway for a moment.

HUB

You want a drink?

ELISE

Sure.

He walks over and opens a bottle of scotch.

ELISE

That was a pretty crazy thing you did today.

He doesn't respond. Hands her the drink.

HUB

Better days.

She takes a drink. Then another.

ELISE

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

HUB

Where's Samir?

ELISE

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

HUB

You'd like that.

ELISE

I might. Or I could call Tina.

HUB

555-6354.

They stare at each other.

ELISE

Look, I thought Samir'd be an easy recruit. He wasn't. It was crazy but I did what I had to do.

(looks at him)

You know as well as I do, running an agent can be very... complicated.

HUB

How about running an FBI agent?

ELISE

You think I'm trying to run you?

HUB

(looks at her)

...Why else are you here?

ELISE

(staring right back)

...You know why I'm here.

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

ELISE

Tell me to leave.

HUB

Leave.

ELISE

No.

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

Sequence omitted from original script.

CUT TO:

THE CHIEF OF STAFF'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The Chief of Staff is working late in a cardigan sweater.

Devereaux, in his impeccable suit, stands opposite him.

Even

at ease he is smartly erect.

CHIEF OF STAFF

The FBI received another fax.

DEVEREAUX

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

Do we? Have him?

DEVEREAUX

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

I remember perfectly well what you said last time.

(looks at him)

Do we?

Devereaux frosts him with a look.

DEVEREAUX

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

I am speaking for the President.

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

DEVEREAUX

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

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

General, do you know that after yesterday's attack, half the parents in this country kept their children out of school --?

(Devereaux nods)

...They're attacking our way of life. It's got to stop. And the President cannot afford to be weak.

DEVEREAUX

(reading the subtext)

Are you saying the President is prepared to take the necessary steps...?

CHIEF OF STAFF

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

CUT TO:

HUB'S APARTMENT - DAWN

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

HUB

(on the phone)

Hubbard... What --? ...Slow down,
slow down --

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

CUT TO:

A GRINDING OF TREADS ON ASPHALT -- DAWN

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

DEVEREAUX

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

THE BATTLE OF BROOKLYN HAS BEGUN

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

DEVEREAUX

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

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

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

DEVEREAUX

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

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

DEVEREAUX

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

A CAR TRUNK is inspected. Two women waved through.

DEVEREAUX

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

Hub and Sharon stare at the Orwellian tableau.

DEVEREAUX

We intend to seal off this borough. And then we intend to squeeze it. This is the land of opportunity, gentlemen. The opportunity to turn yourselves in. After sundown tonight

any young man fitting the profile I described who has not cooperated will be arrested and detained.

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

MP

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

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

DEVEREAUX

There is historically nothing more corrosive to the morale of an army than policing its own citizens.

IN THE TENT

The swarthy teenager is being interrogated by COL. HARDWICK.

DEVEREAUX

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

Devereaux sees Hub and strides over to him:

DEVEREAUX

Hub. Good to see you again.

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

Your operation had its chance, Hub,

and you couldn't get it done. You're down three touchdowns. Time to bring in the first string.

HUB

Against our own team?

Devereaux suddenly goes ice cold.

DEVEREAUX

Are you questioning my patriotism?

HUB

I'm questioning your judgement, yes, sir.

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

I'm not under your command, General.

DEVEREAUX

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

(softening his tone)

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

(gestures to his uniform)

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

ON THE BRIDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Hub and Sharon exit the command tent.

HUB

(ironic)

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

ELISE

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

HUB

We're putting Samir in play.

ELISE

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

HUB

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

(seething)

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

She gestures at the military leviathan.

ELISE

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

HUB

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

ELISE

You have no idea what I do for my country.

HUB

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

She looks at him for a long moment. Considering:

ELISE

One more lamb to the slaughter.

CUT TO:

A HALF-OPENED DOOR OF AN APARTMENT

Samir looks and sees Hub, standing beside Sharon.

SAMIR

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

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

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

HUB

(to Sharon)

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

ELISE

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

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

SAMIR

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

HUB

You can stop it all right now.

SAMIR

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

HUB

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

SAMIR

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

He goes over and peers out the drawn curtains.

HUB

(gentling a horse)
We'll take care of you... don't worry.
You just have to calm down --

SAMIR

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

HUB

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

SAMIR

I... got it myself.

Sharon CRACKS him across the face.

ELISE

Liar --!

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

ELISE

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

HUB

(to Sharon)
Hey, that's enough.

ELISE

He knows. He fucking knows.

SAMIR

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

ELISE

Stop simpering.

SAMIR

Please...

ELISE

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

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

Hub jumps up, takes Sharon by the arm.

ELISE

Let go of me --

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

HUB

Now... Nobody's going to burn you,
nobody's going to call anybody --
(sits beside him)
-- Who asked you to get that visa?

Samir is trembling. Tears roll down his cheeks.

HUB

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

SAMIR

I'm afraid of going to hell.

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

SAMIR

His name is Tariq Husseini. He runs
an auto shop.
(Hub waits for more --)
...on Commerce Street in Red Hook.

HUB

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

He gets up and walks into:

THE HALLWAY

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

ELISE (V.O.)

You're good.

HUB (V.O.)

You're not so bad yourself.

But we are HEARING IT along with:

COL. HARDWICK

newest
he

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

ON A NOTEPAD

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

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE SAMIR'S APARTMENT

phone.

They are in a housing project. Hub dials his cell

ELISE

You calling Devereaux.

HUB

Didn't get his number. Darn.

(on the phone)

Floyd, Hub. We need to put something together in a big-ass hurry... Where's Frank --?... Give him a 911.

soldiers

A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS pulls up beside them and armed

hop out. Sharon watches them as Hub continues:

HUB

(on the phone)

-- and find some kind of beat-up car... Well, beat it up yourself if you have to... 896 Commerce St... it's a garage in Red Hook... but remember --

(looks at her)

-- they're pros.

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

VAN LOUDSPEAKER

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

The announcement is then repeated in Arabic.

ROUNDING A CORNER

within
and
are

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

HUB

Jesus...

ELISE

Tariq will go to ground.

HUB

We can hit him in less than an hour.

ELISE

(turns to leave)

Hit him hard.

HUB

Where are you going?

ELISE

I've got to stash Samir someplace safe.

(as she goes)

Go with God.

soldiers

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

of
teenagers

AN APC drives past, further inflaming their passions. Suddenly, A volley ROCKS AND BOTTLES come hurtling out nowhere, smashing harmlessly against the armor. The teenagers laugh.

UP THE
toward

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

PARKED
around

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

HUB
FBI --! FBI --!

RECRUITS,
SHOOT.

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

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

YOUNG SOLDIER
Drop your weapon --!

soldier

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

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

street.
SOLDIERS.

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

The transformation is complete: Brooklyn as Gaza.

REACHING HIS CAR

word,

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

CUT TO:

EXT. AN OLD WAREHOUSE -- LATER

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

HUB

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

AN OLD WAREHOUSE -- RED HOOK

curb.
Black
The

Inside, an AUTO GARAGE. Hoists, compression cylinders, archwelders. Outside, two WINOS share a bottle by the
A BEAT-UP DODGE drives up. In it, two scruffy-looking
MEN. Upon close inspection we realize that one is Hub.
other is Floyd.

HUB

(to a mechanic)
Yo...

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

MECHANIC

Que Pasa?

HUB

Tariq around?

back.
workers: a
tire.

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

IN THE OFFICE

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

HUB

Tariq?

him.

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

TARIQ

How can I help you.

HUB

You're Tariq Husseini?

TARIQ

He's out.

HUB

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

TARIQ

Of course.

HUB

Tell him the FBI is after him.

TARIQ

You're joking.

HUB

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

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

HUB

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

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

MEANWHILE -- IN THE WAREHOUSE

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

HUB

Where are the others?

TARIQ

What others?

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

PSY-OPS (V.O.)

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

Hub is as surprised as Tariq.

PSY-OPS

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

One of the agents with the shotgun calls out.

SHOTGUN AGENT

-- Sir?

HUB

Do as he says.

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

THE YOUNG MECHANIC

Reaches into his overalls.

SHOTGUN AGENT

FREEZE--!

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

THE EXPLOSION

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

FROM AN UPPER WINDOW

An AUTOMATIC WEAPON opens fire on the Army presence.

HIGH ABOVE -- IN A CHOPPER

Devereaux responds with a dispassionate intensity.

DEVEREAUX

Code blue.

FIREPOWER. His order unleashes an overwhelming display of

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

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

AN M-60 TANK (SILENT)

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

INT. CHOPPER

DEVEREAUX

Code Red.

TWO APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTERS (SILENT)

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

HUB (SILENT)

Crawls, dragging Tariq toward the doors as:

THE CHAIN GUN (SILENT)

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

IN THE CHOPPER -- DEVEREAUX

Watches the awesome display of firepower with calm detachment.

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE -- TWO SHADOWY FIGURES

Stagger, blinded, out of the inferno. Hub drags a half-

conscious Tariq, where they are pounced on by
commandos.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE STADIUM -- NIGHT

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

OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER

A mob of frightened parents, girlfriends, and furious
fathers.

A LAWYER for the ACLU confronts a young Lieutenant.

ACLU LAWYER

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

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

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

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

JOURNALISTS

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

LIEUTENANT #2

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

Hub shows his ID. Is allowed to enter into:

THE DARK STADIUM TUNNEL

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

2,000 DETAINEES

All young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty
are

laughing,

milling about. Squatting, smoking, pacing, some
most looking terrified. All spread across:

THE HALOGEN-LIT FOOTBALL FIELD

passing

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

TINA

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

MOMENTS LATER -- ON THE FIELD

through

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

FRANK

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

HUB

Frank, slow down --

FRANK

(fighting back tears
of rage)
He's only thirteen, for Chrissake --

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

HUB

I'll get him out.

FRANK

They came into my house. My wife
told them who I was --
(swallows hard)
How many times did I put it on the
line, Hub --? How many times --

HUB

Frank --

FRANK

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

HUB

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

(takes his arm)

Now, come with me.

FRANK

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

(takes out his wallet,
hands over his badge)

Here. I'm not their sand nigger
anymore.

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

THE LOCKER ROOM

Has been transformed in a COMMAND POST.

DEVEREAUX

-- And his name is Haddad?

HUB

Frank... Haddad. Junior.

COL. HARDWICK

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

HUB

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

COL. HARDWICK

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

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

And I said we will look into it.

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

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

The two men stare at each other.

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

The prisoner is being interrogated.

HUB

I want to see him.

Devereaux just looks at him as we CUT TO:

THE TILED SHOWER ROOM

His
nearby
Tarak

Tariq is strapped, NAKED, into a folding metal chair. head lolls on his chest, his eyes are dulled. On a table, an empty syringe. Two MP'S stand guard. Sharon is speaking softly to him in Arabic. Suddenly,

nothing. SPITS in her face. She wipes it off as if it is

DEVEREAUX

How long have you been at it?

ELISE

Not long enough, apparently.

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

He can't give up the other cells if he doesn't know about them.

DEVEREAUX

He knows.

HUB

(gestures to Sharon)

What about her briefing? The strategy session -- she said the cells don't know about each other, that they --

Devereaux ignores him. Turns to Sharon.

DEVEREAUX

How long before he breaks?

ELISE

At this rate. Too long. The theatre was hit nine hours after we took down the first cell.

DEVEREAUX

So -- what other models do we have --
?

No one wants to be the first to step into uncharted terrain.

DEVEREAUX

Shaking.

Nobody answers.

DEVEREAUX

What about it, Sharon?

ELISE

-- Won't work.

DEVEREAUX

Works for the Israelis.

ELISE

Only in conjunction with sleep deprivation. Needs at least thirty-six hours.

Hub stares at Sharon -- as the dark side of her professional life is revealed.

DEVEREAUX

We don't have thirty-six hours.

Another silence. They're teetering on the edge of the abyss.

DEVEREAUX

Electric shock?

ELISE

The neurotransmitters just shut down.

DEVEREAUX

Water?

COL. HARDWICK

Palestinian authority is producing good intel using water.

Hub finally can't take another second. Even in theory.

HUB

Are you people insane --?

DEVEREAUX

The time has come for one man to suffer in order to save the lives of hundreds

HUB

How about two men? How about three? How about public executions, that might work.

DEVEREAUX

You're welcome to wait outside.

HUB

General... you've lost men, I've
lost men... but what you're doing...
It doesn't work in Belfast. It doesn't
work in Gaza. And it won't work here.

(it comes slowly at
first, then in a
rush:)

-- What if... they don't want their
leader back at all? You said yourself,
we don't even have him. Maybe what
they really want -- is that we herd
our children into stadiums. Put
soldiers into our streets. Radicalize
people who want to think of themselves
as Americans. Bend the law, shred
the constitution.

(searches for the
kind of words that
come so hard to him:)

Because if we torture him -- and
let's call it what it is... You...
and I... then the country men like
us have sworn to defend. And bled to
defend. And died to defend... is
gone.

(a deep breath)

And they've won.

Gen. Devereaux stares hard at Hub. And then:

DEVEREAUX

(to Col. Hardwick)

I think we have to soundproof the
room before we begin.

Hub looks at Sharon, who looks away.

DEVEREAUX

Escort him out.

The two MPs lead Hub out of the room.

DEVEREAUX

Let's get this over with.

Sequence omitted from original script.

CUT TO:

TIME

OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM -- HOURS LATER

The Sharon emerges from the shower room. She is shattered.
all the blood drained from her face. As if carrying with her
sin that was committed in the next room.

FROM INSIDE THE SHOWER ROOM

emerges, The sound of a GUNSHOT. The door opens and Devereaux
in the torment of a man of honor who is living a lie.

ELISE

He knew nothing.

Devereaux turns and walks off down the corridor.

Sequence omitted from original script.

CUT TO:

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

symbol of Glorious, alabaster stone -- floodlit at night. A
car, all that is good and free and just. Hub drives a rental
staring out at the monuments.

IN GEORGETOWN

street, an Hub pulls up to a lovely TOWNHOUSE. Parked on the
UNMARKED CAR from the Secret Service.

THE CHIEF OF STAFF

shirt. Opens the door, wearing a Dartmouth lacrosse team t-

CHIEF OF STAFF

C'mon in, we're still trying to get
the last one down.

In the background, we HEAR a three-year-old crying.

IN THE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tasteful antiques, rag rugs and kids' toys.

CHIEF OF STAFF

...The President wants this shit over with. There's only one way to do that.

(looks at Hub)

Let the Sheik go.

HUB

So we do have the Sheik?

CHIEF OF STAFF

You think our government operates as a single coherent entity? Devereaux just... pushed the agenda.

(carefully)

Of course the President was completely unaware of it.

HUB

(return of serve)

Of course.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Now we can't just let him go. America has to stand tall in the world yadda yadda yadda. So what we do is...

(the punch line)

We let the American justice system do its work.

His wife appears, holding a squalling baby, looking defeated.

WIFE

-- Honey...?

CHIEF OF STAFF

I'll be right up, darling.

She grits her teeth and goes upstairs.

CHIEF OF STAFF

You have kids? They're great. Sometimes you just want to... drug them.

HUB

What do you mean, let the justice system do its work.

CHIEF OF STAFF

We don't release him. A judge releases him. You're an FBI man. That's what

judges are good at, right?

(off Hub's look)

It's not like we've gone after him
in proper prosectorial fashion.
Kidnaping him. Holding him in
isolation. "Fruit of the poisoned
tree" -- remember that one from law
school? Oh, we'll have a big trial.
Everybody'll get their rocks off...
But the fact is --

(the punch line)

-- the sheik will walk.

He looks at Hub, shakes his head.

CHIEF OF STAFF

...And this whole episode becomes
nothing more than the news cycle
before the next news cycle.

He hands Hub an ACCORDION FILE.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Documentary evidence of Devereaux's
whole operation.

HUB

Why me?

CHIEF OF STAFF

Because you'll know what to do with
it.

Hub looks at the file in his hands. Considering.

HUB

And what about her?

CHIEF OF STAFF

Who?

HUB

You know who. How much is she
complicit in all this?

CHIEF OF STAFF

Ask her.

Hub looks up. Sharon emerges from the hallway.

Sequence omitted from original script.

ON THE STREETS OF GEORGETOWN -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Hub and Sharon sit in silence in Hub's rental car:

ELISE

I ran an Iraqi network for two years. Samir recruited them from among the Sheik's followers. I trained them in the North. Then we played them back into Baghdad, two, three at a time, hiding them in the mosques...

Her voice softens just a bit as memory takes over.

ELISE

It was gonna be beautiful.

(looks away)

-- And then there was a policy shift --

there's an enormous well of untapped feeling. She fights it back:

ELISE

-- The new doctrine was: Iran will be too powerful if Iraq falls apart.

(her voice trembles)

And it's not like... we sold them out. Exactly. We just... stopped... helping them. And I wasn't allowed to tell them what was coming down. I was ordered not to tell them.

(fighting back tears)

-- And they got slaughtered.

She turns away.

ELISE

You've got to understand -- these people... believe. Paradise. Bliss. To us they're just words. But to them... It's very beautiful, actually. And when you look at their lives, the heartbreak... And what do we do? We think, aha, we can take advantage of that.

(losing it)

So I quit. I came home. I just can't... do it... anymore.

want to She doesn't want to reveal herself this way. Doesn't

moment He
beautiful,
be vulnerable. Doesn't want to cling to him. For a
puts his arms around her, but it's like holding a
dangerous predator.

HUB

-- But first, you helped them.

and
She senses the hardness in his tone. Looks up at him,
through tears, puts her game face back on.

ELISE

What do you mean --?

HUB

They were being slaughtered. They
needed to get out. But they were on
the watch list. So you got them visas.
You and Samir.

ELISE

I promised we would take care of
them. They were working... for us.

HUB

Doing what, exactly?

ELISE

I don't know what you mean.

HUB

You said you trained them. Tradecraft.
Subversion. That's what you said,
right?

(she nods)

Only you left something out, didn't
you... Didn't you, Sharon?

(she can't bring
herself to look at
him)

You taught them how to make bombs.

nod.
The tears are streaming down her face now. Finally, she

HUB

-- And now they're here, doing what
you taught 'em.

haunted. The streetlight catches Sharon's face. Her eyes are

ELISE

And I'm going to have to live with
the hell of that for the rest of my
life.

CUT TO:

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- (TO ESTABLISH) -- NEXT MORNING

TALK RADIO (V.O.)

-- the people of Brooklyn will not
be held hostage! This afternoon,
join community and religious leaders
in a march to protest the mass arrests --

Sequence omitted from original script.

CUT TO:

Sequence omitted from original script.

BOROUGH HALL PARK -- LATER THAT DAY

MARCH ORGANIZER

(handing out leaflets)
March on city hall. Today. No fear.

opposite Hub and Frank are standing outside Hub's car, each on
happening sides, blocking any opportunity to surveil what is
within.

make Sharon sits inside with Samir. She uses a SCALPEL to
plays. the slightest INCISION under Samir's arm. The RADIO

SAMIR

Ahhhhh...

ELISE

In case you decide to go on walkabout.
Into the incision she inserts a tiny plastic
TRANSMITTER.

ELISE

How did you make contact?

SAMIR

He is Afghani. Ahhhh. He got word to my uncle at the bath-house. You never met him.

ELISE

But you're sure he'll show up.

SAMIR

(trembling)

Sharon, they are all dead but the last cell and they are crazy with fear. Just tell me the message and I will pass it on.

ELISE

I need to deliver it in person. Believe me, they'll want to hear what I have to say.

She turns off the radio.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

Hub and Frank glance inconspicuously around.

HUB

You watch the game?

Safe

On a piece of paper he has scribbled, "Hit Hardwick. House. 11:00."

FRANK

(nods yes, then:)

Kannell was really on.

Hub then writes. "Bath-house. 12:00."

FRANK

(nods again)

Think they'll make the play-offs?

sentiment.

Hub looks at him. There's been little time for

HUB

How's your boy?

FRANK

He's alright. Thanks for getting him out.

Sharon steps out of the car. In her hands is a device resembling a PORTABLE OSCILLOSCOPE. A green dot appears.

ELISE

That's Samir.

HUB

(looks in at Samir)
Green is about right.

He slips Sharon the scribbled notes. As she looks at them:

ELISE

He's terrified. Then again, so am I.

HUB

You sure he'll go through with it?

ELISE

If he doesn't he knows I'll give him to Devereaux.

(She mouths, "They out there?" Hub nods)
How's it feel to be on the other end of it?

HUB

I like watching better.

ELISE

This is the endgame, you understand that? If this goes wrong --

HUB

Nothing's going wrong.

ELISE

We're the CIA, something always goes wrong.

The car door opens and Samir steps out, buttoning his shirt.

ELISE

I don't suppose there's any way you would trust me to do this on my own?

(off his look)
I thought not. Well, in case it gets
hairy, remember... the most committed
wins.

Hub watches as she and Samir walk away.

FRANK

I trust her about as far as I can
throw her.

HUB

That far?

SHARON AND SAMIR -- CONTINUOUS

agitated,
They hurry through the park. Samir is extremely
eyes constantly darting from right to left.

SAMIR

This is not the way to the bath-house.
You said to get a key from my uncle
so that we --

ELISE

Shhhhhh... If you'd stop whining
you'd feel the surveillance.

IN THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

Colonel Hardwick, earphones on, overhearing them:

ELISE (V.O.)

Wait for the light to turn yellow
and then cross against the traffic.

On Col. Hardwick's computer, a GRID MAP of Brooklyn.

COL. HARDWICK

-- North on Ditmas Avenue.

CORPORAL

Sound garden's ready.

A TRIANGULATED FIELD OF MICROPHONES

with a
another
On a nearby rooftop, an Army spotter uses a parabolic
gunsight. Another mic is in a woman's shopping bag;
is in a twenty year-old's boom box.

SAMIR (V.O.)

(trembling)

Sharon, please, I beg you. Do not
make me do this. If they even dream
we are being followed they will kill
us.

The light turns RED, they race across a crowded street.

THROUGH AN ARAB NEIGHBORHOOD

meal.
Where women in chadors carry mesh bags with tonight's

INTO A CLEAN APARTMENT

Sharon
Nothing but a single bed with a dirty white sheet.
enters and turns on the TV... loud.

ELISE

Sit.

(takes out a pocket-
knife)

Raise your arm.

SAMIR

What are you doing?

dig out
She cuts the stitches under his armpit and begins to
the transponder.

ELISE

They cannot even dream we are being
followed, isn't that what you said?

WHITE
Sharon very deliberately wipes her BLOODY HANDS on the
SHEETS.

hall.
On TV, we SEE the MARCHERS in front of Brooklyn Borough

SPEAKER

-- that we will not be made afraid
to walk free in this great city. I
say, march across the bridge and
into the stadium. Demand the release
of --

Samir is staring at the TV.

SAMIR

It is all so... tragic.

ELISE

(with rising dread)

...They're going to hit the march.

SAMIR

Arab and Jew, side by side. Black
and White, Christian and Muslim --

IN THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

They appear as SPECTRAL images on Hardwick's microwave
screen.

SAMIR (V.O.)

-- so American. Can you imagine a
better target?

COL. HARDWICK

(into his handset)

Get me Devereaux.

CUT TO:

BOROUGH HALL

THE CROWD is getting fired up as the SPEAKER exhorts
them.
SOLDIERS watch uneasily, not certain how to respond as
the
crowd begins to CHANT, "No Fear! No fear!"

Sequence omitted from original script.

THE APARTMENT

Sharon goes to a closet and takes out some old clothes.
She

URNS OFF THE TV. Then:

ELISE

Here. Put this on. We don't want our
friends sweating too much while they
wait.

IN THE VAN

Hardwick speaks into a handset.

COL. HARDWICK

They're getting ready to move. Units
1 and 2, on my signal --

SUDDENLY -- THREE UNMARKED FBI CARS

Seem to materialize out of nowhere -- boxing them in.

IN THE VAN

COL. HARDWICK

What the --

ON THE STREET

agent
building:
Undercover FEDERAL AGENTS roust Army CID agents. An FBI
with a deep drawl, spread-eagles one against a

SOUTHERN FBI AGENT

Hi, there, I'm new in town. Can you
direct me to Carnegie Hall, or should
I just go fuck myself --

the
microphones.
The NYPD under the command of Danny Sussman -- roll up
rest of the sound garden -- examine the parabolic

AGENTS WIELDING SHOTGUNS

enters
technology.
Blow off the rear door of the surveillance van. Frank
and looks around at all the high-tech, microwave

FRANK

Ah, microwave.

TWO WOMEN

Only as
dim
bulb do we recognize Sharon and Samir.
In chadors, faces VEILED, descend a back staircase.
their faces emerge from the shadows and are caught by a

COURTYARD
Sharon unlocks a metal door to reveal THE HIDDEN

a
of a neighboring building. She and Samir hurry through
back alley and out into an adjacent street.

BOROUGH HALL (WAS SHOT AS 194)

square.
Where several APC's suddenly roar up and BLOCK off the
Devereaux stands nearby, watching as:

LIEUTENANT #2

(through a bullhorn)

This is an unlawful gathering. You
must disperse. I repeat --

line:
Soldiers in full RIOT GEAR emerge to form a battle
images of Selma, 1963; Chicago, 1968; Los Angeles,
1993.

PROTEST SPEAKER

Join together! Join hands!

THE MARCHERS LINK ARMS

and
Hispanic gang members -- all continue to CHANT, "No
fear!"

THE YOUNG SOLDIERS

Nervously look at one another as the
marchers begin to move.

LIEUTENANT #2

(through a bullhorn)

These soldiers carry live ammunition.
This is your final warning.

the
soldiers
"No Fear... No Fear..." Devereaux watches in dread as
marchers close the gap on the battle-line of anxious
is this why he became a soldier?

soldier.
marcher
her.
A YOUNG GIRL unselfconsciously approaches a young
Looks into his eyes. Smiles. And walks past. Another
walks right past a soldier, who does nothing to stop
Soon, they are all surging past the riot-line.

something
forgotten.
DEVEREAUX watches, as something is revealed to him,
about America that, until this moment, he had

IN THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

were TWO
now
Frank is fiddling with the new technology like a kid at
Christmas. But something is wrong. Where once there
GHOSTLY IMAGES of Samir and Sharon in the apartment --
there is NOTHING.

ON HUB'S OSCILLOSCOPE

as
the
The RADIO-SIGNAL of Samir's transmitter still registers
an unmoving, steadily blinking light. Hub is watching
building. Frank steps out the van, his face pale.

FRANK

We've got a problem.

HUB AND FRANK

Pound up the stairs of the building.

THE DOOR TO THE CLEAN APARTMENT

hard
Bursts open. Hub comes in low and fast. Frank comes in
on his heels.

sheet,
In the center of the otherwise empty room, the white
SMEARED IN BLOOD, is draped over a chair.

FRANK

What the --

Hub stares in dread fascination.

HUB

It's a shroud.

And he's out the door in a heartbeat.

Sequence omitted from original script.

BACK IN THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

Frank and Hub listen to a playback of Sharon's conversation with Samir on the digital recorders.

ELISE

"...sweating too much while they wait."

Frank looks up at Hub.

HUB

First she turns off the tv, then she says it.

FRANK

She knew we were listening.

It hits them both at the same time.

HUB

The hammam.

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

Hub and Frank hit the street at a dead run.

BENEATH THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Samir opens a padlocked door with a key. He and Sharon disappear within.

A HAMMAM

steaming
walls.
An Arab bath-house. Rays of sunlight play off the waters. Their footsteps ECHO off the tiled mosaic

Sequence omitted from original script.

IN THE BATHOUSE

Samir kneels to touch the steaming water.

ELISE

How soon are they coming?

SAMIR

They'll be here.

He starts taking off his clothes.

ELISE

What are you doing --?

He finishes disrobing.

NAKED

He steps into the bath. With a sponge he washes his
body.

SAMIR

What message do you have for them,
Sharon?

ELISE

I'll tell them when they're here.

The DISTANT SOUND of the approaching MARCH echoes off
the
and tiled walls as Samir steps out of the purifying waters
and takes a towel from a hamper.

ELISE

Nobody else is coming, is there?

SAMIR

That's right.

From the hamper he takes a Sig-Sauer .9 automatic.

ELISE

You're the last cell.

SAMIR

There will never be a last cell.

(racks the slide of

the .9)

You should listen to the young men
in that stadium. It is just beginning.

Sharon watches, in dread fascination, as he takes a
white
head. egyptian-cotton FUNERAL SHROUD and drops it over his

THE MARCHERS

Are streaming down the street.

wild,
Hub and Frank desperately fight their way through a
almost "carnival" feel.

BACK TO -- THE BATHS

civilian
Reflected in the purifying waters, Samir is putting
Sharon.
clothes on over the shroud -- still holding the .9 on

ELISE

How could I have missed the play --

SAMIR

(a forgiving gesture)
It was the money. You believe money
is power. Belief is power.

ELISE

-- Just tell me we didn't finance
your operation...

SAMIR

(a sad smile)
The world is a wheel. So... what
message do you have for me, Sharon?

ELISE

They're going to release him.

SAMIR

Praise God. When will he be free --?

ELISE

A few months at most. First, they
have to bring him to trial, but --

He turns away from her, opening the hamper.

SAMIR

(not looking at her)
-- No.

ELISE

-- But... that's what you want, isn't
it? Why you've done all this --

BELT OF SEMTEX EXPLOSIVES

chest.
Comes next. Velcro straps fasten the belt around his

SAMIR

No. It's not.

He comes to stand beside her.

SAMIR

I want you to bleed... as we have bled.

ELISE

Samir, the Koran preaches --

SAMIR

Do not speak to me of the Koran, woman.

(fighting his emotion)

You take our leader. A holy man. You put him in prison for preaching the word of God. You must learn the consequences of trying to tell the world how to live.

ELISE

(with rising terror)

But it's over, your point's been made, why spill any more blood? Those poor people out there in the street, they're fucking marching for your cause...

SAMIR

Yes.

(fastens the last strap on his semtex harness)

And they, too, will become its martyrs.

A VOICE from the top of the stairs:

HUB (V.O.)

Let her go and you'll live.

between
Samir looks up, sees Hub aiming his .45. But Sharon is
them, blocking his shot.

CHANTING,
From outside, we HEAR the sound of the marchers'

"No Fear...! No Fear...!" Samir HEARS it, too.

SAMIR

Move away from the door.

ELISE

NO --!!!

HUB

Let her go and you'll live --

ELISE

DON'T --!!!!

SAMIR

(screaming, panicked)

GET AWAY FROM THE DOOR --!!!

HUB

SAMIR --!

SAMIR

YOU WANT TO DIE --!!

inching
They're all SCREAMING at once. Still Samir keeps
toward the stairs. Hub blocks the way.

HUB

No way you're going out there.

Samir jams the gun into Sharon's ribs.

SAMIR

MOVE AWAY --!

Sharon's eyes meet Hubs'.

ELISE

Shoot.

HUB

Shut up.

ELISE

Shoot.

HUB

SHUT UP...

Sharon's
Samir is edging ever closer. Starting up the stairs.

redemption. eyes plead with Hub, begging for a kind of unholy

ELISE
SHOOT ME --!!!

HUB
I... CAN'T --!

ELISE
YOU HAVE TO.
(weeping now)
You... promised...

almost Hub's finger tightens on the trigger. But then slowly, imperceptibly at first, he lowers his gun.

ELISE
(sobbing)
No --!!!

SAMIR
It is God's will.

the His left hand moves imperceptibly toward the RIPCORD of explosive device.

HUB
If there is a God, he weeps at the crimes we commit in his name.

HIS FIRST SHOT

backwards. Rips through Sharon into Samir, blowing them both

HIS SECOND SHOT

Is to Samir's hand as it reaches for the ripcord.

THE THIRD SHOT

Is a killing headshot. Rolling him into the baths.

CLOUD OF BLOOD

billows. Blooms in the cleansing water. The funeral shroud

THE ECHO OF THE SHOTS

Sharon. Still rings in the tiled room as Hub kneels beside

HUB

(on radio)
Officer down. OFFICER DOWN --!

ELISE

Is... he... dead?

HUB

...Shhhhhhh...

ELISE

(whispers)
...no... regrets...

Hub cradles her head.

HUB

You... knew.

ELISE

(the saddest smile)
I... wondered.

FRANK HADDAD

PARAMEDICS
Appears at the top of the steps. Behind him, two
as
race down to kneel beside Sharon. Hub is pushed aside
suddenly,
they begin triage -- but it doesn't look good as
she begins to convulse.

HUB

Sharon... SHARON --

ELISE

... Emma... My name... is Emma.

and
And then she begins to mumble, at first incoherently,
then more clearly. We realize she's speaking Arabic.

HUB

-- what are you? I don't...

eyes.
And then Frank is standing above them. Tears in his

FRANK

(translating)

"I... seek refuge... king of kings..."

own
of

And Hub suddenly understands: she is preparing for her death. He holds her as she continues to pray in and out her two native tongues. Until, at last:

SHARON/EMMA

(whispers)

Allah Ahkbar. God is great --

FRANK

Allah Ahkbar --

HUB

Amen.

And she's gone.

OUTSIDE IN THE STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

chant of
already

A block away, we can see the Marchers pass by. The "No Fear..." fades into the distance. But Hub has turned his back and is hurrying away.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE -- MOMENTS LATER

Hub hurries toward the Courthouse.

MOMENTS LATER - IN THE COURTHOUSE

blood

JUDGE FRANKEL opens the door. He is taken aback by the blood on Hub's clothes.

HUB

I want to talk about a free society.

BACK TO:

THE STADIUM COMMAND POST

Where Devereaux is watching coverage of the march.

TV SOUND BITE (V.O.)

-- "a very moving moment in which
the people of a city step forward to
declare their courage and solidarity --

FILE

He looks up to see Hub. He's carrying the ACCORDION
that the Chief of Staff gave him.

DEVEREAUX

Agent Hubbard, do you want to tell
me exactly what you mean detaining
Colonel Hardwick and six of my CID
staff. Because that strikes me as a
very peculiar idea of interagency
liaison.

HUB

The last cell has been taken down.
It was Samir. I took him out.

DEVEREAUX

What makes you so sure he was the
last cell?

HUB

Sharon.

DEVEREAUX

Sharon is not trustworthy.

HUB

Sharon is dead. She gave her life.
(takes a piece of
paper from his pocket)
This is a writ from the US District
Court releasing all those being held
here without habeus corpus.

DEVEREAUX

My authority supersedes the civilian
judiciary under the decree of martial
law.

(a rueful smile)

Sorry.

HUB

Your authority ends now. It's all
over.

DEVEREAUX

What's over.

HUB

(looks at him)

They're going to release him.

DEVEREAUX

Release him?

HUB

The Sheik.

(holds up the Chief
of Staff's' file)

Clear violation of international
law, Congressional oversight statutes,
a couple of treaties, the Federal
perjury statute, and my favorite,
the Logan Act, for conducting your
own personal foreign policy.

(simply)

I know the whole story, General.

DEVEREAUX

You don't know shit. Poor suffering
Sharon and her poor suffering people.
It's called "going native" -- the
most elementary error of an
intelligence operative and she made
it. She had all of you working for
her and she was working for them
without even knowing it. And now
they're getting exactly what they
want, which is the Sheik will be
back in the mix. But ten times as
strong, because now he's the big man
who stood up to the Americans.

(looks at Hub)

I did what was necessary. I make no
apologies. If you think you're going
to be able to use that file against
me, you know even less about politics
than I imagined.

HUB

General. I'm not in politics. You
can have this back. I won't use it.

Hub hands him the file. Devereaux takes it.

DEVEREAUX

Because you don't have the balls.

(off Hub's look)
Did you expect me to get all weepy
with gratitude? You serve your
country.

(dismissively)
Is there anything else?

Hub would love to just... clock him. Instead:

HUB

I said I wasn't in politics. I'm
not. I'm in law enforcement.

He takes his gun from its shoulder holster.

HUB

William Devereaux, you are under
arrest for the torture and murder of
Tariq Hussein under color of
authority, United States Code Title
42, Chapter 21, Subchapter 1, Sections
1983.

(takes out his gun)
Surrender your weapon.

force
shout
Behind them, a COMMOTION as Frank and several agents
their way into the room, followed by REPORTERS, who
questions as STROBES and VIDEOTAPE record the arrest.

OUTSIDE THE STADIUM

flashing.
An NYPD car -- Devereaux within, pulls away, lights

HUNDREDS OF YOUNG ARAB BOYS

mothers,
Frank
Emerge from tunnel and into the waiting arms of their
the tearful smiles of their wives and children. Hub and
stand there, watching the reunions.

FRANK

(after a moment)
Did we win or did we lose --?

Hub has no answer. No one has the answer.

OUT:

FADE

THE END