

KINGDOM

Screenplay by
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1 OMITTED - SEE 68A

1

2 INT. WASHINGTON, DC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

2

We're in a kindergarten classroom of 25 SIX YEAR OLDS. All sitting on the floor, legs crossed. Sitting in front of the kids is Little KEVIN FLEURY, flanked by his mom LYLA FLEURY and his dad RONALD FLEURY, in a dark suit.

Little Kevin has a large cardboard square with pictures from different stages of his life taped to it. He's telling the class about the photos.

We're TIGHT ON the pictures. TIGHT ON the young faces. TIGHT ON Fleury.

KEVIN FLEURY

This is my Fredricksburg house and my grandma Ruth playing with my skateboard ramp. It's a Tony Hawk jump ramp.

A little girl, MICK raises her hand.

KEVIN FLEURY (CONT'D)

Mick?

Silence from Mick

MICK

I forgot what I was going to say.

Kevin points to another picture.

KEVIN FLEURY

This is me at my second birthday party with my mom and my dad. That's my cake.

Fleury looks down sweet at his son.

KEVIN FLEURY (CONT'D)

This is me with my mom at the zoo and this is my dad and me and my grandpa Willie.

Kevin points to another photo.

KEVIN FLEURY (CONT'D)

And this is me and my dad and my grandpa Willie at my dad's office.

The kids all lean forward and squirm as they try and get closer to the pictures. MISS ROSS, the pretty twenty five year old teacher watches from the side.

MICK

Where's your gun?

LITTLE BOY

Yeah, where is your gun?

Pretty much all the kids get in on this now. Everyone wants to see Fleury's gun. Fleury makes eyes at Miss Ross. She's giving him a 'no fucking way' hard eye.

FLEURY

I'm assuming that there are no bad guys in this room. Isn't that right? I mean, are you guys good guys or bad guys?

THE WHOLE CLASS

GOOD GUYS!

FLEURY

Right. So why would I have brought my gun to a room full of good guys?

This silences the class. Miss Ross keeps things moving, pointing to a photo.

MISS ROSS

What's that picture?

KEVIN FLEURY

This is me and my dad playing Battleship at my dad's apartment.

Mick's hand goes back up.

KEVIN FLEURY (CONT'D)

Mick?

MICK

What is a battleship?

KEVIN FLEURY

(abruptly)

My parents are divorced.

A beat. Lyla and Ron look down at Kevin, stalled...

KEVIN FLEURY (CONT'D)
But that's OK 'cause the most
important thing is to know that
everybody loves each other.

This hits a bit hard on Lyla and Ron. Miss Ross jumps in.

MISS ROSS
So, who's that in that picture up
on top?

KEVIN FLEURY
That's my fish, his name is Jaws
and he's a really mean fish.

CONTINUED:

3 OMITTED - SEE 68A 3

4 INT. WASHINGTON DC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL- CONTINUOUS 4

Kevin is still going strong.

KEVIN FLEURY
My mommy is a Think Tank worker and
she is really, really smart. She
went to two colleges and has three
computers.

CONTINUED:

5 OMITTED - SEE 78A, 87 5

6 INT. WASHINGTON DC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY 6

Kevin's pointing to a picture of Ronald holding him as a tiny
newborn.

KEVIN FLEURY
This is the day that my daddy says
is the happiest day of his life.

MISS ROSS
Really. His happiest day! Can you
tell us about that day, Mr. Fleury?

Fleury smiles, looks out at the class.

RONALD FLEURY

I sure can. That was December 4th and that was the day that we spent the whole day in the hospital waiting for this guy right here to come out of Kevin's mom's tummy. And we waited and waited but he wouldn't come and we kept waiting and finally the doctor said 'OK...he's not gonna come out on his own so we got to go get him.' And well,

Fleury stops, checks in with Miss Ross.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

Can I tell this story?

MISS ROSS

Go for it.

RONALD Fleury

So they take her and put her on a special bed and they give her some medicine so she doesn't feel any pain then they take out this tiny little knife and make a tiny little cut right here in her tummy.

The kids are mesmerized...

MISS ROSS

Then what happened?

RONALD Fleury

Then the doctor put her hands way up into Kevin's mom's tummy. WAY IN! And then you know what they did?

A little girl, LU LU: WIDE EYED

LU LU

What did they do?

RONALD FLEURY

They started to pull and pull and pull... they had something in there and it started coming and they were pulling and the doctor all of the sudden said "STOP!"

The class is frozen. Fleury has them.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

They stopped pulling and the doctor looked up at me and said 'Hey, Mr. Fleury - you ready to have your world rocked?' And I just stared at her and she pulled this little head up out of that belly. And it was him. His head. And I looked down at him and screamed "Kevin!!" And he looked down at me and screamed "Daddy!!"

The kids are howling!

CUT TO:

7 EXT. AN UNKNOWN ROOFTOP - LATE DAY

7

A Muslim family sits together at a table under a tented-canopy: 32 year-old MAN nervously chewing on a toothpick, and his 8 and 15 year-old SONS. The 8yo leans his weight into an old MAN hunched and obscured by his grandson - this is his Grandfather. He gently rubs the Boy's head with an ancient left hand. The Boy finger-paints in Arabic script, right to left, getting paint on the table. Read the translation: *There is no God but Allah.*

The Grandfather's face is down, obscured by his shumagh: the head-wrap worn by some Muslim men. Never a clear view of his face. His 32 year old Son and eldest Grandson sit next to them, the Son talking quietly on a cell phone, chewing that toothpick, eyes set on something in the distance: A Security Gate three hundred yards away, the entrance to some sort of compound. The Compound looks like a walled-off subdivision, most of which we can see from this high up.

The landscape is foreign. Scrub desert. Ten miles beyond, on the horizon: the shimmer of a modern skyline. Surreal monolithic shapes made more so by the heat.

Muted yells-claps-screams waft in from that Compound now... Catches the youngest Grandson's attention. Eyes lift up from his painting: the yells-claps-screams are coming from a softball game mostly visible behind the Compound's reinforced walls that extend a mile in each direction. Played on the only stretch of green grass visible from this vantage.

8 OMITTED

8

9

EXT. COMPOUND MAIN ENTRANCE - LATE DAY

9

Sounds from the softball game much louder now, just over the walls. Security perimeters two checkpoints deep before you get to the main gate. A maze of concrete Jersey-barriers to slow all entering vehicles: give machine-gun emplacements flanking the entrance plenty of time to shred those vehicles if need be. Middle-Eastern Police platoons. 500 lbs. lift-gates to dissuade any vehicle that just tries to ram through.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM: a lean, 27 year-old Middle-Eastern Policeman in-command of the Entrance. Sweats through his uniform. A late-model Range Rover with blacked-out windows queues up. All the windows roll down: just a single, portly White WOMAN behind the wheel, her INFANT CHILD in a car-seat in front. Two other Uniformed Officers mirror-scan the bottom of the Rover.

A brief exchange, as Haytham checks his ID:

DRIVER

How are you today, Sergeant?

HAYTHAM

Sun is shining. Wind is blowing.
How bad can I be doing?

DRIVER

I like that, "Sun is shining..."

A tight smile from Haytham.

The other Officers are checking the inside of the Rover now. They nod to Haytham, Haytham hands the ID back to her. Windows rolls up. Lift-gate goes up. Range Rover pulls away, navigating the zig-zag jersey barriers.

10

INT. COMPOUND - NEXT MOMENT

10

Stay with the Range Rover as it moves deeper into the complex. Think middle-class Phoenix suburb circa 1960: stucco homes sandwiched between dormitory style apartment blocks, concrete and rock where grass should be.

The Range Rover passes a tank with a caged SOLDIER on top sitting behind a fifty caliber GUN. A Police Land Cruiser parked in the middle of the road is the last of the security. Official markings, emergency lights in the grill.

11 EXT. UNKNOWN ROOFTOP - SAME MOMENT 11

The Son studies the compound through binoculars, while the youngest Grandson squints to study the softball game: Interest cut with jealousy. More muted cheers float. Behind and above him, his Grandfather's voice, rough as sand, to his 32 year-old Son, in Arabic:

GRANDFATHER (O.C.)
*Hang up the phone. If they're not
 ready now, no words will change it.*

12 EXT. COMPOUND SOFTBALL DIAMOND - NEXT MOMENT 12

Another Middle-Eastern POLICEMAN takes in the motley competition: half-smiling, half-smirking at a plump-pink White Man cheering on his plump-pink 9 year-old Son sliding into third.

WHITE MAN
 GET DIRTY!

Safe. Clapping and Hoots. The PITCHER: an older White Man in his middle forties visibly frustrated. A 25 year-old African-American Batter steps to the plate now. Pitcher turns to his Fielders:

PITCHER
 STEP IT UP NOW!
 (back the Batter)
 Ready for my knuckle-curve?

The Batter just stays focused as the Pitcher tosses a high-lob. Batter smacks the ball a mile high, deep to left. The teammates of the plump-pink Boy on third:

TEAMMATES
 TAG UP! WAIT 'TIL SHE CATCHES IT-

PITCHER
 (spins, points up at the
 ball)
 -COMIN' HOME!

A 14 year-old Indian girl sprints underneath the fly-ball: sets up, catches it, juggles it, drops it.

We pick up different families on the grass nearby: A young WOMAN helps her five year old DAUGHTER untangle a yo-yo. A black COUPLE doing a crossword puzzle together, the wife's head on her husband's lap.

13 EXT. UNKNOWN ROOF TOP - SAME MOMENT 13

The muted reaction to the dropped ball. The whole Family, save the youngest Grandson, intently focused on two Officers walking up to that Police Land Cruiser parked in the middle of the road, well inside the compound: no blinks now.

The youngest still enthralled by the softball game, the cheers, the running, the shorts and t-shirts. We see his Grandfather's left hand stop rubbing the Boy's head, and move to the Boy's temple, placed like a blinder so he can't see what's about to happen. In Arabic:

GRANDFATHER

Don't stop watching the game.

14 EXT. INSIDE THE COMPOUND WALLS - NEXT MOMENT 14

Noises from the softball game close again. Track these two Officers on foot walking toward the Police Land Cruiser ala shift change: nonchalant but quick.

15 INT. POLICE LAND CRUISER - SAME MOMENT 15

The Driver eyeing the two approaching Officers: something off about them. Uniforms wrinkled, one with a full beard. Driver turns to his Partner, in Arabic:

DRIVER

You have a copy of the duty rost-

-POP-POP-POP before the Driver finishes. The Officers on foot rapid-firing 9MM pistols. The Driver and Passenger hit multiple times instantly, crumble lifeless in their seats before anyone has time to process the sounds, link them to an attack. The two firing 'Officers' move low-fast like professionals: rip the fresh bodies from the Cruiser, jump in. The new Passenger rips an AR-15 rifle off the center console. The new Driver lays rubber into the Compound.

16 EXT. UNKNOWN ROOF TOP - SAME MOMENT 16

The youngest Grandson wide-eyed, startled, watches as every member of the Security Details in and around the Compound go prairie dog: search with necks extended, eyes wide -- what the fuck was that? The Boy tries to turn his head away from the game to look for himself: Grandfather just pushes his head back to the game, voice harder now, in Arabic:

GRANDFATHER (O.C.)
I said keep watching the game.

17 EXT. COMPOUND MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME MOMENT 17

Haytham instantly sprints toward another nearby Police Land Cruiser as most everyone else ducks. In Arabic:

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
LOCK DOWN!

Then points at the Officer in the Driver's seat:

SERGEANT HAYTHAM (CONT'D)
 MOVE!

18 EXT. COMPOUND SOFTBALL DIAMOND - SAME MOMENT 18

Game forgotten. Parents up, screaming for loved ones, moving fast toward the parking lot. The Middle-Eastern Officer that has been watching the game hustles onto the field, next to the Pitcher, waves people toward him. Gathering but sporadic gun-fire in very near distance.

WATCHING OFFICER
 (accented English)
 COME TO ME! FOLLOW ME!

People immediately flocking around the authority figure.

CUT TO:

The 14 year-old Indian Girl running in, more puzzled than scared: why is that Cop wearing a jacket in this heat?

BACK TO:

The Officer rips a yellow gun-shape from his jacket pocket. The Pitcher sees it, instinctively tries to rip it away from him. Gets a handful of collar, pulls as violently as he can, shreds the front of the Officer's coat: a white linen vest with a bulge in-front underneath the jacket...

19 EXT. UNKNOWN ROOF TOP - SAME MOMENT 19

The youngest grandson's wide-eyed face. Then we see the Grandfather's right-hand slide down the other side of his youngest Grandson's face, coming to rest on his other temple: making sure he's still watching the Softball diamond now. The Grandfather's right hand: missing an index and middle finger.

20 EXT. COMPOUND SOFTBALL DIAMOND - SAME MOMENT 20

Panic. The Officer swings the yellow gun-shape, what we now realize is an electric drill crudely modified into something else, bashes the Pitcher's face with it. Those that had gathered have turned, are sprint-stumbling away...

The Officer closes his eyes, depresses the drill trigger, vanishes before we comprehend the massive release of blue-black chaos, expanding in an ever-wider sphere. Immediate surroundings dissolve: players, parents, stands, cars, the light standards surrounding the field and parking lot.

21 EXT. CINDER-BLOCK CONCESSION STAND - SAME MOMENT 21

Located behind straight-a-way center field, at the nexus of four fields. We see it from profile as shock-wave and shrapnel blast the structure: another Officer hiding behind it staggers out now, sprawls ugly: balance fucked from a blown inner-ear. He also wears a jacket, and holds a modified yellow plastic power drill. Moves uneasy toward screams in the nearby parking lot.

22 EXT. SOFTBALL DIAMOND PARKING LOT - NEXT MOMENT 22

The off-balance Officer stops over a 30 year-old African-American woman pinned under a Toyota. She hyperventilates, her bare leg and open-toed sandal kick at air. The Officer's breathing calms: the sight of exposed skin as divine reassurance. CLOSE-UP: the vented rear of the drill as the 14.4 volt motor sparks blue. A second blue-black explosion that shreds the parking lot as cars smash into one another desperate to escape.

23 EXT. ADJACENT STREET - NEXT MOMENT 23

Panicked women walking dogs. Frozen. A Police Land Cruiser with bullet-scarred windows roars around the corner. Stops near the women. They smile: cavalry to the rescue. Then a man with leans out the window with an AR-15: point-blank staccato. Tracers exit bodies, drill asphalt. The Land Cruiser rolls, spraying passing homes indiscriminate...

24 INT. JACKED LAND CRUISER - NEXT MOMENT 24

Tearing through the streets, Passenger firing at all signs of life. Sits back for a lightning-quick re-load. Leans back out -- before he can begin firing again-

25 EXT. COMPOUND STREET - SAME MOMENT 25

-another Police Land Cruiser from nowhere hammers their Driver's side. Vicious. The Passenger is launched out his window, head-first into the curb. Both vehicles smoke-screech. Momentary pause after the a massive collision.

Then Sergeant Haytham, 9MM in-hand, falls from the Second Land Cruiser. Stalks bloody to the Passenger side of the jacked Land Cruiser still slowly rolling backwards, leaking all it's vital fluids, it's snapped drive-shaft leaving a groove in the pavement. And Sergeant Haytham empties his clip into the interior while walking along side.

The Officer Haytham told to 'move,' rips himself from the Passenger's side of their vehicle, bleeding profusely, screaming something unintelligible into his handheld radio.

26 EXT. UNKNOWN ROOF TOP - SAME MOMENT 26

Just the youngest Grandson's horrified eyes: he had no choice but to see it all, carnage painted permanently. His face still held tight between his Grandfather's hands. In Arabic:

GRANDFATHER (O.C.)
*Our Time is not a peaceful one. God
has left it to us to make it so.*

Hold on those deep, young, brown eyes.

Those young brown eyes finally blink.

CUT TO:

27 INT. WASHINGTON DC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL- LATER 27

Everyone eats snacks that the Fleurys brought. Kevin's the center of attention. Fleury's passing out juice boxes.

Fleury's cell phone vibrates. TIGHT ON THE ID: 911. Fleury's mid-juice-pass, answering his phone at the same time.

Kevin looks to his Dad, already grimacing. Fleury walks away from the kids.

RONALD FLEURY
(surprised)
Fran?

We hear Fran's voice as though we're on the line with him:
raspy-ragged, like he's been crying.

FRAN (O.S.)
You getting this yet?

RONALD FLEURY
Hey, I'm at Kevin's school. What's
goin' on?

FRAN (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Brother.
(beat)
Riyadh. Many Dead.

Fleury's demeanor shifts to HARD immediately.

RONALD FLEURY
Where exactly?

FRAN (O.S.)
The Al-Rahmah Western Housing
Compound. Oil Company employees.
Hit a company picnic.

RONALD FLEURY
How?

FRAN (O.S.)
Big. Broad daylight. Blew up a
softball game.
(tears)
Kids, Brother.

Fleury looks at the kids eating and laughing.

KEVIN FLEURY
Dad?

Fleury smiles best he can at his Son. Into the phone:

RONALD FLEURY
When?

FRAN (O.S.)
Just went off -- twenty minutes
ago. Two bombers. A Shooter crew as
diversion...it's just awful.

RONALD FLEURY
Fran, I'm rollin' right now. Let me
call you back: I gotta ring bells

FRAN MANNER (O.S.)
Go. I'll be here.

Fleury hangs up, walks to Kevin, kneels down - oblivious to everyone watching.

RONALD FLEURY
Son, I gotta go to work.

KEVIN FLEURY
We're gonna do ceramics...

RONALD FLEURY
I gotta go to work...

KEVIN FLEURY
(points to the phone)
Who was that?

RONALD FLEURY
Big Fran -- you remember him?

KEVIN FLEURY
(beat, thinking)
Uncle Fran? Put peanuts in his Coke
so he could drink and eat all at
the same time?

RONALD FLEURY
(smile)
Where he's from in South Carolina
that's called fine-dining, Bud.

KEVIN FLEURY
What happened?

RONALD FLEURY
(beat)
Something bad.

KEVIN
(impression of his Dad)
'Lotta bad people out there...'

RONALD FLEURY
(smiles, already homesick)
I love you.

Kisses his boy's forehead hard.

KEVIN FLEURY
You gonna go see him?

RONALD FLEURY

I'm gonna try...

Looks at Lyla who's been through this drill too many times, knows this face. Ronald can only give a little shrug, which Lyla gives right back.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

(to Lyla)

Can you get a ride?

She nods yes. Miss Ross nearby, surprised by this:

MISS ROSS

Where's your husband going?

LYLA FLEURY

Ex-husband, and God knows.

Then a wave of fear ripples across her face. She hesitates, then calls after him:

LYLA FLEURY (CONT'D)

BE SAFE.

Ronald turns, gives a little Cheshire grin, puts the phone back up to his ear.

28

EXT. AL-RAHMAH HOUSING COMPOUND BLAST SITES - EVENING

28

The shattered softball diamond and parking lot. Emergency lights swirl from everywhere. Acrid smoke.

FRANCIS MANNER (FBI LEGAT, US Embassy) is giant. The kind of American that only grows in tiny southern hamlets. Military whitewalls, short-sleeves, khaki Dockers, a thick Casio G-shock, FBI credentials visible on a chain.

Hangs up his phone. Lifts his eyes: Hell from one side of the frame to the other. Saudi teams setting up portable lights that bathe the horror in industrial incandescent. Columns of black smoke. Fleets of emergency vehicles. 100 uniformed men. Another 200 in bio-suits combing the ball field, the parking lot. Fran has to do something/anything.

Move through the horror with him now. His hands shake, his face already dirty with soot. Jumps in with a Saudi team pulling a half-burned WOMAN out of a smoldering Range Rover. She fights them, gouging Fran's face, trying to get back in.

She is the woman we met at the gate of the compound. She wants her baby.

Fran bloodied, just kind of steps away from the woman. Leaves the Saudi emergency team to fight with her. Backs away until he feels grass under his feet. The woman's screams reverberate. Fran just sits in the grass. Staring at the woman, her shattered soul. Forces himself to look away. Eyes come to rest on a child's baseball cap: ragged holes ringed with black stains: where blood dried on the blue felt.

VOICE (O.C.)
(immediately behind)
Fran. You gotta stand Big Man...

Fran turns to find REX BURR: 5'7" fireplug. A long silence. Fran points to the hat:

FRANCIS MANNER
Rex, how old were you when your hat was that small?

We watch tears well in Rex's eyes...

REX BURR
You gotta stand, Big Man.

Fran does. Wipes his hands on his pants. Slack-jaw hopeless. The first moments in what will be weeks of reverse-engineering the murders of unknown dozens. He and Rex step to a group of WALKING-WOUNDED. A NEIGHBOR doles out mugs of coffee. Most everyone from the compound is out, pondering the proximity. SAUDI emergency teams sprint past. Fran spits, settles in:

FRANCIS MANNER
We need to get everyone back, then get all their-

SOMETHING HUGE EXPLODES over their shoulders, 50 yards away. The Attack's coup de grace: *wait for people to lift up their heads, hit them again. Five times* the size of the suicide bombs. Shreds emergency vehicles, nearby homes and apartment buildings. Kills Saudi rescuers by the bushel. Fran is crushed by a flying portable light standard. Rex is blown into the man handing out coffee. The walking wounded get decimated.

29

EXT. AL-RAHMAH HOUSING COMPLEX - NEXT MOMENT

29

Slowly lift up and hold on Al-Rahmah as it burns. Black smoke and flame pour skyward from the site of the coup de grace explosion. Massive crater. Screams. Chaos postcard.

29A EXT. WASHINGTON, DC HOUSE - DAY 29A

Establishing shot.

29B INT. FRAN MANNER'S WASHINGTON, DC HOUSE - DAY 29B

Fleury sits with GLENDA MANNER... a toy remote-control robot comes into the room. Little Teddy Manner (5) peeks his head around the corner of a door.

GLENDA

It was... I don't know what time it was... the dishwasher's broken... I was waiting for the dishwasher... The doorbell rang - I thought it was... it wasn't the dishwasher guy... It wasn't. It wasn't.

Glenda breaks down, starts to completely lose it. Her little boy Teddy climbs up onto his mother.

29C INT. FRAN MANNER'S HOUSE - TEDDY'S ROOM - LATER 29C

Fleury sits on the bed with little Teddy looking at a beautiful black and white photo of Fran holding a new born Teddy up over his head. Eye to eye.

Little Teddy shows Fleury his toy helicopter. His dad's soldier boots.

Fleury can't take it.

29D INT. FRAN MANNER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER 29D

Fleury stands with Glenda.

FLEURY

Glenda, I want you to look at me.

A PAUSE: Fleury freezes up on a shock of raw emotion, struggling to contain himself.

FLEURY (CONT'D)

Please... I'm going to take care of this. Whoever did this... I give you my word. Whoever did this will pay. I can't change this, but I can promise you that I will make someone pay for this.

30 INT. HOOVER BUILDING, FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY, EST 30

Startling quiet in contrast. AGENTS cluster beneath 32-inch Televisions suspended from the ceiling. Tuned to Al-Jazeera, CNN, BBC, etc. Most eyes focus on the double-bloody scoops from CNN. Volume low:

CNN REPORTER

...1 hour ago: blasts in Saudi Arabia, in or around the 'Al-Rahmah' western housing complex near Riyadh. More than 100 feared dead, including children. The Saudi Foreign Minister has released a statement calling this a 'heinous act possibly committed by foreigners...'

BBC REPORTER

...homes to thousands of Westerners and other non-Saudis who work in the Kingdom, there have been several attacks on these compounds in the last five years. As such, they have become very tight in terms of security, with both the Saudi National Guard and police taking command.

Fleury walks under the televisions. A folder in-hand, heading down a long hallway, subordinating his fury to tasks-at-hand.

31 INT. COMMAND & TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER (CTOC) - NEXT MOMENT 31

Fleury enters, steps to a podium, opens his folder. 50 Agents seated lecture hall-style. Steam from fifth, sixth cups of coffee. Plasma screens behind show still-images of the crime cribbed from Al-Jazeera.

Throughout the scene, Fleury constantly refers to a roster of his ERTs.

RONALD FLEURY

Numbers so far: 100+ dead, 200+ injured. The target was a softball game. Rumor is the Killers wore Saudi police uniforms.

(beat)

Special Agent Fran Manner was killed.

JANET MAYES, 29 years-old, stifles a sob in the front row. Fleury steps from behind the podium, puts a hand gently on Janet's shoulder, leans in and whispers something no one but Janet hears. Whatever his words, they give back her composure. She nods.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

So was Rex Burr from State.

Fleury lets the news absorb as he steps back to the podium. No one says a thing. Fleury lifts his eyes again, real trouble maintaining control...

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

Fran was the best among us...we'll
feel this loss the rest of our
days...

(beat, moment to regroup)

Grant, take stabs at bomb sizes.

GRANT SYKES. 50 years-old. Virginia State Trooper before joining the FBI. Law-and-order formidable: sharp-smart Charlottesville accent. Studies the images for a beat...

GRANT SYKES

From the craters, looks like they
used a High Explosive... possibly
military grade: can't fit that much
TNT into a vest. 20, 30 pounds of
PETN: they got it. Semtex or C-4:
they could get it. The third there,
God knows...that crater looks like
a plane dropped a 500-pounder...

RONALD FLEURY

Obviously a secondary blast after
the initial devices used to lure
first responders to the scene.
Don't know anything about where or
what it was yet.

GRANT SYKES

This is how they do it.

ADAM LEAVITT. 34 years-old, sought-after Investigator. There's a constant, intense grind to this guy, a mind and mouth incapable of quiet. He paces around the room, then eagle-eyes the bomb images... starts surge-scrawling crude diagrams of the blast site on a piece of loose leaf. Feels more like nervous doodling than work. Not looking up from his drawing:

ADAM LEAVITT

I already know the answer, but any chance in Hell we get to go over there, use our hands?

RONALD FLEURY

If you already know the answer Adam, why ask the question?

Fleury circles Leavitt's name on the roster. Leavitt never stops drawing.

SYKES

We're not seeing this kind of planning and execution anywhere else...these ain't hot-wired artillery shells waiting for Humvees to roll by.

(pointing at the screens)

These hits are coordinated: planning, timing, and big, broad-daylight balls-

JANET MAYES

(almost trance-studying the images)

Yeah, So... did they all happen during daylight?

Another great question. Fleury looks over to AGENT #1 on his immediate right, an egg-head type with a big binder in front of him. Everyone's eyes follow. Agent #1 flips quickly through the binder, back-and-forth, searching. Fleury crosses his name off of his roster. Then:

AGENT #1

Yes. At least the first parts of the attacks.

Everyone smells it: that's big -- more proof these attacks are being carried out by one, very skilled Terror Cell.

JANET MAYES

We had two others...North of Riyadh and the oil thing. What was that?

ADAM LEAVITT

The Refinery... Ras Tenura Refinery.

JANET MAYES

Yeah, south of Jeddah. Same thing: daylight, suicide bombers. Right?

(MORE)

JANET MAYES (CONT'D)

Same thing. Followed by machine gun crews. Collect and kill.

ADAM LEAVITT

Yup.

RONALD FLEURY

This is not new in concept. It is new in scope. It's bigger. Very sophisticated. Command and control was flawless. They found the largest kill zone they could and they did it... they did it by being patient.

ADAM LEAVITT

Any rumors or confirmations of uniforms being used in the other two attacks?

Fleury circles Mayes' name on the ERT roster.

AGENT #1

(from memory)

No. I know this is the first for that.

GRANT SYKES

That's 'worst case scenario' if you're still asking for my stab, Sir. A crew who can build bombs this big, with this level of eyes-on control and detonation coordination... has access to Saudi uniforms now...I mean...Baby Jesus.

LEAVITT

Anyone take credit?

Fleury checks from his notes.

FLEURY

Abu Hamza. Saudi Al-Qaeda. Bin-Laden-wanna-be. We know he was in Afghanistan, then moved to Iraq. Now he seems to have come home. He's clearly becoming increasingly active...

ADAM LEAVITT

If it is Hamza, he's definitely turning up the volume over there.

(MORE)

ADAM LEAVITT (CONT'D)

Not to beat a dead horse, Sir, but
if there was ever a time to get
boots on Saudi sand...

Sykes studies Leavitt with what is best described as
substantial skepticism. Fleury circles Sykes' name on his
roster.

JANET MAYES

They can't afford to appear as if
they are losing any kind of
control. They lose control over
their country, their people...then
they risk losing control over the
oil. They won't let us in. No way.

Fleury's P.O.V.: His open folder on the podium. A memo
printed on Department of State letterhead. Pulls the memo,
reads it aloud, calm laced with rage.

RONALD FLEURY

From the State Department, one hour
ago: 'We are in agreement with the
Saudi security assessment that any
additional American presence on
Kingdom soil represents reckless
risk. Therefore it is the Secretary
of State's position that only after
the situation has been evaluated
and contained, should the Federal
Bureau of Investigation activate
Rapid Deployment.'

(folding the memo)

The National Security Advisor and
the Attorney General agreed.

(beat)

I'm going to get us access. Keep
your go bags hot. It's gonna come
fast.

Leavitt stares at Fleury as he moves fast out of the room.

ADAM LEAVITT

(beat)

Well... I guess he's gonna go get
us some access.

(beat)

How's he gonna do that?

Sykes just hard-eyes Leavitt.

32

INT. SAUDI NATIONAL GUARD PRISON - UNKNOWN TIME

32

COLONEL AL-GHAZI, Saudi Police, 45 years-old, mustache as thick as Sykes'. A firecracker-loud crack makes him flinch. He stands in the back of the room, not participating in the interrogation. Just observing. Clearly not happy about what he's observing. *

His POV: The Officer from the second Land Cruiser that rammed the fake and killed those inside, Sergeant Haytham. slab-cuffed and being worked over hard buy a couple of thick-fisted SAUDIS.. Silent tears roll off his cheek, left ear split ghastly. A MAN standing far right of him beats him: the firecracker sound again.

Al-Ghazi looks away, biting his tongue. Obviously wants this over.

In-charge of the interrogation: GENERAL ABDUL MALIK. He doesn't appear sadistic, but very determined to get the truth from Sergeant Haytham by any means necessary. Those distinctions blur easily. Malik gives a 'hold-up' signal. The following exchange in Arabic:

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK
*No falsehoods, Sergeant Haytham.
What was your involvement?*

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
Killing those I saw responsible.

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK
So none could be questioned?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
(puzzled, angry)
I don't understand.

A nod from General Malik: another vicious crack.

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK
You were born and raised in Suweidi-

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
-that is not a crime-

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK
-it should be.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
It's not.

GENERAL ABDUL MALIK
Do you know Abu Hamza?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
I do not.

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK
*Your brother was killed fighting
the Americans. True or false?*

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
I am not my brother.

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK
Your brother--

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
I am NOT my brother!

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK
TRUE or-

Al-Ghazi interrupts.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
He has answered the question.

*

Malik shoots Al-Ghazi a unequivocal SHUT THE FUCK UP hard eye. Then back on Haytham.

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK
*We found six more uniforms than you
were assigned in your possession --
that is a crime: especially when
you consider the Attackers wore our
Uniform...*

Another nod, another crack. Al-Ghazi, flinching, becomes more alert.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
Uniforms?

General Malik in Haytham's face:

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK
Truth!

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
*I sweat. I'll say it again because
it is true. I need more uniforms
because I must change during
shifts...look at my shirts.*

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK
I am not interested in your sweat.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
*-then look at my jackets. Please.
Permanent stains...no matter how
many times they're cleaned...*

Colonel Al-Ghazi grimacing now, leaves the room. *

33 INT. SAUDI NATIONAL GUARD - STORAGE - NEXT MOMENT 33

We follow. Al-Ghazi hustling into an evidence storage room. Searching. Finds a Locker labelled 'Haytham.' Opens it. Pulls out several shirts still in the plastic dry-cleaning sheaths: yellowed, permanent stains on the armpits of each.

34 INT. SAUDI NATIONAL GUARD PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM 34

Al-Ghazi walks back into the room with the shirts, lays them down on the table in front of the General -- all business.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
He's telling the truth.

The only sound for a long, unsettled moment: Sergeant Haytham's labored breathing. Malik looks at the shirts, then Al-Ghazi, hesitates, steps away. *

GENERAL ADBUL-MALIK
*You were injured when you used your
vehicle to protect your country. Do
you understand?*

Al-Ghazi moves in, begins uncuffing Haytham's bloody-raw wrists, hard-eyeing Malik the whole time. These men clearly don't like each other.

35 EXT. SAUDI NATIONAL GUARD PRISON - LATER 35

Al-Ghazi and Haytham sit alone. Al-Ghazi smokes. Haytham looks down at his feet.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Look at me, Haytham.

Haytham slowly looks up at Al-Ghazi. *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D) *
*You saved lives today. I believe
 that. You served your country. I
 believe that.*

HAYTHAM
I love my country.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
I believe that, Haytham...

Haytham Holds Al-Ghazi's eyes a good long beat...

HAYTHAM
I love my country...

Al-Ghazi slow nods.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
 (beat, breaks eye-contact)
*You will have your revenge for what
 needed to be done to assure them
 you weren't involved.*

Haytham never blinks. Eyes hard. Stoic. Clear.

36

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREETS - NOON

36

GRACE looks like a barrel-chested lineman. A four-man security detail behind. He and Ronald Fleury walk side-by-side. Janet Mayes just behind them.

DIRECTOR GRACE
 Everyone's terrified, so nothing moves. Paralysis. You and your team aren't going anywhere.
 (beat)
 And this meeting is just a circle-jerk, Ronnie: Attorney General Young's going to go through the motions because protocol says we get an appeal. We'll be on record, but expect nothing more.

Nothing from Fleury.

DIRECTOR GRACE (CONT'D)
 Can you handle this? Keep your mouth shut when people way above you say things you'll hate?

RONALD FLEURY
(beat)
Yeah, sure. No problem.

DIRECTOR GRACE
(re: Janet)
What about Agent Mayes?

RONALD FLEURY
Ask her.

DIRECTOR GRACE
(to Janet)
What about you?

JANET MAYES
I'll be fine.

37

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL GIDEON YOUNG'S OFFICE - NOON

37

Fleury, Grace and Mayes enter. Handsomely decorated, expansive: a lifetime of notable handshakes framed in black and white. The biggest is a picture of Young and Billy Graham that could be titled, 'lucky for you, we have all the answers.'

Gideon Young sits behind his Federalist-era oak desk: a marathoner's build, a smile too bright-perfect for his age.

Two others in-attendance. A pear-shaped 54 year-old man with a Midwest-honest, ruddy-oval face: Ellis Leach, Assistant Secretary, Bureau of Near Eastern Affairs, Department of State

And a 51 year-old Hispanic woman in conservative Chanel: enough femininity without diminishing toughness: Maricella Canavesio, Deputy National Security Advisor, White House

DIRECTOR GRACE
I apologize if we're late-

GIDEON YOUNG
They were early.

DIRECTOR GRACE
You know Special Agent Fleury?

GIDEON YOUNG
I do.

DIRECTOR GRACE

This is agent Janet Mayes, she's
one of our Arabic experts.

Janet stares at Young, looking mildly in over her head.

GIDEON YOUNG

OK. The latest.

Grace sits, nods to Fleury: you're up...

RONALD FLEURY

Two suicide bombers. Rumors they
were dressed as Saudi Police. We
believe this is the work of Saudi
terrorist named Abu Hamza.

Young just stares at Fleury kind of odd like a kid staring at
a mushroom flavored Popsicle.

GIDEON YOUNG

Go on.

Fleury continues:

RONALD FLEURY

A Shooter crew served as
distraction. After the initial
attack there was a lull to allow
Saudi Emergency Teams...and our own
attaches...to collect. Then a
secondary blast was triggered,
aimed at those first responders. So
they targeted families and rescuers
with one attack.

(mildly sarcastic:)

I think that's a clear signal that
their definition of 'Enemy' is
expanding.

MARICELLA CANAVESIO

My God.

GIDEON YOUNG

Let us never forget how cheap life
is over there. Now...I have seven
minutes before my next meeting, so
who's talking first?

(to Fleury and Grace, slow
like a Kindergarten
teacher:)

You two digested the memo?

Stoic nods from each. Ellis Leach raises his hand, a tone that's worlds away from Young's.

ELLIS LEACH

I'll go first if that's okay
Maricella?
(off her 'yeah, sure' nod)
First, I'm sorry about Fran Manner.

Gideon Young remembers, nods along solemnly.

DIRECTOR GRACE

As we are about Rex Burr.

ELLIS LEACH

I met with Prince Thamer at the Saudi embassy fifteen minutes after I heard this morning's news. After speaking with Thamer, I advised we withhold additional US personnel because a big part of the religious justification for these bombs is the presence of current US personnel. More boots on Saudi soil make an already combustible situation more so. I know that's not the answer you want, but...

Motions to Maricella: the floor is yours.

MARICELLA CANAVESIO

My two cents: The Saudis haven't asked for FBI help. Sounds like they've done just the opposite. If we force the issue, that could further anger an utterly important ally that shares a 1000-mile long border with Iraq.

GIDEON YOUNG

(to Grace and Fleury)
It's all rock-solid logic.

DIRECTOR GRACE

(beat)
We would just like to be on record as saying we think we should go ASAP-

GIDEON YOUNG

That's not going to happen

Young stands: *we're done*. Fleury's look: *that's it?* Young's already collecting his briefcase, jacket-

GIDEON YOUNG (CONT'D)
(mock sincerity to the room:)
-so as we present this to the public, let's - as best we can - try to view this through an FBI Agent's eyes.
(beat...To Grace:)
And please let me know if there's anything else we can do for you.

Meeting seems over. Not quite. Fleury can't keep his mouth shut.

RONALD FLEURY
Sir, how would you imagine it looks viewed through an FBI agents eyes?

GIDEON YOUNG
Pardon me?

RONALD FLEURY
I'm interested in how you think this situation is viewed through our eyes.

Young, eyes on a Republican-gold Rolex, instantly perturbed the meeting isn't ending.

GIDEON YOUNG
It's some variation on vengeance... When one of your own is killed, Agents lose their analytical powers - kind of a greatest strength, greatest weakness thing...

RONALD FLEURY
If I wanted vengeance, I'd have whispered 'Rex Burr' into Ellis's ear right when we walked in.
(beat)

Eyes migrate to Fleury --

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
This isn't Terrorism, ma'am. It's just Serial Murder.

MARICELLA CANAVESIO
What's the distinction?

RONALD FLEURY

To call this massacre an act of terrorism... that implies a specific political agenda. To me, these killings are so futile and unbalanced that they feel utterly sociopathic- more like Charles Manson than Osama Bin Laden...

Fleury looks to Mayes. She clears her throat. Delivers the following with utter precision.

JANET MAYES

(beat, fuck it: Go)

Al Qaeda lost the first phase of this war, so a new, zero-sum phase has begun: if you won't join us, we'll let loose the truly talented Murderers... Abu Hamza. He will kill so many of you that the resulting humiliation of the Saudi Royal Family will cause an exodus, a rebellion, both. Because the Royal Family simply cannot protect you or yours any longer.

Fleury studies Janet with solid respect. He gives Janet a subtle nod: "Nice work."

RONALD FLEURY

When she says talented, she's not talking about the walking-bombs who can sneak past any and all security, nor the hi-jackers tough enough to take an airliner. We're talking about the Man who teaches them how...

JANET MAYES

--the operational commander who organizes, trains, plans, encourages. That is who we're fighting.

RONALD FLEURY

If we don't get inside Saudi Arabia within 36 hours, there is no chance we catch the killer responsible for Al-Rahmah. None.

ELLIS LEACH

Okay. I believe it all. So doesn't your team in that country represent the kind of target one of these 'Masters' would die for? Trade ten of their own for one of you?

RONALD FLEURY

To not engage these criminals out of fear for our personal safety is just another way of saying 'uncle.'

Fleury takes another deep breath.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

I'll say it another way: Evidence starts to go cold after twenty four hours. If we can't get in now, we will not find the man or men responsible for this crime. We couldn't do it at Khobar; we couldn't do it in Yemen; we have barely scratched the surface in Iraq. And we are on verge of not doing it here. They are getting stronger, we are getting weaker. I just lost a very good friend and I would very much like to go and do my job.

Beat.

GIDEON YOUNG

(chuckle)

That was spirited... let's all thank God Special Agent Fleury doesn't make policy decisions. He'd turn the FBI into Patton's Third Army.

Young stands. Fleury contemplates career-ending violence.

38

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

38

Janet, Fleury and Grace walking the rows of seven-foot bronze soldiers. Street-cart hotdogs from foil wrappers.

DIRECTOR GRACE

(to Fleury)

I see the look in your eyes. That look is trouble: old school, play ground shit, vengeance...

RONALD FLEURY

It's not vengeance.

DIRECTOR GRACE

It ain't justice. It's stronger.
We've all been there. I have.
Vengeance is always dirty, Ronnie.

RONALD FLEURY

I just can't sit this out. I can't
watch this not get dealt with. Not
again.

(a beat...)

Know what my high school football
coach used to say to me?

DIRECTOR GRACE

What?

RONALD FLEURY

"HIT SOMETHING." All night long,
Coach Bailey would scream "HIT
SOMETHING." Every play.

DIRECTOR GRACE

That's good coaching.

RONALD FLEURY

I'm fixing to go hit something,
boss. You with me?

DIRECTOR GRACE

How you gonna do it?

RONALD FLEURY

The Saudis covet good PR as much as
their Oil: 15 of 19 hijackers on 9-
11 means most Americans will never
stop asking if that Saudi Oil is
worth it. It's all about press.

DIRECTOR GRACE

Few more moves and it's Total War,
Ronnie. The only time Treason is
palatable is when it's done
righteously and completely...

Fleury digesting Grace's words: moments pass. Then he looks
to Janet.

JANET MAYES

Oh, I'm in...Not a question. I'm
definitely going.

39

INT. LOCAL COFFEE JOINT - 5:30 PM, EST

39

Elaine Flowers, Senior Correspondent, Washington Post: Coffee
amp'd, deep black raccoon eyes - heavy wrinkled khakis.
Fleury sits across from her. We've entered mid-scene:

RONALD FLEURY

What's your take?

ELAINE FLOWERS

Looks like every overthrow in
history: once the guys with the
guns are no longer trustworthy, the
government's days are numbered.

RONALD FLEURY

White House call you with a spin?

ELAINE FLOWERS

You kidding? We don't talk since I
broke the Vice President's guy
cooking dirty intel on Iran. They
hate me. What's up, Fleury?

RONALD FLEURY

How hard you gonna hit the Royal
Family in your column tomorrow?

ELAINE FLOWERS

With a sledgehammer.

RONALD FLEURY

With the bombings? Or other
things...

ELAINE FLOWERS

What's "other" than the bombings?

RONALD FLEURY

I know you're tracking Al Haramain.

ELAINE FLOWERS

Is that what you want to talk
about? Saudi officials making
donations that end up... What?
Blowing up trains in Paris? Buses
in London?

RONALD FLEURY

Sometimes. Seems that just might
happen.

(MORE)

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

We got some other stuff: Missing girls out of a Houston Four Seasons Hotel that was heavily populated by some "Saudi officials." Little things...

Flowers eyes go WIDE. Smiling...

ELAINE FLOWERS

Murder...Hookers...Houston? Can I take some notes?

RONALD FLEURY

I'm not saying that.

ELAINE FLOWERS

Are you saying anything?

RONALD FLEURY

I need a favor.

ELAINE FLOWERS

I don't do favors, Ronnie.

RONALD FLEURY

When it's real and it will be real... I'll come to you with what we have first. It's yours. Exclusive.

ELAINE FLOWERS

OK.

RONALD FLEURY

You call Thamer at the Embassy. Tell him that the FBI is getting real close to laying out some major Saudi VIP indictments relating to newly uncovered charity financing out of a Boston investment firm. We're gonna freeze a lot of Saudi cash and roll out some major embarrassment.

ELAINE FLOWERS

Can I mention Houston?

RONALD FLEURY

It's a free world, baby. Ask him to comment.

ELAINE FLOWERS

He won't.

RONALD FLEURY
Tell him that I'm running the
investigation.

ELAINE FLOWERS
OK.

RONALD FLEURY
Tell him that I'm not the nicest
kid on the block.

ELAINE FLOWERS
That would be accurate.

RONALD FLEURY
I want fifteen minutes with him
tonight.

ELAINE FLOWERS
Wow. OK. And I get what?

RONALD FLEURY
I come to you first. No one else.

ELAINE FLOWERS
What's really going on here,
Ronnie? You going strong over Fran
Manner?

Fleury just stares at her.

RONALD FLEURY
I'm just trying to do my job,
Elaine. That's it. Call Thamer.

ELAINE FLOWERS
I'll see what I can do.

40

EXT. WILLARD HOTEL - WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

40

Frenetic Doorman-Valet ballet. 2 black Suburbans with red-blue diplomatic plates swing onto the round-about. A bald, waif-like 38 year-old Saudi MAN gets out of the lead vehicle.

Fleury waiting outside, eyes on his watch. To Thamer:

RONALD FLEURY
Get back in.

41 INT. DIPLOMATIC SUBURBAN - MOMENTS LATER

41

A big bodyguard sits up front. Fleury sits in back, aims the AC vents his way. Prince Thamer sits next to him. Bright lights from the trail suburban illuminate the interior.

Prince Thamer looks more than a bit baffled.

RONALD FLEURY

Too many people we both know were at the bar. It's a pleasure to meet you, Your Highness.

PRINCE THAMER

I had an interesting conversation with a reporter from the Post.

RONALD FLEURY

She can be a bit of an exaggerator... I'm sure things were somewhat over-stated. I see myself as friend of Saudi Arabia. I just need a little cooperation, that's all.

PRINCE THAMER

What kind of cooperation??

RONALD FLEURY

Full cooperation: my Team cleared to land at Prince Sultan Air Base. Tomorrow. We want to help in a very muscular way, quickly.

PRINCE THAMER

Next month would be as soon as...

Fleury takes a beat.

RONALD FLEURY

This goes one of two ways. First: The FBI with the White House go on the kind of aggressive PR "Saudi Royal Family Decaying Monarchy" bender that just can't help but hurt. Really hurt. And I don't care how many Chinese are lined up to buy the oil. You know it's gonna hurt.

PRINCE THAMER

My family is not decaying-

RONALD FLEURY

And then we bring the hammer down hard as hell: Bust Al Haramain - we got direct links from Riyadh - two wives donating ten million to three Arab-American cultural centers in Boston. Then what gets kind of not-funny is how some of that cash found its way to Jakarta and some Mosques that have these training camps built right next to them. It's kinda funny... you got little kids playing over here, and some not so little kids playing with guns over here. That's kinda odd.

PRINCE THAMER

You have no proof of this.

RONALD FLEURY

We're getting there, Sir. And I haven't even brought up the two girls still missing out of Houston. This is big. It is real. And I know you only care so much about public American opinion, Sir. But the story will be covered... Big...

Thamer is clearly rattled. Fleury is starting to crack this man.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

And this ain't the Metro section. It's above the fold, just below the date. Words like these get syndicated to papers like the Omaha World-Herald, The Terrell Tribune -- You ever been to Terrell, Texas?

PRINCE THAMER

What is your point?

Fleury looks back to him.

RONALD FLEURY

Last I heard, 112 people lost their lives in your country. One of them was a good friend of mine. I want in and I want in immediately.

That's a rock solid answer.

PRINCE THAMER
Define "immediately."

RONALD FLEURY
Right now immediately.

Fleury looks back at the Ambassador. A stare down.

FLEURY
If your phone doesn't work
international, you can borrow mine.

Prince Thamer slowly reaches for his phone as Fleury opens
his door.

FLEURY (CONT'D)
I'll just be right out here.

42 EXT. DIPLOMATIC SUBURBAN - MOMENTS LATER

42

Fleury waiting. Intense.

The window rolls down, Thamer looking up at Fleury.

The following is fast, tight negotiating:

PRINCE THAMER
(trying to maintain cool)
We cannot allow 100 agents-

RONALD FLEURY
-4. With a 25-man security detail-

PRINCE THAMER
-even 25 more armed Americans could
spark rebellion-

RONALD FLEURY
That's too bad.

PRINCE THAMER
Saudi Security. That's non
negotiable. You cannot bring guns
into the Kingdom.

RONALD FLEURY
Men in Saudi Police uniforms are
why we're talking now.

PRINCE THAMER
They would be hand picked.

RONALD FLEURY
Whose hands?

PRINCE THAMER
Mine.

Fleury blinks.

PRINCE THAMER (CONT'D)
Trust me...that's the only hope of
this happening.

FLEURY
If anything happens to me or my
team... It's on you. Understood?

PRINCE THAMER
Cool it with the John Wayne, Mr.
Fleury.

Fleury just stares.

PRINCE THAMER (CONT'D)
You can have a week-

RONALD FLEURY
-seven-day or work-week?

PRINCE THAMER
Work week. Five days. No guns.

Hands shake.

42A EXT. SAUDI SHACK - NIGHT, SAUDI TIME

42A

No "charm." Corrugated tin. A faded blue plywood door. No one
in sight. On the side of the house: a battered satellite
dish...

43 INT. SAUDI SHACK - NIGHT, SAUDI TIME

43

A tiny framed Saudi National flag in the middle of a wall:
green with a white sword underlining script that reads: *There
is no God but Allah.*

No other decoration. The none-too-muffled sounds of traffic:
a lone window overlooking a four-lane boulevard. Then the
Athan (call to prayer) for the *Isha* (last of the five daily
prayers) trumps the traffic noise.

Sergeant Haytham enters, bandaged, blank, then a small smile crosses his face. An old man's weathered voice, in Arabic:

OLD VOICE (O.C.)
Just in time.

Haytham's P.O.V.: His FATHER, glass-frail, lying in a bed, a small TV nearby, on but soundless. Haytham goes into a routine: rolls out two prayer mats, steps to his Father, reaches down to pick him up. His Father readies himself -- stops everything when he sees the bandages up close, the black bruises with outer rings of purple covering 1/2 of his Son's cheek. Looks into his boy's eyes.

HAYTHAM'S FATHER
What happened?

Haytham not returning the gaze, hoists his Father into his arms -- pain shoots up his arms from his damaged wrists.

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
You haven't heard about the attack?

HAYTHAM'S FATHER
*I choose not to listen anymore.
What happened to your face?*

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
(beat)
An attack today.

HAYTHAM'S FATHER
Look at me.

Haytham looks into his father's eyes now. No words. Haytham's eyes well with tears. After a long silence:

HAYTHAM'S FATHER (CONT'D)
*Is this how they now treat the men
who protect them? Can you look at
me? You cannot, can you? Can you
look at yourself?*

Haytham stares at his father.

HAYTHAM'S FATHER (CONT'D)
*You are protecting the true enemies
of God.*

INTERCUT WITH THE HAYTHAM SCENE:

Al-Ghazi sits on pillows on the living room with his WIFE and three DAUGHTERS. A television is on, playing "MAN SAYARBAH AL MILIOUN" the Arabic "Who Wants To Be A Millionaire." Al-Ghazi's children are playing a game with peas, trying to guess which one of his hands Al-Ghazi is hiding the pea. When a girl guesses correctly, he eats a pea.

From outside, we hear the call to prayer. Al-Ghazi and his family all move to prayer mats in his living room.

45 INT. ONE ROOM APARTMENT - SAME 45

Haytham continues carrying his Father to the prayer mats. Gently sets him down, Kneels down himself, carefully rolls his Dad to his stomach. Then stands to help tuck his Father -- in obvious, great arthritic pain -- into a kneeling prayer position.

Kisses his father on the top of his head. And both pray.

46 INT. AL-GHAZI'S HOUSE - SAME 46

Al-Ghazi praying with his family.

47 EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - MIDNIGHT 47

A Load-Master buckling down two paletts of shrink-wrapped gear in the belly of a C-130. Sykes and Leavitt sit on a stack of FBI paletts, their feet gently tapping on battered forensic cases. Mayes approaches from the parking area.

ADAM LEAVITT

(beat, re: Janet)

What was Fran Manner to her?

GRANT SYKES

He taught her how to shoot, she taught him most everything else.

(beat)

Celebrated graduation at the IHOP in-town until some Townie called Janet something...Something not very nice. Townie didn't see Fran coming outta the Head. But he definitely felt Fran's uppercut shatter his jaw.

ADAM LEAVITT
Fran didn't get bounced for that?

Points to Fleury's dirty Jeep arriving.

GRANT SYKES
SAC Fleury took care of him.

ADAM LEAVITT
How?

GRANT SYKES
If I knew how I'd be SAC Sykes. I
do know the post in Riyadh was part
of the deal Fleury cut to save
Fran's career.

Leavitt looks up at Mayes as she gets within ear-shot, plops
down next to them.

ADAM LEAVITT
(beat)
What did SAC Fleury whisper in your
ear this morning?

JANET MAYES
(smart-ass smile)
'Grant's age is a liability.'

The three turn as Fleury approaches. Walking fast, clear
sense of purpose. *

FLEURY
Thanks for volunteering. *

LEAVITT
Actually, I didn't volunteer. *

FLEURY
Thanks anyway. *

LEAVITT
We're going to Riyadh? *

FLEURY
Yup. *

SYKES
State department said yes? *

FLEURY
Nope. *

LEAVITT *
White House said yes? *

FLEURY *
Nope. *

LEAVITT *
Anybody said yes? *

FLEURY *
Not really. *

LEAVITT *
Are we bringing security? *

FLEURY *
Nope. *

Fleury walks onto the plane. Leaving the three on the tarmac. *

LEAVITT *
This is going to suck so bad. *

And the three follow Fleury onto the massive plane. *

48 OMITTED 48

49 **INT. C-130, AIRBORNE - LATER** 49 *

Silent. Just the lull of jet engines. The big, long boring is just beginning.

Janet and Leavitt play Scrabble. Sykes sits nearby. Fleury sits up front, wide awake.

ADAM LEAVITT
What can four people do in five days? Really?

GRANT SYKES
Aren't you the one who demanded to go this morning?

ADAM LEAVITT
I meant the FBI. I didn't mean "me."

Small smile from Leavitt. The Scrabble continues...

ADAM LEAVITT (CONT'D)
(to Janet)
What's it like on the ground?

GRANT SYKES
Mars.

JANET MAYES
I'll be looked at with what I can
only describe as disdain, pretty
much the entire time we're on the
ground... kind of like South
Virginia.

GRANT SYKES
Go easy on my kin.

JANET MAYES
It's a very confused culture.
Extremely religious. Had nothing;
wanted nothing. Sixty years ago,
they hit oil. Simple religious men
become trillionaires... a
schizophrenic nation is born. The
royal family, who we back, and
everyone else.

Intercut with the Scrabble.

50 OMITTED (SEE 42A) THRU 53 50

54 EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT, SAUDI TIME 54

Three-Suburban convoy turns up a driveway, waved past a guard
post bristling with automatic weapons and into the circular
drive of a massive, walled palace. Impersonal wealth. Two
dozen SANG troops on security detail. Two Humvees equipped
with anti-aircraft missiles parked 100 yards apart.

Colonel Al-Ghazi out of the middle Suburban. Frisked by SANG, *

55 INT. IMPERSONAL PALACE - SAME MOMENT 55

Al-Ghazi is passed to a silent, boundless staff holding
serving platters jammed with cups of mint tea. A mammoth
foyer.

PRINCE SA'AD BIN KHALED (Saudi Interior Ministry) steps out from a 20-foot high doorway: nebbish, thin, bloodshot eyes magnified by thick glasses. His hand over his stomach: Napoleon's ulcers. A quick wave to Al-Ghazi.

56

INT. PRINCE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NEXT MOMENT

56

10' X 20' gold/glass desk over a 50' X 50' rug in a 100' X 100' marble room. Al-Ghazi greets the Prince formally: kiss the right shoulder near the clavicle. The Prince's tongue chalk-white for some reason. In Arabic:

PRINCE BIN KHALED

Four FBI Agents will be allowed to land at Prince Sultan Air Base this evening.

Al-Ghazi: more than mild shock.

PRINCE BIN KHALED (CONT'D)

General Abdul-Malik, Chief of Investigative Services for the National Guard has been put in-charge of solving this crime.

Clearly not sitting well with Al-Ghazi.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

I know the General. I attended his interrogation of one of my men.

(beat, putting it kindly:)

The General does not have investigative experience.

*

PRINCE BIN KHALED

Attackers wore YOUR uniform. Police Uniforms. Some of your men may have been involved with this Cell, may still be involved. You're lucky to have a role at all.

Al-Ghazi silent. The Prince pulls an anti-acid tablet, puts it in his mouth: that's why his tongue is chalk-white.

PRINCE BIN KHALED (CONT'D)

And your role will be critically important: make sure the Americans leave our country as alive as when they arrive. Five days they will be our guests. Understood?

57 INT. C-130 - NIGHT

57

Final descent beginning. More stars above than lights below. Landing in the middle of nowhere. Sykes sitting near Fleury, getting his game-face on.

GRANT SYKES
What's going on in there?

RONALD FLEURY
(getting his bearings)
I'm good.

Sykes puts his hand on Fleury's chest.

GRANT SYKES
Feels like you got a beast in there, Fleury.

RONALD FLEURY
(beat)
I'm good

GRANT SYKES
"Good" is 6:00 am Sunday morning when your kid climbs into your bed, buries himself into you... sun's creeping through the windows - soft. Birds and wind-chimes... that's "good."

A BEAT as Fleury looks at Sykes.

RONALD FLEURY
I'm OK...You don't think I'm OK?

GRANT SYKES
(small smile)
I think you're not entirely clear right now. That's OK, but you got to know that. You want to go - we go. I got you, but you got to check yourself.

RONALD FLEURY
I'm checked.

GRANT SYKES
OK. I'm just checking that you checked.

Fleury stands up.

57A INT. C-130 COCKPIT - NIGHT, SAUDI TIME 57A

Fleury pops his head into the cockpit. Two AIRFORCE PILOTS sit at the controls.

RONALD FLEURY
How we doing?

PILOT #1
About a half hour out.

RONALD FLEURY
They gonna let us land?

PILOT #1
We've been talking to them about an hour or so... they know we're coming.

RONALD FLEURY
Good.

PILOT #1
You don't mind my asking, but what the hell you all gonna be doing down there?

RONALD FLEURY
Hunting...

PILOT #1
Hunting...? I think of hunting, I think quail in Tennessee, deer in Pennsylvania. What kind of hunting you all gonna do in Saudi?

RONALD FLEURY
Big Game hunting.

58 EXT. MASSIVE, CLOSED DOWN MILITARY COMPLEX - NIGHT 58

PRINCE SULTAN AIR BASE, SAUDI ARABIA. Our C-130 touches down smooth on Saudi soil.

59 INT. C-130 CARGO HOLD - NIGHT, SAUDI TIME 59

Engines winding down to nothing. The team standing, slinging bags over their shoulders. Groggy but pumped. Fleury looks at his team, last bit of advice before game-time.

RONALD FLEURY
Heads on a swivel.

60

EXT. PRINCE SULTAN AIRBASE - NIGHT, SAUDI TIME

60

The cargo door locks into place on Saudi tarmac. Fleury and the Team outside the plane now, bags dropped at their feet. 90 degrees even this late. Look-up: light washing over a small, formal Saudi military team in front of two caskets draped in American flags, and a small convoy of bullet-proof black Suburbans. Adam Leavitt will never forget this first glimpse of Saudi Arabia: surreal. Tears in Janet's eyes as she glimpses the caskets.

Colonel Al-Ghazi steps up, offers his hand to Fleury. Fleury and Al-Ghazi shake: *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Colonel Al-Ghazi. *

RONALD FLEURY
Special Agent Ronald Fleury. *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
(beat: the caskets)
Your two fallen comrades, Mr. Manner and Mr. Burr. *

Three men multi-task hustle to forklifts, start them up. Into the cargo hold, pulling out paletts. Things moving orderly-fast now. The Americans just kind of step back, dazed.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
Passports and credentials. Please. *

Sergeant Haytham, driving one of the suburbans, steps forward with kevlar vests for our crew.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
Thank you to keep these on whenever you are outside of Al-Rahmah. *

JANET MAYES
We brought our own.

The crew hits their bags, pulls out their vests.

Another OFFICER checks each team member's FBI badge and passport. Stops at Leavitt's: an Israeli stamp on his passport. Leavitt's quick:

ADAM LEAVITT
Israeli stamp in my passport?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
(in Arabic to the Officer)
That is not our concern.

*

Al-Ghazi takes the passports and badges, hands them back.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
I'm also to collect your sidearms.

*

This is like handing over your first-born. Fleury goes first. Haytham puts each weapon in a padded case.

GRANT SYKES
And I usually just toss it on the
kitchen table...

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
(small smile)
If each of you would please get
into the middle vehicle.

*

61 INT. MIDDLE SUBURBAN, RIYADH SUBURBS - NIGHT

61

The speedometer at 110 m.p.h. Haytham navigates with his left hand. Prayer beads hang from the rearview mirror. Al-Ghazi in the passenger seat, right hand rubbing another set of prayer beads down to nubs. The team in the back rows: all staring at the prayer beads on the mirror.

JANET MAYES
(whispering to Leavitt)
Wouldn't need the power a' prayer
if there were 2 hands on the wheel.

ADAM LEAVITT
110 miles per hour... How do you
keep so calm? I mean, really? Is
it breathing--

JANET MAYES
--Shhhh....

RONALD FLEURY
If somebody was tailing us it'd be
obvious. This is just standard
operating speed.

Al-Ghazi on the edge of his seat, no belt, scanning for threats: sidewalks, traffic, rooftops.

His left hand hand wrapped around the stock of an Mp-5 machine gun. Fleury takes in a deep breath: let's see who this guy is.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
Colonel, have you ever been to the
US?

*

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
I have been there only once. I
spent four days at Quantico... I
saw your Michael Jordan play for
the Washington Wizards.

*

Small laughs.

RONALD FLEURY
You don't know what you missed...
you should have seen him play for
our Chicago Bulls.

Fleury nods to Sykes, giving him the go to start in with the Bad Cop. Throughout the following exchange, we stay TIGHT ON FLEURY: in control, using Sykes to ask the questions he "diplomatically" does not want to ask.

GRANT SYKES
You have portable lights on-scene?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
(loses his smile)
Yes. But your team cannot work
nights.

*

Janet looks to Leavitt, then Fleury: 'what did he say?'
Fleury looks to Sykes, 'Keep going...'

GRANT SYKES
We only have *seven* days: we work
around the clock.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Five days. And you are not safe at
night.

*

GRANT SYKES
We're safe during the day?

Fleury is about to step in when-

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
(in Arabic, shocking)
WATCH IT-SLOW!

*

A truck 200 yards ahead in the middle of an abrupt U-turn. Over the median. Dust cloud. Heading back our way. Something big in the truck's bed. Our vehicle shimmies as Al-Ghazi flinches, drops his prayer beads. Mp-5 up to the Colonel's sight-line, muzzle tracking the truck. Leavitt leans away from his window as the vehicles pass: streetlights show two farmers, a camel sitting in the bed. Missed their left turn.

*

A long, nearly comical moment.

ADAM LEAVITT
(smartass)
I don't like camels.

*

Fleury cycling through different angles. Continues:

RONALD FLEURY
Colonel, do you believe Abu Hamza was responsible for this attack?

*

*

*

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
We don't know.

*

*

RONALD FLEURY
Were Saudi Police involved in the attack?

*

*

*

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
We don't know that either.

*

*

RONALD FLEURY
Any word on what that third big blast was?

*

Al-Ghazi getting tired of the questions: exhausted himself.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Not yet.

*

GRANT SYKES
You interviewed witnesses?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
(short-fuse burning)
We're trying. No one who was close enough to see the things we would like to know, lived.

*

GRANT SYKES
Were any of the uniformed bombers brother-officers?

No answer.

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)

Do you know yet?

No answer. Team feeling the tension. Fleury steps in and takes charge.

RONALD FLEURY

You don't know the source of the blast, don't know if your own Officers were involved, but you won't let us work nights?

Al-Ghazi stanches an explosion. Haytham looks over at his Colonel: rarely ever seen him like this. Looks in the rear-view mirror to see Sykes, the man giving the Colonel fits. Sykes catches him looking back, gives him a quick wink into the mirror. TIGHT ON Haytham's face: the guilty little smile you give when someone takes your boss to task.

*
*

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

47 of my 'brother-officers' were blown into hundreds of pieces that will take months to collect. 80,000 Officers total, across the country, at four uniforms apiece. Thousands of people who can sew forgeries. Apologies that I don't have definitive answers.

(beat)

You're still not working nights.

*

Fleury stays quiet, studying, calculating, thinking: we got a Handler that's going to be tough to handle.

62 OMITTED 62

63 INT. GIDEON YOUNG'S OFFICE - EVENING RUSH HOUR, EST 63

Director Grace already sits in front of Young's desk.

DIRECTOR GRACE

Good afternoon, Sir.

Young says nothing, just pulls a memo from his bag, clears his throat -- still no eye-contact -- reads aloud like a poor man's Orson Welles:

GIDEON YOUNG

'Sunlight is indeed the most powerful disinfectant.

(MORE)

GIDEON YOUNG (CONT'D)

In that spirit I come before this
Judiciary Committee with a painful
admission.

(beat)

Simply: I've lost all confidence in
the FBI, especially it's uppermost
echelon. Entrenched and outmoded,
the Leadership has shown itself
fearful of the pioneering thought
this Committee and I have tried to
imbue. It is thus an Agency at
contretemps, hindering our every
effort.' And by 'Committee' I mean
the fucking SENATE SELECT COMMITTEE
ON TERROR...

Young finally makes eye contact: expecting something like
fear, remorse, back-peddaling...

DIRECTOR GRACE

Senators? Then I'd change
'outmoded' to 'outdated,'
'echelons' to 'ranks' and what in
God's name is 'contretemps?' These
guys aren't the best and brightest-

Young's face flashes red, seething:

GIDEON YOUNG

-never take the Lord's name in vain
in this office-

DIRECTOR GRACE

-but you can say 'Fucking?'

Young apoplectic now: ready to end the Director right there,
when Grace leans in, lets the vague threat of physical
contact manifest.

DIRECTOR GRACE (CONT'D)

You're going to the Senate Select
Committee, but not to the President
who appointed you. Why's that?

(beat)

I bet the President wasn't the
audience you thought he'd be: I'll
bet he realized you can't have
Voters asking why the second-
longest serving FBI Director gets
fired for doing his job, for
sending Agents into Saudi Arabia,
seven months from mid-term
elections-

GIDEON YOUNG
-you really want to bet?

Grace snaps his ID badge off his lapel, puts it on the table.

DIRECTOR GRACE
I do.

Young's pallor tells us his bluff has been called. Goes silent. Grace smells it, finishes him now:

DIRECTOR GRACE (CONT'D)
Westmoreland made all us Officers write our own obituaries during Tet, when it looked like the Cong were going to end it all right there. Once we clued-in that life was finite, the loss of it no longer scared us: the end comes no matter what, it's just a question of how you want to go out: on your feet or on your knees. After that, we went out and pulled triggers until barrels melted. And Vietnam lasted another seven years.

(beat)

The lesson extends to this career: I ACT, knowing the end of this job will come, no matter what. You should do the same.

Grace waits: nothing else from Young. Stands, snaps his ID badge back on his lapel, walks out.

DIRECTOR GRACE (CONT'D)
I'll forward Fleury's reports.

64 EXT. OUTSIDE AL-RAHMAH HOUSING COMPLEX - NIGHT, SAUDI TIME 64

The convoy brakes impossibly close to a checkpoint. Waved through perimeters staffed by SANG and Police. Fatigues, automatic rifles, peering at the tinted windows.

65 INT. MIDDLE SUBURBAN - NEXT MOMENT

65

Crew arrives at a crime-scene that spans the immediate horizon. White tents with SANG sitting under each. Industrial lights outline shattered buildings, idle heavy equipment, bombed-out automobiles. TIGHT ON MAYES looking out.

JANET MAYES

That's one of the great horrors of television: Crime scene manipulation. They say a TV camera adds pounds to actresses. Isn't that what they say?

ADAM LEAVITT

Who's "they?"

JANET MAYES

That is what they say. Doesn't add to crime scenes. Television cameras shrink them. Misrepresent. No smells. Poor sound. Limited view. TV always makes them look smaller. You can't feel the hatred on television.

TIGHT ON FLEURY: Quiet and focused, taking everything in.

FLEURY

...heads on a swivel, people.

66 EXT. AL-RAHMAH COMMUNITY CENTER - NEXT MOMENT

66

Two more security perimeters of SANG surround the Community Center: blinding portable lights, heavy machine guns mounted in the backs of Humvees track the convoy as it comes to a stop: every troop on-guard. The Team tentatively exits: 100 pairs of glares from heavily-armed SANG.

Soldiers descend on the Teams' bags, paletts of equipment. Long leers at Janet: not so much 'sexual' as 'wary.' Janet goes for her own bag. Haytham goes for it at the same time. Their hands accidently touch. Haytham pulls back fast, embarrassed.

JANET MAYES

EASY.

Janet notices the nasty marks around Haytham's right ear.

67 INT. AL-RAHMAH COMMUNITY CENTER - NEXT MOMENT

67

*

Florescent lights make it ugly. Haytham dumps duffel-bags by their bunks, SANG stack steel travel-boxes from the paletts inside. No windows, AC cranked to 'coldest.' Americans sealed-in - in the name of comfort.

Janet's area made obvious with a floral partition. She immediately folds it, puts it into a corner. Haytham watches her undo his work.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
The bathrooms are through that door. I will be here tomorrow morning so we can begin.

*

FLEURY
What time tomorrow morning?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Sunrise.

*

RONALD FLEURY
What time is sunrise?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
(beat)
When I knock.

*

Al-Ghazi and Haytham leave. The doors close behind them, then the sound of a key turning in a lock. The Americans look on, half-disbelief, half-comedy: locking us in.

GRANT SYKES
That's against fire code.

JANET MAYES
They don't have fire codes. They don't have codes other than codes of war. They'll lock us in and dial up some kind of earth movers if they want to. You know that, Sykes. Dig a big hole and push us in. Fill it up and no one comes calling. You're in the jungle now, baby.

Silence as the crew digests this odd little verbal outage.

ADAM LEAVITT
(smiling)
You alright, girl?

JANET MAYES
Watch it, boy.

ADAM LEAVITT
Just asking...

JANET MAYES
Unpack.

Everyone hits their own bags first.

FLEURY
(to himself)
Saudi slow roll...

Fleury pulls out his laptop, wakes it up from sleep mode.
Eyes a photo of Kevin on his desktop, picks up the phone.

LYLA FLEURY
(on phone)
Hello?

RONALD FLEURY
Hey... How are you? How's my boy?

LYLA FLEURY
We're just fine. How are you?
Where are you?

RONALD FLEURY
I'm here...
(quick beat)
Lemme talk to my boy.

A BEAT as Lyla passes the phone to Kevin.

KEVIN FLEURY (O.S.)
Daddy?

FLEURY
What you doing?

KEVIN FLEURY (O.S.)
I'm talking to you. What are you
doing right now, Daddy? Right now?

FLEURY
I'm missing you.

KEVIN FLEURY (O.S.)
Where are you?

FLEURY
I'm in Saudi Arabia.

KEVIN FLEURY (O.S.)
Did you see Big Fran?

A Beat...

FLEURY
Yeah... I saw him...
(PAUSE)
I saw him.

KEVIN FLEURY (O.S.)
Is he still tall?

FLEURY
Yeah... Yeah...he's still tall.

Silence... as Fleury takes a beat to collect himself.□

KEVIN FLEURY (O.S.)
Daddy? Are you still there?

FLEURY
Yeah, buddy. I love you. Keep your
eye on your mama. Be the man.

KEVIN FLEURY (O.S.)
You, too Daddy.

FLEURY
I'll call you tomorrow. I love you.

KEVIN FLEURY (O.S.)
Bye, Daddy.

Fleury begins unpacking.

68

EXT. AL-RAHMAH COMMUNITY CENTER - 4:30 AM

68

Pre-dawn: Eight black suburbans parked on the side street:
waiting. The doors of the first four open in-unison. 20 Arab,
suited SECURITY GUARDS exit.

Al-Ghazi unlocks the door to the compound: the team stands
dressed, waiting. CLOSE-UP: The Team steps out to see
massive, organized security.

From one of the vehicles exits a middle aged AMERICAN -
sweating a bit, hanging back, watching. This is US Deputy
Chief of Mission, the Embassy's second-in-command: DAMON
SCHMIDT.

Another 100 Security CONTRACTORS remain vigilant: SNIPERS on
roof-tops, in machine-gun nests.

Schmidt approaches Fleury.

SCHMIDT
(big smile)
You are in so much trouble.

FLEURY
Is that right?

SCHMIDT
For sure. I mean, I don't know how you did it. Nice work, but if you live through this, which I put at about fifty percent - if you do, your balls are gonna get stretched and beaten on. Dig that?

Fleury stares at this freak show. Schmidt sticks out a paw.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Damon Schmidt. State Department.
I'm in charge of getting you out of here.

PRINCE BIN KHALED and his INNER-CIRCLE exit a Suburban and approach: All in traditional dress. The Prince locks eyes with Fleury.

IN THE BG, forklifts rumble-hiss to life, placing Jersey barriers around the community center.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Don't let go of his hand first.
Major disrespect.

One of the inner-circle, without a word, takes off the FBI-emblazoned windbreaker worn by Leavitt and places it on a short-sleeved Janet. Careful not to touch skin.

Only then does Prince Bin Khaled approach. A lone PHOTOGRAPHER follows: snapping pictures. Different definitions of personal space: four inches separation as Bin Khaled greets each Team member in accented English. Janet last: the pictures suddenly stop. The Prince gives a little curtsy, no words, steps back to Fleury: the pictures re-start. Bin Khaled holds Fleury's hand sixth-grade boyfriend-style.

PRINCE BIN KHALED
(in Arabic)
*This is our level of commitment to
bringing Terrorists to justice:*

Motions to the Americans. No more unflattering a portrait: pre-coffee, post-twelve hour flight, hours unpacking...

As the cameras start flashing. Angle on Al-Ghazi and Haytham placed to stand next to the Americans. Haytham clearly not comfortable with this kind of attention.

PRINCE BIN KHALED (CONT'D)

We've invited American legal officials into our Kingdom despite current difficulties between the US and Islam. They will observe our advanced investigative techniques, offering helpful hints.

(to Fleury in English)

You will please honor me with your presence tonight at my home.

(beat, a stunted nod)

Yes.

The Prince turns back to the convoy. Entire entourage follows. One of the Security Contractors catches the jacket Janet hurls back at him, tosses it to Leavitt. Convoy gone. The team turns: 100 glares again. Fleury blinks out the camera flashes, takes in all the eyeballs.

Fleury looks up at a retreating Damon Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

Nice pictures. You guys ready to go home now?

Dead eyes from Fleury. He's clearly not amused.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

OK. If you change your minds, I got a plane fueled up and ready to go - got your name all over it...

He points a finger gun at Fleury.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Strap your kevlar on tight, people.

SCHMIDT takes off. Sykes by Fleury.

GRANT SYKES

Slow roll... gonna be like when you go deep sea fishing in Florida and you pay seven hundred bucks for the boat and you sit in the ocean for hours and the crew jumps around and screams and points and you think your constantly about to bag a Marlin but you never do and they keep pointing and jumping and-

FLEURY

Enough.

Haytham walks off by himself, shaking off the shady Royal photo vibe, looking back at the Americans. From behind him:

POLICE OFFICER

You're willing to die to protect
your enemy?

Haytham turns. An older POLICE OFFICER stands with a GROUP of SANG twenty feet behind him, eyeing Haytham.

Back to Fleury: he looks to Al-Ghazi.

RONALD FLEURY

What did the Prince say?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

(beat)

That there are more rules than just
not working at night.

RONALD FLEURY

What rules?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

You are here as observers. Not
investigators.

Fleury tries to remain cool.

RONALD FLEURY

That's not accurate--

Al-Ghazi ignores Fleury.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

--I need to make sure the sites are
secure. Then you can begin
observing.

Leavitt looks around at the Security as Al-Ghazi hustles off:

ADAM LEAVITT

(to Fleury)

How could they get more secure?

The Team slowly realizes they're not going anywhere yet, dump their bags in a pile, already disgusted.

In the distance, the group of SANG stare back at our team.

68A INT. LOCATION UNKNOWN - TIME UNKNOWN 68A

Hold on an empty 2' X 1' X 6" balsa wood box set on a dirty linoleum floor.

Ancient hands line the balsa wood box with bricks of putty-gray plastic explosive. We immediately notice the right hand is missing the index and middle fingers. The hands insert bright-red blasting caps into the explosives, lengths of detonating-wire emanating from each cap.

Another set of stronger, younger, in-tact hands gently pours a mixture into the box now. Ball bearings, children's jacks, marbles, razor blades, roofing nails. Everything malevolent densities and angles. Some pieces bounce out, run along the floor. The younger hands then start pressing/molding the pieces of soon-to-be shrapnel into the putty-gray plastic explosives.

68B EXT. AL-RAHMAH COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER 68B

Al-Ghazi and General Malik stand outside.

The Athan sounds for *Dhuhr*.

100 soldiers immediately drop to their knees.

69 INT. AL-RAHMAH COMMUNITY CENTER HOOPS COURT - 9:00 AM 69

TIGHT ON FLEURY: focused, Thinking. Sykes next to him.

O.C. The Athan sounds again for *Dhuhr*.

SYKES

Well, this is going well...

FLEURY

Saudi Slow Roll.

Sykes and Fleury lean against the locked door, staring at the pathetic sight before them: Janet's truly awful jumper... that somehow swishes every time. Before she lands, cocky and smooth:

JANET MAYES

Good.

Then the metallic swish of the all-weather net. Leavitt boxes out air for the non-existent rebound, grabs the ball, chest-passes it Great Santini-hard back to Janet who softly sucks in the pass. Playing in their cargo pants and hiking boots.

LEAVITT

How do you do that?

Janet gently bounce-passes it back:

JANET MAYES

Check.

LEAVITT

Don't say 'good' again.

Janet takes the check from Leavitt: before he can react, she drains a 30-footer. Same cockiness, different word:

JANET

Bueno.

Fleury with Sykes still standing in the same spot. Looks up: Al-Ghazi coming into the building. Fleury ready to vent until something surprises him: breathless, Al-Ghazi has broken a wide-sweat hustling back to the Americans. Fleury's face relaxes. He pulls a bottle of water out of a cooler, hands it to Al-Ghazi.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

I am sorry for the time.

(beat)

You won't need you gear.

*

Fleury can't help a small smile.

FLEURY

(to Sykes, himself)

Of course we won't.

70

EXT. AL-RAHMAH - MOMENTS LATER

70

Hands in pockets. Soak in the aftermath: shallow but wide crater, shredded backstop, nearby buildings torn, blood baked into dirt. Fifteen cars.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (O.C.)

The remaining rules: you cannot touch evidence, question anyone without me present, touch Muslim dead, or leave my sight at anytime: your safety is my primary concern.

*

FLEURY

I would have thought your primary concern was investigating a crime.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

And you would be mistaken.

*

Sykes looks over to Fleury. Crooked smile.

SYKES

(to Fleury)

I think it's one of those "something happens to us... his head comes off" kind of deals.

(to Al-Ghazi)

Is it one of those kind of deals, Colonel?

*

Al-Ghazi ignores Sykes.

FLEURY

So, if you're not running the investigation...who is?

Al-Ghazi motions to 50 MEN in uniforms different than his: SANG troops digging, bagging evidence, marking the scene with red-flags.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

The National Guard's Military Police Brigade is conducting the investigation. My orders begin and end with your health.

*

The Team: so we're on Tour. Fleury still silent.

ADAM LEAVITT

I thought the SANG were soldiers--

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

--the bombers didn't wear a soldier's uniform. They wore mine.

*

Fleury finally speaks, asking the most important question:

RONALD FLEURY

Who is in charge of the investigation then?

Al-Ghazi points to a Man we've seen before, General Abdul-Malik. Haytham's Interrogator. He pours over a table 20 feet away: maps, blueprints, utility schematics spread before him.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
General Abdul-Malik. He's given us
permission to walk through each
crime-scene.

*

RONALD FLEURY
To walk through? Are you kidding
me?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
I am not.

*

Starting to get heated.

RONALD FLEURY
Get him over here now and let's
clarify this situation.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
There is no lack of clarification.

*

RONALD FLEURY
There sure as hell is! I don't know
what kind of game you're playing
but you got the wrong guy, Colonel
Al-Ghazi! That was not the deal-

*

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
(getting hot)
This is not a game show, Mr.
Fleury! There are no deals made
here. There is me telling you what
you may or may not do and there is
you doing it.

*

Beat. As Al-Ghazi stabilizes...

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
You will be permitted to walk
through the crime scenes. When we
have determined that it is safe.

*

A stand off. Fleury eyes Al-Ghazi. Trying to figure this guy
out.

Sees something that looks like a flash of embarrassment in Al-
Ghazi's eyes: unable to perform his profession, relegated to
Tour Guide. Leavitt begins taking notes. Haytham sees his
notebook, snaps his fingers at Al-Ghazi who looks, nods: let
him.

RONALD FLEURY
OK.

Fleury tight-grins. Looks off. In one of the apartments, he sees a PERSON looking down at them from behind a curtain.

He tries a new tactic.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
How have you guys been doing with
the witnesses?

AL-GHAZI
What witnesses?

Al-Ghazi just stares at Fleury.

FLEURY
I'm guessing there are a bunch of
Americans, Brits... Australians?
Someone must have seen something.
I'm sure they're just dying to talk
to you guys, seeing as how the
killers were wearing your uniforms.
That must be a real confidence
booster for them.

Al-Ghazi silent, staring.

FLEURY (CONT'D)
Let me talk to them.

Al-Ghazi looks unsure. He was not expecting this.

71 EXT. RIPON FAMILY HOME 71

Fleury and Al-Ghazi walk up the front walk. Fleury noticing kids bikes, hockey gear, a comfortable easy chair covered in fur outside on the front porch, toy guns.

72 INT. RIPON FAMILY HOME - MOMENTS LATER 72

Fleury sits with the RIPONS: EARL (40s) JANINE, his wife (30s), and MADDY, Earl's mother (late 60s). Earl sits on an ugly couch, a plywood sheet right above their heads. Everyone uneasy save the CAT in Maddy's lap. Fleury waves off a bottle of water from Janine. Al-Ghazi hovers awkwardly by the front door.

AWKWARD INTERVIEW:

EARL
There's still a couple of hundred
of us living on the compound.

RONALD FLEURY
Why Saudi Arabia?

A moment as Earl and Janine get a bit defensive:

EARL
Neither of us did anymore schooling
than Electra High, Electra Texas.

RONALD FLEURY
OK.

Al-Ghazi sees Janine smile, squeeze Earl's hand tighter.

EARL
And the jobs here pay twice what
you'd make in Midland or the Gulf
a' Mexico. Plus the house is free.

Earl's mother Maddy looks at Fleury, pets the cat.

JANINE RIPON
I call it combat pay. This place
has gone Guns - Guns - Guns.

RONALD FLEURY
So has Everyone else now.

JANINE
My girlfriends in Texas spend their
combat pay on diamonds... I spent
mine on a safe room.

RONALD FLEURY
(chuckles)
Two nights back. Can you start one
second before you knew anything was
wrong?

JANINE
We didn't really see anything. Just
hit the ground and hustled to the
safe room. Closed our eyes and
prayed. It was so fast. So loud.

RONALD FLEURY
So you really didn't see anything.

MADDY
I hit the deck. Horrible.

JANINE
Not 'til after. Just the screams--

EARL

-- the kids... they were screaming.
That got me out of the house. Those
kids.

FLEURY

Which kids were those?

JANINE

The Jackson kids. Tracy Jackson
next door was murdered looking out
her window...front of her children.
No safe room over there...
(right at Al-Ghazi)
Not even the Men that did this
should die in front a' their
babies.

Fleury lets moments pass. Earl rubs his wife's leg, trying to
comfort her. Al-Ghazi hides emotion.

RONALD FLEURY

She live with her husband?

EARL

Aaron.

RONALD FLEURY

(beat)
If I'm facing your house, is the
Jackson home to the right or left?

JANINE

Left.

Fleury looks out the window towards the Jackson house.

73

EXT. JACKSON HOME - SAME MOMENT

73

Next door to the Ripons. Fleury knocks. Door opens: a sad MAN
with black bags under dying eyes. Disgusted-resigned breath
through a half-open mouth. Silver watch and Polo insignia...
sees Al-Ghazi, eyes come alive, teeth grit.

RONALD FLEURY

Mr. Aaron Jackson?

AARON JACKSON

(re: Al-Ghazi)
Get him away from me-

RONALD FLEURY
-easy, Sir. He's a friend to us-

AARON JACKSON
-I don't know either one a' you.

RONALD FLEURY
I'm Special Agent Ronald Fleury of
the FBI. This is Colonel Al-Ghazi
with the Saudi State Police-

*

AARON JACKSON
-the Police: they attacked.

Al-Ghazi quietly backs away, walks away. Fleury looks after him, turns back to Mr. Jackson who stares after Al-Ghazi: hate. Fleury unsure what to do next.

AARON JACKSON (CONT'D)
I just put my boys down for the
first time in two days. I can't
wake 'em and sure as hell can't be
gone if they stir on their own.

RONALD FLEURY
Can I come back?

AARON JACKSON
(too loud)
WHY?

RONALD FLEURY
Your boys...

Jackson remembers the warning he just spoke...

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
To ask about two nights ago.

Fresh tears re-animate his face:

AARON JACKSON
When my wife's jaw was shot off in
front of our sons? My sons who sat
with her while she bled to death?
Couldn't speak because she didn't
have the bottom of her face and I
wasn't home and my baby boys are
destroyed for life and my five year-
old had a box of band-aids in his
hand when I finally got home?

Silence outside of Mr. Jackson's sobbing. Fleury sick to his stomach. Desperate to let this man alone. No eye contact.

RONALD FLEURY

...I won't pretend to know...

Aaron Jackson settles, wipes away tears, appreciates the honesty. Then bites back into his rage:

AARON JACKSON

Kill everyone that had something to do with this. Everyone related to them. Everyone who knew them.

(beat)

And all you'd be doing is their recruiting for them... It's an entire generation: not small and isolated like they say. But a generation that thinks what they did to my wife, to my children, is a "calling"...

RONALD FLEURY

Up the street, there was a wreck, did you see any-

AARON JACKSON

-notice how it wouldn't take a lot to disguise your friend

(points to Al-Ghazi)

as a Mexican? Think he couldn't handle crossing our deserts? Look around!

RONALD FLEURY

Aaron-

AARON JACKSON

(explodes)

-LET ME FINISH GOD DAMN YOU-

A child's scream from inside. Piercing. Scary. Jackson goes red, clenched fists, steps to Fleury who takes an instinctive step backward, guard-up. Jackson stops, spins back inside. A door slam that rattles the plywood sheet covering the shattered window. The screams become night terror shrieks.

A LONG, SAD BEAT, as Fleury and Al-Ghazi stand alone in front of the Jackson house.

RONALD FLEURY
 (to Al-Ghazi)
 Can we tour the compound? Can we
 please do that?

Slow nod from Al-Ghazi.

75 EXT. BOMB SITE - LATER

75

The team tours the site.

As they fan out. They walk casually, but focused through the first bomb site. An inquisitive Mayes, already peering into a mostly in-tact car, halfway out of its parking spot. Al-Ghazi and Haytham watch the Americans like mother-hens.

JANET MAYES
 He or she almost made it.

Fleury steps, looks inside: blood and safety glass coat the seat. Janet points to keys in the ignition: still at the 'on' position. Then the stick-shift, pulled to the back right: reverse. The shift-knob bloody...

JANET MAYES (CONT'D)
 (beat, quieter)
 Makes me think of the Trade Centers
 -- the people on the floors above
 the impacts -- no matter how fast
 or strong or smart you are, if
 you're in the wrong spot, 'it' will
not let you get away.

FLEURY
 That's what makes this a War.

Sykes notices something on the ground... he picks up a military detonator, discretely hands it over to Fleury. Fleury quietly pockets it.

76 EXT. THIRD BLAST SITE - MOMENTS LATER

76

Structures 100 feet away look like they've been hit with a God-sized sawed-off. The crater: 25-feet wide, 7-feet deep. Blackened frames and bits of vehicles circle the crater. The bottom of the crater filled with water. A syphon-pump works overtime. No SANG Investigators around.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (O.C.)
 About one hour into the rescue.

*

ADAM LEAVITT
Hit a water main?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
No -- from the tanks of this fire
engine: that's the water that
didn't evaporate in the blast.

Al-Ghazi points to a mass of black metal: looks like a fire
truck the way a Jackson Pollock looks like the Mona Lisa.
Leavitt and Grant stand back. Quiet:

GRANT SYKES
(eyes on Fleury)
Hole is the case. See, there's
"evidence" down in that hole. You
understand evidence? Little things
that are "clues." Clues can be very
helpful to a fella when he's trying
to solve a crime.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
I understand that.

GRANT SYKES
Glad to hear it. So can we get in
there?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
No.

Sykes holds Al-Ghazi's gaze. Smiles.

GRANT SYKES
OK.

Fleury is taking in the entire crime scene. He notices a four
story building half a mile off the perimeter.

He watches Al-Ghazi rip at a chunk of floorboard wedged into
the mud, bag it himself, search for someone to give it too.
Nobody. Sets it down. Stands, wipes his hands hard on his
pants. Fleury could swear the dirt stains are intentional:
trying to feel like he's doing something.

77

EXT. DESERTED STREET, AL-RAHMAH - MOMENTS LATER

77

The Land Cruiser Haytham rammed - driver's side crushed,
bullet holes, out-of-control skid-marks, asphalt scars from
the snapped drive shaft...

Fleury is moving around the scene, restaging the shoot out. Instantly lining up the angles.

Leavitt's taking digital snaps of the shattered Land Cruiser. Through the viewfinder: the caved-in door. Two snaps.

A SANG passes Adam, his gun aimed a touch high.

ADAM LEAVITT
(to Fleury)
A little high...

FLEURY
(to SANG, "Lower," in
Arabic)
Watt-tee...

ADAM LEAVITT
Watt-tee fuck (alt: "Watt-tee
hell...") is his gun doing up so
high?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
(to Fleury)
This vehicle was stolen. Two
drivers murdered. A team outside
the blast-radius...shooting at
anything. Everyone.
(beat)
Sergeant Haytham ended this part.

ADAM LEAVITT
(to Al-Ghazi)
Are the Shooters in-custody-

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
-dead.

So Sergeant Haytham speaks English...

FLEURY
Were any of these shooters your
men?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
No.

Fleury's thinking, looking into the car. Searching the horizon, he spots a distant apartment building providing a view of the crime scene.

FLEURY

They got into the compound.
Somehow...took control of this
vehicle. I'm guessing they didn't
politely ask whoever was in this
car if they could take it for a
little ride?

Fleury gets in the car, checking out ballistic shreds in the
back of the passenger seat headrest.

AL-GHAZI

No, they didn't. There were two
officers in the car. Both were
executed.

FLEURY

I understand that. Those men were
your men--

SERGEANT HAYTHAM

-- they were. They were Police.

FLEURY

I'm sorry.

Al-Ghazi offers the slightest of nods to Fleury.

FLEURY (CONT'D)

Where was this car when they hit
it?

a77A EXT. AL-RAHMAH - MAIN GATE

a77A

Al-Ghazi leads our team to the main gate. Sykes and Fleury
follow close.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

Security is a combination of the
police and military.

*

Leavitt and Mayes lag behind a bit. Leavitt makes eye
contact with a YOUNG SAUDI behind the .50 caliber.

JANET MAYES

Good news is that if he shoots you,
he's gonna shoot you sitting on an
American tank... with an American-
made bullet. So, it's kind of "all
in the family."

ADAM LEAVITT
How about we get into those
American Suburbans... with their
American A/C...

Al-Ghazi continues the tour as Fleury once again notes the familiar apartment off in the distance.

77A EXT. AL-RAHMAH - SECURITY STATION CAR PARK - LATER 77A

A car port. Fleury and team moving around the area. Fleury picks up some broken glass from the ground.

FLEURY
The car was parked here?

AL-GHAZI
Yes.

FLEURY
Backed in?

AL-GHAZI
Yes.

Fleury studies the scene.

FLEURY
They were attacked from the front.
Must have assumed the killers were
fellow officers... Have any of
these men been identified?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Not yet. We will check certain
neighborhoods. It is likely that
the four men prayed at the same
Mosque.

JANET MAYES
The same Mosque is enough to
identify them, link them to a cell?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Yes. If the Mosque is in Suweidi.

ADAM LEAVITT
Suweidi?

*

*

JANET MAYES

Suweidi is a known militant
stonghold. Al-Qaeda could recruit
from storefronts.

On Fleury: he looks back at the homes, then up and around: He
locks on the OBSERVATION BUILDING in the distance.

FLEURY

Can we go to check out some of
these surrounding buildings?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

Why?

*

FLEURY

Seems reasonable that the Planner
had to observe and based on Hamza's
past history, it's consistent that
he would want to video the attack.
Is that true? Is that accurate?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

That is true.

*

RONALD FLEURY

Well, in order to video, in order
to observe, you need a view.

Fleury points to one particular building.

FLEURY

That building sees all three crime
scenes.

Al-Ghazi looks up to the building. Back to Fleury.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

(beat)

It's outside the walls-

*

ADAM LEAVITT

-c'mon now. This is insane: we got
enough security to invade Suweidi,
let alone that building-

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

-no you don't.

*

FLEURY

(to Al-Ghazi, respectful)

Could you ask?

(MORE)

FLEURY (CONT'D)

We're already seeing the crime-scenes individually -- why not all at once?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

Any answer will take-

FLEURY

-time. I understand.

Fleury speaks slowly and clearly now: like he's cementing his words in his own head as he speaks them.

FLEURY (CONT'D)

You have to ask the General, then the General would ask the Prince. Does it go higher or is that... is the Prince the end of the chain?

Al-Ghazi hesitates, can't help but be charmed. Fleury clearly knows when to step-on or lay-off the gas. He's smooth... and HIGHLY EFFECTIVE: Al-Ghazi nods 'yes' to the strange half-question.

FLEURY (CONT'D)

We'll be at the Community Center.

(beat)

Janet, wanna play hoops?

78

INT. AL-RAHMAH COMMUNITY CENTER HOOPS COURT - NOON

78

We're in the big gym as our team sits and waits. Leavitt taps on a laptop.

Janet shoots free throws by herself.

JANET MAYES

This is the kind of radical circumstance that could have seriously upped Shaq's free throw percentages. Take a man. Ship him off to Riyadh. No phones, constant threat of death, no girls, no hip hop. Nothing... just free throws. Shaq, he'd be shooting at least seventy percent. Lakers would still be together. Kobe and Shaq lovers forever.

Leavitt calls to Fleury.

LEAVITT

Hey, Boss... check this out.

Fleury moves over to Leavitt. Checks out the screen. *

LEAVITT (CONT'D) *
 Just posted half hour ago. *

IMAGES ON THE COMPUTER: ARABIC EXTREMIST WEBSITE. Video *
 footage shot from the rooftop of all three bombings and some *
 of the machine gun killings. *

LEAVITT (CONT'D) *
 So self congratulatory. Makes me *
 sick. *

Fleury studies the footage. Backs it up plays it again and *
 again. *

78A INT. LOCATION UNKNOWN - TIME UNKNOWN 78A

A set of stronger, younger, in-tact hands gently pours a mixture into a box now. Ball bearings, children's jacks, marbles, razor blades, roofing nails: everything malevolent densities and angles. Some pieces bounce out, run along the floor. The younger hands then start pressing/molding the pieces of soon-to-be shrapnel into the putty.

79 EXT. RIYADH SUBURB NEAR COMPOUND - AFTERNOON 79

Five car convoy moving quickly through the city.

80 EXT. SPOTTER APARTMENT- LATER 80

Our convoy pulls up in front of the apartment. They exit the vehicles. Our team stands surrounded by a 50-man security detail, rifle-stocks to shoulders. Double-time it - outside the walls now, hostile territory. Two-man sniper teams out front. Al-Ghazi ten steps ahead.

A SANG five car security CREW pulls up, tracking Fleury and company. A stand off between the two police forces.

81 EXT. SPOTTER APARTMENT - NEXT MOMENT 81

The SANG Officer in-charge steps to Al-Ghazi. In Arabic:

SANG OFFICER
This is unacceptable.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
*It's cleared with General Abdul-
Malik. We have five minutes here.*

*

SPECIAL FORCES OFFICER
*We were told they must remain in
the vehicles...*

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
That is not true...

*

SPECIAL FORCES OFFICER
They must stay in the Toyotas-

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
*-report me then when you get in-
touch with the General-*

*

-Officer reaches down from nowhere and hammers Al-Ghazi open-handed as Al-Ghazi tries to step past. Collective shock.

In that breath, Haytham punishes the Officer with a left-cross: knees buckle before he comprehends what hit him. Haytham's kick follows, catches the Officer in the sternum as he hits ground.

Al-Ghazi shakes it out, trades blows with the SANG second in-command.

Leavitt moves, catches a rifle butt to the shoulder after two steps. Fleury aims, drills the Soldier that butted Leavitt: instant night-night. Another SANG steps up. Fleury throats him, knee caps him, and grabs his weapon before the dude hits the ground.

Fleury can obviously fight... all the above happens in four seconds.

Then, a 'knock-it-off' gunshot aimed at the sky pops one-foot from Janet's head. We hear what she hears: one half-second of the shot, then the big ring. On her knees immediately, hand over her ear. In response: heavy-caliber gunfire flies: group flinch-n-crouch. The warning shots from a .50-caliber mounted on a Humvee racing this way from Al-Rahmah: dust plumes from the speed. Members of the security detail and the Special Forces go Mexican stand-off.

JANET MAYES
*Tell me it didn't burst-tell me it
didn't burst-*

Al-Ghazi the first to her, touching her hand to pull it away from the ear. A SANG nearby sees this: spits two inches from Al-Ghazi. Al-Ghazi leans to Janet's non-ringing side:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

No blood.

*

The Humvee now slides to stop ten feet from the fracas. General Abdul-Malik out of the passenger seat, in Arabic:

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK

WHO FIRED?

That Soldier's hand goes up sheepish. Two men out of the Humvee's backseat break him down, face first in the dirt: cuff him, lock him in the vehicle.

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK (CONT'D)

AND WHY?

SPECIAL FORCES OFFICER

(standing, doubled over)

A disagreement.

The General grabs the Officer by the back of his head: an abusive Dad. Walks him to the side.

GENERAL ABDUL-MALIK

(back to Al-Ghazi)

FIVE MINUTES.

Al-Ghazi looks back down at Janet, at Leavitt's bruise, at the man Fleury knocked out. Angry. Impressed: fought alongside him. Haytham hasn't moved an inch, not even when the General came, chin raised to an entire platoon: say when.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

(to Fleury)

Five minutes.

*

The SANG move back. The team staggered, slowly remembering why they're here in the first place, finally make their way to the Roof Top.

82

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

82

*

Fleury finds a table with a view. Tabletop: holes and finger-paint stains. Al-Ghazi three feet away. Both look in the same direction: two Tigers being held back.

Fleury's studying the housing compound through a video camera, comparing the images on his camera with what he saw posted on the internet. *

FLEURY
You've seen the images of the attack posted on the internet? *

AL-GHAZI
Yes. *

FLEURY
Look for yourself. *

Al-Ghazi takes the camera from Fleury. He lines up the same shots we saw posted on Leavitt's computer: clearly a match. This is where they shot the video *

AL-GHAZI
He was here... *

Another long moment. Al-Ghazi looks at the table, discarded trash: the Capri Sun containers, the candy wrappers. *

RONALD FLEURY
Formed the plan up here: saw everything he could hit. *

(beat)

Way too pretty a' plan to have been fully hatched on just one visit. He came here a couple times. *

Al-Ghazi quiet for a long while. Then he reciprocates: *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
The man who did this is a Saudi - this place, this neighborhood... if foreigners were up here, someone would say something. *

Fleury looks over to the two dozen LOCALS peering out with suspicion at them on the rooftop. *

FLEURY
I see. *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Nobody's talking. Here, many people love Hamza - they think of him like Bin Laden. Like your Robin Hood. *

Fleury smiles small at whatever just passed between them. Al-Ghazi stays stoic, then looks straight at Fleury: *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

A man who thinks of something like this ...while maybe his family played around him... scares me more than I have words to express. *Shaytan...*

*

RONALD FLEURY

(refocusing)

Two big answers in two small minutes. Imagine if we had a couple days together.

Al-Ghazi pauses.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

I'm sure the General is good guy...and I'm just as sure he's no Investigator.

Al-Ghazi stands still, silent. Fleury reaches into his pocket. Reveals the detonator to Al-Ghazi. Al-Ghazi reaches to take it. Fleury holds it for a BEAT...

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

Let me help you.

He hands the detonator to Al-Ghazi. Al-Ghazi now pockets it.

A BEAT...

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

We break now: too hot to work outdoors. Then we will leave for the Palace.

*

RONALD FLEURY

And I imagine that will run until sundown?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

(beat)

I had televisions delivered to your quarters to pass the downtime.

*

Fleury just nods back.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

Miss Mayes will not attend this evening. Men only.

*

Fleury looks over to Janet. Hurt, yet extremely defiant, she looks ready to attack anything that comes near her.

FLEURY

You want to tell her that?

83 EXT. CHEVY SUBURBAN, RIYADH SUBURBS - EARLY EVENING 83

Cobra gunships covering the convoy as it blurs past police checkpoint after police checkpoint. Intersections shut down. Bracketed front and back by Saudi Humvees.

84 INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN, RIYADH SUBURBS - NEXT MOMENT 84

Al-Ghazi in the passenger seat, hand on the stock of his Mp-5: again searching for threats. Our team in back, freshly scrubbed, collared-Polos as formal as anyone thought to pack. Team frustration has evolved into angry acceptance.

The convoy zipping alongside a wall now: desert-orange in color, twelve-feet high, blue ottoman tiles running the length of the wall's horizontal center-line.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

We're here.

*

The helicopters peel off at steep angles, the sound of the rotors reverberating in your chest. Leavitt watching them go:

ADAM LEAVITT

Big wall.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

It's a big palace.

*

85 INT. PRINCE BIN KHALED'S PALACE - DAY 85

Majlis - a Saudi political ceremony in which Saudi citizens and local politicians (most aristocratic and exclusive) are permitted a brief audience with the Prince. A bizarre receiving line of sorts.

Our team moves through a massive marble hallway towards the ceremony.

ADAM LEAVITT

How many Princes are there?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

Over 5000.

*

RONALD FLEURY

They all get palaces this big?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Some get bigger.

*

ADAM LEAVITT
Who pays for all this?

GRANT SYKES
General Motors, Ford, Chevrolet...

ADAM LEAVITT
Hey, man - I drive a Hybrid.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
(a beat...)
The Prince will ask you about your flight, the accommodations...lite subjects. If he offers you the chance to hold his Raptors, don't flinch: it's a compliment.

*

ADAM LEAVITT
(to Grant: genuine worry)
What's a Raptor?

Damon Schmidt appears.

85A INT. PRINCE BIN KHALED'S PALACE - LATER

85A

The Prince sits on a sea of pillows. There are several small flat screens playing business reports, CNN and Al-Jazeera.

Seen from behind the Prince: everyone but Leavitt standing next to faces we've never seen. The table holds six gold serving platters. Enough food to kill a famine, tended by a frenzy of servants.

Sykes puts a hand over his cup to stop the constant tea re-fill.

Leavitt stands to the Prince's left, thick leather glove on his hand, a falcon perched on it. Leavitt holds it away from the rest of his body like he's already made peace with losing the arm. Servants hold three others close-by.

PRINCE BIN KHALED
His talons slice bone.

ADAM LEAVITT
Super.

PRINCE BIN KHALED

That's my most prolific Hunter. I'm trying to teach his friends there by example, but I fear it's something you're born with or not. Do you agree, Mr. Ronald? Innate or not at all?

RONALD FLEURY

I do.

PRINCE BIN KHALED

(nodding: I could tell)

What have you seen so far of our Kingdom? -- and know I can arrange tours anywhere within our borders.

When I bull-rush our hosts you'll know it: In his quiet, calm-amidst-the-bullets tone:

RONALD FLEURY

I've seen that the man who planned the worst crime in your Kingdom's history is without a doubt Saudi...

Pin-drop silence in response to Fleury murdering the Prince's "lite subjects," his attempt to extend the gilded circle-jerk by offering tours. Bin Khaled's face sinks to gray again after the excited pink of talking about his Falcons. His hand slowly moves back over his stomach: Napoleon's ulcers. As Fleury speaks, people unconsciously put their tea-cups down, look up at him with wide-eyes.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

..and that if you walk 300 kilometers from the compound, you will find a rooftop where the attacks were planned. I've seen that the person in this room "born with it" is right there...

(points at a gawking Al-Ghazi)

Everything I just said came from Colonel Al-Ghazi: his observations of the scene while he was protecting us. And I think you're absolutely right Sir: that kind of instinct can't be taught: not to Falcons. Definitely not to SANG Generals. Innate or not at all.

(beat)

You want the murder to stop as much as I do. Let us help.

*

The Prince stares at Fleury, cataloguing everything Fleury just said. Stands. In Arabic:

PRINCE BIN KHALED
Colonel Al-Ghazi, a word.

*

As the Prince walks out with Al-Ghazi, he signals another corps of servants to serve another round of cups: coffee. Dinner over. A servant takes the Falcon from Leavitt just as he was starting to smile at it.

Fleury sips his coffee. Schmidt and Sykes approach.

GRANT SYKES
That was impressive.

RONALD FLEURY
Think it will work?

GRANT SYKES
Yeah. Maybe. I mean, you can only play the "I'm going to the press card" like three more times. So, maybe.

RONALD FLEURY
They're paranoid and overly self-protective.

DAMON SCHMIDT
They aren't protecting anyone. There's no conspiracy. They're just terrified. Finally. The Saudis have finally seen the Monsters they helped create, because those Monsters have come home. And if Saudis don't catch Saudi Monsters, that's the end.

Fleury opens his mouth to interrupt.

DAMON SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
(right through Fleury's attempt to speak)
And that end could come double-quick if they let the US "Shaytan" catch those Monsters for them.
(Fleury silent, gets it)
Because that's what the Saudi on the street suspects: the only thing keeping the Royal Family upright is American evil.

GRANT SYKES

That's dead on accurate. Very impressive. That's why they're making it hard on us, and that's why **he** wants to help 'em turn the screws.

RONALD FLEURY

They can have every shred of credit-

DAMON SCHMIDT

-you see the slums on the way in?

RONALD FLEURY

Yeah.

DAMON SCHMIDT

See that even though their homes are falling down, they had satellite dishes bolted on?

RONALD FLEURY

Yeah...

DAMON SCHMIDT

Everyone already knows you're here. *Credit?* If the Saudis cracked this Cell while these servants were pouring coffee, Al-Jazeera still leads the story with your Team.

RONALD FLEURY

Have you been to the crime-scene?

DAMON SCHMIDT

No-

RONALD FLEURY

-if you had, you'd see the evil work of real Talent. The kind that doesn't stop until it's forced.

DAMON SCHMIDT

And the path to Hell is paved with good intentions.

RONALD FLEURY

You having fun?

DAMON SCHMIDT

(genuine smile)
Beats hell outta visa-stamping.
(smile vanishing)
(MORE)

DAMON SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
 You're on an island. I hope you
 know how to get off.

RONALD FLEURY
 By catching Abu Hamza.

Raising his coffee, toasting Fleury's cup:

DAMON SCHMIDT
 Then here's to you. Let's bet: when
 this Colonel Al-Ghazi comes out,
he's in-charge of the investigation
 -if so, you set me up on a date
 with Janet Mayes.

*

86 INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN, RIYADH SUBURBS - NIGHT

86

100 m.p.h. Semi-grins from the Team: how the fuck did he do that? Al-Ghazi on a cell, rattling orders in excited Arabic:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
*... every investigator on-scene by
 midnight, 50 more portable lights,
 three more pumps-*

*

RONALD FLEURY
 (to Leavitt)
 Do me a favor and tell Janet that
 she and Damon Schmidt got a date
 when he gets back to the States.

Al-Ghazi points into darkness...

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
 The rules still stand.
 (beat)
 But tomorrow will be a new day.

*

87 INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - SAME MOMENT

87

TIGHT ON blasting caps, military detonators, nails, wing-nuts, bolts, jacks, marbles... young hands feed lengths of detonating wire through pre-drilled holes on a wooden cover. The cover is attached to the box with nails and a rubber mallet: no sparks. The wires are braided into one, clipped to a lead on a servo-motor attached to the box-top.

A vehicle is being fitted with tire guards and heavy-duty crash bumpers - all as a man quietly talks.

WIDEN to reveal the MAN, being VIDEOTAPED: foretelling of new threats, face obscured by his head wrap. Several other MEN watch and listen.

TIGHT ON the man's eyes. REVEAL PHOTOS on a nearby table: the Al-Rahmah compound, Fleury with Al-Ghazi, Leavitt and Mayes, Sykes and Haytham.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. AL-RAHMAH COMMUNITY CENTER - MORNING, SECOND DAY 88

Half-assed gardening party. Al-Ghazi worked through the night, hasn't slept since we last saw him. Looks like it.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

From now on, any evidence you find
you hand over.

*

Al-Ghazi smiles...

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

I'm "all ears," Special Agent
Fleury.

*

RONALD FLEURY

We should start with the dead
shooters.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

They had no identification on them.
Fingerprints and dental have come
up empty.

*

RONALD FLEURY

Can we photograph all three of
them? Couple hundred copies each...

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

No problem.

*

RONALD FLEURY

Good. If it's OK with you, I'd like
to suggest we split up as
follows...

Sykes and Leavitt can't help small smiles. Finally getting to work.

a89 EXT. BLAST SITE - MORNING

a89 *

Sykes climbs down into the mud hole. *

GRANT SYKES *

(from the crater) *

Fellas, what we want to do is get *

this water out of here... see *

what's really going on. Understand? *

No reaction from Saudi police *

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D) *

C-VIN hunting--Data Plates-- *

Something drivable blew up. That's *

pretty obvious. Feels like ANFO to *

me, boys--Ammonium Nitrate Fuel *

Oil. Let's dry this hole and see *

if we can't figure what she was. *

Gotta pump? *

89 EXT. BLAST SITE - LATER 89 *

Grant at the Crater. Three brand-new industrial-sized pumps draining it. 30 Police INVESTIGATORS watch Sykes. *

GRANT SYKES
 (to the Saudis)
 Got to get a little dirty, people.
 Crawl up in it. Make deep contact.
 You get that?

Dead, confused stares from the Saudis into the mud hole... *

Sykes happy as a pig in shit. *

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)
 Get nasty, dirty, filthy.

He smiles, watches another Officer write Saudi translations on the stainless-steel paint cans into which you load evidence: shrapnel, soil, DNA, shells, etc.

90 EXT. DEATH SQUAD SCENE, AL-RAHMAH - SAME MOMENT 90

A JUNIOR OFFICER double-times it to Al-Ghazi with a stack of photos: Rough head-shots of the three dead SHOOTERS. Fleury takes some, hands the rest back to Al-Ghazi.

RONALD FLEURY
 Have him pass these out to the
 compound security. See if anybody
 knows them.

Fleury, Leavitt, and Al-Ghazi walk past the Land Cruiser Haytham took out. 15 Police INVESTIGATORS on-scene: Leavitt stops, drops his bag. Al-Ghazi introduces him to the Officer in-charge.

Leavitt opens his evidence kit. A couple of Police can't help but sneak a peek, checking out what the American's got inside.

91 INT. RIPON HOME - LATER 91

Fleury stands with Al-Ghazi back in the Ripon home.

RONALD FLEURY
 Would you mind doing one more thing
 for me?

EARL

No, Sir.

Fleury pulls out the photographs.

RONALD FLEURY

Could you tell me if you recognize
any of these men?

Fleury puts the three photographs down on the dining room
table: not pretty pictures. Earl and Janine study the photos.

JANINE

...Horrible.

A few moments, then:

EARL

I don't know any of them.

Fleury thinks a minute. Looks outside.

FLEURY

I'm just wondering. That chair out
side. Looks like it gets a lot of
wear. Looks comfortable.

EARL

That my mom's chair.

FLEURY

See, that's exactly what I was
thinking. I'm guessing she spends a
lot of time sitting outside?

EARL

All day.

FLEURY

She must pretty much see it all.
Right?

EARL

She does.

FLEURY

Where is she?

EARL

She's sleeping.

Pause: Fleury slow nods, then...

FLEURY
Let's wake her up.

TIME CUT:

Maddy up at the dinning room table, looking down at the photos.

MADDY
I've seen him.

RONALD FLEURY
Where?

Maddy thinking...

MADDY
Like, a week ago. Twice I've seen him. Watering...With the garden crews. I remember he was wearing a Liza Minnelli T-shirt. I thought that was funny.

RONALD FLEURY
What about the others?

MADDY
(closer examination)
No. Just him. I remember the T-shirt. I remember thinking it was odd...?

RONALD FLEURY
What, the Liza Minelli shirt?

MADDY
No. I do think Liza Minelli's gone odd, but that wasn't it.

RONALD FLEURY
What was odd?

MADDY
He was a Saudi. The gardener.

RONALD FLEURY
Yeah.

MADDY
Saudis, like Americans, don't do manual labor. Blowing leaves is beneath them.

Fleury looks to Al-Ghazi for confirmation. Al-Ghazi nods.

RONALD FLEURY
(to Maddy)
Thank you.

Fleury and Al-Ghazi start to leave.

EARL
Who is he?

Fleury looks back to Earl.

RONALD FLEURY
That's one of the many things we're
trying to find out...

92 EXT. RIPON FAMILY HOME - NEXT MOMENT 92

Al-Ghazi gives the photo of the IDENTIFIED SHOOTER to an AIDE waiting outside.

AL-GHAZI
Find out if he worked with the
gardeners.

The aide takes the photo, starts walking away.

AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
RUN!

Freaked, the aide about jumps out of his skin...starts running.

92A EXT. BLAST SIGHT - DAY 92A

Sykes has a SAUDI WORK CREW digging in the hole, pulling out pieces of charred metal. He is slowly laying out the pieces and studying them like a puzzle, trying to figure out what the hell blew up.

93 EXT. MOBILE FIELD MORGUE - SAME MOMENT 93

Janet and Haytham approach a 2000 square-foot M.A.S.H. Tent attached to refrigeration units.

FROM VARIOUS ANGLES:

SANG OFFICERS look down at the Americans, dead eyed, watching them work.

94 INT. MOBILE FIELD MORGUE - NEXT MOMENT 94

The Muslim dead wrapped in white linen according to the *Sunna*. Western bodies lie separated from Arabs. A Saudi TECHNICIAN blankly hands Janet and Haytham lab coats to cut the cold. Three Police OFFICERS in the tent with them: Watching Janet.

Haytham is looking uncomfortable as if he is embarrassed to be seen with the American woman.

95 EXT. JACKSON HOME - LATER 95

Fleury knocks at Aaron Jackson's door. A pause, the peep hole darkens. A longer pause, then the door opens. Aaron Jackson doesn't look any better. Same shirt.

Packed boxes. Suit cases. Jackson is clearly getting out of Dodge.

RONALD FLEURY

(beat)

How are your Sons?

Jackson's eyes shrink-wrapped in tears. After a long silence with no answer, Fleury hands him a sheet of paper:

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

That's the name of a clinical psychologist. Works with Embassy kids...apparently very good at explaining violence-

AARON JACKSON

-what do you know about what my kids need? What they saw? What the rest of their lives might be like?

RONALD FLEURY

(beat)

I thought maybe your Boys...without their Mom anymore...might ask you why sometime...

Aaron Jackson begins shaking his head yes. Tears flow free: sorrow and gratitude. He hangs on to Fleury's hand for a very long time. Silent apologies.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
I will find the man responsible for
the death of your wife. We're
close.

AARON JACKSON
(beat)
Tomorrow it'll be somebody else's
wife.

Fleury quiet.

RONALD FLEURY
Then tomorrow I'll come back.

Fleury turns his head: Al-Ghazi approaches on the next lawn down with three JUNIOR OFFICERS. Fleury nods goodbye to Jackson.

Fleury approaches Al-Ghazi, holds up the Shooter's photo.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
The gardener. We know who he is.
He's on several watch lists.

Fleury - a slight nod of satisfaction.

RONALD FLEURY
We know where he lives?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
We will very soon.

RONALD FLEURY
You don't seem very excited.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
These are always the easy ones to
catch. Rarely does it lead to the
planners.

(beat)
I want to take you somewhere.

RONALD FLEURY
Where?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
To someone who may be able to help
us catch Hamza.

96 EXT. BLAST SITE - DAY

96

Ten Police Investigators in the crater with Grant. Outside the crater: pieces of vehicles laid out outside: 1/2 of a door, 1/4 of a front axle, bits of engine. Five feet away from that: stacks of bagged evidence, two dozen evidence containers.

Sykes clambers out of the hole, streaks of re-animated mud where sweat streams out of his hairline, mad-dashing for his chin. A chunk of metal in one hand, something small in the other: a marble. He drops it in the appropriate cannister then steps to a chunk of metal: one half of an alternator.

Sykes stares down at the pieces of completely mangled metal. He studies a piece of twisted, half-melted iron. Thinking...

He walks over to a second larger piece of twisted metal. Starts trying to fit the two pieces...like a puzzle.

97 INT. MOBILE FIELD MORGUE, PRESENT DAY - NOON

97

The dead, oblong faces of the dog-walkers. Janet uses forceps to pull a wing-nut from one of the dog-walkers. Places it on a sanitary table littered with shrapnel: tiny bits of colored glass, ball-bearings, parts of razor blades, spent slugs, and scraps of unidentified metal.

98 EXT. BLAST SITE - CRATER

98

Sykes still works the two large pieces of trashed iron. Until something clicks. The fit. Sykes looks down at the connected metal.

SYKES

It's a gurney.

Sykes looks down at the mud colored DIGGERS.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Who's missing an ambulance?

Just stares from the Saudis.

SYKES (CONT'D)

Could somebody please go get
Sergeant Haytham?

Confused stares from the Saudis.

SYKES (CONT'D)

(loud)

Sergeant Haytham!

Inside the crater: water-level down to the ankles. Three Saudis dig around what looks to be one of the dualie-style back tires. Re-positioning to get a better grip, Sykes notices the top of what looks to be a sizeable, ragged hole, still mostly submerged. Pointing:

GRANT SYKES

Here.

Sykes slogs over. He drops to his knees, reaches his hand in, all the way to his shoulder, the side of his face to the water: void. Out of the crater, Sykes points to a Bobcat earth-mover, in Arabic:

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)

Who has the keys?

99

INT. / EXT. MOBILE FIELD MORGUE - SAME

99

Janet stands with the Saudi Pathologist. She prepares to take a fingerprint from a body. As she moves in to touch the Arab hand, one of the GUARDS unloads in her direction - a full guttural Arabic assault. No idea what he's saying, but it's obvious he's furious. Haytham starts firing back. This is an un-translated argument. We sense that the guard is doing more than expressing his displeasure regarding Janet. This seems to be personal. Janet's getting very nervous. A frightening display. Then, Haytham turns:

HAYTHAM

You cannot touch any Muslims.

Janet takes a breath as the Police hard-eye her.

JANET

No problem. Can I still touch Americans?

HAYTHAM

Of course.

Janet moves back to the American dead, as the Saudi Tech continues with the Muslims. She pulls another shard of COLORED GLASS from a wound.

100

INT./ EXT. SUBURBAN - DOWNTOWN RIYADH

100

*

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A two car convoy drives deep into the city. *

The Convoy is forced to stop across the street from a gas station as a construction crane backs into a drive way. Al-Ghazi and Fleury stare across the street as a large gas truck fills up the heavy tanks of a Saudi gas station.

FLEURY

What's gas running a gallon out here, Al-Ghazi? Penny gallon?

Al-Ghazi smiles.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *

It was an American. An engineer named Karl Twitchell. Hired by Saudi Arabia to find water. He didn't find so much as a dried oasis, but he found this. Enough oil to turn the earth.

Fleury stares out as the oil spills out overflowing from the station tank.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D) *

They say my country sits on over 1 trillion more barrels of recoverable oil.

RONALD FLEURY

A trillion reasons for our Leaders to hold hands another one hundred years.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *

A trillion reasons to keep fighting. For both sides of this War.

(beat)

I think our oil has begun destroying more than it creates.

RONALD FLEURY

Agreed.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

I'm 46 years-old.

(beat, tired)

I have three daughters. And I find myself in a place where I no longer care about 'why' we are attacked. I only care that 100 people woke up a few mornings ago had no idea it was their last. When we catch the Man who murdered these people, I don't care to ask even one question...I just want to kill him...stop him.

(beat, a bit embarrassed)

Do you understand?

RONALD FLEURY

Yes, I do.

A long moment. Just road noise. We see two men, as different from each other as they could be, yet made from the same things.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

Is your first name 'Colonel?'

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

(a small smile)

Paris.

100A INT. MOBILE FIELD MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

100A

A glazed Haytham works with a Pathologist on the Muslim bodies. Their own collection of foreign objects. Janet pulls free 1/2 of a marble from a burrowed hole: explains the shards of colored glass. Cleans it in saline, holds it up to the light. We stare at it with her.

Janet begins piecing together glass shards - reconstructing a MARBLE.

101 EXT. DEATH SQUAD SCENE - DAY

101

Police Investigators eat lunch under a tent 50 yards away with Leavitt.

Then a red laser-sight moves across him: Three MEMBERS of his Police security-detail: smirking, pretending to fidget with an AR-15's aperture.

Leavitt stares. Subtle defiance. Nobody blinks. Silent moments pass.

The smallest of the detail reaches over, pulls the cocking device of the rifle: round in the chamber, so stop looking at us.

102 INT. BOMB SITE - CRATER 102

Sykes, covered in mud, digging, searching for any signs of identification amongst the charred, mangled metal.

103 EXT. INTERNET CAFE - LATER 103

The small convoy pulls up next to a run down, late seventies chunk of architecture which looks like a combination bombed dentist office/ accounting firm. Weird. Two TEENAGERS in Tupac T-shirts smoke in front.

Fleury, Al-Ghazi and a couple of Police head for the blacked out front door.

104 INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS 104

Moving up two flights of stairs. Dark, rundown shredded carpet. Old hip hop - cheap bass, thin speakers. Smoke. Everything grows in intensity as they move up the stairs. Two more TEENAGERS skulk past.

FLEURY
(half joking to Al-Ghazi)
Feel like I'm back home in Detroit.

Al-Ghazi keeps moving up and into what is definitely on Fleury's top ten list of the most bizarre places he's ever been.

FLEURY'S POV:

Two rooms: First is some kind of snack/smoke/TV lounge. FILIPINOS serve drinks. Packs of young Saudi MEN drink Cokes, tea, coffee, and smoke.

Odd Saudi talk shows mix with hip hop.

Behind, another room: bigger, overflowing with stacks of mismatched computers. Dozens of them. Dozens of Saudi TEENAGERS plugged in. Head-phoned and mic'd. All chain smoking, all fully plugged in to CALL OF DUTY (an American war game) on line. These kids play with rabid intensity, smoking and screaming and killing.

Al-Ghazi moves through the crowd. A small middle aged SAUDI spots Al-Ghazi. They exchange words. Al-Ghazi waves Fleury to follow.

Fleury does and follows Al-Ghazi through the computer room, into a back office.

105

INT. INTERNET CAFE - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

105

A middle aged Saudi: TALAL. He sits behind a cluttered desk. Art books and computers everywhere. He gets up and embraces Al-Ghazi.

Al-Ghazi then turns to face Fleury.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

At one time, Talal was Arafat's senior bomb-maker and planner in the occupied territories. He joined Bin-Laden when Al Qaeda brought the fight to the Royal Family.

*

RONALD FLEURY

(beat)

OK. Shouldn't we arrest him or shoot him or something?

Small smile from Al-Ghazi.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

He turned himself in last year during an amnesty. He's now part of a new government effort to balance the experience of Saudi Youth.

*

RONALD FLEURY

This place is community service?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

If America figures out a way of keeping their kids off the computers please let us know.

*

RONALD FLEURY

Why did he turn himself in?

Before Al-Ghazi can answer, Talal begins talking to him in Arabic. Al-Ghazi translates:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

'You only come after I see there were bombs.

(MORE)

*

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)
Did you know Bin Laden put 5
million-dollars on my head? Why
shouldn't it be 10?'

Subdued laughter. Then Talal becomes quiet, grave. Al-Ghazi continues the translation:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D) *
The Man who made War on Al-Rahmah
is someone my age -- this kind of
skill is learned over decades.

Talal looks at Fleury now, speaking directly to him through Al-Ghazi:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (O.C.) (CONT'D) *
A Man who can plan the mass-murder
of women and children, then go home
at night to his own and sleep
soundly...? That kind of Man is
supremely difficult to catch.

RONALD FLEURY
(through Al-Ghazi)
How does he know he slept soundly?

Colonel Al-Ghazi hesitates, then relays Fleury's question. *
Talal stares: eyes touched by war-blood-atrocities committed.
Someone who believes he's going to Hell.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (O.C.) *
(translating)
Because he hasn't stopped. You stop
when their faces don't let you
close your eyes...

RONALD FLEURY
(through Al-Ghazi)
Is that why you quit?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (O.C.) *
(translating)
17 days without sleep will make you
quit anything.

Two TEENAGERS stick their heads into the office. They're mad about the sharing of a computer. Talal puts a fast stop to it. It's obvious he's good with these young boys. He smiles as he speaks to Al-Ghazi.

Al-Ghazi translates to Fleury.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D) *

He says he makes my job easier.
Here, at least they only fight and
kill on computers. *

Al-Ghazi shows Talal the detonator. The old man studies it. *
Al-Ghazi and Talal speak in Arabic about the detonator. *

Al-Ghazi looks to Fleury, translates. *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D) *

He says that there are several ways
to get American military equipment
like this detonator but not many
men in Saudi Arabia that know how
to get them. *

FLEURY *

How do they get them? *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *

Usually smuggled from Iraq by
corrupt soldiers working with the
Americans. *

FLEURY *

Could Hamza get this equipment? *

Al-Ghazi asks Talal. *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *

Without question. Yes, he could. *

RONALD FLEURY *

(through Al-Ghazi)
How do we find him? *

He thinks for a moment, then speaks. The boys chuckle as Al-Ghazi continues translating:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *

Prayer. Luck. Handshakes. *

Fleury looks at Al-Ghazi, doesn't quite get it...

RONALD FLEURY

(to Al-Ghazi)
Well, I think I get the 'prayer'
and 'luck' parts...

Talal slowly stands, Al-Ghazi helping him up, moves to Fleury. Reaches his hand out to him, quietly:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (O.C.)
 (translating)
 His hands will feel like this.

*

Fleury shakes Talal's hand, turns it over: index finger gone.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 (translating)
 Every *Amir* at some point gets
 bitten by his work.

*

106 EXT. BLAST SITE - DAY

106

The Bobcat digs into the crater, over the unknown hole. Already a large pile of dirt. Another sizeable scoop down about two feet: nothing. Haytham now stands over the crater watching Sykes. Leavitt has joined him.

GRANT SYKES
 Whatever this is, it blasted-off
 like NASA.

Haytham yells to the Machine Operator in Arabic:

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
*Driven in at an angle... go
 deeper...*

Another gouge of earth: 4 feet. Nothing. Grant sits back.

GRANT SYKES
 'High-order explosion' doesn't do
 it justice: what's left a' this
 looks like it was put through a
 wood-chipper.

Leavitt rubs his eyes: adrenaline long gone. Looks at his watch: time passing fast. Sykes drops to his stomach, reaches in with the TRENCHING TOOL to see how much farther the hole goes: a metallic 'clink.

An oxygen tank. The kind used in ambulances. Nozzle assembly gone, burst in the explosion with a force that drove it several feet into solid ground. Haytham takes a razor blade, scratches off samples of the soil and carbon for explosive residue into a fresh cannister. Then takes a wet rag, begins cleaning the tank to reveal Arabic script...

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
 (to Sykes)
 Hospital Identification...
Ambulance identification.

GRANT SYKES
Do you know this hospital?

SERGEANT HAYTHAM
Yes.

GRANT SYKES
Call it in.

107 INT. AL-RAHMAH COMMUNITY CENTER

107

Now a mini command post. Al-Ghazi works phones with Fleury and Mayes by his side. Sykes and Leavitt muddy, sitting on their cots. Leavitt tags evidence from the shootout.

Al-Ghazi hangs up, looks to Fleury.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
The ambulance was reported stolen from King Fahd Hospital last Wednesday, three days before the bombing.

*

RONALD FLEURY
OK.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
There's more: I told you it wouldn't be hard to find the soldiers.

*

RONALD FLEURY
(focused; to Al-Ghazi)
What you got?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
The stolen ambulance had a twenty man crew that rotated shifts on it. We checked all twenty men. One of them, Muaath Hazmi is now of interest to us.

*

RONALD FLEURY
Why?

Al-Ghazi reaches for the photo of the dead shooter/attacker.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Because this gentleman is Fathi Hazmi, Muaath's brother.

*

RONALD FLEURY
Where's Maaath?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
I'm going to show you.

*

108

EXT. SUBURBAN RIYADH STREET - AFTERNOON

108

A five block radius has been sealed off by Police Vehicles. Fleury and his team are at the outer perimeter, crouched behind barricades at the entrance of a cul-de-sac. They're not allowed *anywhere near* the line of fire.

They sport bullet-proof vests and helmets: look like reporters in a war-zone. Police turn away cars, neighbors. Snipers stand posted on near-by rooftops. Helicopters audible overhead. Street deserted.

GRANT SYKES
We never get to do anything fun.

JANET MAYES
Sykes, I'm guessing you don't even remember how to load your gun.

GRANT SYKES
That's not funny.

ADAM LEAVITT
She's not trying to be funny.

GRANT SYKES
I'm a very good shot.

JANET MAYES
I'm sure.

Haytham hands Al-Ghazi a walkie-talkie, in Arabic:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Neighbors clear?

*

VOICE (O.S.)
Yes.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
Activity or communication?

*

VOICE (O.S.)
Snipers have seen nothing. No telephone line into the house.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

(beat)

Allahuakbar. Go.

*

Two black Suburbans roll around the corner: out-fitted with running boards and hand rails upon which a 12-man SWAT team rides: 3 on each rail, 2 vehicles. SWAT team: military fatigues, black hoods, Mp-5 close-quarter sub-machine guns. Flying down the cul-de-sac: Half-way down the street, one of the Snipers open fire: BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. That moment an RPG fires wide of the lead Suburban. Over Al-Ghazi's walkie-talkie, in Arabic:

VOICE (O.S.)

ONE DOWN! RPG!

The two SWAT-Teamers at the front of the running boards open up with their MP-5s one-handed: the front of the house puffs, bursts, disintegrates. Suburbans rip to a stop. SWAT off, move fast. Three toss flash grenades into and around the house. Massive flash-bangs. Six through the front door. Six sprinting around back. Loud AK-47 bursts from inside now...screams. Then an RPG fired inside: the rushing sound and yellow-white flash past two windows. A section of the far left wall of the house detonates from the inside out.

More mechanical, silenced thwacks from the SWAT Mp-5s. Silence. Then voices from Al-Ghazi's walkie-talkie. Ambulances round the corner, fly toward the house:

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

CLEAR.

109 INT. TARGETED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

109

The team enters, wide-eyed. Four men in civilian garb, all dead: multiple bullet wounds. An Officer with four 8 X 10 mug-shots, matching them to the dead faces, dropping mug-shots on respective chests. Once he's finished, a police photographer takes new pictures of each. At the far side of the House: engineers use 2x4s to support the wall hit with the RPG. All of it has the feel of standard Saudi operation procedure.

Al-Ghazi appears from the back of the house. Bends over each of the four dead men: lifting each of their hands, examining the backs of the hands quickly.

GRANT SYKES

Prints are on the other side...

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
I'm not looking for prints. I'm
looking for fingers.

*

Stands after the last: a look of controlled frustration that
Fleury files. Then Al-Ghazi motions to Sykes and Fleury.

110 INT. REAR OF THE HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

110

Back to the rear of the house: stacks of plastic explosives,
buckets of shrapnel, two Paramedics working feverishly on a
SWAT Officer hit multiple times. Fleury goes about his
business like a man isn't dying six feet away.

Sykes is a kid in a candy store: rummaging through
explosives, blasting caps, shrapnel.

RONALD FLEURY
JANET...

Janet makes her way back. Immediately moves to the wounded
SWAT Officer.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)
He's gone... This shrapnel look
like the stuff you pulled at the
morgue?

JANET MAYES
(distracted)
Yeah... I pulled so much it's hard
to remember it all.

RONALD FLEURY
Bolts?

JANET MAYES
Yes.

RONALD FLEURY
Wing nuts?

JANET MAYES
Yeah.

RONALD FLEURY
Razor blades?

JANET MAYES
Sure.

Al-Ghazi begins tossing the room, motions to Fleury: help.
Fleury moves to him.

RONALD FLEURY
(calling back)
ADAM...

GRANT SYKES
C-4...

Al-Ghazi dumps desk drawers: pictures of government-looking
buildings, walled-compounds. Lays them out in rows, studying
each. Leavitt appears, focuses on the C-4 immediately.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (O.C.) *
-the front gates of every other
western housing compound in Riyadh.

Everybody looks at the Colonel, pointing at the pictures: *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D) *
And Embassies: Italy, Japan, Korea,
Norway, England...

ADAM LEAVITT
(beat)
The Coalition...

Leavitt steps, scans the pictures, picks up two in
particular: buildings with scaffolding and heavy equipment.

ADAM LEAVITT (CONT'D)
These are all countries with Troops
in Iraq -- Japanese and Italian
embassies are under construction?

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
The entire Diplomatic Quarter is
being retro-fitted to sustain
bigger bomb blasts.

Janet pops her head in:

JANET MAYES
-the Prince's Convoy just showed.

Al-Ghazi's face: fear.

RONALD FLEURY
This is bullshit. You know it.
Meaningless. There's no leader
here. These are kids. That's it.

Al-Ghazi says nothing.

JANET MAYES

We're out of here.

RONALD FLEURY

Yes, that's it. Smile for the cameras, body-bag some children. Wrap it up, but us -- out. I get it.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

I'm sorry.

*

111 EXT. FRONT OF TARGETED HOME - MOMENTS LATER

111

Prince Bin Khaled touring the scene: reporters, photographers, his personal top-line security detail: the business suits and boots, the special ops M-4s. All on edge to be in a Saudi neighborhood. Rahman, looking like he needs sleep and vitamins. Lecturing in Arabic:

PRINCE BIN KHALED

Only in death will our enemies realize Allah never permits defiance of his almighty will.

Damon Schmidt trailing behind the Prince's detail. The Prince locks Al-Ghazi with a mad-dog stare in-between lesson points. One of the Prince's inner-circle heads straight for Al-Ghazi, in Arabic:

INNER-CIRCLE

Take the Americans inside now and keep them out of sight. You will be spoken to about their presence here.

112 INT. TARGETED HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

112

The Team sitting on the floor, below the window sills, away from the holes and doors. Al-Ghazi standing, looking out the window at the spectacle. Damon Schmidt steps in: sees dead bodies and goes ghost, almost collapses. Leavitt pops up, helps him sit.

RONALD FLEURY

You need water?

A quick 'no' nod: like the second before you lose lunch.

ADAM LEAVITT
You really ought not look at this.

DAMON SCHMIDT
(pointing at the dead)
That fella got shot right through
his God damn nipple...

JANET MAYES
Don't stare too long. It'll start
living in your dreams.

Janet's voice causes Schmidt to immediately force composure.

DAMON SCHMIDT
No -- I know.

RONALD FLEURY
You do?
(beat)
How did you know we were here?

DAMON SCHMIDT
The Prince has Men at Al-Rahmah.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
What Men?

*

DAMON SCHMIDT
Ask him.
(beat)
3 vehicles will stay behind when
the Prince and Press leave. You'll
convoy straight to BA flights into
Dulles -- last minute fares come
out of your budget, by-the-by.
Tried to swing upgrades, but check
at the counter.

Pissed, reproachful head-shakes.

DAMON SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
(beat; color returning)
Turn those frowns upside down,
people. This will be pitched as a
stunning Saudi-only counter-punch
that killed those responsible for
Al-Rahmah. Al-Jazeera will play up
an FBI presence, we'll play up
their ties to Terror as checkmate.
And everyone that was so
righteously pissed back home is
gonna eat crow.

(MORE)

DAMON SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Already a rumor that the guy who
wrote our State Department memo-

RONALD FLEURY
-Ellis Leach?

DAMON SCHMIDT
You know him? He's gonna be put out
to pasture: made an example of by
the President to ensure all levels
of government get tough on Terror.
(right at Fleury)
You won the hand on the River card.

RONALD FLEURY
We didn't win shit, Schmidt. These
are teenagers... children with
pictures that someone far senior
has provided them.

DAMON SCHMIDT
-kidding me? You mean those are
Terrorist targets? Holy Wow.
Momma, don't let your children grow
up to be cowboys.
(beat)
Just get ready to go home and revel
in the fact that for the next few
weeks your shit won't stink.

The phone rings that instant. Leavitt hands it up to Fleury.
Schmidt holds his hand up to Janet: high-five -- she gives it
up slowly, warily, semi-charmed:

DAMON SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
(to Janet)
Double or nothing that's a
congratulatory call.

RONALD FLEURY
Hello?
(beat)
Yes, Sir. We're all here and
healthy. I'm sitting next to their
corpses but this may not be over.
These don't feel like anything
resembling senior leadership-
(beat)
-thank you Sir. I do.
(MORE)

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

Please do me one favor before we board: warn every 'Coalition-of-the-Willing' or whatever the hell we're calling our Iraq allies now, that pictures of their Riyadh embassies were found in this Cell's safe-house.

113 INT. SUBURBAN - LATER

113

Flying down a highway. Haytham driving. Sykes up front. The rest of the team crammed in back: Fleury next to Al-Ghazi; Mayes and Leavitt on the back bench. Everyone spent. Grant stares up at a distant jet climbing-out. The police radio belching calm codes and calls every few seconds.

RONALD FLEURY

(to Al-Ghazi)

What do you think?

Al-Ghazi looks up at Fleury, slowly shakes his head.

AL-GHAZI

Amateurs. It's a small win.

RONALD FLEURY

Yeah.

A beat.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

I'm thinking about New York - February 26, 1993. The first time they tried to hit the Trade Towers.

GRANT SYKES

I'm thinking about going straight to Dan's, gonna order six PBRs-

JANET MAYES

-Pabst?

ADAM LEAVITT

Keep it real. You ever drink PBR, Haytham?

HAYTHAM

No.

GRANT SYKES

Any beer?

HAYTHAM

(small smile)

No.

GRANT SYKES

Now...that's just unreasonable.
Good Police work and problem
drinking are like a chicken and egg
thing: which enables the other?

In the back, Al-Ghazi can't help a small smile either.
Fleury's not into it. All business, pissed, clearly does not
want Pabst.

RONALD FLEURY

(to Al-Ghazi)

Remember how we caught that cell?

AL-GHAZI

Yes. Car bomb. He went back to pick
up his deposit on the rental car.

RONALD FLEURY

Four hundred dollars. For four
hundred dollars, he was caught.
Stupidity. Catching the cell was
easy. Just like this. The cell came
back.

Fleury looks at Al-Ghazi. He knows the win is small. Also
knows that's all she wrote, for now.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

Yes, you will.

*

The POLICE BAND suddenly squelches loud with excited Arabic.
Everyone perks, leans up to listen to the urgency.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

(translating radio
chatter)

Religious demonstration in
progress. Back near the City
Center.

*

A small collective smirk, sigh of relief. Fleury turns in his
seat.

GRANT SYKES

I'm serious. Beer will open up your subconscious. Canned beer especially. Give you instincts they can't teach-

Fleury notices the Suburban bringing up the rear has dropped back.

RONALD FLEURY

(looking back)

Is he responding to the call?
Dropped back...

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (O.C.)

(turning)

What?

*

Al-Ghazi and Fleury both looking back to the following Suburban now. Dropped back, sunglasses and blank faces staring back at them.

Fleury looks to the overpass above - he sees a YOUNG MAN on a cell phone. As they pass, the kid runs to watch them from the other side.

Al-Ghazi gets to the CB radio, in Arabic:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

Tighten up-

*

-the trailing Suburban doesn't 'tighten up.' It falls further back. Fleury instinctively turns, wide-eyed -- out the window: a small brown truck swerves out of the opposing lanes, flying across the desert median, aimed at the Convoy. Without hesitation Fleury reaches over Haytham, rips the steering-wheel right, nosing away from the approach...

114 114 THRU 116 OMITTED 114

117 EXT. SAUDI HIGHWAY - SAME MOMENT 117

Our Suburban on two wheels: The lead Suburban turns the same direction a twitch too late. The small brown truck detonates. The lead Suburban takes a massive fraction of the explosion broadside, essentially shielding our vehicle. Flame spits through the lead vehicle as it spins, flips onto its roof.

118 INT. OUR SUBURBAN - NEXT MOMENT 118

Off-road now, violent impacts on bare rims shedding rubber.

119 EXT. HIGHWAY ATTACK AFTERMATH - NEXT MOMENT 119

The lead Suburban: tortoise on its back, engulfed, still sliding. Fleury's Suburban fish-tailing.

The Lead Suburban blows in-half now as the gas tank ruptures. A football-sized shard of metal explodes through our windshield-

120 INT. OUR SUBURBAN - SAME MOMENT 120

- and smashes straight out the back, taking the rear cargo door with it.

The shock of it causes Haytham to lose control in earnest now. The Suburban flips, barrel rolls. Violent pounding inside the vehicle. Motion stops: upside down, just the roar of the big Detroit V-8 red-lining, wheels spinning in air. Everyone dazed, border-line unconscious. Fleury's bell rung the worst, trying to function, get his bearings.

Fleury touches Leavitt's face, can barely see through the gathering smoke that smells like oil.

RONALD FLEURY

You whole?

ADAM LEAVITT

Think so-

Leavitt unbuckles his seat belt and smashes head first into the ceiling -- running FOOTFALLS approach, quick yell-yips in Arabic: commands?

The Driver and three other Police Officers from the trailing Suburban. Smoke fills the interior now: thank God these Police Officers have ripped open a door: saviors. They grip Leavitt by his hair because it's the only thing they can grab.

Alarmed, Al-Ghazi begins to scramble for Leavitt.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

This is not right!

*

Haytham gets a good look at the driver, recognizes him as the officer who shamed him at the compound on day one. Haytham moves to unbuckle.

Fleury's trying to claw towards Leavitt. Throwing upside down punches at the air. Unbuckles himself now.

RONALD FLEURY

WHAT THE-

JANET MAYES

(panicked)

ADAM! WHAT -- WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

Alarm rising, everyone else unbuckles and smashes into the ceiling as horizons go flip-flop confusion.

121

EXT. HIGHWAY ATTACK AFTERMATH - NEXT MOMENT

121

Leavitt's throwing punches as he's dragged with velocity to the trail Suburban, idling. Pistol-whipped viciously, repeatedly until they're able to kick him inside. Another Officer from the trailing vehicle steps up with an AK-47, pulls back the cocking mechanism, ready to spray the dazed occupants of our Suburban-

-the Officer's ankles and shins detonate. POP-POP-POP-POP from the driver's seat: Haytham. Screams from the would-be shooter at double volume. Haytham keeps firing as the Officer, hit multiple times, falls hard.

The trailing Suburban hesitates, slams into our Suburban just as Fleury is getting out of the wreckage. Everybody else still inside, knocked silly. The trailing Suburban backs up quick. Fleury instinctively goes for his holster: empty for days now.

RONALD FLEURY

GUN!

Trailing Suburban accelerates away now, as Janet struggles out. Haytham's 9 MM in-hand racked open: empty. Fleury steps away from the now black smoke pouring from the vehicle -- in the passenger seat of the trail Suburban, he sees the Officer that checked passports at Prince Sultan Air Base.

GRANT SYKES

-DOOR HELP-

Fleury rips Grant's door open. Trapped smoke billows, clears: Grant's arm closest to the outside of the vehicle dangles at an unnatural angle, bleeding badly.

GRANT SYKES (CONT'D)

Can't release-

Fleury begins sawing Grant's seat-belt with a jagged piece of metal.

RONALD FLEURY

Hands up -- you're gonna fall-

Sykes still does, ugly. Fleury and Janet rip him free of the Suburban.

Haytham's pulling shotguns, handguns, ammo from the flipped vehicle. Haytham pointing ahead, to the fading roster-tail. In Arabic:

SERGEANT HAYTHAM

They're going to disappear...

Desperate, Fleury looks in the direction of the fleeing Suburban: the rooster-tail it leaves getting smaller. Al-Ghazi nods, swings his head to the snarled/wrecked highway traffic. PEOPLE hesitantly step toward uniforms they trust on instinct. Haytham dumps the pile of weapons at the Team's feet, re-loads his 9MM. Janet ties a half-assed tourniquet around Sykes' reminder of an arm.

Al-Ghazi steps toward the approaching crowd: they see his state, his gun, and turn back: panic starts to infect the larger mass, then the topper-

-AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE from somewhere. Glass-dirt-metal bursts around us: this attack is still going.

Fleury looks up: just the roof of an old Mercedes on the median, dirt kicked up behind them, running behind lines of stopped-wrecked traffic now. The barrel of a rifle held high out the window like a taunt. Accelerating for another opening to finish the job.

Scared motorists devolve into terrified motorists. Many have abandoned their vehicles to sprint into the desert, the rest go smash-'em-up derby-folly: 50 panicked drivers aiming for the same spots. Fleury snatches an M4A1 from the stack dropped by Haytham, up to his shoulder, hustling toward the next break in traffic. The Mercedes is approaching at 80 MPH.

RONALD FLEURY

(back to his crew)

GET DOWN!

Al-Ghazi starts screaming in Arabic, motioning frantically to the CITIZENS who have turned back, running toward them, in Arabic:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

DOWN!

*

Fleury's view blocked by fleeing Saudis: just intermittent flashes of the Mercedes braking hard, massive dust cloud behind them, sliding toward the opening Fleury pre-sighted. Intermittent wild shots fired from the SUV, vaguely in our direction.

Fleury flips a switch on the left side of the rifle, just forward of the handle: full-auto. Takes a deep, measured Sniper's breath, eases the stock snug aimpoint up to his right eye, and without hesitation lets loose the entire clip perfectly: one heartbeat before the Mercedes hits the gap. The right side of the Mercedes shreds just as it appears. Fleury's clip gone in a flash, yet more rounds still hit the Mercedes: Al-Ghazi four feet away, firing his own salvo from a knee. Something bright red pops against the driver's side window now, the Mercedes rip-slides to a stop. Commotion inside. Wild, half-aimed shots back at us.

Then it starts up again. Al-Ghazi bolts toward the line of stopped traffic. Searching for something big, empty, still running. Fleury right on his heels.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

WE MOVE NOW OR WE LOSE HIM.

*

Early 90's Land Rover. Desert tough. Driver long-gone, exhaust plumes pumping out. Al-Ghazi dives into the Driver's seat, Fleury shotgun. Guns it to the rest of the Survivors, an eye on the rooster-tail of the Mercedes he and Fleury just shredded, heading the same direction as Leavitt's kidnapers.

Al-Ghazi jumps out, ushers Haytham into the Driver's seat. In Arabic:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

You know Suweidi -- you know how to go fast.

*

Fleury helps Sykes into the rear. Janet loads the weapons. Jump in.

The Land Rover spits it's own tell-tale plume as it sprints away down the median, dodging traffic, in desperate pursuit.

Startling silence comes sudden now as the fight moves elsewhere. Receding engines. Petering screams/shouts.

Hold on the flipped, still burning/still smoking Suburbans.
Surreal in the sun/smoke/haze.

122 INT. TRAIL SUBURBAN - SAME MOMENT 122

Driving as fast-hard as possible. No regard for anyone/thing.
Passport Officer up front pulls a cell-phone. A THIRD AND
FOURTH in the back still beating and zip-cuffing Leavitt.

123 INT. LAND ROVER - NEXT MOMENT 123

Janet's sitting with Sykes in the rear, readying weapons and
ammo. She hands him twin Berettas - Sykes' double-fisting
despite his wound, looking forward to a fight.

SYKES

Nobody's gonna hurt Leavitt but me.

Driver's Seat P.O.V.: on the median, 95 MPH, dodging
abandoned and escaping cars. High-beams flashed on-off-on-
off, constant horn, gaining on the Mercedes' rooster-tail
ahead of them.

124 INT. TRAIL SUBURBAN - SAME MOMENT 124

Powering deep into the Suweidi neighborhood. Skid-stopping
and backing into an alley between broken down three story
buildings.

125 INT. LAND ROVER - SAME MOMENT 125

Haytham scanning as he drives: straining to see the plume
from the second attacking vehicle way ahead, blending with
other fleeing, scared motorists. We watch as the distant
plume cuts hard left, at a high rate of speed... then
DISAPPEARS.

126 INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - SAME MOMENT 126

Quiet. The 32 year-old son we met on the rooftop is on his
cell phone again, speed-assembling an ancient VHS camera atop
a tri-pod.

THE SON

(in Arabic, frantic)

DO NOT COME HERE!

Intercut with the Mercedes Driver yelling frantic into his
cell phone:

MERCEDES DRIVER
(Arabic)
He's been shot! BE READY.

Back in the room, A HUGE MAN dressed in paramilitary black, face wrapped in his shumagh, so only the eyes are visible, stands in front of a sheet hung from the ceiling, quietly practicing/reading a speech for an imaginary audience. Lots of gesticulating and head movement.

The handle of large knife sticks from his waste band.

Door BURSTS open, bottom hinge rips from the jamb. Leavitt is slammed to the ground. Passport Officer shoves the practicing Speaker out of the way- Turns to the wide-eyed 32 year-old.

PASSPORT OFFICER
NOW. HURRY.

Leavitt's face already swollen-black-bleeding, scanning the room with terrified fury in his eyes. He sees the handle of the knife sticking from the Huge Man's waistband. His tears leak all at once.

The Officer takes the knife, turns to Leavitt: dirty 11-inch blade...

127 INT. LAND ROVER - NEXT MOMENT

127

Haytham searching for the turn-off: where the rooster-tail they were following cut left, died. At the last minute, he sees tire marks headed down an embankment into a decrepit, decaying apartment block neighborhood. Haytham cuts hard, fish-tails. Sykes' head SMASHES into the rear-side window, starring it.

They're being lead into Riyadh's most hostile neighborhood.

AL-GHAZI
We should not be here...

JANET'S POV: scanning for the trail Suburban and the Mercedes - she can't help but notice the neighborhood. Halfway past an intersection, Fleury yells:

RONALD FLEURY
BRAKES-REVERSE-TO THE RIGHT...

Haytham brakes, reverses: the Suburban.

128

INT. LAND CRUISER / EXT. SUWEIDI - NEXT MOMENT

128

Without hesitation Haytham pulls across the cramped street, surrounded by the same decaying buildings. Ahead: CIVILIANS huddled behind cars, poking heads out from behind shacks.

A second passes: these people know where the attackers went. Al-Ghazi locks eyes with a little boy... he quickly-quietly just shakes his head no. In the back, Sykes has fallen on his back. He looks up through the window: sees a shape jet past on the top of the closest building -- three stories up: the little boy was nodding a warning-

What follows is fast, chaotic, eyes-closed combat:

GRANT SYKES

-GET OUT OF-

-big BOOM of close-in shells. As Haytham throws it in reverse and punches, the front of the Rover shreds. The windshield bursts. Engine dies: tachometer and speedometer needles bottom out instantly. Haytham and Al-Ghazi tuck into the dash. Fleury tries to get as close to the backseat floor panels as possible. Janet covers Sykes.

A Thump-Thump-Thump can be heard on the roof: A GRENADE thrown with too much arm by the guy Sykes spotted bounces off the roof and into the Land Cruiser.

Frantic, Fleury swats it out.

The blast releases a massive airburst and bits of shrapnel into the vehicle, starring windows, rocking it: creak of shocks and struts. Fleury lifts up now, grabs the M-4: returns fire indiscriminately through the windows at any and all surrounding rooftops. That provides cover and reminds everyone in the car they're armed. Janet exits with a rifle: firing out the back door, more covering fire. Civilians who were ready to see a massacre scurry now that it's a fight.

129

EXT. ROOF TOP - NEXT MOMENT

129

A SHOOTER: black-hood, black T-shirt, old-school red-white-black Air Jordans, snub-stock AK, an open, filthy North Face backpack at his feet holding spare clips, God knows what else.

Shots from below keep him two feet away from the ledge, firing down in random sweeps, head turned like he's lighting a fire-cracker.

We see things from above, three stories down, a sweep of blindly-fired shells pop the asphalt inches from Fleury's head, soiling his face in black-top debris. But Fleury never stops firing back, his own head slightly turned, flinching on reflex. Air Jordan grabs another grenade just before he disintegrates: Fleury's three-feet away with the riot gun. Another rack and blast to make sure A.J. stays down for eternity.

Fleury spots and bull-charges a second SHOOTER: Ballistic Chicken, Fleury wins. A sound... Fleury spins, racking the riot gun, aims and FREEZES: 2 six year old BOYS stare from the doorway.

130 EXT. SUWEIDI STREET - NEXT MOMENT 130

Haytham crouches in front of the Land Cruiser. Rocks thrown now from somewhere: KIDS peeking from behind shacks Palestinian-style. He's pelted in the side of the head.

Janet and Sykes move to a stopped vehicle and take cover.

From the rooftop, Fleury yells down to the men on the ground.

FLEURY (O.C.)
I CAN SEE THE MERCEDES... BLOOD-
TRAILS RIGHT UP TO AN APARTMENT IN
THE NEXT BUILDING-

131 EXT. ROOF TOP - SAME MOMENT 131

Fleury's P.O.V.: an Apartment complex that looks like a roadside motel: exposed stairwells, walkways, entrances. A puddle in front of one of the front doors on the third floor. Then we look right, one street over: civilian FIGURES, some in traditional dress, starting to mass.

FLEURY
MOB FORMING NEXT BLOCK!

He drops the riot gun, picks up the AK from the man he just killed, pops a new clip from the backpack, slings the backpack over her shoulders. Starts to hustle down.

132 INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - SAME MOMENT 132

Gunshots reverberating from outside. Echoes. The 32 year-old, hands shaking with nerves, screwing the camera into the tripod: set-up almost complete. The Passport Officer is posted at the door: head poking out, weapon up and ready.

We can hear Arabic yells down what sounds like a hallway. Passport Officer barks something back.

The Driver of the Trail Suburban squats, pinning Leavitt's head down with his knee, knife near a long, white expanse of neck. The Huge Man sits on Leavitt's stomach, keeping him in place. Leavitt trying to gasp for breath: eyes-wide panic.

DRIVER

READY?

Just as the 32 year-old nods yes, Leavitt explodes with his last bit of effort: kicks just enough to nudge the Camera, trying to knock it over. The 32 year-old gets his hands on it as it falls, almost catches it, slips out, smacks the ground, battery pops off. The Driver and Huge Man both begin hammering Adam.

PASSPORT OFFICER (O.C.)

(in Arabic)

GOD DAMN HIM!

32 year-old picks the camera up again, trying to re-attach the battery as Adam fights for his life. Spit and claws and snot and blood rage.

133 EXT. CINDER-BLOCK APARTMENTS - NEXT MOMENT

133

Running down side stairs, Fleury spots a grenade launcher poking from a door, next-door to the apartment with blood-pool in front.

RONALD FLEURY

RPG!

Empties his clip into that vicinity: windows shatter, wood splinters. The grenade launcher recedes. Janet and Al-Ghazi start to run. The launcher fires from its new position...The trail suburban DETONATES. Al-Ghazi and Janet knocked flat on their asses for second and third times: dazed.

Fleury searching: I know that Fuck with the RPG is reloading, how do I kill him. Drops the bag off his shoulders, pulls a grenade out, fires it as hard as he can: 40 yards on the fly. Bounces just on the third floor landing-

134 INT. ENEMY APARTMENT - SAME MOMENT

134

-RPG Soldier just locking the new rocket tube in, brings the reticle up to his eye. Grenade blast splits through what's left of the front window.

Big flinch-tense on his part: rocket fires inside, roars down the hall, hits two feet in-front of the door Passport Officer has been peaking out of.

Massive, contained detonation. Passport Officer vanishes. The 32 year-old and his camera are blown through the Driver waiting to saw Leavitt's neck. Because Leavitt was held so tight to the floor, he escapes the worst of the blast. Still fucked up.

Leavitt's P.O.V.: ears roar with the ring, no sounds. 32 year-old and Driver lay in a heap on the floor. Huge Man's on his back, trying to get up. Leavitt breathes, rolls to the Driver and the boy: grabs driver's blade. Hand to hand war as Leavitt gets his payback. He does not stop.

135 EXT. CINDER-BLOCK APARTMENTS - SAME MOMENT 135

Sykes takes cover between two cars, holding down the rear, firing warning shots and screaming football plays to freak out the LOCALS.

SYKES
THIRTY EIGHT RAZOR MAD DOG!!!

He fires above the crowd, as Janet heads into the building. Two LITTLE KIDS slowly approach carrying water, obviously terrified at the sight of the wounded American.

Sirens and helicopters sound in the distance.

136 EXT./INT. CINDER-BLOCK APARTMENTS - NEXT MOMENT. 136

Base of the stairs: Mayes joins Fleury and a dazed Al-Ghazi & Haytham.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
A tunnel networks through all these places... they use attached civilian Apartments, innocent families.

JANET MAYES
I do not like these people.

RONALD FLEURY
We go in the front door. Haytham - cover the stairs. Janet - hallway. Watch the side doors. Watch your backs.

Silent nods. Bracing for war...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

They move 3 levels up the stairs into the building, following the blood-trail from the SUV to the Apartment. PEOPLE step out of their doors. Al-Ghazi aiming at them:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI
(in Arabic)
INSIDE!

*

137 INT. / EXT. APARTMENT 303 - NEXT MOMENT

137

*

The puddle of blood, a trail leading under the door. The front wall/window/entrance of the next apartment down, still smoldering from Fleury's grenade. No sounds, words. Our team: fingers on triggers, weapons to shoulders, sights-aligned. Ten feet back. Shoulders already flexed with tension, expecting a suicidal blast at any moment. Janet grabs another grenade, moves to secure the hallway.

*

Intercut Sykes outside. Haytham on the stairs.

RONALD FLEURY
 (beat, to Al-Ghazi)
 Is Allah on the other side of that
 door?

Al-Ghazi raises his prayer beads to Fleury.

AL-GHAZI
 (beat)
 I think were about to find out, my
 friend.

Fleury moves forward: I'm primary through the door. Al-Ghazi's right with him. Fleury gets three-point-stance low, hits the door like Jim Brown. Scattered gunfire. Fleury opens up in response.

Fleury never stops forward motion. Stumbling headlong into a kitchenette, hard into a refrigerator and cabinets, firing the whole time. Al-Ghazi blasting anything that looks like a body. Straight mop-up operation.

138

INT. CINDER BLOCK APTS - HALLWAY - SAME MOMENT

138

Securing the hallway, Mayes steps into a charred apartment through doors blown off hinges. She heads in deeper, towards the bedroom. Finds the closet - it tunnels into the apartment below. She peers into the hole--

JANET MAYES
 ADAM?!

-- sees a bloody knife below thrown by an unseen hand. Janet: wide-eyed horror, about to pull back, when she is YANKED into the hole by her hair.

139 INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

139

Huge Man ATTACKS Janet. Vicious hand to hand blows. Still tied, Leavitt does what he can, kicking at the attacker. Adrenaline morphs Janet from scared and out-sized to desperate and equally vicious. This is SAVING PRIVATE RYAN shit with Leavitt as the observer. He's no coward - he's doing everything he can.

Huge Man overtakes Janet, slow-choking her... she's gasping, dying... Janet has a knife out and is shredding the big man's back right thigh and ass. BOTH SCREAMING. From nowhere, Fleury ends the fight with a butt-end baseball-swing of the shot gun to Huge Man's head. *

Janet: fucked up, but alive.

JANET MAYES

(to Leavitt)

Sykes is going to kick your ass. *

Al-Ghazi follows Fleury into the room. Leaning to Janet, Fleury sees Leavitt, puts his hand on his head. Leavitt's somewhere else, tears in his eyes, just taking deep, measured breaths.

RONALD FLEURY

Everybody OK? *

Slow nods from Leavitt and Janet as Fleury cuts Adam's ties.

FLEURY

There's at least three more of them.

As Janet's eyes catch on something: a sheet/half-assed backdrop hung from the ceiling has been nearly pulled down - exposing a crude square cut out of the wall - a path into another Apartment.

Janet points to the hole in the wall. This isn't over: a seven-year old GIRL peers out at her, shaking, tears in her eyes. Janet tries her best Motherly smile.

JANET MAYES

It's okay Little One.

The little girl backs away. Janet gets up, steers Leavitt outside. Sits him down. Hands him a Glock.

Fleury and Al-Ghazi step through the hole. Janet follows. A blood trail snakes through Little One's room, out her door, and deeper into another apartment. Little girl long gone into the main part of the Apartment. Then, Arabic SCREAMS, the metal-crashing sound of automatic GUNFIRE.

Sirens overheard outside now.

140

INT. ATTACHED APARTMENT - NEXT MOMENT

140

Hustle cautious into the apartment. Haytham stands in the room already: the muzzle of his AK still smoking, held on a man down. The other occupants of the room are a cowering FAMILY: KIDS and a couple of real OLD FOLKS, all terrified. A little boy cries by himself, huddled in a corner. The collateral damage of random violence. Janet quick scans the room. LOCKS EYES on the traumatized little boy, his innocence draining as she watches. Can't take her eyes away.

TIGHT ON HAYTHAM:

Taking this all in: The violence. The terror of this family, the defiance on the faces of these young souls.

Al-Ghazi, post-game shakes, a tear running down his cheeks, spattered in blood, stares at Fleury. The man Haytham shot is not dead: ragged gasps. Fleury and Al-Ghazi lock eyes, then take in the tragedy of the room -- kids their children's age, never to be the same. Al-Ghazi to the room, In arabic:

COLONEL AL-GHAZI

Is everyone alright?

*

Silent stares from the Saudis. The little girl Janet saw earlier, eyes still on Janet, moves to her brother - he holds her tight, his eyes down. Janet kneels, heart-breaking, holds her hand out: I can help you little one.

The Little Girl holds a fist out to Janet, tears in her eyes: okay. Janet slowly crouches over to her, the older women's eyes on her, piercing.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D)

(to the little girl, in
Arabic)

It's okay.

*

Little One trembles. One of the women in the corner calls to her in Arabic, sharp. Janet just strokes the back of her little bloody fist. Her little hand opens, shaking: this is a gift for you.

Janet's face ghost white: Little One is trying to give her a marble...

Al-Ghazi steps closer, sees the marble. Processes things. Immediately looks over at the huddled mass: THE GRANDFATHER staring right back at him. We now see the old man clearly. Al-Ghazi shaking, slowly steps to him, hands out...

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D) *
 (in Arabic)
Let me help you up, Old Man...

The old man nods a 'no.'

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D) *
 (in Arabic)
GIVE ME YOUR HANDS!

Al-Ghazi rips Grandfather up now. The family screams. Al-Ghazi pulls the old man's hands from under his *thobe*: missing fingers. Bends at the knees to look the Old Man right in his eyes, lifts his chin with his hand.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D) *
 (dazed, starting to *
 realize) *
 ...Hamza. *

The old man looks up at Al-Ghazi: rage and defiance. *

COLONEL AL-GHAZI (CONT'D) *
I got you. Abu Hamza, you are under arrest.

ABU HAMZA stares, hatred burning into Al-Ghazi.

NASSAR
You are a traitor to your country... a traitor to your God.

COLONEL AL-GHAZI *
I am no traitor to my God. You are.

Al-Ghazi's chest explodes before we hear the booms: the 15 year-old Grandson, firing a cheap, nickel-plated 9MM. Everybody drops. The family huddles that much closer to the floor. Al-Ghazi falls back to the floor, pulling Grandfather with him.

Fleury's standing stock still, out-of-body now: He can only see a teenager built like a river-reed, like his own Son... not a Murderer who just shot his friend. Quiet-sick:

RONALD FLEURY

...Don't...

The 15 year-old steps to the doorway, pulls the trigger again: the cheap 9MM jams. Janet lifts up with her AK, aims it at the boy's chest.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

...drop it, Son...please...

...The teenager wiping his tears: so he can see clear enough to clear his jammed weapon. Half young boy, the other half something much more dangerous...Expert movements from his hands, racking back the slide, thumbing the still smoking shell from the ejector, letting the slide go, racking another round into the chamber.

Then... Fleury finally pulls his trigger.

Utter Distortion as the old man reaches for the teenager's fallen hand gun. Janet, screaming, raises her gun towards the old man as Al-Ghazi shoots the old man in the chest. Sobbing, the little boy runs to his fallen grandfather. Janet, still screaming, covers the family. The Grandfather whispers something we cannot hear in the Little Boy's ear. *

TIGHT ON HAYTHAM taking it all in: the bleeding, dying teenager; his hysterical sister; Hamza choking, clutching for his grandson. CHAOS, CONFUSION, CONFLICT swirling in Haytham's eyes. *

A platoon of SAUDI POLICE slowly enter the room.

Janet goes to the shot 15 year old, starts trying to stop the bleeding...

Fleury reaching for the dying Al-Ghazi, cradling him. Tears spill as his eyes move from the dying boy to the old man, back down to Al-Ghazi.

Fleury grasps Al-Ghazi's hand, as a Saudi man would.

RONALD FLEURY (CONT'D)

You got him. You got him... You got him.

WIDE ON THE CRIME SCENE.

From the air as choppers hover and SOLDIERS swarm.

SMASH TO:

142	INT. CONVOY - SAUDI ARABIA	142	
	One last convoy heading out of town. Fleury, Leavitt, Janet, and Sykes: battered war scars, million mile stares.		* *
143	EXT. PRINCE SULTAN AIRBASE - LATER	143	*
	Our crew watch from a deserted terminal as a C-130 touches down.		
	Haytham enters: came to say good-bye. The team's first smiles -- collective. Fleury stares at Haytham...thinks about what he's seen the past few days...how he has come to admire this Kid. Haytham smiling, bandaged himself. Halting and awkward, he shakes Janet's hand.		* * *
	HAYTHAM (in Arabic) Thank you.		* * *
	JANET MAYES Thank you, <u>Lieutenant</u> Haytham.		* *
	Haytham says good bye to Leavitt and Sykes. Comes to Fleury. Hands him a beautiful wooden prayer bead necklace.		* *
	HAYTHAM May peace be with you.		* *
	FLEURY May peace be with all of us, my friend.		* * *
	The two men shake hands.		*
143alt	OMITTED	143alt	*

144	OMITTED	144	*
145	OMITTED - SEE SCENE 150	145	*
A146	OMITTED	A146	*
B146	OMITTED	B146	*

146 INT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY 146 *

Fleury, Sykes, Leavitt and Janet sit around Janet's cubicle. Bandages, awkward silences, and 1000-yard stares. Subpoenas stacked on the corner of Janet's desk. Leavitt quiet, obviously fucked up. *

Grace approaches. *

DIRECTOR GRACE *

We're going to testify next Tuesday. Fleury's going first. I'm gonna go through it with each of you one on one in advance - make sure we're all on the same page. If they ask if we've talked about this, the answer is unequivocally "No." OK? *

(beat) *

You did outstanding work over there. I'm proud of you. You hold your heads high. *

SILENCE from the team. *

DIRECTOR GRACE (CONT'D) *

Ronnie, you ready? *

RONALD FLEURY *

Yeah. *

Grace turns to leave. Fleury gets up to follow. They head down the hallway. *

ADAM LEAVITT *

Janet... my dreams are... *

(beat, intent) *

What did he whisper to you? *

Confusion from Janet. *

ADAM LEAVITT (CONT'D) *

In the briefing ... to get you to stop crying about Fran... before any of this... before we even got Airborne? What did he say to you? *

Janet looks up: Leavitt waiting... *

FLASH TO:

147 EXT. SUWEIDI GRAVEYARD - DAY

147

The eight year-old Grandson. Tears in his eyes, standing in front of fresh graves. His AUNT kneels down next to him, tears flowing, in Arabic:

*

AUNT

*Will you tell me what Grandfather
whispered to you before they took
him?*

He turns to his Aunt...

BACK TO:

148 INT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 148 *

Leavitt still waiting: *

ADAM LEAVITT *

Do you remember? *

Janet looks at Leavitt, PAUSES... *

JANET MAYES (ALT: RONALD FLEURY) *

(reluctantly) *

He said... "We'll kill them all." *

(alts: "We will win this." "We *

will end this." "We will finish *

this.") *

FLASH TO:

149 EXT. SUWEIDI GRAVEYARD - SAME MOMENT 149

The boy quietly answers, in Arabic:

GRANDSON *

"Don't worry: we'll kill them all."

And in his saucer-wide brown eyes, shrink-wrapped in angry tears, we see the parts of the future that will burn.

149A OMITTED 149A *

150 EXT. WASHINGTON, DC PARK - TIME LAPSE

150 *

Sunlight shines TIGHT ON Fleury's face: stitches the length of his cheek remain. PULL OUT: Fleury and his son throwing a baseball. Lyla watches, standing by a tree.

Father and son throwing the ball back and forth.

KEVIN FLEURY
You stop the people that hurt Uncle
Fran?

Fleury stops, just staring at his little son. Tosses back the ball.

KEVIN FLEURY (CONT'D)
Did you get the bad guys, Daddy?

Fleury catches the ball, stares at his son.

TIGHT ON FLEURY: He reaches and pulls his son close, holding him for what might just be forever... (alt: He hands Kevin Al-Ghazi's prayer beads.) *
*

KEVIN FLEURY (CONT'D)
There's a lot of bad people out there... aren't there, Daddy? *
*

RONALD FLEURY *
Yeah, there are... *
(a beat) *
But you want to know something? *

KEVIN FLEURY *
What? *

RONALD FLEURY *
You're not one of them. (alt: *
There's a lot of good guys, too) *

Kevin smiles up at his dad. For the first time in a long while, Fleury smiles back. *

BLACK. *