FADE IN:

EXT. TYRE, LEBANON - DAY

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

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

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

FLASH CUT -- NEWS FOOTAGE (STOCK)

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

CNN REPORTS (V.O.)
"...the single worst casualty in the history of American military --"
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."
Inside the Mercedes, they watch as the Shepherd
the sheep mill about in the middle of the road. The
driver rolls down his window to scream in Arabic at:
THE POOR SHEPHERD
Who hurries to button his fly. It is only as we look
closer that we see the silenced muzzle of:
COLT COMMANDO RIFLE
Protruding from the sleeve of his jhallabah. And then:
THE HERD OF SHEEP
Fill the frame, blocking our view of the Mercedes, and
for a moment, all we can HEAR is their gentle bleating. But
as they clear frame, we can see that:
THE MERCEDES
Has been turned into an abattoir, its windshield
shattered and bloody. The driver slumps over the steering wheel,
the bodyguard is half out of the window. And in the
distance:
WITH A MAGICIAN'S ALACRITY
One Shepherd pulls a BLACK HOOD over the Sheik's head
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
Its "Whiskers" in the nose of the aircraft snag the cable without slowing and roars off, the Sheik dangling beneath -- just as the satchel charges EXPLODE the Mercedes.

THE SATELLITE VIEW

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

DEVEREAUX

Gotcha.

IN A SAFE HOUSE -- SOMETIME LATER

A pale, diminished Sheik sits at a steelcase table. A STEEL COT and a STEEL TOILET. Closed-circuit cameras in the corner. Opposite him: the man, whose voice we have only heard: GENERAL WILLIAM DEVEREAUX -- and though he wears a civilian suit, his bearing betrays his pedigree. His considerable habitual skepticism are as much a product of self-discipline as his close-order drill.

DEVEREAUX

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

The SHEIK speaks a few words in Arabic.

DEVEREAUX

-- 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

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

MUEZZIN
Allahuh Akbar...

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

ON THE STREET

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

THE MINARET

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

DOWN TOWN MANHATTAN


IN THE FBI SITUATION ROOM

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

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

FRANK
Black-and-whites on the scene?

TINA
Setting up a perimeter now.
FRANK
Residence or business?

TINA
A bus.

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

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

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

   TAPED VOICE
   -- our first and last warning.

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

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

   TINA
   Demand for what? You hear any demand?
MIKE
You sure this is all they got?

SUSSMAN
That's it.

FRANK
Maybe it's performance art.

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

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

FRANK
-- available from The Sharper Image catalogue.

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

HUB
Still, the rhetoric sounds political. Militia?

TINA
Not their style.

HUB
Frank --?

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

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

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

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

MIKE
Not yet...

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

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

HUB
-- 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

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

**HUB**

Hi.

**WOMAN**

Hi, there.

**HUB**

Special Agent Anthony Hubbard. FBI.

**WOMAN**

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

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

**HUB**

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

**ELISE**

(still holds out hand)

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

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

**HUB**

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

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

**ELISE**

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

**HUB**

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

**ELISE**

It's never the question that's indiscreet, only the answer.
He smiles. She smiles back. Convinced she's charmed him.

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

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

HUB
Tail her.

NICE LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

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

FRANK JR (O.S.)
(in Arabic)
"In the Name of Allah, the beneficent, the merciful. Say: I seek refuge in the Lord of Men, the King of Men."

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

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

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.

(to Haddad)

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

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

KHALIL pays the taxi driver and starts off on foot.

Hub's AGENT passes by and slips a WALKIE-TALKIE through the open window.
MAN CARRYING GROCERIES

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

IN THE CONTOUR

FRANK

(notes the purchase)
Twelve bucks in Gaza.

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

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

An AGENT with a TELEPHOTO snaps a picture of Khalil, who has paused to chat with a PALESTINIAN of patrician good-looks.
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)
Damnit 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
for
it, SCRAPING his way between them.

FRANK
Christ!

HUB
(on the phone)
Judge, I'm gonna have to call you back...

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

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

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

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

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

HUB
What the --?
The van BURNS RUBBER and DISAPPEARS into traffic.

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

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

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

HUB
Run him down, bring him in.

Fred hands a cell phone to Hub.

FRED
Floyd Rose.

HUB
Go, Floyd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ELISE
Ralph, spare us.

The freelancer lowers the gun. Hub looks at Khalil, whose 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**

(overiding her)


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

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

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

THE 87 BUS

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

Hub confers with the NYPD officer-in-charge.

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

HUB
Any communication at all?

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

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

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

Hub and Elise stare at one another.

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

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

**HUB**
(to the cops)
We have rules of engagement we're gonna follow here, folks, so put the safeties back on your weapons.
(looks at Elise)
Nobody's killing anybody until we see what's what.

He grabs the phone.

**HUB**

(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 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.
(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.

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.

(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.

Fights for consciousness.

AGENTS
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.

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 --

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

HUB
-- okay... Just let me --

And then he leans over to VOMIT in the street.

THE SOUND OF SIRENS

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

HUB
Is anybody --

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

THE DEVASTATION

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

CUT TO:

HARD
MORE THAN A HUNDRED AGENTS

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

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

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

HUB
We need more hands. Fred --

FRED
I'm on it.

He picks up a phone and begins requesting Agent transfers.

HUB
I want to talk to Khalil.

TINA
He's down the hall.

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

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...

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

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?

Frank hasn't even begun to translate before Khalil begins

SPEED-RAPPING in Arabic.

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

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

**FRANK**
(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**

Bursts into an empty apartment. On the floor, a fax machine 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 --

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

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

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

TWO HOURS LATER --

A COMPUTER TECHIE (WHITNEY) is cross-referencing data.

DIGITAL
PICTURES of suspected terrorists scroll past. A surveillance PHOTO of Ahmed bin Talal. The ruined army barracks.

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


WHITNEY
-- not according to the mainframe.

TWO HOURS LATER --

The BOMB SCENE now resembles an archeological dig.

Floodlights on stanchions. Forensic EXPERTS, on their hands and knees, use BLACK LIGHT and brushes to search for latent prints. Different color STRING divides the site into a grid.

HUB
-- with a Q-tip. Bone shards, hair, fingernails --
Nearby, Danny and Mike observe Hub's intensity.

**DANNY**
-- He's way over his head.

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

**TWO HOURS LATER --**

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

**FINGERPRINT EXPERT**
Not yet.

Sequence omitted from original script.

**TWO HOURS LATER --**

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

**TV SOUND BITE**
"-- Today; Tel Aviv has come to Brooklyn. The question... is why."

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

**WHITNEY**
You okay?

The Fingerprint techie races in, sparing Hub a response.

**FINGERPRINT EXPERT**
Got one!

**TWO HOURS LATER --**

Hub and Tina address twenty agents.

**HUB**
Ladies and Gentlemen, meet the late Ali Waziri.
He projects a PHOTO of the dead Terrorist onto the wall.

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

A few appreciative CHUCKLES. They're all exhausted.

This is the first good news in a bitch of a day.

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

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

**TINA**
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 --**

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

**FRANK**
IAP66. What's IAP66?

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

**FRANK**
-- Today, Danny...

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

Hub has been pacing, nearby.
HUB
Where's the original --?

DANNY
In his passport.

FRANK
Which is... vaporized.

HUB
Where's the copy?

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

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

HUB
What time is it --?

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

Fred Darius, the young agent, appears.

FRED
Sir. They want you in the lab.

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 --?
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 to their car. Samir slides into the back seat next to Elise. In the REARVIEW MIRROR, Hub watches as a look seems to pass between them. Then again, it may not have happened.

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

**FRANK**
You spent two years in Israeli jails during the Intifada.

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

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

**HUB**
Frank --

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

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

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

---

**CUT TO:**

**CTF HEADQUARTERS - LATER**

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

**ELISE**
Club Fed.

Frank leans over Danny Sussman, who has fallen asleep, face down on his desk, and sings in a lovely brogue:
FRANK
(singing)
"Oh, Danny-boy, the perps, the perps, are call-ing...
(as he awakens)
We need a search warrant on Samir...

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

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

HUB
(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 Hamas --?

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**

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

**AT A RED LIGHT**
The taxi driver stops just long enough for Hub to slam his SHIELD on the windshield.

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

**IN THE SHOWER**
As the hot SPRAY hits him, he runs his hands through his hair and feels the BITS OF SHATTERED GLASS. Dried blood off in rivulets from his hands. Not his own. He leans against 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.

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

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

SAMIR
Don't tell me what I have to do.

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

Something quietly ominous in her tone. He lowers his eyes.

And like a sailboat, Elise changes tack. Strokes his arm.

ELISE
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

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

BACK TO ELISE -- ROUGHLY TURNED OVER IN BED BY SAMIR
Sex without any shred of tenderness. As Samir kisses back of her neck, we SEE in her eyes the thousand-yard stare.

BACK TO HUB -- ON THE STREET

In the doorway of an apartment building, Frank hands Hub a 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
ELISE
I had to get special permission for that.

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

THE SAME IMAGE

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

Frank stands beside him.

FRANK
Beats cable.

Sequence omitted from original script.

Sequence omitted from original script.

Sequence omitted from original script.

Sequence omitted from original script.

THE FEDERAL BUILDING -- NEXT MORNING

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

DEVEREAUX
Hi. I understand they call you Hub.

HUB
I know who you are, General.

DEVEREAUX
(offering his hand)
Bill Devereaux.

HUB
I served in the --

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

HUB
-- 173rd. Put me through school.
DEVEREAUX

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

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

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

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

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

-- With all the affection for the man I can tell you he doesn't know 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.

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

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

DEVEREAUX
Please, don't let me --

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

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

ELISE
As can be expected. How's Maggie?

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.
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...?

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

IN THE SAME SQUALID APARTMENT BUILDING -- LATER
Hub looks through the surveillance equipment focused on an apartment across the street -- paper shades drawn.

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

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

(hands headset to Frank)
I make out three voices. What do you have on the infrared?

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

Hub, meanwhile is question a Syrian Landlord.

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

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

CUT TO:

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
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

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

THE APARTMENT DOOR

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

FBI AGENTS

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

THE TWO OTHER YOUNG ARABS, HOWEVER --

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

THEY COME UP FIRING

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

ON THE GROUND

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

FRANK
Drop your weapon!

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

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

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

Other Agents scurry in to hover over the inert BODIES.

**FRED**
Terminal.

**MIKE**
Same here.

**ELISE**
(softly)
Gone.

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

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

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

**FRANK**
Anybody like anchovies --?

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

**HUB**
Goddamn it. GODDAMN IT.

**FRANK**
What --?

**HUB**
It didn't fire. They had it rigged to the door and it didn't fire.
Frank stares at the lethal booby-trap. Hub shakes his head.

**HUB**

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?

But as he grudgingly stands up, a BALLAD comes on. They stand 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.

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

**THE GROUND SHAKES**

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

**FRANK**

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

**TINA**

They got earthquakes in Manhattan?

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

**IN THE TOWN CAR -- SPEEDING UPTOWN ON MADISON AVE**

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

**TRAFFIC**

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

**THEY BEGIN TO RUN**
Past the frustrated drivers. Turning the corner at 41st where:

**SMOKE BILLOWS**

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

**GIRL IN A PRADA GOWN**

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

**HER RIGHT ARM IS MISSING**

And now we SEE:

**THE BLACK-AND-WHITES**

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

**MAN IN BLACK TIE**

Sits, weeping quietly beneath the once proud stone lions.

**THE FEW SURVIVORS**

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

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

**NYPD SERGEANT**

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

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

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

**HUB**
I don't know.

**NEWS REPORTER**
Who it is I'm speaking to --?

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

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

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL (V.O.)
Sounds great, General, except why can't we find out who's behind it --?

IN THE ROTUNDA LIBRARY

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

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

SENATOR WRIGHT
How about who's behind who's behind 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.

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**

Where the same anonymous hands lift a cotton shroud. We watch 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**

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

**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.

He measures his words carefully. Unaccustomed to these kind 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...

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

**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.

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

**ELISE**

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**
Crossing the Brooklyn Bridge, keeping well below the speed 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

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

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

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

ANOTHER FLASH CUT -- THE VAN

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

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

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

HUB
-- Are they confirmed?

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

A JEEP pulls up and Elise/Sharon gets out.

HUB
Sharon.

Their silence speaks volumes. With Sharon is an OFFICER.

ELISE
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?

She looks at him, refusing to divulge anything more.

Suddenly, 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?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS -- THE SURVEILLANCE OF SHARON AND SAMIR

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

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

MORE FREEZE FRAMES:

FRANK (V.O.)
One's his uncle, he owns the place.
The other's a doctor. They check out clean.

HUB (V.O.)
He go there every day?

FRANK (V.O.)
A clean body and a pure heart.

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

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

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Already there is talk of a protest march by a coalition of --

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

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

MAYORAL AA (V.O.)
THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY HAVE A RIGHT --

DANNY (V.O.)
-- THE PURPOSE OF THIS MEETING --!

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

DANNY
My department WHAT, ASSHOLE...?

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

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Guys... GUYS...

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

HUB

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

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

INS OFFICIAL

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

HUB
Danny --?

DANNY
We bring 'me in, have a talk.

UNIFORM COP (V.O.)
What about translators --?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (V.O.)
How many people we talking about here?

INS OFFICIAL
Sixteen hundred, maybe more.

DANNY
Where the hell we gonna put sixteen hundred people?

Everyone again begins speaking at once. Hub takes control.

MAN IN SUIT
What about a military presence at JFK and LaGuardia --?

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

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

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

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

He pauses a moment, searching for the words.

HUB
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.

And then two hundred BEEPERS all go off at once.

Everyone looks at one another. Dear God, what now...

**A GRAINY BLACK & WHITE VIDEO IMAGE**

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**

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

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

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

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

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

**HUB**
Closer on the timer.

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

The NOISE in Hub's head continues to grow. And then

suddenly it is compounded by the SOUND of an APPROACHING CHOPPER as an NYPD SWAT HELICOPTER lowers itself into view.
FRANK
What the fuck is the NYPD doing here?!

DANNY
I don't know. Somebody must have --

FRANK
-- WE'VE RUN DRILLS ON THIS JURISDECTION 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

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

AN EXPLOSION

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

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

HUB

Who, unable to keep up the facade for a single second more, is also weeping now. Weeping for the victims of the bombings, weeping for the children who've survived, weeping for himself. And for a moment, everyone just... stands there, vaguely embarrassed, and more than a little moved.

INT. HUB'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

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

ELISE

This just came in.

She hands Hub another fax: "Last Warning. Release Him."

He looks at it and hands it back to her without a word.

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.

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

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

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

CHIEF OF STAFF
General, do you know that after yesterday's attack, half the parents in this country kept their children 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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

A GRINDING OF TREADS ON ASPHALT -- DAWN

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

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

THE BATTLE OF BROOKLYN HAS BEGUN

Road blocks set up at select intersections. Random stop-and-frisk. Patrols of young soldiers in the streets. GANG KIDS, same age, same color, eye them warily.
DEVEREAUX
To the best of our knowledge, we are opposed by no more than twenty of the enemy. He is hiding among a population of roughly two million.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Is closed. SOLDIERS in full battle-dress stop cars, check 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.

A SWARthy teenAger is pulled from A CAR by a SERGEANT and 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 --

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

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

Samir is trembling. Tears roll down his cheeks.

HUB
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

Where Sharon waits. As they head for the stairs we

HEAR:

ELISE (V.O.)
You're good.
**HUB (V.O.)**

You're not so bad yourself.

But we are **HEARING IT** along with:

**COL. HARDWICK**

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

**ON A NOTEPAD**

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

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE SAMIR'S APARTMENT**

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

**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.

A **YELLOW SCHOOL BUS** pulls up beside them and armed soldiers 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**

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

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

AN APC drives past, further inflaming their passions.

Suddenly, A volley ROCKS AND BOTTLES come hurtling out nowhere, smashing harmlessly against the armor. The teenagers laugh.
And then, the sudden CONCUSSION of a small BLAST from UP THE STREET. The teenagers SCREAM and scatter. Hub SPRINTERNS A SMOKING CAR, pulling his weapon from his hip.

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

HUB

FBI --! FBI --!

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

On the ground, the injured soldier keeps SCREAMING.

HUB

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

YOUNG SOLDIER

Drop your weapon --!

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

YOUNG SOLDIER

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

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

The transformation is complete: Brooklyn as Gaza.

REACHING HIS CAR

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

CUT TO:
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

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

HUB
(to a mechanic)
Yo...

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

MECHANIC
Que Pasa?

HUB
Tariq around?

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

IN THE OFFICE

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

HUB
Tariq?

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

TARIQ
How can I help you.
HUB
You're Tariq 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.

Tariq notices that Hub's hands are out of sight beneath the 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.

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

MEANWHILE -- IN THE WAREHOUSE

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

HUB
Where are the others?

TARIQ
What others?

But before Hub can answer, an AMPLIFIED VOICE is heard.
PSY-OPS (V.O.)
Tariq Husseini, 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 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.
His order unleashes an overwhelming display of FIREPOWER.

**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 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 has been established -- concrete obstacles, sandbags and razor-wire. Musco-lights cast their pitiless glow.

**OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER**

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

A LAWYER for the ACLU confronts a young Lieutenant.

**ACLU LAWYER**

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

**YOUNG LIEUTENANT**

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

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

**JOURNALISTS**

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

**LIEUTENANT #2**

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

Hub shows his ID. Is allowed to enter into:

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

THE HALOGEN-LIT FOOTBALL FIELD

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

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

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

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

HUB
Frank, slow down --

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

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

HUB
I'll get him out.

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

HUB
Frank --

**FRANK**

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

**HUB**

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

(takes his arm)

Now, come with me.

**FRANK**

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

(takes out his wallet, hands over his badge)

Here. I'm not their sand nigger anymore.

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

**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? Survelling 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**

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

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

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:**

**OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM -- HOURS LATER**
Sharon emerges from the shower room. She is shattered. The blood drained from her face. As if carrying with her all the sin that was committed in the next room.

FROM INSIDE THE SHOWER ROOM

The sound of a GUNSHOT. The door opens and Devereaux emerges, 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

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

IN GEORGETOWN

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

THE CHIEF OF STAFF

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

CHIEF OF STAFF

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

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

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 prossectorial fashion. Kidnapping 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 --

She thought telling the story would be easy, but 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.

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

HUB
-- But first, you helped them.

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

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.

The tears are streaming down her face now. Finally, she nods.

HUB
-- And now they're here, doing what you taught 'em.
The streetlight catches Sharon's face. Her eyes are haunted.

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.

Hub and Frank are standing outside Hub's car, each on opposite sides, blocking any opportunity to suveil what is happening.

Sharon sits inside with Samir. She uses a SCALPEL to make the slightest INCISION under Samir's arm. The RADIO plays.

SAMIR
Ahhhhhh...

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?

On a piece of paper he has scribbled, "Hit Hardwick. Safe House. 11:00."

FRANK
(nods yes, then:)
Kannell was really on.

Hub then writes. "Bath-house. 12:00."

FRANK
(nods again)
Think they'll make the play-offs?

Hub looks at him. There's been little time for sentiment.

HUB
How's your boy?
FRANK
He's alright. Thanks for getting him out.

Sharon steps out of the car. In her hands is a device resembling a PORTABLE OSCILLOSCOPE. A green dot appears.

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?
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

They hurry through the park. Samir is extremely agitated, eyes constantly darting from right to left.

SAMIR
This is not the way to the bath-house. You said to get a key from my uncle so that we --

ELISE
Shhhhh... 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

On a nearby rooftop, an Army spotter uses a parabolic with a gunsight. Another mic is in a woman's shopping bag; another is in a twenty year-old's boom box.
SAMIR (V.O.)
(trembling)
Sharon, please, I beg you. Do not make me do this. If they even dream we are being followed they will kill us.

The light turns RED, they race across a crowded street.

THROUGH AN ARAB NEIGHBORHOOD

Where women in chadors carry mesh bags with tonight's meal.

INTO A CLEAN APARTMENT

Nothing but a single bed with a dirty white sheet.

Sharon enters and turns on the TV... loud.

ELISE
Sit.
(takes out a pocket-knife)
Raise your arm.

SAMIR
What are you doing?

She cuts the stitches under his armpit and begins to dig out the transponder.

ELISE
They cannot even dream we are being followed, isn't that what you said?

Sharon very deliberately wipes her BLOODY HANDS on the WHITE SHEETS.

On TV, we SEE the MARCHERS in front of Brooklyn Borough hall.

SPEAKER
"-- that we will not be made afraid to walk free in this great city. I say, march across the bridge and into the stadium. Demand the release of --"
Samir is staring at the TV.

**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 turns 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**
Undercover FEDERAL AGENTS roust Army CID agents. An FBI agent with a deep drawl, spread-eagles one against a building:

**SOUTHERN FBI AGENT**
Hi, there, I'm new in town. Can you direct me to Carnegie Hall, or should I just go fuck myself --

The NYPD under the command of Danny Sussman -- roll up the rest of the sound garden -- examine the parabolic microphones.

**AGENTS WIELDING SHOTGUNS**
Blow off the rear door of the surveillance van. Frank enters and looks around at all the high-tech, microwave technology.

**FRANK**
Ah, microwave.

**TWO WOMEN**
In chadors, faces VEILED, descend a back staircase. Only as dim their faces emerge from the shadows and are caught by a bulb do we recognize Sharon and Samir.

Sharon unlocks a metal door to reveal **THE HIDDEN COURTYARD**
of a neighboring building. She and Samir hurry through a back alley and out into an adjacent street.

**BOROUGH HALL (WAS SHOT AS 194)**

Where several APC's suddenly roar up and BLOCK off the square. Devereaux stands nearby, watching as:

**LIEUTENANT #2**

(though a bullhorn) This is an unlawful gathering. You must disperse. I repeat --

Soldiers in full RIOT GEAR emerge to form a battle line: images of Selma, 1963; Chicago, 1968; Los Angeles, 1993.

**PROTEST SPEAKER**

Join together! Join hands!

**THE MARCHERS LINK ARMS**

Arab clerics and Hassidic rabbis, Black civic leaders and Hispanic gang members -- all continue to CHANT, "No fear!"

**THE YOUNG SOLDIERS**

Nervously look at one another as the marchers begin to move.

**LIEUTENANT #2**

(through a bullhorn) These soldiers carry live ammunition. This is your final warning.

"No Fear... No Fear..." Devereaux watches in dread as the soldiers close the gap on the battle-line of anxious is this why he became a soldier? A YOUNG GIRL unsselfconsciously approaches a young soldier. Looks into his eyes. Smiles. And walks past. Another marcher walks right past a soldier, who does nothing to stop her. Soon, they are all surging past the riot-line.
DEVEREAUX watches, as something is revealed to him, about America that, until this moment, he had forgotten.

**IN THE SURVEILLANCE VAN**

Frank is fiddling with the new technology like a kid at Christmas. But something is wrong. Where once there were TWO GHOSTLY IMAGES of Samir and Sharon in the apartment -- now there is NOTHING.

**ON HUB'S OSCILLOSCOPE**

The RADIO-SIGNAL of Samir's transmitter still registers an unmoving, steadily blinking light. Hub is watching the 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**

Bursts open. Hub comes in low and fast. Frank comes in hard on his heels.

In the center of the otherwise empty room, the white sheet, SMEARED IN BLOOD, is draped over a chair.

**FRANK**

What the --

Hub stares in dread fascination.

**HUB**

It's a shroud.

And he's out the door in a heartbeat.

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

An Arab bath-house. Rays of sunlight play off the steaming waters. Their footsteps ECHO off the tiled mosaic walls.

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 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 egyptian-cotton FUNERAL SHROUD and drops it over his head.

THE MARCHERS
Are streaming down the street.

Hub and Frank desperately fight their way through a wild, almost "carnival" feel.

BACK TO -- THE BATHS

Reflected in the purifying waters, Samir is putting civilian clothes on over the shroud -- still holding the .9 on Sharon.

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
Comes next. Velcro straps fasten the belt around his chest.

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.

Samir looks up, sees Hub aiming his .45. But Sharon is between them, blocking his shot.

From outside, we HEAR the sound of the marchers' CHANTING,
"No Fear...! No Fear...!" Samir HEARS it, too.

SAMIR
Move away from the door.

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 --!!

They're all SCREAMING at once. Still Samir keeps inching toward the stairs. Hub blocks the way.

HUB
No way you're going out there.

Samir jams the gun into Sharon's ribs.

SAMIR
MOVE AWAY --!

Sharon's eyes meet Hubs'.

ELISE
Shoot.

HUB
Shut up.

ELISE
Shoot.

HUB
SHUT UP...

Samir is edging ever closer. Starting up the stairs.
eyes plead with Hub, begging for a kind of unholy redemption.

ELISE
SHOOT ME --!!!

HUB
I... CAN'T --!

ELISE
YOU HAVE TO.
(weeping now)
You... promised...

Hub's finger tightens on the trigger. But then slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, he lowers his gun.

ELISE
(sobbing)
No --!!!

SAMIR
It is God's will.

His left hand moves imperceptibly toward the RIPCORD of the explosive device.

HUB
If there is a God, he weeps at the crimes we commit in his name.

HIS FIRST SHOT
Rips through Sharon into Samir, blowing them both backwards.

HIS SECOND SHOT
Is to Samir's hand as it reaches for the ripcord.

THE THIRD SHOT
Is a killing headshot. Rolling him into the baths.

CLOUD OF BLOOD
Blooms in the cleansing water. The funeral shroud billows.

THE ECHO OF THE SHOTS
Still rings in the tiled room as Hub kneels beside Sharon.

**HUB**
(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**

Appears at the top of the steps. Behind him, two Paramedics race down to kneel beside Sharon. Hub is pushed aside as they begin triage -- but it doesn't look good as she begins to convulse.

**HUB**
Sharon... SHARON --

**ELISE**
... Emma... My name... is Emma.

And then she begins to mumble, at first incoherently, and then more clearly. We realize she's speaking Arabic.

**HUB**
-- what are you? I don't... And then Frank is standing above them. Tears in his eyes.
FRANK
(translation)
"I... seek refuge... king of kings..."

And Hub suddenly understands: she is preparing for her own death. He holds her as she continues to pray in and out of her two native tongues. Until, at last:

SHARON/EMMA
(whispers)
Allah Ahkbar. God is great --

FRANK
Allah Ahkbar --

HUB
Amen.

And she's gone.

OUTSIDE IN THE STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

A block away, we can see the Marchers pass by. The chant of "No Fear..." fades into the distance. But Hub has already turned his back and is hurrying away.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE -- MOMENTS LATER

Hub hurries toward the Courthouse.

MOMENTS LATER - IN THE COURTHOUSE

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 --"

He looks up to see Hub. He's carrying the ACCORDION FILE that the Chief of Staff gave him.

**DEVEREAUX**

Agent Hubbard, do you want to tell me exactly what you mean detaining Colonel Hardwick and six of my CID staff. Because that strikes me as a very peculiar idea of interagency 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 Husseini under color of
authority, United States Code Title
42, Chapter 21, Subchapter 1, Sections
1983.
(takes out his gun)
Surrender your weapon.

Behind them, a COMMOTION as Frank and several agents
force their way into the room, followed by REPORTERS, who
shout questions as STROBES and VIDEOTAPE record the arrest.

OUTSIDE THE STADIUM
An NYPD car -- Devereaux within, pulls away, lights
flashing.

HUNDREDS OF YOUNG ARAB BOYS
Emerge from tunnel and into the waiting arms of their
mothers, the tearful smiles of their wives and children. Hub and
Frank stand there, watching the reunions.

FRANK
(after a moment)
Did we win or did we lose --?

Hub has no answer. No one has the answer.

OUT:

FADE
THE END