

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 --"

BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD

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

THE SATELLITE VIEW

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

FLASH CUT -- NEWS FOOTAGE (STOCK)

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

CNN REPORTS (V.O.)

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

BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD

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

THE SATELLITE VIEW

As the Mercedes closes with the sheep:

DEVEREAUX (V.O.)  
Slow down.

BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD

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

FLASH CUT -- NEWS FOOTAGE (STOCK)

President Clinton addresses reporters in the White House.

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

BACK TO -- THE COAST ROAD

Inside the Mercedes, they watch as the Shepherd urinates and 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 while the other injects him with a HYPODERMIC. The first Shepherd activates a SATCHEL CHARGE and swings it into the Mercedes while the second straps the Sheik into a HARNESS... A BALLOON self-inflates and hurtles aloft, pulling a cable attached to 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 unconscious 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 charm and 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 instead the  
unmistakable skyline of:

DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN

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

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 tumble 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.  
    (the TAXI changes  
    lanes)  
He's taking the BQE. Looks like it's  
Brooklyn.

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

FRANK  
You're micro-managing.

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

FRANK  
I get reimbursed for this, right?

CUT TO:

ATLANTIC AVENUE - BROOKLYN

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 CONTOUR pulls over a safe distance behind and waits. An 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)  
Damn it Tommy!  
(to Frank)  
He's overacting! Tell him --  
(back to the phone)  
Sorry, Judge... No... I just --

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

Khalil has a sixth sense from a lifetime on the West Bank.  
All of a sudden, he BREAKS INTO A RUN.

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

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

SIX SURVEILLANCE TEAMS

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

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

FRANK  
Christ!

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

KHALIL SPRINTS

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 sees:

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

(overriding her)

-- Kidnapping. Obstruction of Justice.  
Assault.

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

HUB

Cuff her.

CUT TO:

HUB'S UNMARKED CAR

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

FRANK

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

ELISE

Shouf mountains, right? Shiite or  
Sunni?

FRANK

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

HUB

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

ELISE

(to Haddad)

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

FRANK

(a look to Hub)

No shit?

ELISE

My father taught Economics. Henry Kraft?

HUB

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

ELISE

(ignoring him; to Haddad)

Such a tragedy. Growing up in that city was... paradise. Like an exotic Paris, wasn't it, Frank --?

HUB

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

Elise looks at him, utterly unfazed by the threat.

ELISE

...Yum.

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

CUT TO:

ABOUT A MILLION COP CARS

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 the cops hurry out from behind the barricades to help the children cross the NO-MAN'S LAND to safety, a smattering of APPLAUSE breaks out among the cops. Elise tries to hold back tears.

FRANK  
Okay, here we go...

HUB  
(on the phone)  
Thank you, sir. I appreciate that gesture, I really do. The best way to get what you want in these situations is to show yourself to be reasonable. As you've just done.  
(Haddad translates)  
Now we've got some more to talk about...

Elise watches as the news cameras zoom in.

HUB  
(on the phone)  
I am unarmed, as you can see. So I propose... You let the rest of the passengers go, and I take their place... That way, there's no pizza deliveries or bathroom breaks to worry about -- and all these --  
(indicates SWAT teams)  
-- people... will disappear.

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

HUB  
(on the phone)  
I'm gonna take your silence to mean

you're considering my offer --

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

HUB

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

Hub looks back at Frank. Still no response.

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

HUB

(on the phone)

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

THE EXPLOSION OF THE BUS

Hurls Hub backwards as:

ALL SOUND FADES OUT

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

SHRAPNEL

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

RED BLOOD

Replaces blue paint in a horrific shower.

HUB

Fights for consciousness.

AGENTS

Rush to his side to see if he is alright -- but WE CANNOT HEAR them. Though their mouths move it is only the WHITE NOISE that overwhelms us -- as we realize that Hub has been momentarily DEAFENED by the blast.

When at last Hub manages to speak, his words are MUFFLED and INDISTINCT -- as if the playback heads of a tape recorder 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 compassion.

HARD CUT TO:

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, turns 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?

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

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 tie-lines,  
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 --?

CUT TO:

Sequence omitted from original script.

IN A DOWNTOWN DELI

Hub and Elise sit, eating corned beef sandwiches.

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

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

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

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

HUB

Extracted? Extracted by whom?

(she just looks at  
him)

I see.

ELISE

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

HUB

With something of a devoted following?

(she nods)

...Okay, I can understand why we  
might not want to publicize the fact  
that our government's in the  
kidnapping business, but why not  
tell us?

ELISE

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

HUB

What else you got on his followers.

ELISE

Clearly, they're committed.

HUB

Meaning?

ELISE

In this game, the most committed  
wins.

HUB

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

ELISE

Unless we match their commitment  
with our own.

HUB

What about talking to this sheik?

ELISE

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

HUB

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

ELISE

Believe me, we've put every resource we've got onto that very question.

(puts down her fork)

Otherwise... we wait.

HUB

We wait.

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

ELISE

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

Frank Haddad appears, making his way toward their table.

FRANK

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

(tastes it; then with his mouth full)

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

Sequence omitted from original script.

CUT TO:

A CAFE

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

FRANK (V.O.)

My people. The last of the unambivalent smokers.

(shakes his head)

Monsters. The toughest motherfucker

in Bed-Stuy is a muffin compared to  
some of these guys.

They watch as SAMIR gets his bill from the waiter.

FRANK

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

ELISE

You might consider leaving him alone.

HUB

Why would I consider doing that --?

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

ELISE

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

FRANK

(an arabic curse)

You're fishing and he's getting visas  
for bombers.

ELISE

You ever heard of catch and release?

FRANK

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

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

HUB

Take him down.

FRANK

(keys his radio)

Go.

THREE AGENTS brace Samir politely but firmly, and lead him  
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  
Hammas --?

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

ELISE  
No surveillance. I've seen your deft  
touch.

HUB  
Daily reports. We tap his phone.

ELISE

And I get to see the transcripts.

HUB

Fair enough.

ELISE

And I run him.

HUB

We share him.

ELISE

He can't know we're talking.

HUB

Then don't tell him.

ELISE

Done.

HUB

(to Frank)

Let him fly.

(back to her)

But we better start seeing product.

She nods. A deal. For now.

HUB

Any more surprises for me?

ELISE

Not tonight.

HUB

Then I'm going home to get some things.

FRANK

I'll have somebody drive you.

HUB

I'll grab a cab.

And he's gone. Frank turns to Elise:

FRANK

Elise. I'm really high strung, too.

She just smiles and walks away.

OUTSIDE THE FEDERAL BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

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 runs 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 the 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  
talks --? What about fucking me?

ELISE

I had to get special permission for  
that.

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

THE SAME IMAGE

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

FRANK

Beats cable.

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.

JUDGE FRANKEL

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

HUB

What about as a feasibility study?

JUDGE FRANKEL

Meaning?

HUB

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

JUDGE FRANKEL

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

HUB  
We're the good guys.

JUDGE FRANKEL  
Not good enough.

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

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

HUB  
-- and not in cash I guarantee it.

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

THE STAIRCASE OF A TENEMENT

Elise and Hub climb seemingly endless FLIGHTS OF STAIRS.

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

HUB  
Frank's working another warrant --

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

HUB  
You mean people like you?

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

Finally he stops, turns on her:

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

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

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

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

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

(controls himself...)  
If I don't take 'em down properly  
they'll be on the street two hours  
from now. I could find dynamite,  
semtex, plutonium and a book of  
matches in there and unless I've got  
the right warrant it's all  
inadmissible

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

HUB

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

(turns on her)

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

ELISE

Oh, really...?

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 Johansson, 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 other YOUNG ARABS in the next room barely take their eyes off the rerun of "Hunter." But as the young Arab opens the box:

A STUN GRENADE

Hidden within, EXPLODES with a blinding FLASH, knocking him 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 aiming  
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 there awkwardly. Finally, he takes her into his arms.

ELISE

This feels like high school.

HUB

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

ELISE

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

HUB

Two inches. From the ground.

(laughing, they dance closer)

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

ELISE

Not sure he'll do it.

HUB

I once knew this undercover guy, started to care so much about his source --

ELISE

-- Samir's a source. Period.

HUB

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

ELISE

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

HUB  
You're so confident.

ELISE  
Only in bed.

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 take it  
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 FLASHCUT, 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 WHIRS.

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 of 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 JURISDICTION BULLSHIT SINCE --

DANNY

I KNOW --! YOU THINK I --

HUB

QUIT BICKERING AND FIX IT!

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

THE WHITE NOISE

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

DANNY

(on his radio)

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

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

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR

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

IN THE CHOPPER

The MARKSMAN takes careful aim --

IN THE CLASSROOM

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

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING --

He takes off, barreling down the hall, toward the locked  
door of the classroom.

THE DOOR SPLINTERS

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 HONKING, 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 Hussein. 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 Hussein."

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 within  
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 of 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 SPRINTS toward 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 an 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 start to  
hustle the workers out of door, when:

THE YOUNG MECHANIC

Reaches into his overalls.

SHOTGUN AGENT  
FREEZE--!

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

THE EXPLOSION

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

FROM AN UPPER WINDOW

An AUTOMATIC WEAPON opens fire on the Army presence.

HIGH ABOVE -- IN A CHOPPER

Devereaux responds with a dispassionate intensity.

DEVEREAUX  
Code blue.

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 ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADE fired through the second floor window.

INT. CHOPPER

DEVEREAUX  
Code Red.

TWO APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTERS (SILENT)

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

HUB (SILENT)

Crawls, dragging Tariq toward the doors as:

THE CHAIN GUN (SILENT)

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

IN THE CHOPPER -- DEVEREAUX

Watches the awesome display of firepower with calm detachment.

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE -- TWO SHADOWY FIGURES

Stagger, blinded, out of the inferno. Hub drags a half-conscious Tariq, where they are pounced on by commandos.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE STADIUM -- NIGHT

Pac's and Tanks ring the stadium. An anti-terrorist perimeter 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 are milling about. Squatting, smoking, pacing, some laughing, 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? Surveilling me? Breaking up my operations? If I'd known I was going to have to do your job for you I would never have left the army.

DEVEREAUX

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

The two men stare at each other.

HUB

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

DEVEREAUX

The prisoner is being interrogated.

HUB

I want to see him.

Devereaux just looks at him as we CUT TO:

THE TILED SHOWER ROOM

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, Tarak 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.

TIME 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 prosecutorial fashion.



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 surveil what is happening  
within.

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?  
(off his look)  
I thought not. Well, in case it gets hairy, remember... the most committed wins.

Hub watches as she and Samir walk away.

FRANK

I trust her about as far as I can  
throw her.

HUB

That far?

SHARON AND SAMIR -- CONTINUOUS

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

Shhhhhh... If you'd stop whining  
you'd feel the surveillance.

IN THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

Colonel Hardwick, earphones on, overhearing them:

ELISE (V.O.)

Wait for the light to turn yellow  
and then cross against the traffic.

On Col. Hardwick's computer, a GRID MAP of Brooklyn.

COL. HARDWICK

-- North on Ditmas Avenue.

CORPORAL

Sound garden's ready.

A TRIANGULATED FIELD OF MICROPHONES

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 their faces emerge from the shadows and are caught by a dim 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  
marchers close the gap on the battle-line of anxious soldiers  
is this why he became a soldier?

A YOUNG GIRL unselfconsciously 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, something  
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 as  
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 BATHHOUSE

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. Sharon's 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 suddenly, 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  
(translating)  
"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 Hussein 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.

FADE OUT:

THE END